

Heat Of The Earth

Maurice M. Lichtmann, (New York)

O'er the earth, full of wrath, flew the Merciful Messenger
To punish the young and the old.
But he was an angel, the Merciful Messenger,
And he knew not of hate or wrath,
As the Kingdom where angels are dwelling in peace
Knows but mercy and love.
Sharp was the sword, and swift were the wings
Of the angel who flew o'er the earth—
A Messenger full of Mercy and love,
Instead of scourging hate.
And he flew over meadows and mountains and towns.
And he flew over men and beasts.
And lower he flew, way down to earth,
To slay the young and the old.
And the lower he flew, the more pity he had
For those whom he had to slay.
And he flew o'er the earth—the heavenly Messenger
Full of Mercy and love.
His mission to slay as yet not fulfilled.
And still lower and lower he flew.
And there all way down, where the heart of the earth
Is aglow with scourging heat,
There in the heat of the earth did the angel
Thrust in the point of his sword.
And through the point of his sword was the angel filled
With cruel and heartless wrath.
And his countenance changed into fiery red
And he widely spread his wings.
And he went and he flew o'er the earth full of wrath,
Slaying the young and the old,
With man's own weapon, forged from the hate,
In the heat of the heart of the earth.

Our India

Rukmini Arundale

To India culture is not new, for India is the home of true culture, a land where art is an expression of the innate spirituality of the people. Wherever a nation is civilized, there the character and the teaching are great and the arts become living symbols of life, for life and form must go together. Life expresses itself to us as form, and therefore every part of that expression must be beautiful, for Beauty is the result of the aspirations of a nation. According to the age and the development of the race, Beauty in form reaches higher and higher levels. So one discovers that the highest expression of beauty of a young nation lacks the full development and richness of a nation which has age-old experience. Many thousands of years ago, India discovered what the world has yet to discover. Through a sairitual dedication to Truth and an understanding of the place of creation, Indians were able to build a civilization which was a perfect blending of life and form. Even today one is able to see reflections of that culture.

Are there not writings, monuments and frescoes that stand today as living witnesses of the highest pinnacle of culture reached by the Indian mind? Are there not examples in the lives of great women and men of India, whose words shall bring happiness and salvation to the world for all times? Akbar, the great Emperor who tried to bring the philosophies of all religions together; Bhishma, the great Hero who gave codes of chivalry which, if followed today, could make the world really great; women like Maitreyi and Queen Mirabai, who were examples of perfect womanhood; the wonderful poetry of all the languages; and of the great Saints of the Tamil land--these and the traditions that they left prove to any student that India reached not only great but Eternal Heights

Beauty In The Village

But even in the smallest things of life has India left a mark of beauty and simplicity, which is to be found particularly among the poor people and in the villages. Every so-called "uneducated" villager can produce works of art in the form of pottery, embroidery, and utensils and vessels of all kinds, and this ability is the result of the unconscious and simple minds of

these poor people who, unknown to themselves have the power to attune themselves to God.

There is beauty in the life of the village. Every artist is inspired by that beauty. While we often see lovely paintings of country scenes and the peasants, how seldom is an artist inspired to paint a picture showing the setting of modern city life? Unconsciously we pay tribute to the unpretentious villagers, because we derive our inspiration from them.

There can be no culture which separates art from daily life, which separates daily life from great philosophies. This truth was so well understood in the olden times, for every Indian home, including the architecture and the arrangement of the house, was an example of our deepest ideals of life.

Culture is more than art. It is Beauty and a direct manifestation of Beauty. It is impossible for a nation to be cultured without the manifest expression of Beauty, and it is the very fine thread of culture that weaves all the activities of a nation, whether in the political, the educational, the artistic, the religious, the philosophic, or any other field of life, into one splendid whole.

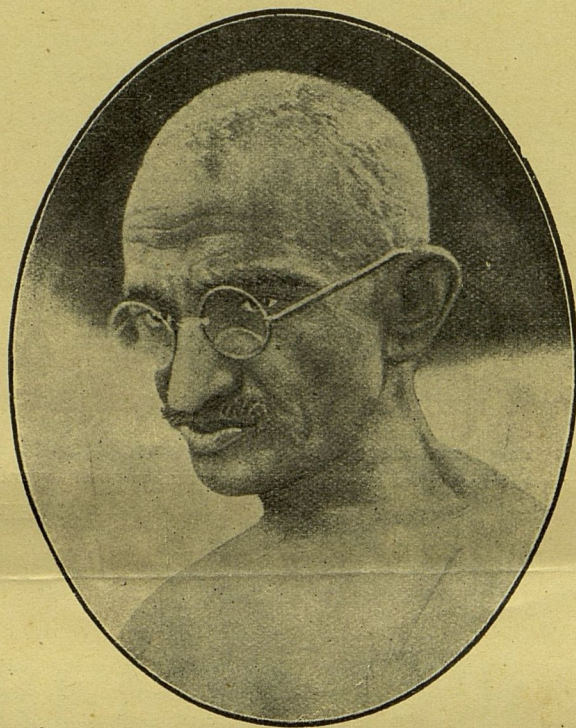
India's Spiritual Genius

Yet it is not the mere form that determines culture. It is not the beauty of the printed letter that makes a work of literature a fine example of art. It is the inspiration of the artist that expresses itself in the form of the printed letter. Even without the expression it would be literature if only we could see and hear. Unfortunately without the form we can neither see nor hear.

In modern India there can be reborn the same spirit. We can leave for our children and for future generations something equally splendid, for which they may be grateful. But in order to do this, it is necessary to realize that we must know India and feel Her heart. The whole of India is calling for freedom. But what kind of freedom is it that she demands? Does she call for a freedom that will express her own genius, or does she merely want a freedom

2

Our India



"Sut-Mae Mera Ram Nachta Hai.
Sut Mae Mai Swaraj; Pata Haum,
Sut Mae Mera Shanti Hain."

Editor:
A. S. RAMAN

OCTOBER, 1946

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OUR INDIA

"I see my Rama's dance in (hand spun) yarn.
I see the Swaraj of my ideal and supreme peace in yarn."

—GANDHIJI

A Trial Will Convince You

HIGHER,
HIGHER,
AND STILL HIGHER
HIGH,

In Public Esteem,

Keeping up.

The Great Tradition In Tailoring Set Up
75 Years Ago

REMEMBER

Roy Brothers

TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS,

Queensway, NEW DELHI.



CONTENTS

POEM		SHORT STORY	
HEAT OF THE EARTH		TWO DREAM TALES	
—Maurice M. Lichtmann	... 141	—Narsinhbhai Patel	... 144
SPECIAL		ARTICLES	
MAHAGURU		ABORIGINES OF MALABAR	
—Nicholas Roerich	... 123	—L. N. Rao	... 131
BAPUJI		WAR DANCE IN TRAVANCORE	
—Bharati Sarabhai	... 124	—K. P. Padmanabhan Tampy	... 133
WHY DECENTRALISED INDUSTRIES?		WOMEN AND POLITICS	
—J. C. Kumarappa	... 125	—Wahida Aziz	... 136
GANDHIJI AND BACON		PICTURESQUE MYSORE	
—Prof. B. S. Mathur	... 126	—L. N. Gubil	... 139
AHIMSA IN ISLAM		OUR INDIA	
—C. N. Zutshi	... 129	—Rukmini Arundale	... 142
GANDHIJI THE APOSTLE OF TRUTH AND NON-VIOLENCE		SOUTH INDIAN PAINTING	
—Prof. J. Nigam	... 150	—James H. Cousins	... 145
GANDHIJI THE REDEEMER		PROBLEMS BEFORE CONGRESS MINISTRIES	
—Sir S. Radhakrishnan	... 152	—Prof. R. V. Rao	... 147
		AS I SEE AROUND ME	
		—B. S. M.	... 157
FRONTICEPIECE			
HARVEST (Tricolour)			
—Sailoz Mookherjea			
Book-Reviews	... 160	Editorial Notes	... 161
		Film Reviews	... 164

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THE HARVEST
BY
SAILOZ MOOKHERJEA
By Courtesy : FRANCE ORIENT

Treasure of the Angels *

BY MORRIS M. LITCHMANN

When God moulded the space
unto earth
He burned the darkness with
light.
And mountains and trees, where
man and beast
Lived in nature's harmony.
Formed a paradise of peace,
Where only love was reigning
And then were men winged with
wings
And they were angels named,
And they lived in a land which
was girdled around
By a lapis lazuli river.
Long and weary was the way to
that land
For those who walked on foot
But for those who flew on wings
of spirit
The way was short and joyous.
Once through the virescent skies
flew
A midnight blue stone,
And the earth shook at the sight
of the flight
Of the Stone which lightened the
earth
With a light unknown hitherto.
To those who saw its glow
And when the Stone whirling
from space
Stroke the land of angels
They surrounded the stone and
they saw it to be
Transparent like a precious sap-
phire,
And they saw within that won-
drous stone
Eternal Good and Evil.
And armed with spears and
shielded with shields
The angels guarded the Stone.
And then silvery trumpets re-
sounded the tidings
The world round around
Of the advent of the heavenly
Stone.

**Lines dedicated to a painting
by Nicholas Rerich.*

The Treasure

(BY MAURICE M. LICHTMANN)

Gruesome and cold is the soul
of the man
Who digs for his treasure a grave
And barren's the soil which
bears in its bosom
The burden of bloody gold.
The lonely isles are lulled in
mists
And veiled in mysterious silence

And only a tree, withered by
greed
Sadly watches this scene.
The man who hides his treasure
from death
Sees not the end of his days—
A slave of self-love, he's blind
to the truth
And deaf to the cries of the poor

Yet there, over there, in the
great far beyond
One treasure is treasured by men
The results of all deeds during
one's stay on earth
The harvest which sowers are
reaping
And nature hides the face of
the sun
Behind the blue purple clouds

So the rays of the sun should not
shine upon greed
Of a bonded slave of self-love.

(Inspired by a Painting by Nicholas Roerch)

7

The "Malabar Herald"

SATURDAY JANUARY 25 1947.

The Treasure

(BY MAURICE M. LIGHTMANN)

Gruesome and cold is the soul
of the man
Who digs for his treasure a grave
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