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JOY.

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MUSIC was one of our earliest delights. We can still remember the piano tuner who used to come to the house, a little old man, completely blind and led by his granddaughter. After he had tuned the piano he always played something. The piano was a Bluthner, quite a good instrument with the mark Leschitzky. The blind man was an excellent pianist and I never forget his playing. We used to wait impatiently until the tuning was over, fearing that some one might interrupt the playing. The drawing room was in blue, and on the wall, was a picture of our beloved Kanchenjunga, with a roseate background. The blind man played to perfection. It is strange how well the blind can play!

Later, at the Bolshoi Theatre, we saw "Ruslan and Ludmila," and "Life for the Tsar" and then followed the ballets "Roxana," "The Bayadere," "Pharaoh's Daughter," "The Corsair."

The orchestra seemed to play magic notes of gold. The conductor was coming with his

wand and we were anxious that everyone be seated. "The gentleman with the stick has taken his place," I whispered, to prevent late-comers spoiling the magical first notes by their entrance. On the curtain near us was the image of a faun pursuing amorini. It was unpleasant to sit in a box by the side of the faun and we preferred the middle seats.

The Italian opera pleased us less; Mazzini and Patti did not impress us. "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Lucia" were foreign to our taste. "Aida" and "Africana" were nearer to us, and the chorus of Africans singing of Brahma and Vishnu became one of our piano selections. We were not allowed, however, to play in the daytime near to father's study.

Later, new vistas were opened up with the Belayev concerts and the "Snow Maiden" of Rimsky-Korsakov, and the name of Mussorgsky, uncle to Elena Ivanovna, came to us from afar.

We were among the first to subscribe to the Wagnerian cycle. It is curious to-day to think

that cultured people of that time considered Wagner a cacophonist.

Probably all great achievements have to go through the furnace of mockery and denial.

There was more joy in childhood. If the world is at present devoid of joy, if the world is at present drowned into ugly hatred, then one wants the more to remember true joy, which creates enthusiasm. From the first school days I remember Mark Twain's beautiful "The Prince and the Pauper". It is remarkable how Mark Twain's name victoriously went all over Russia. The writer found an approach to the human soul and convincingly and simply he called to eternal truths. Many of our generation will remember this great name with gratitude.

In the same spirit I remember Zola, who through his novel dedicated to Manet and Manet's fight for art, opened to me the gateways to the Beauty of the battle of life. There were many such precious wausigns. And after many many years one wishes to send to these authors one's heartiest thoughts. In the turmoil of life, much is lost, and it is remarkable to witness what selection life is making itself. When we look back, we see as if from a hill the whole road of the past and runes on rock. It is said that childhood becomes especially clear with years but this is not quite true. We only look more piercingly and seek for those beneficial milestones which helped to build the subsequent path.

And to these good waysings we dedicate our first joy, our first imagination and our first gratitude.