Mutatis Mutandis

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE HEIGHTS OF THE HIMALAYAS

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Legate of the Great White Brotherhood

HISTORY gives us numerous examples during ancient periods of the results of gambling and games of chance. Even the most significant pages of history are filled with stories of how rulers became slaves, having lost not only their wives and children but also their entire empires. Many poetic and dramatic works are based upon these demoralizing temptations. Even the great battle upon that most glorious field of Kurukshetra was caused by a loss in the game of dice.

It would seem as if the conditions of life had long since changed. New codes are laid into the foundation, presupposing a number of acts and consequences. Nevertheless the press brings the strange information that because of the races and the enormous bets made upon them, the birthday celebration of the King has been postponed for another day. If one historian has become convinced with amazement of the gigantic extent and consequences of a game of dice, then another historian at some other period might regard with amazement and condemnation such an obvious preference for speculation and games, in place of tribute to the head of an empire. The same history notes down the ancient benediction of arms before a mortal battle in the name of the very same God. Only recently, we witnessed how numerous countries invoked one and the same God to aid them in annihilating their enemies. Time was when we encountered the fact that the heads of empires took along with them their cooks in order to escape poisoning and had a special person for the tasting of the food. Do not outstanding statesmen now have to recur to the very same means?

One may select similar comparisons endlessly. They will all arouse the same exclamation of astonishment: but it is the same whether it occurred in hoary antiquity or whether it happens today in somewhat changed aspect and costume. It means we have not advanced much further. Perhaps in antiquity it even happened more frankly and more picturesquely, thus redeeming to a certain extent the inner hypocrisy and villainy. Besides, in ancient times, there was less of the hypocritical written, and the laws of Manu, Hamurabi and those of the first law makers were much briefer, although in many cases their conciseness made them far more impressive.
Since those ancient times many new empires were born and passed into oblivion. There have been so many changes of rulers that the records of history could hardly encompass all these changes and only the testimonies of artists who through a coin, a medal or a Stella bring us records of the new name, are we given a hint of one more conqueror who disappeared. But these changes cannot seem amazing when we are faced now with the colossal changes of the entire surface of the planet; when in addition to the half legendary but already-cognized Atlantis we have an entire group of historic islands which have disappeared comparatively recently.

Some islands disappear and other shores and peaks emerge. The soil which seems to us so immovable and steadfast, is moving relatively only a little slower than the ocean waves. It would seem as though humanity ought to be accustomed during its long life, to motion. And exactly this principle of relativity and motion ought at last to attract the attention of humanity to its own evolution. It was the enlightened Marcus Aurelius who wrote the wise covenant, "Study the motion of the luminaries as one who participates in it." But this wise advice has thus far remained entirely without application. If humanity could rise in thoughts to the far-off worlds, then what a speedy and brilliant evolution would be consummated.

I know that you speak about all the newest discoveries, calling them the crown of evolution. You speak about isolated brilliant theories which are read in leisure time. Finally you speak about the customs of so-called civilized life which now permit to the broad masses what some time ago was only possessed by rulers and supreme priests. It is true that our cities while poisoning the human organism and creating a crippled generation, give some possibilities for utilizing the new discoveries. But we do not speak about the sewerage systems of civilization. We do not speak of canned vegetables nor yet about canned music. We speak of that which gives impulse to the best decisions of humanity.

Only recently we have lived through a terrific meaningless war. We are aware that in this decade the consequences of war have not only not been erased, but on the contrary have crystallized and swelled into a real misery. They have become a misery well-nigh irreparable, that can only be altered by measures unsuspected in essence. How often at our school or university desk we heard the old advice, "Mutatis Mutandis"—change that which ought to be changed. Since then a multitude of barbaric facts of war and peace times have invaded life. Humanity may once more be convinced how at the very time when those most sincere were perishing upon the battle fields as victims of world calamities, the vile adaptations were treacherously fattening themselves upon the blood of others. What diabolic inventiveness was expressed by the dark ones, in order to find a thousand ways of personal gain, in full knowledge of how constructively this looting would react upon the growing generations. And now if a secret ballot were taken as to who is for war and who is against it, it is impossible to know what the results of this secret ballot might be. Of course, a multitude of women would vote against war, cultured circles would no doubt revolt against this misery, as well as many of the working masses. What a variety of ramifications the roots of meanness possess and what sad and unique reasons will be given in order to return again to the irresponsible time when everything is permitted and everything can be explained by a hypocritical participation in a common work. It is fearful to remember the criminal negotiations for rotten and sometimes even non-existing material. It is horrifying for human dignity to look back at the fraudulent documents, criminal re­criminations and commands which were the cause of peril to many thousands of people.

"But this has passed," you will say. Since then we have already had such a multitude of facts, conferences and financial agreements. Such and such plan has been fulfilled, but as a result we have an increased depression. Old-fashioned ships have been disarmed and even destroyed, in order that they should be replaced by still more harmful
constructions. Even in shops we have taken care to see that the air should be ozonized, but at the same time the scientific laboratories have utilized their facilities in inventing new poisonous gases. Does not the scientist in the field of chemistry who has invented the most deadly gas, dream of receiving the prize for chemistry from the same Committee which gives the peace award? Even now some people dream of such an achievement of science as would, with one fratricidal dispatch, kill entire populated regions! And perhaps another enlightened scientist dreams about the “successful” poisoning of all waters, in order that everything alive shall perish! To this someone may answer that it is not the scientists who are inventing such murderous forces, but that it is the technicians, the engineers. No, dear readers, without scientific knowledge, such murderous brutality could not be invented. And was it not a scientist who discovered the ray of death and who, by the very command of special justice, departed to the infernal regions together with his venomous invention?

But things could be simpler, if the scientists would give an oath similar to that of physicians not to permit out of their laboratories any injurious discoveries. The more so because many of these terrible gases and rays could perhaps with the addition of one ingredient be turned to the true benefit of humanity.

Mutatis Mutandis! In the days of profoundest calamities one must speedily change that which ought to be changed. And first of all one ought to change that which is harmful or of little use into that which is beneficial. This was the true art of transmutation of the Rosicrucians. Do not play the roles of fools, as if you did not know what was of benefit. Every human heart knows in its depth perfectly well where is common benefit, benefit for the nearest ones and at the same time benefit for oneself! For nowhere in creativeness is self-destruction demanded. The true common benefit is also the benefit for oneself, because one is a part of the community.

Changing that which was harmful into the beneficial, namely replacing the criminal destruction by construction, we will do that which is needed for evolution. We will do that which is needed not for the evolution-civilization, but for evolution-culture. Someone in a spell of madness has tried to conceive of a corporation which would undertake the erection of a shaft to the most incalculable depths to be filled with the newest, most terrific explosives which would split the planet by an unprecedented explosion. The plan is a mad one. But in its very rashness it deserves more attention than the inventions of new deadly gases. And the secret countenancing of narcotics which deteriorate entire generations and kill entire nations which were glorious in their past—must not this scourge of humanity which is more perilous than syphilis, cancer and tuberculosis be exterminated from life? And cannot each one of us name a multitude of problems which deserve an immediate extermination from life?

The best ones, the Enlightened Ones, must undeferably unite for opposition against darkness, ignorance, distortion and treason. These best ones must unite in all countries not for the sake of police measures and counter actions which demand forbiddances, but in the name of Light, Life and Love. Feeling in one's heart the undeferability of the evolution of Culture this luminous Fraternity of Enlightened Ones must act casting aside all petty conventionalities, and for the Bliss of humanity must actively change that which must be changed.

Mutatis Mutandis!

Himalayas, 1933.

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In Loving Memory of

ALBERT JOHN LING, F.R.C.


"From our midst has departed one expression of soul we have loved."