RABINDRANATH TAGORE
TO
NICHOLAS ROERICH

"Your pictures profoundly moved me. They made me realise one thing which is obvious and yet which one needs to discover for oneself over and over again: it is that Truth is infinite. When I tried to find words to describe to myself what were the ideas which your pictures suggested, I failed. It was because the language of words can only express a particular aspect of Truth, and the language of pictures finds its domain in Truth where words have no access. Each art achieves its perfection when it opens for our mind the special gate whose key is in its exclusive possession. When a picture is great we should not be able to say what it is, and yet we should see it and know. It is the same with music. When one art can fully be expressed by another then it is a failure. Your pictures are distinct and yet are not definable by words,—your art is jealous of its independence because it is great."

Dr. KALIDAS NAG
TO
NICHOLAS ROERICH

"Our friend the great artist Nicholas Roerich is ever upholding the cause of Beauty even when the world appears to lapse to Barbarism. His thoughts on Art flow like his masterly lines depicting the Himalayas and we are grateful to him that he composed his colourful picture-epic of the Himalayan snow. Roerich is the first Russian ambassador of Beauty who has brought to India the deathless message of Art and we are ever grateful to him for his inspiring thoughts and his loyal co-operation in bringing the soul of Russia and of India closer."
BEAUTIFUL UNITY

By

NICHOLAS ROERICH

Foreword By

ABANINDRANATH TAGORE

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With Best Compliments
from
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BOMBAY.
Prof. Nicholas Roerich
Portrait By
Svetoslav Roerich

'Luxemburg Museum'
Paris.
ACKNOWLEDGMENT

After seeing a good number of Professor Roerich's paintings and reading his numerous writings, I had a great desire to collect his essays. I wrote to him some time back and he has very kindly made a selection of his articles and sent them to me. I am highly indebted to him for this. To Acharya Abanindranath Tagore I am greatly thankful for writing the foreword.

My thanks are also due to Mon. S. Roerich for lending his father's portrait and to my friend Mahesh Gupta for his co-operation in bringing out this book.

Bombay,
20-3-1946.

B. D. GARGA
FOREWORD

Nicholas Roerich has a place all his own in the world of Art. His pen too has carved out a niche for itself in the world of letters. The brush has a wider appeal no doubt, but the pen has a distinct function of its own; and in the hands of Nicholas Roerich it has for long exerted an influence which is at once elevating and instructive. A call to Beauty implies in its essentials an appreciation of the Vision which the Artist would fain share with the world at large. That the Artist's vision even when expressed in rhetoric can be quite as sincere as when it finds expression through line and colour and form is amply evidenced by what is set forth in this volume of essays. I am happy to find that in the following pages my friend Nicholas Roerich has voiced what fundamentally every sensitive mind feels about the values of Art including what is perhaps the greatest of all Arts—the Art of Living. In this he has indeed spoken for all Artists. I am sure the book will receive the recognition which is its due.

SANTINIKETAN,
15-3-1946.
Abanindranath Tagore
ROERICH'S MOTTO

"Art will unify all humanity. Art is one—indivisible. Art has its many branches, yet all are one. Art is the manifestation of the coming synthesis; art is for all. Everyone will enjoy true art. The gates of the 'sacred source' must be wide open for everybody, and the light of art will influence numerous hearts with a new love. At first this feeling will be unconscious, but after all it will purify human consciousness, and how many young hearts are searching for something real and beautiful! So give it to them. Bring art to the people—where it belongs. We should have not only museums, theatres, universities, public libraries, railway stations and hospitals, but even prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons."

"Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that all occurrences are not accidental. The time for the construction of future culture is at hand. Before our eyes the revaluation of values is being witnessed. Amidst ruins of valueless banknotes, mankind has found the real value of the world's significance. The values of great art and knowledge are victoriously traversing all storms of earthly commotions. Even the 'earthly' people already understand the vital importance of active beauty. And when we proclaim: labor, beauty and action, we know verily, that we pronounce the formula of the international language. And this formula, which now belongs to the museum and stage

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must enter everyday life. The sign of beauty and action will open all gates. Beneath the sign of beauty we walk joyfully. With beauty and labor we conquer. In beauty we are united. And now we affirm these words—not on the snowy heights, but amidst the turmoil of the city. And realizing the path of true reality, we greet with a happy smile the future.

BEAUTIFUL UNITY

Colour, sound and fragrance are corner-stones of great synthesis. From times immemorial people have felt the great inner meaning of these expressions of the human soul. Quite recently people have again begun to remember how close are colour and sound and that the three are the basic remedies against human diseases. Thus he who thinks about the conception of colour does not at all associate it with paint as such, but he has in mind one of the greatest concepts of our existence.

The colour value of a painting, indeed, does not mean mere value of paint but of its harmonic co-relation, as the French say “Valeur.” What does such co-relation mean? Again we must say, that for him who is ignorant of the concepts of synthesis and symphony such co-relation will be an empty word.

Let us not dwell here on the deep significance of art for human life—this axiom should be clear to everyone. But nowadays we must especially stress the meaning of synthesis and symphony of life. Synthesis will be understood by everyone to whom is close the concept of Culture. If human thinking were to remain but on the level of elementary civilization, then it would be too early to mention sacred synthesis, but where the human spirit has travelled towards Culture—that is to say, the Cult of Light—there one may already find co-operation and understanding on the basis of synthesis.
If civilization has not saved humanity from disunity and mutual hatred, then Culture has opened the beneficial gates of synthesis, behind which we can find a true co-operation.

The artists do not rest on primitive considerations of paint, but the very understanding of sonority of colour leads them to such beautiful gardens from where may be seen superb vistas of the glorious future. When we speak of synthesis and of the symphony of life, we shall not avoid powerful and enthusiastic expressions. All these domains of synthesis and symphony are uplifting and lead to the summits. Often the human eye can hardly stand the radiance of snowy peaks and it is not for the human eye to judge the splendour of these summits. But we have not been called into this world to criticize, but to labour, to admire and to follow these leading summits in continuous creation.

Create, Create and Create! Create in daytime, create at night; for creation in thought is as essential as our physical expression. In this creativeness you shall overcome the most hideous habits of vulgarity, triviality and quarrelling. People sometimes think that creators are very selfish and conceited. But these ugly properties belong to the domain of darkness. When a person “climbs” to the Light, then such an abhorrent husk drops off by itself and man becomes enlightened. His “I,” is changed into the conception of “We.”

On the same path towards the summits, man will understand the true meaning of Guruship. From the depth of darkness one can hear at present disgusting cries: “Down with culture,” “Down with heroes,” “Down with teachers.” It is a shame on humanity, but such outrages of crass ignorance one witnesses even nowadays. But he who thinks of such a refined conception as colour and sound, culture and harmony, he will understand the infinite Hierarchy of Beauty and Knowledge and having ascended the majestic stairs of achievement, he will lead also the pilgrims of life following behind.

It is splendid that you are young. Some in age, and some in spirit. Around creativeness there must be this perpetual feeling of youth, which gives incessant striving towards heroism. Countries measure their glory not by captains of industry, but by artists and scientists. Such a requirement of history places upon us the duty of incessant perfectioning. He who never ceases in this ascension, never becomes old.

I send you my heartiest greetings on this path towards the radiant summits and I trust that you, forgetting all petty divisions and small human moods, will progress in continuous creation, cherishing the glorious traditions of your great Motherland, India!

Nalini Kanta Gupta writes in the Triveni, in the course of his article on the “Beautiful in the Upanishads.”

“Art at its highest tends to become also the simplest and the most unconventional; and it is then the highest art, precisely because it does not aim at being artistic. The aesthetic motive is totally absent in the Upanishads: the sense of beauty is there, but it
is attendant upon and involved in a deeper strand of consciousness."

Verily Art at its highest does not tolerate any conventionality, nor violence. In the very foundations of Be-ness lives the concept of Beauty, in all its convincingness.

We, as builders, do not deny, nor reject. "In Beauty we are united! Through Beauty we pray! With Beauty we conquer!"

RENAISSANCE

In India a glorious Renaissance of Art is approaching. New Schools shall be opened. Exhibition Halls shall be built. Museums shall grow. Besides State Museums many private collections shall be founded, not only of antique art, but of modern art as well. It would be instructive to have the annals of the names of the new private collectors. In the History of Indian Art the names of these ardent lovers of Beauty shall be given a place of great honour.

The illustrious patron of art the Duke Moro once told Leonardo da Vinci: "He who shall venerate the name of Leonardo shall also remember Moro."

From ancient times collecting has been a sign of stability and introspection. It is very instructive to survey the various means and ways of collecting and of studying art from our days down to the heart of antiquity. Again as in all the spirals of accretion, we see almost complete circles, yet at times, an almost elusive heightening of consciousness forms another step which is reflected in many pages of the history of art. We see how specialization and synthesis alternate. Collecting formed by the inner consciousness of the collector and united by one general idea is replaced by a classification, almost pharmaceutical, sometimes destroying completely, by its pedantry, the fire of new discoveries. Not so long ago the combining of Gothic primitives with modern aspira-
tions would have been considered a proof of dilettantism. It would have been regarded altogether taboo to have simply a collection of beautiful medals and coins. Pedantry was wont to confine its scope of vision to a certain epoch, limiting it to the objects of a certain type and character. Thus icons and primitive glowing with color, were turned into iconography in which the descriptive part obliterated the true and artistic meaning.

Thus not very long ago the history of art was taught as a collection of anecdotes of painters' lives, while the exposition of sculptures and the technique of painting were reduced to a summary of proportions and to the mechanics of construction, diverting and distracting attention from the essence of creative work. Peculiar text-books began to appear in which one would come across such chapters as: "How to paint a donkey, in connection with which gray paint—which does not exist—was recommended. I remember that my attention was arrested on a boat by the typical argument between a mother and her little girl in which the mother earnestly asserted that the mountain in the distance was black, while the child affirmed candidly that it was blue. It seems to me that the mother's eyes must have been dimmed by some text-book she was studying about the way to paint donkeys."

What a joy it is for children, when from their tenderest age in their homes they see objects of true art and serious books! Of course, it is necessary that these artistic objects do not cease to "live" and do not find themselves in the pitiful situation of remain-

ing upside down, sometimes for an entire decade—which means that the soul of the collector has long departed for the cemetery and that his heirs have for some reason become morally blind.

During the very recent years we have had occasion to rejoice many times over the synthetic system of collecting which has again come into existence. Not afraid of being called eccentrics or dilettantes the sensitive collectors' have begun to group their treasuries of various objects according to an inner meaning... Thus, the most modern pictures could be combined with those masters who, in their time, burned with the unquenchable fire of bringing new ways to creative work.

In the newest collections one sees such giant pathfinders as El Greco, Giogione, Peter Breugel and all the noble galaxy of those who were not afraid to be considered the seekers and innovators of their epochs.

And how convincing among modern paintings are the forms of Roman art and the collaborators Giotto and Cimabue, and the icons of Novgorod and ancient Chinese artists.

As all conventionalities of division and demarcation vanish, the combined creative and spiritual findings shine before you like beacon lights outside the conventional boundaries of the nations. If circumstances do not permit the bringing of originals into the homes, then sketches and even well reproduced copies could permit one to entertain happy dreams about the future.
I have had occasion to write the stirring story of those collectors who began their activities when still at school. Probably many painters have had experiences like mine of having little boys, coming to one of my exhibitions, who would bashfully hand me a dollar, asking to be given a sketch in return.

Another still more moving case was when public school pupils raised a collection in order to purchase a painting. That meant that within them ardour was stirring and taking shape, and that they wanted to transmute meaningless words into facts, into conscious action. Without such an imperative impulse to action, how many light-winged, thought-butterflies singe themselves in their flutterings!

In various countries we can help by experience and advice, in the question of how to begin collecting. To open the door to those who knock timidly is one of our immediate obligations. And not only to open the door, but also to explain that they should knock with a firm hand without entertaining the prejudices that the use of art is a privilege only of the rich. No, first of all it is the privilege of bright and courageous spirits, who long to beautify their existence and who have decided—instead of taking the deadly hazards of gambling—to strengthen themselves by the manifestations of the spirit of man which is like an infinite dynamo—breathes life into everything made by it. Great joys are to be found at this feast of creative impulses. And many dark places in life can be so easily brightened by the brilliant rays of admiration. It is our sacred duty to help in this.

We are speaking about collecting. Someone smiles wryly: Is it timely? Is it timely to speak of artistic values when even the richest countries are horror-stricken by the general crisis? Let us answer him firmly and with the realization of the import of our words—Yes, it is timely.

According to the latest reports, in spite of the tremendous business depression in America the prices for art objects have not suffered any depreciation and this does not surprise us in the least; on the contrary we consider this to be a characteristic sign of the existence of the crisis.

We have seen that during the most acute crisis in Russia, Austria and Germany, the prices of art objects did not fluctuate noticeably. In some cases it happened that the objects of art were instrumental in bringing an entire state out of financial difficulties. We preserve this irrefutable fact as a proof of the true value of the spirit of man. When all our conditional values are shaken, the consciousness of man instinctively turns to that which, amidst the ephemeral, proves to be relatively the most valuable.

And the spiritual, creative values which have been neglected during the triumph of the stomach, again become a shelter of refuge. Therefore it is always timely to speak of the growth of spiritual creative power and to lay stress upon collecting and preserving, but this is especially needed when evolution passes through difficult moments and does not know how to solve the actual accumulated problems. To solve them, however, is possible only in spirit and in beauty.
In my address on the significance of art, I gave formulae which have become the motto of the International Art Centre. I said: "Humanity is facing events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that all occurrences are not accidental. The time for the construction of a future culture is at hand. The revaluation of values has taken place before our very eyes. Amidst heaps of valueless current humanity has found a treasure of world significance. The values of great art march victoriously through the storms of earthly commotions. Even the 'earthly' people have understood the vital importance of beauty."

And I closed the address with the following: "Not on snowy heights, but in the turmoil of the city we pronounce—these words. And realizing the path of true reality we greet with a happy smile the future."

These words were based on forty years' experience. Ten more years have elapsed since. Have the formulae then expressed changed during the period? No, the experience of many countries confirmed and even strengthened them. And we must base our conclusions on experience, and on nothing else. Theory for us is only the consequence of practice. And that same practice brings forth the happy smile with which we greet the future. May the smile of knowledge and courage become the banner of our meetings. We unite to make application of knowledge and may each crumb of knowledge add spirit to our smile.

How are we to bring art into everyday life? Where are these blessed paths? Perhaps they are inaccessibly difficult? Or they may require countless wealth? Or only spiritual giants may venture along these paths of beauty?

All assurances will be unconvincing. These doubts can be answered only by a page out of real life.

I shall take the portraits of four of my friends. They have all left us now. Only one of them was rich in money, the other three were rich only in the brightness of their spirits.

The rich collector was the Moscow merchant Tretiakoff. There was nothing in his family to dispose him towards art. Rather did that old merchant family look with suspicion on the art it did not understand. But unexpectedly young Tretiakoff was drawn into a new path. And gropingly, guided by personal feeling, he began to collect pictures of the Russian school. He went his way alone, only now and again listening to the advice of some artist friend. And it was not by chance that the now famous Tretiakoff Gallery in Moscow began to come into being. With the true intuition of the picture-lover, Tretiakoff understood that the Government generally filled its museums mostly with official productions passing over the best work of the artists. And this official physiognomy of the museums could not reflect the evolution of the national school. So has it ever been. So far, I fear it will be in the future.
Art has always blossomed with an ardent personal urge, which will comprehend and find and preserve and give to the whole nation. And so the merchant Tretiakoff grasped the national task of art. And he found out fresh artist powers and lightened their path. And he preserved their work, surrounding them with pure delight. But he made his joy a national joy, and while still alive gave the whole of his remarkable collection to the city of Moscow. And the task which he had set himself was no small one. He had not simply gathered together a mass of valuable pictures, but made his collection reflect the whole of the Russian school. Everything that was new, brilliant, important came under the eye of Tretiakoff. This taciturn, grey-headed man, in his large fur coat, indefatigably visited all exhibitions, and nothing could hold him when he considered a picture important. He would mount the steep stair leading to the studio of the young beginner in art. He was first to see a picture finished. He was first at the opening of the exhibition. But he was also first in the possession of the best and most characteristic work.

It came to pass that the prizes given by the highest art institutions were considered as naught compared with the purchase of a picture by Tretiakoff. And the destiny of the beginner in art was decided not by the Academy, but by this sincere and taciturn man. When there was no more room on the walls in his house, Tretiakoff built another beside it. If this was needed it had to be done. And art was not to suffer any loss.

Of course it may be said that with Tretiakoff's great wealth it was possible to collect on this vast scale. He was able to choose the best and could gather enough to represent the whole of the Russian school, in his collection. It was true that his wealth made this scale possible, but the quality of collection, his love of the work, and his living creative work in the choice itself of pictures and of men—all this proceeded not from the amount of his means, but from the countless riches of his spirit. Thus did one man, strong in spirit, do an infinitely important national work. And now, should the Government seek to have a new Tretiakoff Gallery, it would find itself powerless, for it was the urge of the spirit that created that inimitable combination of beauty.

This is an instance of ideal creativeness within national limits.

Now for another spiritual portrait. Here we have the same power of spiritual urge along with a mighty struggle with means. It was Count Golenishtcheff-Koutouzoff, a well known poet and worker in the sphere of culture and the Chamberlain at the Imperial Court. In his case family traditions conducted to the development in him of the love of art. His historical knowledge was great, special deep poetic gifts were his.

His collection consisted of pictures of the old Dutch, Flemish and Italian schools. Its fundamental characteristic was not the search for the conventional names but the truth shown in wonderful creations. The collector understood that the names of Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyke are purely collective
names that only the lowest type of collector seeks in
the dark for that which to him is but an empty
sound. But a better knowledge of art shows us a
countless number of artists engulfed in so-called,
great names. And the task of the cultured collector
is to distinguish among these forgotten names for
truth's sake. If an excellent picture attributed to
Rembrandt we find the signature of Karl Fabricius,
his pupil, is a fine picture any the worse for that? Or
again could Van Dyke paint two thousand portraits
in one year? Of course not but he had up to two hun­
dred pupils.

I know how grieved the Count would be to learn
that one of his favourite pictures, by an unknown
Flemish painter Haselaer, now hangs in the Metro­
politan Museum in New York under the name of
Joachim Patinir.

In the name of truth, Count Golenishtcheff-
Koutouzoff sought to discover the real names of
painters and remedied, as far as he could the sins of
mercenary human history. And what loving inti­
macy breathed from his choice collection. Every
new member of the collection was greeted with the
disapproval of numerous relations who grudged the
money spent on it. And money was so scarce. His
small Court salary was not enough to live on. And
this collector departed this world surrounded by his
real friends, his pictures. And he willed that his col­
lection be dispersed to give new joy to new seeking
souls.

Golenishtcheff-Koutouzoff was the type of the re­
fining collector who, working and rejoicing in new
beauty and truth, sends it forth again to serve for
the ennobling of the human spirit.

Now for the type of a young collector—an instinc­tive collector from his school days. Instead of
the joys natural to his age, the boy develops a love
for works of art. From childhood, without possess­
ing as personal artistic capacities, he is distinguished
by education and developed taste. He is attracted
by all that is beautiful. His spirit seeks to rise.

What pleasure it was to pass the time with
young Sleptsoff. While yet a pupil of the Imperial
Lyceum, he began to collect picture. His purchases
were not chaotic, not accidental. He knew what he
was doing. And all the money given to the boy by his
mother for pleasures was spent on his noble pursuit.
And if sometimes he was short of money, his enthu­
siasm for his general task never suffered from this.

And this general task was a fine one. The boy
developed a love for a certain very subtly selected
painters, and decided to have specimens of each of
them in all the periods of their work, to preserve and
to hand on to posterity a complete picture of the
creative human life of each. The youth dreamt of
the future; each painter was to have a separate room
and the whole furnishing of the room was to corres­
pond with the character of the art represented in it—
the furniture, the embellishment of the walls and
ceiling, the character of the lighting and floor cover­
ing. From this we may gather what subtlety of
perception lay in that young soul and what deep love
and care surrounding each of the artists represented.
In these special rooms choice singing and music were
to be heard at times. Or suitable passages were to be read aloud. In a word the dream of Harmony of the unity of art was to be realised.

It was a joy to hear how a new work of art was selected for the collection. What subtle and truthful considerations were expressed for discovering and bringing out a new and worthy feature in the creative work of an artist. And you could see in this treatment of art no mere fancy, but a real cultural need. And this subtlety of culture infected those surrounding him. Both thought and speech were purified by this bright ascension of the spirit.

Sleptsoff dreamt of handing over his collection to the nation, without any care for his name. But he left us too early to do so. And he left us in an unusual way. He went out for a ride and did not return. He passed over unexpectedly, in the midst of Nature listening to the harmony of the Cosmos. An eviable passage—a passage to new beautiful labours.

This was the type of a sensitive soul with ingrained feelings of a future harmony and unity.

Now for one more touching type of a collector.

A very poor officer in a line regiment, stationed in a distant provincial town, reaches out to art with all his soul. Depriving himself of many things Colonel Kratchkovsky, always pleasant in manner, always active, burning with enthusiasm, seeks to gather a collection of specimens of Russian painting. Of course he is unable to collect large pictures. So he collects small pictures, sketches, studies, drawings. But in its essential value his collection becomes a very considerable one. He seeks for the best painters; he understands that often the sketch is more valuable than the picture itself. He seeks to bring out the character of the artist in its most typical features. This is not a buyer of cheap pictures. This is a true collector. And there withal he himself is often in want of ten roubles (five dollars) and for him it is a matter of the greatest consequence whether he has to pay ten roubles more or less for a picture. And he asks the painter to let him have the picture and persistently persuades him to a lower price. And his words produced their effects and the sketches were given to him. And he would rejoice with the bright joy of a child, and would write enthusiastic letters about his new treasure. How he loved art, and with what lofty meaning he surrounded the conception of true creative work.

In his will he bequeathed the whole of his collection for public use. More than that, he commanded that all his modest property, all that he had in daily use, be sold and the proceeds applied to the purchase of more works of art which were to be added to his collection.

This is the type of an outwardly unnoticed but deeply important worker for the culture of the future. His example drew the attention of many. And if you could see his letters written from the battlefield! He was a pure soul. Colonel Kratchkovsky left us during the late war.

I might show you many more characters, full of noble seeking in different spheres of art. But even these four types show the level of those cultural aspirations which are so necessary for humanity.
So do things happen; not in dreams, but in real life—sincerely and actively. And such pure labours are accompanied by a smile of joy. How near are the seekings of art to the attainment of the spirit.

It is time to understand, to note and to apply to life these wonderous channels.

And when art has entered actively, irresistibly and simply into all spiritual development of public life, then it will be brought also into the whole of modern life.

And it is through these channels that the true paths of blessing will draw near to every human heart.

REALIZATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Plato ordained in his treatises on statesmanship:—

"It is difficult to imagine a better method of education than that that has been discovered and verified by the experience of centuries; it can be expressed in two propositions: gymnastics for the body and music for the soul." "In view of this, one must consider education in music as the most important; thanks to it Rhythm and Harmony are deeply inrooted into the soul, dominate it, fill it with beauty and transform man into a beautiful thinker. . . . He will partake of the Beautiful and rejoice at it, gladly realize it, become saturated with it and will arrange his life in conformity with it."

Of course the word music, in this case should not be understood as routine musical education, as understood now, in its narrow sense. Music had in Athens, as service to all Muses, a far deeper and broader meaning than today. This conception embraced not only the harmony of sound, but the whole domain of poetry, the whole domain of high perceptions, of exquisite forms and creation in general, in its best sense. The great service to the Muses was a real education of taste, which in everything cognizes the great Beautiful. Just to this eternal Beauty in all its vitality we have to revert, if only the ideas of high constructiveness are not rejected by humanity.

Hippias Maior (beauty) of the dialogue of Plato is not a hazy abstractness, but verily the most vital
noble conception. The Beautiful in itself! The perceptible and conceivable! In this reality is contained an inspiring, encouraging welcome to the study and inrooting of all ordainments of the Beautiful. "The philosophic moral" of Plato is animated by the sense of the beautiful. And did not Plato himself, who was sold into slavery through the hatred of the tyrant Dionisius and when liberated and dwelling in the gardens of the Academy, prove through his example, the vitality of a beautiful path? Of course Plato's gymnastics were not the coarse football or anticultural breaking of noses of modern prize-fights. The gymnastics of Plato were the same gates to the Beautiful, the discipline of Harmony and uplifting of the body into the spiritual spheres.

Not once we spoke about the introduction in school of a chair of ethics of life, a course of the art of thinking. Without the education of the general realization of the beautiful, these two courses will again remain a dead letter. Again in the course of only a few years the high vital principles of ethics will turn into a dead dogma, if they will not be imbued with the Beautiful.

Many vital conceptions of antiquity have become in our household belittled and vulgar, instead of the deserved expansion. Thus the wide and lofty service to the Muses turned into a narrow conception of playing one instrument. When you hear nowadays the word music, you imagine first of all a lesson of music often with conventional limitations. When you hear the word Museum one understands it as a store-room of any kind of art objects. As every store-house, this conception creates a certain flavour of deadliness. Such limited conceptions of the word Museum, as a storage place, so deeply entered our understanding, that when one pronounces this conception in its original meaning—Muzeon—then no one understands what is really meant. Yet every Hellin of even average education would at once know that Muzeon means first of all the home of Muses.

Foremost all Muzeon is the abode of all aspects of the Beautiful; not at all in the sense of only storing different kinds of art creations, but in the sense of most vital and creative application of them in life. Thus one often hears nowadays that people express surprise when a Museum, as such, occupies itself with all spheres of art, occupies itself with the education of good taste and with the spreading of the sense of the Beautiful.

Here we remembered the ordainments of Plato. But in the same way one may remember also Pythagoras with his laws of the Beautiful, with his adamant foundations of cosmic realizations. The ancient Hellins went so far as to crown their Pantheon with an altar to the Unknown God. In this exaltation of spirit they came close to the refined inexpressible conception of the ancient Hindus, who pronouncing "Neti, neti" by no means wanted to say anything negative, but on the contrary, saying "not this, not this" manifested thereby the untold greatness of an inexpressible Concept.

It is significant that such great conceptions were not abstract, as if living only in the mind and reason; no, they dwelled in the very heart, as something liv-
ing, life-bringing, inalienable and indestructible, as defined so beautifully in the Bhagvad Gita. In the heart was aflame that sacred fire which was at the base of all flaming commandments also of the hermits of Mt. Sinai. The same sacred fire moulded the precious images of St. Theresa, St. Francis, St. Sergius and all Fathers of the "Love of the Good," who knew so much and were understood so little.

We speak of the education of good taste, as of a matter of truly basic world significance of every country. When we speak about vital ethics, which should become the favourite school hour of every child, we appeal to the contemporary heart, pleading to it for expansion if even only to the extent of ancient ordainments.

Can one consider as natural the fact that the conception so glorified already in the time of Pythagoras and Plato, has been so narrowed now and lost its actual meaning, after all the ages of so-called progress? Pythagoras already in the fifth century B.C. symbolized in himself the whole harmonious "Pythagorean Life." It was Pythagoras who affirmed music and astronomy as sisters in science. Pythagoras who was called by bigots a charlatan, must be horrified to see how instead of a harmonious development our contemporary life has been broken up and mutilated and that we do not even understand the meaning of the beautiful hymn to the sun—to Light.

Today very strange formulas sometimes appear in the press. For instance that the flourishing of the intellect is the sign of the degeneration. A very strange formula, if only the author does not attribute to the word intellect some special narrow meaning. Of course the word intellect is only taken as the expression of the conventional withered mind, then to some extent this formula may have its foundation. But it is dangerous in case the author does understand intellect as intelligence, which first of all should be connected with the education of good taste as the most vital principle of life.

Quite recently before our eyes in the West has been adopted the new word—intelligentzia. In the beginning this new comer was met rather suspiciously, but soon it was adopted in literature. It would be important to determine whether this expression symbolises the intellect, or according to the ancient conceptions it corresponds to the education of good taste.

If it is a symbol of refined and expanded consciousness then we have to greet this innovation, which perhaps will remind us once more of ancient beautiful principles.

In my letter "Synthesis" the difference of conceptions of Culture and Civilization were discussed. Both these conceptions are sufficiently separated even in standard dictionaries. Therefore let us not return to these two consecutive conceptions, even if someone would be content with the conception of civilization without dreaming about the higher conception of culture.

But remembering about intelligentzia it is permissible to ask, whether this conception belongs to Civilization as to expression of intellect or whether it does already touch a higher region, that is to say,
whether it belongs to the region of Culture, in which the heart and spirit act. Of course, if we assume that the expression intelligentzia, should remain only within the limitation of the mind, then there would be no need to burden with it our literary vocabulary. One may permit an innovation only in such cases, when really something new is introduced, or at least when ancient principles are renewed in present modern circumstances.

Of course every one will agree that intelligentzia, this aristocracy of the Spirit, belongs to Culture and only in this connection one could greet this new literary expression.

In this case the education of good taste belongs, of course, first of all to the intelligentzia, and not only does it belong, but it becomes its duty. Not fulfilling this duty intelligentzia has no right for existence and condemns itself to savagery.

The education of good taste cannot be something abstract. Above all this is a vital attainment in all spheres of life, for where can there be a boundary to the service to the Muses of ancient Hellins? If in the old days this service was understood in its full glory and adapted to life in the whole beauty of its principle, then should we not be ashamed, if in superstition and bigotry we shall cut off the radiant wings of the rising spirits?

When we propose ethics as a course in schools, as a theme most inspiring, limitless, full of constructive principles, we thus at the same time presuppose the transmutation of taste, as a defence against vulgarity and ugliness.

Andromeda said: “And I brought thee the Fire!” The ancient Hellin, the follower of Euripides, understands the meaning of this Fire and why this Agni is so precious. We, however, in most cases shall babble about this inspiring calling conception as about phosphor matches. We attach the high conception of Phosphor—the bringer of Light—to a match and try to light with it our extinguished hearth, in order to prepare the broth for today. But where is tomorrow, this radiant wonderful Tomorrow?

We have forgotten about it. We have forgotten because we have lost the refined taste, which urges to betterment to dreams, to higher consciousness. Dreams have become like dull slumber; but he who does not know how to dream, does not belong to the future, does not belong to humanity with its high ideal.

Even the simple truth, that dreams about the future are the basic distinction of man from animal, has already become a truism. But truism in itself is no longer a generally accepted truth, as it should be, but has become the synonym of a truth of which one should not think altogether. Nevertheless disregarding everything, even in times of greatest difficulties and world crisis, let us not differ the thought about the education of taste, let us not put off the thought of life-bringing ethics, as of a necessary course of school education. Let us not forget the art of thinking, the art of memory and let us forever remember the treasure of the heart.

“A certain hermit left his retreat and came with the message, saying to everyone: ‘Thou hast a heart.’
When he was asked why he does not speak out mercy, patience, devotion, love and all other benevolent foundations of life, he replied: 'If they only do not forget the heart, the rest will adjust itself! Verily can we appeal for love, if it has no place to reside? And where could patience dwell, when its abode is closed? Thus in order not to torture ourselves with inaplicable blisses, one must build that garden, which will flourish in the realization of the heart. Let us stand firmly on the foundation of the heart and let us understand that without the heart we are as a lost shell." Thus the wise ones ordained. Thus ordains Agni Yoga. Thus let us accept and apply.

Without the untiring realization of the Beautiful, without incessant refinement of the heart and consciousness, we would make the laws of earthly existence cruel and deadly in their hatred against humanity. In other words we would, when killing the Beautiful, assist the most shameful debased downfall.

The Romans said: Sub pretextu juris summum jus saepe summa injuria; suaviter in modo fortifer in re. (Under pretext of justice a strict application of law is often the gravest injury. Be gentle in manner thou, resolute in execution).

Let us be broad and resolute in the realization of the Beautiful!

Vivekananda said: "The artist is a witness of the Beautiful."

Rabindranath Tagore finishes his book (What is Art) with such words: "In Art the person in us is sending its answer to Supreme Person who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts."

There is no other way, O friends scattered! May my call penetrate to you. Let us join ourselves by the invisible threads of the Beautiful. I turn to you, I call to you: In the name of Beauty and Wisdom, let us combine for struggle and work. During days of Armageddon let us ponder on Eternal Values, which are the corner-stones of Evolution.

In the name of Culture I send you from the Himalayas my heartiest greetings!
THE BEAUTIFUL

"The artist is the priest of the beautiful. It is he who rescues the truth from its ugly defilement and gives us to drink of the perennial fount of joy amidst the fret and stress of life."

"The beautiful is scattered through the universe like the auriferous sands!"

So speaks Bhabes Chandra Chaudhuri, in his article "The Artist and the Beauty in Art."

It is joy to read such an appreciative article in which the artist himself affirms the significance of Beauty. There was a time when it was considered for some reason that an artist should not be a writer. Sometimes such artificial preconceptions went so far that a talented composer, according to the judgement of his impresario, should not be permitted to appear in public as a conductor, as it was stated that public opinion would thereby be confused. One can imagine how Leonardo da Vinci, Vasari or Cellini would laugh at such an absurd way of obstructing creative thought.

It would seem that in the history of art there are many convincing examples of how people who devoted themselves to Beauty expressed it in a multitude of ways, choosing that which at the moment appeared to them the best. How beautifully they combined painting with architecture, or with sculpture, not to speak of mosaic and the various graphic arts.

As priests they served Beauty, finding the most persuasive expressions for their beneficent influence on the broad masses and in refining the consciousness of the people.

In India today we notice a renaissance of art. There appear glorious hosts of artists, State Galleries are being opened, and frescoes again adorn public buildings. The best artists are heading Art Schools sure to find in many monthly journals and magazines and the artificial barriers between so-called "great art" and "applied crafts" are broken down. Verily Beauty is great in all its multifacedness. It is a pleasure to find in many monthly journals and magazines a page on art and many reproductions of art both modern and ancient.

Someone may smile and think: "This sounds very encouraging, but what of the difficult life artists lead?" Of course their lives are not easy, nor in any heroic achievement. No one will think that lives of Rembrandt or Rubens were easy. It is only in recent times that their names have become great collective concepts above any doubts. But we know that beautiful masterpieces of Rembrandt which he was commissioned to paint, were rejected by the local authorities and municipalities. We also know that Leonardo in Florence and Michel Angelo in Rome experienced great hardships. Time adorns all sufferings with epic beautitude and calm. Yet how many tragedies remain hidden behind the gorgeous brocaded curtains of Time.

We all know the martyrdom of scientists like Copernicus, Galileo, Paracelsus, Lavoisier and innumerable other sufferers for truth. There exist entire books dedicated to these martyrs of Science. And
next to them there should also exist volumes entitled "Martyrs of Art and Culture." However, once we know that artists are priests of the Beautiful, we also know that the attainment of all other attributes is inevitable.

Much has been written of vandalism. We introduced the Banner of Peace as a Red Cross of Culture to protect real treasures of humanity. And now let me mention another hidden but cruel vandalism, which quietly exists in the life of many nations.

When studying old masters, we often come across the fact that many very good paintings were for some reason overpainted by inferior artists with entirely different subjects. It is obvious that the old painting has become old-fashioned and the artist simply used the wood as material for his modern and more fashionable expressions. One should not think that only paintings of secondary importance were subjected to such barbaric manipulations. On the contrary, amongst the recorded cases we find some very important ones which today occupy a place of honour in the history of art.

I remember how once in Italy whilst studying a beautiful painting "Virgo Inter Virgines," we were surprised at its exceptionally good condition. When expressing our amazement at this, we received the following unusual but characteristic explanation: "Apparently in the beginning of the XVIIth Century this beautiful painting was already considered old-fashioned and therefore despite the religious subject it was covered by another religious subject, 'Ecce Homo,' and had remained all the time in a certain monastery. This second painting was by far inferior to the original masterpiece. It was noticed comparatively recently that through the second painting there became vaguely discernible the outlines of a different composition and the person who had purchased this inexpensive painting from the monastery decided to remove the upper layer, thus revealing a beautiful masterpiece." Now this painting adorns the Art Institute in Chicago.

I have also personally seen an old replica of the well known painting by Corregio which is in the National Gallery in London, and on this replica I could clearly see the outlines of an ancient portrait, and indeed the panel on which it was painted proved to be far older than the replica. Once we had occasion to witness how from beneath paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there appeared in good condition beautiful originals by Lambert, Lombard, Rogier van der Veiden, Adrein Bloemart and similar renowned artists. In the Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston we find, a most instructive story about the portrait of Sir William Butts, by Hans Holbein the Younger. Let us quote a few lines from this article:

"On November 17, 1935, the Museum purchased the striking portrait by Hans Holbein the Younger.... Connoisseurs, seeing the portrait, refused to believe that Holbein could have done it, and with good reason. As it appeared for about three and a half centuries it was certainly not Holbein. In very recent times, however, a young friend of the Butts family, which had retained possession of the painting from the time it was done until it passed to the Museum,
H. M. Jonas, remarked that the hands seemed to be painted in a manner somewhat different from the rest of the portrait and suggested an earlier style. He was permitted to have an X-ray made and the result was the discovery of a portrait underneath. The X-ray showed a different outline to the cap, a full beard, a different chain and a suit puffed with white silk. It also revealed the existence of an inscription on the background. Next came the difficulty of the restoration. The first restoration was undertaken by Nico Jungman. It was an extremely difficult task, since the overpainting was of very nearly the same period as the painting underneath. It is obvious that the sitter caused his portrait to be repainted later in life. When this was done we cannot be sure, though probably in 1563 when Queen Elizabeth came to Thornage and was elaborately feted. It is likely that then Sir William, an old man, holding high offices, demanded that he be shown with different garments and ornaments added, and therefore had himself repainted, presented in regalia and brought up-to-date, but unfortunately by a very inferior artist.

This interesting story has two corollaries. First, we must pay tribute to the administration of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and to the restorer, who have completed this most difficult restoration so successfully, and thus have revealed to the world the original masterpiece of a great artist without any later inferior additions and overpainting. Secondly, this instructive historical episode shows to us once more that vandalism is committed not only by the hands of an infuriated mob but also tacitly in highly distinguished dwellings for the sake of vanity and prejudice.

Beauty cannot be guarded by orders and laws alone. Only when human consciousness realizes the inestimable value of beauty, creating, ennobling and refining, only then will the real treasures of humanity be safe. And one should not think that vandalism, obvious or tacit, belong but to past ages, to some fabulous invaders and conquerors. We see vandalism of many kinds taking place even today. Therefore the endeavour to protect and save beauty is not an abstract nebulous move, but is imperative, real and undeferrable.

Verily education in art and beauty is a necessity with all its duties and obligations. We always rejoice when we see that thoughts are being transmuted into action. It is for this reason that the opening of new schools, the inauguration of an International Academy of the Arts, is always to be greatly welcomed.

Twenty years ago we wrote upon the shields of the Master Institute of United Arts and of the International Art Centre the following mottoes:

Art will unify all humanity. Art is one—indivisible. Art has its many branches, yet all are one. Art is the manifestation of the coming synthesis. Art is for all. Everyone will enjoy true art. The gates of the "sacred source" must be wide open for everybody, and the light of art will influence numerous hearts with a new love. At first this feeling will be unconscious, but afterwards it will purify human consciousness. How many young hearts are search-
ing for something real and beautiful! So, give it to them. Bring art to the people—where it belongs. We should have not only museums, theatres, universities, public libraries, railway stations and hospitals, but even prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons.

Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that no occurrences are accidental. The time for the construction of future culture is at hand. Before our eyes revaluation of values is being witnessed. Amidst ruins of valueless banknotes, mankind has found the real value of the world’s significance. The values of great art victoriously traversing all storms of earthly commotions. Even the “earthly” people already understand the vital importance of active beauty. And when we proclaim love, beauty and action, we know verily that we pronounce the formula, of the International language. And this formula which belongs to the museum and stage must enter everyday life. The sign of beauty will open all sacred gates. Beneath the sign of beauty we walk joyfully. With beauty we conquer. Through beauty we pray. In beauty we are united. And now we affirm these words—not on the snowy heights, but amidst the turmoil of the city. And realizing the path of true reality, we greet with happy smile the future.

Twenty years have elapsed and we see that all the requirements of Beauty have become still more urgent. Everything that has been done in this direction still remains as though on isolated islands. Beauty does not tolerate conventional limitations and boundaries. The treasures of beauty belong to

definitions of art I recollect two legends, one from Chinese Turkestan, the other from Tibet.

An artist wanted some money for his painting and when he came to the moneylender, the man was absent and only a boy was there. This boy gave the artist a very large sum for the painting. When the moneylender came back, he said: “For these fruits and vegetables you gave such a great sum!” and he discharged the boy. Time passed and the artist re-
turned and asked for the painting. When he saw it he was horrified, saying: "That is not my painting. Where are the butterflies? Go find the boy that he may help us find my painting. This painting you show me has only cabbages." The boy came and said: "Now it is winter, and the butterflies come only in the summer time. Put the painting near the fire, and we shall see the butterflies return." And so it was; the paint was put on the canvas so skilfully that during the cold whether the colours receded, but in the warmth they returned. Thus beautifully do the people of Kuchar speak about the perfection of art.

And the other from Tibet: Why do the giant trumpets in the Buddhist temples have so resonant a tone? The ruler of Tibet decided to summon from India, from the place where dwelt the Blessed One a great Teacher, in order to purify the fundamentals of teaching. How to meet the high guest?

Gold and precious gems would not be adequate to meet a spiritual Teacher. Then the High Lama of Tibet, having had a vision, gave the design for a new giant trumpet so that the guest should be received with unprecedented majestic sound; and the meeting was a wonderful one—not by the wealth of gold but by the grandeur of the beautiful sound.

The master could be greeted only with something beautiful: The sense of the beautiful must be that life-giving seed—that real panacea, which makes the deserts, both physical and spiritual, flourish.

And wherefrom else can come a sense of Goodwill and Unity if not through the Blessed realization of the Beautiful!

TREASURE OF THE HOME

One recalls an incident: In the office of a certain president are two visitors. The walls of the old room are decorated with massive oak bookcases. Through the glass panels temptingly glow the backs with their rich bindings. Although the bindings are not old, they are heavily goldleaved. Apparently here is a lover of books. How splendid that at the head of this undertaking there is a collector who has not spared money in his tempting bindings.

One of the visitors yields to the temptation of turning the leaves and holding in his hands this treasure of the spirit. The bookcase is apparently unlocked and raising his hand the book-lover attempts to take one of the volumes. But, oh, horror! the entire shelf falls on his head, revealing that these are false bindings without any sign of a book. His most sensitive wish violated, the book-lover with trembling hands, replaces upon its shelf this unworthy imitation: "Let us get away from here soon. Can one expect anything decent from such a clown!" The other visitor smiles. "Here one is punished for loving books: Because it is a happiness not only to read a good book, but even to hold it in one’s hands."

How many such false libraries are spread all over the world! And whom do their owners presume to cheat—their own friends or themselves? In this falsification lies hidden an unusually subtle disdain of knowledge and a refined insult towards the book
as the witness of human achievement. And not only are the contents of the book being violated but in such falsifications objective as well as in words, is being assaulted the very significance of the creation of the spirit.

"Tell me who are your enemies and I will tell you who you are," said the ancients. One may say: "Show me your bookcase and I will tell you who you are."

One of the most exhausting tasks is the search for a new apartment. But through this involuntary intrusion into numerous dwellings, you undoubtedly discover observations about the facts of life. You pass through numerous apartments of approximate wealth which are not yet filled with furniture. But where is the bookcase? Where is the writing desk? Why are the rooms sometimes overcrowded with such strange ugly objects, yet these two friends of existence—a writing desk and a bookcase—are lacking? Is there a place to put them? It appears upon examination that a small desk could still be placed somewhere but the walls are all so figured out, that there is no place for a bookcase.

Every librarian is a friend of the artist and scientist. The librarian is the first messenger of Beauty and Knowledge. It is he who opens the gates and from the dead shelves extracts the hidden word to enlighten the searching mind. Not one catalogue may replace a librarian. A loving word and experienced hand may produce the miracle of enlightenment. We affirm that beauty and knowledge are the basis of the entire culture and these are changing the entire history of humanity. This is not a dream. We can prove it through the entire history. The immutable facts tell us how from primitive ages all progress, all happiness, all enlightenment of humanity was led by beauty and knowledge.

It is not strange to speak these words at a time when millions of books are printed, and every year a fountain of printed pages forms new snowy mountains. In this labyrinth of paper glaciers, true snow blindness can strike the inexperienced traveller. But the librarian, as a true honor guard of knowledge is vigilant. Only he knows how to steer the boat through the waves of this ocean of past and future.

The library exists not only to spread knowledge. Each library is an introduction in bringing knowledge into the home. Is it possible to imagine a home and a household without books? Again, if you will take the most ancient images of the home and household, the finest examples revealed are objects and books. And you can see that these old books, in their beautiful bindings, were held as a true treasure. And not because the library did not exist, Librarians existed through ages and ages. But the human spirit feels that knowledge can be acquired, not only in the public places, but also in the calm of the home. We even carry the most sacred books and images with us. They are our unchangeable friends and guides. We know perfectly that it is not worthwhile to read a book once. As magic signs, the truth and beauty of the book is absorbed gradually. And we do not know either the day or the hour when we need the gospel of knowledge. So, the library is the first step of en-
lightenment. But the true upliftment of knowledge comes in the hour of silence, in solitude when we can concentrate all our intelligence towards the true meaning of scriptures.

Books are true friends of humanity and each human being is entitled to have these noble possessions. In the East, in the wise East, a book is the most precious gift. And he who gives the gift of a book is regarded as a noble man. During five years of travel in Asia we have seen innumerable libraries in each monastery, in every temple, in every ruined Chinese watch tower. There was a library with collections of most remarkable books—and collection of famous biographies, dictionaries, history and sciences.

When you see a lonely traveller in the mountains, you may be sure that in his knapsack is a book. You may deprive him of everything; he will resign it. But for his real treasure, the book, he will fight.

So, let us remember that books are real treasures and let us collect and cherish them as the noble crest of our home.

GURU—THE TEACHER

Once in Karelia I sat on the shores of Lake Ladoga with a farm lad. A middleaged man passed us by and my small companion stood up and with great reverence took off his cap. I asked him after, “Who was this man?” And with special seriousness, the boy answered, “He is a teacher.” I again asked, “Is he your teacher?” “No,” answered the boy, “he is the teacher from the neighbouring school.” “Then you know him personally?” I persisted. “No,” he answered, with astonishment. . . . “Then why did you respect him with such reverence?” Still more seriously my little companion answered, “Because he is a teacher.”

Almost a similar incident happened to me on the banks of the Rhine. Again with joyous amazement I saw how some young man greeted a school teacher. I recall the most uplifting memories of my teacher, Professor Kuinjy, the famous Russian Artist. His life-story could fill the most inspiring pages of a biography for the young generation. He was a simple shepherd boy in the Crimea. Only by incessant, ardent effort towards art, was he able to conquer all obstacles and finally become not only a highly esteemed artist and a man of great means, but also a real Guru for his pupils in the high Hindu conception.

Three times he tried to enter the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts and three times he was refused.
The third time, twenty-nine competitors were admit­ted and not one of them left his name in the history of art. But only one Kuinjy, was refused. The Council of the Academy was not of the Gurus, and certainly was short-sighted. But the young man was persistent and instead of uselessly trying, he painted a landscape and presented it to the Academy for Exhibition. And he received two honours without passing the examination. From early morning he worked. But at noon he climbed up to the terraced roof of his house in Petrograd, where with the shot marking each midday, thousands of birds completely surrounded him. And he fed them, speaking to them studying them as a loving father. Sometimes, very rarely, he invited us, his disciples, to his famous roof. And we heard remarkable stories about the personalities of the birds, about their individual habits and the ways to approach them. At this moment this short stockily built man with his leonine head, became as gentle as Saint Francis. Once I saw him very downcast during the entire day. One of his beloved butterflies had broken its wing and he had invented some very skilful means to mend it, but this invention was too heavy and in this noble effort he was unsuccessful.

But with pupils and artists, he knew how to be firm. Very often he repeated: “If you are an artist, even in prison you shall become one.” Once a man came to his studio with some very fine sketches and studies. Kuinjy praised them. But the man said: “Well I am unfortunate because I cannot afford to continue painting.” “Why?” compassionately asked Kuinjy. And the man said that he had a family to support and he had a position from ten to six. Then Kuinjy asked him piercingly, “And from four to ten in the morning, what do you do?” “When?” asked the man. Kuinjy explained, “Certainly in the morning.” “In the morning I sleep,” answered the man. Kuinjy raised his voice and said. “Well, you shall out sleep your entire life. Don’t you know that four to nine is the best creative time? And it is not necessary to work on your art more than five hours daily.” Then Kuinjy added; “When I worked as a retoucher in a photograph studio, I also had my position from ten to six. But from four to nine I had quite enough time to become an artist.”

Sometimes, when the pupil dreamed about some special conditions for his work, Kuinjy laughed, “If you are so delicate that you have to be put in a glass case, then better perish as soon as possible, because our life does not need such an exotic plant.” But when he saw that his disciple conquered circumstances and went victoriously through the ocean of the earthstorms, his eyes sparkled and in full voice, he shouted. “Neither sun nor frost can destroy you. This is the way. If you have something to say you will be able to manifest your message in spite of all conditions in the world.”

I recall how once he came to my studio on the sixth floor, which at that time was without an elevator, and severely criticised my painting. Thus, he left practically nothing of my original conception, and in much uproar he went away. But in less than half an hour, I heard again his heavy steps, and he
knocked on the door. Again he climbed up the long steps in his heavy furcoat, and said, “Well, I hope you shall not take everything I said seriously. Everyone can have his point of view. I felt badly when I realized that perhaps you took too seriously all our discussion. Everything can be approached in different ways, and really, truth is infinite.”

And sometimes, in the greatest secrecy, he entrusted one of his disciples to bring some money anonymously from him to some of the poorest students. And he entrusted this only when he was completely confident that this secret was not revealed. It happened once that in the academy, revolt against the Vice President Count Tolstoy arose, and as no one could calm the anger of the students, the situation became very serious. Then finally at the general meeting came Kuinjy, and everyone became silent. Then he said, “Well I am no judge. I do not know if your cause be just or not but I personally ask you to begin your work because you have come here to be artists.” The meeting was ended at once, and everyone returned to the class-rooms, because Kuinjy himself had asked. Such was the authority of the Guru.

From where this conception of real Guruship, in the refined eastern understanding arose I do not know. Certainly in him it was a sincere self-expression, without any superficial intention. This was his style and in the sincerity of this style, he conquered not only as an artist but also as a powerful vital type, who gave to his disciples the same broad inflexible power to reach their goal.

Long afterwards in India, I saw such figures of Gurus and I have seen the faithful disciples who without any servile obeisance, but rather with great enthusiasm of spirit, venerated their Gurus with that full sensitiveness of thought which is so characteristic of India.

Our responsibility before the Beautiful is great! If we feel it, we can demand the same responsibility to this highest principle from our pupils. If we know that this is a necessity, as during an ocean storm, we can require of our companions the same attention to the keenest demand of the moment.

We are introducing by all means, art into all manifestations of life. We are striving to show the quality of creative labour, but this quality can be recognised only when we know what is the ecstasy before the beautiful; and this ecstasy is not that of a transfixed image, but this is motion, this is all all-vibrating Nirvana, not only the falsely-conceived Nirvana of immobility—but the Nirvana of the noblest and most intensive activity. In all ancient teachings, we have heard about the nobility of action. How can they be noble, if they are not beautiful? You are the teachers of art; you are the emissaries of beauty; you know the responsibility before the coming generation and in this is manifested your joy and your invincible power. Your actions are the noble actions.

And to you, my young unseen friends, we are sending our call. We know how difficult it is for you to begin the struggle for light and achievement. But the obstacles are only new possibilities to create beneficent energy. Without battle, there is no vic-
And how can you avoid the venomous arrows of dark enemy? By approaching your enemy so closely that we shall lack space even to send an arrow. And after all nothing enlightened may be achieved without travail. So blessed be labour. And blessed be you, young friends, who are walking in victory! The Gurus of the past and future are with you.

Gurus to you, my invocation and my reverence!

CULTURAL UNITY

Our Times are verily difficult, because of all the commotions, all non-understanding and all attacks of darkness against Light. Quite recently there were pictures in magazines showing the autodafe of precious books in the streets. It is hard to realize that this could have taken place in the present age, after millions of years of the existence of our planet. But perhaps this terrible tension is the impulse to direct humanity through all storms and over all abysses to peaceful construction and mutual respect. What an epoch-making day might be before us when over all countries, all centers of spirit, beauty and knowledge could be unfurled the One Banner of Culture! This sign would call everyone to revere the treasures of human genius, to respect culture and to have a new valuation of labour as the only measure of true values. From childhood people will witness that there exists not only a flag or human health but also there is a sign of peace and culture for the health or the spirit. This sign, unfurled over all treasures of human genius, will say: “Here are guarded the treasures of all mankind; here above all petty divisions, above illusory frontiers of enmity and hatred, is towering the fiery stronghold of love, labour and all-moving creation.”

Real peace, Real Unity is desired by the human heart. It strives to labour creatively and actively. For its labour is a source of joy. It wants to love and expand in the realization of Sublime Beauty. In the
highest perception of Beauty and Knowledge all conventional divisions disappear. The heart speaks its own language; it wants to rejoice that which is common for all, uplifts all and leads to the radiant Future. All symbols and tablets of humanity contain one hieroglyph, the sacred prayer—Peace and Unity.

It is truly beautiful, if amidst the turmoil of life, in the waves of unsolved social problems, we still may hold up before us the eternal Flambeutorches of peace at all ages. It is beautiful through the inexhaustible well of love and tolerance to understand the great movements, which connected the highest knowledge with the highest aspirations. Thus, in studying and admiring we are becoming real co-operators with evolution and out of the brilliant rays of Supreme Light may emerge true knowledge. This refined knowledge is based on real comprehension and tolerance. From this source comes the great understanding, rises the Supremely Beautiful, the enlightening and enthusiasm for Unity. Contemporary life is changing rapidly, the signs of a new evolution are knocking all doors. In real unconventional science we feel the splendid responsibility before the coming generations. We understand gradually the harm of everything negative. We begin to value enlightened positiveness and constructiveness and in this measure in merciful tolerance, we can prepare for our next generation a vital happiness, turning vague abstractions into beneficent realities.

On the scrolls of command it has been inscribed that a spiritual garden is daily in need of the same watering as a garden of flowers. If we still consider the physical flowers the true adornment of our life, then how much more must we remember and prescribe to the creative values of the spirit of the leading place in the life which surrounds us? Let us then with untiring eternal vigilance, benevolently mark the manifestations of the workers of culture, and let us strive in every possible way to ease this difficult path of heroic achievement.

Let us also mark and find a place in our lives for the great ones, remembering that their name no longer is personal with all the attributes of the limited ego, but has become the property of pan-human culture, and must be safeguarded and firmly cared for in most benevolent conditions.

We shall thus continue their self-sacrificing labour and we shall cultivate their creative sowing which, as we see, is so often covered with the dirt of non-understanding and overgrown with the weeds of ignorance.

As a caring gardener, the true culture-bearer will not forcefully crush those flowers which entered life not from the main road, if they belonged to the same precious kinds, which he safeguards. The manifestations of culture are just as manifold as are the manifestations of the endless varieties of life itself. They ennoble Be-ness. They are the true branches of the one sacred Tree, whose roots sustain the Universe.

If you shall be asked, of what kind of country and of what a future constitution you dream, you can answer in full dignity: The country of Great Culture shall be your noble motto. You shall know that
in that country will be peace, where knowledge and beauty will be revered.

Everything created by hostility is impracticable and perishable. The history of mankind gave us remarkable examples of how necessary just peaceful creativeness was for progress. The hand will tire from the sword but the creating hand sustained by the might of the Spirit is untiring and unconquerable. No sword can destroy the heritage of culture. The human mind may temporarily deviate from the primary courses, but at the predestined hour will have to recur to them with renovated powers of the spirit.

Culture and Peace make man verily invincible and realizing all spiritual conditions he becomes tolerant and all-embracing. Each intolerance is but a sign of weakness. If we understand that every lie, every fallacy shall be exposed. It means that first of all a lie is stupid and impracticable. But what has he to hide who has consecrated himself to Peace and Culture? Helping his near he helps general welfare which at all ages was appreciated. Striving to Peace he becomes a pillar of a progressing State. Not slandering the near, we increase the productiveness. Not quarelling we shall prove that we possess the knowledge of the foundations. Not wasting the time in idleness we shall prove that we are true co-workers in the plough-field of Culture. Finding joy in everyday's labour we show that the conception of Infinity is not alien to us. Not harming others we do not harm ourselves and eternally giving we realize that in giving we receive. And this blessed receiving is not a hidden treasure of a miser. We understand how creative is affirmation and how destructive is negation. Amidst basic conceptions those of Peace and Culture are the conceptions which even a complete ignoramus will not dare to attack. There where is culture, is peace. There where is the right solution for the difficult social problems, is achievements. Culture is the cumulation of highest Bliss, of highest Beauty, of highest Knowledge.

We are tired of destruction and negations. Positive creativeness is the fundamental quality of the human spirit. Let us welcome all those who surmounting personal difficulties, casting aside petty selfishness, propel their spirits to the task of preserving culture thus insuring a radiant future. We must not fear enthusiasm. Only the ignorant and the spiritually impotent would scoff at this noble feeling. Such scoffing is but the sign of inspiration for the true Legion of Honour. Nothing can impede us from dedicating ourselves to the service of Culture, so long as we believe in it and give to it our most flaming thoughts.

Do not disparage! Only in harmony with evolution can we ascend! And nothing can extinguish the selfless and flaming wings of enthusiasm!
ADAMANT

To the sacred ideals of nations in our days the watch-words: 'Art and Knowledge,' have been added with special imperativeness. It is just now that something must be said of the particular significance of these great conceptions both for the present time and for the future. I address these words to those whose eyes and ears are not yet filled with the rubbish of everyday life, to those whose hearts have not yet been stopped by the lever of the machine called 'Mechanical civilization.'

Art and Knowledge! Beauty and Wisdom! Of the eternal and still renewed meaning of these conceptions it is not necessary to speak. When but starting on the path of life, every child already instinctively understands the value of decoration and knowledge. Only later, under the grimace of disfigured life this light of the spirit becomes darkened, while in the kingdom of vulgarity it has no place and is unknown. Yes, the spirit of the age attains even to such monstrosity!

It is not the first time that I have knocked at these gates and I here again appeal to you. Amongst horrors, in the midst of the struggles and the collisions of the people the question of knowledge and the question of art are matters of the first importance. Do not be astonished. This is not exaggeration, neither is it a platitude. It is a decided affirmation, the only road to Peace.

The question of relativity of human knowledge has always been much argued. But now, when the whole of mankind has felt directly or indirectly the horrors of war, this question has become a vital one. People have not only become accustomed to think, but even to speak without shame about things of which they evidently have not the slightest knowledge. On every hand men repeat opinions which are altogether unfounded. And such judgements bring great harm into the world, an irreparable harm.

We must admit that during the last few years European culture has been shaken to its very foundation. In the pursuit of things, the achievement of which has not yet been destined to mankind, the fundamental steps of ascent have been destroyed. Humanity has tried to lay hold on treasures which it has not deserved and so has rent the benevolent veil of the goddess of happiness.

Of course, what mankind has not yet attained it is destined to attain in due time, but how much man will have to suffer to atone for the destruction of the forbidden gates! With what labour and self-denial shall we have to build up the new bases of culture!

The knowledge which is locked up in libraries or in the brains of the teachers again penetrates but little into contemporary life. Again it fails to give birth to active work.

Modern life is filled with the animal demands of the body. We come near to the line of the terrible magic circle. And the only way of conjuring its dark guardians and escaping from it is through the talisman of true knowledge and beauty.
The time when this will be a necessity is at hand.
Without any false shame, without the contortions of savages, let us confess that we have come very near to barbarism. For confession is already a step towards progress.

It matters not that we still wear European clothes and, following our habit pronounce special words. But the clothes cover savage impulses and the meaning of the words pronounced, although they are often great, touching, and uniting, is now obscured. The guidance of knowledge is lost. People have become accustomed to darkness.

More knowledge! More art! There are not enough of these bases in life, which alone can lead us to the golden age of unity.

The more we know, the more clearly we see our ignorance. But if we know nothing at all, then we cannot even know we are ignorant. And that being so, we have no means of advancement and nothing to strive for. And the dark reign of vulgarity is inevitable. The young generations are not prepared to look boldly, with a bright smile, on the blinding radiance of knowledge and beauty. Whence then is the knowledge of the reality of the things to come? Whence then are wise mutual relations to arise? Whence is unity to come, that unity, which is the true guarantee of steady forward movement? Only on the base of true beauty and of true knowledge can a sincere understanding between the nations be achieved. And the real guide would be the universal language of knowledge and of the beauty of art. Only these guides can establish that kindly outlook which is so necessary for future creative work.

The path of animosity, roughness, and abuse will lead us nowhere. Along that way nothing can be built. Does not a conscience still remain in human nature? The real being in man still seeks to attain justice.

Away with darkness, let us do away with malice and treachery. Mankind has already felt enough of the hand of darkness.

Let me tell you, and mind you, these are not platitudes, not mere words, I give voice to the convinced seeking of the worker: the only bases of life are art and knowledge.

It is just in these hard days of labour, in this time of suffering, that we must steadily recall these kindly guides. And in our hours of trial let us confess them with all the power of our spirit.

You say: 'Life is hard. How can we think of knowledge and beauty if we have nothing to live on? "or" We are far away from knowledge and art; we have important business to attend to first.'

But I say: You are right, but you are also wrong. Knowledge and art are not luxuries. Knowledge and art are not idleness. It is time to remember this: They are prayer and the work of the spirit. Do you really think that people pray only when over-fed or after excessive drinking? Or during the time of careless idleness?

No, men pray in the moments of great difficulty. So too, is this prayer of the spirit most needful, when
one's whole being is shaken and in want of support, and when it seeks for a wise solution. And wherein lies the stronger support? What will make the spirit shine more brightly?

We do not feel hunger or starvation; we do not shiver because of the cold. We tremble because of the vacillation of our spirit; because of distrust, because of unfounded expectations.

Let us remember how often, when working, we have forgotten about food, have left unnoticed the wind, the cold, the heat. Our intent spirit wrapped us in an impenetrable veil.

'The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away; for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible and is not to be dried away; it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable. . . . Some regard the indwelling spirit as a wonder, whilst some speak and others hear of it with astonishment; but no one realizes it, although he may have heard it described.' —Gita, Ch. II.

Of what does the great wisdom of all ages and all nations speak? It speaks of human spirit. Penetrate in thought into the deep significance of these words and into the meaning of your life. You know not the limits to the power of the spirit. You do not know over what impassable obstacles your spirit bears you, but some day you shall awake, unharmed and everlastingly regenerated. And when life is hard and weary, and there seems to be no way out, do you not feel that some helper, your own divine spirit, is speeding to your aid? But his path is long and your faint-heartedness is swift. Yet does the helper come, bringing you both the 'sword of courage' and the 'smile of daring.' We have heard of a family which in despair put an end to their lives with fumes of charcoal. Now this was intolerably faint-hearted. When the coming victory of the spirit arrives, will not they who have fled without orders, suffer fearful because they did not apply their labour to that to which they should have applied it? It matters not what labour. The drowning man fights against the flood by all possible means. And if his spirit is strong, then the strength of his body will increase without measure.

But by what means will you call forth your spirit? By what means will you lay bare that which in man is buried under the fragments of his everyday life? Again and again I repeat: by the beauty of art, by the depth of knowledge. In them and in them alone are contained the victorious conjurations of the spirit. And the purified spirit will show you what knowledge is true, what art is real. I am assured that you will be able to call your spirit to your aid. That spirit, your guide, will show you the best paths. It will lead you to joy and victory. But even to victory it will lead you by a lofty path, whose steps are bound together by knowledge and beauty alone, . . . An arduous trial awaits the whole world: the trial by assimilation of truth. After the medieval trials by fire, water, and iron, now comes the trial by assimilation of truth. But if the power of the spirit upheld men against fire and iron, then will that same power raise them also up the steps of knowledge and
beauty. But this test is more severe than the trials of antiquity. Prepare to achieve! Prepare for that achievement which is a matter of daily life. Meanwhile have care for everything that serves to advance the perception of truth. Approach with special gratitude all that shows forth the stages of beauty. At this time all this is especially difficult.

But adamant-like stands Beauty, and Culture—the only road to Peace.

Our motto is: Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that all occurrences are not accidental. The time for the construction of future Culture is at hand. Before our eyes the revaluation of values is being witnessed. Amidst ruins of valueless banknotes, mankind has found the real value of the world’s significance. The values of great art are victoriously traversing all storms of earthly commotions. Even the ‘earthly’ people already understand the vital importance of active beauty. And when we proclaim Love, beauty and action, we know verily, that we pronounce the formula of the international language. And this formula, which now belongs to the Museum and stage must enter everyday life. The sign of Beauty of will opens all sacred gates. Beneath the sign of Beauty we walk joyfully. With Beauty we conquer. Through Beauty we pray. In Beauty we are united. And now we affirm these words: ‘Not on the snowy heights, but amidst the turmoil of the city. And realizing the path of true reality, we greet with a happy smile the future.’

During the days of the present Armageddon I have been asked to send my message to several art exhibitions in India. My message was: Art should be protected by all means. Armageddon is roaring. Art and knowledge are the corner-stones of evolution. Art and science are needed always, but in our Armageddonial days they must be especially guarded by all powers of our hearts. It is a great mistake to think that during troubled times culture can be disregarded. On the contrary the need of culture is especially felt in times of war and human misunderstandings. Outside of Art, Religion is inaccessible, Outside of Art the spirit of Nationality is lost. Outside of Art, Science is dark. This is not an utopia. The History of Humanity gives innumerable examples of Art being the great Beacon Light in times of calamity. Scientists assert that colour and sound are a panacea. By Beauty and Harmony even wild beasts were tamed. Let the sacred flute of Sri Krishna resound again! Let us visualize that peace in which the majestic frescoes of Ajanta were created! In times of war let us think of future peace, affirmed by creativeness, labour and beauty. Travelling through India we passed along a road in the shadow of mighty chinars. Our guide told us: ‘The great emperor Akbar thought of the future travellers who will be sheltered by these beautiful trees. He looked into the future.’ ‘To regard the Beautiful means to improve’—said Plato. ‘Man becomes that of which he thinks’—preordained the upanishads.

‘A renaissance of art is the evidence of the renaissance of a nation. In a declining country art be-
comes only an abstract luxury. But when a country is in its full prowess, art becomes the real motive power of its people. Let us imagine the history of humanity without the treasure of beauty. We will then readily realize that the epochs are felt meaningless, denuded of their soul. Without a manifestation of the spirit of the Beautiful, we shall remain amid the ugliness of death. And when we proclaim that beauty, art, is life, we speak about the coming evolution of beauty. Everything accomplished for art is an attainment for evolution. Every co-worker in this field is already a hero.

‘It is great praise to this country that the roll of its creative workers cannot be expressed in one list but merits an entire great series, even with the briefest appreciations. We are happy to feel what a vast material is before us and what a joy it is to show to the young generation the brilliant legion which has constructed the most beautiful achievements. Wherever art and knowledge flourish we may be enthusiasts. And in this joyful flourish we may greet the true creative forces of the nation. An exhibition is not only a monument to the creator, the worker, but it is the best avocation for the youth to come. I am happy to greet the brilliant artists, to hail the essence of beautiful creative thought and to salute the young generation to which this creative thought brings its coming happiness.’

O Bharata, all-beautiful, let me send thee my heart-felt admiration for all the greatness and inspiration which fill thy ancient cities and temples, thy meadows, thy deobans, thy sacred rivers and the Himalayas!

THE ETERNAL GARMENT

Many years ago, I had a painting, the subject of which was woman making her first dress. In this painting were displayed ornaments whose design dated from the most ancient times. But the most amazing thing was to see that these ornaments were closely related to the designs which we see today.

You have no doubt also heard of the ancient Scythian art, now in vogue, which is considered the forerunner of Cubism.

In 1922, in Chicago, during the production of the “Snow Maiden”, Marshall Field and Company tried to create some modern costumes, employing the styles and ornaments taken from old designs and historic figures. It was really remarkable and very significant to see how some of these models came directly from the most ancient sources of design. It was also astonishing to observe how these historic ornaments had been carried out in the most modern way.

In connection with the expression of the old in the new, I am reminded of the time when, in Tibet, I gave some photographs of skyscrapers to the people. They appreciated them most highly because they, in their own country, had had skyscrapers since the sixteenth century, in such buildings as the Potala which is seventeen stories in height. And not only were these skyscrapers equally high, but one should realize that in the character of their design they are in reality the forerunners of our modern skyscrapers. Thus again,
we see that the most ancient and most modern thoughts are being united.

In my Diary, I have found a page dedicated to the production of "Le Sacre du Printemps": "Eighteen years have elapsed since with Stravinsky, we sat in the colourful fairy-house, Talashkino in Smolensk, the estate of Princess Tenisheff, working on the scheme of "Sacre du Printemps." And Princess Tenisheff asked us to write on the beams of this multi-coloured house some excerpts from 'Sacre' as a memento. Probably even now some fragments of our inscriptions remain there. But who knows if the present inhabitants of this house realize what is written there upon the beams?

"It was a pleasant time when the Temple of the Holy Spirit and my painting, 'Human Forefathers,' were completed. The hills of Smolensk and the white birches and the yellow buttercups and white water-lilies, like ancient lotuses of India, reminded us of the Shepherd Lel and Koupava or Krishna and the Gopis. In eternal conceptions as these was interwoven the wisdom of the East with the best images of the West.

"Then war came and I heard that one of my sketches on Stravinsky's estate as well as the sketches of 'Sacre' were destroyed. Many events have passed by but the eternal remains.

"During these years we have witnessed how in all Asia the eternal rhythm of 'Sacre' resounds in the holy mountains and in the deserts where the songs are presented not for human beings but for the great desert itself. When a Mongol refused to repeat his beautiful song to us because 'he sang only for the great desert,' we remembered Stravinsky and how he embodied in the symphony of 'Sacre' the eternal rhythm of human striving and the victory of the spirit. When, in Kashmir, we admired the majestic sight of the festival of Spring, with its gorgeous torch dances. I again recalled the powerful musical concepts of Stravinsky.

"When in the mountain monasteries we heard gigantic trumpets and rejoiced before the sacred dances, full of rhythmic symbolic movement, again the names of Stravinsky, Stokowski and Prokofieff come to my mind.

"In Sikkim, at the festivals of homage to great Kinchenjunga, we felt the same link with the eternal homage to greatness, which inspired the best poetical images of Siva, who consumed the poison of the world for the sake of Humanity, and of all the great redeemers and heroes, the creators of human ascension.

"During this time, I had already heard that 'Sacre' was acclaimed everywhere and there no longer exists any conventional prejudice against this expression.

"And I remember how during the first production in Paris, in 1913, the entire audience whistled and roared so that nothing could even be heard. Who knows, perhaps at this very moment they were enjoying themselves, with the same emotions of primitive people. But this savage primitiveness had nothing in common with the refined primitiveness of our ancestors, for whom rhythm, the sacred symbol, and refinement of gesture were great and sacred concepts.

"Well, perhaps it was necessary that thousands of years elapse in order that we might witness how humanity could become conventional and how much of prejudice can exist between the listener and the fact. At
the same time, it is not so easy to approach the facts honestly. Again, our poor egoism, conceit and conventionality can hinder and shadow reality. But it is so uplifting to feel that in America, during the ten years of activity, I did not sense any cheap chauvinism or bigotry. Perhaps the new combination of nations preserves America from poisonous pettiness, and the heritage of the great culture of the Mayas and Aztecs gave its heroic background to the great movements of this country. Verily, here in America you do not need to be negative. So many beautiful things are possible if we can keep our positivity and open-mindedness. We can feel how the primal energy is electrified in this country: and through this energy in the easiest way you can reach the inner constructive feeling of the nation. This constructive striving of spirit, this joy before the beautiful laws of nature and heroic sacrifices, certainly are the essential feelings of 'Sacre du Printemps.' We cannot consider 'Sacre' as Russian, nor even Slavic. It is more ancient and pan-human.

"This is the natural festival of the soul. This is the joy of love and self-sacrifice, not under the knife of crude conventionality, but in exuberance of spirit, in connecting our earthly existence with a Supreme.

"On the multi-coloured house of the Tenisheff estate are inscribed fragments of the 'Sacre.' Princess Tenisheff, the self-sacrificing collector and worker in the art field has already passed away. Nijinsky is no longer with us and already Diaghileff rejoices in higher spheres.

"And still 'Sacre' is new and the young ones are accepting 'Sacre' as a new conception, and perhaps the eternal novelty of the 'Sacre' is because spring is eternal, and love is eternal, and sacrifice is eternal. Thus in this new conception, Stravinsky touches the eternal in music. He was modern because he evoked the future, it is the great serpent ring touching the great past.

"And the wizard of the Symphony, Stokowski, with his sensitivity for truth and beauty, with his magic, baton, like the eternal priest, again evokes to life the sacred tunes that connect the great past and future.

"The torch festival in Kashmir is so beautiful! So majestic are the gigantic trumpets in the mountain monasteries! And from beyond Kinchenjunga itself, began the great migration with the Eternal Sacre!"

We know that growth without refinement is undesirable. Everywhere we see expansion without refinement, this growth will express itself in cruelty and rudeness.

Another thing which is important: When in 1921, in Arizona, I showed some photographs of the Mongols to some Indians, they said: "Oh, they are Indians! They are our brothers!" And, similarly, when in Mongolia, I showed the Mongols pictures of the American Indians in Santa Fe, they recognized them as their closest relatives. And they told me a beautiful fairy tale—how, at one time, there lived two brothers. How the earth on which they lived was split, and since that time these relatives have always been expecting news of one another, and they have always been confident that some time they will receive news of them. Thus from the most ancient times people look to the future.
When you are in Asia, you see much around you which would here be considered as supernatural. In that country, however, everything is quite natural. We are concerned with the problems, which are nearer to life. We dream of having a theatre in life. In Asia they have it. During the sacred dances, many sacred designs are seen in Mongolia. Many ancient banners and sacred images are seen in the desert—thousands of people, huge orchestras, beautiful costumes, remarkable designs. Everything there is regarded as an expression of life. If you are admitted to participate in this life you can see no difference between nature and life of today; and this is a splendid realization.

In answer to the question as to why they had such tremendously long trumpets with such powerful sound, a lama in Tibet answered that once upon a time a ruler of Tibet wanted to greet a great Teacher from India. The question arose as to how this Teacher should be greeted. He could not be approached with gold, silver and precious stones. The lama advised the ruler to construct special trumpets, in order to greet the Teacher with new, unprecedented sounds. Again here, the beautiful searching seems so similar to the searching of ours days.

Remember the designs of the American Indians in the old pueblos. Before the people were divided into separate nations, they probably had only one language. So in trying to unify the national symbols in one, we can quite easily observe a historic symbol of pure design. In this are collected the perpetual symbols of nature. In the rainbow, the lightning, the clouds, we see the history of the striving of expression toward the beautiful—a striving which is the same everywhere, whether we find that expression in Russia, or in Mongolia or Arizona, it is all the expression of this great human design.

This should be very close to us all because today we are striving toward the next evolution. We are trying to discard old forms and create something new. But in order to strive for something new we have first to know the old. Only then can we attain the true enhancement of life.

Now I hear my friend Leonid Miassine the famous dancer and ballet producer is preparing a new staging of the ‘Sacre’ in the U.S.A. With great difficulties the new sketches were sent from India. Thus is time of Armageddon humanity again ponders over Spring, Love and the Beautiful. Let the eternal garment cover the disturbed human mind.
"Open in all schools the path to creative effort, to the greatness of art. Develop the creative instinct from the earliest years of childhood. Open up the paths of blessing."

The arts are one. What is the creative spirit that inheres in all art but a breath from the finer ethers of "worlds before and after?" Music, painting, sculpture, poetry, the drama and the dance—these are one, in essence one in principle. Do they not spring from the one source—the broadly creative spirit? Are they not all parts of the one life? As petals interwoven and blended, they form the flower of life. They have their home in the timeless and the endless. That is why a single life is only long enough to catch "hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play."

To be in harmony with the increasing rate of life-vibration, we find we must make use of the fast flying wings of the imagination. In our effort to join the worlds within and the worlds without converging on our "one world," we are re-discovering this principle of unity as relating to all life. For the basis of true culture, it would seem, lies in the perception not only of the unity of the arts, but of the unity between art and living. These cannot be dissociated without harm. Where they are severed, life is fragmentized and crippled. Seen as one, it becomes an inexhaustible fountain of beauty. When we function truly—with the wisdom of joy—it is with the whole consciousness. In the life of wholeness, as exemplified in the Academy of United Arts, the spirit of each of the arts and of life itself is finely fused and integrated.

Through varying art symbols, the student sees a world garmented in many veiled beauty. A world "where music and silence and dreaming are one." He learns to seek the goal in creative labour—in striving to become, in the words of Dante, the "Scribe of the Eternal Love." Through this service he develops enlarged capacities of perception and containment. He finds that the home of the true artist is thus "bounded by the mother-skies;" that "his race is Man; his banner—Banner of Peace."

When, then, we are concerned about preserving cultural values, such excursions through all parts of the state will be the living custodians of the traditions of Culture. Where instead of destruction born of despair there is awakened a living home-building, there blooms also a garden of beauty.

What has been said is no abstraction. These affirmations have been tested by many experiences in different parts of the world. Everywhere the human heart remains a true heart and is fed by the beautiful nourishment of Culture.

I recall a beautiful Persian story. Several artisans on a journey had to pass a very wearisome night in a wild locality. But each one had with him his tools and in some ruins was found a fallen beam. And here, during the watch hours, each one of the craftsmen applied his own lofty art to dressing the piece of wood. A wood carver executed the figure of a beautiful girl, a tailor fashioned a garment. Then she was adorned in every way, with the result that a spiritual person with them inspired life in the beautifully created
image. As always, the tale ends in full happiness, at the basis of which lay craftsmanship in various domains.

Another story tells how one of the caliphs, being taken captive and wishing to convey news about the place of his imprisonment, wove a rug with conventional signs, as a result of which he was liberated. But for this means of rescue the caliph had to be a skilful weaver.

Yet again I recollect a wise covenant of Gameliel, that, "Not having educated his son in arts and crafts, he prepared him for brigandage on the highway." We need not recall the multitude of other highly poetic and practical covenants, but we urgently direct the attention of the schools to such possibilities of highly useful outside work.

Freedom! Freedom! Art as the highest expression of human consciousness must be free to lead Humanity.