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THE BIRTH OF BOREDOM.

DIARY LEAVES.

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IN the midst of a discussion of contemporary life some one was bewailing boredom, but another exclaimed: "You are yourself a bored man!" The first speaker began to assert that he personally was not bored but that the circumstances of his life were so uniform and colorless that not he but the conditions of life were tedious.

Whereupon the second speaker went on to insist that nowhere in life, in nature, could there be such circumstances as would give birth to boredom. He said: "We ourselves engender this deathliness in ourselves which we call ennui. We ourselves are tedious, not at all life or nature."

A third speaker recalled from the life of the hermits of India, how, without moving away from the entrance of their caves the Rishis were conscious of the entire fullness of existence.

A fourth pointed to the life of the Holy St. Sergius of Radonega remarking: "Could such ascetics have the feeling of boredom at all? Would they even be acquainted with this word?"

Thus the first speaker, who carelessly referred boredom to the life about him, encountered resistance on all sides. No matter that he unwittingly gave the entire conversation a direction unexpected by him. There are many examples which clearly show that boredom is nothing but a decline of vital energy. This absence of energy is begotten by conventional bases born within ourselves. It happens that people wrongly employ the very expression "boredom."

Sometimes they wish to express by it their impatience with something. But of course such impatience will be already a sign of lack of that discipline, which will always be the effect of a special tension of energy. Two definite types of people can be observed. One loves inner discipline as a part of one's own nature. They do not need to be taught this concentration of the will. The man who willingly realizes the significance of regularity is shown to be one who appreciates the value of his own and of another's time. Discerning these values, the man will always remain steadfast, observant and resourceful. He will be a strong man. The other type of people are by their nature afraid and they try to shun any form of discipline. Assuredly this type of people, even though they possess certain realizations, will not take upon themselves an individual responsibility, nor manifest true patience, and they will quickest of all admit dissolute worthless discussions. This type of people will not be strong. In addition they will be great lovers of self, filled with egoism. They easily repeat the word boredom, trying to impose the blame for this burdensome feeling on the circumstances surrounding them.

Such people will try to draw those about them into the same fallacious discussions of their burdens. They do not even reflect that the engendering of boredom takes place exclusively within themselves.

Among the expedients for counteracting such an egotistical weak-willed state, there will be first of all precisely the development



of the art of thinking, and of knowing how to feel oneself a part of nature. Many times the art of thinking has been insistently set forth as something which must be organized and cultivated. Just so is it precisely needful to know how to adjoin oneself to nature. Each one has had occasion to see unfortunate types of people to whom the book of nature was completely closed. Before the face of nature, filled with indescribable attractiveness, they will play at cards or dream about the "charms" of city life. They will reach such incommensurateness that they will be ready to betray fair nature for the horror and subversion of the city.

One can imagine what actual perversions of the organism, what pathological convulsions take place, when something precious and beautiful is obscured by the conventional and the degenerating. Of course the human heart is painfully contorted at everything unnatural.

The heart does not tell of its sensations in earthly words but each shock to the heart remains through many lives. One of the most painful blows to the heart will indeed be when the concept of boredom takes root. The heart cannot support this deathliness.

In all institutions of enlightenment, from the children's classes on, the concept of boredom should be driven out by all possible means. And in this the filling up of time must not be something purely mechanical. It is needful that time be not actually divided between action and thinking. What can be more attractive than thinking and creativeness before the face of nature. This joy can arise in the most diverse labors, for an actual mental creativeness only promotes the quality of each task.

So many times it has been misstated about the oppositions of East and West, which have been understood not in the geographical sense but in the sense of fundamental psychology. And yet at the same time each one distinctly feels that there are no oppositions nor can be, for both here and there must be the inner striving for the life-giving synthesis. In this synthesis of benignance, tolerance and creativeness, there is not found the least place for the weak-willed anathema called boredom.

Is it needful to speak about boredom, if it is so deadly and abominable? How can it be needful since this word is so often repeated by old and young? Bore-some types even try to assume the pose of some sort of ultra-modernity. In their foolishness they propose to surround themselves with a kind of inexplicable secret aureole, but in the very process they remain simply bored off-scourings, unapplied in life. If evil be manifested in any form whatever, do not attempt to keep silent about it. This abcess will only create complete gangrene. Hasten to cut away this injurious concept of boredom as quickly and as resolutely as possible. The bore-some type is afraid of being ridiculed but at the same time it is primarily ridiculous in its own delusion.

The tatters of boredom will be like some monstrously absurd buffonery. Grand Guignol! And to whom then is it desirable to be in this frightful burlesque?

Thus let not the viper of boredom dare to approach anything educational and enlightening, anything cultural. All, then, who especially feel the absurdity of this dreadful concept, let them with united efforts draw out all the germs of it. Verily, boredom is not in the surrounding circumstances nor in life but is in people themselves.

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