

The Inspiration of the Architecture of Point Loma

Extract from an essay by one of the Cuban lads of the Raja Yoga School, who is a student in the Art Department of the Raja Yoga Academy at Point Loma, California.

THE architecture of Point Loma is so beautiful and graceful and free that I would not like to live anywhere else. I imagine that a city many times larger than New York and holding twice as many people as London, if built according to the same style of architecture as we have at Point Loma, would make the most delightful place in the world. It would seem like a garden, where people came as though into Paradise. If the people looked out for their cities and tried to build them simply and in a beautiful style of architecture, most

of the suffering and unrest that we find in our large cities would be unknown and the word "slum" would disappear from the pages of the dictionary. Then a city would be what it truly ought to be, a gathering of the people of the world for the enjoyment of life, living again in one bond of Universal Brotherhood. The people have tasted of the joy of life on this Hill. They have seen the results of this work and will yet see more. The people have already felt a new light burning in their hearts and will feel it more and more as time goes on. Then the prophecies of Madame Blavatsky will be revealed in their full meaning. Then the wise teaching of the ancients shall be better understood. Then men shall know that they are divine and unto them shall be revealed their power. They shall know that they are the temples of the living Christ, the living truth, and they shall walk hand in hand toward the light, and Universal Brotherhood will be a living fact. The nations shall clasp hands and peace shall come.

ACCORDING to *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, the actual cost of an ordinary warehouse violin is as follows:

	S.	D.
Wood for back	0	2
Wood for belly	0	2
Wood for neck	0	1
Workmanship in neck	0	2
Blackened fingerboard	0	2
Workmanship in back and belly	0	3
Cutting out by saw	0	1 1/2
Shaping back and belly by machinery	1	0
Varnish	0	10
Fitting up strings, bridge, and tail-piece	0	9 1/2
Total	3	7

A few years ago \$20,000 was paid by a Berlin banker for a Stradivari violincello, and a really fine specimen from the master's hand is not attainable for less than several thousand times the actual cost of material. Evolution seems to have come to a standstill in violin making, or so it appears.

Though every other instrument in the orchestra has been improved out of recognition, the violin of Stradivari remains not only unimproved, but unapproached.

Something more was put into these violins than just wood and glue and varnish. George Eliot gives the secret in her lines on Stradivari:

That plain, white-aproned man who stood at work,
Patient and accurate, full four-score years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance.
And since keen sense is love of perfectness,
Made perfect violins the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

STUDENT

UNDER the title of the "Théâtre des Inconnus," a playhouse has been founded in Paris, the purpose of which is to afford opportunity for the presentation of the works of unknown dramatists. A new departure.

NOT a few of the best artists—meaning by that those in whom the spirit of true art is really awakened—are now giving their attention to the home. The result is that many of the objects distinctive to home life are becoming not only more beautiful, but more simple in line and more exquisite in color. The care and feeling which was formerly lavished on what were called the fine arts, is now being devoted to the home life. It is one sign that art is not dead, and that there is neither rhyme nor reason in the despairs of those who would not know a Renaissance of true art if they should see one. It is the home environment that makes or mars the budding and beautiful life. The years spent close within the boundaries of the home are invariably the child's earliest years. The soul blossoms free and true under the sunlight of beauty, in the atmosphere of noble music and pure art. Where, then, is art's province if it be not the home? M.