

The Scholar

ANNUAL NUMBER 1940

Vol. XVI.

No. 1.

TO OUR READERS

With this Annual which we are happy to publish before the year is out, *The Scholar* enters upon its sixteenth year. We take this opportunity, as usual, to send Cordial Greetings to our readers and express our deep gratitude to our many contributors and advertisers for their continued support and patronage.

Time and again we have set out in these pages the terrible handicap of journals like ours which aim at instruction rather than entertainment. It has been somewhat of a marvel to us how in spite of the limitations imposed on us by finance and other factors, we have been able to keep the journal going. But we are not satisfied with its mere existence; neither are our readers. We know it. Many ways of improvement have been suggested but their realisation would depend upon infinitely greater support than what we had hitherto from the public.

We hope and trust that the public would accord that support which *The Scholar* richly deserves and greatly needs so that it could not only continue to keep going but could become brighter and better.

Homunculus

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH



I know thee, O homunculus! It is thou who didst supply us with so many unnecessary things on our journey. It was thou who didst advise us to distrust all that was young and "inexperienced." It was thou who didst put external facts in the place of the facts of spirit and of essentiality. It was thou who didst gild the frames of the pictures. Thou hast penetrated into councils and leagues and hast hidden the search for perfection with the duties of the grave-digger. Thou art working hard. And within thine unseen kingdom flourishes a most noble hatred of mankind.

Yet, for all that thou art small, we have observed thee already. And we have learnt thy ways. Thou fearest the talisman of love. And love cuts the ground from under what thou buildest. The love of creative perfection! Harmony!

Thou dreamest of burying it under worn-out things. Thou thinkest that the flame of love will flicker out. But thou hast forgotten the mysterious property of the flame! It will light any number of torches, nor will it grow any less.

How then canst thou fight? And even shouldst thou penetrate into all the Leagues of the Nations, forget not that behind the nations stands humanity. And here industrious homunculus shall not attain success. For, after all, humanity, however slowly, is progressing toward harmony.

Does it not seem strange to you, my friends, that even in our days, these days of the extremest turmoil and terror, it is nevertheless possible to show forth actively such still far-off conception as love, goodness, perfection, i. e., all the companions of harmony. Harmony is often misunderstood. Harmony is not an abstract chanting of hymns. Harmony, the harmonisation of the centres, is the manifestation of activity in all its might, in all its clarity and convincingness. Apprehending what we want we combine all our centres into one effort and even overcome all the ordinances of destiny. And our spirit knows, better than any, where truth lies. And every one of our actions is judged by the spirit of truth.

And it is this spirit that knows also that love and perfection will be applied in life in the simplicity and clarity of creative work. If the simplicity of expression the clearness of desire correspond to the immeasurable majesty of the Cosmos then the path will be a true one.

And this Cosmos is not the unattainable one, before which professors can only knit their brows, but that great and simple one which penetrates the whole of our life, building up mountains and setting light to stars on all the countless planes of the universe.

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Simplicity is an inevitable quality of harmony. The creative work of the future will be imbued with simplicity. You will not, of course confuse simplicity with primitiveness, with assumption. The difference here is as great as between a work of art and a print. And often in gilded frames we find mere commercial prints while true art is fluttering on a poster in the wind and snow.

But the spirit, if even in silence, knows which is the print, the banal, and which is joy and creative work.

Silently question your spirit, as you bring every object into your house. Repeating incantations against the homunculus, think why and how you have arrived at the idea of bringing a new guest to your hearth.

Remember that these silent guests may become true friends, but may also become enemies to your home.

In the cognisance of objects lies their harmony. And again your spirit distinguishes friend from foe.

We know the immutable healing of musics and colours. Let us recall the power of song. Let us recall the exaltation experienced in temples, in museums. The House of the Great Mystery. Art alone can clothe the Great Mystery with flesh. And the sacrament of the Spirit has only beauty for its base.

Of course you love art. And you would ask me of many things. You want to know what is best for the harmony of the house, easel painting or photographs? Is it better to fix the surroundings once for all? Or is there more vitality in the idea obtaining in China and Japan, where every day one new picture is hung upon the wall of the room. No doubt you would ask as to the correctness of the idea of our modern exhibitions, where behind the appearance of the temple of art lurks the booth of the shop-keeper.

The Master drove the money-changers out of the Temple. The Master knew, of course, that as yet we cannot do without them in our daily life, but it was out of the Temple that he drove them. So is it in the matter of art. Buying and selling, of course, must as yet remain. But they must be expelled from the Temple. Let the feast be open; let the shop be open too. But the shop in the Temple and the likeness of the Temple in the shop create internal corruption in those who create and cynicism among those who look on. The sweet savour of the Temple will arrest the gesture even of the bare-faced cynic and the homunculus must flee. Verily, O homunculus you will have to desert our life after all. Countless youthful hearts request you to depart.

Having purified the principle of remuneration of art, it becomes possible to introduce the latter into the home, to bring into it as it were a taper lighted in the Temple. The idea of wall-painting and the precious change of impressions, as in the East, will both find place in

it. For the truth is infinite. And every individual case of the affirmation of art is determined by the consciousness of the spirit.

The railway guard assumes that people do nothing but travel. In the mind of the shoe-maker men do nothing but walk. In the conception of the man of to-day people do nothing but suffer. But in the knowledge of the Blessed men must rejoice.

True, just at this moment joy over art often sounds strange. Much is said about art, and so little art is brought into men's lives. And always excellent excuses and explanations are offered for this. It is always the most convincing circumstances that are to blame. Everything is to blame attaches only to the "civilized" man who goes to see bullfights or to watch a fisticuffs carried on according to the rules of the Ring. Here both hearts and purses are open.

Question these people as to how much they have done for art. How much art have they brought into their lives? They will only be surprised at the question, and you shall find that the cave-man of the Stone Age holds the advantage over these conquerors of the earth. Nowadays one has to speak of this too.

How is one not to speak of it when at the present time there are Governments which seek to burden the freedom of art with special taxes and thereby put fresh obstacles in the thorny path of beauty. Here again is the work of the homunculus!

And at the same time only ten in the hundred among the peoples bring art into their daily lives and know something about it. About 20 per cent., only talk about art, without making any application of it. The remaining 70 per cent., generally speaking, do not know, or rather, do not now remember what art is.

But it is better to reiterate, even if but mechanically, "good, good, good," than to repeat, even though it be with a grin: "evil, evil, evil," This relative principle has been accepted by many. So in this way let us ask ourselves, if only once a week, what have we done for art during the past seven days? Let politicians, too, and Congressmen, clergymen, bankers and business men, and all those who pride themselves on their often Sisyphean labours—let them, too, learn this very easy habit. Where men cannot follow the path of the joy of consciousness there let the pavement of this road be laid. But efforts are necessary. Otherwise our day threatens the work of art with special calamities. Art must flourish and the spiritual call of music must ring out independent of the state of the Stock Exchange and of the meetings of the League of Nations.

One more "non-platitude". Let us confess and remember that which it is verily needful to remember. In the education of children we still forget the development of the creative power. First men seek to instil into the child a mass of conventional concepts.



"Sviatogor" (Russian Epic)
By Nicholas Roerich.

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First he is taken through a full course of fear. Then the child is acquainted with all the family quarrels. Then he is shown films, those criminal films in which evil is so inventive and brilliant, and good so dull and ungifted. Then the child is given teachers who, unfortunately, being often without any love for their subject, reiterate the deadening letter thereof. Further, the children are shown all the vulgar headlines in the daily press. Next the child is plunged into the sphere of so called "sport" that its young head may grow accustomed to blows and broken limbs. And this is how the youth's time is first occupied; he is given the most ignoble and perverted formulae. And after that, besmirched and rusted, he may begin creative work.

This is one of the deepest of crimes. Any machine, men treat with greater care than they treat a child. Of course—the machine has been paid for with "almighty" money. It may be allowed to grow dusty or be soiled with dirt. But no money is paid for the children.

We are often astonished by the unexpected character of a child's drawing, by the melody of a child's song or by the wisdom of a child's reasoning. Where everything is yet open, there things are always beautiful. But afterwards we notice that the child ceases to sing, ceases to draw, and that his reasoning begins to remind one of so-called children's books. The infection of triviality has already sunk into him, and all the symptoms of this horrible disease have become evident. Ennui has made its appearance, a conventional smile, submission to what is disagreeable, finally the fear of loneliness. Something near, some ever-present, guiding principle, has therefore withdrawn, receded.

But you will not drive the children out of the Temple. Are not the most difficult things so very simple?

But if even a machine suffers from dust and dirt, how destructively must spiritual grime be to the tender young soul. In mortal yearning the little head seeks for light. In mortal pain it feels all the offensiveness of its surroundings. It suffers, weakens, and sometimes lies in the dust for ever. And the creative apparatus runs down and all its wires fall away.

Open in all schools, the path to creative effort, to the greatness of art. Replace banalite and despondency by joy and seership. Preserve the child from the grimace of life. Give him a bold, happy life, full of activity and bright attainments.

Develop the creative instinct from the earliest years of childhood.

Those scourges of humanity, triviality, loneliness and weariness of life, will thus pass by the young soul of him who creates.

Open up the path of blessing.

Armageddon is roaring!

Rhythm and Auras of the Electron

By Dr. ERNEST J. STEVENS, A. M., D. Sc., Ph. D.,
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And other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons that will descry
Communicating male and female light
Which two sexes animate the world

—Milton.

RHYTHM is the universal law of Nature. It is the law of the planetary system. It is the law of the ocean and the land, as well as the atmosphere above and around the earth. It is the law of the lakes, the ponds, the springs and the drops of water. It is the law of the vegetable, the animal and the universal realm of the embodied. Rhythm is the law of motion in the tree and plant, in the monsters of the deep and the birds of the air. Rhythm is the law of action in the elephant and in the fire-fly. Rhythm is the law of motion in the man and woman, the two hemispheres of halves of the whole human sphere and perfecting human being.

Rhythm is the law of the breath of life, in the body and brain of the human being. Rhythm is the law of rotation, in inhalation and exhalation. Rhythm is the law of bodily continuance in elimination and assimilation. Rhythm is the law of radiation in circulation and metabolism. Rhythm is the law of thinking in the brain and feeling in the heart. Rhythm is the law of movement in the corpuscle of the blood and the amoeba of liquids which organizes life-form into matter-form. Rhythm is the law of evolution and revolution in the molecule and in the little world making the atom. Rhythm is the law of evolution in the electron and the magnetone. Rhythm is the rule of life, in the mental as well as in the spiritual realm. Rhythm is the law of feeling in the emotions as well as in the senses. Rhythm is the law of thinking in the brain cell as well as in the blood cell. Rhythm is the law of seeing, in the psychic as well as in the astral.

Rhythm is the law by which things and beings are in the material, physical, mental, emotional, sensual, astral and spiritual. Rhythm is the law of the positive and negative nucleus of the electron vibrating and forming the heart and nerves of the human system. Rhythm is the law or rule of being and becoming, from the nucleus of the electron to the nucleus of the atom and from the atom to the mightiest sun in our physical, mental and spiritual universe.

Having from our standpoint covered the field fairly well, we will now proceed to understand more about this rhythm as is manifested in our neighbours and ourselves.

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What about creation? Creation and recreation, health and lack of health, ease and disease, good and evil, ripe and green, sweet and sour, nice and nasty, high and low, are all man-made terms, differently spelt or sounded by different tongues and peoples, and are all relative expressions, used in connection with the various states of evolving, revolving electronic and vibratory action, functioning in their own respective degrees and their own octaves, fulfilling themselves where they belong in the scale of beings in becoming and being; but in all realms mentioned, rhythm is a phenomenon of creation and Nature; and who dare deny that the birth of the material world was ushered in by the Rhythmic Breath of Life; by the All-Knowing Creator, through breathing out His Holy Spirit, His Holy Breath, in the Joy of giving existence to the epic of a universe, and the multiplied and multiplying lyrics of life, ever singing to the rhythmic beat of His Love's Infinite Heart.

The Great Breath of the without, as well as the within is the controlling, if not the creating, principle. Respiration is the keynote of life, rhythm is the music of life; and life and health fail and fall in proportion to the lack of rhythm; therefore, here is the metabolic law of creation and recreation, in fact, Mother Nature's greatest law, established through the whirling electron of her world of matter and of lives.

What is true of all, we have enumerated, which includes the rhythm in light and colors and auras, is also true in relation to forms, figures and letters and all symbols which represent the activities of life. How suggestive is the term "rhythm" with which are built in "arithmetic" and "Geometric" exactitude, forms and figures! All these forms are created by the thought-breath and directed by electronic rhythms.

"As Above so Below". So also 'as without so within' is true of everything. Thus, outside of the Human body we have the rhythm of the sun and solar system; and within the human body we have our sun-centre, the solar plexus with our system of organs. Outside we have our rivers, fertile land and tubular growth, as in plants and trees. Inside, we have the blood streams, such as veins, nerves and hairs corresponding to tubular growths without.

On our earth, we have congested streams and stagnant ponds. In ourselves we have congestion and tumorous stagnation. Outside we have houses well ventilated or ill ventilated, by opened or closed doors and windows. Within we have opened or closed passages and pores, producing harmonious or inharmonious conditions. Here Nature demands that we keep all passages open that he may with unobstructed flow fulfil her rhythm of the human life.

The Great Equilibrator. Rhythm is the universal equilibrator of the planetary and solar systems. It is the balancer of the earth planet;

of the inhabitants thereon and therein, living together in some reciprocal dependence upon each other; and it is also the balancer of the human system, and controls its organs and thought cells in their occupation of impressing and expressing life's manifestations. By inward invisible lights and sounds, it equilibrates the body. Its poised quiet dominates through the seven physical senses, feelings and thoughts, with which we respond to what comes from without and it is the harmony within and between these seven senses and the seven special senses, which contact and control our outer senses of which man seems only to be conscious.

Magnetic Human Vibrations. These differ from the electric currents, elsewhere spoken of particularly in the work, "Vibrations, Lights and Colors—Their Principles and Uses". The reader should bear in mind that the magnetic emanations rhythm in wave-like atmospheres and array themselves in radiating circles which are controlled by certain impulses, emotions and thoughts and in habits of these. They are influenced by the desires and regulated by the imagination and will.

Dreaming

The wild geese rose at break of day
 Spread their grey wings and sped away
 Into the glow of dawn.

Eastward toward the rising sun
 With eager haste they soared each one
 Out to the shining morn.

My heart took wing and fled with them
 Beyond the dull drab world of men
 Still wrapped in mists of night.

O dream come true, that I may go
 Where rivers of bright sunbeams flow
 The dwelling place of light.

F. H. Aldhouse.