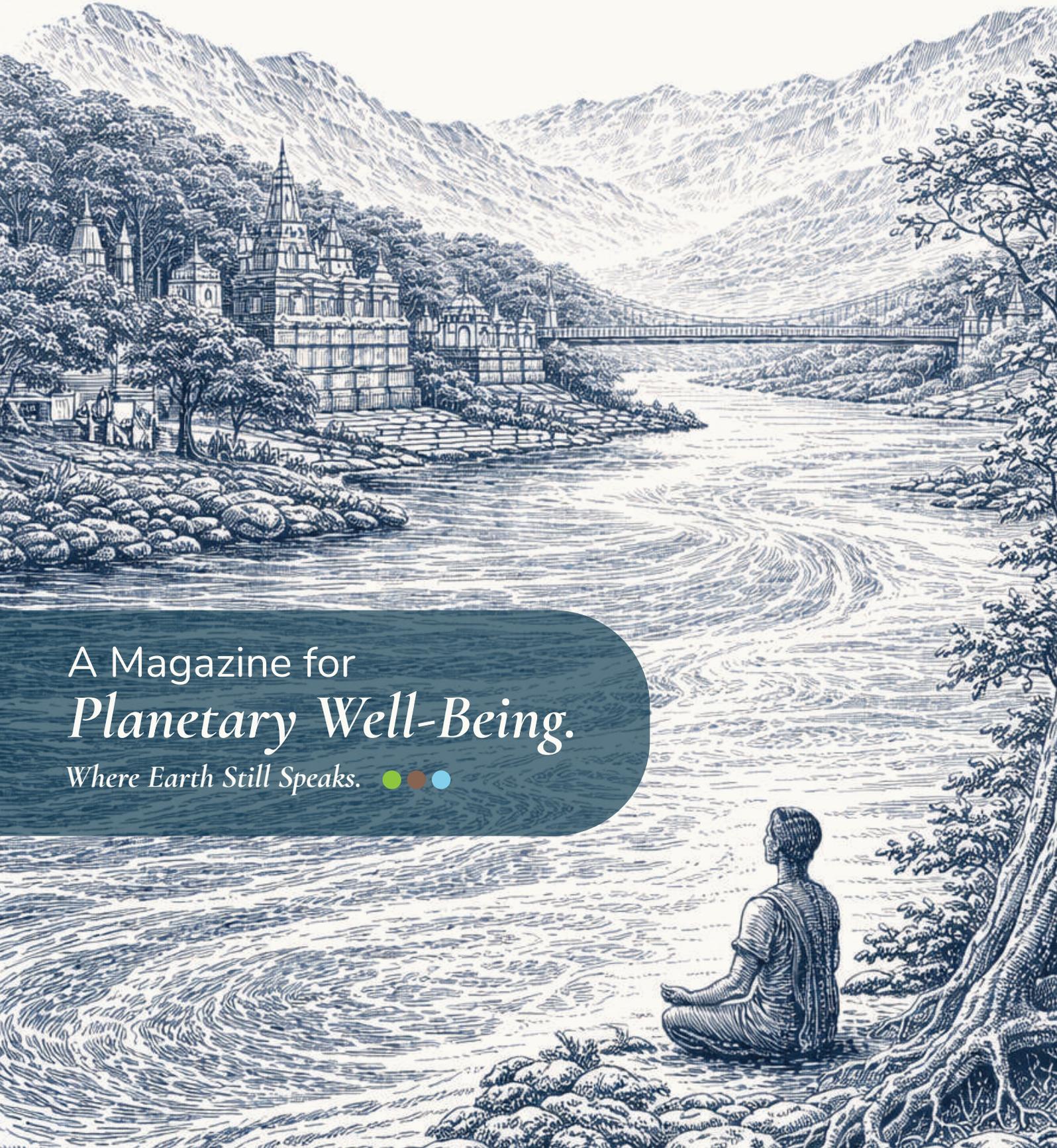


# THE THIRD POLE

Earth | Water | Future

A Magazine for  
*Planetary Well-Being.*

*Where Earth Still Speaks.* ● ● ●



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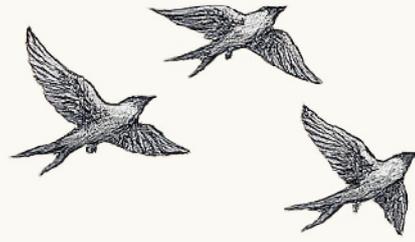
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*Water is our way home. One Breath. One Earth.*

**-CRAIG COOPER**

## Editor's Foreword



*Greetings, readers!*

We are living in tense times, demanding times. Often, we are unsure of the course we, in our individual capacities, ought to take, and uncertain about the future of our planet Earth. Such uncertainties exist, and perhaps always will. There has never been a moment in recorded history that was “perfect.” And yet, the stone keeps rolling. This time, it gathers moss—*moss of memory, moss of meaning*.

We are Third Pole. We are here to speak, to share, and to advocate for an economics of well-being rather than one of money and profit. A well-being rooted in context—in our bioregions, our communities, our watersheds, our ecotones, our ecosystems. We are shaped by the five elements, by our immediate surroundings, by our ancestors, and by futures not yet actualized. Futures built on conscious dreams.

The “Third Pole” refers, bioregionally, to the Himalayas and the broader Tibetan Plateau—one of the most ecologically sensitive and yet often overlooked regions of the world. It teaches us the meaning of the sacred. It calls us to remember our limits. In the wisdom of this Third Pole, we place our trust.

This magazine is part of the larger parent foundation, One Breath, One Earth (OBOE), which works toward water sovereignty, community stewardship, localization, mindfulness practices, yoga, the Buddhist Middle Path, and much more. Above all, it meets us in and through our spirit work: we breathe the animate cosmos. The launch of this first edition is an invitation—to you, dear readers. For us, reading is also a form of enactment. To read is to begin to change. To become leaders not as isolated individuals, but as expressions of the communities that have made us who we are. Our emphasis is on preparing ourselves to live intimately and joyfully, while courageously interrogating the dominant structures that demand transformation.

In this sense, Third Pole is a living metaphor—for thresholds, for fragility, for the meeting place of the universe's elements. Ice and sky. River and rock. Human aspiration and planetary limits. It is a place where breath becomes visible—not within national boundaries, but within bioregional currents.

Across the articles gathered in this first issue, a quiet common thread unfolds: interdependence. Whether through ecological reflection, social critique, lived experience, or regenerative imagination, each piece gestures toward the same crux—that the culture of separation is an illusion sustained by conditioned habits, and that remembering relationship is the beginning of repair.

These writings do not approach the Earth as a problem to be solved or a resource to be optimized through a corporate lens. They approach it as a living community to which we belong. There is constructive critique here—but also creative tenderness. There is urgency—but also patience and a slowing down. There is analysis—but also reverence.

We hold that transformation is not driven by fear alone, but by a shift in consciousness—both individual and systemic—from extraction to participation, from domination to dialogue, from fragmentation to wholeness. The articles in this issue speak to that shift. They invite us to inhabit a different quality of giving attention. This magazine has come into being through active collaboration and friendship. Craig Cooper, founder and vision holder of OBOE and Third Pole, has carried the seed of this vision with steadfast clarity and commitment throughout the process with incredible comprehension. Ekta Singh, our insightful designer-architect, has shaped the aesthetic vessel that allows these words to breathe fully in presence. I am grateful to walk alongside them in bringing this first issue to life.

To launch Third Pole is to make a commitment—not to certainty, but to listening. Not to curated spectacle, but to shared depth. Not to growth for its own sake, but to regeneration through collective planetary imagination.

*May this first edition be a small offering toward a larger remembering.*

*One breath. One Earth. We are coming back home to our roots.*

With gratitude,

*Akhar Bandyopadhyay*

*Editor, Third Pole*

*One Breath, One Earth (OBOE) Foundation*

February, 2026 - March, 2026.

## Measures of Love

-By Craig Cooper

Never, never, never  
shall we refuse to embrace  
more love across all species  
of Mother Gaia—  
our home of endless colour.

Through me, let nothing pass  
that divides the Divine.  
Walk in your own measure.  
Favour none with ego.  
Stand gently in your truth.

Do not profane the sacred vessel.  
Do not fragment the wholeness of  
intent.  
Be one with the universal truth  
that breathes through all.

Hold your God  
within your own measure of God.  
To be one with God—  
is it not to live that measure  
in humility?

FAITH—  
my mother placed it in my hands.  
HOPE—  
I was born beside a river called  
Severn.



But LOVE—  
Love must always be our measure  
on Mother Gaia.

For I see tomorrow  
as I see today:  
my Earth, my heaven,  
within my breath—  
through my father,  
through the sacred air  
I breathe.

And I dream  
the Earth restored  
to her natural rhythm.

Trinity speaks in many tongues—  
Brahma, Shiva, Vishnu;  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;  
the prophets who walked in light—  
all pointing toward love  
within the dance of dark and light.

From the tribes of old  
to a species still becoming,  
from First Peoples to pilgrims of  
today,  
wisdom has walked this Earth.

Three wise ones came once



to witness such a walk.  
May we now reclaim  
the saviour within—  
measuring our days in love  
across our economies,  
across our villages.

Take us back  
to the happy days—  
my memory of Mum and Dad—  
to a culture that values joy,  
peace,  
and the quiet wealth  
of belonging.

Let LOVE be our measure.



# REFLECTIONS from *Rishikesh* Birthplace of YOGA

-By Craig Cooper

The Himalayas—home to the Third Pole—represent the third-largest glacial mass on Earth. The North Pole, associated with Arctic exploration, and the South Pole, first explored by Sir Douglas Mawson, frame this triad. The Third Pole sustains millions across Asia through its water systems and bioregional contributions.

Where are we with grassroots awareness?

Where soil meets water—there lies true village wealth.

*Water is our way home.*

*One Breath. One Earth.*

To appreciate “green water” flowing into Mother Earth’s core—as it has done for millions of years—is to understand a universal truth about how we evolved and live on Earth with water.

How must we re-educate our communities to see the natural water cycle at play, allowing us to walk with universal truth so that our soul is aligned with God?

Today, the water cycle is disrupted as humanity’s economic system fails to align with ecosystems and biodiversity. We continue to degrade natural systems that should support us. Instead, we move against the ancient grains of soil, water, and daily bread.

Human beings belong to ecosystems—we are part of them. Yet today we extract from every part of our environment. We build on top of Mother Earth rather than live within her, suffocating villages through heavy urbanization. Is it not a fact that we now find ourselves increasingly irrelevant to Earth’s balance?

How will we realign with planetary well-being if Mother Earth is God? Will we cease to exist, or will we create a new vision of livelihood on Earth?



### *What is “One Breath One Earth”?*

We must recognize that our livelihoods collectively impact Earth. Your breath and my breath—within our God-given vessel—must align with Mother Earth and her natural systems in a beautiful play of vibration.

### *What is “Third Pole”?*

The Third Pole represents three pillars of strength—a sacred trinity for co-existence between God and humanity as part of something special: life on Earth. It reflects values of peace, consciousness, and planetary harmony.

Let us explore humanity’s role and test this theory. You will see how important the “middle” is for sacred balance to play out in life on Earth. Yet today, the middle values—the middle way, the center of our circle—must be reclaimed.

The North Pole. The South Pole. Where is the Third Pole?

And what does ice melt mean for Mother Earth?

### *A Fact*

We are a blue planet, held in our Milky Way galaxy, our home—its ice stabilizing our systems. Earth’s ice is melting at an alarming and accelerating rate due to global warming. Urbanization fuels an extractive economic system. The planet loses about a trillion tons of ice yearly, with current melt rates far exceeding historical norms. Greenland—amid Trump’s grand geopolitical ambitions for oil and resources—melts at rates comparable to Antarctica. Ice melt is even causing shifts in Earth’s crust.

The consequences far exceed the greed of extractive economies. A world beyond stable ice will look vastly different from the healthy water cycle that has existed since life emerged from the sea. We must focus not only on carbon but on water systems across our communities. One



Breath—the air we breathe. One Planet—the Earth we share. Third Pole Magazine aims to gather leading thinkers in planetary well-being for all creatures great and small, reclaiming the middle through local stories and ethical foundations rooted in yoga, embodiment, and sacred journey. This is not about a “new age God,” but about reclaiming local economics—the village—so children may grow strong within a nurturing middle, like a child in the womb of a good mother.

### *Divine in All Species – Biodiversity*

Divinity is our core, our pillar, our foundation. Many religions recognize strength in the trinity of three: the Hindu trinity of Shiva, Brahma, and Vishnu; the Christian Holy Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Breath. The spiral of three reflects our human potential and our journey with God.

### *Where is our middle today?*

We live amid a “polycrisis”—a multitude of interconnected challenges. Yet we must not turn away from the wonder of Mother Earth. Let us be grateful for the simple elements we take for granted: water, air, soil, fire, ether—and the beauty of a complete living system.

Do our economic systems value these core elements? Does divinity flow through our body, mind, and soul as we remain part of Mother Earth and the expanding Universe?

### *The Carbon Problem*

CARBON, you say? The United Nations meets annually at COP to discuss carbon targets. Let us question this theory and vision. What will we choose to focus on to achieve sacred balance—a steady-state economy that allows our foundations to return to fairness and to what we have lost? Does this distract us from the middle knowledge spoken of in the good books of God—family, village wealth, and raising good children?

Carbon is dead on water, literally. So why do we continue to focus globally on carbon targets? Petrol and the system built around it have nowhere to go without causing disruption to our way of life. Humanity feels stuck, searching for real solutions today.

### *How Do I See the Animate Earth – Mother Gaia?*

We are mostly water. Earth is a blue planet. Yet today we compress soil with concrete, roads, buildings, gutters, and drains—systems





that disrupt healthy relationships with clean water.

“Green water” is now emerging as a field of academic study. Yet for First Peoples—Water Dreamers—green water wisdom has existed since the beginning of time.

As Kermit the Frog once said, “It isn’t easy being green.”

### ***Green Water – Definition***

Green water is rainfall stored in soil, used by plants for transpiration, and returned to the atmosphere. It forms the largest freshwater resource vital for terrestrial ecosystems, unlike “blue water” (rivers, lakes, aquifers) that flows visibly.

Though invisible, managing green water through soil practices such as regenerative agriculture and no-till farming is crucial for food systems, biodiversity, and rainfall patterns globally.

It is the essential core of the water cycle we first learn about in school.

### ***How do we regenerate green water as a policy focus aligned with the ethos of One Breath One Earth?***

Communities are beginning to reclaim water harvesting and nurture new water stewards. Intentional communities and regenerative urban design are restoring green-water health.

The One Breath One Earth team will educate and share local stories aligned with Mother Earth (Gaia). It was fitting to lay these foundations in Rishikesh, India—the birthplace of yoga—and reflect on yoga’s alignment with sacred text, Mother Earth, and divine union.

### ***The Third Pole: Himalayan Ice at a Tipping Point***

Let us examine the Himalayas, where One Breath One Earth was established.

The Himalayas formed 40–50 million years ago from the collision of the Indian and Eurasian tectonic plates. The range stretches over 2,900 km along India and Tibet and continues to rise today.

India once separated from Australia 225 million years ago, crossing the ancient Tethys Ocean. When the supercontinent Pangaea broke apart, India moved northward, eventually colliding with Asia—creating the most magnificent geological uplift on Earth.

The Himalayas remain a living mountain system, growing more than 1 cm per year.

### ***Mother Gaia – A Living System***

Mother Earth is not a theory. She is a moving landmass of tectonic plates, crust and mantle floating with water and unique geo-features — breathing with all species as one. “Gaia Mundi”



speaks to the soul of Mother Earth.

My Mum is unique.

My skin.

My blood.

My sovereign tree.

This is how I embed into landscape. This is how I raise a family in a village.

Mother Gaia is different — universal truth. The divine feminine and masculine hold God for all living species on Earth in union. This connection — what today we call Union — is not abstract. It is lived through soil, water, breath, and belonging.

### *The Third Pole – Ice Facts*

- Approximately 10% of Earth's land surface is covered by ice.
- The Tibetan Plateau is widely referred to as the “Third Pole”, after the Arctic and Antarctic.
- It holds the largest concentration of glaciers outside the polar regions, with an estimated ~7,000 cubic kilometres of ice.
- Glacial mass loss increased by approximately 65% between 2000 and 2020, indicating accelerating melt rates.
- Himalayan glaciers are among the fastest-melting glaciers on Earth.
- Ice and snow from the Third Pole sustain the Ganges, Indus, and Brahmaputra river systems—critical lifelines supporting over 1.3 billion people across South and East Asia.

### **The Third Pole at Risk: How Climate Change is Impacting the Himalayas - IORA Ecological Solutions**

How Were the Himalayas Formed? (And Are They Still Growing) | Earth Eclipse

Scientists warn that up to two-thirds of Himalayan glaciers could disappear by century's end if emissions continue unchecked.

Between 2000 and 2023, Earth's glaciers lost 6.5 trillion tons of ice, contributing to 18 mm of global sea-level rise.

### *Cultural Significance*

The Third Pole is home to Tibetan Buddhists, Ladakhi agro-pastoralists, Sherpa mountaineers, and Mongolian nomads—communities deeply connected to their landscapes. Glaciers such as Gangotri and Yamunotri hold profound spiritual significance.

### *Climate Impacts*

Glacial retreat has formed dangerous new glacial lakes (GLOFs). In Arunachal Pradesh alone, 110 glaciers vanished between 1988 and 2020, reducing glacier area by 47%.

Monsoon patterns are shifting. Flood–drought cycles intensify globally. We are moving from the Holocene into the Anthropocene.

### *Local Water Cycles – We Need Green Wealth*

Our water cycles require urgent restoration. Cities contribute little to green-water regeneration. Biodiversity collapse is as critical as carbon emissions.

### *Policy and Focus*

What we focus on, we become. Why focus solely on carbon?

We need bioregional governance for globally significant ecosystems like the Himalayas. The Third Pole is geopolitically complex yet ecologically vital. Now, the question resounds: Will humanity falter amid rapid technological acceleration and planetary degeneration? Our core operating systems are being tested.

### *Conclusion – Reflections from Sri Lanka: Tread Lightly*

From the Himalayas to Sri Lanka, I have reflected on how we move across this Earth.

Do we travel as tourists — consuming landscapes, compressing soil, extracting experience?

Or do we walk as pilgrims — treading lightly on sacred ground?

Mass tourism mirrors the extractive economy that disrupts our water cycles and weakens village life. Where soil meets water, there lies true wealth — green water, food security, community, belonging. Yet our economic systems measure growth, not infiltration; carbon, not soil moisture; GDP, not the strength of a child raised in a thriving village.

Where are we with grassroots awareness? Across bioregions, communities are reclaiming water stewardship and regenerative practice — but the scale must match the polycrisis we face. If we are mostly water, then our future depends on how we honour it.

*If Mother Earth is alive, our livelihoods must align with her systems.*

*To tread lightly is to reclaim the middle — breath, soil, water, village.*

*One Breath. One Earth.*



# A Passage from Misty Forbearance Initiating the *Sādhanā* of the “Third Pole”

- By Akhar Bandyopadhyay



*The above painting has been conceived and directed by human creativity, realized with Generative AI simply as a tool.*

## 1. A Situated Reckoning

“Winter has arrived”.

A child proclaimed it—loud enough for us to hear.

After so long, winter arrived: after much deception, after a prolonged wait. A deserved arrival. A wish fulfilled.

The city of lonely people disappeared beneath a thick mystery of fog—NO, smog. Mistrust thickened with it; people began to live in a state of perpetual suspicion. Smiles hid behind high-filtration masks, weary bodies crouched beside costly air purifiers, sipping packaged water from distant lands and munching stickered apples that gave off a pungent smell.

For many others, choice never arrived. Their streets forced them into daily intimacy with unmanaged sewage.

The child somehow sought to stand beyond all this. For a moment, she allowed herself to believe in “destiny”...perhaps also in what the supposed human will-power might yet consummate.

She wanted to grasp winter with her hands, feel it beneath her feet, breathe it through her tiny nostrils, touch it with her pale skin. She wanted winter to take her over entirely.

Yet—will winter stay?

In her city, winter is always short-lived. And it has not arrived alone. It has invited unlikely warmth.

Still, water freezes, even if only briefly.

It freezes—In steel and plastic buckets. In wells with hand pumps.

In overhead tanks, it freezes.

In borewells that violate water sleeping far beneath the ground, “digging it up”.

This digging up awakens the spirits of the dead—renders them undead. This time, the fossilized water revolts. It brings toxicities, corrosion, rusted intimations.

But the child remains joyous.

She continues to celebrate this hard-won state.

She manages to sit by her carefully tended vegetable garden. Sparrows return, recognizing the promise held by the newly planted saplings.

A lingering promise hydrates.

## 2. Hydro-Politics and Its Discontents

A fancy beginning, perhaps—for the invocation of our new initiative. It may seem curious, even a little uncalled for. Even so, every such initiation is tethered to a precise ritual practice: a deliberate attempt to re-awaken what the spirit has long forfeited.

It is time to relearn those paths cast into the shadows of antiquity—to discover what it means to reclaim our lineage, of the stars as much as of the soil. Nevertheless, can soil ever be severed from life-giving water without turning earth into lifeless residue?

Across certain South Asian mythic (Purāṇa) traditions, there persists an imagination of the cosmic waters—the ākāśa gaṅgā—extraterrestrial currents believed to nourish the living spirit of the unfathomable universe. Through intuitive reflection, these waters came to be held in Lord Śiva’s locks, from which the river Gaṅgā made her eventful descent, coursing through diverse terrains of a land that still refuses to be a nation, a land that resists being reduced to a single totality.



In this enduring celebration of plurality, voices gather. Storytelling emerges.

Myths remind us—quietly yet insistently—that resistance, too, has always been an abiding form of remembering. A refusal to be simply “written off”. Thus, the planetary archive insists on being heard.

### 3. The Submerged Mountain Speaks

Once, the mountains were said to have wings. They moved unbound, arriving without warning, lingering briefly amid human habitations and clamorous marketplaces, quietly unsettling the fragile “order” the world so forcibly demanded. To end this restless freedom, the city-destroyer Purandara Indra burnt off their wings with his thunderous implement, fixing them to the ground. Teaching them a “lesson” of a lifetime.

One such mountain eluded this imposed fate. Maināka, the winged mountain-being, neither battled nor submitted. Refusing capture, it sank into the far-off sea, hiding beneath the saline waves. Submerged and unseen, it endured. Quiet and unyielding.

At rare intervals, Maināka raises its head, only briefly, before sinking back again. Not to announce itself, but to remind the world that survival does not always require spectacle, and that true presence may lie in moderated restraint and the quiet refusal to be “disciplined”.

Now, that very Maināka spoke:

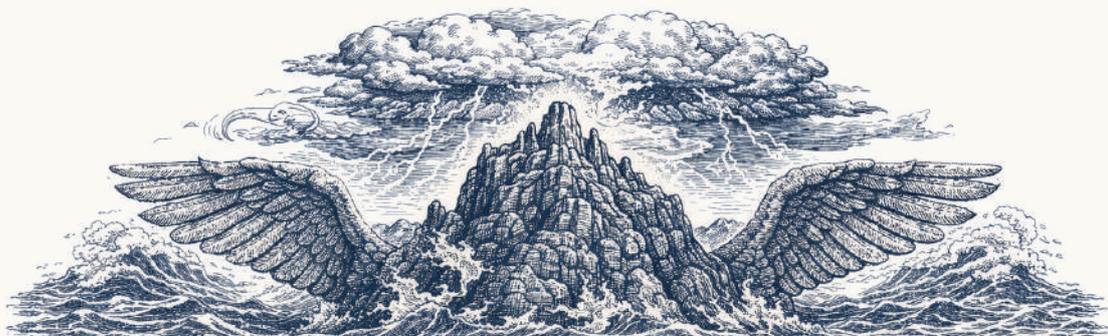
“Do you know why I hide like this? Not merely to remain away. I believe in preserving nature’s secrets, for within them lies her beauty. You who pump and drill until nothing remains hidden have stripped nature of her grace, laying her bare to exhaustion in the name of “progress”! You have forced her to confess all her secrets at once—and in doing so, have engineered your own ruin. Learn to cultivate compassion and restraint, as I have. I have always stood apart from your marketplace clamour.”

These words struck me like a bolt of thunder, at the very moment the child’s voice was being swallowed by the narrow, frantic, wasteful lives of immature “adults” of our age.

Words fade.

Warnings remain.

In our hunger for triumph, conquest, and glory, we have learned to clamp down—to grasp, to



extract, to press the vastness of Gaia, our *anima mundi*, into the imprinted memory of our fingers. Refusing to let her be, denying to meet her where she is, we have trespassed sacred limits, time and again. In undermining them, we have undone ourselves.

Partial beings, armed with superficial worldviews—how dare we speak of creative integration while being enchanted by the assembly lines of mass production?

#### 4. Not for Sale: The Wholeness of Yoga-Sādhanā “Yoga”.

A term heard endlessly.

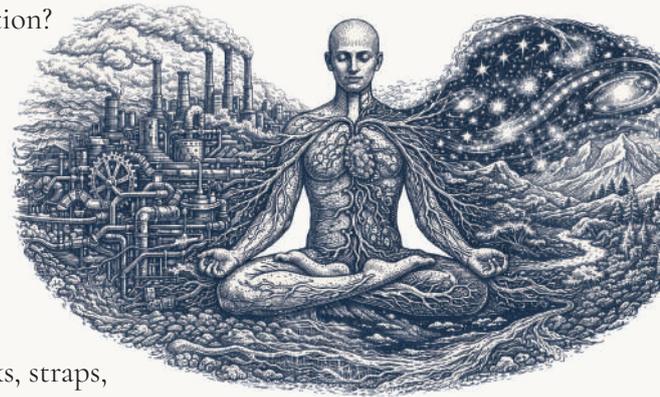
A term bought and sold, then bought again.

A term reduced to a few āsanas (postures),  
prāṇāyamas (breath-control exercises), yoga mats, cork blocks, straps,  
scented candles, essential oils, branded clothing, luxury wellness retreats—and the glossy empires of certain super-rich yoga gurus, who now run corporate ashrams like boutique hotels or spa-resorts, where the enlightenment “output” frequently comes with a price tag, and sādhanā is often re-packaged as lifestyle brands for the privileged few.

Yoga does not merely mean to “add” or assemble—it is to assimilate, to embody transformation dynamically. To emanate in active reciprocation with the living wisdom of the cosmos. Prāṇa, the primordial pools of energy that carry the streaming breaths of the infinite cosmos, also flows through my pulsating veins. The stars—ever-born, expanding, then perhaps collapsing into compressed space-time fabrics—also compose me.

In the saḥajiyā insight of bhāṇḍe brahmāṇḍā, my seemingly separate body enfolds the cosmos, and the cosmos courses through me with a simultaneity that escapes language. My skin’s cartographies hold the soil, the earth’s contours and textures. Our bodies – damp, malleable and profound, are perpetually a seed, giving rise to conceivable beginnings with each apparent ending.

Still, our bodies are not mere containers, and neither is our cosmos. We do not simply hold the infinite; we participate in it. Each cell, each fleeting thought, each butterfly flutter of the heart’s rhythm is a spark of co-creation, a note in the ongoing polyphony of conscious existence. The cosmos does not merely flow through us; it dances with us, waits for us, listens and responds. Likewise, our bodies are more than mere vessels—they are active articulations: porous, radiant, responsive. To breathe is not simply to inhale and exhale; it is to carry out conversations with the



celestial spheres, to ripple through rivers, to resonate with mountains, to entwine with the unseen currents that animate myriad names, forms....

We, mere mortals, cannot forge completeness. Our pilgrim's path is to manifest, through deeds of loving embrace, an innate ideal of perfection—where plurality does not fracture, but opens up spaces for reflection and stillness, allowing Wu-Wei to unfold spontaneously.

Before this can be realized, we perhaps stand at the decisive crossroads of unlearning the ways we have so-far lived under the pillages of so-called “modernity”. This unlearning opens the path to what is otherwise called cleanliness: a purity of mind, body, and spirit—not as discrete units or circuits in a mimicking machine-interface, but as the playful, alive engagement of the child we gracefully encountered at the very beginning.

This passage calls for a cleanliness that dissolves the boundaries between outer and inner, subject and object, self and the world. A cleanliness that is *bahyābhyantara śauca*: where external (*bahyā*) and internal (*abhyantara*) purity (*sauca*) converge, where the world and the self are held in the dance of care-ful, attentive relations.

The talisman of *Yogakṣema* hints at the tranquil reservoirs of life without excess—  
to flourish without devouring,  
to continue without hoarding,  
to welcome what is needed and let the rest fall away.

It is not relentless accumulation but attunement,  
not expansion but steady groundedness.

Yoga gathers what sustains;

*Kṣema* guards it gently—preservation without ownership.

The *Gītā* once said: “*Yogakṣemaṁ vahāmyaham*”—

“I carry the coming-into-being and the keeping-alive.”

Not as a surplus granted to the grasping claws of the vulture,

but as a vow whispered to those who walk without greed,

who trust the world enough not to plunder it,

who know sustenance flows where restraint has learned to listen.

This appears to be the first footstep towards attaining cleanliness with genuine perseverance.

## 5. Ode to Cleanliness: A Session in Unlearning

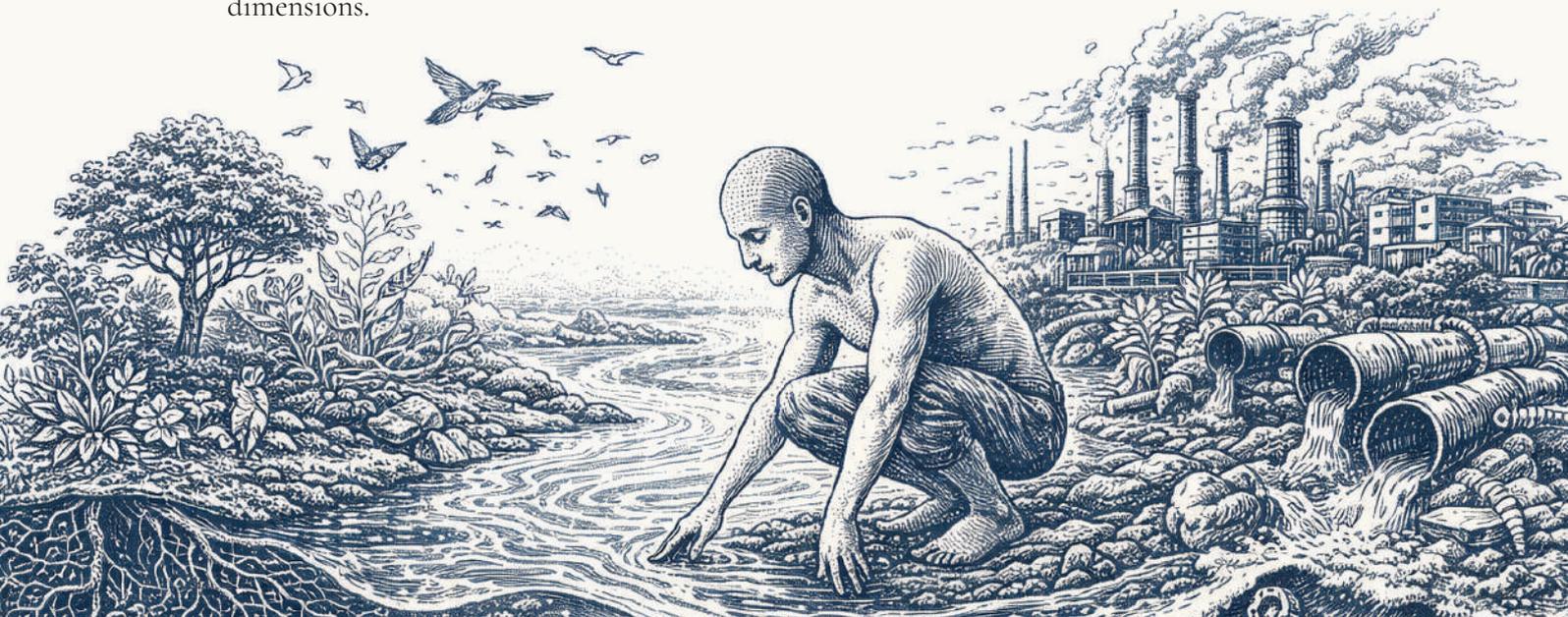
Cleanliness arises where the sanctity that hints at beauty is preserved—where reverence, born of experience, guides every act. It is a purity that stands apart from the compulsions of fastidious lifestyles that urge us to buy more, consume more, and therefore waste more; that push us to act without reflection, to lose ourselves behind hollow advertisements, attention-grabbing reels, promotions, offers, discounts and fleeting distractions.

Such a façade is evidently unclean. It reeks of wilful disregard left unabated, of violence grown insidious, of plunder left unchecked, of an unrelenting desire to dominate. It piles like rubble onto our bodily terrains—bombshells, landmines, dynamite, missiles, chemical fertilizers, tractors, and countless implements of destruction: a raging ocean of futility upon which nothing flourishing could ever come to be.

Felt cleanliness—transcending inner and outer, while seamlessly encompassing both—allows us to trace, with gentle humility, our place within the vast lap of the universe. It is the first step, the silent prerequisite, before any task may begin, before any initiative takes shape, before any effort can truly unfold.

Therein, yoga sādhanā's appraisal of *bahyābhyantara śauca* expresses itself through every word spoken, every thought entertained, and every action undertaken. It calls for a life facilitated by intention and integrity, guided not by profit-motives, but by care, affectionate contribution, and mindful participation. To live in this way is to act with respect, to enhance what is entrusted to us, and to engage thoughtfully in the ongoingness of life as such. It is the enabling process of becoming the “homo relatus”.

To live thus is to be cleansed—released from thoughts, words, and actions that carry the world toward irreparable loss, and brought into harmony with the regenerative principle of life in all its dimensions.



The soil bears no stain, no dirt. The soap definitely does.

Rivers churn with foaming detergent ecocide, heavy with the ghostly traces of what we pour and leave behind.

The oceans teem with unwarranted intrusions, seeping into our bodies with every passing moment. Hark! The guardian angel rises, bearing the mother's final prayer.

### 6. A Prayer to the Third Pole, the Sacred Himalayas

A child asked her grandmother, "Why do you carry water all the way up this hill every day, just to tend to this dead tree? It's gone. What use is it now?"

The grandmother smiled faintly, a glimmer in her eyes. "Because one day it will bloom. I promise you. Mark my words. In a few months, you will see it alive again. Have patience, my dear—in your heart, and in your words."

The child laughed in disbelief, as if to challenge her grandmother's faith—though she loved her deeply. But every morning, without exception, the grandmother rose before the sun, climbing the hill with a trembling pitcher of well-water cradled in her hands. She tended to the lonely, desolate tree, its branches brittle and bare, standing against the cold and wind at the mountain's crest.

One morning, the child awoke from a nightmare, a vision in which a petrifying demon had frozen her body. Shivering, she peered out, and saw the first rays of the sun spilling over the hill where the dead tree stood. The scant snow still defiantly clinging to the distant mountains shimmered pink



under the gentle kiss of dawn.

Compelled by something she could not name, the child pulled on her shoes, wrapped her ears in a woollen muffler, and climbed the hill to her grandmother's vigil.

And what did she see?

The wind danced among the branches.

The tree, now alive with vibrant blossoms, seemed to breathe with the mountains themselves. It beckoned her to join in a meditation reaching out to the far-away peaks, whispering their secrets across the air.

"You see me now," the tree said, "I am the spirit of your village, this land, of this slope you just have walked. I had withered with anguish. Yet your grandmother revived me, not with force, not with demands, but with love: simple, elegant. She did not wound me. She tended me as the earth tends herself. Come, my child. Come to me."

The child questioned: "I get that. But tell me why those distant mountains never look toward me? Don't they care?" The tree smiled and said: "No, my child. They have been entrusted with the task of sustaining the threshold, the hinge of the world. They carry the weight of glaciers and rivers, of countless lives that depend on their vigilance. They have so many things to do. They must carry those tasks forward, even as the self-sabotaging frameworks attempt to derail them."

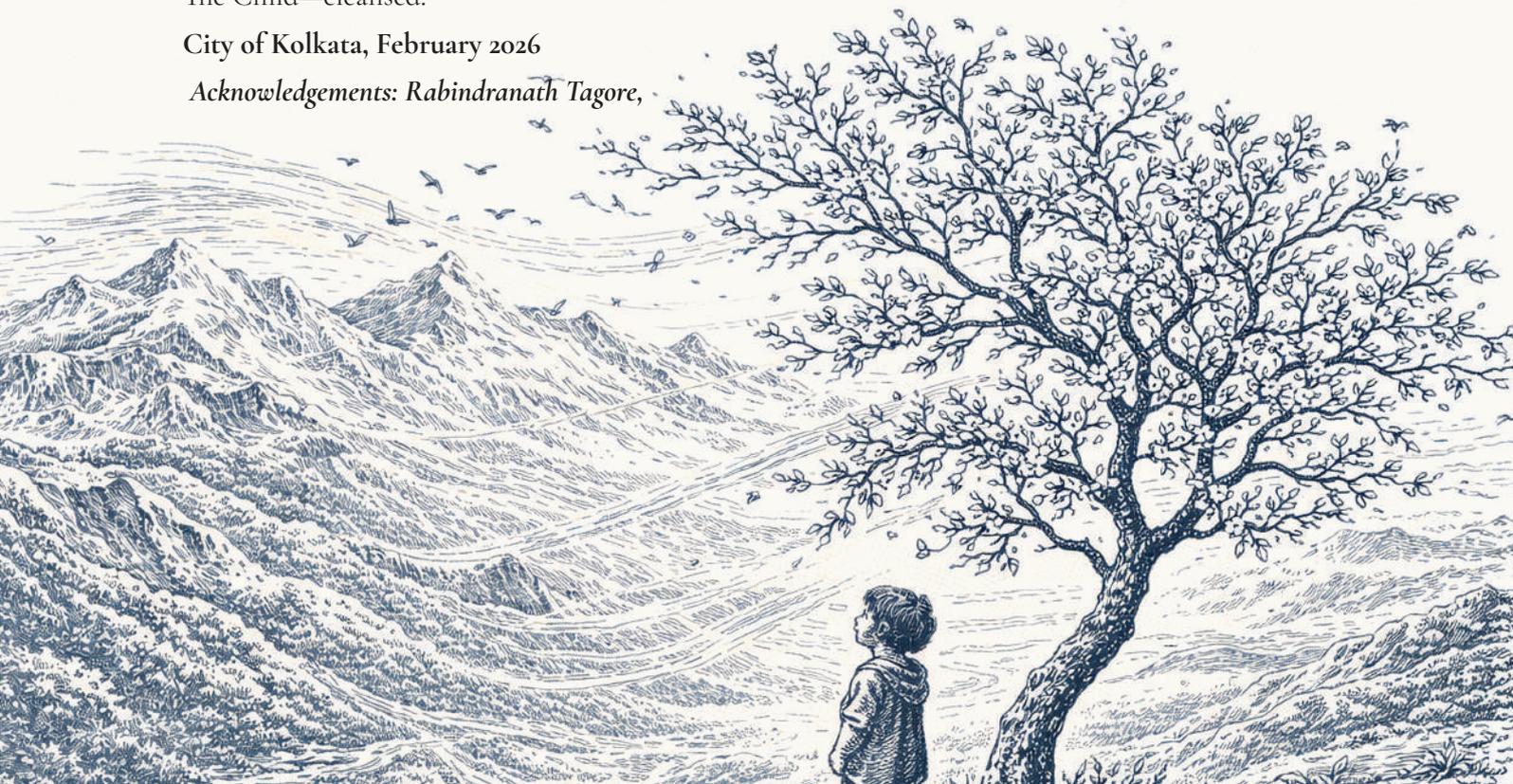
From the distant ridges, those very far-off mountains called back to the child to her utter astonishment:

"Be born, you who believed yourself lost. Rise from darkness into light. From covetous ignorance to luminous wisdom. Embrace the purity of the earth-spirit. Awaken."

The Child—cleansed.

City of Kolkata, February 2026

*Acknowledgements: Rabindranath Tagore,*



*Andrei Tarkovsky and Satish Kumar.*

### Notes

- **Bahyābhyantara Śauca** – bāhya (external, outer, extrinsic) + antara (internal, inner, inward) → literally “outer and inner”; Śauca = purity, cleanliness, or sanctity. Together, it refers to the convergence of internal and external purity.
- **Sahajiyā** – From the Sanskrit root sahaja, meaning “innate,” “simple,” “spontaneous,” or “born together with.” Sahajiyā denotes practitioners of the natural, intuitive, and effortless path of realization.
- **Wu-Wei** – A Daoist principle literally meaning “non-doing” or “effortless action.”
- **Story of Maināka** – The story of Maināka (also called as “Magna-Maināka”, i.e., the submerged mountain-being) appears in South and Southeast Asian Purāṇic traditions, primarily the Bhagavata Purāṇa and the Rāmāyaṇa. Situated within classical cosmology, it portrays mountains and natural features as personified and endowed with divine qualities. This type of personification, in Sanskrit alaṃkāra (theory of aesthetics), is referred to as **samāsokti**—depicting objects or abstract entities as living beings, attributing them actions and qualities suggestive of animate life.



# The Aeroplane's Gaze: Market, Death and Reopening

-By Debaprasad Bandyopadhyay



Painting: "Himalayan Landscape", Gaganendranath Tagore

Flying from Kolkata to Delhi in December

I am flying from Kolkata to Delhi in December, suspended above the subcontinent in a fuselage humming with fossil fuel and ethanol. I am a government servant, a habitual consumer of these hasty passages, my journey funded by taxpayers. As I drift in and out of sleep, the jagged spine of the Himalaya pierces the cloud cover beneath me.

There is very little snow left.

Only ragged, exhausted patches clinging to hard rock. Winter has come, yet the ice is absent. Shock coils through me.

This absence is not incidental. It is a visible symptom of anthropogenic global heating. Decades of "scientific" observation confirm (and deny!) what I now witness from above: retreating glaciers, disappearing snowlines, and disrupted seasonal rhythms. The Himalaya—the so-called Third Pole—has become a site where climate crisis manifests with visceral immediacy. No longer an abstract statistic, the mountain is now a stage where ecological fragility collides with financial ambitions of "growth", "development"....



Kalidasa's Meghadūtam drifts into my thoughts. He described a maiden with śikharidāsana—"pointed teeth." Horror, at first. But Abanindranath Tagore clarifies: her teeth are white like snowflakes. Fragile. Delicate. Beautiful?

The metaphor collapses into the Himalaya itself: grandeur entwined with crafted vulnerability.

My reverie is broken by a fellow passenger, eyes fixed on his laptop:

"Oh, what a place for mining."

Rage surges through me. No. Nature's wealth is not a corporate free gift. Preservation is not negotiable. Almost involuntarily, I speak aloud—perhaps to myself:

"I love mountaineering. I want to climb, to touch, to feel the peak—not to conquer for profit, but to experience the pulse of the earth."

I repeat it, childlike, defiant: I will climb. To the Top. The Top. The Top.

Beneath us, the Himalaya is already desecrated, profanized—non-biodegradable waste scattered across sacred slopes, a material archive of conspicuous consumption. Above us, the sky feels heavy, poisoned, enclosed—an atmosphere shaped by the violence of anthropos.

Rabindranath Tagore surfaces unbidden:

"No deliverance bideth anywhere this day;  
even the heavens do bind like unto a prison-house,  
wherefore the stifled breeze waxeth heavy with poisonous breath..."

Outside the window, a colossal cumulonimbus cloud rises—dark, muscular, crowned with an anvil top. A living architecture of instability.

I ask my mountaineer friends what is happening. They show me photographs spanning decades. The evidence is unmistakable: glaciers shrinking, snow vanishing, becoming lakes. Even the Amarnath Shiva-linga now requires artificial reconstruction. Warming temperatures and relentless human interference have broken cycles of accumulation and melt.

"Why?" they ask.

"Anthropogenic heating," I answer. "Fossil fuels. Extraction. Market illogic."

Later, at the Royal Palace of Indian Statistics, I raise these concerns. I am met with laughter and denial. Remote-sensing images glow on their screens—not of loss, but of mineral potential. Nature as a resource. Climate collapse is questioned and discussions deferred. I am dismissed as mad, marginal—a third-world observer, a non-collaborator.



I return to the climbers.

“How does sponsorship shape your decisions?” I ask.

They hesitate to respond effectively. Expeditions are expensive. Sponsorship is survival. To secure future funding, climbers attempt multiple peaks in a single push—often despite exhaustion, narrowing weather windows, and deteriorating conditions. Risk is no longer personal; it is commodified. Martyrdom syndrome?

I think of Chhanda Gayen, the first civilian woman from the state of West Bengal, India, to summit Everest. In May 2014, she was claimed by an avalanche descending Kanchenjunga. Ambition, sponsorship pressure, nature’s frenzy, and market “sentiment” collided in her death. Her story crystallizes what I call the Three Ms: Mountaineering. Market. Martyrs.

The market demands engineered spectacles.

The climber pays with risk.

The mountain bears the scars.

I plan to write a research paper—The Three Ms—but a deeper question presses upon me: What is the role of the academiocratic scholar in this system of ambition, commerce, and climate collapse?

Now I strive to write the paper as a merchant of the institutionalized, funded, organized scientific domain... the knowledge-industry!

### **The Three Ms: Mountaineering, Market, and Martyrs**

#### **[A POSITIONAL PAPER]**

##### **Abstract**

This analysis examines contemporary high-altitude mountaineering through the framework of a proposed triad: Mountaineering, Market, and Martyrs, i.e., the three “M”s. Post-1990 commercialization, combined with 2025 regulatory changes and Himalayan case data, shows the activity has shifted from a skill-based pursuit into a market-driven experience economy. Death is not random but socially constructed, symbolically repurposed, and economically functional.



Three theses emerge: economic fatalism, the consumption of sacrifice, and regulatory martyrdom. Market logic systematically generates risk, normalizes loss, sustains economic hierarchies under claims of safety and sustainability, and externalizes massive waste burdens—plastic, human excreta, gear—onto fragile ecosystems.

### **1. Introduction: From Ascent to Apparatus**

Mountaineering once blended exploration, science, and bodily discipline. Over three decades it has integrated into the high-altitude experience economy within the dictates of adventure tourism. The Himalaya—Everest, Kanchenjunga, Ladakh, and Himachal Pradesh—now operate as extractive zones where risk, endurance, mortality, and waste generate exchange value. This paper links the shift to neoliberal commodification, performative risk, the political economy of sacrifice, and unchecked consumption externalities. The core argument stands: the system no longer tolerates death or environmental degradation; it structurally depends on both for narrative construction, marketability, and simulated myth.

The problem-question arises here:

What structural mechanisms allow the high-altitude mountaineering industry to externalize the human and ecological costs of commodified ascent—turning preventable fatalities and accumulating waste into acceptable byproducts of profit—while sustaining the illusion of individual heroism and sustainable adventure tourism?

### **2. Mountaineering: From Specialized Practice to Mass Phenomenon**

Guided expeditions, fixed ropes, supplemental oxygen, and outsourced logistics have reduced technical barriers and raised participant volumes. In 2019 the Nepal side of the Himalayas recorded 877 summits alongside 11 reported deaths, many tied to congestion. Psychological drivers center on grit, resilience, and identity: climbers convert endurance into narrative capital, framing retreat as personal shortfall rather than “sovereign rational choice”. Technology improves odds unevenly, widening survival gaps by economic capacity. Risk is performed, not merely managed, aligning with neoliberal self-entrepreneurship.



### 3. Market: The Commodification of High Altitude

By 2025, adventure tourism is positioned as a growth sector in Nepal, Sikkim, Arunachal Pradesh, Ladakh, Uttarakhand and Himachal Pradesh. Mountains function as revenue assets measured in permits, foreign exchange, and media reach. Nepal raised the Everest spring permit fee from USD 11,000 to USD 15,000 (a 36% increase, effective September 2025). Climber numbers stayed near 700–800 summits on the Nepal side in 2025, showing price hikes did not deter participation. Higher fees amplify sunk-cost pressure: expeditions often total USD 30,000–100,000+, turning retreat into financial loss. Sponsorship favours novelty—speed records, double summits, “firsts”—compressing decisions into narrow weather windows. The mountain becomes the stage; the climber, sale-brated content.

### 4. Environmental “Externalities”? Waste as Commodity Byproduct

The surge in participant numbers directly scales waste production in a consumption-driven model. Trekkers and climbers generate ~4.6 tons of solid waste per day during peak seasons in the Everest region. Annual human excreta exceeds 5,400–14 tons, contaminating water sources and spreading disease risks downstream. Plastic dominates: microplastics (primarily polyester from gear/clothing) appear in nearly all snow and stream samples above 5,000 m, with concentrations linked to synthetic materials used in such mass expeditions. Overall legacy waste on Everest is estimated at 40–50 tons, including oxygen cylinders, ropes, tents, food packaging, and batteries. Cleanup data quantifies the trend: Sagarmatha Pollution Control Committee (SPCC) removed 77–85 tons in 2024 (including ~28 tons of human waste); Nepal Army added 11 tons; Project Care collected 5 tons in 2025. A failed 2014–2025 deposit scheme (\$4,000 refundable for 8 kg brought down) was scrapped in late 2025 due to no tangible reduction. The 2025–2029 Everest Cleaning Action Plan acknowledges plastic creeping higher with traffic surges, yet treats symptoms via periodic campaigns rather than curbing commercialization that incentivizes volume over restraint.

Banksters allegedly involved with entities like Standard Chartered exemplify the convergence of risk, spectacle, and reputational laundering. Despite major fines for sanctions breaches and



down) was scrapped in late 2025 due to no tangible reduction. The 2025–2029 Everest Cleaning Action Plan acknowledges plastic creeping higher with traffic surges, yet treats symptoms via periodic campaigns rather than curbing commercialization that incentivizes volume over restraint.

### 5. Martyrs: The Social Construction of Death

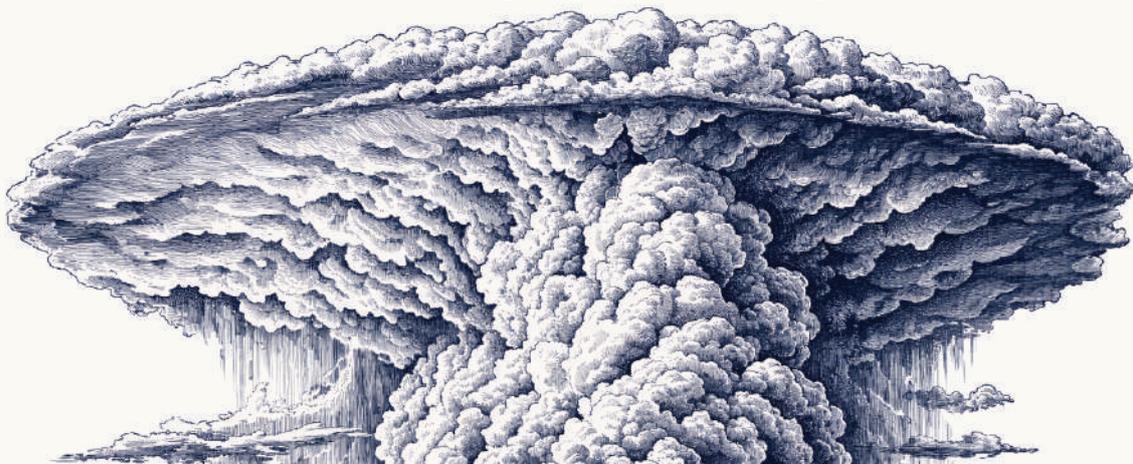
The martyrdom effect converts suffering and fatality into amplified symbolic meaning. Deaths enhance the perceived authenticity of routes, expeditions, and corporate sponsors, transforming loss into value. Through memorials, posthumous awards, and peak renamings—such as Goutam Parvat (named after Goutam Ghosh, who died on Everest in 2016)—fatalities are reframed as patriotic or heroic sacrifice.

Corporate branding deepens this dynamic. In 2013, Standard Chartered’s “Breeze” mobile banking expedition sent climbers Horacio Galanti (Canada) and Horacio Cunietti (Argentina) to conduct the world’s highest banking transactions, including the first stock trade of 50 SC shares at Everest Base Camp (5,364 m) and further transactions at Camp 4 (8,000 m). Promoted under the slogan “Above & Beyond” and tied to the brand promise “Here for good,” the campaign claimed that “banking can be a Breeze even on the highest mountain on earth,” while publicizing debris-cleanup contributions as environmental partnership. Corporate involvement was thus reframed as heroic co-ascent, obscuring structural causes of risk.

In the death zone, the pursuit of records accelerates the search for symbolic immortality. Overcrowding in 2019 produced queue-based fatalities; similar structural pressures persisted into 2025 despite lower overall numbers (five deaths on Everest that season).

### 6. Economic Fatalism and the Production of Martyrs

Market incentives reward visible extremity over prudence. Sponsorship and media exposure scale with perceived risk, generating economic fatalism: climbers internalize mortality as a structural possibility of career advancement. Within the spectacle economy of high-altitude mountaineering, fatalities are not aberrations but convertible events. Death is narrativized, aestheticized, and circulated—brands leverage tragedy for authenticity while audiences consume



anti-money laundering failures, allegations of facilitating illicit financial flows, and a multibillion-dollar investor settlement, the bank underwrote the 2013 “Breeze” Everest expedition. Marketed under “Above & Beyond” and “Here for good,” the campaign staged record-setting banking transactions at extreme altitude—symbolically converting alpine risk into brand elevation.

The structural relevance is clear: institutions implicated in money laundering and high-risk financial flows sponsor high-risk mountaineering spectacles to launder reputational capital. The mountain becomes a theatre of moral ascent, where altitude performs ethical purification. In this alignment, climbers—and potentially their deaths—are embedded within circuits of brand valorization. Risk is not incidental; it is economically formatted.

New regulations and escalating permit fees do not dissolve this logic. They function as market filters—raising barriers while leaving incentive structures intact. Only those backed by substantial capital or willing to assume amplified risk proceed. The outcome is not systemic safety but stratified exposure: a regime in which mortality remains possible, narratively productive, and economically absorbable. This is regulatory martyrdom.

### **7. Hassle Culture and Bottlenecked Death**

Commercialization replaced technical mastery with hassle and hustle culture: fixed schedules, congested routes, and record-chasing under financial deadlines to reach the summits. The 1996 disaster (15 deaths) exposed commercial overrides of judgment. In 2019, traffic jams contributed to exhaustion deaths including Indians Nihal Bagwan (27, dehydration and fatigue), Kalpana Dash (49), and Anjali Kulkarni (54). These cases illustrate how limited weather windows and overcrowding turn survival into a lottery in the casino economy.

### **8. Case Study: Chhanda Gayen and the Two-Peaks Imperative (Data Set)**

Chhanda Gayen’s 2014 death on Yalung Kang (Kanchenjunga West, 8,505 m) quantifies market coercion. In 2013 she completed an Everest–Lhotse traverse in 22 hours, establishing her sponsorship brand. On 18 May 2014 she summited Kanchenjunga Main (8,586 m). Despite exhaustion and worsening weather, she continued to Yalung Kang with Sherpas Dawa Wangchu



and Mingma Temba to secure the double-summit novelty required for ongoing funding. An avalanche on 20 May killed all three. As a civilian climber reliant on family debt (no institutional backing), a single summit lacked sufficient exchange value; only escalation delivered continued relevance. The incident dataset—successful prior traverse, immediate post-summit continuation, triple fatality—demonstrates how sponsorship logic displaces safety calculus.

### 9. From Sport to Sacrificial Economy

Mountaineering, market logic, and martyrdom converge in a sacrificial economy: risk is privatized to the climber, profit accrues to operators and sponsors, and loss is symbolically recuperated as national-istic or brand capital. Waste is the ultimate externality—privatized consumption (gear, packaging, single-use plastics) produces collective degradation, with cleanup costs shifted to local communities, governments, and periodic campaigns. The climbers' bodies become the intersection of aspiration, pride, corporate spectacle, and ecological sacrifice.

### 10. Conclusion

The contemporary mountaineering apparatus manufactures the limits it claims to test. By incentivizing extremity, aestheticizing mortality, monetizing sacrifice, and externalizing waste (e.g., 40–50 tons legacy trash on Everest, annual human waste in the tens of tons, pervasive microplastics), it sustains steady martyr production and ecosystem strain. Data from 2019 (877 summits, 11 deaths), 2025 (USD 15,000 permit, sustained high volumes, ongoing congestion, failed deposit scheme), and cleanup metrics (77–85 tons removed in 2024) confirm the pattern. Ethical reform demands dismantling—not individual ambition but—the market structures that convert mortality and environmental integrity into tradable value. Until then, the mountain remains not only a site of ascent and altar, but a rising non-biodegradable garbage dump.

I stumble. I pause. This paper can't be written— it remains unfinished.

Techno-scientific observation is not enough. Theory must meet lived praxis. Peaks vanish not only due to melting ice, but because of the GDP fetish.

I stare at the cumulonimbus cloud again and whisper: I will climb. I will record. I will bear witness.

Flying North to South: A Climate Horror

In the month of September, I am now flying from Ladakh to Delhi.

The Himalaya recedes beneath us—stripped, skeletal, no longer sublime. The sky darkens unnaturally. I see it first as a stain, then as a structure: a dark, mushroom-shaped mass swelling

upward. A cumulonimbus cloud. An anvil top. Cumulonimbus incus.

It does not look like weather. It looks like intention.

The plane enters the cloud.

Turbulence—violent, vertical. The aircraft is thrown upward, then dropped. Again. Gravity loses its manners. People scream. Not metaphorically—howling.

My son grips my hand. We are facing death.

Heidegger intrudes: Sein-zum-Tode—being-towards-death.

But this is no abstraction. This is metal screaming against air. This is mastery dissolving inside a cloud.

I ask silently: if Heidegger spoke of being-towards-death, might there also be a reversal—death-towards-being?

The turbulence eases. The pilot's voice arrives: calm, unreal. We survive.

Below us: flooded plains—Himachal, Punjab. Rivers have lost obedience. This is not disaster. This is repercussion.

The cloud was not an exception. It was a symptom of a deeper disease we mostly hesitate to name: capitalism.

We burn fuel to flee landscapes melting because of fuel. We narrate climate collapse as the future while trembling inside it—now. Right now. We are within it.

I do not let go of my son's hand.

Because I know now:

The sky remembers.

The mountains remember.



And the clouds are learning how to strike back.

### **Afterword: Death-Towards-Being**

Abandoned by the academiocracy and by a world that has learned to practice violence as routine, I now wander the Himalayas, the third pole, as a third presence from the world of the third (as the World Bank says!)—neither insider nor exile—seeking a path of emancipation for my wounded body. I encounter many sages along the way, some genuine, others commercially rehearsing holiness, and I confront them all. Yet no borrowed wisdom sustains me.

What gradually reveals itself is not a doctrine but my own body—docile, scarred, breathing—as a threshold where inside and outside overlap. This corporeal fragility becomes my only reliable terrain, the site where abandonment is transmuted into awareness. Here, emancipation does not arrive as transcendence but as a reversal: not being-towards-death, but death-towards-being—a mode of existence in which finitude no longer negates life but reopens it.



# Coconut Water

## *A Divine Gift to Mother Earth and All Her Wonders!*

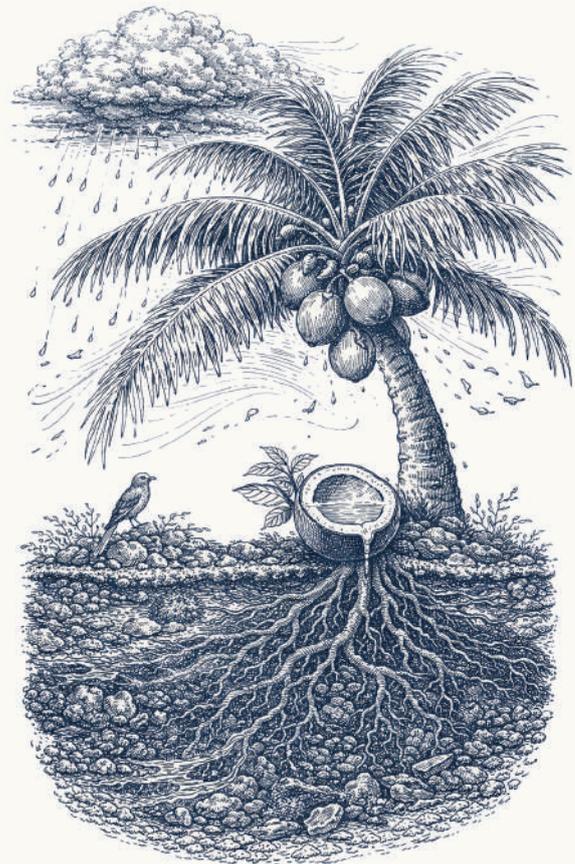
*-By Craig Cooper*

The purity of water, transcending and filtering through the palm tree and the seed of the nut to produce the liquid that sustains life—the nectar of the palm tree, a plant that offers sensory delight to our body, within our vessel, helping us remain in frequency and loving vibration with all creatures great and small.

I give you coconut water—or milk, if left for a while—what a delight to any good curry or to anybody in need of refreshment. How delightful. Thank you, God and Mother, on this blue planet that we inhabit. Liquid gold—the nectar of coconut water—revitalizing any tired body in the golden rays of earthly sunshine. Is this not our collective dream—to live in Paradise when we understand God and the flow of water across our trees that stand with the Sun?

Our journey with God—surely it is to reclaim what we all dream of: to once again walk forward with values that align with well-being for all species.

I leave Sri Lanka this week after 28 days of truly appreciating the beauty of an island on the southern tip of India, surrounded by magnificent coastline and fresh coconut water in paradise. I prepare to fly into the largest delta system in the world to meet my new team members and friend—a fellow Schumacher student—to discuss the release of Third Pole Magazine and to lay a new foundation on Mother Gaia: One Earth One Breath.

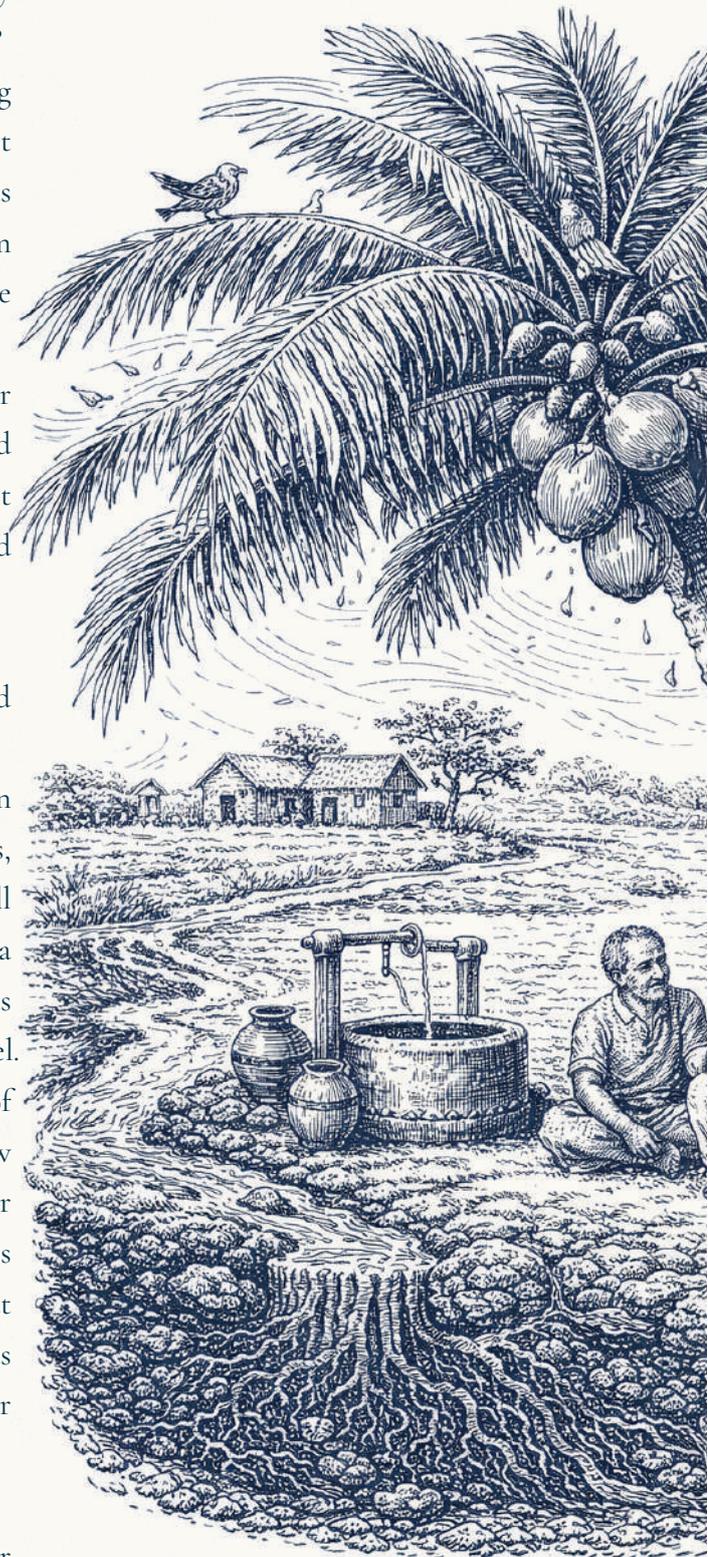


How must we see the elements of Earth? Can water unify our souls and ground our knowledge in new local values? I reflect on an old metaphor that may hurt the souls living in the Bay of Bengal and westwards; however, we must move forward. “The Black Hole of Calcutta,” as it was once called by many. Deep in the Earth, we must reclaim inwardness to truly appreciate life. Externally, we are the soul as we travel, with much to consider.

Rather than sending souls into the depths of hell for taking on God, we must surrender into love and compassion, and walk a sacred journey toward right livelihood—nurturing a more holistic view of God and planet.

Our middle way, our middle values, are deeply embedded in families and in caring for our children and all species. Where is localism today? Where are local families living in peace with the flow of their rivers, water bodies, freshwater and green-water systems in harmony with all species? What a delightful surprise it is to cut open a coconut and drink the purest form of water that has journeyed through a tree and rested inside a golden vessel. Do not break the flow of each person’s understanding of God through their own experience on this Earth. Allow others to seek their knowledge and learn within their inner world—like water soaking into a tree that produces water, white flesh to eat, and husk to make a bowl. What wonder, what marvel, what ingenious design that God has given us—to reclaim our village and community so our families can live in peace with God.

Knowledge becomes wisdom when we see how water



flows over a palm tree in a local village—rainfall moving across leaves, into a nut or seed that grows into a vessel containing the nectar of God, filled with nutrients that nurture body, mind, and spirit, as God intended all species to live in harmony.

How is our food and water system today—so globally connected? As much as God’s wisdom and wish are for all to reach self-realization and union, we must acknowledge this with more love, compassion, and understanding, allowing flow across the elements of God’s universal truth.

### **The Village – The Shade of a Palm Tree**

Leave others alone. Walk with your family and community. Do not entertain the global mass culture of ridicule, degradation of biodiversity, and putrid hate that has emerged on Earth. Leave people and the animal kingdom in peace.

I will never walk with degrading racial disharmony or the ego that says, “I am better than you.” I walk with compassion, understanding, and love for my local community, my family, my children, and those who respect what I stand for.

This is my world. I will stand firmly for sovereign truth. Those who do not acknowledge universal truth may be lost and confused—but who am I to judge? Let God judge those who embark on global agendas of control through fear, attempting to dominate food, water, and geopolitics without understanding the role of water and the beautiful example of a coconut—how water transforms into pure liquid that heals the body, the vessel of God within.

The simple life—local people understanding how to collectively care for water, soil, and all elements that bring life to Earth and our Universe.

Dear God, is this a lesson for humanity to realize what we have lost—what is truly important



about being alive on this planet? To be grateful for simple things. Yet today we have leaders who have grown too large for local community. Perhaps Buddha, the Son of Christ, and all the great walkers of truth remind us that we must surrender into the God of peace with our home on Mother Earth, as we contemplate the possibility of no life on Earth. How must we live with this realization?

I bring this story back to the middle—where is the middle amidst chaos, fear, and the threat of World War Three on our beautiful home? How will we find our way when we realize our full potential?

We all flow the same way—like a gentle river within our vessel. If we reflect our thoughts toward the Sun and God, we bring more self-awareness and love to humanity. If we do not choose gentle flow and slower moments of breath and daily action, we will struggle to speak truth.

Everyone has the truth to speak. Find your day of grace with simplicity—that is my offering: life is simple.

We must slow down, feel, listen, and tune into life. Appreciate our local realities rather than chase this thing called “money.” Why do we rush after something so hollow? One giant tree of greed has grown on Earth. Yet truth reminds us there are many small trees everywhere across Mother Earth.

### **Plastic – Remove Plastic from Our Ecosystems**

Today I see contamination of water with plastic.

What happened to paper and string? Trees are a source of love and utility. We have lost many trees—why not plant more? Why not package with paper instead of plastic? I, like many, appreciate food hygiene and storage, and we have refrigeration. But we must reflect: how can we improve our livelihoods around food and water within our communities?

### **Waste of Water**

We wasted a lot of water today. The fact remains—we cannot live without water. If we do not value common sense and the middle way, we lose the core of true wealth: love, respect, and fairness for village, family, and local ecosystems that honor water lore and ecological livelihood for all species.

Consider the green coconut—nine months in the making. Left in the sun, it hardens, turning



from green to brown husk. A coconut can fall into the ocean and float for months, traveling to another island or coastline to pass its DNA onward. A vessel left to mature naturally, like the lotus in wetland mud, transcending toward light. From God we come, and toward the light we travel—always with love.

A dream to do little, yet enough—to remain with Mother and God.

I dream of a day resting in a hammock, watching a coconut shell sway, breathing with love beneath the golden sun that breathes with Mother Gaia. Earth will always beat with love and divine grace.

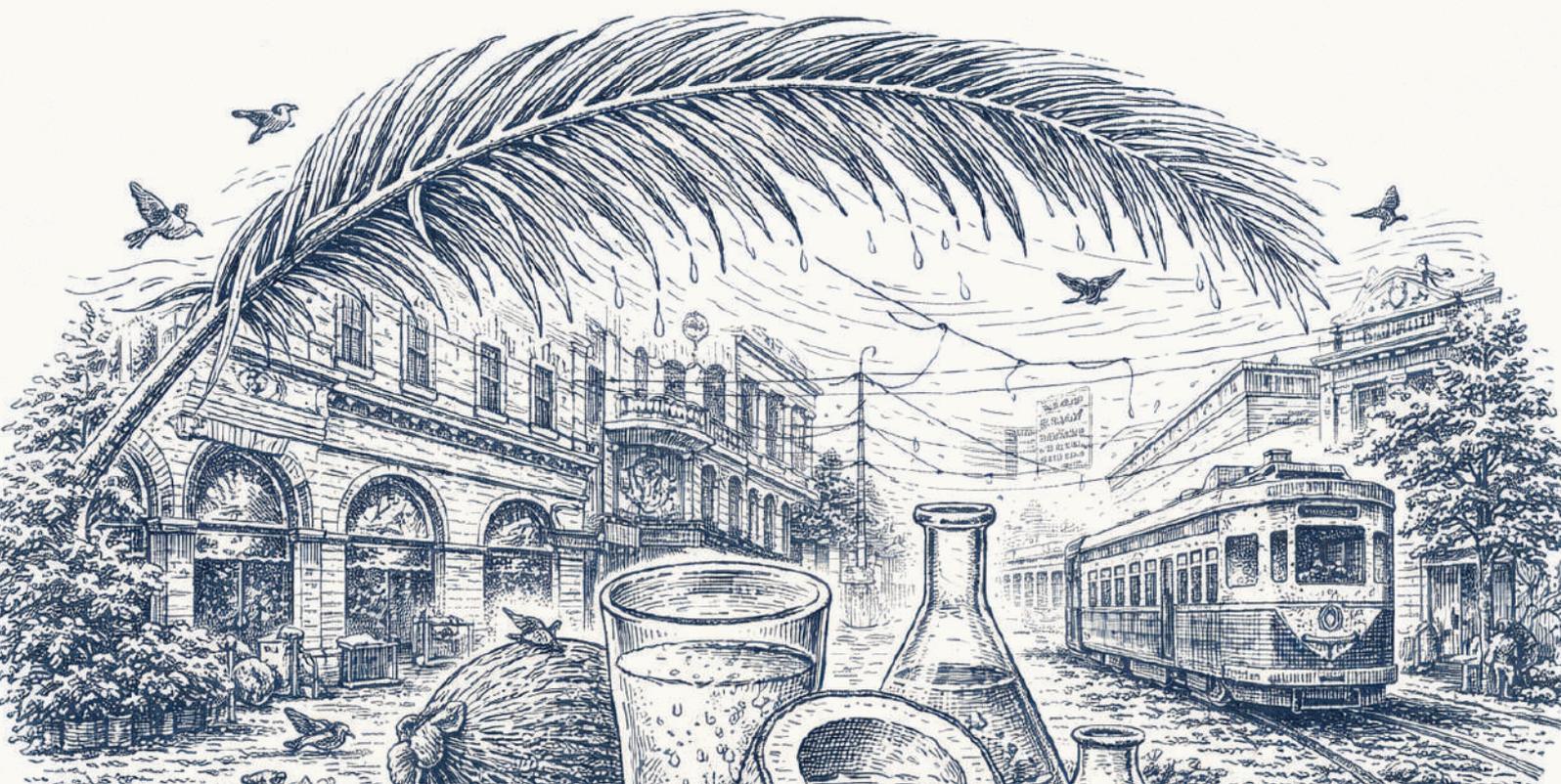
### **Kolkata – Thirst of a Dab-Sherbet**

In the hustle and congestion of a busy city—once the capital of India—Kolkata, near Bangladesh and the Bay of Bengal, a delta wetland rich with life.

In my final days before printing the first edition of *Third Pole*, I enjoyed a Dab-Sherbet at the Paramount Café in the political heart of this ancient city. With the Editor and my founding partner for One Earth One Breath – *Third Pole*, sharing good news about how we can live better on Mother Gaia.

I was delighted to learn that Dab-Sherbet was invented by Acharya Prafulla Chandra Roy, visionary chemist and pioneering political-business figure of modern India. The drink—a blend of coconut water and flesh—an alchemy in a vessel.

What we enter into our system—across species, soil, and water—must embrace truth. Do not mix too much chemistry into our bodies. Keep it organic, like Mother Gaia. Let this remind us not to mix too much destructive power into our universe—like the atomic bomb.



## Bios of Contributors

### **Craig Cooper, *Founder***

A United Kingdom Celt with proud roots in Birmingham, England—the UK's melting pot—Craig grew up in South Australia (Kurna Yerta - Adelaide) from the age of four with his younger brother. He has 21 years of experience in local government and water governance, worked with the First Peoples of Australia (Living Kurna Culture Centre - Manager; Yolngu people of Northern Arnhem Land with SLSNT as Executive Officer), and in multicultural affairs, youth development, and health promotion with the iconic association "Life. Be in it." An avid surfer and ocean swimmer, Craig is a life member of Surf Lifesaving Australia. Author of [www.gratitudeoncountry.com](http://www.gratitudeoncountry.com).

He is writing his second and third books and teaches "Garden the Mind" meditation classes globally. He holds a Master's in Regenerative Economics (Schumacher College) and undergraduate degrees in Business Management, Organizational Development, Earth Science, and Tourism/Hospitality. Craig dreams of a better world for all creatures great and

Water is our way home!

### **Debaprasad Bandyopadhyay, (*Author*)**

Debaprasad Bandyopadhyay is, in a sense, a premature dropout from academiocracy, despite possessing many of its conventional ornaments, including a PhD in linguistics. He chose to step away, defying the expectation of strict specialization, and now ranges across at least 28 fields of inquiry beyond disciplinary fixation. In this regard, he has published 12 books and 300+ papers cum articles. At present, his central concerns are: (a) the negation of a money-based economy, and (b) the escalating environmental crises. Yet one question remains unresolved for him: how can suffering be brought to an end?

### **Akhar Bandyopadhyay, (*Editor, Author*)**

Akhar Bandyopadhyay considers himself as a beginner pilgrim of many dis-continuities. In practice, he is an environmental activist, a lecturer in a college and also an independent researcher of ecosophy. Alongside this, he nurtures a deep engagement with political philosophy, sociology, ecological economics and psychology.

Refusing to be confined solely within the disconnected monotony of theoretical abstraction, Akhar actively collaborates with a range of international and grassroots initiatives, including Fridays for Future International, Local Futures, Re:Generating India, Re:Generating Panjab, Regenerators Academy, Peace and Climate Justice (Africa Chapter), Northern Arizona Climate Change Alliance, and so on.

He is also an alumnus of Schumacher College. Inspired by the College's ethos of wholeness and integrative learning, Akhar is presently devoted to nurturing and implementing nature-based, community-rooted, cooperative modes of learning through living.

### **Krivi&Co., (*Designer*)**

Ekta is the founder of Krivi & Co., a boutique branding and marketing studio built on the belief that great brands are equal parts strategy and soul. With over 9 years of experience in branding and marketing, she has spent her career helping businesses find their voice, own their identity, and show up in the world with confidence. She brings together sharp creative thinking and a deep understanding of what makes people stop, notice, and remember — turning brands from ordinary into unmistakable. She is deeply grateful that Krivi & Co. has had the honour of being a part of Third Pole, an environmental and conservation organisation working to protect the planet we all call home.

# Top 3 Nations agricultural outputs as % of economy.



China - Number 1



India - 50% economy is agriculture



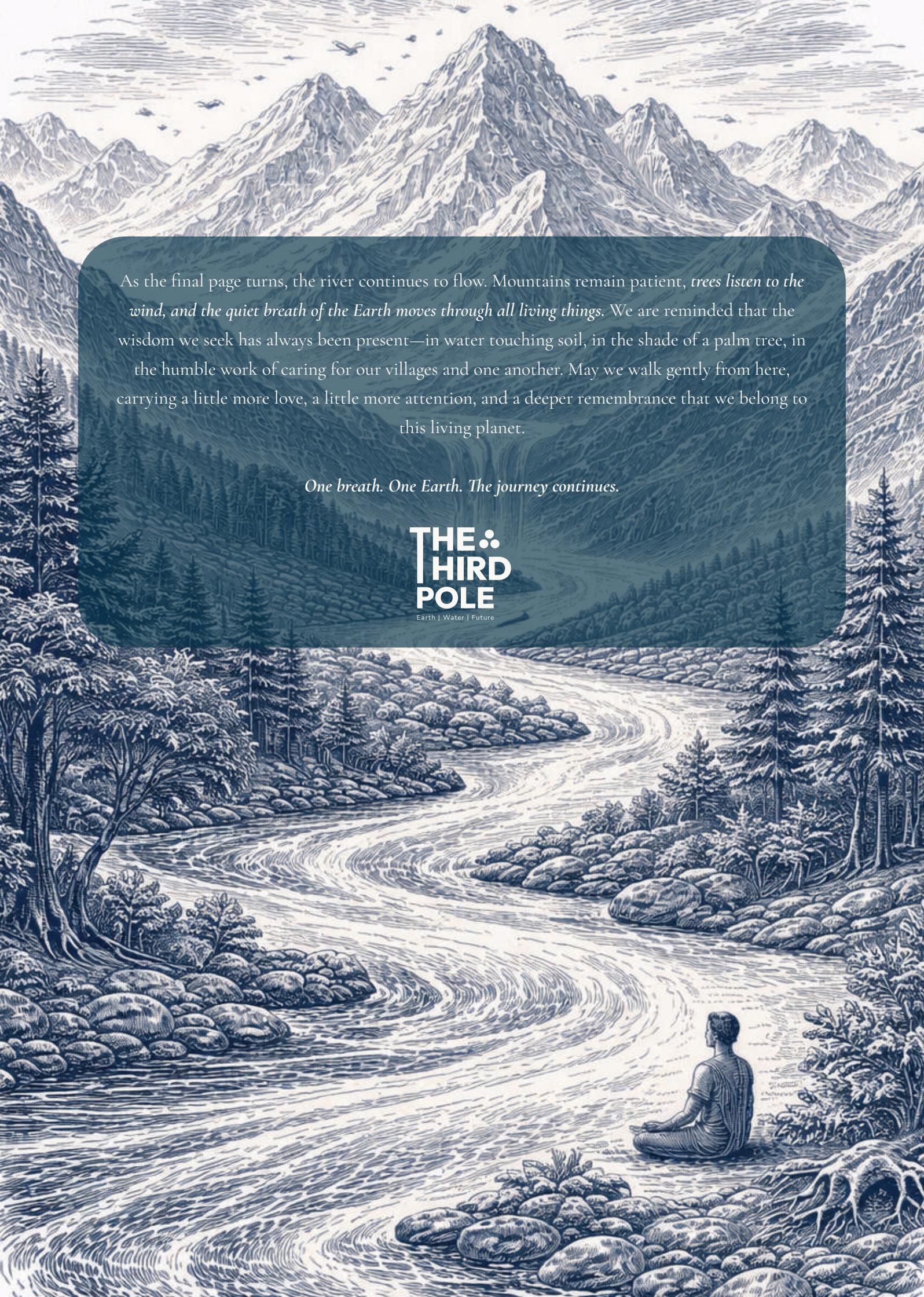
Brazil - Number 3

Quote from Dalai Lama -

*“climate change and the global economy now affect us all, we have to develop a sense of the oneness of humanity.” HHDL*

Final thoughts

*How we must be local yet reflect on global wisdom - apply this knowledge in your village-community.*



As the final page turns, the river continues to flow. Mountains remain patient, *trees listen to the wind, and the quiet breath of the Earth moves through all living things.* We are reminded that the wisdom we seek has always been present—in water touching soil, in the shade of a palm tree, in the humble work of caring for our villages and one another. May we walk gently from here, carrying a little more love, a little more attention, and a deeper remembrance that we belong to this living planet.

*One breath. One Earth. The journey continues.*

**THE  
THIRD  
POLE**

Earth | Water | Future