



THE INDUS DISPATCH

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Cover Art

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THE INDUS DISPATCH

An • Academic • Existential • Update

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IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FOREBEARS

Touching upon a most remarkable man.

With the 26th of January only a few days past, it seems only fitting that we discuss the subject of India's independence, and the events that followed it. When the younger set of India's populace think of Independence, the first name that comes to mind is that of Mahatma Gandhi, and the time that is thought of is the struggle that led up to the stroke of midnight. However, many people forget that after achieving independence, India's work was far from done. For one, there really wasn't, strictly speaking an "India" at all, as we know it today. Before the British, India was ruled by a greatly volatile landscape of rulers, kingdoms now expanding, and again fragmenting into a hundred smaller states. It was, indeed, this feudal divide that allowed the British to colonize what



should have been a most formidable country, with relative ease. And while, with Gandhi's arrival, and the rise of true nationalism, the people of the Indian subcont-

-inent had indeed begun to coagulate, they could hardly be said to have been a cohesive, formally united entity. After the British left India, there were still over 500 princely states across all of India, and with their newfound freedom, it didn't seem likely that they would concede to integrating with India any time soon.

Enter Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. Some know him as the "Iron Man" of India, while others equate him to Germany's Otto Von Bismarck. Whatever the name, what he did for the country was unparalleled.

Perhaps the first of his great accomplishments was during the Bardoli Satyagraha in Gujarat. After suffering from years of floods and famines, the

farmers of the region were left with nothing to pay the already heavy taxes imposed upon them by the English. An appeal was made to the Governor of the Bombay Presidency – but far from reducing taxes, the farmers were asked instead to pay 30% more. The farmers, destitute and deperate, went to Patel. He was asked to lead a revolt, but he reminded the farmers that the costs of a violent uprising would be far greater than what they faced at the moment. Instead, he decided to apply what he had learnt from Gandhi, and the farmers of Bardoli Taluka initiated a non-violent protest, led by Patel. As the villagers stopped paying their taxes, the British Raj sent in collectors to terrorize and forcibly seize property from the villagers. Government soon began to auction lands and houses – but not a single man from Gujarat or elsewhere came to buy the lands. One village did break the unity and paid taxes, so they were ostracized. If someone did buy the confiscated lands, they could no longer find the labor to work those lands. When Indian members of the Government in Bombay and across India started resigning office and expressed open support for the farmers – the Raj had no choice but to agree to the terms of the farmers. Not only were all confiscated lands restored, but all taxes were also waived for the year, with the 30% increase in taxes pushed further by another two years. While Patel credited Mahatma Gandhi's teachings and the farmers' undying resolve for their victory, people across India recognized his talents at leadership.

From this point on, he was a recognized figure in the Independence movement, becoming one of Gandhi's few supporters for Civil Disobedience at a time when most freedom fighters spoke against it. Arrested about 10 times in this span of 15 years, Patel would, like Gandhi, speak to the people, and lead them to non-violent protest.

But his greatest victory, came after India's independence. As we said earlier, India was yet to become a single country, being dotted all over with hundreds of princely states, obviously unwilling to cede their sovereignty for the sake of a united nation. The terms themselves were liberal to the utmost – states were given the choice of joining India, Pakistan, or remaining Independent. But despite the third clause, Sardar Vallabhai Patel achieved what many would have, and still do consider nigh well impossible – without a single event of violence, with pure statesmanship and diplomatic persuasion, he integrated 559 of 563 princely states into the union of India – a feat unparalleled by anyone in the history of the world. While not absolutely pristine (Hyderabad and Junagadh were seized by military intervention, and Kashmir remains in a state of limbo today), what Patel did for India is something that ought never to be forgotten.

"There were many who used to think that a diverse country like India can ever remain united. It will fall apart. But, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel showed how it is done. We should learn how to grow from strength to strength, how to always stay united. Sardar Patel used Kautilya's wisdom and Shivaji Maharaj's bravery to achieve he great feat of uniting India after partition. He did something that was unparalleled. From Kutch to Kohima, from Kashmir to Kanyakumari, Sardar Patel united the country. It is because of him that we can travel to all the great sites and meet the great people of all the states within India without a visa."

- Narendra Damodaras Modi

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Come the end of December

Greetings.



It's a strange thing, this life we lead. You can spend your whole life in the IB (although why you would want to is quite frankly beyond me), and never once realise that you're actually in the IB until a month like this month. When you have more exam days than non-exam days in a single month, that's when the cold truth of the whole thing starts to belt you in the face. To be fair, however, though their hand be of cast iron, the overlords of Indus occasionally exercise a clement grip. We were spared the horrors of two consecutive FA's by the AFL's. So, if you thought the workload was bad, don't worry - it's about to get a lot worse. Let it not be said that we have nothing to live for. The RCC's are as noble a pursuit as any.

We've said this before, but - we now have an archive website at <http://theindusdispatch.rf.gd/>, so feel free to visit that. And as always, if you've got content, feedback, or just old vegetables, feel free to throw them at us. Forms in website.

- The Editorial Board



THE START-UP SCHOOL BUSINESS IDEA CHALLENGE

WHEN MINDS COLLIDE

A Startup School student's reflection on the competition.

The Business Idea Challenge was conducted on the 12th of January, 2021 by the Start-Up School. During this competition, Track 2 Students have presented multiple ideas relating to potential market opportunities sought based on global issues.

The Business Ideas were judged based on the criteria of:

- **Originality:** whether the idea was unique and novel to the market
- **Viability:** whether the idea had realistic potential to succeed
- **Market opportunity:** whether the idea could satisfy the needs of a market based on research
- **Presentation:** whether the idea was presented in a creative, logical, and persuasive manner

Along with this, desirability was another major factor which was judged. The harmonic proposal of ideas vouched to develop business models which could then, be directed to potential customers as a product or service.



The presentations truly marked the competitive essence of being an entrepreneur who seeks opportunities for his/her startup in a place called reality, where change is constant. The entrepreneurial mindset, a philosophy exercised by the Start-Up School, was apparent in many of the proposals where scarcity seemed as an illusion. Many ideas were formed through Design Thinking, where empathy was a core element of interpreting customers to solve major issues and challenges.

The competition expanded its wings to deliver a collective product of creativity through the presentations while introspective feedback was shortly issued by the General and the Parent Mentors to suggest improvements.

Teams have advocated for their hard work and pensive thought to arrive at solutions among the flags of presentations. Our team had also taken the initiative to present our idea. A paucity of time was a concern which had resulted in slight imbalance; however, the learning derived from engagement and interaction will be treasured. The recapitulation of purpose was executed by the General after the competition when minds have collided with concealed vigour.

The feedback reflected on how reality manifested in different forms and how an entrepreneur would embrace uncertainty and make it his/her own. Empathy, knowledge, and determination acted as admired faculties in this regard.

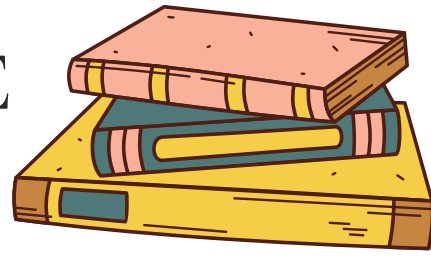
I express my gratitude to the CEO General Arjun Ray, Vice Principal Mr. Mohamed Rizwan, Teachers and Parent mentors for providing us with this fruitful opportunity. On behalf of Group 9, I thank Ms. Vishaka Labar and Ms. Zainab Syeda, our Teacher Mentors, Mr. Rajesh Agarwal, our Parent Mentor and the Panel of Judges for their support and compassion. Throughout the process we have all learnt exceptionally.

– Abhishikth Savarapu

**LEADERSHIP AND
LEARNING ARE
INDISPENSABLE TO EACH
OTHER.**

John F. Kennedy

LITERATURE REVIEW



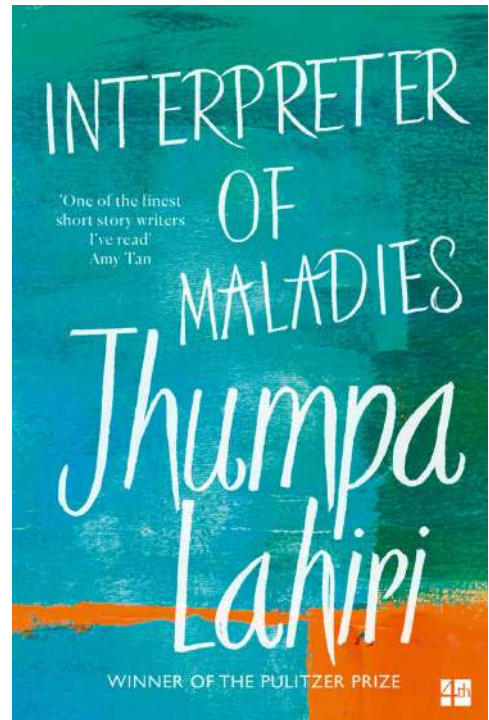
Student reviews of books they may (or may not) have read.

INTERPRETER OF MALADIES

By Jhumpa Lahiri

The book is a compilation of intriguing short stories revolving that share a common theme of family and relationships. It talks about the deteriorating of relationships due to lack of communication or distrust. The book explores the lives of Indians 'in exile'. Those who have travelled out of their home country and find it difficult to balance their new lives with traditional customs. Out of all the stories I think the one I like the most is 'The Treatment of Bibi Haldar'. The story follows an old woman, a caretaker of an apartment building, who is notorious for her harmless, exaggerated stories about her life before. Beyond this the woman did her work earnestly and earned her place. She was trust worthy and people liked her. However, it took just one small mistake for people to turn on her and kick her out without a care. I found this story extremely interesting as it did accurately represent people's mentalities and disregard for those who aren't their own. I felt sympathy for the character of Bibi Haldar, because in spite of her error being small, she had put herself in a 'boy who cried wolf' situation, where no one could take her word for anything.

– Savannah Pinto



MINDSET: THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY OF SUCCESS

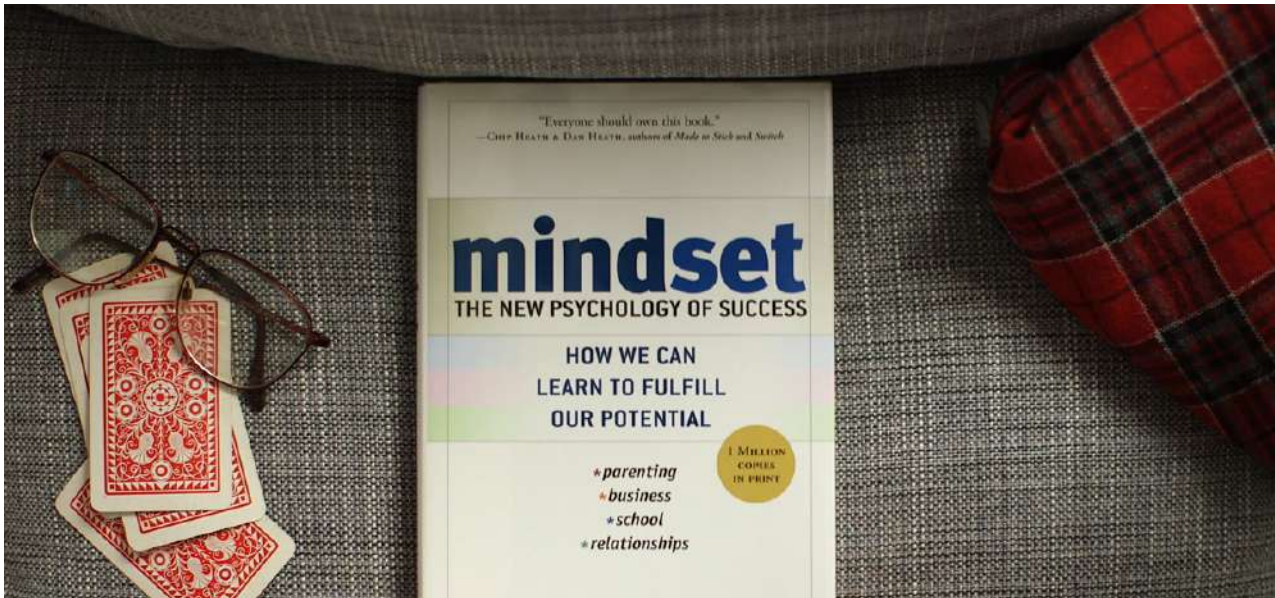
By Jhumpa Lahiri

The book mindset tells us to see the positiveness in things. It tells people are divided into two types, Fixed mindset and growth mindset. People with a growth mindset believe intelligence can

be developed. They have a desire to learn so they embrace challenges, keep on going when they experience setbacks. Those with a fixed mindset see effort as a waste and believe good things should just magically come to them. Many feel sad when they lose including me but It made me see the positiveness in failure and this is the one that is

going to help me a lot and it motivates to say no to give up. It tells us how people with Fixed mindset see failure and success and how a Growth mindset sees it.

– Vijaysimha Reddy



THE 7 HABITS OF HIGHLY EFFECTIVE PEOPLE

By Stephen R. Covey

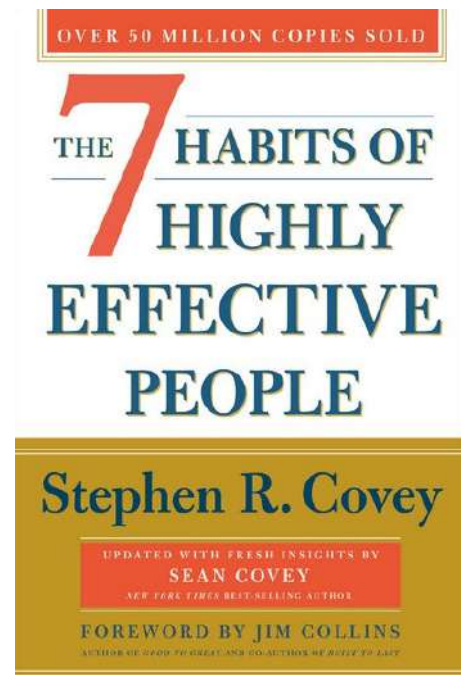
The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People is a book by Stephen R. Covey. This book is about Ethics and Philosophy, where Covey details what he calls “true north” principles, which are, he claims, universal and timeless.

The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People has sold more than 25 million copies in 40 languages worldwide, and the audio version has sold 1.5 million copies, and remains one of the bestselling nonfiction business books in history. In August 2011 Time listed 7 Habits as one of “The 25 Most Influential Business Management Books”. U.S. President Bill Clinton invited Covey to Camp David to counsel him on how to integrate the book into his presidency.

This is not surprising, as the book in its time has

revolutionized non-fiction literature and is still a good book to read. It can entail to all ranges of people from children to top-ranking officials.

All I can say, even if I've read until Independence, is that this book has, as intended, changed the way I think about myself. So far, it taught me to believe in my capabilities to



the fullest, which I still haven't grasped clearly yet. I have fully realized that paradigm shifts can exist, as a pair of people look at the same thing but can have a different opinion. Of course, to make my curious mind satisfied I've tested the 'habits' in my daily life. And my daily life became a satisfaction until no end. So overall, a game-changing book.

– Saianjan Akela

THE ATLANTIS GRAIL SERIES

By Vera Nazarian



I personally love the genre of science fiction and each chapter in this book describes new gadgets and systems that are way ahead of our time. It makes the reader imagine what could be. I love how science fiction inspires the technology of today. It makes me open-minded and imaginative. The descriptions of every scene of the book help me make vivid pictures in my mind.

In this book series, the protagonist Gwen Lark tries to win against all odds and save her family. With her motto to “qualify or die” when an asteroid is about to strike earth and Atlanteans from the other side of the galaxy, come to offer help and rescue a part of the population. In these multiple levels of rigorous competition, she never gave up and had so much willpower to always succeed. It allows us to go along with every step in her journey.

All these themes draw me towards the book. The storyline creates suspense and leaves me wanting to come back and read more. This book has taught me many things. It has taught me the importance of never giving up. It has taught me how to think critically when you are in a tough situation. It has taught me to be self-confident. It has taught me the importance of family and friends in one's life and overall, it has taught me that we never know the importance of what we have before it becomes what we had.

– Sindhuja Muppaneni

LET NATURE BE YOUR TEACHER

How and why to return to nature, or, as it has been often called of late, "monke".

Surrounded and living within the concrete jungle and trying to catch up with the fast-paced life, one has forgotten how to and how it feels to spend time amidst nature.

Ponder over this- When was the last time you enjoyed the aesthetic beauty of a

terrain or watched the bees and butterflies hop from one flower to the next collecting nectar? When was the last time you watched the ants work collectively navigating their way towards the nearest food source? Watched the birds fly southwards migrating to warmer lands?

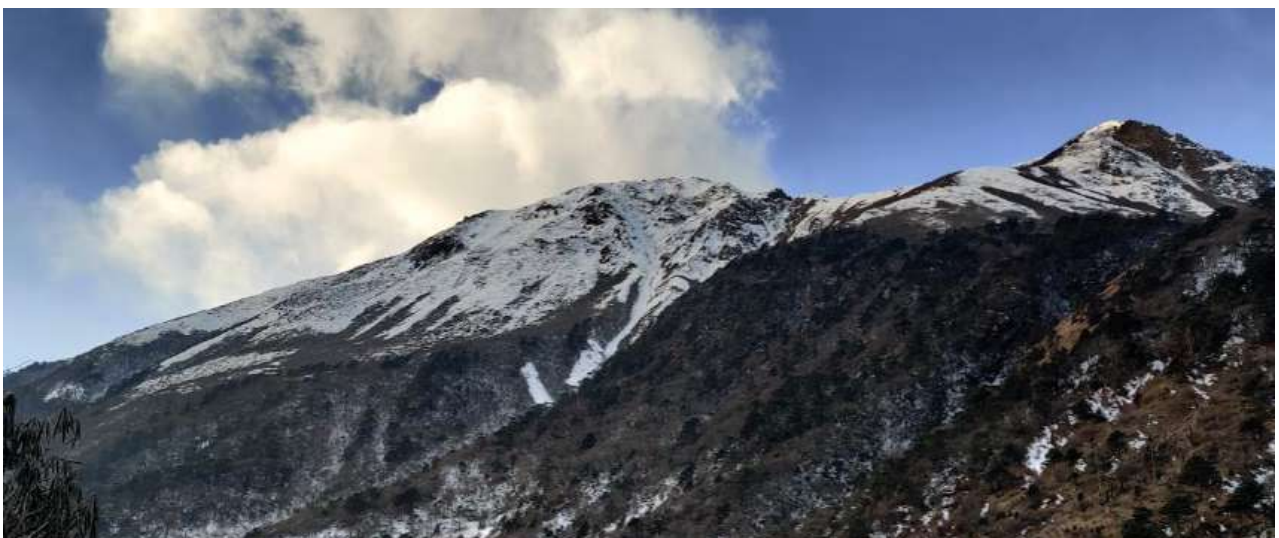
Spending time amidst nature allow us to develop not only the observation skills but also the art of resilience and helps provides insight and better understanding of ourselves. Nature offers approximately 3.8 billion years of evolutionary experiences to learn from. It can teach us about design, patterns, systems and also innovation.

The term bio-empathy, as defined by futurist and author Bob Johansen, is the "ability to see things from nature's point of view; to understand, respect, and learn from its patterns." The type of world we are currently living is VUCA- (Volatility, Uncertainty, Complexity, Ambiguity). Things around us are changing so rapidly that innovation and adaptation are the only way forward. Who better but Nature has been and will be our teacher, to guide us through this innovation journey that one must make in this VUCA world, for Nature does not stand still, it is always evolving.

*"And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher."*

*"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."*

*- "The Tables Turned",
by William Wordsworth*



In the process of spending time with Nature, learning and reflecting, one can develop Bio-empathy that will act as a catalyst in the process of having an eye for big picture thinking simultaneously taking care of even the minutest of details and recognition of patterns. One sees the beauty of the interconnectedness between the biotic and the abiotic world and an awareness that every action has consequences. One who practices bio-empathy understands the importance of giving back to Nature the way Nature gives, selflessly.

Bio-empathy is one of the important leadership skills in this 21st century where environment is facing a threat due to unthoughtful human activities. A leader with high levels of Bio-empathy would help build a world that is sustainable and where human made environmental issues will be solved using innovative bio-mimicry approach. One has to spend time with nature, explore the pristine beauty and in the process "let nature be your teacher".

– Ms. Vishaka Labar



TRIFLING TRIVIA

Information that you'll certainly need, one day or another.

Handwritten

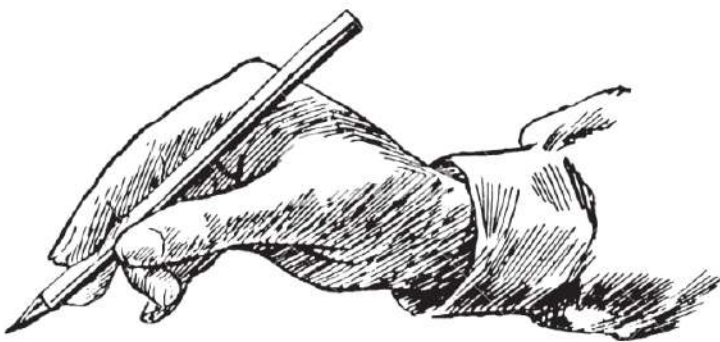
The Indian constitution, consisting of 117,369 words (making it the longest in the entire world), was entirely handwritten by one man: Prem Behari Narain Raizada



Amendments

After the first draft of the constitution was written, over 2,000 amendments were made before it was finalized. The price one pays for perfection.

In contrast, despite being the longest constitution in the world, it has only been amended 104 times, with the preamble only being amended once during a state of emergency. A testament to the quality of the constitution, or a reflection of a slow-to-progress society?



Mixed Inspiration

We've borrowed quite a lot from the British, and some of what we retain is what even they consider anachronistic. Our spelling, English slang, sense of propriety, and such.

The most important thing, however, is the basic structure of our government and constitution, which is Based on a Series of Statutes Enacted by the British Parliament.

Britain isn't the only country the constitution borrows from, however: we've taken the Ideals of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity from the French Constitution, and the concept of Five Year Plans from the USSR.

The laws governing our Supreme Court and the concept of "procedure established by Law" were

adopted from the Constitution of Japan, we borrowed the concept of suspension of fundamental rights from the Weimar Constitution of Germany, and finally, the Preamble of the Indian Constitution was inspired by the US Constitution's Preamble.



BORROWING WORDS

Excerpts from the greatest writers of our time.



"What day is it?"

"It's today", squeaked Piglet.

"My favorite day", said Pooh.

-A. A. Milne, *The Complete Tales of Winnie the Pooh*

What words have accomplished, too many words can undo.

- P.G Wodehouse, *The Little Prince*

And the men of the towns and of the soft suburban country gathered to defend themselves; and they reassured themselves that they were good and the invaders bad, as a man must do before he fights.

- John Steinbeck, *Grapes of Wrath*

With stealthy steps he crept to the head of the stairs and descended. One uses the verb "descend" advisedly, for what is required is some word suggesting instantaneous activity. About Baxter's progress from the second floor to the first there was nothing halting or hesitating. He, so to speak, did it now. Planting his foot firmly on a golf-ball which the Hon. Freddie Threepwood, who had been practising putting in the corridor before retiring to bed, had left in his casual fashion just where the steps began, he took the entire staircase in one majestic, volplaning sweep. There were eleven stairs in all separating his landing from the landing below, and the only ones he hit were the third and tenth. He came to rest with a squattering thud on the lower landing, and for a moment or two the fever of the chase left him.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Sunset at Blandings*

Nothing is original. Steal from anywhere that resonates with inspiration or fuels your imagination. Devour old films, new films, music, books, paintings, photographs, poems, dreams, random conversations, architecture, bridges, street signs, trees, clouds, bodies of water, light and shadows. Select only things to steal from that speak directly to your soul. If you do this, your work (and theft) will be authentic. Authenticity is invaluable; originality is non-existent. And don't bother concealing your thievery - celebrate it if you feel like it. In any case, always remember what Jean-Luc Godard said: "It's not where you take things from - it's where you take them to.

- Jim Jarmusch, Director

A STORY ABOUT *Change*

An allegorical exploration of purpose and progress.

Harrie runs. He runs just like everybody runs, but it's something he is particularly good at. Reaching the checkpoints on time, many times early, and very few times not the first.

Just like always, today he was running, wind in his hair and in his face and tired with every step but getting closer and closer and closer to the next checkpoint. He could see it, right there, at the edge of the horizon. It wasn't just him, out



of the corners of his watery eyes he could see the few friends he'd worked to keep up with and the few who'd managed, somehow to keep up with him, sprinting as well. Wind in their hair and surely as tired as he was, and as the crowds of people who ran with him were. Tired but determined. Above him, two blurry figures, further away than he would've liked, screaming his name, waving banners, because they were counting on him to win, uphold the legacy. They were in their own Race, one he sensed but couldn't see, but they'd delayed their checkpoints to cheer him on, as they did.

During the straights, he paced himself. At the walls, he planned his ascent slowly and deliberately, jumping to the ground at the other side, deftly avoiding the obstacles, every move calculated as he'd been trained to do, and it worked. He reached the 16th checkpoint jumping, slamming his card onto the checker's table and breathlessly explaining that his name had to be spelt with an 'IE' and not a 'Y' because that's how it was spelt but everybody called him Harry regardless so it didn't really matter when spoken but written down it was different.

He looked around while his registration was being processed. At the quitters, and the waiters, and the no-good-doers, just sitting by the sidelines looking not sad or lost, just looking. And he felt proud that at least he was moving, going forward, always running.

His thoughts were interrupted by the checker's light "Excuse-me.", and her hand holding the completion card they were expected to be given at each of the checkpoints. She had a proud smile on her face, "First, as expected." She informed him, and he couldn't hold back a euphoric whoop before the "Thank you, ma'am.", a grin appearing on his face while he caught his breath.

He knew the winning checkpoint was just around the corner. Everything he had worked for since he could understand what working for something meant. The final lap before the rest of his life would be laid out in front of him and it would be smooth sailing from there. And so he took off running, fast as he could, and when he reached there, he was met with everything he had expected to find.

Celebrations. Praise. His name on a bright sparkling banner and balloons floating everywhere in the little room they'd given him to celebrate. Mountains of food and drink and joy everywhere, and the slightest bit of jealousy transformed and shrugged off with humour as the celebrations continued.

Almost as soon as the celebration had begun, it was over. It ended and he was praised again by the people there and wished well on his journey in the future, which he knew nothing of, and they left. And then he left through the exit, back onto the Race that he'd been running his whole life. Except the road had changed. The road was more like a highway now, thousands of people that he could see and all of them moving forward in waves. And the path diverged in many different places, so he knew that if he went forward he would be swept into one either way, but the people were faceless, and made no sound in a way that was loud, like how silence is loud.

After running forward for a while, he began to forget why he'd begun running at all. There were too many people, but he felt stranded and he'd gotten more and more frustrated so for the first time in his running career, he decided to stop. He stopped and looked at the sidelines, the place that was now empty.

Which made him wonder if there was an exit, or an end to the Race, because there was always at least one person standing there.

He pushed out of the Race, letting himself explore the track, poking at the lines that marked the border of the track and pushing at the walls little by little. Eventually a section of a wall gave way, revealing the entrance to a tunnel through which he saw a person. The person was holding a contraption with a seat on it, surrounded by an assortment of different parts. He let curiosity get the best of him, and ran up to the person to ask how he'd left the Race, why he'd left the Race (and how could he leave the Race), and what the object was.

"What is that?"

"This is a bicycle."

"What in the Race is a bicycle?!"

"It's a vehicle, so you don't have to run, it lets you go faster."

"Alright, but where are you going? The Race is back there."

"There is a world out there, son."



This made him annoyed. How could this person use something so weak to go faster? And he couldn't see any world from where he was standing. He expressed as much, and watched as they hopped on their contraption, pedalling away faster than he could ever run. He stared after it in awe, watching the bicycle with the person on it get farther and farther away. He would never be able to cover as much distance as the bicycle did in such little time. Then he wondered where the person was going, what kind of world there was if only he went there.

He looked at the Race and let himself imagine a life where he didn't run, where he built a bicycle and rode away into the tunnel. He looked into the tunnel, the seemingly endless darkness, no foreseeable future, no confirmed success.

Then he turned back to the Race and ran.

- Amy Rachal Clement



CELEPHAÏS

A story by H. P. Lovecraft – the greatest writer of eldritch horror.

In a dream Kuranès saw the city in the valley, and the sea-coast beyond, and the snowy peak overlooking the sea, and the gaily painted galleys that sail out of the harbour toward the distant regions where the sea meets the sky. In a dream it was also that he came by his name of Kuranès, for when awake he was called by another name. Perhaps it was natural for him to dream a new name; for he was the last of his family, and alone among the indifferent millions of London, so there were not many to speak to him and remind him who he had been. His money and lands were gone, and he did not care for the ways of people about him, but preferred to dream and write of his dreams. What he wrote was laughed at by those to whom he shewed it, so that after a time he kept his writings to himself, and finally ceased to write. The more he withdrew from the world about him, the more wonderful became his dreams; and it would have been quite futile to try to describe them on paper. Kuranès was not modern, and did not think like others who wrote. Whilst they strove to strip from life its embroidered robes of myth, and to shew in naked ugliness the foul thing that is reality, Kuranès sought for beauty alone. When truth and experience failed to reveal it, he sought it in fancy and illusion, and found it on his very doorstep, amid the nebulous memories of childhood tales and dreams.



"Quarzmine" | Art by Daniel Lieske

There are not many persons who know what wonders are opened to them in the stories and visions of their youth; for when as children we listen and dream, we think but half-formed thoughts, and when as men we try to remember, we are dulled and prosaic with the poison of life. But some of us awake in the night with strange phantasms of enchanted hills and gardens, of fountains that sing in the sun, of golden cliffs overhanging murmuring seas, of plains that stretch down to sleeping cities of bronze and stone, and of shadowy companies of heroes that ride caparisoned white horses along the edges of thick forests; and then we know that we have looked back through the ivory gates into that world of wonder which was ours before we were wise and unhappy.

Kuranès came very suddenly upon his old world of childhood. He had been dreaming of the house where he was born; the great stone house covered with ivy, where thirteen generations of his ancestors had lived, and where he had hoped to die. It was moonlight, and he had stolen out into the fragrant summer night, through the gardens, down the terraces, past the great oaks of the park, and along the long white road to the village. The village seemed very old, eaten away at the edge like the moon which had commenced to wane, and Kuranès wondered whether the peaked roofs of the small houses hid sleep or death. In the streets were spears of long grass, and the window-panes on either side were either broken or filmily staring. Kuranès had not lingered, but had plodded on as though summoned toward some goal. He dared not disobey the summons for fear it might prove an illusion like the urges and aspirations of waking life, which do not lead to any goal. Then he had been drawn down a lane that led off from the village street toward the channel cliffs, and had come to the end of things—to the precipice and the abyss where all the village and all the world fell abruptly into the unechoing emptiness of infinity, and where even the sky ahead was empty and unlit by the crumbling moon and the peering stars. Faith had urged him on, over the precipice and into the gulf, where he had floated down, down, down; past dark, shapeless, undreamed dreams, faintly glowing spheres that may have been partly dreamed dreams, and laughing winged things that seemed to mock the dreamers of all the worlds. Then a rift seemed to open in the darkness before him, and he saw the city of the valley, glistening radiantly far, far below, with a background of sea and sky, and a snow-capped mountain near the shore.



"Celephaïs" | Art by Daniel Lieske

Kuranès had awaked the very moment he beheld the city, yet he knew from his brief glance that it was none other than Celephaïs, in the Valley of Ooth-Nargai beyond the Tanarian Hills, where his spirit had dwelt all the eternity of an hour one summer afternoon very long ago, when he had slipped away from his nurse and let the warm sea-breeze lull him to sleep as he watched the clouds from the cliff near the village. He had protested then, when they had found him, waked him, and carried him home, for just as he was aroused he had been about to sail in a golden galley for those alluring regions where the sea meets the sky. And now he was equally resentful of awaking, for he had found his fabulous city after forty weary years.



"The Dreamlands" | Image Courtesy: Studio-Schell Illustrations

Down the hill amid scented grasses and brilliant flowers walked Kuranès, over the bubbling Naraxa on the small wooden bridge where he had carved his name so many years ago, and through the whispering grove to the great stone bridge by the city gate. All was as of old, nor were the marble walls discoloured, nor the polished bronze statues upon them tarnished. And Kuranès saw that he need not tremble lest the things he knew be vanished; for even the sentries on the ramparts were the same, and still as young as he remembered them. When he entered the city, past the bronze gates and over the onyx pavements, the merchants and camel-drivers greeted him as if he had never been away; and it was the same at the turquoise temple of Nath-Horthath, where the orchid-wreathed priests told him that there is no time in Ooth-Nargai, but only perpetual youth. Then Kuranès walked through the Street of Pillars to the seaward wall, where gathered the traders and sailors, and strange men from the regions where the sea meets the sky. There he stayed long, gazing out over the bright harbour where the ripples sparkled beneath an unknown sun, and where rode lightly the galleys from far places over the water. And he gazed also upon Mount Aran rising regally from the shore, its lower slopes green with swaying trees and its white summit touching the sky.

More than ever Kuranès wished to sail in a galley to the far places of which he had heard so many strange tales, and he sought again the captain who had agreed to carry him so long ago. He found the man, Athib, sitting on the same chest of spices he had sat upon before, and Athib seemed not to realise that any time had passed. Then the two rowed to a galley in the harbour, and giving orders to the oarsmen, commenced to sail out into the billowy Cerenerian Sea that leads to the sky. For several days they glided undulatingly over the water, till finally they came to the horizon, where the sea meets the sky. Here the galley paused not at all, but floated easily in the blue of the sky among fleecy clouds tinted with rose. And far beneath the keel Kuranès could see strange lands and rivers and cities of surpassing beauty, spread indolently in the sunshine which seemed never to

lessen or disappear. At length Athib told him that their journey was near its end, and that they would soon enter the harbour of Serannian, the pink marble city of the clouds, which is built on that ethereal coast where the west wind flows into the sky; but as the highest of the city's carved towers came into sight there was a sound somewhere in space, and Kuranès awoke in his London garret.

For many months after that Kuranès sought the marvellous city of Celephaïs and its sky-bound galleys in vain; and though his dreams carried him to many gorgeous and unheard-of places, no one whom he met could tell him how to find Ooth-Nargai, beyond the Tanarian Hills. One night he went flying over dark mountains where there were faint, lone campfires at great distances apart, and strange, shaggy herds with tinkling bells on the leaders; and in the wildest part of this hilly country, so remote that few men could ever have seen it, he found a hideously ancient wall or causeway of stone zigzagging along the ridges and valleys; too gigantic ever to have risen by human hands, and of such a length that neither end of it could be seen. Beyond that wall in the grey dawn he came to a land of quaint gardens and cherry trees, and when the sun rose he beheld such beauty of red and white flowers, green foliage and lawns, white paths, diamond brooks, blue lakelets, carved bridges, and red-roofed pagodas, that he for a moment forgot Celephaïs in sheer delight. But he remembered it again when he walked down a white path toward a red-roofed pagoda, and would have questioned the people of that land about it, had he not found that there were no people there, but only birds and bees and butterflies. On another night Kuranès walked up a damp stone spiral stairway endlessly, and came to a tower window overlooking a mighty plain and river lit by the full moon; and in the silent city that spread away from the river-bank he thought he beheld some feature or arrangement which he had known before. He would have descended and asked the way to Ooth-Nargai had not a fearsome aurora sputtered up from some remote place beyond the horizon, shewing the ruin and antiquity of the city, and the stagnation of the reedy river, and the death lying upon that land, as it had lain since King Kynaratholis came home from his conquests to find the vengeance of the gods.



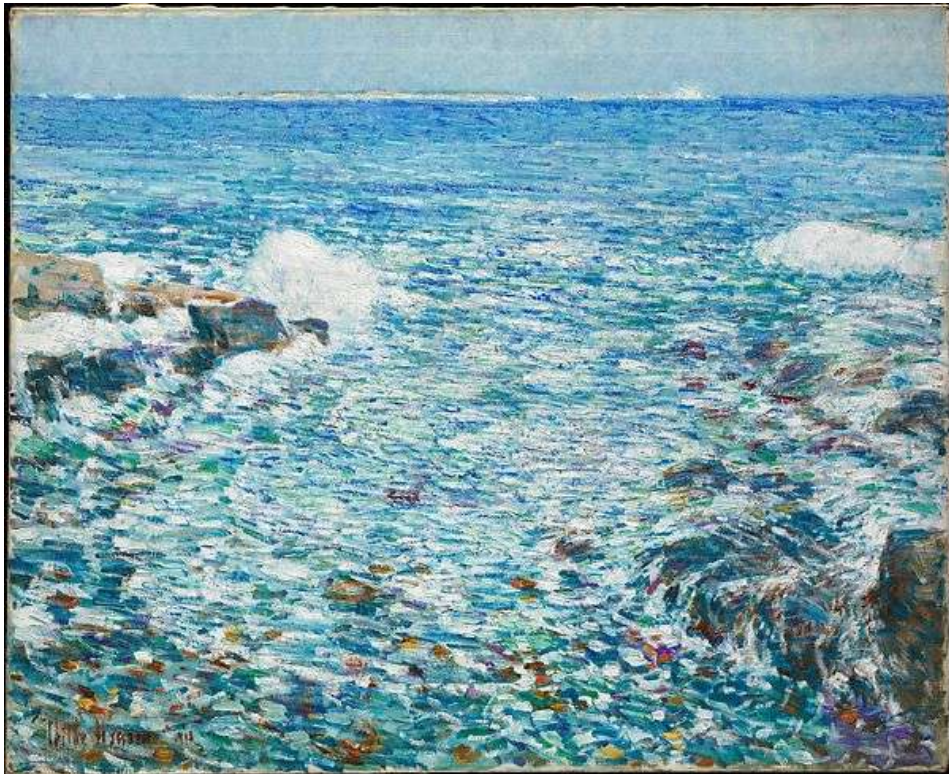
"Hell and Heaven" | Image Courtesy: Daniel Lieske

So Kuranès sought fruitlessly for the marvellous city of Celephaïs and its galleys that sail to Serannian in the sky, meanwhile seeing many wonders and once barely escaping from the high-priest not to be described, which wears a yellow silken mask over its face and dwells all alone in a prehistoric stone monastery on the cold desert plateau of Leng. In time he grew so impatient of the bleak intervals of day that he began buying drugs in order to increase his periods of sleep. Hasheesh helped a great deal, and once sent him to a part of space where form does not exist, but where glowing gases study the secrets of existence. And a violet-coloured gas told him that this part of space was outside what he had called infinity. The gas had not heard of planets and organisms before, but identified Kuranès merely as one from the infinity where matter, energy, and gravitation exist. Kuranès was now very anxious to return to minaret-studded Celephaïs, and increased his doses of drugs; but eventually he had no more money left, and could buy no drugs. Then one summer day he was turned out of his garret, and wandered aimlessly through the streets, drifting over a bridge to a place where the houses grew thinner and thinner. And it was there that fulfilment came, and he met the cortege of knights come from Celephaïs to bear him thither forever.

Handsome knights they were, astride roan horses and clad in shining armour with tabards of cloth-of-gold curiously emblazoned. So numerous were they, that Kuranès almost mistook them for an army, but their leader told him they were sent in his honour; since it was he who had created Ooth-Nargai in his dreams, on which account he was now to be appointed its chief god for evermore. Then they gave Kuranès a horse and placed him at the head of the cavalcade, and all rode majestically through the downs of Surrey and onward toward the region where Kuranès and his ancestors were born. It was very strange, but as the riders went on they seemed to gallop back through Time; for whenever they passed through a village in the twilight they saw only such houses and villages as Chaucer or men before him might have seen, and sometimes they saw knights on horseback with small companies of retainers. When it grew dark they travelled more swiftly, till soon they were flying uncannily as if in the air. In the dim dawn they came upon the village which Kuranès had seen alive in his childhood, and asleep or dead in his dreams. It was alive now, and early villagers courtesied as the horsemen clattered down the street and turned off into the lane that ends in the abyss of dream. Kuranès had previously entered that abyss only at night, and wondered what it would look like by day; so he watched anxiously as the column approached its brink. Just as they galloped up the rising ground to the precipice a golden glare came somewhere out of the east and hid all the landscape in its effulgent draperies. The abyss was now a seething chaos of roseate and cerulean splendour, and invisible voices sang exultantly as the knightly entourage plunged over the edge and floated gracefully down past glittering clouds and silvery coruscations. Endlessly down the horsemen floated, their chargers pawing the æther as if galloping over golden sands; and then the luminous vapours spread apart to reveal a greater brightness, the brightness of the city Celephaïs, and the sea-coast beyond, and the snowy peak overlooking the sea, and the gaily painted galleys that sail out of the harbour toward distant regions where the sea meets the sky.

And Kuranès reigned thereafter over Ooth-Nargai and all the neighbouring regions of dream, and held his court alternately in Celephaïs and in the cloud-fashioned Serannian. He reigns there still, and will reign happily forever, though below the cliffs at Innsmouth the channel tides played mockingly with the body of a tramp who had stumbled through the half-deserted village at dawn; played mockingly, and cast it upon the rocks by ivy-covered Trevor Towers, where a notably fat and especially offensive millionaire brewer enjoys the purchased atmosphere of extinct nobility.

Fin



"Surf, Isles of Shoals" | Art by Childe Hassam



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