

NICHOLAS ROERICH

MEMORIAL VOLUME



Edited By R. C. GUPTA

YOUTHS' ART & CULTURE CIRCLE
BOMBAY



THE ARCHIVE OF
NICHOLAS
ROERICH
MUSEUM

"IN BEAUTY WE ARE UNITED,
THROUGH BEAUTY WE PRAY,
WITH BEAUTY WE CONQUER."

H. Roerich



Nicholas Roerich
by
Svetoslav Roerich

In Memoriam

Our beloved Patron, the late Professor Nicholas Roerich, Russian by birth, Indian by adoption, and truly International in the scope of his activities and outlook, peacefully passed away last year in the early hours of December the 13th in his Himalayan Home.

His first death anniversary reminds us to bring out this issue of the Y. A. C. C. Memorial Volume in his memory—the memory of our beloved leader the master Artist, Philosopher and Poet Roerich.

At times, unmeasured praise is lavished on people after their death—that would not be the case with Professor Roerich. He never cared for praise or publicity during his lifetime, and, now, after his death we feel no commendation, no praise recorded, would be too high for him.

He would ever be remembered as the Great Cultural Leader, the genius creator of the “Red Cross of Culture”, the “Roerich Pact & Banner of Peace”, the movement for International Unity, to guard, esteem and sponsor all the priceless and irreplaceable treasures of human genius, as well as for his creative genius and lofty philosophy crystallized in seven thousand ever-admirable masterpieces, and for the great Empire of Art—the first of its kind he founded. He had his Ambassadors of Art and Culture in all the civilized countries of the world.

All the work achieved by Professor Roerich in Asia is an illustration of that fine saying of Platinus: “It is a faculty of the soul corresponding to the Beauty which recognises it.” The soul of the great Artist Roerich was Asiatic and he did evoke the hidden beauties of Asia. It has been remarked that colour is the language of the Gods. It was certainly the language in which Roerich had evoked the Gods of Asia. In his innumerable canvases we have found a world of thought, which is far deeper than that generally met with in a painting.

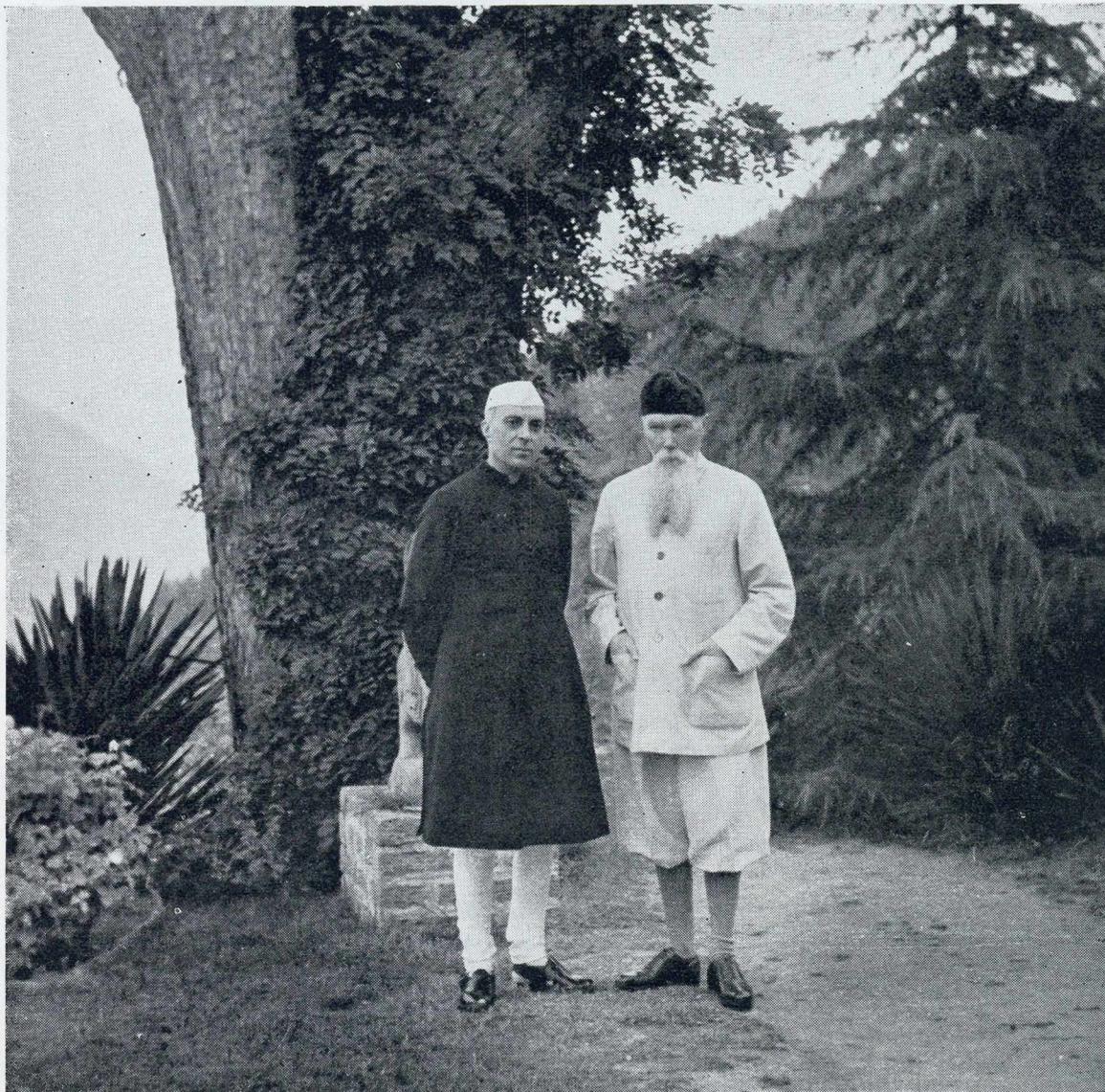
Most of us have actually seen his paintings in different museums and private collections—and so are able to fully appreciate the masterly way in which Roerich rendered the colours in his masterpieces. The colour reproductions very seldom give the full scale of values of his colours which combine strong contrasts, the latter especially in the treatment of the sky. Roerich was not only the master of mountains but also the master of skies. In half-tone reproductions, where generally all plastic forms and vigour of design and composition are well brought out, the sky very often appears as a plain, and static background, whereas in reality it contains a wealth of colour, subtle movement and depth. The spatial feeling in Roerich's skies is generally as strong as the plastic qualities of his mountains, architecture and figures. He possessed a neolithic sense of surface values, for the roughness of an old weatherbeaten wall, the peeling plaster of a Chorten (stupa), the smoothness of the borders of a river, the sharp-cut profiles of granite rocks, the softness of rolling hillocks, the architectural formation of high mountains, the scintillating freshness of ice-covered peaks and the supple plasticity of snowfields. The line with which every stone and rock is moulded in Roerich's masterpieces gives us a peculiar reality in which the qualities of nature and those of the ideal abstract are combined.

Each painting of Roerich is a masterpiece, it has a past and a future, it is something that lives, and will give unforgettable joy and as such will always be a coveted possession of Museums and Art Collectors. Even a Forsyte, one who would never yield to sentimental craving for beauty, who would never praise anything freely, calls unconsciously "Roerich's paintings are permanently admirable". This is the highest praise in the Forsyte vocabulary.

Roerich was the author of many books and contributor to a wide variety of magazines in all parts of the world. He himself wrote in several languages and most of his works have been translated into all the principal languages, both European and Asiatic. The subjects are of wide range, Art, Archaeology, Travel, Philosophy and Esoteric Doctrines. His achievements also as an Archaeologist, Scientist and Philosopher are no less stupendous.

Every work of his will ever remind us of him, will inspire us, will throw a vivid light on the path that leads to Beauty and Truth. He was our beloved devoted Friend who was indefatigable in his interest in the well-being of our Circle. He showed his deep confidence and faith in Youth and his golden words still ring in our ears: "Greetings to all young co-workers. Great work awaits you. Carry on."

R. C. Gupta



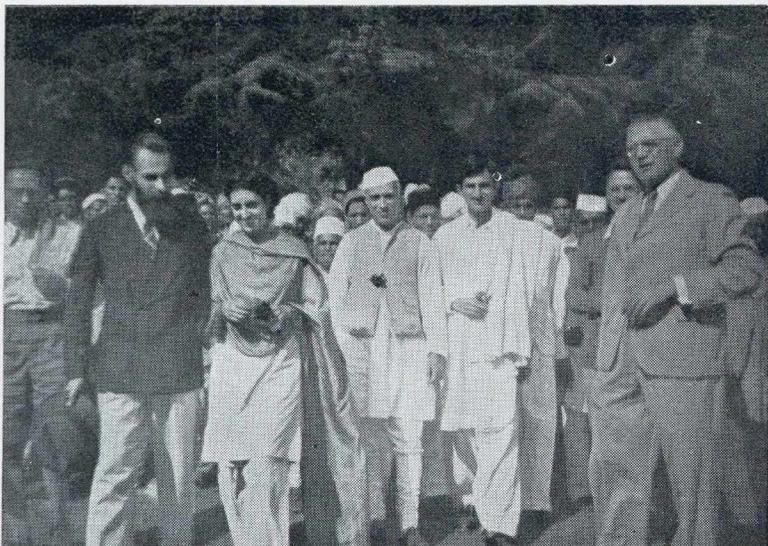
Jawaharlal Nehru and Nicholas Roerich.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU'S TRIBUTE TO ROERICH

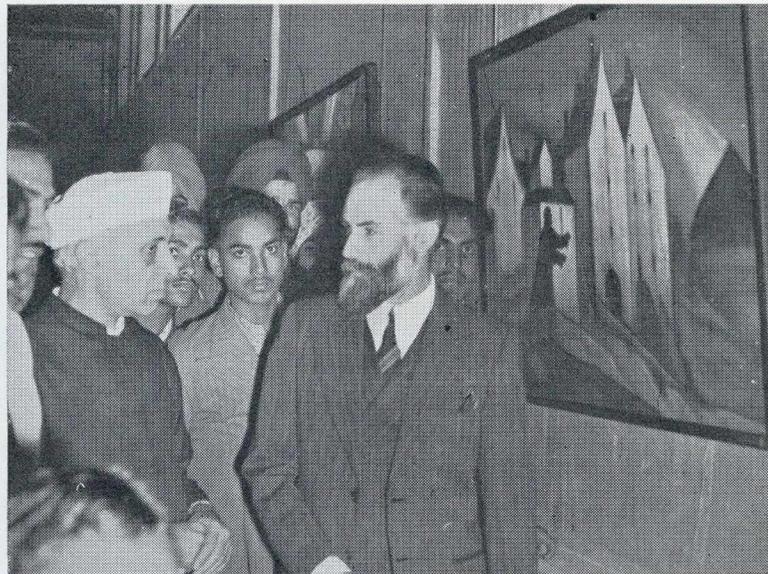
Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister, opening an exhibition of paintings by the late Nicholas Roerich referred to the importance of paying special attention to India's cultural monuments. "I hope that when we are a little freer from the cares of the moment, we shall pay very special attention to the ancient cultural monuments of the country, not only just to protect them from decay but somehow to bring them more in line with

our education, with our lives, so that we may imbibe something of the inspiration that they have".

Paying a tribute to Roerich, Pandit Nehru said: "When I think of Nicholas Roerich, I am astounded at the scope and abundance of his activities and creative genius. A great artist, a great scholar and writer, archaeologist and explorer, he touched and



Nehru and his daughter with S. Roerich at Kulu.



Nehru with S. Roerich at Delhi Exhibition hall.

lighted up so many aspects of human endeavour. The very quality is stupendous—thousands of paintings and each one of them a great work of art. When you look at these paintings so many of them of the Himalayas you seem to catch the spirit of those great mountains which have towered over the Indian plain and been our sentinels for ages past. They remind us of so much in our history, our thought, our cultural and spiritual heritage so much not merely of the India of the past but of something that is permanent and eternal about India, that we cannot help feeling a great sense of indebtedness to Nicholas Roerich who has enshrined that spirit in these magnificent canvases.

“It was right that this exhibition should be held in spite of the sad fact that the creator of these canvases has died because art and the kind of work Roerich did have and ought to have little to do with the life or death of an individual. It is superior to

that it lives on and is in fact much more permanent than human lives.

“One other fact so many of you may know about him and which is very pertinent in India especially, is his conception of preserving artistic and cultural monuments and the like. He started a kind of a pact between nations for the preservation of these cultural and artistic monuments. Many nations agreed to it. I do not know exactly what the value of their agreement was because we agree to many things which we forget in times of war and trouble. We have seen recently in the late war the destruction of so many great monuments of culture in spite of all the previous agreement to protect them. Nevertheless, the fact remains that it is a tragedy for destruction to overtake these great cultural monuments of the past. We in India have a great number of them and it should be our duty to respect them, honour them and imbibe their inspiration.”



Message of the Guru

NICHOLAS ROERICH

The Prophet of Beauty and Peace

By Prof. O. C. GANGOLY

The death of Nicholas Roerich removes a towering figure, a veritable giant, a **mahiruha** of Himalayan magnitude from the landscape of the world's culture. As a leader of culture and spiritual thoughts, he can be easily compared with Tolstoy, Romain Rolland, and Mahatma Gandhi. Nominally an artist, incessantly employing his brush with an untiring energy, and producing and bequeathing for posterity thousands of canvases which fill many museums and galleries, he was much more than an artist, a great thinker, a practical idealist, a philosopher, a humanist, a man with a message, a mystic, a prophet and a high priest of culture, a veritable **Rishi**, a missionary in the best and the most extensive connotation of the term. He has made valuable contributions in the field of letters as well as of Art. And the incessant flow of his literary products parallel the incessant flow of his brush. Living in seclusion, as a recluse in the solitude of his Ashrama at Naggar in the Kulu District of the Punjab, during the last 20

years of his life, he had been an indefatigable traveller and an intrepid explorer, a veritable pilgrim across impenetrable mountains and deserts. His intimate relations with Nature and natural phenomena are best revealed in the records of his exploratory travels in the brilliant pages of his travel-diaries, illustrating the truth of the picturesque adage that 'great things happen when men and mountains meet, things do not happen by jostling in the street.' Roerich was a 'Man of the Mountain,' a devotee of the mystery, the solemnity and the desolation of the rocky faces, the geological ebullitions of the earth, their silence, grandeur, and majestic beauty which he explored and set down in his innumerable canvases in wonderful colours. As a modern worshipper of the Himalayas he challenges the activities of the Swedish and the Swiss mountaineers and other European leaders of Himalayan expeditions on the one hand, and the Rishis and hermits of ancient India, on the other. This is best demonstrated in his magnum opus, **Altai-Himalayas**,

and his Dary Leaves, and nowhere more graphically than in the astounding beauty of his gigantic landscapes, in which he has incessantly portrayed the Himalayas, in all their mystic moods, and in the infinite variety of their forms and colours.

His love of the Himalayas and the secret of his worship of this king of the mountains is pithily expressed in his own words:

"Nowhere is there such glimmer, such spiritual satiety as amidst the precious snows of the Himalayas . . . I am happy to have the privilege of disseminating throughout the world the glory of the Himalayas—the Sacred Jewel of India."

There is not an important city in India, Europe, and America which has not received gifts of one or other of his colourful studies of the Himalayan landscapes. The best and largest collection of his paintings is in the gigantic Roerich Museum in New York. Most Indian cities possess representative specimens of his studies of the Himalayas, in the dreamy harmonies of the blue, the silver, and the grey. In a gallery at Benares there are about thirty specimens and in the Municipal Museum at Allahabad there is a large collection exhibited in a special gallery called the Roerich Hall. Roerich's sense of the bony structure of the earth, and the architecture of its mountain masses is almost unique in the history of painting. Besides presenting Himalayan scenes in infinite moods and phases, he has left many masterpieces with other subjects, all imbued with a mystic flavour and a profound vision. His other pictures cover many Christian themes, Buddhist legends and Indian subject-matters. To name only a few, his **Saint Sergius, Sancta Protectrix, Conflagration, Saintly Ghosts, Buddha the Giver, Command of Rigden Jyepo, Sri Krishna and Kalki Avatara** are important landmarks in his career of the painter's craft, interpreting the most profound and abstruse thoughts through the symbols of colours. All the art-critics of the world have lavished on him their unstinted tributes. The present writer was led to characterize him, twenty-five years before, as "the wizard of Eastern landscapes, who sublimates realistic scenes to the dizzy hei-

ghts of divine dream-lands." As an eminent critic has put it:

"His Art knows no limitation of time and space, for he envisages the universe in its past, present and future as a unit, as a continuous song, binding the stone age to the age of electricity."

The tribute of Rabindranath Tagore is worth quoting:

"Your pictures profoundly move me. They made me realize 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. . . . 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 independence, because it is great."

His doctrine and philosophy of Art is intimately connected with his philosophy of life and they may be best studied in his own statements, very significant and indicative of his theory of Art and his notions about the functions of beauty:

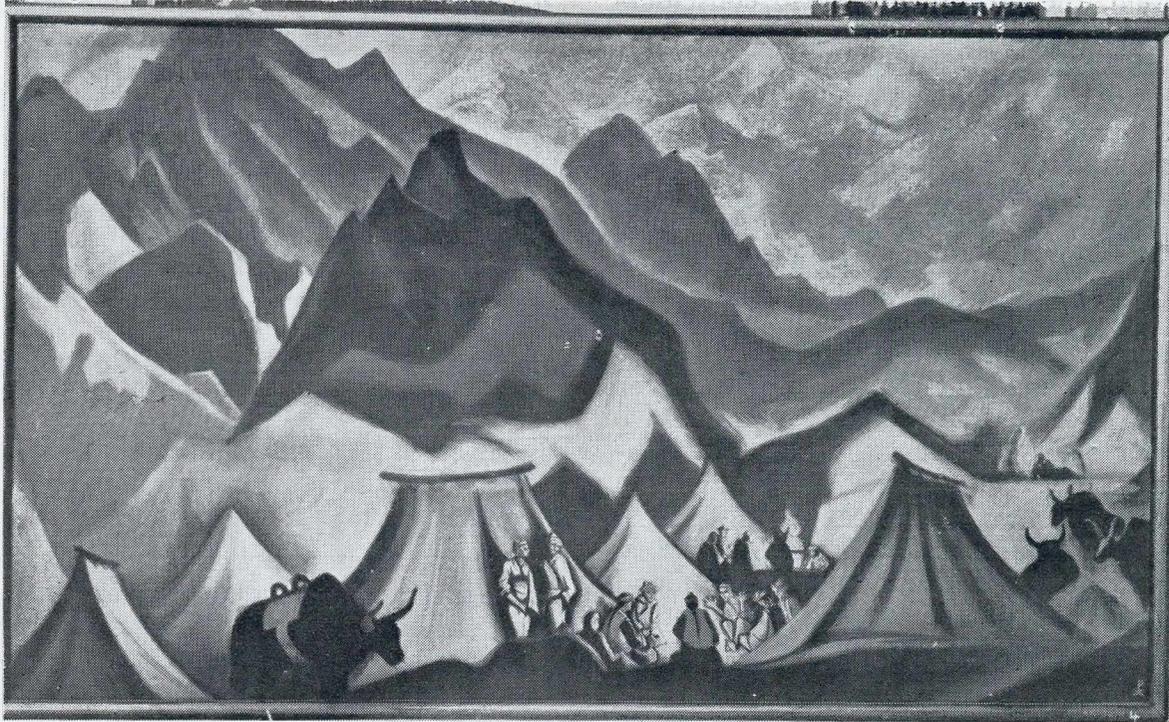
"The pledge of happiness for humanity lies in beauty. Hence, we assert Art to be the highest stimulus for the regeneration of the Spirit. We consider Art to be immortal and boundless."

"Art is to create Beauty; through Beauty we gain victory; through Beauty we unite and through Beauty we pray to God."

"Art is the heart of the people and knowledge the brain of the people, and that only through the heart and through wisdom can mankind arrive at union and mutual understanding."

"Art will unify all humanity. Art is one—indivisible. Art has its many branches, yet 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."

In his spirited, profound and moving essay, "Joy of Art," Roerich interprets the cult of beauty and exhorts humanity "to labour in the name of Beauty," "to collect and safeguard all flowers of Beauty," and "to regard Beauty as a real motive force."



Tibet Camp.

His contributions to literature have been prolific and profound and reveal him as a great thinker and a prophet. His book of poems, **Flame in Chalice**, is full of profound teachings sometimes echoing the thoughts of the Upanisads:

“Before Thine image the sun does not shine nor the stars nor the flame. In the darkness are shining particles of Thy glory, and in my closed eyes dawns Thy wonderous light.”

His facile pen, sometimes rivalling his brush, has poured forth incessantly, gems of essays, articles and spiritual appeals, published in all the journals of the world. In many obscure and little known journals of India (e.g., the Scholar) he published numerous articles of great significance and prophetic values.

His greatest contribution in the field of international politics was his design for the Roerich Banner of Peace and the signing of the Pact of Peace (**Pax Per Cultura**) for the purpose of safeguarding works of Art, and cultural monuments from the destructive horrors of wars. He designed a special banner to protect them. The banner comprises

a scarlet circle with three spheres of the same colour inscribed in the centre, on a white background. By an international convention it has been resolved that buildings flying this banner cannot be bombed.

“Twenty-four years ago Nicholas Roerich thought of the Banner of Peace. Today (23, September, 1938) thirty-six nations have already agreed to respect that Banner”.

Another very important phase of his activity was the founding of cultural associations bearing his name in all the important cities of Europe. The most important of these foundations are, (1) the Master Institute of the United Arts (2) Corona Mundi (International Art Centre) 1922; (3) the Roerich Academy of Art in New York; (4) the Urusvati Institution of Research at Kulu and (5) Flamma, an Association for advancement of culture, founded at Indiana (U.S.A.) in 1937.

The fundamental doctrine underlying all the above educational institutions founded by him is best summarized in his own words:

“To educate does not mean to give a record of technical information. Edu-

cation, the forming of world consciousness, is attained by synthesis, not by the synthesis of misfortunes, but by the synthesis of perfection and creativeness. The true knowledge is attained by inner accumulations, by daring; for the approaches to the One Knowledge are manifold . . . The evolution of the New Era rests on the cornerstone of knowledge and beauty."

There was a great significance in the choice that he made (after travelling all over the world) for his permanent residence in a far corner of India, where he built his **Ash-rama** in a quiet recess of the Himalayas in the Kulu Valley where he passed the last 19 years of his life in meditation, in his **sadhana**, in his pictorial practices, in his Work and Worship in sight of the eternal snows, uttering the following inspired words of prayer:

"Himavat, the beautiful! Thou hast given us our greatest treasures and for ever thou shalt remain the guardian of the greatest mystery, the holy marriage of heaven and earth!"

His love for India and all that she stands

for was expressed in numerous tributes of praise expressed with great ecstasy:

"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".

Dr. Kalidas Nag has pointed out that "Professor Roerich was the first Russian ambassador of beauty who brought to modern India the deathless message of Art and we are for ever grateful to him for his inspiring thoughts and his loyal co-operation in bringing the soul of Russia and of India closer." Though Europe called for Roerich, and America demanded him, he chose to remain in Himalayan India like the Rishis of ancient India as an Indian, as a **yogi**, in the same spiritual atmosphere, absorbing the spirit of India and assimilating the secrets of its spiritual culture and interpreting it in his ecstatic raptures and in his pulsating pictures, as a **Bhakta**, as a **Rishi**, as a spiritual dreamer of the greatest visions of the heavens realized on the face of the earth.

(By courtesy of "MODERN REVIEW")

NICHOLAS ROERICH

Broadcast by Svetoslav Roerich from New Delhi

Friends,

Tonight I shall speak of my father Nicholas Roerich and his life work.

It is difficult in the short space of a broadcast to give an exhaustive resume' of his work and I shall dwell only on the most important phases of his life work and achievements.

The scope of his interests and achievements was truly international and there was hardly a country which did not have some group or society dedicated and working to foster his ideals.

Born in 1874, at St. Petersburg, he was educated first in Russia and then abroad. He simultaneously attended the School of Law, the Faculty of History and Philology, the Academy of Art and the Institute of Archaeology, besides attending innumerable lectures on subjects kindred to History and Arts. His studies in Russia were followed by work abroad, particularly Paris, where he studied under Cormon, and later travelled extensively throughout Europe. This wonderful background of learning was that great foundation upon which he built later his beautiful Edifice of Thought and Realisation.

His remarkable memory faithfully preserved for him everything that was once entrusted to its care.

A tireless searcher after truth he studied all philosophies and was particularly attracted to Hindu thought and Buddhism.

The scope of his learning, so to say, living fully assimilated knowledge was enormous. Russia's great writer Gorky called him, one of the greatest intuitive minds, because whatever he studied, whatever he contemplated he could immediately reduce to its essentials. And in his Art, in his Poetry, he always tried to find the most direct, most forceful and truthful interpretation of what he felt and saw, whatever subject he was treating. A true synthesis of the inner meaning, as well as of the outward appearance.

Above all and everything he was a man of the highest ideals and principles. His life was an eternal quest after perfection, harmony, service to humanity. And his life and work reflect that wonderful quality of truth which permeated his entire being.

His life was always thoroughly organised and it could be described as a consecutive, progressive, perfectly balanced effort in a definite direction. He never wasted any time and was most economical in the means he employed to achieve a certain end. And it was because of his wonderfully organised and harmonised thought and effort that he was able to achieve so much. His life could be described as many lives concentrated within the space of one. If we look at his achievements, as an artist, he painted well over 6,000 paintings besides frescoes in Churches, in public buildings, as well as designs for mosaics and architectural motives. He painted decors for operas of Wagner, Moussorgsky, Borodin, Rimsky Korsakov, Blasco Ibanez, Maeterlink and others. His settings for the Russian ballets of Prince Igor and Sacre du Printemps have become classics of the Stage, while the famous German critic Wilhelm Ritter considered him the best interpreter of Wagner. His early paintings dealt mostly with historic subjects and through a remarkable evolution and period of decorative and prophetic works he became later the great interpreter of the Himalayas; of all the multiple concepts for which they stand and this latter period earned him the name, "Master of the Mountains". In the thousands of his paintings dedicated to the Himalayas, he depicted them in their infinite variety of moods, aspects and concepts.

India was to him a multiple concept. Before his gaze India was the rich Repository of Ancient Thought, Beauty and Wisdom. He was a true friend of this country, because he knew well the values of real India. From the Himalayas where he lived across the wide world his word and creations have travelled—thousands upon thousands of people in all corners of the world

looked at his paintings, listened to his message and became conscious of a New World of Beauty and Hope.

As an author he wrote numerous books dedicated to Art and Culture, his researches and his Travels. His published works comprise some 27 volumes besides innumerable essays and articles.

As an educator, his work embraced many countries. In Russia he was Director of the Society for the Encouragement of Art and he guided and inspired thousands of students of Art, who attended the Schools of the Society. Later he founded in America and elsewhere the Master Institute of United Arts, International Arts Center, Roerich Academy and many other institutions dedicated to Art and Culture. He was President, Chairman, Honorary Member of countless Organisations and Institutions as well as learned bodies throughout the world, besides being member of half a dozen Academies. As an explorer he conducted several expeditions to Central Asia and Tibet and his researches in Archeology and History won him International recognition. He organised a survey of Western Himalayas and under his guidance research was made in Ethnology, History, Philology, Botany, Zoology and Medical Lore of that region. But all these numerous activities and interests never made him deviate in any way from the central and greatest work of his life, to awaken men to a better understanding of eternal values, common to all countries and to all mankind. The great values of true culture and beauty which he believed could alone unite mankind by providing a common ground for understanding. His whole philosophy of life, his great realisation, recorded in so many of his works was his belief, his conviction that beauty, harmony in all their multiform manifestation on this earth—would lead humanity to a better world, a happier world, of mutual understanding and co-operation.

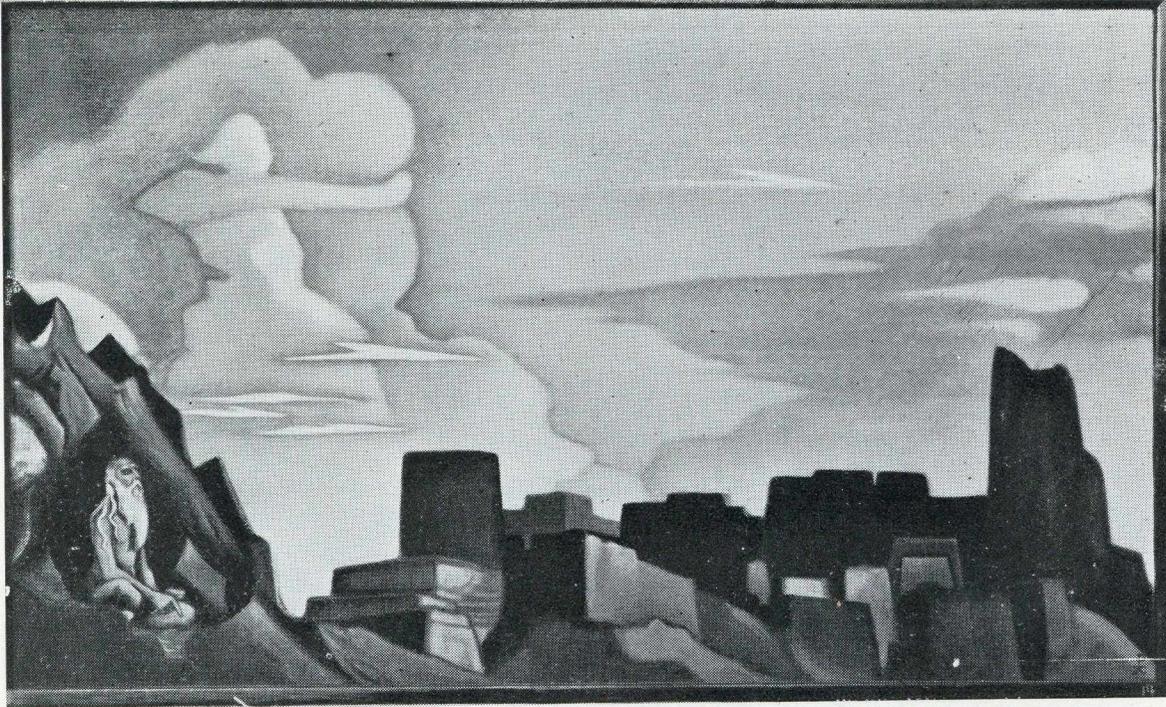
The realisation of beauty in our life was to him the best binding force for humanity and his own life was the best example of his teachings. Like in the great teachings of Confucius who defined so admirably, the superior man, his personality was complete, perfectly balanced and he believed we must achieve here on earth a better life with our own hands and effort. Vol-

umes would not exhaust the rich heritage he left behind and there is hardly a country where his work is not revered or his message has not found a response in one way or another. When Prof. Radhakrishnan said in his message: "India and the World will not forget his services", he voiced the sentiment of countless admirers of his ideals. In every part of the world his work earned him respect and those who knew him closely, knew that he personified in every one of his thoughts and deeds—his own philosophy and teachings.

One of his greatest contributions to a better understanding among Nations was his Pact for the International Protection of Cultural Treasures, Monuments and Institutions in time of war and civil commotions. This Pact became later known as the Roerich Pact and it was accepted by 36 Nations and actually signed by 21 Nations including the United States of America. This Pact is somewhat like the International Red Cross, but is designed to protect the great cultural treasures of humanity and to draw the attention of men to those values which are a common heritage of all the civilised world. A special banner or flag in the manner of the red cross would provide immunity to cultural sites, the symbol being three red spheres in a circle on a white field. The meaning may be interpreted as the past, present and future held by infinity. A Committee has been formed in this country of cultural and political leaders to foster the adoption of this Pact by India and we hope that this country with its wonderful cultural treasures will soon become not only a signatory of the Pact, but will take a lead in this movement of cultural unity.

Before I close let me address you in father's own words:

"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 the days
of the Armageddon let us ponder
on Eternal Values, which are the
cornerstone of Evolution.
Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram".



The Ramayana.

SALUTATION TO SAINT-ARTIST ROERICH!

By GURDIAL MALLIK

Roerich's most valuable contribution to modern culture was his reiteration of the truth, taught by the ancients; namely, he who would be an artist must first aspire to be a seer and a saint. For, if one purpose of Art is to praise the All-Highest; in other words, if Art is prayer from one standpoint, it is a benediction for peace, from another. And peace is condition precedent to a perception of the Reality. As has been said by a Wise One, "Be still and know that I am God".

I realized this happy blending of the saint and the artist in Roerich when he adumbrated, years ago, his project for the Peace Banner which, like the Red Cross Flag, was intended to ensure immunity from the ravages of war to all objects of art. These were to him not only treasures of beauty, but also perennial sources of true joy, which is the parent of divine and dynamic peace—peace in which is heard the sound of the footsteps of Him, "who comes, ever comes, ever comes".

With the unerring vision of a seer, Roerich knew that the soul of man longs, above all, for peace, born of joy. And he also understood, further, that true joy can proceed only from such objects, which inspire adoration and which, un-

der the impact of adoration, proclaim the presence of God. And do not objects of art come within this category?

Again, a true artist as he was,—as he was also a true saint,—Roerich selected the shadow of the Himalayas, the snow-clad peaks of which perpetually proclaim the presence of the All-Highest, who is not only holy but also beautiful, as a venue for his "worship" (that is, contemplation of things which are worthy) as against most of our pseudo-artists who prefer the pitiless publicity of the public square as being the most proper place for their work. I have a very strong feeling that if he had chosen, instead, the marketplace for his meditation on the Reality, he would have missed not a little of the radiance and rhythm of the latter.

The present-day artists, thus, can learn from Roerich that their visions and their creations should be a ceaseless prayer, "Peace to all!", rather than, as most unfortunately they often are, a petition for a few pieces of silver!

Salutation, then, to the spirit of Roerich, which to-day is part and parcel of the Cosmic Spirit of Peace, which is also the Cosmic Spirit of Beauty.



Snow Maiden

NICHOLAS ROERICH THE VOICE OF AN EPOCH

By THEODORE HELINE

"If Pheidias was the creator of divine form and Giotto the painter of the soul, then Roerich may be said to reveal the spirit of the Cosmos".

Barnett D. Conlan.

Now and again in the course of human history a man appears who places an immortal impress upon the age in which he lives. Such a man was Nicholas Roerich. It is safe to say that in this serene yet crusading Apostle of Culture the most profound spiritual significance of our epoch found its most effective and comprehensive embodiment. By his identification with the whole scope and sweep of the spiritual renaissance which comes quietly but surely to birth in the midst of the present world chaos and tribulation, it seems certain that history will accord him a place in our time similar to that which it gives to Francis Bacon, for example, who stands out as a focal figure in a time when a new creative impulse entered into the European cultural stream, or to Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci as towering lights of the period of the Renaissance, or again to Pericles as but another

name for the glory that was Greece, or to Akhnaton, the Egyptian Pharaoh, as the one really living image of one of the world's oldest and greatest civilizations. In short, Roerich's place is even now secure as one of the world's immortals by virtue of the elements of immortality which he has so conspicuously imparted to his many magnificent and varied cultural activities and artistic creations.

Roerich's life was of epic proportions. The range of his creative genius has been equalled only by a few. Continents were to him what provinces are to lesser prophets. Europe, America and Asia claimed him as their very own and all the world united in rendering him the highest homage.

Nicholas Roerich achieved international eminence as an artist, scientist, author, philosopher and educator. To each and all of these diversified activities he brought the insight and understanding that comes to the inwardly illumined. He was Russian by birth and of Slavo-Viking descent. He became an American by adoption

and made Himalayan India his residence for the last twenty-five years of his life. These simple biographical facts are in themselves indicative of his universal character and his world-wide mission.

It was also in keeping with his life's general pattern that the land of his birth and the land of his adoption are the two principal areas in the world in which new racial strains are in process of development, and that after he had drawn into his being the fresh, creative impulses from these two lands this citizen of the world should turn to the Orient and in particular to India, the heart of Asia and the Mother of Religions. In that land where the things of the spirit have always been exalted above the things of this world, his soul found its true home. Also, the elevated consciousness in which he worked naturally drew him to the mountains and to the very roof of the world. And so it was among the lofty Himalayas on India's northern border, where the atmosphere, psychic and physical, is charged with inner power as nowhere else on earth that he completed the major part of his historic mission.

Roerich's was the Master Mind that could do many things and do them all well. He first studied law; then archeology, becoming a professor in the subject. Then came his preoccupation with art, art in all its manifold expressions. In the course of the years he founded numerous institutions and inaugurated a world movement for the establishment of Peace through Culture. Intensive activity marked his life from first to last.

Roerich's paintings, which number 5,000, are to be found in the leading museums and art collections all over the world. It is said that in Russia there is no museum or gallery that does not possess some of his works. In some museums entire halls are dedicated exclusively to his paintings and in New York City a 29-story building was erected to his honour in 1929. This is perhaps the first time in history that an entire museum was built to house an artist's masterpieces while the artist was still alive. Here is a modern artist who is not "modern" at this term is generally understood. His works are as different from those of the Modern School as they are from the Old Schools of the period of the Renaissance. They do not follow the ordinary line of development but spring like a new, fresh crea-

tion direct from some higher source. No one can miss their dazzling splendour, their tremendous power, their air of triumphant freedom and the exaltation of the spiritual atmosphere they radiate. They are charged with cosmic energies and divine meanings. They compel not only admiration but reverence.

It is to be expected that one worthy of being designated the Voice of an Epoch would have a prophet's grasp of the nature and the direction of the social forces at work in the world and the general manner of their outworking. Roerich possessed such knowledge as evidenced by a series of paintings done before the first World War in which the approaching catastrophe was unmistakably depicted in such pictures as Last Angel, Ominous Signs, Human Deeds, Doomed City, The Lurid Glare, The Cry of the Serpent, and others.

It is to be noted that these pictorial warnings came when such upheaval as presently overtook the world was looked upon generally as virtually impossible. Then when disaster did overwhelm the world not only in one all-engulfing conflict, but two, and with a third threatening, and the masses despairing of ever finding a way out of the continuing tribulation, this same Voice of our Epoch proclaims in another series of prophetic pictures the coming of the Promised One and the Great Restoration. This message is conveyed in his cycle of pictures called the Messiah series; also in "Bridge of Glory" and "Himself Came". Incidentally it is interesting to note that these last named pictures were all made in America, as was also the Sancta Series.

Roerich has but repeated in our day what the Lord Christ proclaimed two thousand years ago when he told His Disciples about the great tribulation that was coming upon the world in these "Latter days" and that when these things came to pass they were to lift up their heads for their redemption had drawn nigh. Moreover, that in that day there was to be a great sunburst of Divine Glory and they would see the Son of Man coming in a cloud in power and great glory.

Roerich has translated that prophecy in its entirety, first the judgment as previously noted and then the Restoration. Very literally one of his canvases portrays the Second Coming in a cloud though it is not recognizable as such in terms of orthodox Christianity since Roerich's

message is never creedal but always universal. This is in the picture called *The Sign of Maitreya*. It shows a Tibetan surrounded by lofty peaks praying to a gigantic rock-hewn figure of Maitreya. While engaged in this devotion he catches a glimpse of the Great Horseman riding across the sky in the shape of a cloud. The long-awaited One has come.

A Westerner by physical heredity, he was an Easterner by soul lineage. There were associations with India in his life from the very first. When finally he did visit India he came to his own and his own received him with deep homage and with the reverence they hold for the spiritually wise and good and true. An eminent artist, Bireswar Sen, welcomed him in the name of India in the following words which appeared at the time in the *Hindu Weekly* "To most of us, Roerich is a legendary figure of romance. Against the lurid glare of the flaming West, his mighty figure looms large like the motionless and benevolent Buddha in the midst of a vast cosmic cataclysm. Far above the tumultuous din of frenzied nations rings his voice—the unequivocal commandments of the Eternal, the Voice of Truth, Beauty and Culture. Great is Roerich—and greater still are his works, the beautiful harbingers of Peace and Good Will among men. Indefatigable in action, indomitable in spirit and innocent at heart, he is the new Sir Galahad, seeking after the Holy Grail!"

When Roerich spoke of Peace through Culture he meant vastly more than current usage of the words convey. To him culture had a sacred content. It stood for the sum total of man's creative abilities as these found expression in the divine triad of beauty, truth and goodness. Culture to Roerich was no mere synonym for personal refinement and social grace; nor again, for intellectual excellence and formal religious piety. It stood for no passive existence, idleness or ease. "The hope of ease in all times," says he, "forced the people to forget the higher". And his crusade was to bring the higher back again into our civilization.

Culture, then, as this peacemaker conceived it and promoted it, meant a life of intensive creativeness on the spiritual front for the purpose of bringing forth a more luminous and fruitful way of life. It is the moral equivalent for war which the psychologist William James

postulated as a necessary requirement for the establishment of a permanent peace on earth.

Two instruments were conceived by Professor Roerich for promoting a new world order through Culture. One was a banner of Peace, the other a cultural Pact of Peace. The Banner is white with three red spheres in the center representative of art, science and religion. These are enclosed in a circle indicating their underlying unity. The symbol is also representative of the past, present and future, all of which are embraced within the circle of eternity. And Roerich expressed in his life and work this symbol in its double significance, for as artist, scientist and prophet, he was perpetuating the ancient wisdom, envisaging the unfolding future and making radiant and fruitful the living, pulsating present.

The concept of promoting Peace through Culture by the creation of a Banner and a Pact of Peace was first conceived in 1904 when its author proposed the plan to the society of Architects in Russia and again in 1914 to the state authorities. It was received with the highest interest but delayed owing to the war. The project was formally promulgated in New York in 1929. In 1933 the Third International Convention of the Pact and Banner of Peace was held in Washington when thirty-five nations were represented. Two years later in Washington the United States and all twenty Latin-American countries signed the treaty of the Roerich Pact. In the words of President Roosevelt spoken on that occasion, the event marked "a step forward in the preservation of the cultural achievements of the nations of this hemisphere." Continuing the President observed that "in opening this Pact to the adherence of the nations of the world, we are endeavoring to make of universal application one of the principles vital to the preservation of modern civilization. The treaty possesses a spiritual significance far deeper than the text of the instrument itself..."

Professor Roerich was the author of many books and a contributor to a wide variety of magazines in all parts of the world. He wrote in several languages and his more important works have been translated into all the principal tongues both European and Asiatic.

The subjects are of wide range—art, archeology, travel, philosophy, and the Esoteric Doc-

trine. His volume Agni Yoga is among the latter. It deals with the Yoga of Fire, or the pentacostal experience awaiting the new humanity as it makes contact with the fires of the Holy Spirit.

One need but glance at a few of the many titles of his works to detect the prophetic nature of his writings. One of his earliest, published in 1925 is titled Path of Blessing. Then there is Flame of Chalice which by its title alone kindles the inner fires of every aspirant in his quest of the Holy Grail. Shamballa, Realm of Light, Fiery Stronghold, Sacred Vigil and Gates of the Future all conjure up in the mind of the aspirant sacred images and holy experiences associated with the path that leads to illumination and Mastership.

The nature of mankind's present needs are such that one who was pre-eminently the artist could accomplish more than one centred primarily in either science or religion. Science is too strongly focused in the material side of life and religion has lost its way in doctrinal abstraction and secretarian dogmatism. In the words of Alexis Carrel in Man the Unknown, "There is not the shadow of a doubt that mechanical, physical, and chemical sciences are incapable of giving us intelligence, moral discipline, health, nervous equilibrium, security and peace". And as for religion, neither is it equal to the task, since as Carrel further observes, "Mystical activity has been banished from most religions. Even its meaning has been forgotten."

And so today's supreme task called for a Leader who was first of all an artist, but who had at the same time the intellectual qualities and practical accomplishments of a proven scientist together with the devotion the reverence and the spirituality that distinguishes the deeply dedicated religious soul. And such a man was Roerich.

That forgotten mystical sense of which Alexis Carrel speaks Nicholas Roerich came to help man recover. A mysticism pervades everything

he touched. As with Blake, the spiritual outlook dominates. He was profoundly religious, not in the creedal but in the cosmic sense. The character of his ministry was impersonal and universal. It was, moreover, so far removed from the purely utilitarian activities prevailing in our time as to quite fail of recognition by the uncomprehending multitude for whose enlightenment and upliftment he spent his precious life.

This earth can afford no more fitting frame for a man of Roerich's heroic stature than the Himalayas in which he spent the closing portion of his richly productive life. This Master of the Mountains occupied a position midway between two centres of planetary power. On the one hand was the powers of materialism that govern present humanity in their external way of life, on the other was the spiritual Hierarchy that watches over human destiny and so governs as to bring mankind of its own free will eventually to a realization of its essential spiritual nature and a way of life consistent therewith. Their effort is to shorten the Path, to ease the journey, to reduce the errors, to lessen the needless suffering.

To aid mankind to achieve that necessary reorientation became, therefore, a fundamental proposition in the programme he came to execute.

His equipment for that task was a mellow wisdom that had ripened in the course of ages past, a surrender of the personal life to the service of the group life of the race, and a proficiency in the arts and sciences that enabled him to reveal immortality in all his creations. And the primary powers with which he sought to fulfil his appointed task were those that flow through Culture. The arts were his vehicles and these he exalted by giving them a new significance for our time. And it was his faith, backed by prodigious works, that by their beneficent influence when properly restored in our individual and collective life, peace and harmony and gracious living will once more return to this earth. Such was Roerich's gospel; such his Hierarchical message to our time, such the Voice of an Epoch.

MEETING MY MASTER

By Mrs. SINA FOSDICK

I believe that in every life there is an outstanding, striking event, which often completely changes one's life, leading it into new channels, hitherto undreamed of—almost as if one life definitely ended and a new one began from that moment on. That is what happened to me on the day of my meeting Prof. Nicholas Roerich.

The first exhibition of this internationally known artist was announced to be opened in New York, in the winter of 1921. Stories about this great artist and his successes in the European capitals, outside the boundaries of his own country—Russia, where he was justly acclaimed—were appearing in the daily press. Many names from the so-called "400" appeared as patrons in the exhibition catalogue.

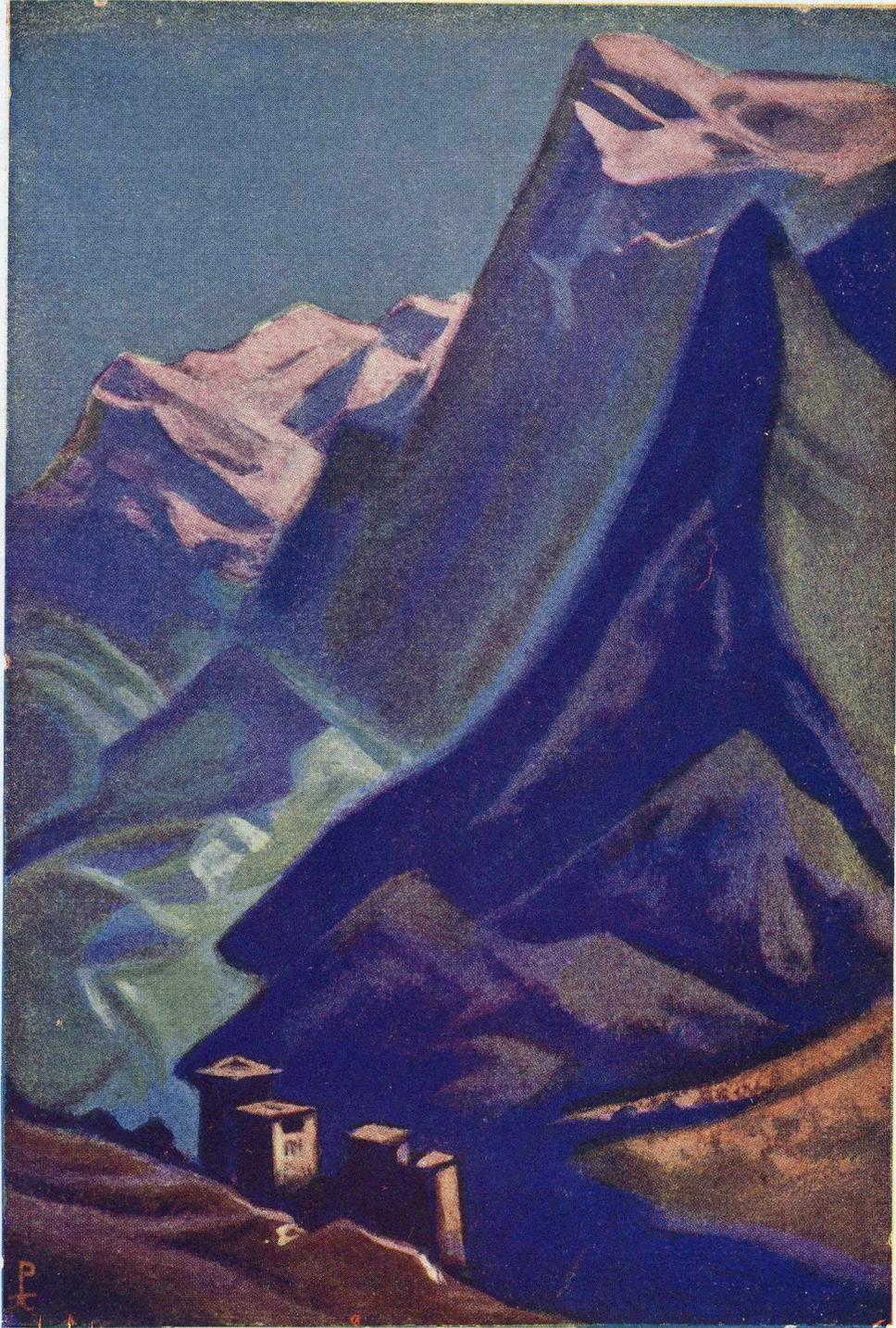
I knew there would be a great crowd on the day of the opening, and hesitated, thinking perhaps I should go on the next day but, as if drawn by some powerful force, I decided to go. Later I read in the papers that the crowd had been estimated at about 10,000 people, but all I experienced when entering the halls of the gallery, was a vast, majestic world, with great mountains, azure skies, with clouds suggesting images not of this plane, and a singularly peaceful, harmonious, indescribably beautiful realm, all new to me. I stood before the "Treasure of the Angels", "Pagan Russia", "Ecstasy"—huge canvases of super-human beauty and serenity, such as only a master-mind, akin to Leonardo da Vinci, could conceive and project in colour.

As far as I was concerned the crowds receded, disappeared; I was face to face with Infinity; with the first man, building his dwellings, worshipping divine forms and communing with God. Great spaces of cosmic significance, mountains, waterways, massive rocks, earthly and heavenly messengers, humble saints, heroes, peopled the world of Roerich which he in turn gave to man with that generosity which is the distinction of the truly great in art. I felt choked with tears filling my eyes, thoughts and emotions welling up in my heart. My hitherto secluded world was giving way to one of unearthly Beauty and Wisdom.

I was torn from my absorption in all this glory, by someone who insisted upon introducing me to the artist. I went, almost unwillingly, be-

ing now aware of the great crowds milling around, and thinking how tired and indifferent the artist must be, looking at thousands of faces, meeting people whom he would not remember immediately after. There he stood, of medium height, with most luminous blue eyes, beard shaped to a point, noble head, radiating some invisible benevolent force, and with a most penetrating look in his eyes, as if he could see deep into one's soul and find the very essence of it. Next to him stood his wife, E. I. Roerich, so strikingly beautiful that one caught one's breath. I was introduced, I heard the treme of their voices, speaking to me with a smile, in our own tongue, and, to my amazement as if in a dream, I listened to their invitation to come and visit them that same evening in the Hotel des Artistes. All the impressions of that afternoon, the tremendous impact of the great art, left me in a daze. I accepted the invitation, wondering why I was asked. Unknown to them, and yet to be privileged to visit the great artist and his equally great wife (I sensed that looking at her) I could hardly wait until that evening. When I entered the big studio and was received with the beautiful hospitality, justly natural to the Russian character, many other, not less amazing surprises awaited me—this great man and his wife received me, as if they knew me! Furthermore, they began to talk to me about their future plans, mission in the U.S., and what was to follow afterwards, at the same time professing deep interest in my music and work of teaching. And, most astounding, our paths were to converge; the work of bringing art and knowledge to the Youth of America, was to tie me closer to them! The same evening thoughts were laid for common work—the foundation of the first of our institutions, founded by Prof. Roerich—Master School of United Arts. Many more of these cultural centres were to follow—Cor Ardens, Corona Mundi, and later Roerich Museum, Roerich Museum Press, numerous Roerich societies in all parts of the world, and others. That evening marked the beginning of my apprenticeship, which grew from then on into discipleship under Nicholas Roerich and closest cooperation with him and Mme. Roerich.

But the deepest joy of that first evening of



THE ABODE OF LIGHT

Courtesy Nalanda Publications.

our meeting was the realization that I had found my master. By the very first words he spoke, filled with profound wisdom, and telling me ever so simply and gently about Beauty and Labour, I recognized in him a noble Messenger sent to mankind—to impel their hearts and souls upward, to seek true knowledge and to be steadfast and fearless in that search.

His was the wisdom of both the earthly and heavenly planes, ever compassionate, alleviating heartaches of those who came to him. He instilled in them indomitable courage and daring to battle life's obstacles. His was the pronouncement, "Blessed be the obstacles, through them we grow". He praised generously where even small progress was in evidence, thus prompting to still greater service. Joyously he welcomed a good soul, and grew silent when evil made itself known in his presence. And by this silence one grew to sense evil, when it approached him. A great builder, he brought people together for common work "for general good". Superhumanly patient, indefatigable in his creativeness which embraced such a vast sphere of human endeavours, he taught those near him to serve culture and love the joy of service—and through culture to battle for peace, for all men, for all times. He never belittled, but only magnified, finding in ever-so-small a consciousness a seed of good.

How can I say in so many words what he taught me? When I remember all those years of listening to his great wisdom; of learning in daily contact with him how to deal with others, in conflict and sorrow; how to forgive but not to compromise; how to feel joy, but also to perceive reality without closing one's eyes to it; how to love Beauty, accepting it as one of the highest expressions of the human spirit; how to cognize and revere the Great Teachers of humanity—I can only repeat that I was supremely happy and fortunate in finding my Master in this life. In humble gratitude I think of him as showing me the Path of Light and knowledge, and my mission in life.

Divine Helpers of humanity, ever compassionate toward us, send us from time to time their envoys, who joyously perform this superhuman act of sacrifice—to serve men and ward off, whenever possible, disasters caused by their unjust practices. Such an envoy was Nicholas Roerich, master to me and teacher to many. His pure and noble art is today to be found in museums and private collections in all parts of the

world. His writings, translated in many languages, are eagerly sought by multitudes of seekers of Beauty and Wisdom. He combined the all-pervading knowledge of an ancient sage with the synthesis of a genius. A combined artist, philosopher, writer, scientist, discoverer and possessor of a vast realm of ideas whose profundity reach into the distant future.

To be close to Nicholas Roerich was like studying in several universities at the same time; like dipping into the well of the great past, into the history of man; and like while vigilantly living in the present current of evolution, yet striving for the supermundane knowledge, yearning to fathom the future of mankind. He knew this all, but he also helped others, who longed to learn, to lift the veil whenever possible.

He brought joy, health, harmony and peace to many who sought him, as he radiated all these forces. He gave untold spiritual wealth to many, thus making their lives immeasurably rich. He gave of himself and his great treasures of spirit untiringly, bringing greatest sacrifices with complete selflessness. He was a sower, not for himself but for humanity. Communing with the Higher Worlds, he never forsook the earth, serving the General Good.

He spoke of peace, creating the universally known Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace, because his very being radiated peace. He foresaw grave calamities before they descended upon humanity—2 world wars—and he warned, with great sorrow in his heart, against a third universal disaster. Yet he sent messages of peace to all parts of the world, to purify the space, to help the growth of human consciousness. He was a builder, creating many majestic structures, visible and invisible. He scattered many benevolent milestones in the countries through which he passed. These blessed magnets remained and kindled many a noble striving in human hearts. His creativeness, his art, his thought—all were imbued with a holy fire. His was a cosmic consciousness.

My Master is ever-living. He taught me that there is no death, no ending—that there is Infinity. A rare privilege has been given to me in this life; to meet a Great Soul, a Master, and to be allowed to become his disciple.

With inexpressible gratitude in my heart, I hope to follow in his steps. I know I will meet him again in ever-flowing Life.

THE REALM OF ROERICH

By LEONID ANDREYEV

It is impossible not to admire Roerich. One cannot pass by his precious canvases without experiencing a deep emotion. Even for the layman, who perceives art vaguely as though in a dream, and accepts it only in so much as it reproduces familiar reality, Roerich's paintings are full of a strange enchantment. So does a magpie admire a diamond, ignorant of its great and special value for men. For the wealth of Roerich's colours is boundless and endless too is his bounty, always surprising, always gladdening one's eyes and mind. To see a Roerich picture means to see something new, something you have never and nowhere seen, not even among Roerich's own works. There are excellent painters who always remind one of some person and some thing. Roerich may remind one only of those charming sacred dreams which appear to none but pure youths and patriarchs and for a moment link their mortal souls with the world of unearthly revelations. And so, not even understanding Roerich, at times disliking him, as the ignorant dislike all that is baffling and incomprehensible, the crowd meekly bows down before his radiant beauty.

Hence, the road of Roerich is the road of fame. The Louvre and San Francisco, Moscow and eternal Rome, have already become safe depositories for his creative revelations. All Europe, so distrustful of the East, has paid the tribute of homage to the great Russian artist. At the present moment, when the grandeur and future of Russia sway so terribly in the world balance, we Russians must accept this gift of the artist with particular trembling and gratitude.

But neither the simple-minded, bewildered layman, nor the professional painter with his specific ecstasy for Roerich's mastery, is in a position to enjoy in full measure the peculiar genius of an artist who has no peers. This joy is only given to him who has been able to penetrate into Roerich's world, into his great realm, who has succeeded in divining and reading the hidden meaning of his runes through the veil of their beauty. Roerich is not a servant of the earth—he is the creator and the sovereign of a whole enormous world, of an extraordinary do-

minion. Columbus discovered America, another of the old familiar earth, he prolonged the silver line already marked out—and he is still being glorified and praised. Then what shall one say of a man who, amidst the visible, discovers the unseen and bestows upon us, not the continuation of an old world, but an entirely new, most beautiful world?

A whole new world!

The genius of Roerich's fantasy reaches the border of clairvoyance. To describe one's world as Roerich describes it is within the power of him alone who has not only imagined this world, and continues to imagine it, but who has seen it with his eyes and who sees it continually. Intangible images, deep and complex like dreams, he clothes as it were in the beautiful clearness of mathematical formulas, in a colourfulness of hues where, behind the most unexpected transitions and combinations, one invariably feels the truth of a Creator. Free from effort, lithe as a dance, Roerich's art never leaves the circle of divine logicalness. On the peaks of ecstasy, in the most blazing intoxication, in the gloomiest visions, terrible and full of meaning like the prophecies of the Apocalypse, his god remains the blissfully harmonious Apollo. Strange to say, in the presentation of his subjective world, Roerich has attained that degree of objectivity at which the most improbable and unthinkable, for instance, his Wood Spirits, or House of the Spirit, becomes convincing and indubitable—truth itself, for he has seen it. Here is where one may see the highest grade of creative power, the last step of clairvoyance. It seems at times as though Roerich photographed the pictures and images of his non-existing world—so real are they. How strange it is to say: The view of a doomed city the 'facade' of a house of the Spirit! . . . Does it exist?

Yes, it exists, this beautiful world, this realm of Roerich, of which he is the sole Tsar and Ruler. Though charted on no maps, it is real and exists no less than the province of Orel or the kingdom of Spain. And as people journey to foreign lands one may journey thither, later to

narrate at length of its riches and extraordinary beauty, of its people, of its terrors, joys and sufferings, of its skies, clouds and prayers. There are dawns and sunsets, different from ours, but no less magnificent. There are saints and warriors, peace and war, life and death, there are even conflagrations, with their monstrous reflection on the distraught clouds. There are seas and skiffs—no, not our sea and not our skiffs; our terrestrial geography knows no such wise and deep sea, with rocks on its banks, that are like the Tables of Testament. There they know much, there they see deep; in the silence of the earth and of the skies there sound words of divine revelation. And in a moment of distraction one may, in one's mortal way, envy the man Roerich who sits on a high bluff, and sees—sees! such a beautiful world, a world wise, metamorphosed, translucently brilliant and reconciled, sublimated to the height of superhuman eyes.

Seeking for the familiar in the strange, ever striving to explain the heavenly through the earthly, people generally call Roerich a painter of hoary Varengian antiquity, a poet of the North, intending thus to bring us nearer to comprehension. I deem this an error. Roerich is not a servant of the earth, either in its past or in its present! he is all in his own world, and he does not depart from it. Even when the artist pursues the modest aim of presenting pictures of the earth, when his canvases are named the Conquest of Kazan, or Decorations to Peer Gynt, even then he, 'Sovereign not of these parts', remains the creator of a different world. Such a Kazan was never conquered by Ivan the Terrible, Such a Norway the traveller has never seen. But it is very possible that precisely such a Kazan and such a battle did the terrible Tsar see in his dreams, when, in the name of Christ, in the name of his peasant, Christian, Apostolic Russia, he raised his sword against the Unbeliever. And it is very possible that precisely such a Norway did the poet, fantast, luckless Peer Gynt perceive in his dreams—a sweet Norway, most fair and beloved. Here it is as though the wondrous world of Roerich and the old, familiar earth converged, and this is so because all those for whom the free sea of dream and contemplation has opened, well-nigh inevitably land at Roerich's shores which are 'not of these parts'.

But for this one must love the North. The fact of the matter is that the uncharted realm of

Roerich is also situated in the North. in this sense—but in this only—Roerich is the only poet of the North, the only singer and interpreter of its mystically mysterious soul, profound and wise like its black rocks, contemplative and gentle like the pale verdure of the northern spring, sleepless and lucid like its white flickering nights. It is not that gloomy North of the realistic painters, where there is the end of light and life, where death has erected his scintillating throne of ice and greedily looks up on the hot earth with his whitish eyes. Here is the beginning of life and light, here is the cradle of wisdom and of sacred words about God and man, about their eternal love and eternal struggle. The proximity of death merely lends an aerialness to the contours of this beautiful land, and gives it that light, luminous, almost untrembling, sadness which suffuses all the colours of Roerich's world. For clouds also die! Each sunrise also dies. Only that grass can be as green as Roerich's grass, which knows of the advent of winter and death after the brief summer.

And yet another, most important thing, may be said, about the world of Roerich—it is a world of Truth. What the name of this Truth is I do not know, but then who knows the name of Truth? Yet its presence invariably agitates the onlooker, and illumines his thoughts with a peculiar quaint light. One feels as though the artist had rid man of all the excrescent, all the superfluous, evil and disturbing elements, had embraced him and the earth with a glance of love—and had sunk into deep meditation, descreying something. . . One prays for stillness, lest a single sound, or a rustle, disturb this profound thought of man.

Such is the realm of Roerich.

Any attempt at transmitting its enchanting beauty through words must be fruitless. That which has been thus expressed in colour will not tolerate the rivalry of words and stands in no need of them. But—if jesting be permitted in such a serious matter—it might not harm to send a whole grave, whiskered expedition to investigate Roerich's kingdom. Let them survey and measure, let them cogitate and calculate; then let them write a history of this new land, and chart it on the map of human revelations, where only a very few artists have created and fortified their kingdoms.

NICHOLAS ROERICH LEADER OF CULTURE

By RICHARD RUDZITIS

According to the deepest conviction of Roerich, the healing agency for the misery and the crises of the contemporary epoch manifests itself in a renewal of understanding of true culture and in affirmation of it in the consciousness of mankind. History testifies to us how entire nations have avoided impending crises by turning to the beneficent sources of Culture. Without doubt culture is for Roerich the lifegiving and salutary principle, the constructive and harmonizing fundamental.

This is why Nicholas Roerich with such luminous and inspired feeling considers Culture as the force which saves, beautifies and regenerates the world; he believes that its great mission which inflames all consciousness, will be manifested in the future. This is why Roerich makes a vow to Culture in eternal fidelity:

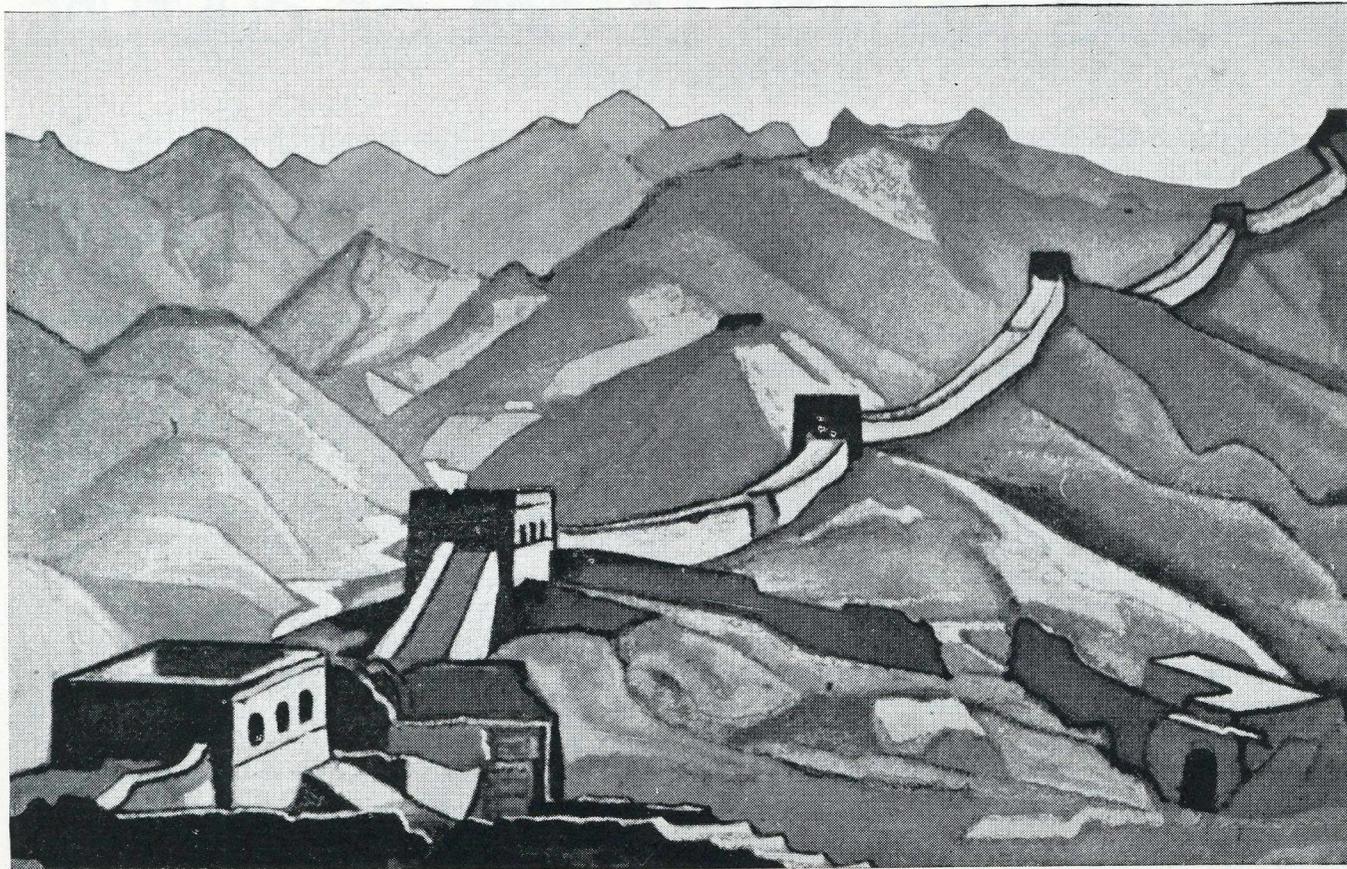
"We have become weary of destruction and mutual lack of understanding. Only Culture, only the all-embracing concepts of Beauty and Knowledge can give back to us the language common to humanity. This is no day-dream. This is the observation of experience of forty-two years' activity in the field of Culture, of Art and Science. And, as one, both we and our followers can take an inviolable oath that we will not abandon the defence of Culture—the League of Culture. It is impossible to dissuade us, for our observations in the field of Art and knowledge fill us with unquenchable enthusiasm. There is no one nation or class with us, but the entire multitude of human beings, because in the last analysis it is the human heart which is open to the beauty of creativeness".

Nicholas Roerich with his whole being belongs to that luminous, creative, harmonious country of the Culture of the future, to the kingdom of lofty personified ideals, in which already now dwell the minds which direct mankind along the path of evolution, and in which, sooner or later, all humanity will likewise find its steadfast haven.

"If you are asked in what country you would like to live and about what sort of future governmental structure you are dreaming, you can worthily reply: 'We would wish to live in a country of great Culture.' The country of great Culture will be your device of nobility: you will

know that in this country will be that peace which exists where true Beauty and Knowledge are revered. . . Nothing can be purer and more exalted than to aspire to the future country of Great Culture".

And here is the unceasing fiery summons of Nicholas Roerich—let each one become a dweller of this future country, with all his heart and life, let each one become a man of true culture, a cultured worker and collaborator. To Roerich, people of true culture are not dreamers, but those who give form to their highest and most beautiful thoughts and dreams. Roerich continually admonishes avoiding everything abstract, everything which has no connection with life itself; he urges to think in concrete forms and to strive to make real one's thought without delay. The destination and meaning of the life of the man of culture is to serve culture, promote it, construct it everywhere. But culture is not at all an abstraction, culture is an organically concrete, creative manifestation. Though people of culture may manifest themselves as great idealists, yet for Roerich true idealism is practical realism. Moreover people of culture are manifestly of great enthusiasm, for, "Culture cannot blossom without enthusiasm." This enthusiasm is for Roerich no fanaticism, but the flame of the pure heart, the synthesis of knowledge which it has accumulated in its life. People of culture are aspiringly aglow about culture, their hearts radiate their light towards it. But each instant they are ready to pour their flame into concrete forms of life. Day and night they are ready to devote themselves entirely to the Common Good; unceasingly and selflessly do they toil in the beneficent light of Culture; they labour for the improvement of conditions of all life. Understanding that our entire time has become such a dynamic one and that the needs of humanity are so pressing and urgent, they likewise understand "to what extent everything must be done indeferably, and that in the interests of social good not one minute should be lost". It is an urgent matter to build and construct the new reign of culture on the earth, to strive towards true knowledge and beauty, and immediately to reconstruct them in life. Thus Nicholas Roerich summons to concentrated colossal activity in the welfare of future humanity.



The Great Wall of China.

NICHOLAS ROERICH A MASTER OF THE MOUNTAIN

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

What then is the nature of Tai Tsung Honourable Ancestor of all mountains? Invested at hour of formation and evolution, with supernatural qualities, dividing northern shade from southern light, it cuts the darkness from the dawn.

TU FU.

At all the important turning points in the world's history, there have appeared great artists whose destiny it was to illumine Life, by giving form and colour to the spiritual tendencies of their time.

Pheidias, a perfect master of all the plastic arts of Greece, revealed the gods, latent in the world of myth and imagination, and his images not only reigned over the whole of the Ancient World, but lasted on long into the Middle Ages.

After a thousand years or so had elapsed, Giotto arose to usher in a New Age and a New Art. Like Chartres Cathedral or Dante's immense poem, Giotto's work, more than that of other painters reflects the essential beauty of Christianity and the aspirations of the Middle Ages. And now when the Wheel of Time is bringing us once more to another ending and a fresh beginning, a great painter, Nicholas Roerich, sounds the note of dawn and resolutely leads the way towards a renaissance of the Spirit.

If Pheidias was the creator of divine form, and Giotto the painter of the Soul, then Roerich may be said to reveal the spirit of the Cosmos.

For this reason he is the chief interpreter of our epoch, and his art is the counterpart of Science itself, since it supplies that religious

vision of Life and the Universe which Science had seemingly taken away.

The Art of Roerich, therefore, like the Art of Pheidias and Giotto is a sacred Art and if it is not centred exclusively round the human form, that is because it is modern and moves with the spirit of our time.

If Pheidias had a close affinity with Aeschylus, and Giotto with Dante, then Roerich, by his immense faith in the power of Culture may be said to continue the work of Goethe.

Among the world's great artists he is unique in having formed societies all over the world with a view to promoting the love of Art and Science. In New York alone, he has built a cathedral of Art which contains a variety of Art institutions together with a thousand of his own masterpieces.

Such an activity would be hard to match at any period of the world's history, and we have to go back to the Middle Ages, to great builders and educators such as St. Thomas Aquinas, if we are to find a parallel to such untiring energy.

It is perhaps in the order of things that Nicholas Roerich should be Russian. So deep and religious an attitude to Art as his could hardly derive from any other race today, and his universal culture, his vast outlook which stretches throughout Europe, Asia and America, comes of a race which is half Asiatic, and which contains in itself a sort of synthesis of East and West.

A well known poet has told us that East and West can never meet—'Never the twain shall meet'. Roerich, however, who is also a poet, but whose inspiration is not drawn exclusively from the past and the appearances of this world, not only points to an understanding between East and West, but assures us that a New Era, a New World more spiritual than that of the old order, will arise from such a meeting.

He is for union rather than for separation, for he sees with the eye of the spirit as well as with that of the body. Behind these forms and appearances, which are the crystallizations of centuries and refer to the past rather than to the future, there is a world of Spirit, infinitely simple and common to both hemispheres, and on this the Future will be built.

Modern Materialism is the antithesis of all that is meant by the word 'Culture', so that in calling all the advanced spirits of the world to

rally round the 'Banner of Culture', Roerich has found the solution.

It is a solution which is the result of deep inspiration and due to a flash of inspiration rather than to any process of reasoning.

Only Culture can deal with the causes which cause all the evil of our time, without wasting energy on the effects.

There has been a general depreciation in the value of words so that a 'saint' has come to signify almost the opposite of its original meaning.

Saints like St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas, however, possessed a spiritual energy which it would be difficult to parallel today. They travelled all over Europe at a time when travelling was a danger and hardship. They built schools and convents, educated the nations, and by their supreme energy, directed and guided the men of war and state, and with all this found time to compose immense metaphysical treatises on the scale of Aristotle.

They were in a state of High War fighting against darkness and barbarianism and fighting with the energy which for quality and continuity surpassed even that of men of war. They were spiritual warriors.

Roerich has much of this untiring energy, for his power is not merely intellectual but spiritual, dynamic, irradiating. He also is a crusader.

He belongs naturally to that family of higher beings who, irrespective of all distinctions of race, class or academic honours, are guiding and inspiring the world at large towards a more luminous way of life.

In India—which is still the world's great spiritual reservoir—there are signs that man is again beginning to rise towards a higher plane of consciousness.

Such marvellous spiritual energies as Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Gandhi, Ramana Maharshi and Aurobindo Ghose, such great poets and scientists as Tagore and Jagdis Bose show that a spiritual renaissance has already started, and that India is once again beginning on new and scientific lines to recreate the spiritual splendours of the past.

That Roerich, from his high station in the Himalayas should aspire to change the thought current of the world, may seem natural, then, to many out there, but very doubtful of course to most of us over here.

And yet, there are many signs that he is likely to succeed and that Culture will conquer.

In the first place there is the warning of what happened to Confucius; and then, it is not so much the case of one man wishing to change the tendency of all against their will, as of the Voice of Humanity itself calling from the crest of the wave, as to the direction of the waters!

The Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, whose strange and half Mathematical insight into the nature of things almost borders on that of Ancient Tibet, says: 'As I read the world, the sudden revelation of future changes is not from visible history but from its anti-self. Every objective energy intensifies a counter energy the other gyre turning inward, in exact measure with the outward whirl'.

If this be so, then centuries of Materialism must have generated a corresponding power of spirituality, so that there is reason to suppose that we are approaching some immense spring-time of the spirit which no power on earth will be able to resist.

In this case, the movements of the future will be on the side of Roerich, a fact which he already seems to anticipate when he writes: "There is no one nation or class with us but the entire multitude of human beings, because in the last analysis it is the human heart which is open to the beauty of creativeness.

And what may seem impossible to many at the moment, might in the end prove to be the inevitable.

When we turn to Roerich's great canvas—The Commands of Rigden Djapo—we get quite another impression. Even if we do not at first understand the subject of this remarkable picture, we are immediately drawn to it and although we may not grasp all the aesthetic values which it contains nevertheless we react to them.

The subject matter of much in Poussin and Raphael was probably more or less obsolete in interest, during their lifetime. Today it has a fossilized character which is hardly saved by the consummate technique.

In Roerich's work, however, the Future looms large. There is no danger that the subject matter will seem obsolete in a century from now, on the contrary, it may take some time before the West recognises its real significance.

Founded upon the Tibetan legend of Shambala, it shows the royal Lama, Rigden Djapo,

King of Shambala, giving his messengers their instructions.

The King, a figure of giant dimensions, is seated on his throne, in the heart of the mountain.

Around him two great aureoles of light cast their rays on the horsemen before him and throw the rest of the landscape into shadow.

This is the case, I think, where the plastic and illustrational qualities of a work of Art, are seen to be evenly balanced, a rare thing in art, and one which leading critics are only ready to discover in a few great painters like Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Raphael.

The picture which is built up largely from two tall mountains, situated among one of those endless valleys of Tibet, seems to me particularly interesting because the meaning transpires in great part from the technique.

The figure of this supreme Bodhisattva, who might be a great horseman or Siva himself the Central Energy, in his dancing form of Nataraja, is shown here as the heart of fire and dynamism. The aureoles of light which surround him have a gyratory movement which suggests an immense spiritual dynamo.

He imparts light and energy to his warlike disciples who start off immediately to battle with the darkness which overwhelms them so soon as they pass from his presence.

The mountain, at the heart of which he is seated, seems to undulate towards the left like a cone of white fire, and the second mountain which rears its mass of dark inertia in the opposite direction establishes the chiaroscuro and amplifies the gyratory movement.

The forms which have an almost sculptural quality seem chiselled out of the rock and this enhances the plastic expression of the whole composition.

When I first saw this picture it called up to my mind one of Rimsky's great operas. The City of Kitege—which may mean that there is some underlying rhythmic connection between the two works, the same sort of rhythmic wavelength.

It certainly has many of the qualities of Russian music. Its rhythmic appeal is very great and the outline everywhere takes on that majestic movement which we associate with the shifting of great waters.



NAGARJUNA

Between Poussin's work and this picture there is all the difference between the music of Gluck and that of Moussorgsky.

Like Russian music itself, its asymmetric planning indicates an art which is nearer to that of the Orient than to the symmetric art of a Gluck or Poussin.

Its rhythm shows that ample and spontaneous beauty which we find in some of the great aspects of Nature, through it we divine something of the spirit of Aeschylus moving in that large free style which was discovered by Moussorgsky.

And the more we contemplate this picture the more we think of Blake, for among all the great painters of the West, Blake, alone perhaps approaches art from the same plane as Roerich.

Roerich is living in a world which has got beyond the stage of Civilization and arrived at a state of Mechanisation. Everything today is founded on numbers and machinery. Political

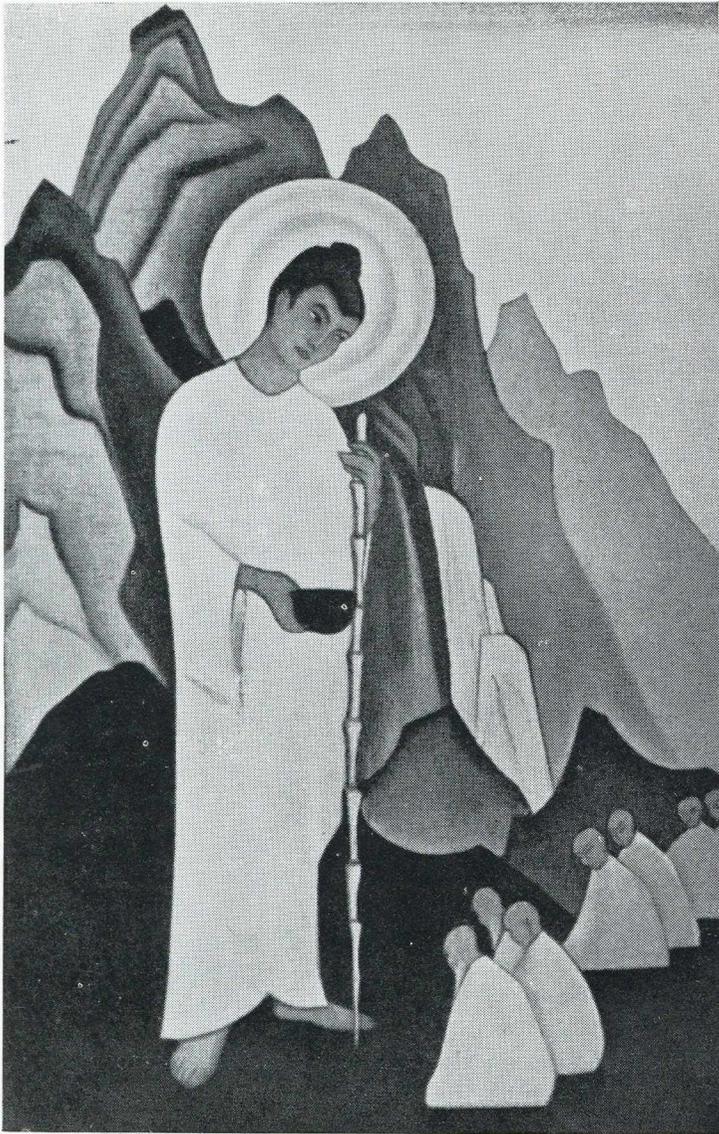
power is based on the greatest possible number of votes, which is the greatest possible amount of ignorance. Art, Literature, Music, and Scientific productions, on their selling power, which, in the case of cheap literature degenerates still further into crime.

It is obvious that only a general world-wide movement in the direction of Culture can redress such a situation.

It is very significant that Roerich is conducting his efforts on behalf of such a movement from the Himalayas.

Here his environment like that of Goethe's, is, more or less, in harmony with his inner aspirations and he finds the power and inspiration to undertake what no one in our large mechanised commercial centres might have attempted.

The Himalayas constitute that part of the world which towers up beyond all our narrow prejudices of race, religion, languages and customs, and, because of this, it would seem to fa-



The Blessed One

vour a broader and more universal style both in thought and in Art.

The poets of Ancient India seemed well aware of this when they said that a million ages of the gods would not exhaust all the spiritual treasures of the Himalayas.

Roerich's outlook on all the movements of today is absolutely above prejudice, and, one would no more think of fixing a political, religious, philosophic or artistic label to him than to the Earth itself.

In this he is a Master of the Mountains.

There are other reasons, however, I think, why the Higher Powers have set him in the midst of Asia to attempt this rather stupendous undertaking.

After two centuries of contact with the West, Asia still remains more or less in possession of her ancient culture.

In India the Aryan tradition yet retains some of its vestiges and although India cannot return to her past, for the same reason that Europe cannot go back to her Middle Ages, yet it is from what still remains of her ancient traditions that she can best derive the inspiration to build a New Age.

E. B. Havell, the former Principal of the Government School of Art in India, has given us a series of works on Indian Art and Culture which, as art criticism, alone is of more importance to us today than anything of Ruskin.

After battling for years with Western pedagogues and utilitarians he finally convinced the Government of the Truth of his astounding claim that: "The Indian village master builder, uneducated as he was, could erect more perfect buildings than the best educated and most talented artists of Europe and America".

He pointed to the splendid culture of the Aryan tradition which went back for several thousand years, and to the fact that 'India was the only part of the British Empire where the aesthetic sense of the people, in spite of all that British philistinism had done to suppress it, influenced their every day life.'

Since then many changes have occurred. There has been a Buddhist revival, the founding of a Hindu University in Benares, and research work started on such texts that relate to ancient Indian literature, art, philosophy, music and dance.

These are now attracting the attention of a Western elite, and there are signs perhaps of some sort of intellectual co-operation.

If India ever does succeed in renewing on modern lines what Havell calls "the wonderful organization of her village communities and the splendid culture which grew out of them". Then Europe must benefit as well.

For Europe today is more in need of Culture and a New Aristocracy than India where much of the ancient spirit still survives in a quiet way.

But it will have to be an Aristocracy based on spiritual power and not one based on money or political power.

Such an Aristocracy must possess something of the character of the Rishis and Brahmins of ancient India, who did not live to accumulate

wealth or political power but to dedicate their immense spiritual resources to the welfare of the people.

There is, however, a very good reason why Europe should cooperate with India in the task of creating a New Age of Culture.

The two fountains from which Europe once drew the waters of the spirit—Palestine and Greece have run dry. and if we wish to renew our spiritual life we must look to the fountain head which is in India.

And just as the rivers of the earth rise in the Mountains, so the sources which supply the waters of the spirit take their rise in the Mountains of the Spirit—and these are in Asia.

Because Roerich is a master of the Mountains and draws his inspiration from these infinite sources, his messages are likely to be impersonal and, in the widest possible sense, for the general good.

The passage of Roerich through Central Asia, then, was an event of no little importance in the world of art. Had he brought back work, merely illustrational, it would have been a great achievement, but when we consider that most of these paintings are works of a high order then it becomes incredible.

Few artists in Europe could have sustained so great an output under such difficulties and hardships. The overcoming, of obstacles however, is one of Roerich's favourite doctrines which makes him a sort of trait d'union between Nietzsche and Asia.

Sometimes he conveys the sense of what is fabulously old, as in that picture of Kailasa, the sacred mountain of Tibet, where the sea-green tints suggest the play of light in antique jade, and the spirit of the place itself is half sonorous.

If Roerich is comparable to the great Chinese painters of the mountains, because like them he has divined something of the impersonal mystery of the Universe and its giant principles, in one respect he is very different and that is, in his use of brilliant colour.

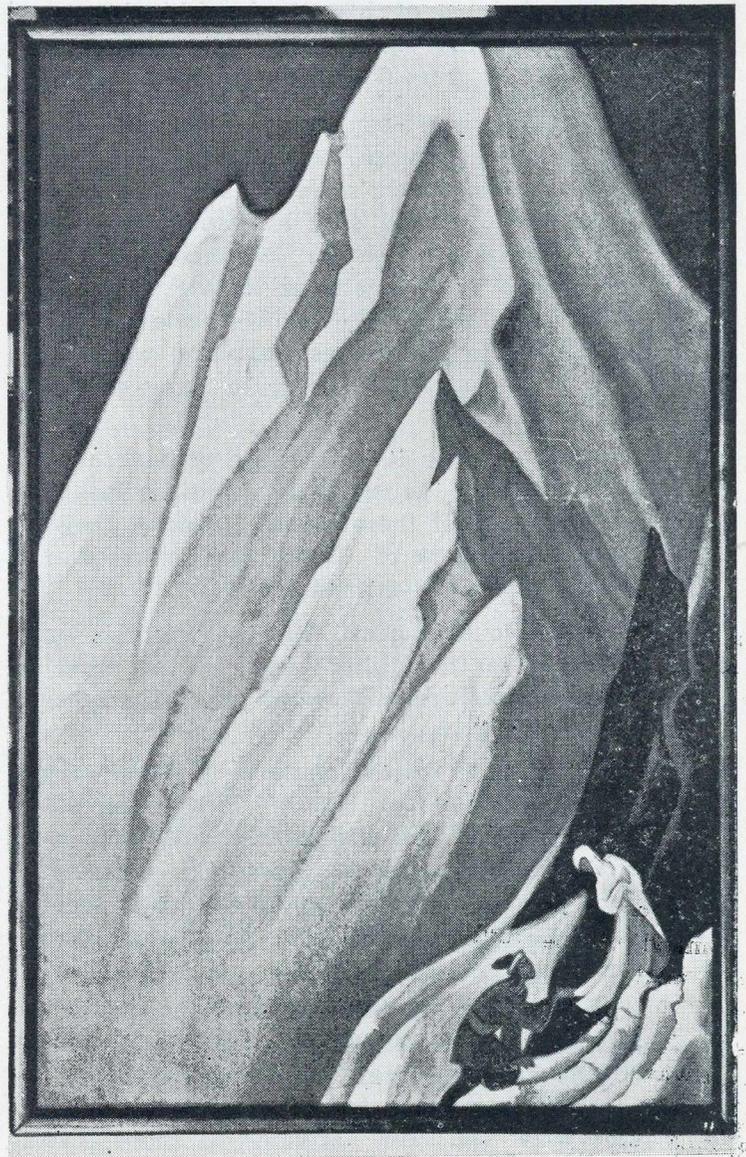
The Chinese, for the most part, used monochrome tints, the abstract character of which helped them to realise a sort of super conscious vision. It might be expected therefore that Roerich's brilliant coloring would tend to present the physical aspect of things rather than their spiritual significance or our mental vision of them

All those who have had visions from a higher sphere must have been impressed at the beauty and intensity of their coloring and, at the same time, have recognised that the shapes and forms which have flashed before their inner eye were those of this world.

Roerich's visions are of this order. He does not avoid the outer world.

"We should never object to realism in its tendency to life" he tells us, and instead of withdrawing into a world of symbol and abstraction he evokes the mystery latent in life and in landscape through beautiful constructions of form and colour.

But he looks upon the forms of this world from a sphere of intense spiritual effort and acti-



She who leads

vity, which gives his work a unique quality where colour takes on a supernatural glow.

If we want to find a parallel to this sort of work, we must go back to Dante, the greatest artist among the poets.

For Dante is full of this sense of pure luminous colour of 'the sunshining in the heart of the Ruby. Above all he is the poet of the transcendent beauty of light, of the light of the visionary world and that of the high places of the earth. In this and in his attachment to what is real, Roerich is akin to him.

Like Dante he is a visionary ever climbing to a higher realm, and the further he ascends the more he sees how all things glow with radiant colour.

It is because of this attitude of his inner and outer vision that his mountain slopes flame like the petals of great flowers.

These mysterious citadels which stand on guard over precipices of pure cobalt; these mighty walls which seem to support the roof of the world are all seen as Dante would have seen them tinged with the "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro" and as terrace after terrace, range after range, rise through the whole scale of blues, from hazel to the darkest sapphire, we get the effect of visual music rising to some great climax.

And whether it be the fire of the sun, the fire of space, or the fire of the spirit that has gone to the forging of these splendid visions, they are all, like the work of Dante, the expression of some living flame—*di flamma viva*.

This would suggest that the world is again returning to the higher peaks of the mind, to those spiritual realms which are the home of light and colour.

As Roerich himself puts it: "Colour sounds the command of the future. Everything black, grey and misty has already sufficiently submerged the consciousness of humanity. One must again ponder about the gorgeous flower colours which always heralded the epochs of renaissance".

Roerich in painting and Scriabine in music are the two outstanding artists in modern times who have led the way towards these higher regions. There is a certain resemblance between their work and both attained to those crystal clear summits of art which the Western world

would seem almost to have forgotten since the time of Dante.

Scriabine, perhaps comes nearer to Roerich than any of the great Russian composers. At present he is not recognised everywhere, especially in France, at his proper value, perhaps because he was too spiritual, too advanced and too high for the general public.

The future, however, will come to see that with Roerich he attained a higher form of art than any of his contemporaries. Like Roerich he was strongly attracted by the East and had likewise a desire to achieve a synthesis of all the arts, and to explore their relations with the science of sound and colour.

If he stopped short perhaps, towards the end, held up to some extent by the intellectual barriers of Western Theosophy, Cabalistic magic, and Scientific dogma, none the less, his music always rose to the future and is, perhaps, the most original and inspired of all modern music.

While death cut short Scriabine in his dealings with magic, Roerich went on advancing boldly into Asia, until he had contacted those finer forces which are so much higher than magic or scientific dogma, being themselves of the nature of light.

In this he would seem to have attained much that Scriabine foresaw and desired, for when we examine these rare canvases which burn with the intensity of blue flames we realise that the lofty aspirations in the Prometheus have been fulfilled.

These mountain masses poised like flames have the beauty of great diamonds, and an incisive perfection of form which recalls the *terza rima*.

His latest work has something universal in its ample directness, and if it often touches on the high levels of Dante and Scriabine, on the other hand, it displays a vast Taoist simplicity which is characteristic of the Orient and of Tagore.

About ten years ago I was led by a sign to perceive the advent of a new style.

I awoke at dawn to find a magnificent white peony aflame with the rays of the rising sun, and in its fiery form perceived the outline of the Himalaya.

The incident roused me and I went into the garden which in the silence of early morning seemed to stretch for miles. As I walked down the avenues towards a grove of giant cedars I had a sudden vision of the vastness of Asia, not merely of her physical aspects, which might be compared with those of America, but of her metaphysical and spiritual grandeur which can be compared with nothing of the like on earth.

I saw the great avenues of Peking, the colossal architecture of its gateways, those great metaphysical structures which surpass even Aristotle in grandeur, and all that I knew of ancient China and India was suddenly resumed in an image and in the word 'Himalayan'.

But it was not so much a vision of the past as of the future which the word evoked, for all these values appeared anew, in fresh forms, in a synthesis of which the dynamic outlines had the character of fine aircraft.

And the term Himalayan seemed to me to refer to a new style which would be universal, something which might equally apply to a great airport laid out with glittering waters, like a modern Versailles, as to anything in Asia.

Some years after when I came to see Roerich's Himalayan works, and to learn about his outlook I realised the reason for this vision.

The world is gradually moving towards such an ample view of things, slowly steering away from the narrow gothic spirit of the past and its urban darkness and heading for the realm of light, the realm of colour.

And in the weaving of this great Future, aircraft are already beginning to move like so many giant shuttles.

The design of this new world is already visible in the tapestries of space, in the spiritual world, and more than any other artist of our time Roerich would seem to have caught their colour.

And when we have gauged the depth of his vision and the sense of his profound language of colour, it is the beauty of his work which will remain with us, and this is something beyond analysis.

Like all true beauty, such beauty sets us free into that higher sphere where all things are related. These rare visions which glow with the

pure colour of flowers or precious gems, after the manner of some Eastern Veronese, impress us by their bold sweeping outlines. They arouse in us the sense of style that is present in all real beauty and which corresponds with the notion of what is classic.

It is the beauty which we can discover in the span of ancient cedars; in the superb achievement of Venice; in the spacious beauty of some great French park; in the architectural nobility of an ode of Pindar; in the magnificent form of some fine beaker vase of the Ming dynasty; in the living rhythm of a line of Shakespeare; in the vast outlook of a poet like Tagore and it is akin to all these types of beauty because like them it is an expression of an ample state of consciousness.

Knowing that the earth has been inhabited for millions of years, with a continuous procession of systems and religion, Roerich has come to recognise the central truth in all pure art and all genuine aspirations.

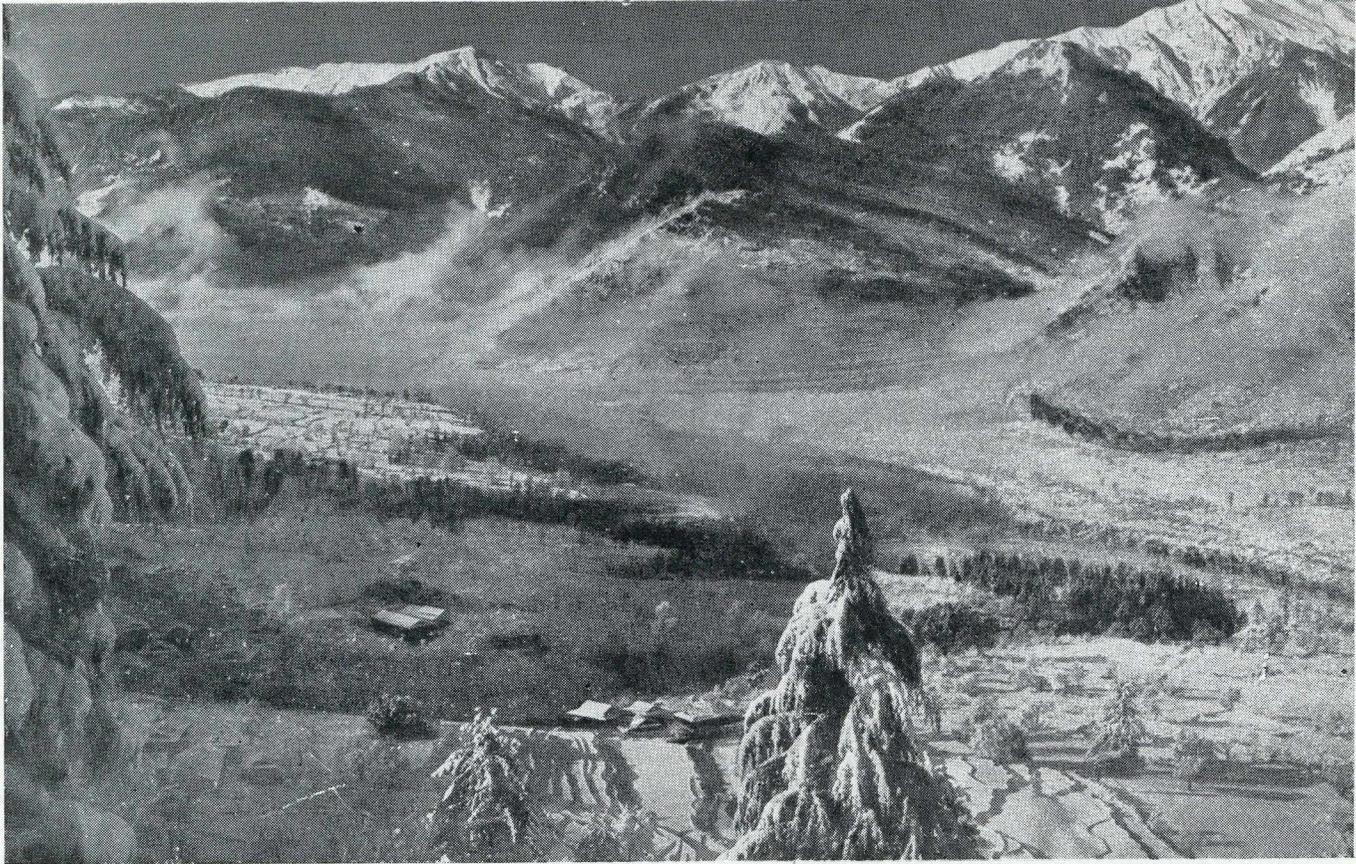
The ancient Chinese symbol of the Celestial Dragon is probably the greatest that we know, since we are told that all the thrones of the world were once dragon thrones.

It is the symbol of the power of the spirit, and, at the same time, the symbol of change, and when we come to understand it, we realise that the spirit is always renewing itself in different forms, because art and life are always taking on fresh aspects.

But in all this endless succession of cultures and beliefs, the value of Beauty remains constant like the Pole Star.

And because Roerich recognises Beauty as the goal to all our activities and infinity as the path that leads from the prison of narrow prejudice towards the freedom of the Ever living, he is one of the very greatest spirits of our times.

'The Dragon draws the Pole Star,
How can Fate,
Itself be other than a Gulf Sublime,
The direction of the world is kept beyond
The bounds of reason,
Or the reach of Time,
Immense within the Immense,
Range beyond Range,
The mountains rise,
Made infinite and strange'.



View from Roerich's Studio.

Kulu Valley in Winter

Photograph By S. ROERICH

My Reminiscences of Maharshi Nicholas Roerich

By RAVISHANKER RAVAL

In August 1927 I happened to visit Adyar in company of the family of Sir Chinubhai of Ahmedabad while returning from Ooty. Mrs. Cousins escorted us through the various quarters. At Adyar, and, I believe at Col. Olcot's Hall, we were shown a large painting hung in the middle of the principal wall. I had, of course, seen large European paintings in the Galleries of Baroda, Calcutta and Jamnagar, but never was I so much attracted by the mysterious harmony and brilliancy of colours.

Mrs. Cousins acquainted us with the name of the Artist and the title of the picture. The painting was painted in tempera colours by a great Russian Artist named Nicholas Roerich, who had now made the Himalayas his permanent home, and who was painting the eternal snow peaks of those greatest heights in his unique manner. This particular picture was painted earlier and it was named "The Messenger". A

youthful maiden was holding the big door of a monastery half open and a bright, expansive landscape greeted us, quite simple, but full of emotional throbs. A figure of a man was standing in the doorway, "The Messenger". The darkness of the night is gone and the beautiful morn smiles to the soul who has opened the doors of his conscience. A happy vision. A message portent with sublime thought. It really opened my way to the Great Roerich. I could not shake off the charm, it possessed me. The same evening I was presented with two small books on Roerich's Art by my great noble friend and host, the late Mr. Ramaswami Mudaliar. I imbibed the spirit and the message of these works, and the same year I wrote for more publications of Roerich. My friend, Sir Chinubhai, ordered the big publications 'Altai Himalaya' and a few others. In the meanwhile I prepared some small monographs in Gujerati about the Great Artist and offered

my humble tribute to the new message and beauty he was giving to this world.

I felt I was now in the folds of a large brotherhood created by the benign leader of beauty, love and art. I used to get replies to all my letters directly from the pen of the beloved personality and each one was always accompanied by a beautiful picture or an off-print of some inspiring monograph generally suited to my mood at the time. It was like some sort of "telepathic" operation upon my inner self and gave me an uplift to higher consciousness and courage to persevere in the service of Art and mankind.

On December 7th 1936, Kulapati Dr. H. M. Cousins visited Ahmedabad after many years and he was received by the citizens as a pioneer of the benefactors of Indian Art and Culture in our day. A public reception was given to him by the members of the Bharat Kala Mandal of which I was then the Secretary. We talked about the great Himalayan Artist and I asked him to bring me into a closer contact with his personality and Art. Professor Cousins encouraged the idea and wrote to Maharshi Roerich about my wishes. Again I was assured through his spiritual letters that he had accepted me as a soldier under the banner of Love, Beauty and Art.

In October 1937 the first Baltic Congress of Roerich societies met at Riga, Latvia, to celebrate the great event of the completion of 50 years of Roerich's extraordinary artistic, scientific and literary achievements so varied in their scope that legends were woven about him, Artist, Archaeologist, Academician, Thinker, Writer, Humanitarian. I sent my humble tribute and congratulations to this Congress and they were accepted, acknowledged and published in the beautiful volume of this event. I felt now fully inculcated with Roerich's ideals the array of beauty and love to conquer ignorance and hatred and help Beauty and Culture.

In the summer of 1939, Prof. Cousins and Mrs. Cousins wrote me that they were to be the guests of Prof. Roerich at Naggar—Kulu, his Himalayan abode for a couple of months and that it was the occasion for me to meet the Great Artist personally. I at once agreed and soon I got a cordial invitation to be a guest at the Roerich house for as long as I chose to stay there.

Dr. Cousins wrote me detailed instructions about the journey from Amritsar to Kulu via

Pathankot and Mandi. I took up the adventure and went alone to that beautiful Himalayan Valley. It was a novel experience and I have narrated it fully in the "Kumar"—the Gujarati Journal I owned and edited at that time. I was expected, and proper accommodation for my stay was made at the old Nagar Castle. Professor and Mrs. Cousins greeted me first and the tea and breakfast was sent from the Roerich's house. Next morning was fixed for our first meeting.

The Cousins were staying in another bungalow and we were to meet at the gate of the Roerich's house at 9 a.m. exactly. I prepared early I had with me a decorated Khadi bag filled with prints of Gujarati Artists and a small brass image Garuda kneeling and bowing. It was a fine summer morning and I could see all the plains of the valley below. Farms and cottages on the steps of the hill reminded me of a Kangra picture. I could see the yard of every cottage. Happy mothers and girls were singing, and beyond, in the depths of the valley, a streak of water sparkled in a brilliant line. It was the River Beas, guarded by high peaked mountains hiding distant snow summits of the Himalayas.

Some 200 feet above my abode was the Roerich's house quite visible from my balcony, yet I had to walk for 10 minutes before I reached it.

I was earlier by a few minutes and so I waited for Prof. Cousins and Mrs. Cousins at the gates. It was a quiet and peaceful abode. Just above it the hill path went up through orchards of apple trees, for which the valley is famous, I was looking around for my Cousins friends and was enjoying when, all of a sudden, came from the bungalow a neatly dressed Chaprassi. He approached me with Indian Namaskars and said in Hindi. "Your Honour, you are our guest, come in, the Master sends greetings. I explained I was waiting for Prof. Cousins. He said "It does not matter, please come inside." I went with him and reached the Cottage door of the house where the long desired figure of the Great Master, without any ceremony, but with indescribable sincerity, hailed me with his right hand raised in blessing, "welcome friend, we know each other since long, and he took me by the hand and led me to the verandah. I was impressed by his benign looks and the way in which he made me feel at home. It was all beyond anticipation. I felt a favoured being. All of a sudden the joyful voice of Prof. Cousins who remarked. "A bit in a hurry, I wanted specially to make a romance

of the introduction". But I said "nothing better nor more romantic could there be than this simple and direct meeting."

Mr. Svetoslav appeared in the doorway and very politely asked us to come inside and meet Mother, Madame Helene Roerich. A grand Lady born to bless and rule, with a happy smile acknowledged my greetings. I asked Prof. Cousins to present to her the picture bag with Khadi decorations, and the Garuda image to Prof. Roerich on my behalf.

Now Prof. Cousins took up the thread, opened the bag, and brought out the pictures mounted on uniform tints and titles written with the name of each artist. I was asked to describe the subject of each picture and say a few words about the Artists. Prof. Roerich seemed very pleased and satisfied by the treatment and sentiments of the pictures and said "all speak of your achievements and struggles for the Glory of Art"

Prof. Cousins suggested that I should be shown some of the Roerich canvasses. The great sage looked at Mr. Svetoslav who was standing with the courtesy of an Indian disciple. He at once went to the Verandah facing the Valley and asked the servants to arrange some seats for us. In a few minutes he appeared and said, "Father, everything is ready." It was very beautifully decorated by colourful tapestries from India and Tibet. We could see the snow summits of the Himalayas of which many pictures were painted from this very place.

Mr. Svetoslav started to show the canvasses and I forgot myself as these vistas came before my eyes. About an hour and a half I was spell-bound and thought, how this pleasure could be given to many of my country men who had no idea of the power of great Art. We had just finished when some more friends arrived, Col. and Mrs. Mahon and Mr. George Roerich, another son of the Great Artist. He as I knew was a great scholar, traveller linguist and writer.

Capt. Mahon was a friend of the family and was staying at Manali, the last village in the Kulu Valley. Mr. George was versatile in his talks. Mr. Svetoslav was known to me for the first time but I was interested in his art and art studies. We could not get much time together then, but our mutual attachment increased as time progressed. I loved Mr. George Roerich more after I read his diary of travels "Trails to Inmost Asia".

It was meal time. Father Roerich was addressed by a charming young girl who invited, in Russian, all the guests to table.

The Inner Hall was very cosy and inspiring. Every wall and corner was an example of high taste and classical setting. There was no electricity but the flickering lights of candles gave it an old time romance and happiness which is absent today in our city illuminations. I was seated on the right of Prof. Roerich and he very lovingly remarked. "everything is vegetarian, we know and appreciate your high principles".

He was brief, but sincere and significant. About himself he said "We" as some of our Indian Gurus talk with their pupils, but it all fitted his dignified attitude.

The meal continued for an hour and Prof. Cousins kept up an interesting conversation and we all contributed to it. I too recounted some of my narratives about my subtle and phenomenal experiences, which they listened to with very great seriousness. In a short time I felt I was introduced to a family who lived in my ideals only and I was much aggrieved when I had to say goodbye to them all. I spent the evening with the Cousins and that was again a memorable occasion that I remember until today with the happiest feelings.

I was to leave the next day because clouds were gathering and if torrential rain started the mountain roads might become blocked at any time. The journey itself was through most picturesque country with people in novel and quaint costumes. I happened to see a Kulu procession which Mr. Svetoslav had painted. The Kulu trip has been one of my lifes rare experiences and contacts. My great ambition of showing Roerich's pictures in Gujerat was soon fructified. Prof. Cousins, after reaching Trivandrum made plans for the pictures to be sent down to the plains. My friends at Ahmedabad encouraged my idea and we did everything we could for these paintings to reach us.

Prof. Cousins was invited to celebrate the occasion on behalf of Bharat Kala Mandal at Ahmedabad on the 30th of September 1939. Prof. Roerich wrote, "Although I have had no occasion to visit Ahmedabad up to now, there have been ties for many years there and I am happy now that my paintings, like messengers of good will, are visiting your city."

The exhibition was considered a great event in the local history of Ahmedabad when people of all grades partook of and enjoyed an Art Festival. Children, young and aged, Mill Agents and labourers all felt a new joy before these Himalayan Vistas and many were moved by religious feelings of a pilgrimage before these pictures. Local press took notice of it under great headings and the organisers felt justified in their attempts to honour Art and the Artist.

When the exhibition was closed many people who had missed it were disappointed. It seemed a wave had come over the city. Real Art requires no arguments.

In the meanwhile I received a very touching and inspiring letter from Naggar,—

Naggar
Kulu, Punjab, Br. India
27th September 1939.

Our very dear friend,

In your lines of Sept. 21st I felt much sincerity of heart, it moved me greatly as artist and as man. Above all earthly havocs there remains Art and Religion and if human beings reveal exalted feelings they come through these two channels. At the moment there are few joys on the earthly plane and the human heart is very much in need of rejoicing. We artists should be grateful to fate for having been given one of the nearest channels to bring people happiness of the heart. For someone else these words may appear as nebulous abstractions but for you as for an artist thy represent reality. Already since 1923 we are bound with India. Even earlier we admired the lofty thoughts of your Motherland and since we are here this admiration has become more deeply rooted. When you entered under our roof here, we all felt a true friend had come. And we were glad to see you also reciprocated with similar emotions. How precious it is when human hearts can be opened to each other. We shall be most happy to receive from you and from Dr. Cousins particulars about the exhibition. Perhaps you will also send some maps. I was very glad to hear from you about Sir Chinubhai's cordial attitude and request you to transmit to him our warm greetings. The reaction of your artist friends whose paintings we liked so much will also be most interesting to hear. Gujerat is especially significant in Indian Art. May all your endeavours be blessed.

In spirit with you,
N. Roerich.

He used to reply to all my letters with similar spirit and each letter gave me a lift in new spiritual delight. He often grouped my name in his articles about the renaissance of India and mentioned me to other friends in a way I felt shy. But it all confirmed me of his great benevolent attitude towards me. I felt I could not properly express my deepest feelings for all that.

On Dec. 2nd 1940 we had another Roerich exhibition when Mr. Svetoslav Roerich himself attended the function and the same enthusiasm was shown by the public. This time Mr. Svetoslav Roerich also contributed to the show many of his best compositions of Indian Life. People could see how he inherited the motives of his great Father with his own distinct technique. We all felt that here was a great friend of India who can help a great movement in the study of Art in India. Mr. Svetoslav was no longer a stranger to us. He lived and moved with us as an old comrade and made himself quite at home. This again brought me closer to the house. The exhibition was later sent to Travancore when Mr. Svetoslav painted some portraits for the palace and the Roerich room was created.

In the meanwhile the Bombay Art Society was moved to hold a Roerich exhibition, it being the year of its Silver Jubilee. The Society invited me to supervise the hanging of the paintings. Prof. Roerich rejoiced to know that I was to be there and, at my request sent a message to the Society, which was published in that years catalogue. He even sent the big monographs of Roerich Art to be presented to their Excellencies—the Viceroy and the Governor. It was a significant gesture of courtesy and nobility. Bombay could appreciate the great Art. Mr. Langhammer helped me to set up the Roerich Room and when I asked him what was his candid opinion about the exhibition he exclaimed, after a deep breath. "He is a Great Composer". It was a tribute worth noting.

In the following years I often had news cheering me up for fresh adventures and attempts on behalf of Art.

His brief letters were always like definite messages for me and they, ever and ever, reverberate in my heart with his sacred memory.

His Banner of Love, Beauty, and Art be ever flowing.

ROERICH PACT AND BANNER OF PEACE

By OUR ART CRITIC

Protection of the True, the Good and the Beautiful is the greatest sacred sign of a living culture. Protection and preservation of the cultural treasures have been, from time — immemorial— regarded as the truest proof of Life while vandalism has been considered as the darkest sign of Death!

The history of human race reveals innumerable dark stories of Vandalism. How many cultural treasures have been exterminated, in all climes and times, by the cruel hands of Vandals!

But, the world has seen some good vandals too, who were not philistines. It is said that Timur, who was the cruelest destroyer of life and light, had always spared the artists when he destroyed a city.

India had witnessed countless dark aspects of vandalism and is still witnessing some aspects of the same destructive force. The beastly thirst for blood has been exterminating numerous cultural treasures in addition to the damage of life.

The Banner of Peace created by venerable Professor Nicholas Roerich, undoubtedly one of the greatest cultural leaders of all times, stands for the protection and preservation of cultural treasures everywhere both in war and peace.

The Banner of Peace is the Red Cross of Culture. The Red Cross protects human body while the Banner of Peace protects human culture. The aim of the Banner of Peace is the same as that of the Red Cross with the distinction that the former is more concerned with the cultural welfare whereas the latter with the physical welfare both of which are *sine qua non* for human life. Professor Roerich says "If humanity recognised the Red Cross as a protection to the physically wounded and ill, then it will recognise the Banner of Peace as the symbol of peaceful prosperity and health of spirit".

The Banner of Peace is an encircled triple-sphere in magenta colour on a white background. There have been many interpretations of this symbol. But let us be content with the following simplest interpretation, perhaps the most concrete of all the other abstract and mystic inter-

pretations. The three spheres represent the True, the Good and the Beautiful which correspond to the intellectual, the moral and the aesthetic and which again culminate into Science, Faith and Art, the essential aspects of a perfect Culture. And the circle represents the thread of Unity among the three spheres of Science, Faith and Beauty. Because intrinsically Science, Faith and Beauty are but the different phases of the same Reality. Moreover Culture is the embodiment of these three.

The birth of the Red Cross and the Banner of Peace has been out of sheer compassion towards human misery—one, the physical misery and the other, the spiritual misery. In the battle of Solferino in Italy in 1859 a Swiss by the name of Henry Dunant witnessed the intolerable



sorrow and suffering of the combatants and started the Red Cross movement which has now become an enormous international movement both in war and peace.

Similar has been the birth of the Banner of Peace. While in 1904 Professor Roerich was going on an archaeological trip through the ancient monasteries of Russia, he felt immensely grieved at the deplorable plight of the cultural treasures which had remained there as pitiable victims of vandalism in an unprotected state. At that very moment the idea for this movement and to fight for the protection and preservation of cultural treasures was born in the mind of Professor Roerich.

Professor Roerich made an appeal to the Society of Architects to start a movement for the protection and preservation of cultural treasures in the absence of which human life would lose its right to exist! He again made an effort to draw the heed of the Czar and Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia in 1915. But due to the World War I they could not do anything at that time.

Professor Roerich, after the World War, travelled extensively in Central Asia where he found that innumerable archaeological treasures were being destroyed by savages and travellers alike. After his return from Central Asia he formulated the Roerich Peace Pact, in 1929, to which many leaders of culture in U.S.A. as well as in Europe extended their hearty support. It was in Belgium that the first two meetings of the Roerich Pact were held. Later, the third convention was held in Washington in the distinguished presence of delegates from 35 nations.

The text of the Roerich Pact was drafted by Dr. Georges Chklaver, Doctor of International Law and Political Sciences of the Paris University. This pact consists of four Articles which should be respected by all the Governments who have ratified the Pact. The first Article of this International Treaty begins with the following sentence: "The historical monuments, educational, artistic and scientific institutions, artistic and scientific missions, the personnel, the property and collections of such institutions and Missions above mentioned shall be deemed neutral, and, as such, shall be protected and respected by belligerents".

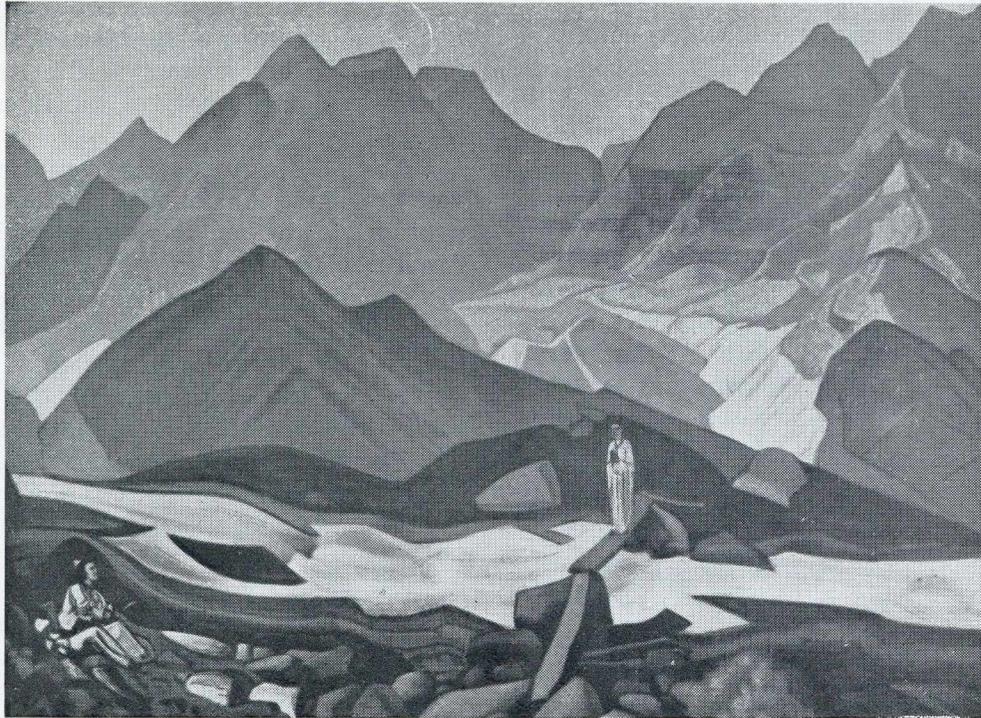
In 1935, in Washington in the presence of President Roosevelt, the United States of America and the other twenty Latin American countries signed the Treaty of the Roerich Pact.

After the signing was over President Roosevelt broadcast the following address: "It is most appropriate that on this day, designated as Pan-American Day, by the Chief executives of all the republics of the American continent, the Governments—members of the Pan-American Union—should sign a Treaty which marks a step forward in the preservation of the cultural achievements of the nations of this hemisphere . . . This Treaty possesses a spiritual significance far deeper than the text of the instrument itself".

Subsequently, many more countries both in East and West extended their cordial support to the Roerich pact and unfurled the Banner of Peace upon many cultural centres and scientific Institutions.

In our country, too, adherence to the pact is expressed by such prominent personalities as the late Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore, Sir Radha-Krishnan, Sir C.V. Raman, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Prof. Humayun Kabir and a number of others.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, last year, opening an exhibition of paintings of Prof Roerich said, ". . . So many of you may know about Roerich and which is very pertinent in India especially, is Roerich's conception of preserving artistic and cultural monuments and the like. He started a kind of pact between nations, for the preservation of these cultural and artistic monuments. Many nations agreed to it. I do not know exactly what the value of their agreement was because we agree to many things which we forget in times of war and trouble. We have seen recently in the late war the destruction of so many great monuments of culture inspite of all the previous agreement." Panditji added, "Nevertheless, the fact remains that it is a tragedy for destruction to overtake these great Cultural monuments of the past. We, in India, have a great number of them and it should be our duty to respect them, honour them, learn from them, and imbibe their inspiration."



From Beyond

Indeed, the Banner of peace could hardly be a protection against the long range guns. But, the Red Cross is not visible at long distance, yet no one could deny the great humanitarian expedience of the institution of the Red Cross. Of course, we must not forget that at the inception of the Red Cross, there were many soulless critics who argued against this highly humanitarian idea, but such ignorant condemnation is characteristic of each innovation. Let us not forget, that Edison's great invention of the phonograph was regarded as charlatanry by some academicians.

Wars may come and wars may go, but along with them our cultural treasures, which have been the outcome of the inspired life endeavours of our artists, scientists and philosophers, should not vanish. Once a particular object of art is gone, it shall never again come into existence. It is therefore, one of the most sacred aims of humanity to try to protect their cultural treasures.

During the last two world wars many cultural treasures were destroyed by both sides. The parties who were then fatal foes have now turned into fraternal friends. But the precious objects exterminated by them in those days of fiery furies cannot now come into existence in spite of the best efforts of the same persons. While we do not want to say on these deeds any words of hatred; let us simply say: "Destroyed by human ignorance; rebuilt by human hope".

It is only some weeks back, the Government of India has signified their approval to the Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace.

India particularly needs this Banner of Peace as she has so much to preserve and so much that she can lose.

Pax per Cultura. Peace through culture.

Nicholas Roerich Artist, Genius and Universalist—

MENSAJES DEL COMITE CULTURAL ARGENTINO

On December 13th 1947, early in the morning, Professor Nicholas Roerich passed away in the province of Punjab, valley of Kulu, India.

He was born in 1874 in the land of Gogol and Tolstoy, and after an extraordinary artistic work all over Europe, he went to North America to continue his cultural labour.

Shortly after leading an archaeological expedition in India, with the auspices of the N. American government, he and his family settled in that millenary Oriental country. There he went on painting, writing and making experiments in a private laboratory specially established at his residence, for more than a quarter of a century.

It is not necessary to dwell on a detailed information about the virtues of this contemporary exalted personality, the leader of Beauty and Goodness in all human aspects.

Enough is to say that if as a genial artist of a wonderful creative capacity, he was compared to Leonardo da Vinci, as a philosopher and teaching apostle who encouraged every social unity and constructive work, he can be ranked to the most eminent educators and thinkers of all times. His great kindness which was the natural consequence of his deep knowledge, had no limit.

He taught as a true sage, with the conviction, tolerance and patience that constitute the universal foundations of a real essential comprehension.

Thoroughly acquainted with the most important ancient and modern languages, his word has reached all cultural atmospheres and his frequent written messages, pamphlets, books, articles, poems, letters, scientific and artistic information have been printed many times and are now widely spread as a spiritual encouragement for those who long for knowledge.

Such a widely cultivated spirit leaves a deep basis so that whatever may happen, it will give excellent results for the reconstruction of human

society. . . when the time comes for international reconstruction. In fact, the "Roerich Pact and the Banner of Peace", an institution created by himself in New York, to which all countries of America adhered in an official ceremony presided over by the late Roosevelt, will acquire universal significance in the coming years.

One of his many biographers and admirers has recently said: "He was one of the greatest proclaimers of the century, an artist whose creative genius is revealed by five thousand master paintings exhibited in the principal museums of the world. His work as an archaeologist and educator, as a philosopher, poet and leader of the Universal Unity movement by means of culture is also wonderful".

When we study his biography we find a marvellous chain of facts which contain an extraordinary educative value. By means of his indefatigable creative power, his daily work and his fruitful accomplishment, Nicholas Roerich acquired, in a universal scope, that synthetical faculty which reconciles and solves the most difficult problems. We cannot help noticing his subtle psychology and kind understanding revealed, in his reports to the different societies that bear his name in the United States and other countries, all of which were founded under his spiritual patronage and which do their cultural work under his noblest personal inspiration.

It is impossible not to admire this master on contemplating with profound emotion his landscapes and pictures which have been painted with such delicacy and such a deep chromatic liveliness, that made Zuloaga say while looking at one of them: "I feel such a deep and transcendent artistic expression that I cannot express in words".

Many of his magnificent paintings are kept in the museums of Louvre, Paris, London, Moscow, Vienna, Bruges, Leningrad, San Francisco, Rome, New York, Buenos Aires and other important art galleries, both private and public.

Professor Nicholas Roerich was great in all respects. The "New York Times", used to consider him as one of the greatest social leaders of all times, when it referred to any of his activities, as a painter, writer or leader of artistic and philosophical organizations.

He was worthy of so much praise during his lifetime and so many articles and pamphlets have been dedicated to him from every civilized corner of the world, that the new biographer of such an exalted personality will find much difficulty if he tries to summarize in only one volume—however extensive—his gigantic work.

Beauty, Kindness, and Truth were the three leading virtues of his efforts in favour of human co-operation.

Perhaps some Argentine or Spanish-American reader, who was in Paris a few decades ago, will remember that in May 1913 Stravinsky's ballad "Sacre du Printemps" was produced for the first time at the Champs Elysees theatre. Roerich, together with Nijinsky and Diaghilev, helped in the scenery of that production. Stravinsky, conscious of Roerich's genius, dedicated to him the work which was one of the most outstanding artistic events of the present century.

In the name of Beauty, which is God's smile expressed in its manifold aspects, Nicholas Roerich knew how to smile genially during his intense and enthusiastic creative work. To smile in the clairvoyance of his painting of transcendent and communicative beauty; to smile in his delicate poems, full of encouraging inspiration; to smile in his philosophical messages full of sincere ideas and friendly feelings, and in his

wise advice to youth, for whose formal education he thoroughly cared; to smile, finally, in all his exceptional work because Beauty,—being God's smile—is the origin and the basis of all understanding.

The wisdom of his teaching and the vivid transparency of his art clearly reveal his passionate effort towards the welfare of humanity. In both aspects—prose and painting, thinking and feeling—the same co-operative and unifying spirit is encouraged.

Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato. . . his predecessors in History spread identical philosophical ideas (the Truth is one and has many forms according to circumstances) and Leonardo da Vinci Raphael and Zurbaran expressed identical transcendent beauty.

Such highly cultivated spirits make us meditate on the fundamental phrase of the German philosopher: "God and I are as one in Knowledge", that is to say, we are chained Gods, units imbued in a carnal envelopment, and that to reach God—the Supreme Wisdom—the prodigal son through time-space, must return to the Home Unit quite deprived of the inferiority complex inherent to matter. In a few words: to hasten the process of evolution of the Ego to acquire by personal merit, the universal conscience which is the natural sphere of the Spirit purified by personal experience, that is the mother of science. . . rotation and translation movements on which all human cells depend.

Nicholas Roerich has not died. He lives and will live forever in the memory of all those who long for constructive and redeeming knowledge.



Nicholas Roerich
Portrait by Svetoslav Roerich

A FEW HIGHLIGHTS OF NICHOLAS ROERICH'S CREATIVE LIFE

By SVETOSLAV ROERICH

Though there already exists a very vast international Bibliography dealing with the various aspects of Prof. Roerich's creative genius, a complete unifying work is yet to be written.

It will take some years to classify properly all the enormous cultural heritage he left to Posterity, and in this short resume we shall enumerate only a few highlights of his life which may be of help to a student of his work.

He was born in 1874 in St. Petersburg and his early, as well as higher education he received in that City. **As a Student** he simultaneously attended the Academy of Art, the Historic and Philological courses of the University of St. Petersburg, the Faculty of Law and the Institute of Archeology, later he went to study abroad. This wonderful training was the foundation which gave him that marvellous breadth of vision and understanding to build his beautiful edifice of Achievement.

His heart and thoughts belonged to all humanity, to all peoples.

As an Artist he painted over 7,000 paintings dealing with a wide range of subjects from Historic large compositions painted in the academic

and more realistic style influenced by the late 19th century, to his later highly decorative colourful and unique paintings—depicting Man's higher aspirations and strivings. He took his themes from the Great Book of Life, The Quest of Man, Philosophic Doctrines and Religions, and in the later years along with his imaginative paintings he also painted the sublime landscapes of the Himalayas which he loved so much and which made him known as Master of the Mountains. His paintings hang in the leading museums as well as in the most important private galleries of the world, here in India they form part of many State collections and Travancore has a separate building dedicated to them, while separate halls have been set aside at Allahabad and Benares.

He was an outstanding Mural painter and his large murals for the Kazan Railway in Moscow and the Church of the Holy Spirit in Talashkino, near Smolensk, are the better known among his frescoes.

His contributions to the stage was likewise very important. He painted settings for practically all the Operas of Wagner, and for many Operas of Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin Moussor-

gsky as well as for Maeterlink and others. **His work for the Ballet** was no less significant his Danse Polovtsienne and Sacre du Printemps have become classics of the Stage.

As an Author and Scholar his published works include some 27 volumes mostly dealing with cultural and Philosophic and Pan-Human subjects.

The better known are—

1. Complete Works	1914
2. Flowers of Morya	1921
3. Adamant	1925
4. Altai Himalaya	1929
5. Paths of Blessing	1929
6. Realm of Light	1929
7. Flame in the Chalice	1929
8. Heart of Asia	1929
9. Shambhala	1930
10. Fiery Stronghold	1933
11. Gates into the Future	1936
12. Beautiful Unity	1946
13. Himalayas—The Abode of Light	1947
14. Himavat	1947

Besides these he wrote innumerable articles for the leading periodicals of India and abroad. His Poems were published both in Russian, in which language they were written by him and other languages. The English version was in the rendering of Mary Siegrist. Several unpublished manuscripts were left by him.

As an explorer and Scientist he carried out extensive Archeological research and excavations in Russia and later organised an expedition to Central Asia which took the better part of five years. Starting from India in 1924 he came back across Tibet in 1928. He settled in the Himalayas from 1928 onwards, and except for a few trips abroad and in India, and one major expedition to Mongolia and China in 1935 he remained in the Himalayas.

He organized the Ethnological, Linguistic as well as the Botanical and Zoological survey of Western Himalayas, in which work he was mainly assisted by George Roerich, the Scientist, and other visiting scholars.

As a Cultural Leader he was associated with numerous cultural and scientific organisations throughout the world. He was the head of the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Arts in Russia, with its extensive ramifications. He was First President of the famous Society

“The World of Art” and Chairman of the first Architectural courses for Women, besides taking a leading part in many others.

In America he founded the Master Institute of United Arts. The International Art Centre, and was Honorary Chairman of the Roerich Museum with its branches in Europe, America and the East. His belief that Peace can only come through Culture made him propose an International Pact for the protection of Cultural Treasures, which Pact became known as the **Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace**. This Pact was ratified by 21 countries and approved by 36 countries including India. **He was honoured by many countries**, their Governments, their learned bodies and organizations. He was Commander of the Russian Orders of St. Stanislaus, St. Anna and St. Vladimir. He was Commander I Cl. of the Yugoslavian Order of St. Savva and the Legion of Honour of France. He was Commander I Cl. of the Royal Swedish Order of the Polar Star. He was made a member of several Academies and learned bodies throughout the world and a few of these memberships are given here to show the scope of his Associations.

1. Member of the Russian Academy of Arts.
2. Member, Yugoslavian Academy of Science and Art Zagreb.
3. Member, Portuguese Academy, Coimbra, Portugal.
4. Member, Rheims Academy France.
5. Member, Academy of the International Institute of Science and Literature, Bologna Italy.
6. Honorary Member, Committee' Cultural, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
7. Vice-President, Mark-Twain Society, U.S.A.
8. Honorary Member, Nagari Pracharini Sabha, Benares, India.
9. Honorary Member, More' Society, France.
10. Member, Red Cross, France.
11. Member, Societe' Pre-historique, France.
12. Life Member, Federation of French Artists, Paris.
13. Member of the Salon D'Autome, Paris.
14. Life Member of the Society of Antiquaries, Paris.
15. Honorary Member of the Secession, Vienna. Vienna.

16. Honorary President, International Union for Roerich Pact, Bruges.
17. Honorary Protector of the History Society of the Academy, Paris.
18. Honorary President of the French Roerich Association, Paris.
19. Member-Founder, Ethnographic Society, Paris.
20. Honorary President, "Roerich Academy"—New York.
21. Honorary President, Flamma Association for the Advancement of Culture, Indiana, U.S.A.
22. Honorary President, Philadelphia Roerich Society, Philadelphia, U.S.A.
23. Honorary Member, Society for the Protection of Historic Monuments, New York.
24. Honorary President, Latvian Roerich Society, Riga.
25. Honorary President, Roerich Societies in Lithuania, Yugoslavia, China etc.
26. Honorary Member, Bose Institute, Calcutta.
27. Life Member, Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, Calcutta.
28. Life Member, Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta.
29. Honorary President and Doctor of Literature, International Buddhist Institute, San Francisco, Calif.
30. Honorary Member of the Russian Museum of History and Culture, Prague.
31. Honorary Member, Society of Lusace, Paris.
32. Honorary Member, League for the Defence of Art, Paris.
33. Protector of the Amritsar Art Society, Amritsar, India.
34. Member, Benefactor, Association for International Studies, Paris.
35. Honorary Member of the Field Association, St. Louis, U.S.A.
36. Honorary Member of Braurveda Society, Java.
37. Honorary Member of the National Association of Naturopaths of America, Los Angeles, California.
38. Honorary President of the Center of Art and Culture, Allahabad, India.
39. President, League of Culture, U.S.A.
40. Honorary President, American-Russian Cultural Association, New York, U.S.A.
41. Vice-President, American Institute of Archeology, U.S.A.

We hope that the few facts given above will serve as landmark for the Students of Nicholas Roerich's vast field of creative activity and will guide them to the central thread of his entire life.—the quest of the Higher Self—the quest of Service.

A few letters of Professor Nicholas Roerich and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore whose friendship and admiration for each other which sprang from their first meeting in London, in 1920, lasted throughout their lives.

By courtesy of "VISHVA-BHARATI" Santiniketan.

ROERICH MUSEUM
310, Riverside Drive,
New York, N. Y.
December 27, 1929

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore,
Bolpur,
Santiniketan, (eic)
Bengal, India.
My dear Friend:

Yesterday we were elated to receive your beautiful photograph with its signature, which is so precious to us. For us, it was a new token not only of your personal friendship but also as a link between East and West, when without any prejudice and without any hatred, we can embrace each other in the name of beauty and culture.

This note will reach you after the New Year but you may feel that on the eve of the New Year I send to you my best greetings and wishes that the supreme touch of your spirit should for long uplift humanity.

I am sending you my last book, "Flame in Chalice".

With my heartiest thoughts, believe me,
Sincerely,
Sd. N. Roerich.

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NAGGAR,
Kulu, Punjab.
April 20th, 1931

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore,
"Uttarayan"
Santiniketan, Birbhum.
Dear Brother in Spirit,

Long it is since we saw each other but with an ever burning admiration I followed up your thoughts which incessantly saturate the space. My best wishes accompanied you wherever you untiringly were sowing the beautiful garden of your seedlings of high cultural treasures. Verily now everything striving to Culture must be united, must feel to be on the very same boat crossing the same stormy ocean of human ignorance

I feel in my innermost your benevolent thoughts about our cultural institutions, as you no doubt feel our spiritual sendings to your glorious Santiniketan. We certainly would rejoice to print in one of our Bulletins one of your enlightened addresses and I shall myself be very happy to give for the Quarterly of Santiniketan some of my thoughts about Culture. Herewith I am sending you several pamphlets of our Institutions.

You have probably heard about some of our difficulties with the sanction for land in Kulu Valley. I am happy to tell you that all difficulties are eliminated, about which we just received notification from the Government of India. Thus our peaceful cultural work can proceed. I do not remember which books of mine are in your library of Santiniketan. If you notify me which books you have I shall be very glad to supplement you with the other books. We shall appreciate any of your literature to be included in the library of our Urusvati Himalayan Research Institute of Roerich Museum.

It will no doubt be of interest to you that our first collection of the Himalayan flora sent by our Institute to leading American and French Museums and Universities has aroused deepest interest in the scientific world.

You have probably also heard of my Peace Pact idea with a special Banner for protection of all cultural treasures which recently was un-animously accepted by the Museum's Commission of the League of Nations and was accepted enthusiastically by the representatives of Culture in all countries. Certainly your authoritative opinion on this idea calling the attention to the so urgently needed conception of Culture, would be cherished by us.

With heartiest thoughts from Mme. Roerich (her health worries us greatly), my son George and myself,

Yours in Spirit
Sd. Nicholas Roerich.

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Santiniketan,
April 26, 1931.

Dear Friend,

I am delighted to receive your letter and to know that your cultural colony in Naggar, Kulu, is thriving as it should. I have keenly followed your most remarkable achievements in the realm of Arts and also your great humanitarian work for the welfare of the nations of which your Peace Pact idea with a special Banner for protection of cultural treasure is a singularly effective symbol. I am very glad indeed that this Pact has been accepted at the League of Nations and I feel sure that it will have far-reaching effects on the cultural harmony of nations.

I missed you in New York during my recent visit to that city. I shall be glad to visit your colony in Naggar if I happen to travel toward northern India and shall then make personal contacts with the valuable work you have initiated there.

I appreciate very much your offer to make a gift of your works to our Institution. I shall be happy to present a set of my books to the library of Urusvati Himalayan Research Institution of Roerich Museum. If you kindly let me know where I should send those books I shall instruct my publishers to forward them accordingly.

We shall welcome your articles for the *Visva Bharati* quarterly whenever you find time to send them to us.

Today's post has brought for me a delightful souvenir of the Roerich Museum which I am very happy indeed to possess. Please accept my cordial thanks for this beautiful gift.

I hope this finds Mrs. Roerich in better health.

With my kindest regards to Mrs. Roerich and yourself, and my greetings to your son.

Sincerely yours,
Sd. Rabindranath Tagore.

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Santiniketan,
November 1, 1935

My Dear Friend,

It has given me great pleasure to hear from you once again after a long silence and know you have safely returned to your *ashrama* after

an arduous expedition in Central Asia. I cannot help envying your thrills and experiences in those remote and inaccessible parts of the globe where you go exploring from time to time. In my retirement of advancing age and preoccupations of a growing educational centre, I can satisfy my curiosity with merely reading about such triumphs of the indomitable spirit of man over nature and I hope your own fascinating narration will not be long withheld from us.

You have almost become a denizen of the arctic zone and I feel diffident about calling you to the plains. But it is our winter now and if you can possibly manage to bear its warmth here I shall be delighted if you will come and spend a few days with me at my *ashrama*. The spirit of internationalism which permeates the place and its educational work, I am sure will greatly interest you. And believe me, it will indeed give me genuine pleasure to show you round my life's work, as Santiniketan has really been.

With kind regards to all of you,

Yours very sincerely,
(Sd.) Rabindranath Tagore.

N. de Roerich Esq.,
"Urusvati"
Naggar, Kulu, Punjab.

★ ★ ★

Naggar,
Kulu, Punjab, Br. India.
Sept. 15, 1936.

My dear revered Friend,

With deep enthusiasm we have read your clarion call for Peace of Sept. 5th, published in the newspapers. May these ardent appeals reach the remotest parts of the world and may they create a moral impulse for mutual understanding and co-operation, for without these cultural foundations no true peace is possible. Permit me, on behalf of our World League of Culture and our Banner of Peace Committees to thank you most heartily for your enlightened authoritative defence of Peace. Verily, your name like a beacon light, towers over many noble movements.

You will be interested to hear that the "Roerich Foundation pro pace, arte, scientiae et labore" in Bruges in October holds an International Day of Art for the same purpose of promulgating the peace movement. The last events in Spain have again turned the public eye to-

wards our Pact of preservation of cultural treasures.

I am sending herewith for your Library the book dedicated to you, published by the President of our Latvian Society, Richard Rudzitis, a clipping from a Russian newspaper in Riga, Latvija, published on the occasion of your 75th birthday, and our Lithuanian magazine "Naujoji Samone", containing also translations of your poems. I am sending these three because Lithuanian, Latvian and Russian are rich in Sanskrit roots and all such ties should link up with your Library in Santiniketan. For the same Library I am sending you my last book in Russian "Gates into the Future". Our publishing co-operative co. in Latvia "Agni"—in Latvian "Uguns" appears under the familiar to you significant sign.

Mme de Roerich and both my sons send you their heartiest greetings to which I add my cordial fraternal wishes.

In heart and Spirit with You,

Sd. N. de Roerich.

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore,
Santiniketan.

★ ★ ★

Santiniketan,
September 22, 1936.

My dear Friend,

I am deeply touched by the sentiments you express in your letter which I received only yesterday, and I offer you my sincere thanks for the same.

The Problem of Peace is today the most serious concern with humanity and our efforts seem so insignificant and futile before the onrush of a new barbarism, that is sweeping over the west with an accelerating momentum. The ugly manifestations of naked militarism on all sides forebode an evil future and I almost lose faith in civilization itself. And yet we cannot give up our efforts, for that would only hasten the end.

I wish I had the good fortune to read the books you have sent me, they look so inviting. It is really very kind of you to have taken so much trouble on my behalf.

With warmest greetings to Madame de Roerich, yourself and your sons.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
(Sd.) Rabindranath Tagore.

N. de Roerich Esq.



ROERICH'S CREDO

"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."

* * * *

Culture and Peace—the most sacred goal of Humanity! In these days of great confusion, both spiritual and material, the disturbed spirit strives to these radiant strongholds. But we should not unite only abstractly in the name of these regenerating conceptions. According to our abilities, each in his own field, we should bring them into actual surrounding life as the most necessary and undeferrable. 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.

Above all confusions the Angels sing of Peace and Goodwill. No guns, no explosives can silence these choirs of heaven. And despite all the earthly wisdom, idealism, as the Teaching of Good, will still remain the quickest reaching and most renovating principle in life.

* * * *

"Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realises 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 bank notes, 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 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 realising the path of true reality, we greet with a happy smile the future."

* * * *

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.

