

Extra paper by Pīr-o-Murshid Ināyat Khān
about his brother Maheboob Khān.

On coming to the Western world my responsibility for my brother and cousin increased. For in the first place I myself was unaware of the manner in which in the West, life can best be made, and my brother and cousin were much less aware still. Having all through life taken all interest in the Western music, it became hard for Maheboob Khān, with his backward nature, to come out and perform Indian music before people who did not understand it. He had never performed before people, even in India, where he had every persuasion and everyone could appreciate his beautiful lines of extemporization, for which his grandfather Moulā Bakḥsh* had always admired him. I often saw him disheartened and wearied, owing to the great struggles in life that we had to go through, and what carried him along through all this was his love and trust in me as his brother, father, friend, teacher and counsellor, and it is only that which made him sacrifice his country, his people, his climate, which alone suited his temperament, and that made him endure all sorts of troubles and difficulties that we had to go through during our work in the West.

After a few years experience in the West we found that we could not very well carry on with our own music in the West in the same manner as before; to be in the West one must become Western. Therefore he began to increase his knowledge of Western music, which he had received in the beginning from his uncle, with our late friend Monsieur Edmond Bailly*, who was a lover of India and its thought and music. He helped Maheboob Khān to the best of his ability in the art of composition, in which he saw that Maheboob Khān was most gifted. After having received gratefully all help he could from Monsieur Bailly, he received the finishing touch from Miss E. Hamilton when in England.

Later, hearing the voice of his cousin, Ali Khān, developing according to the Western idea, he fancied if he would also try to sing some Western music. After a good deal of practice in voice culture, he developed his voice as a tenor and sang Neapolitan songs most wonderfully. It always carried me home when I heard him singing Hindustānī* songs. Even the Western songs sung in his voice of silky texture with a sympathetic echo in it, became for me as Eastern songs. I have never heard, if I were to give my candid opinion, such a voice, saturated with sweetness and rich with beauty, with piercing quality, in the Eastern or Western part of the world all my life, and his singing often reminded me of the voice of my grandfather, Moulā Bakhsh, and yet Maheboob Khān's voice seemed to me even superior.

The shyness of his nature kept him always backward, even in bringing out his compositions which have been the soul of the East in Western form and the thing most longed for by the world just now, when the East and West are coming every day closer.

Extra paper by Pīr-o-Murshid Ināyat Khān
about his brother Musherāff Khān.

Musherāff Khān joined us in America after one year's stay in Calcutta and to him coming to America was quite a revelation. An Indian youth with all shyness and innocence and with a feeling of love and respect, found himself quite in another sphere, where first he realized that everything that he did was wrong.

Since then he travelled with us and shared all the pain and pleasure that we have passed through, war and peace, looking upon me as his brother, father and teacher. He also, influenced by his cousin Ali Khān and by Maheboob Khān, took up the Western method of voice production and developed a beautiful tenor voice. It seemed as if he was born for that and nothing would have been better for him than to be a singer. He has always been by temperament religiously inclined and devotional, simple and sociable, ready to make sacrifices and most sympathetic. After many years of his stay in the West, he kept to the East just the same, in his way of looking at things and especially in living in eternity. He has been a help to me in every direction of my activity in the Western world, having the same ideal which I have brought to the world as his belief.

Extra paper by Pīr-o-Murshid Ināyat Khān
about his cousin Ali Khān.

Ali Khān, my cousin, who was no less than a brother to me, most willingly gave up all his work to accompany me in my journey to the unknown destination. He came, not asking where he was going and what he was to do and why he should go. As always in his life, when I told him "Chalo", he came along. Such a faithful brother and follower as he, was indeed a great strength to me on my journey. To him the love of Europe was given by me and reared by Alāoddīn Khān, our uncle. Therefore his visit to Europe was indeed a dream for him. He was loved and liked by all who met him, and our friends were all struck by what seemed to them his almost infantile innocence and simplicity, with his cheerful nature. He kept patient with happy smiles through all difficulties that we had to pass through in life. During the time of the war Mme. Emma Nevada happened to hear his voice, from which she thought that could be made a wonderful tenor. Having been won by his good nature and gifted voice, she gave him the training in Opera singing, to which he gave his heart and soul, and he came out as a most remarkable artist, although it has been as difficult for him as ever to make his way through life, being firstly unequipped in the business ways which are necessary even for an artist to make his way through life. Another difficulty for an Eastern person is to make his life in the West, where the competition in all professions is so great that even for the Western people it is most difficult to get along in their country with all their talent and skill, if they have not sufficient help and influence from somewhere to back them up, or if they have not a strong business aptitude to make their way through the sweeping waves of the worldly life.

Extra paper by Pīr-o-Murshid Ināyat Khān
about Rāma Swāmī.

While in America, I met a young Indian, Rāma Swāmī, who had left India when a lad and since then had been in the States. Finding us there brought back to him the memories of home for which he always longed, while he had no hope of ever returning again, having been removed so far away from his land. He played tabla and joined my staff of musicians, known as the Royal Hindū Musicians of India. He was a great help, in the practical way in arranging all affairs. Throughout our stay in America he accompanied us. He also came with us to England and travelled to France and went to Russia with us. There he remained behind, and after that, he no longer belonged to our company, which gradually then dispersed by Ali Khān being taken away in his operatic interest and my life being all absorbed in my mission, leaving Maḥboob and Musheraff Khān alone to perform the Indian music.

Their interest was divided between both Indian and European music and they were conscious that their music, to the Western people, is like a museum of antiquities which one would not mind looking at once, out of curiosity, and for a pastime, but not like a factory which produces new goods all the time, to its own advantage and to answer people's demands, and upon which the need of many people's life depends.