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SEPTEMBER 1936

*"Mir"
(Diary Leaves) Nicholas Rossetti
First article*

E. H. PARAMESWARAN, M.A., L.T., *Editor.*

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

We beg to remind our subscribers that with this number we conclude another volume of *The Scholar*. Many of them have to renew their subscriptions for the next year beginning with the *Annual Number* in October. We request them to send in their subscriptions before that number is out, as it will result in extra, unnecessary expenditure if a V. P. P. has to be sent and it is returned.

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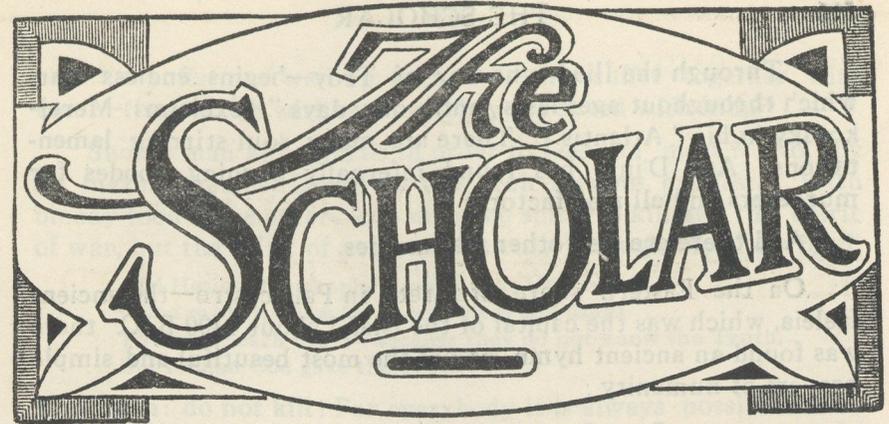
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VOL. XI

SEPTEMBER 1936

No. 12

"Mir"

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH



IR—this word in Russian means both the universe and peace. Not without reason are these two great conceptions united in one sound. If one imagines the universe one also realizes peaceful labour. Beginning work, one also becomes conscious of the Universe.

People talk especially about peace when they are afraid of war. But there are different kinds of wars: internal and external. Visible and invisible. Which of them are more horrible remains to be seen.....

"Indeed, the worst calamity for ancient and present humanity, is that their greatest poet, the wise blind Homer, appeared to be a bard of war and not of peace. Together with his faith in the gods, he also lost faith in peace.

There is and there can be no union
between lions and men.

Wolves and sheep cannot live in
— hearty concord.

Eternal foes they are—hostile against
each other,

Hence between us love is impossible.

No concordates
Can exist between us, until one is slain,
Feeding with his blood the fierce god Arius.

This means that "everybody will kill each other."—"In the universe there will be no end of war..."

"Through the Iliad—the war of Troy—begins endless war, which throughout ages lasts until our days"—exclaims Merejkovsky in his "Atlantis." There are many soul-stirring lamentations. And Dante has found infernally burning abodes for murderers and all malefactors.

And there are also other testimonies.

On the Eastern shore of Crete in Palaicastro—the ancient Heleia, which was the capital of the island about 1400 B. C. there was found an ancient hymn, one of the most beautiful and simple prayers of humanity :

Great Curoso, rejoice,
Oh Ruler of joy—rejoice!
Thou proceedest
Leading the spirit.
Come to us, on the mount of Dictea
And rejoice in song and dance!
Let us greet Thee on lutes
With flute accompaniment,
And let us sing, encircling
The infallible Altar.
For here, Thou, The Immortal Child,
Was hidden by shield-bearing guardians
Who accepted Thee from Rhea.
And many fruitful years commenced
And mortals cognized the truth,
And even wild beasts were tamed
By all-blissful Peace!

"Mir"—Peace—in this one word is expressed the whole essence. "To live in peace means never to raise arms against each other" this commandment was given in all languages, at all ages.

And on the Eastern side is—Curoso, and on the Western Quetzalcoatl—both are messengers of peace; they both "close their ears when they hear of war". In Kanaan. Melchizedek the King of Salim—the King of Peace—blesses Abraham in the name of Adonai, the God of Peace. Thus in all religions, the first word is "peace".

When one studies symbols and tablets, one will find in all images and hieroglyphs the same desire—the sacred prayer for peace.

"Do not do evil to animals" is the ordainment of Triptolemus, the messenger sent by Demetra to savage people after the great flood; Triptolemus was to teach people agriculture and to uplift them from the bestial to human life. "Do not do evil to animals" in Biblical language means: "Blessed be those who have pity for everything living" because "all living beings

together suffer and wail up to now"—they suffer together with man,—they perish with man, or they are saved with him.

Should man kill animals in order to feed on meat? No, by no means ordains Demetra, the fruit-bearing goddess. With bloody food there enters into man the spirit of killing, the spirit of war, but the spirit of peace enters only through bloodless food.

And Hesiod, the shepherd on Mount Helicon sings :

"God made it a law for beasts, birds and fishes
To devour each other—because they do not know the Truth.
But to man God gave the Truth!"

The truth: do not kill! For everybody it is always possible not to kill—not to make war. "If you shall kill—you will die; give life and you will live: a child understands this, and yet this is mystery of mysteries!"

Should one defend Culture? Yes, one should, always and in everything.

Should one help the workers of culture, the depressed and burdened? Yes, one should, always and in everything.

Should one unite around the sign of culture, in order to conquer the attempts of destruction and decay? Yes, one should, always and in everything.

Perhaps culture, knowledge and beauty are sufficiently guarded and affirmed? No, they are not.

Perhaps everywhere the foundations of culture are already strongly fortified? No, unfortunately they are not.

Perhaps the workers for culture are especially safeguarded by law and in the consciousness of the people? We wish it were so!

As before, the League of Culture, as the voice of public opinion, is indeferrably needed!

We have to invoke peace-non-killing. What does this mean! Is it possible that milleniums have not taught people that which has been ordained by all Commandments?! But what do we see? The further we go, the more one has to reiterate the necessity of peace. Where is evolution, when a monster gun is already loaded and death-bringing poison is madly sown? People became so skilful that poison and death already fall from the blue sky. From the same blessed sky, from whence was bestowed only blissful prana—the panacea.

What has happened? Under the ground there are explosive mines and threatening gangways! From the blue sky comes poison and death! The barrels of gigantic guns are proudly raised. Probably there will soon be a "festival of the shell", when it will accomplish a flight around the world. When it will destroy everything that can be destroyed.

"People cannot guess before what terrible danger humanity stands in case of a new war"—writes Prof. Andre Meier. "The poison gases of the last war are child's play in comparison with what we shall see if a new war breaks out"—adds another expert, Prof. Cannon of Columbia University. According to Dr. Hilton Jones of New York, a newly invented gas can destroy a whole army as easily as "blowing out a candle".

Truth! The inventor of poison believes that he creates truth. The makers of guns are proud that their tools will annihilate a man even beyond the horizon. The forger of the sword anticipates that his steel will penetrate all hearts.....Such are the thoughts of man!

Helas, not such a truth is needed! "Mankind needs another Truth" says Gorky: a Truth which would blissfully strengthen creative energy". A Truth is needed, which would stimulate mutual trust and striving towards goodwill.

Others make impenetrable armour and shields. Perhaps they hope to create a defence against all evil influx? Let it be so.

The defence of culture, the defence of the motherland, the defence of human dignity does not think of violent usurpation. The armour of defence is not the poison of destruction. *Defence is justified and attacks are condemned.*

It has some special meaning that in Russian Mir is synonymous for peace and for the universe. This synonym is not due to a poverty of the language. Indeed, the language is rich. They are synonymous in their essence. Verily, the universe and a peaceful creativeness are indivisible. From ancient times this salutary synonym had a special mission.

Mir—the universe and mir—the peaceful universal labour; a creative sowing, the beauty of the world—the conqueress.

Tales from Indian History.

BY V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

III

WASSANTARA (WETHANDAYA) THE GIVER.



PERHAPS the most popular story in Burma and Siam is that of Wassantara, born a prince among men but famous for all time as the prince of givers. He was, so says tradition, the Buddha himself in the last of his previous births, wherein he rose to the height of a Bodhisatva's life indicating his fitness for the next birth as the perfect Buddha. The story has been immortalised by the sculptor's chisel and the painter's brush; and rare indeed is man or woman in these lands, ignorant of the prince who gave away everything held dear by man at the altar of *dharma*.

Prince Wassantara was the son of King Visvamitta,—the best and the most handsome of the princes of the land, a veritable God in appearance and carriage. Of lofty stature, strong build, and proud feature was he; and he had a dignified deportment which won universal respect. He had a golden complexion, long arms, a high forehead, aquiline nose, and long and meeting eye-brows. Heaven made him not only with a beautiful body but with a liberal heart; and he made gifts with such open hands that thousands of sad faces were cleared, and his name was mentioned with gratitude in every nook of the world!

But King Visvamitta was not at ease. He believed that his son had no balance, that he was an indiscreet prodigal who had unduly foolish faith in mankind, and that he was unfit to wear the sceptre. He always raved against his unworldly ways, and in a fit of anger, banished him from the kingdom.

Wassantara did not feel wronged. His nature nursed no grievance, and his philosophy thrust all dark thoughts from his mind. Resorting to his wife Maddi, he spoke of his resolve to end his days in solitary contemplation in the woods.

Now, Maddi loved her husband with every fibre of her being. She felt that life without him would be a big void, an eternal unendurable misery. Asserting that a woman's life without her husband was like the sky without the moon and the earth without water, she pleaded that she would go with him to the end of the world and that she would stick to him through thick and thin. And so, hand in hand, with one mind and resolve, they went as