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Editor.
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"I worked as an apprentice under two artists named Pessman and Reuben. Most of the work done by this advertising concern was for farm journals. My job consisted of drawing pictures for various advertisements, such as egg-laying mash, salt blocks for cattle, farm equipment, etc. As I was not a finished artist they put me to work penciling sketches of hens on nests, with baskets overflowing with eggs, hens hatching out dollars, and various things on this order to show the results of feeding hens this particular egg mash. Other sketches I made were of cattle enjoying the salt blocks, and happy farmers demonstrating pride in their up-to-date farm equipment. However, I never did the finished work on any of this; my work was really making rough pencil drawings, most of which were almost completely re-drawn by my two bosses I worked for one entire week and didn’t know what I was going to get. At the end of the week they told me they would give me ten pounds a month. I started in with this concern some time in the latter part of October, 1919. I worked with them until after the Christmas rush was over. When the Christmas rush was over they fired me.

After I was fired, I got a job carrying mail with the Post Office Department.

This lasted until after the New Year, and then I was again out of a job.

(To be continued)
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.

By a stroke of rare genius Roerich has been able to divine this spiritual realm not so much in the works of the historic past as in the vestiges of prehistoric times, in the Art of the Stone Age. Through the vast, the simple, the universal, he discerns the outlines of a New Beauty, which shall unite both East and West in forms far more essential than those which now go to separate them.

And here he touches on the great problem of our Epoch—that of Renewal, of Rebirth.

All the upheavals and insurrections that have occurred during the last twenty five years in every phase of life, and in the thoughts of the whole world, are signs of such a reawakening; and during this eventful period Roerich has been going from one continent to another, staying in one country and then another, until he has found himself at home in every part of the world.

It is for this reason that he is never pessimistic, for he knows that if the tide recedes in one part, it is rising in another, and that, on the whole, there is a powerful movement towards a Renaissance of the Spirit.

At fourteen years of Age being attracted by the Past, he began to excavate the tumuli on his father's estate near St. Petersbourg. The discovery of gold and silver coins of the tenth century, encouraged him to continue his researches, and eventually introduced him to the famous archaeologist A. A. Spitzine who made him a member of the Archaeological Society.

His excavations at Pskov and in the province of Novgorod led him to make a close study of the Stone Age, and get together an immense collection of stone relics which included 75,000 objects, so that his vision of this period may be said to be based on scientific experience of a high order.

What he has to say of the Neolithic Period is of extraordinary interest. The knowledge of the man of science, the perception of the artist, and the vision of the poet have all combined to give us a living picture altogether unrivalled in the annals of archaeology.

The world of primitive savages and cave dwellers, which figures so miserably on the first pages of our his-
Roerich asks us to forget the Age of Iron and the conventions of civilization and to try and visualize the beauty of the Stone Age—"the marvellous beauty of its tinted stones and precious furs, its coloured woods and woven tassels."

He assures us that this Age far surpassed our own in its aspiration to Art and Beauty and that the Future would do well to follow its example — "by working to embellish and harmonize our surroundings."

He shows us that these cave dwellers were anything but uncouth savages, that everything they touched was stamped with the beauty of form and colour, their walls covered with living frescoes, by no means inferior to the finest works of Japan, and that their vases, utensils and arms wrought of jade of jasper or of stone had a style and distinction worthy of the Greeks and Egyptians.

It is the aspiration of these cave dwellers to beautify everything around them with the same simplicity with which Nature beautifies the earth, that leads Roerich to the startling conclusion that they were nearer to the broad highway of perfection than we are to-day.

"From continually living in fear and fighting against the world that surrounds him, Man has come to imprison himself in a labyrinth, from which there will be no escape until he again strikes the broad highway from whence he started."

This immense beauty of a far off Past stirs him to visions of a spacious Future, of a New Era, when the aspiration towards Art and the effort to beautify life will again be universal.

His life-long researches into the Stone Age have given him the conviction that humanity has existed here on earth for many a million years, and that the immense cycle of time is again bringing us round to a New Era of beauty whose universal character will correspond with that of this Neolithic Culture.

This is a far more ample vision of things than that of the historians, but it is one which is in keeping with the nature of the Cosmos, and we have only to glance at the starry spaces at night to realize that such a large harmony and duration is far nearer to Nature than the world of our narrow traditions.

It is interesting to see how Roerich's researches into the Stone Age, and his early enthusiasm for this period has influenced all his work. It would seem to form the basis of his style, for many of his early paintings have a neolithic grandeur all their own.

It also explains why he finds himself at home in every part of the world where Nature is still intact and preserves some vestiges of this primeval beauty.

Not only among the ancient cities and monuments of his own country — in those early pictures of Kovno, Mita-va, Riga, Kazan and old Pskov — but in all his wanderings through Asia and America, we shall always find him at work, painting the rocks and shrines rather than the more superficial aspects of the land through which he is passing.

All his life he has been erecting an immense edifice of Art, the foundations of which are firmly laid amid the rocks and stones of all the countries of the earth, while the summits, like the highest peaks of the Himalaya, catch the light of coming dawn.

In Art as in everything else some sort of heredity is necessary as a foundation on which to build, and the stronger the racial character, the better. Roerich is as Russian as Titian is Venetian or Turner is English. His style eminently personal derives from the main tradition of Russian Art, and to a greater extent perhaps than the works of its ecclesiastical and Byzantine masters.

In such early works as — The Daughters of the Earth — The Heat of the Earth — Idols of Ancient Russia — The call of the Sun — there is a primitive spirit, the spirit of the pre-historic Slavs and of the Stone Age, due perhaps to the fascination of this epoch on the young artist, but partly, I believe, to an innate sense of those Cosmic Powers of life which underlie all appearances.
Simplicity is a characteristic of all high spirituality, and we shall find this primordial element in almost all his work.

Such a style may be pre-Russian, it may be even more universal than Russia, but only a Russian, I believe, could be equally great as artist and as mystic to have produced it.

Throughout almost all his work, which runs to over three thousand canvases, we are constantly reminded of the fresco paintings of the Byzantine Church and the sacred images of the ikon painter.

From 1902 to 1912 there are a whole series of Russian paintings depicting the ancient cities of Moscow, Smolensk, Vilna, Kovno, Mitava, Riga, Kazan, Pskov, Nijni-Novgorod — paintings which show the inner and poetic nature of these places as no other artist has done. In all these early works the style and the subject have the simplicity of the things that are everlasting. Their very titles, 'the Lake', 'the Forest' 'the White Church', 'the Cloud', 'A small town', have that timeless beauty which is of all ages because it is eminently simple, spiritual.

Some of these canvases have an unearthly beauty of coloring which would suggest that the painter has had visions of that world of archetypes, of which Plato spoke, a world where the soul of all things lives on for ever.

In his mural paintings — such as those of the Pochayev Cathedral, in the decoration of many a chapel, and in frescoes like the Queen of Heaven, Roerich shows his deep knowledge of the Byzantine tradition and the art of the Russian ikon painter.

Art, to him, is the sacred thing it always was to the pious Russian artists of the 17th century, and I imagine that he brings to his painting much of their fervour and devotion. "An ikon painter" he tells us, "while his work lasted only partook of food on Saturdays and Sundays, for, in those days, the painting of a holy image was a matter of prolonged ecstasy."

Roerich is not only one of the most remarkable of Russian painters, he is also one of the foremost critics and historians of Russian Art, and has done more perhaps than anyone before him to evoke its hidden treasures.

His lectures on Russian Art are themselves treasures, for they sparkle with the rich imagery of the painter and the poet, give life there where others only perceived dead relics, and rouse our enthusiasm and curiosity for those wonderful fresco painters whose works have for centuries been neglected or forgotten in the shadow of many an ancient Russian church.

He was one of the first to discover that the naive art of the ikon painter was, in reality, a very advanced art and the result of a consummate technique.

Like the supreme simplicity of Homer, which Hellenists now assure us was the result of highly wrought Art rather than of a primitive spontaneity, this early art of the Russian ikon painter displays, as Roerich shows us a marvellous insight into the technique of decorative art.

So deep was their knowledge of Art that the effect produced by these miraculous ikons, he tells us, "borders on magic."

It is here among these sacred painters of the Russian church that we can trace the technical source of Roerich's own art. He has the same remarkable sense of colour, the same profound attitude to his subject, and, like these pious workmen, he can produce 'magical effects'.

To describe the unique character of his own work we could hardly do better than quote from one of his lectures on the mural paintings in the Russian churches.

"And even when you have grasped the magic colouring of those mural paintings in the churches of Yaroslavl and Rostov, this is not all. Examine carefully the interior of the church of St. John the Baptist at Yaroslavl. What a marvellous harmony between the pure transparent tones of azure and that brilliant ochre!

"What a calm atmosphere emanates from those green tints with their emerald shadings fading away into grey and harmonizing so wonderfully with the reddish brown of the figures!"
"Archangels of a serene beauty of countenance crowned with a dark yellow halo float across the heavens, their immaculate white garments looking all the fresher by contrast with the deep blue background. And the gold is so well inserted, so perfectly adapted, that it never distracts the eye. These paintings have the quality of the most exquisite silk tapestries."

"In the labyrinth of passages in the church of Rostov, we halt before many a miniature doorway astonished at the harmonious beauty of their setting. Through the pearl grey tints which cover these walls with their strange transparencies, human figures hardly discernible gaze upon you as you pass. In certain places you seem to feel the heat of the brilliant red and brownish red colours; in others a bluish green tint evokes a feeling of immense calm, or you suddenly pause, as if arrested by some solemn warning of the scriptures—to find yourself face to face with a sacred figure painted in ochre."

This beautiful description of the work of the great Russian fresco painters—perhaps the highest type of sacred art—might apply to many a Roerich masterpiece.

We have the same mysterious figures looming up against a background of a magic colour the same sacred atmosphere and mystery, by no means lessened as one might imagine, by this age of unbelief, but grown vaster, more universal, and able to hold its glamour in the light of day.

His art then, is of noble descent and derives much of its technique from one of the greatest traditions of Art.

These writings and lectures of Roerich on Russian Art and civilization show a penetrating insight into Russian history, and do more perhaps, than the work of any other historian to evoke the splendours of the past and the rich inheritance of Russian art.

Gazing back into the centuries he shows us the splendour of ancient Yaroslavl, Novgorod, Moscow and Kiev. Above all ancient Kiev—the Mother of Russian Cities—is depicted in terms which only a poet, painter, archaeologist and historian could employ.

He tells us that the origins of the city are legendary, and that a recent discovery of a cult of Astarte, shows that they go back to the 17th century B.C.

"Such was the splendour of ancient Kiev, where the Scandinavian skill in metal work joined to the Oriental wealth of Byzance produced such marvellous beauty that the Princes slew one another to get possession of the city.

The sparkle of its translucid enamels, its refined art of miniature, the nobility of its architecture, its wonderful bronze work, its wealth of tapestry together with the finest elements of Roman Art, all tended to give the city an unrivalled magnificence. He shows us the horsemen going and coming through the courtyards of those private places where, in the words of an ancient epic poem:

The entrance is paved with ivory,
And over the door stand seventy ikons.
In the midst of the courtyard are the terems,
The terems with their golden domes.
The first door is of cast iron,
The second door is of glass.
The third door is of trellis work.
and then follow the riders in their costumes:
Their garments are of rich scarlet cloth
Their leather belts fastened with clasps of bronze.
They wear sharp pointed caps of black fur,
Embosed with golden crowns
Their feet are shod in precious green leather,
Curved into metal clasps.
With pointed heels.
There is room enough for an egg to roll about the toes.
There is space enough for a bird to fly about their heels.
Roerich assures us that this epic, which corresponds with the Byzantine frescoes is true to life, and has the value of an archaeological document.

The poem continues with the portrait of a hero which might well figure in the Arabian Nights, or at the court of the fabulous Kubla-Khan.

Above his bonnet the helmet glows like fire.
His silver shoes are woven with seven silks.
Sewn with a golden thread.
Over his shoulder hangs a cloak of black ermine,
Of that black ermine which comes from beyond the seas,
And covered with green velvet.
Around every button hole—a bird is woven,
On each golden button—a rampant beast is engraved.

He gives us a picture of the Russia of the Middle Ages
which is probably unique in the archaeology of that
country, and all the more authentic, since it is based upon
his own researches among the fresco paintings of that
period and upon a knowledge of the ancient Russian lan­
guage and literature and its monuments.

He shows how the lower classes had no ill feeling
against the cultured and how the society of those times
dwelt in harmony, the people themselves sharing in the
general atmosphere of Art and Poetry. But then, they
had wise rulers such as Yaroslav who read and wrote
books of the deepest wisdom and cultivated all the Arts.

He quotes a poem of the eleventh century which tells
us that: "Prince Yaroslav the Wise founded Kiev the Great
with its Golden Gates and built the beautiful church of
Saint Sophia" and goes on to show us how Novgorod,
Pskov, and Moscow were, at that time, cities of Art, splen­
did like Venice, with temples, palaces and private dwel­
lings of the most perfect proportions.

(To be continued)

Relation, Affinity and Contact

BY ARNOLD A. BAKE, D. Lit.

The time is not so very far behind us when the
mere suggestion of mutual influence of the cul­
tures of old was slightly derided and frowned at.
At school we were taught to consider the Greek culture, for
instance, as a kind of autogenous product, "svayambhu";
so to say. The mere suggestion that there might have been
essential Egyptian and other outside influences that had
contributed to its development and greatness was slightly
sacrilegious in the eyes of many Greek scholars even of the
generation that lies just behind us. More and more we
begin to understand now that in life there is no such thing
as "svayambhu"; that it is the mutual influence that
ultimately brings the growth and flower of culture; that
isolation in the sphere of culture means starvation, death
or madness. Each new excavation brings new proof of
the intimate contact of the civilisations of old. Canon
Galpin in his recent book on Sumerian music found help for
the deciphering and understanding of Sumerian texts from
texts and instruments from China and Egypt. China itself
remote as its culture may seem, has a legend mentioning
the fact that an ambassador from China brought the
pentatonic scale from the West, and certainly the ideas
about cosmic relationship between music and life in general
show striking affinity in China and Babylon of old.

Father Herras in his noteworthy and remarkable con­
struction of the language of the civilisation of the Indus valley
found clues in Sumer, Egypt, China and even in the picto­
graphs of the Hittites, so that, even in the year 4000 B.C.,
we find that cultural isolation was nonexistent. Finally the
people calling themselves Aryas wandering into India
sometime during the 3rd millennium B.C., having a fight
for supremacy with the probably much higher cultured
population already settled in India, find that their initial
hostility does not prevent mutual influence. Countless
are the culturally important things the Aryas absorbed