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Rhythm



LOVER

Courtesy : Basanta Kr. Sirkar

By Paramananda Kalita

Raj-Rajesvari

By

NICHOLAS ROERICH

Raj-Rajesvari

Mother of the Peace!

From the most ancient days, women have worn a wreath upon their heads. With their wreath they are said to have pronounced the most sacred incantations. Is it not the wreath of Unity? And this blessed Unity—is it not the highest responsibility and beautiful mission of Womanhood? From women one may hear that we must seek disarmament not in the Warships and guns, but in our spirits. And from where can the young generation hear its first caress of Unification? Only from the mother. To both East and West the image of the Great Mother—womanhood, is the bridge of ultimate Unification.

Raj-Rajesvari—All Powerful Mother. To you the Hindu of yesterday and to-day sings his songs. To you, the women bring their golden flowers and at your feet they lay the fruits for benediction, carrying them back to their hearths. And glorifying your image, they immerse it in waters, lest an impure breath should touch the beauty of the world. To you, Mother, is dedicated the site on the Great White Mountain, which has never been surmounted. When the hour of the extreme need strikes, there you will stand, you will lift up your hand for the salvation of the world. And encircled by all whirlwinds and all light, you will stand like a pillar of space, summoning all the forces of the far-off worlds.

Throughout the entire East and the entire West there lives the image of the Mother of the World and deeply significant salutations are dedicated to this High Being.

The Great Features of the Face are often covered and under the folds of this veil, glowing with the squares of perfection, may one not see the One Great Unifying Aspect, common to them all!

“Peace be to the World!”

Verily when wrath obscures the judgment of the mind, only the heart finds saving solutions. And where is the heart which can replace the woman's? And where is the courage of a heart-fire, which can be compared with the courage of a woman at the brink of the insoluble? What hand can replace the calming touch of conviction of a women's heart? And what eye, having endured the pain of suffering, will respond so self-sacrificingly, in the name of Bliss?

You, daughters of the Great Mother of the World, your hands weave the Banner of Peace unfurled in the name of the most Beautiful.

* * * *

Devastated are the ancient temples. The Columns are cleft. And shells have pierced the stone walls.

At Goa the Portuguese ships landed long ago. Upon the high powers of the caravels, the images of the Madonna glittered with gold, and in Her great name, cannon balls were fired into the ancient sanctuaries. By Portuguese for “*La Virgin de Los Conquistadores*”!



U S H A S
(Water Colour Painting)

Courtesy : Prabhatham Daily

By M. A. RAHAMAN CHUGHTAI

In Sevilla, in the Alcazar, there is an old painting by Alexandro Fernandes, which bears this very title. In the upper part of the painting in the radiance of the celestial light of clouds, stands the Holy Virgin with a benign smile: and under the broad mantle is sheltered a host of conquerors. Below there is a turbulent sea, covered by galleons, ready to sail far off to new soils. Perhaps these are the very ships which will destroy the sanctuary of Elephanta! And with a benign smile the compassionate Virgin regards the conquerors, as if She Herself rose with them to destroy alien acquisitions. This is no longer the threatening warning of Elijah the prophet, nor the Archangel Michael, the constant warrior. But She Herself, the Peaceful, is raised in the folk-consciousness for battle as if it befitted the Mother of the World to concern Herself with the deeds of human slaughter.

My friend is indignant. He says, "Look! This painting is certainly frank! In it is apparent the entire psychology of Europe. Look at the conceit! They make ready to lay siege to foreign treasure troves and to the Mother of God they ascribe protection for their deeds! Now compare how different is the mood of the East, where the benevolent Kwan Yin covers the children with her garment, defending them from danger and violence."

Another friend present defends the psychology of Europe, and also refers to certain paintings as true documents of the psychology of each era. He recalls how in paintings of Zurbaran or Holbein, the Holy Virgin covers all who come to her with her veil. Referring to the images of the East he recalls fearful horned idams, adorned with frightful attributes. He recalls the dance of Durga upon human bodies and upon necklaces made from skulls.

But the exponent of the East does not concede. He points out that in these images there is nothing of a personal element and that the seemingly frightful attributes are the symbols of the unbridled elements, and only by knowing their power may man understand that he can conquer them. The lover of the East pointed out how the elements of terror have been used everywhere, and that flames no less terrifying, nor horns less demoniac, were represented in the Hells of the frescoes of Orcana in Florence. All the horrors of the brush of Bosch or the austere Grunwald rival the elemental images of the East.

The devotees of the East cited the so-called Tourfan Madonna as being in his opinion an evolution of the Goddess Marichi who after being a cruel devouress of children gradually evolved into their solicitous guardian, becoming the spiritual comrade of Kuvera, god of fortune and wealth. Recalling these benevolent evolutions and high aspirations, one may mention a custom still existing in the East. Lamas ascend a high mountain and, for the salvation of unknown travellers, scatter small images of horses which are carried far off by the winds. In this action lies a sense of benevolence and renunciation.

To this, the answer made to the lover of the East was that Procopius the Righteous, in self renunciation, averted the stone cloud from his native city and, on the high banks of the Dvina, always prayed for the unknown travellers. And it was also pointed out that in the West many saints like Procopius renounced their high worldly position for the good of the world. There are in the West many "kefalofori" Saints with their heads in hands, as symbol of complete renunciation.

In these deeds and orisons "for the unknown, for the unsung, for the unstoried" lies the same great principle of anonymity and the realization of the transitoriness of incarnation which also is so attractive in the East.

The lover of the East stressed the fact that this principle of anonymity, or renunciation of one's temporary title, this inspection of benevolent disinterested giving, has been carried to a much broader and higher level in the East. In this regard he reminded us that the art works of the East were almost never signed because the gift of the heart never needs its accompanying note. In response, however, his opponent recalled that all Byzantine, old Italian and old Netherland primitives were also unsigned, and that the beginning of the personal signatures appeared much later.

The talk turned to the symbols of omnipotence and omniscience, and it was again evident that the identical symbols have passed through the most varied manifestations. The conversation continued because life afforded inexhaustible examples. In answer to each indication from the East, an example from the West was brought forward. One called the white ceramic horses, which, upto the present time, stand in circles in the fields of Southern India, and upon which, it is related women in their astral bodies take their flights. In answer to this were placed forward the images of Valkyries and even the contemporary projection of astral bodies. It was then recalled touchingly how the women of India each day adorn the thresholds of their homes with some different design, the design of well-being and happiness; but at the same time it was remembered that the women of the West embroidered their many designs for the salvation of those dear to their hearts.

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One recalled the Great Krishna, benevolent shepherd, and involuntarily compared him with the ancient image of the Slav, Lel, a shepherd resembling in every way his Hindu prototype. One recalled the songs in honour of Krishna and the Gopis and compared them with the songs of Lel, and the choral dances of the Slav. One recalled the Hindu woman on the Ganges and her touches of salvation for her family. And they were compared to the wreath cast on the river during the celebration of the Trinity—a custom dear to all Aryan Slavs.

Remembering the conjurations and evocations of the sorcerers of the Malabar coast one could not overlook the very same rites of the Siberian Shamans, the Finnish Witches, the clairvoyants of Scotland and the red-skinned sorcerers.

Neither the separation of the oceans nor continents had effected the essence of the folk conception of the forces of nature. One recalled the necromancy of Tibet and compared it with the black mass of France and the Snatanists of Crete.

By counter-opposing the facts, the exponents of East and West found themselves speaking about identical things: the seeming diversities became only various degrees of human consciousness! These two conversationalists looked at each other with astonishment where was the East and where was the West which one was so accustomed to contrast?

The third silent person present smiled, "And where is the boundry of East and West altogether? And is it not strange that Egypt, Algeria and Tunis, which are south of Europe in the general conception, are really considered as the Orient? And

the Balkans and Greece, lying East of them are regarded as West?"

I remembered then how walking on the San Francisco shore, with a professor of literature we asked each other, "Where are we really—in the extreme West or the East?" If China and Japan, in relation to the Near-East, Asia Minor, are considered as the Far-East, then, continuing the same line of argument, would not America, with her Incas and Redskind, be considered as the Farthest East? What then one can do with Europe which would then appear to be surrounded by "Easts" from both sides?

We recalled that during the Russian Revolution, the Finns considered Siberia their own, giving as their reasons the tribal similarities. We recalled that Alaska almost touches Siberia, and the face of the Red Indians, compared with many Mongoloids, appears strikingly like an Asiatic face.

In this way it happened that for a moment all superstition and prejudices were laid aside by all adversaries, the exponent of the East spoke about the "Hundred-armed one" of the orthodox churches, and the exponent of the West exalted and admired the images of the many-armed all-benevolent Kwan Yin. The exponent of the East spoke with reverence about the gold-embroidered garment of the Indian and felt the deep penetration of the paintings of Fra Angelico, and the lover of the West gave reverence to the symbols of the many-eyed Omniscient Dukhar. They remembered the All-Compassionate. They remembered the multitudinous aspects of the All-Bestowing and All-Merciful. They remembered how correctly the psychology of the people had conceived the iconography of symbols and what an enormous knowledge lay

hidden at present under the dead lines. There, where preconceptions disappear and prejudice is forgotten, appears a smile!

And as if freed of a great burden, they spoke of the Mother of the World. With affection they recalled the Italian cardinal, who was in the habit of advising worshippers, "Do not overburden the Saviour with your request, for He is very busy, better address your prayers to the Holy Mother. She will pass your prayers on to whomever is necessary".

They remembered how a Catholic priest, a Hindu, an Egyptian and a Russian once set out to investigate the origin of the sign of the Cross and how each searched for a meaning to suit his own purpose but how they all arrived at the same unifying meaning.

They remembered attempts that flashed through literature, intended to identify the words "Christ" and "Krishna", and again they remembered Iosaph and Buddha. And since at that moment the benevolent hand of the Mother of the World turned away all prejudices, the conversations could run in peaceful tones.

And instead of sharp contradiction, advocates of East and West turned to a creative reconstruction of images.

One of the speakers recalled the story of a pupil of Ramkrishna, who cited the great reverence given to the wife of Ramkrishna, who, according to Hindu custom, was called Mother. Another likened the meaning of the word Mother to the conception of "*Materia matrix*."

The images of the Mother of the World, of the Madonna, the Mother *Kali*, the



TRIVANDRUM TEMPLE GATE

Courtesy : Editor, Keralavidyarthi, Katalur

By V. V. BALANC

Benevolent *Dukhar*, *Ishtar*, *Kwan-Yin*, *Miriam*, the White *Tara*, *Raj-Rajesvari*, *Niuka*—all these great images, all these Great Self-Sacrificing Entities flowered together in the conversation as a benevolent Unity. And each of these in his own tongue, but comprehensive to all, pronounced that there should be not division but construction. All pronounced that the day of the Mother of the World had come, when supreme energies would approach our Earth, but that because of wrath and destruction, these energies instead of the predestined creation, might result in disastrous catastrophes.

In the smile of Unity all became simple. The aureole of the Madonna, so odious to the prejudiced, became a scientific physical radiation—the aura, long since known to humanity.

The symbols of to-day, so poorly interpreted by rationalists, from being regarded as supernatural suddenly became accessible to the research worker for investigation. And in this miracle of simplicity and understanding, there became distinct the breath of the evolution of Truth.

One of the speakers said: “Here we now speak of purely physical experiments, but did we not begin with the Mother of the World?”

Then the other took from a drawer of his writing desk a slip of paper and read it: “A Hindu of to-day, graduated from many universities, thus addresses the Great Mother, *Raj-Rajesvari* Herself:

“If I am right, then Mother, Thou art all—
The ring, the way, the dark, the light,
the void,

And hunger, sorrow, poverty and pain—
From dawn to dusk, from night to morn
and life and death—if death there
be,

All things art Thou.

If thou art they, then hunger, poverty
and wealth are only transitory shapes
of Thine, I do not suffer nor enjoy.

For Thou art All, and I am surely Thou.

If Thou art He, to mortals manifest,
then pass me through Thy Light to
Him—

The Truth.

The only Truth—to us so dimly known
in thee.

Then lash this mortal body as Thou
wilt,

Or embed in golden comfort rich and
soft—

I'll feel it not, for with Thy light I'll
know.

The Truth.”

And the third one added: “At the same time, on the other end of the world, people sing.

“Let us Glorify Thee, Mother of Light?”

And the old libraries of China and the ancient Central-Asiatic centres guard, since most ancient days, many hymns to the same Mother of the World. Her temple is found in Kish, one of the most ancient cities, so far excavated.

And when we were all joyfully united on the adoration of the Mother of the World, one of my friends asked me, whether I would read to them on this occasion from my book “*Flame in Chalice*”. I read them my poem “Light”.

How shall we behold Thine Image?
The all-penetrating Image,
Deeper than feeling and reason,

The intangible, the silent,
The unseen. I summon
The heart, wisdom and labor.
Who has apprehended that which has
No form, no sound, no taste,
Which has no end and no beginning?
And the darkness when all shall cease?
The thirst of the desert and the salt of the
ocean?
I shall wait Thy
Glory.
Before Thine Image

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The sun does not shine. The moon
does not
Shine. Nor the stars nor the flame
Nor the lightning. The rainbow does
not shine.
The Light of the North does not glimmer.
There shines Thy Image.
Everything gleams through Thy Light.
In the darkness are shining
Particles of Thy Glory.
And in my closed eyes
Dawns Thy wonders light
Of the Eternal.

Greetings of the New Year

In the tune of Rhythm,
Inspired by Truth;—
The Light that fathoms,
The Eternal Beauty and Good.
In the lines and colours,
And the silent hours;—
The heart vibrates,
In the far off Caves.
A music so fine!
In the Rhythm of Rime;—
That sets life in motion,
In the spirit of Devotion;—
Infusing the Being,
Love and Joy to spring.
In the flood of Emotion.
Lost all Passions—
Mingling the hearts,
From far and wide.

By

B. P. Mukherjee

Thus the New Year,
The reminiscences it bears;—
Cementing the gaps;—
Twixt the "Haven'ts and Haves".
All fears lost,
Heart to heart sought.
Thus the old Year,
In the depth of rear;—
Rolled on and on.
Let's wish and pray,
For all Beings hey!
That moves apace;—
On the Globe's surface.
For perennial peace,
Nor health and wealth miss;—
Radiant with Bliss,
That beams the Sage's face;—
In the Hermitage.

Prayer and Pilgrimage

INVITATION TO GOD'S FEAST

By Dr. T. K. N. TRIVIKRAM

Prayer is not an "Asking for Boons". Prayer is a decision—a determination—in the presence of God to do my best to earn what I need and make myself fit to deserve what I get. Prayer is a discipline of humility and surrender.

I am in need of a thing. I pledge myself to work hard and get it. Lest I be proud of my success, lest I forget God in the hour of gain, I pray to Him to give it to me; and in reverence and gratitude I accept the fruit of my own labour as a free gift from Him forgetting my share in earning it. Thus work becomes a sacrifice, and the fruit of my work a token of His love for me. The asking is only a pretext for reaching Him once more, making a sacrifice, a surrender, a pledge of humility once again. This is prayer.

Pilgrimage, if ever it is a journey to God or to realms sanctified by Him, it is not to the outside of us, far away from us on the banks of some rivers or on the tops of some hills. It surely is to somewhere within us, to the depths of our selves. For, God is within us. Our life is the God in us.

The life we live is a series of experiences. And experience is that on which our con-

sciousness dwells for varying stretches of time. If consciousness rests on a melody for a while that span of life is full of the joy of music for us. If it rests on a sunset glow that much of our life is full of the joy of its crimson smile.

If we withdraw this consciousness from its agelong association with the activities of normal life and mate it on to the God in us: slowly and steadily doing it over and over, dwelling there for longer and longer hours as days pass by, and then travelling from spot to spot of increasing intensities and sublimer characteristics we learn more and more of the intimate nature of God and Life. This I know in pilgrimage. Not the plodding on foot along the scorching dust-ridden highways from Cape Comorins to Mount Everests; but the smooth glidings of consciousness all along the blissful channels in the nerves of our body, and that in a perpetual proximity to the God in us, halting here and halting there at the Nerve Centres of haloed glory where flow the torrents (*Thirthas*) of unending Joy—this—is pilgrimage.

The way to the God of all the universes is through the God in ourselves. The Two are one—somewhere.