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On Vigil

Nothing could be more timely at present than to quote the following invocations for Peace from Prof. Nicholas Roerich's writings:

Would it not appear that to pray "for the Peace of the Whole World" is the greatest Utopia? This seems so. But the heart and the inner being continue to reiterate these sacred words, as a possible reality. If one listens to the voice of superficial obviousness, then even all the Commandments will seem an Utopia, impossible to carry out in life. Where is "thou shalt not kill"? Where is "thou shalt not steal"? Where is "thou shalt not commit adultery"? Where is the fulfilment and carrying out of all simple and clear commandments of Life? Perhaps some wiseacres will say: "Why reiterate these commands, if anyhow they are not carried out!"

Everyone of us has often heard various complaints and warnings against Utopia. From childhood and youth one has heard the "experienced advices" not to be carried away by "empty idealism," but to keep closer to "to practical life." Some young hearts did not agree with this "practical life," to which the wiseacres tried to persuade them. Some youths heard the voice of their hearts whispering that the path to idealism, against which the elder ones were warning, is the most vital and pre-ordained. On this ground of idealism and "conventional wisdom" many family tragedies took place. Who knows what was the cause of many suicides—of these most foolish solutions of life's problems. For the wiseacres did not warn the youths in time of the terrible delusion, which even led to suicide. And when these gradually doomed young men asked the elders whether during the alleged "practical" life, the Commandments will be carried out, the elder ones, sometimes with a cynical gesture, sacrilegiously murmured: "Everything will be forgiven." And between this "everything will be forgiven" and the Commandments of Life there arose some insoluble contradiction. The wiseacres were ready to promise everything, if only to prevent the youths from idealism. And when the youths submerged into conventional mechanical life, then even the Scribes and Pharisees threw up their hands. But the question arises: Who took the youths to boxing matches, to races and to obscene films? And did not the "wise councillors" themselves constantly repeat with a sigh "without cheating one cannot sell" and did they not themselves zealously thus create these decaying conditions of life? It was once said: "Today a small compromise, tomorrow another
small compromise, and the following day—a servitor of vulgarity."
In this way, in smallest compromises against radiant idealism,
has the imagination and consciousness been polluted. The dark
consciousness began to whisper of the inapplicability of the Commandments to life. And this viper of doubt began to assure, in
the darkness of the night, that the Peace of the whole world is a
mere Utopia.

But this prayer was already, ages ago, laid down not as an
abstractness, but just as an imperative call for a possible reality !
The Great Minds knew that the Peace of the whole world is not only possible but also that Peace is that great salutary magnet, to
which sooner or later the ships of all travellers will be attracted.
In different languages, at various ends of the world, this sacred
prayer is and shall be reiterated. Inscrutable are the ways and it
is not for man to prejudge, how, where and when idealism will
become a reality. Verily, the ways cannot be foretold. But the
final goal remains one ! And to this goal will lead all manifesta-
tions of that idealism, which is so often persecuted by wiseacres.
There will also come the day, when so-called idealism will be
understood not only as something most practical, but even as the
sole path for the solution of all other problems of life. The same
idealism will also create a striving to honest unlimited knowledge,
as one of the most salutary harbours. Idealism will disperse
superstition and prejudices which so fatally deaden the vital
strivings of mankind. If someone would collect an encyclopaedia
of superstitions and prejudices, this would disclose the strange
truth that many of the vipers up to now live even amidst that
humanity which considers itself enlightened.

But above all confusions the Angels sing of Peace and Good-
will. No guns, no explosives can silence these choirs of heaven.
And despite all the earthly pseudo-wisdom, idealism as the Teach-
ing of Good will still remain the quickest reaching and most
renovating principle in life. It has been said: " O generation of
vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things ?" Evil-hearted-
ness will whisper that every goodwill is impractical and untimely.
But let us know firmly, that even the Peace unto the whole world
is not an abstraction, but depends only on the desire and goodwill
of humanity. Thus every admonition to safeguard the Highest
and the Best is most timely and alleviates the shortest path.

May the beneficial symbols, may the Banner of Goodwill be
unfurled over everything, by which the human spirit exists.

On this platform of "Peace unto the Whole World " we
stand and nothing can turn us away from this, the only salutary,
beautiful Path.

"Flamma"

Liberty, Indiana, U. S. A.

LYSIPPUS was a blacksmith's apprentice before ever he became a sculptor.
The heart of a great artist has never been withered by anguish of a reflect-
tive spirit or distress of a hungry body. There is no drought which can
destroy the seed of creativeness, once it is ready to sprout. Amid the most
burdensome labours the folk-song sounds a call to renewed creativeness. It
is implanted in the quality of each task. Art, knowledge, labour, these are
sons of that same creativeness which guides and uplifts.

From the most ancient times the aims of art have been characterized
by the most diverse words. However multiform these definitions may be,
everywhere their essence is perceived to be one and the same. First of all
from art is demanded persuasiveness. It is said that to be convincing one
must see through beauty. And so it is. To view with the eye of beauty,
this means one must comprehend the very best in composition. What
sort of composition is this ? Much has been said about conventional
premeditated arrangement, about a tendency to pretentious subjectiveness.
Many times people have tried to express their just indignation at something
which in their opinion weighed down the lofty concept of creativeness and
rendered it incapable of soaring flight.

Such in reality is conventional composition. In the last analysis
artificial composition will always provoke boredom and weariness. But
there is also another composition which is natural and yet indefinable in
words. The artist may see so clearly and constructively that, so to speak,
you do not miss a word of his song. It is precisely as in nature, when the
most varied elements are combined in complete harmony. When one
examines a cluster of crystals it is forever amazing how, even when un-
expected forms are encountered, they always make up a harmonious conclu-
sive whole. Thus it is in all artistic creativeness. Its productions have
crystallized so naturally, that any argument about composition simply falls
to the ground. In such a crystal of creativeness is expressed that convinc-
ingness which can be definitely felt, but words will be powerless to define
it or to give any recipe for it.

When a picture has been naturally built up, you can add or subtract
nothing. You cannot shift its parts, and this for the reason, not that you
must not violate "symmetry," but that you must not deprive the picture of
its vital balance. You have the desire to live with such a picture because
you will find in it a constant source of joy. Each object which sheds joy around it represents a veritable treasure. You are indifferent to what school or trend it belongs as an objet d'art; it will be a persuasive guide of the Beautiful and will bestow upon you many hours in which you will feel love for life. You will be grateful to him who has helped you meet life with a smile, and you will take good care of this hieroglyph of Beauty. And you will become better, not at the dry command of morality but from the creative radiation of the heart. In you will awaken the Creator which is latent in the depths of the consciousness.

In its best disclosures, science proves to be art. Such striking scientific syntheses are forever imprinted upon the human brain, as something overwhelmingly conclusive. Then science ceases to be a conventional synchronisation of facts and advances triumphantly into the domain of new cognition, leading humanity along with it.

Creativeness, whether it be in symbols or in art or in any of the realms ruled by the Muses of the classical world, will be attractive, that is to say, convincing. Science is already entering such immense fields as thought. Now it is coming to light that thought acts according to some sort of laws not yet set down in human words, yet already perceptible in series of experiments being carried on at present. The mind of the thinker will be a creative one.

It has always been required of art that it be creative. This demand is no more than just. After all, art cannot be other than creative. Be it a most intricate picture, landscape or portrait, once this work emerges from the hands of the true artist, it will be creative. In the complexity of present day concepts, it may be that the very idea of creativeness has fallen to pieces. Sometimes people begin to assume that creativeness must be expressed in forms having nothing in common with reality. Some may still remember the joke originating at a French exhibition, where a picture turned out to have been painted by a donkey's tail. In their quests of creativeness, instead of liberation (for creativeness must always be free) people begin to seek some new limitation and conventional recipes. In this is forgotten the most fundamental condition of creativeness; first of all it does not tolerate anything conventionally imposed and self-restrictive.

For example, let us cite Gauguin. Can one possibly call his pictures conventional or tendentional? Precisely in freedom of creativeness Gauguin strode over all the limiting frames of his subject as well as any sort of restrictive technical rules. He always remains a creative artist, that is to say, a true and convincing master-craftsman. The power of persuasiveness of this artist is not in any recipes or rules devised by the reason. He has created just as a bird sings which cannot but sing, because its song is the expression of its essential nature. His persuasiveness lies in the fact that he has been capable of viewing each of his pictures as a part of creative nature.

The inner vision of a picture, to the extent that it is requisite and convincing, will always be far outside the methods of technical rules. Creators of all times and peoples have created their productions not alone by intuitively seeing them in their best form of expression, but they have extended their creativeness to the very material in which they worked. The sculptor, having inspected the block of marble, creates from it the best possible. The master-wood-carver employs each quality of his piece of wood in working it into the forms appearing to his creative eye. The painter intuitively selects colourful material for each of his expressions. The artist would probably be unable to explain afterward why precisely he employed oils or tempera or watercolour or pastel. And so it must be. Why does an orator raise and lower his intonation? Why does the musician discover those ineffably enchanting harmonies, which even he cannot always repeat?

Intuition is being much discussed at present. Volumes are being written about intuitive philosophy. The solution of problems is being sought not only in calculations but also in intuitive synthesis. One artist has said: "Do thus, in order that people may believe you." Another, discussing a certain realist, asked: "Does he have to depict all the wayside filth just because it exists in reality?" Yet at the same time let us not condemn realism. Of course it is only a striving for the actuality, which in turn produces that convincingness for the sake of which one must view with the eye of beauty.

Recently much has been said about synthesis of art. In all the arts, synthesis is nothing but a condensation of all good possibilities. Once Brûlov* said, in jest, that art is extraordinarily easy: "one has but to take the right colour and apply it in the right place." In essence the master and great technician spoke truly. Precisely one must do what is needful in applying the colour, and something whispers what this "needful" is. The master knows when it would be impossible to do otherwise, yet when you ask him by what canons and rules he has done exactly so and not otherwise, no artist can explain to you what laws he followed in doing as he did.

Comparing the works of art of different times and peoples, we see that frequently the most apparently diverse productions go together excellently in a common grouping. One can easily picture to oneself how certain primitives, Persian miniatures, objets d'art of Africa, China and Japan, Gauguin and Van Gogh, can all appear in one collection and even

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* The famous Russian artist of the middle of the last century.
hang on one wall. Not the material or technique but something else enables these entirely different examples, to live together in harmony. They are all truly products of creativeness. Moreover, all kinds of art and sculpture, painting, mosaics, ceramics, in a word, absolutely all things in which have been expressed the creative outburst of a master, will be friends, and not mutually exclusive antagonists.

Each of us has often listened to contradictory pronouncements. One says that he understands only the old school. Another vehemently raises the objection that all must be in movement and therefore he finds joy only in the modernists, even though their works may be harsh and strident. Some esteem only oil painting, while others admire the delicate water-color. Some affirm that they like only "finished pictures," while others assert that they treasure sketches most highly, as the first inspired impulses of the creator. Some can be enraptured only by monumental works, while others feel warm affection for miniatures. Some limit their taste to the grandiose, others find repose of the spirit in small artistic bibelots. Do all such limitations denote limitedness of soul on the part of the art-lover, or rather, may it not be that these amateurs have simply dammed up their possibilities?

Very often one's preferences and one's collection depend upon some accidental initial impulse. Perhaps sometime a man has heard that a picture is painted with oils, and this expression took root in his brain. Perhaps in the family circle a child has been impressed by a word spoken about water-colors, or he may have been given a set of them, and from this chance beginning has followed his interest in precisely this medium. In all the manifestations of life and particularly in the matter of artistic impulses, one often has occasion to encounter initial fortuity. Indeed, these "accidents" often prove to be far from matters of chance. A man has begun to respond precisely to one thing rather than another, and in this may have been expressed his dormant accumulations. Spring has come and buds open out naturally which have long been asleep through the winter cold. New creativeness has begun!

What a beautiful word—"creativenses"! In various languages it rings out appealingly and convincingly. In its own way it speaks about something latenly possible, about something triumphant and conclusive. So mighty and beautiful is the word "creativeness" that all conventional obstacles are forgotten in the face of it. People rejoice at this word as a symbol of advancement. The command of creativeness covers over all whisperings of the limited mind about rules, about materials, about all that so often answered with the suppressive word "impossible." To creativeness all is possible. It leads humanity along with itself. Creativeness is the banner of youth. Creativeness is progress. Creativeness is mastery of new possibilities. Creativeness is peaceful conquest over stagnation and formlessness. In creativeness has already been implanted movement. Creativeness is expression of the fundamental laws of the universe. In other words, in creativeness is expressed beauty.

It has been said that beauty will save the world. People have smiled at this formula with sympathy or with derogation, but no one can refute it. There are certain axioms which may cause wonder but which one cannot overthrow. Humanity dreams about freedom, it inscribes this great hieroglyph upon the facades of buildings. At the same time mankind exerts every effort to restrict and reduce this concept. Great freedom of thought is manifested in true creativeness. That will be true which is beautiful and convincing. In the secret places of the heart, for which man himself is responsible, has been implanted trustworthy judgment as to what true conviction is, what creativeness is, what Beauty is.

As Velasquez said, "not a picture but truth itself."

Let us recall two excellent passages from Anatole France's Garden of Epicurus.

"Whatever wins its vogue only by some trick of novelty and whim of aesthetic taste ages quickly. Fashions change in Art as in everything else. There are catch-words that come up and pretend to be new, just like the gowns from the great dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix; like them, they only last a season. At Rome in the decadent periods of art, the statues of the Empresses showed the hair dressed in the latest mode. Soon these coiffures looked ridiculous, so they had to be changed and the figures were given marble wigs. It were only fitting that a style as rococo as these figures should be re-periwigged every year. The fact is, in these days when we live so fast, literary schools last but a few years, sometimes but a few months. I know young writers whose style is already two or three generations out of date and seems quite archaic. This is doubtless the result of the amazing progress of industry and machinery which sweeps modern communities along. In the days of M.M. de Goncourt and railways we could still spend a fairly long time upon a certain form of artistic writing. But since the telephone, literature, which depends upon contemporary manners, renews its formulas with an altogether disconcerting rapidity. So we will merely agree with M. Ludovic Halevy that the simple form is the only one adapted to travel peacefully, not down the centuries, that would be assuming too much, but at least down the years.

"The only difficulty is to define what the simple form is, and one must admit this difficulty to be a great one.

"Nature, at any rate as we can know her and in milieux adapted to life,
CREDO

offers us nothing simple, and art cannot aspire to greater simplicity than nature. Yet we understand well enough what we mean when we say that such and such a style is simple and such and such another is not.

"I will say this much then, that if there is no simple style, there are styles which appear simple, and it is just these which carry youth and longevity with them. It remains but to inquire whence they get this fortunate appearance. Doubtless we shall conclude that they owe it, not to their being less rich than others in divers elements, but rather because they form a whole in which all the parts are so well blended that they cannot be distinguished separately. A good style, in fact, is like yonder beam of light which shines in at my window as I write, and which owes its pure brilliancy to the intimate combination of the seven colours of which it is composed. A simple style is like white light. It is complex, but does not seem so. This is only a simile after all, and we know what such parallels are worth when it is not a poet who draws them. But what I wished to make plain is this; in language the true simplicity which is good and desirable is only apparent, and it results solely from fine co-ordination and sovereign economy of the several parts of the whole."

"If you would taste true art and experience a profound impression before a picture, examine the frescoes of Ghirlandajo in Santa-Maria-Novella at Florence, depicting the Birth of the Virgin. The old master shows us the room of delivery. Anna, upraised on the bed, is neither young nor beautiful, but one sees immediately that she is a good housewife. She has ranged at the head of the bed a jar of sweetmeats and two pomegranates. A serving-maid, standing between the bed and the wall, offers her an ewer on a platter. The babe has just been washed and the copper basin still stands in the middle of the floor. Now the infant Mary is taking the breast; her wet-nurse for the nonce is a young and beautiful lady of the city, a mother herself, who has offered her bosom to the end that this child and her own, having imbibed life at the same fount, may keep the savour of it in common, and by force of their blood love each other as brother and sister. Near her stands another young woman, or rather a young girl, like her in feature, perhaps her sister, richly dressed, wearing the hair drawn away from her brow and plaited at the temples like Aemilia Pia; she stretches out her two arms toward the infant with a charming gesture betraying the awakening of the maternal instinct. Two noble ladies, clad in the Florentine fashion, are coming in to offer their felicitations. They are attended by a serving-maid bearing on her head a basket of watermelons and grapes. This figure is of a large simple beauty; draped in flowing garments confined by a girdle, the ends of which float in the wind, she seems to intervene in this pious domestic scene like a dream of pagan antiquity. Well, in this warm room, in these gentle womanly faces, I see expressed all the life of Florence and the fine flower of the early Renaissance. This goldsmith's son, this master of the Primitives, has revealed in his painting, which has the clearness and brilliancy of a summer dawn, all the secret of that courtly epoch in which he had the good fortune to live and which possessed so great a charm of its own that his contemporaries themselves were wont to exclaim: 'The gods are good indeed! Oh, thrice-blessed age!'

"It is the artist's part to love life and to show us that it is beautiful. Without him, we might well doubt the fact!"

Leonardo ordained:

"He who despises the art of painting, thus despises a philosophic and refined conception of the universe, because the art of painting is the daughter, or rather grand-child of Nature. Everything that exists was born from Nature, and has borne in its turn the science of painting. This is why I say that painting is the grand-child of Nature and relative of God. He who blasphemes the art of painting, blasphemes Nature."

"The painter should be all-embracing. O, artist, may thy versatility be as infinite as the manifestations of Nature. Continuing what God began, strive to multiply not human deeds, but the eternal creations of Gods. Never imitate any one. Let every master-piece of yours be a new manifestation of Nature."

History records the manifold remarkable achievements of Leonardo da Vinci in all domains of life. He left amazing mathematical writings, he investigated the nature of flying, he conducted medical researches, and was a distinguished anatomist. He invented musical instruments, studied the chemistry of paint, he loved the wonders of natural history. He adorned cities with magnificent buildings, palaces, schools, libraries; he built large military barracks, constructed one of the best ports in the Adriatic and planned and built great waterways; he founded mighty forts, constructed war machinery, sketched military plans... Great was his versatility.

But after all these remarkable achievements, he remained in the memory of the world as an artist—as the great artist. Is this not a true victory of Art?

Himalayas, 1938.
How proud we are of our culture! In what lofty terms we praise our civilization! With what hopes we look forward into the future!

Meanwhile our reason assures us that Culture can exist provided it is founded on a widening of consciousness; that civilization can flourish provided it be based on certain healthy principles.

A better future must be based upon a renovation of life itself.

In the past, man's efforts seem to have evolved in two opposing directions. On the one hand he has striven to obtain mastery over the wonderful energy known as thought; on the other his efforts have ended in suffocation from poison gas and bombs, or poisoning from the fumes of furnaces and factories.

In some of his recent essays on atmospheric dangers V. Tartarinov has called attention to the many ailments due to negligence on the part of those responsible for the public welfare.

Quite apart from the quality of their foods, which may be good or bad, city dwellers are being systematically poisoned and the danger would seem to come from the air itself.

All day long, whether in the house or in the street we are breathing that deadly gas carbon monoxide, the imperceptible and odorless character of which makes it all the more dangerous. It is the gas which emanates from our stoves, that which is often resorted to by suicides, and when formed in large quantities, it is responsible for mine explosions and the death of colliery men.

There is a whole series of industries—the chemical, metallurgical, glass etc, which suffer in this respect, and the danger exists in all industrial plants where carbon monoxide exceeds the ratio of 1 in 90,000.

Portable stoves, slow combustion stoves and the kerosene gas heaters of our bath rooms all constitute a danger and should be carefully regulated.

In the opinion of Prof. Piavo who has made a special study of this question, the central heating of all houses over 15 years ought to be carefully overhauled to see if any noxious gas is being given off.

Dr. Fesange describes two cases of a mysterious ailment in which the patient complained of headaches, fainting, and asthenia, and in which no treatment proved of any avail.
The doctor then had an architect called in to repair the central heating, after which the patients quickly recovered.

The closed car, which is all the fashion today, is a real danger. However perfect its construction, it is impossible to prevent a leakage of gas and this is why women who are generally more sensitive than men often complain of dizziness, nausea, and fainting.

The danger however exists out of doors as much as within, since the smoke from the city chimneys mixes with the exhaust gases of the motor traffic, so that when the streets are narrow and the buildings lofty, the result is particularly harmful.

An analysis of the air in the busy quarters of New York shows that carbon monoxide is present in the proportion of 1 part in 10,000 that is, five times more than is admissible from the hygienic standpoint.

And what is the result of such a poisoning? The greatest danger resides in the fact that its evil effects are hard to trace. In the first place, it has a tendency to aggravate all the ailments or diseases from which an organism may suffer, even those which are latent. Those who suffer from dyspepsia begin to vomit. People troubled with insomnia soon find that their case has become chronic, and those afflicted with rheumatism that their pains are on the increase.

One of the most striking symptoms is a swelling of the stomach, which shows that the organism is striving to protect itself by the deposition of fat. The general effect then, is so varied and far reaching that we are apt to overlook the cause which, more often than not, emanates from a badly regulated stove.

Prolonged poisoning by carbon monoxide however, will produce very serious consequences such as general anemia and angina pectoris, cases of which have already been detected in France and Germany.

In December 1930, all Northwest Europe from Finland to the Danube, and from the Netherlands to central France was enveloped in a dense fog formed by the mingling of moist sea air with the cold low lying atmosphere of the Continent. Trains were behind time, radio was held up, and as the visibility did not exceed fifty meters, vessels were tied up in port.

In the happy valley of the Meuse, near to Liege, the situation was tragic. Farmers working in the fields beheld a dense wall of black fog bearing down on them, and many were soon seized with pains in the throat and violent coughing.

Terrified by the sight of this gigantic wall of fog, the people rushed for their houses and many died in violent pain as if they had been burnt alive.

The population, seized with panic, remained at home, the windows barricaded with cushions and mattresses. Medical relief services were organized, oxygen tanks placed in the houses and gas masks distributed.

After the fog had gone, trained specialists, with the help of local magistrates, began their investigations. Similar phenomena had already occurred near Liege in 1911 and 1913 when some of the more aged among the miners and many domestic animals succumbed.

On a cloudless spring day in 1925, in the district of Wipperfurth, in the Rhineland, a dense black fog appeared, temperature suddenly dropped and an odor of sulphur and chlorine filled the air. Scores of people suffered from spasms, and two men, who had been gassed in the war, succumbed. Many birds died and thousands of fish floated to the surface of the rivers.

All sorts of theories arose to account for this "fog asthma". Some considered it to be an inflammation of the lungs although such an epidemic was unknown; others held that it was due to malignant bronchial diseases, brought on by dust from the Sahara; while there were many who imagined it arose from poison gas which had been let loose by malvolence.

Whatever be its density or temperature, fog, in itself, is never likely to cause death, but, in this particular case it had mixed with the poisonous miasmas rising from hundreds of metallurgical and chemical factories in the Meuse valley.

As a rule, such gases are volatile and disperse in the atmosphere. On this occasion however, a sharp fall in temperature caused them to precipitate and the dense fog which prevented the zinc oxide and sulphur anhydride from evaporating proved fatal to those who breathed it. One should remember that sulphur anhydride, mixed with moisture, can precipitate sulphuric acid on the earth.

The discharge of poisonous fumes from the Meuse valley is no worse than that of the London industrial zone, but in London the atmosphere is usually warmer so that the warm currents carry off the poisonous gases.

The case of the Meuse valley is, of course, exceptional but, unfortunately, the dwellers in all our great cities live in the very worst conditions which, if not so fatal as those of the Meuse valley, are, all the same highly pernicious.

"Danger from the air" is, as a matter of fact, a very real danger. Sunspots are not so much to blame as the spots on man's conscience. The experienced teacher will tell you not to give dangerous playthings to children and, the same may be said of the gases and energies which we handle so irresponsibly.
These warnings are not issued by conservative and reactionary minds, but by those who consider that the only progress is that which promotes the health of humanity.

Whole cities are being destroyed to-day without any declaration of war. As Eden has recently remarked, the time is approaching when people will seek refuge like troglodytes in their caves. They now propose to safeguard museums and churches with sand bags which, in addition to sand, will also contain the disillusionments of humanity.

People often speak of hiding art treasures underground and in primitive times we find the same tendency to bury treasures. Despite all our modern progress it is astonishing that we have to revert to the condition of cave dwellers and the days of buried treasure.

What is likely to happen to civilization? and why be indignant for the crimes of the past when such revolting practices are going on today?

"Danger from the air" there is no doubt about that! "Danger from hearts of stone" there is much in that too. But where is our Lady of Civilization? Why does she keep silence, why does she tolerate all such horror and destruction?

We should not blame the sun spots, for those on man's conscience are much more dangerous.

"Quicker, quicker"—per aspera and astra—to the gateways of Culture.

One of our gifted collaborators writes "Generally speaking I should like to see everything grievous and difficult for humanity which lies ahead take place more rapidly, so that the united spirit can clear the way for greater speed and enable us to progress to the utmost of our forces. There is so much terror around us so many signs of evil that I am urged to exclaim 'quicker'. More and more the impatient spirit is dissatisfied, although I am not sure whether this is good or not."

His wide outlook allows him to detect all those accumulations which are beginning to stifle mankind and he wishes to accelerate things.

He tells us that "Diseases are reported to be on the increase and dentists are surprised at the number of cases of inflammation. Snow fell in Paris at the end of May, and in Tokio there were hailstones of the size of a two shilling piece. A simple peasant some time ago told a friend of mine 'to go abroad', his instinct told him that it was necessary to get away'.

Everywhere to-day there is confusion. And not only dentists but eye, throat and lung specialists speak of the increasing number of inflammatory diseases, and cases of heart trouble and tension are common enough.

Our collaborator asks if we have received a book on the Apocalypse. We have not seen it, but all that is taking place to-day is highly suggestive of the Apocalypse.

We have but to read the articles in our daily papers to meet with Apocalyptic signs.

Only those who are blind or deaf are unable to realise the intense nature of the times so that even a simple peasant is urged to emigrate.

All those who are conscious of this not only wish to be on the move but are urged to increase their efforts for the general welfare, to go quicker.

They realize that without extreme measures abscesses cannot be cured, otherwise the infection will only grow all the more serious and finally infect the whole organism.

The experienced surgeon, when he finds that an organism is dangerously infected, wishes to hasten with the operation since he knows that the decomposition that has set in ought to be dealt with immediately.

If the simple-minded are urged to abandon civilization, you may be certain that the same sort of depression is present in others.

Many are ready to let everything go, but our collaborator, whose character is naturally constructive, is not willing to lose all, and his desire is to go on with the work of renovation as fast as possible. Let the operation be over and done with so that we can think of the future and strive towards it with strength renewed by danger.

People, when confronted with danger, generally fall into two categories. Some are afraid of thunder and lightning. They stop their ears and after drawing the blinds hide themselves from the magnificent spectacle. Others are too exhilarated and enraptured by the beauty of the storm to care whether the lightning strike them or not, whereas all who hide themselves away are no doubt concerned about their 'precious life'.

Imagine these sort of people in battle and you will find the same evasiveness.

They will shelter themselves behind all sorts of considerations, they will be unwilling to advance, not having had time to decide whether it is really necessary for them to expose themselves to danger. They are never up to time and, in fact, will always discover reasons for being late, and for evading great achievements.

Tortuous are the ways of evading what is good, and the most sacred principles will not be spared. Just as a madman will show
extraordinary resourcefulness and endurance and a lunatic be
able to cross an abyss on a narrow plank, so will fear drive peo-
ple to acquire fresh resourcefulness.

Such people are hardly those who cry 'quicker, quicker', on
the contrary they will seek all sorts of pretexts for delay.

They never, as a matter of fact, recognize their own true
motives, but invent all sorts of excuses and are even ready to
abuse those who call out 'quicker', all those who are not afraid
of lightning.

With such people, this may be due to their natural character,
or is the result of their remote past; or again, it is the outcome
of what weak-willed people have experienced during their lifetime.
Perhaps their parents were afraid of thunder and lightning or the
child may have seen others struck down with terror.

From childhood such nightmares must have been making
their way into the innermost folds of the spirit, and if there are
no examples of courage, valour and fairness to counterbalance
these tendencies, then the spirit succumbs to what is negative.

All this is nothing but the formation of bad habits.

Education should, before all else, aim at eradicating bad
habits, and for this, there is nothing like personal examples.
Sometimes insignificant bad habits result from serious mistakes,
but daily example can drive out these seeds of decadence and
even an ailing organism can be cured.

In his later years Pushkin remembered with gratitude his
old nurse for the fairy tales she had taught him. Such tales are
wonderfully stimulating because they carry with them an air of
adventure and wonder which extends the bounds of the possible.

When you are told "Do not regret delay" it means that
what seemed a delay to you was not so in reality. There can be
no harm, however, in wishing to accelerate everything that tends
to the general good, but we must remember we are not the only
ones who have difficulties, and that constant vigilance should be
our devise, since vigilance alone gives that sense of joy which
overcomes all the dark ways of life.

When someone exclaims "quicker, quicker" then it means
that despite all difficulties ahead of him, he is devoted to the
general good.

His cry is not one of despair, it is not one of the sheep who
sees the knife held over him, rather is it the lion-like roar of
achievement. It is the song of songs, the aspirant cry of
'quicker, quicker' the song of the heart, which, on earth, as in
heaven, responds to the same august call of daring.

The post has just brought the newspapers of August 27. On
the first page there is a message from Reuter: "Japanese using
poison gas. Two battalions wiped out on the Kiukiang front.
The Chinese Ambassador has informed Lord Halifax that the
Japanese are using poison gas on the Kiukiang front and wiped
out two Chinese battalions with that on Aug 22."

And so after all the conferences and treaties on this subject,
we have again poison gas and vandalism in all its hideousness.
And yet the vandals are not alone responsible, for all those who
look on through timidity belong to the same clan.

Our Lady of Civilization! is it possible, then, that poison gas
is allowed in your domains?
"The breath is saturated, the eye is saturated, the sun is saturated, the heavens are saturated. Everything under the sky and under the sun is saturated.

Whence then is all that takes place saturated, herds, nourishment, strength, splendour, solemnity of Service?

"Viyana is saturated, the ear is saturated, the moon is saturated, the heavenly dominions are saturated. Everything beneath them and beneath the moon is saturated.

Whence then is all that takes place saturated, herds, nourishment, strength, splendour, solemnity of Service?

"Anana is saturated, the word is saturated, fire is saturated, earth is saturated. Everything under fire and earth is saturated.

Whence then is all that takes place saturated, herds, nourishment, strength, splendour, solemnity of Service?

"Samana is saturated, spirit is saturated, vortices are saturated, the hurricane is saturated. Everything beneath the vortices, in the hurricane is saturated.

Whence then is all that takes place saturated, herds, nourishment, strength, splendour, solemnity of Service?

"Udana is saturated, air is saturated, space is saturated. Everything aerial and spatial is saturated.

Whence then is all that takes place saturated, herds, nourishment, strength, splendour, solemnity of Service?

"Whoever, knowing this, serves Agnikhotra, serves in all worlds, in all that exists, in everything.

As children huddle together around the mother, so do beings cluster around Agnikhotra—around Agnikhotra.

"All has been spiritualized from the Subtlest Entity. This is the sole Reality. This is Atman."

"Verily, dead is the body, abandoned by the spirit. The spirit then does not die. All has been spiritualized by the Subtlest Entity. This is the sole Reality, this is Atman."

"Cast this salt in the water and return to me to-morrow morning."

"Taste now this water, what do you find?" "It is salty." "Draw from this water more deeply, what do you find?" "It is salty."

"Taste it from the bottom. What do you find?" "It is salty." "Taste again and come here to me." "It is all the same."

"Thus, verily, my friend, you still do not notice the essence, yet it is everywhere."

"Tell me all that you know, and I will tell you what follows."

"I know the Rig-veda, the Yajur-Veda, the Sama-Veda, the Atharva-Veda, the ancient sayings, the Veda of Vedas; I know the ceremonials, I know calculations, the science of predictions, weather-forecasting, logic, the rules of behaviour, etymology, the science of sacred texts, the science of arms, astronomy, the facts about the serpent and the djinn. That is what I know."

"All that you have enumerated is only words."

"Words—Rig-Veda and Yajur-Veda, and Sama-Veda, and Atharva-Veda and ancient sayings, and the science of predictions, and the perception of time, and logic, and the rules of behaviour, etymology, and the science of sacred texts, and the science of arms, and astronomy, and the science of the serpent and the djinn, all this is only words. Apprehend the proper understanding of words."

"When one understands in the words of Brahman, he can do all that he wishes within the power of these words. — Teacher, tell this to me."

"It, the Word, is verily greater than all words. This Word enables one to understand the Rig-Veda, and the Yajur-Veda, and the Sama-Veda, and the Atharva-Veda and the ancient sayings, and grammar, and the rules of calculation, and the science of predictions, and knowledge of time, and logic, and the rules of behaviour, etymology, and the science of sacred texts, and the science of arms, astronomy, and the knowledge of the serpents and the djinn, heaven and earth, air, ether, waters, the light-bearing quality of higher entities, people, animals, birds, plants, and trees,—all creations even to the smallest, and the insect, and to the ants, the righteous and the iniquitous, the true and the false, the good and the evil, the pleasant and the unpleasant. If the Word did not exist, neither the just nor the unjust would be cognized, neither true nor false, good nor evil, pleasant nor unpleasant, this Word enables one to distinguish all. Apprehend the proper understanding of the Word."

"Only when service takes place justly; without sacrifice there will be no justice.

This alone makes Service just, but it is needful to wish to cognize Service."
"Only when you feel an inner joy at Service. He serves not who is in suffering.

Only when one has been filled with joy does Service result; but it is needful to cognize joy.

"There is no joy without infiniteness. There is no joy in the finite. Joy is infinity. But it is needful to wish to cognize infinity."

"Whoever strives to the peace world of fathers, with them will he also dwell. Surrounded by the peace world of fathers he may be happy. Whoever strives to the peace world of mothers, only to think, will also dwell with them. Surrounded by the peace world of mothers he will be happy."

"The truly clear-sighted sees neither deaths nor diseases nor sufferings. The truly clear-sighted sees and everywhere he attains all."

"Atman, the sole true reality, is in the heart. This it is which explains the expression: It is in the heart. Day by Day, he who knows this attains the heavenly peace world."

The lofty spiritual mood in which a Hindu recites the words of the sacred tradition is something not easily forgotten. The poet Tagore whose sensitive heart is a storehouse of these great rhythms, knows how to evoke all their beauties.

In India when the verses of the Mahabharata, the Upanishads and the Puranas are being recited, then there is joy, despite of all troubles; and even if the modernization of India is inevitable, the beauty of such sacred poetry will live on for ever.

One is, of course, struck by the endless repetitions in the translation of such texts and yet, if one listens to the rhythmic periods of the original, one recognizes that they are an integral part of the melody. Such repetitions are often a way of laying stress on the most important passages. For centuries the Rig-Veda and the other sacred books were transmitted orally, and, in this, rhythmic repetition was a great aid to the memory.

If one considers the large number of philosophical and religious periodicals and books now published in India, one is forced to admire a people who cares so much for thought and culture. Such a virtue covers many defects and, from the towering Himalayas to the burning South, there are plenty of signs which point in this direction.

From the poorest coolie to the most learned Hindu you will always meet with someone ready to converse with you on the most lofty subjects, and, after a short time you will come to realize that every Hindu, whatever be his personal way of life or that of the society to which he belongs, will always prefer to discuss lofty subjects, for these alone to him seem real.

Despite the confusion of to-day India still maintains her lofty tradition of teacher and disciple. The Guru still lives on and the relationship of Guru and disciple is always an edifying one. This noble and conscious cult of the Teacher can hardly be found in other countries. There is nothing servile or belittling in it, no narrowing of outlook or loss of personality, for it is a noble recognition of the law of Hierarchy.

Even in the details of daily life the disciples will always respect the Teachers' dignity, a quality which can only be developed by mutual respect.

The Teacher is a father and adviser and a guide in all the events of life.

It is characteristic of the Guru to be concerned about the inner and outer program of his disciple, and the disciples, on their part, have many beautiful expressions which show their deep respect for the Guru. Belittlement, on their part, is inadmissible, even in the smallest details, and they will make every endeavour to preserve, in their own minds, the essential character of the Teacher.

From this mutual understanding the art of thinking is born and joy arises around the comprehension of higher things; a joy not confined to palaces and temples but one which enters the poorest dwelling and transforms the burden of life into something easy.

He who knows India, not as the tourist or sightseer, but as one who has come in contact with the people and with the life of the great country, will never forget its charm.

And the heart of India will respond to all genuine sympathy. No words or assurances can compare with the judgement of the heart, which is something steadfast, something which can dive beneath the surface and recognize the essential.

In India, moreover, there is a remarkable psychic awareness so that if you glance at anyone, in a distant crowd, he will respond to your attention at once. This we have remarked not once or twice, but on many occasions.

Such a delicate sense of awareness is not to be acquired by any voluntary training.

It is the heritage of centuries of lofty thought and a natural characteristic of the race. In order to acquire the habit of lofty
thought, one must come to prefer it to other ways of thought, in fact, one must rejoice in it, for, as we are told in the Upanishads, it is only through joy that our efforts can become effective.

This inner joy of the heart is something that we have to cultivate and learn how to retain so that it takes up its abode in the heart, and this beneficent joy of the heart becomes a lasting power to disperse all the forces of darkness.

Whether we think of those sublime temples of Southern India, of the grandeur of Chittur and Gwalior and the great strongholds of Rajputana, or the solemn spirit of the Himalayas, everywhere we shall find the joy of great thoughts.

On the moon-lit Ganges, in the mystery of Benares seen at night, and in the great cadences of the Himalayan waterfalls, we shall find the same lofty sense of joy.

In the repetition of such ancient names as Manu, Arjuna, Krishna, of the Pandavas, Rishis, heroes, creators and great constructors, we recognize a loving respect for the Past.

From the Mother of the World, from the Queen of Peace, we receive this delicate flower-like joy of the heart.

Marvellous India! Splendid in outer beauty, most beautiful in its secret inner life.

Beautiful, beloved India!
Pearls of Wisdom

Through joy purify the path. While thou art pupils learn to overcome irritability. My pupils must have a sympathetic eye. As through a magnifying glass, behold the good and belittle tenfold the signs of evil, else thou remain as before.

"Leaves of Morya's Garden"

The Teacher gives indications within those limits which are permitted. He uplifts the disciple, cleansing him of the outworn habits. He warns him against treason, superstition and hypocrisy. He tries the disciples, apparently and in secret. The Teacher unbars the gates of the next step with the words: "Rejoice, brother". He may also close them with the words: "Farewell, passer-by".

"Agni-Yoga"

There exists only one law, which governs the entire Cosmos—the Higher Will; along this line the evolution of the spirit is created. This law unites all pertaining and manifested units. The striving towards the fulfillment of the Higher Will leads to the sensitiveness of perception.

"Hierarchy"

The Teacher can point out the direction, sometimes he can forewarn, but many actions must be performed by the disciples themselves. Moreover, it is necessary to evince these actions voluntarily. In this voluntary striving is contained the self-perfecting. Each infusion of self-interest and fear will sever the salutary link.

"Heart"

People do not comprehend the foundation of the Teaching of Blessed One—the foundation is discipline. Spiritually and physically the monk of the community strove to remain on the path. The first years he endured a severe probation. He was forbidden to kill himself with ascetic practices. But he was ordained to lead the battle by the one origin of the spirit.

"On Eastern Crossroads"

It is difficult for a man to rise without passing through the severe trial of purification. "If the cloth be dirty, however much the dyer might dip it into blue, yellow, red or lilac dye its colour will be ugly and unclear—Why? Because of the dirt in the cloth. If the heart is impure one must expect the same sad result."

"Foundation of Buddhism"

Tz-u, do you look upon me as a man who has studied and retained a mass of various knowledge?—I do, he replied. Am I wrong?—You are wrong, said the Master. All my knowledge is strung on one connecting thread.

"Saying of Confucius"
Pearls of Wisdom

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

"New Testament" St. Matthew

He who thinketh upon the Ancient, the Omniscient, the All-Ruler, minuter than the minute, the supporter of all, of form unimaginable, refugent as the sun beyond the darkness, in the time of forthgoing, with unshaken mind, fixed in devotion, by the power of yoga drawing together his life-breath in the centre of the two eye-brows, he goeth to this Spirit, supreme, divine.

"Bhagavad-Gita"

It is he alone who has the love of humanity at heart, who is capable of grasping thoroughly the idea of a regenerating practical Brotherhood who is entitled to the possession of our secrets. He alone, such a man will never misuse his powers, as there will be no fear that he should turn them to selfish ends.

"Mahatma Letters"

Remember, the chief poison is the poison of irritation and anger and this is a most powerful poison. For with every irritation, we physically create in our nervous system some emanation.

"Realm of Light"

Of all the qualifications, Love is the most important, for if it is strong enough in a man, it forces him to acquire all the rest, and all the rest without it would never be sufficient.

"At the Feet of the Master"

Who is wise?—He who learns from everybody. Who is strong?—He who conquers himself. Who is rich?—He who is satisfied with what he has.

"Talmud"

He who doth right, doth it to the advantage of his own soul; and he who doth evil, doth it against the same; for the Lord is not unjust towards his servants.

"Al Quran"

Dig deep through the encrusted layers of your own souls till you find the spot which Love hath chosen for its dwelling place—the nesting place of the Infinite. Ah, well I know the tale is trite and old. Too oft hath it fallen on unheeding ears. But it is ever new to some sad soul, and when you have found that spot, it will be all things to you, for it holds the Key to the beginning and end of thy travail,—the unspeakable heights and depths of the manifest Universe,—the crown of thine own and all other lives.

"From the Mountain Top"

The Teacher

(Dedicated to my Guru)

By B. A.

Teacher......Guru.......what a very significant and profound meaning there is in this concept. The teacher is one who instructs, who helps. To teach—how better or more beautifully could one pass one's life. He assists in traversing all the acute angles, in coming to grips, so to speak, with life's obstacles. He serves as preceptor in discovering the right path, the path of Light. The Guru gives no poor directions. He teaches nothing base or filthy. In AUM it is said; "He is as a sheltering rock against the storm. Reverence for the Guru is the path to the Higher World." And in INFINITY it adds: "The pledge of the Teacher surpasses in beauty all the other features of the relationship between Teacher and follower;" and "when people shall accept the concept of the Teacher, then will a new step be made ready."

The Teacher of life draws the line between past and future, as is said in AUM, and again AGNI YOGA issues the fervent exhortation: "make all haste toward understanding of the Teacher. Let us surround him with a wall of devotion and thus encircle ourselves in a stronghold. Where good fortune is there is the Teacher. Can we be certain that in an hour of peril we will pronounce the Name of the Teacher? Can we bear witness to the Name of the Teacher? Can we discover that higher joy which comes from gratitude to the Teacher?"

It must be acknowledged that people are still a long way off from realization and acceptance of the beauty and significance of this concept. We are not speaking about the East, for there the idea of the Guru is sacred. "In the East, understanding of the Teacher is the more precious, that the follower senses this Beauty." There "the follower makes his own selection of a Teacher. He reverences Him as a higher being. He trusts Him completely and tenders Him his best thoughts. He guards the Name of the Teacher and inscribes It upon the blade of his sword. He displays diligence of labour and nobility for achievement in his desire to merit the approbation of his Guru." The East knows "that the concept of the Guru, ordained countless ages ago, is of extreme importance; reverence and devotion and love will flourish around this concept. A living current of psychic energy is at work in such unions of Teacher with follower, and
this guidance is as a Harp of many strings." (AUM). The East knows that "in the most requisite and simplest form the Guru will inform of what is particularly indispensable. If He withholds the Secret, means that such is necessary for the time being. There can be no suspicion that the Guru is needlessly secretive. One must accept the Guru as a Guide"—thus says AUM.

But "the teaching of the East about Yoga is incomprehensible to the mind of the West and there the heart feels not Beauty. Consequently, this lack of understanding veils the way to the future. It is necessary to affirm a new approach, by acceptance of the Teacher. How can one reject this most beautiful concept"—thus does INFINITY appeal to the west, and then forewarns, that "When people shall accept the concept of the Teacher, then will a new step be made ready. So very much does humanity lose through its non-acceptance, yes, yes, yes! All the new paths are closed to mankind, and its quests will have to be begun with this concept," AUM then goes to say: "Why is betrayal of one’s Guru a crime? For the first three years, one can be integrating the consciousness, but after that the choice of Guru will become final. Such a law has deep significance—the Guru is a bridge to cognition of the Higher World. Such an earthly step easily establishes relationship with the Higher World, therefore it is inadmissible to select a Guru and then betray Him,—this would mean to break with the Higher World forever." (AUM)

Still if someone who is not satisfied with all these indications of the Teaching asks why it is so important to revere the Teacher, let us reply to him in the words of INFINITY: "in the Cosmos the center of aspirant movement rests upon the principle of Hierarchy. The Cosmos acts by attraction to this mighty Affirmed center. Thus the Cosmic seed shows itself in each action of Hierarchy in quality of striving, rising up as a manifestation of realization of the supreme principle. This principle is so immutable that it is that quality which is known as absolute necessity. This indispensableness is indeed affirmed as the principle of Hierarchy. The entire Universe is permeated with this principle. Therefore, man, being a part of the Cosmos, cannot disjoin himself from this principle." AGNI YOGA still more definitely elucidates: "Hierarchy is validly affirmed throughout the Universe. Since the Cosmic Magnet has placed the Highest Power above everything, this law has been based upon cosmic affirmation. Then why not employ the Highest Might which guides the Planet?" AUM concludes with "Hierarchy impels humanity toward infinite affirmation. When in its growth the spirit is permeated with these cognitions, its path is affirmed as being near at hand." Of course, we must keep in mind, that "Teacher and follower are inseparable, and that each Teacher will at the same time remain a follower, because in the midst of Hierarchy he will be a link in the chain of Eternity."

Thus there results an endless ladder, the steps of which lead from the very bottom, ever upward to some unseen Beautiful point, to the Center toward which each one is drawn, away from the step which he is then on, but which he can attain, at some time in the future, only through the help and medium of next higher step. For this we find confirmation in COMMUNITY. It says there: "Each Teacher in turn has his own Leader, and the treasure of thought keeps on arising into the Distant Worlds. Reverence for the Teacher and accomplishment of striving to the distant worlds are as the rainbow which is one with the essence of Light. Learn to understand how lofty is the concept of the Teacher. Draw this line from one extreme to the other, from arrival to departure. Know how the Teaching of Light has been made manifest to you and keep in mind the Silver Thread of the bond. The bond with the Teacher is light as an eagle pinion, and the eagle eye gazes ahead." One is involuntarily drawn to further attestation of this in AGNI YOGA—"Any attraction to the Center and from the Center leads to conscious manifestation. The Center is the nucleus which contains within itself all potential."

"In life, these centers are manifested in everything. The Teacher is the seed which comprises all your aspirations. Everything living in the seed of the spirit and reaching out toward the Light is impelled by the Teacher to the Center constituted by the Magnet. Everything proceeding out of the seed He directs to the Center." All these excerpts from the Teaching show how great is the role and the significance of the Teacher, and how first of all the follower must be very careful in his selection of a Teacher, and then, having decided upon a definite Teacher, how he must venerate the very name of his Guru and with what reverent caution, so to speak, he is obliged to make known his attitude toward Him. "To you I intrust, holding aloft the name of the Teacher ", enjoins AGNI YOGA, "so that nothing belittling touch this chain of unity of the Worlds. Reverence of the Teacher demonstrates understanding of the Teaching. Respecting the place of labor of the Teacher shows sympathetic understanding and devotion. But these signs of consideration cannot be prompted from without, they must themselves come to life in the consciousness "—thus must the follower approach his Teacher.
"Take care for the Teacher, made manifest in development of the spirit."—counsels AGNI YOGA. "The spirit must grow consciously. The Teacher's place in the best corner is no superstition. This place is for one invited to dine. He may enter any moment, and it should be evident that He is awaited. This constant sign of expectancy and preparedness is as a call through the open window. Amid constructions and conflicts let us take time for a fleeting smile. "Thus must we fill our lives with the Teacher, and such must be our attitude toward him." AGNI YOGA teaches—"The conscious follower dares to model himself after his Teacher"—and cites as an example the book by Thomas-a-Kempis, "The Imitation of Christ." "Such an example bore light into the musty darkness and impelled striving for true daring to pass beyond the confining wall."

And in reality, whom is the aspirant to imitate, if not his chosen Teacher, who leads him to Light and knowledge? The Teacher can always be found in the heart and thoughts of his follower, and at any needed moment the follower can evoke the near and beloved image. Therefore, it will not be difficult for him to stop, ready to smother an outburst of anger—or to suppress the irritation about to poison him, instantly recalling that the Guru is never irritated. Thus will appear the support which he needs, and with it devotion to the Teacher; devotion is a most valuable quality on the Path of advancement, because "fixing our gaze upon our surroundings, we will realize from what dangers we have been delivered solely by devotion to the Teacher," says the Teaching. "The Teacher will not neglect accepting each sign of devotion, for devotedness and preparedness forge the bond of the worlds."

For his part, the Teacher keeps watch over each manifestation of the inner "I" of his follower. "The Teacher has many vigils," says AGNI YOGA. "The Teacher strives not to fulminate against defects, but comparisons with examples of lower beings can be helpful to simple minds." "Not discontent nor irritation, but a feeling of success is needed, because good fortune attends doing the Teacher's work."

COMMUNITY says: "It devolves upon the Teacher to determine at once the direction of thinking of the follower, but He would like to see on the part of the follower a tense spirit of quest rather than petty gossiping, and so AUM counsels, "Understanding of the Guru is a firm foundation for all people, in overthrow of the Guru will be the ruin of all attainments, thus let us remember."

The Teacher himself is depicted in AGNI YOGA as follows: "Homelessness is a necessary attribute of the Teacher. He has a dwelling place but no home. He enters into life but does not live it in the ordinary sense. He adores a discussion but does not prolong it. He pities but does not regret. He protests but does not gesticulate. He affirms but displays no confusion. He threatens but delays not. At need He smites but never wounds. He is grateful but does not forget. He appraises motives but shows no weakness. He guards carefully but does not oppress. He is unafraid, yet not reckless." Such must be the Teacher. Moreover, "The Teacher exerts his strength to preserve the beauty of your (the follower's) achievement. He can direct the main channel of action. He can safeguard up to a certain point. He stands with you over the abyss. He gives indications within the limits of what is permitted. He uplifts the follower, cleansing him from outworn habits. He forewarns him against all aspects of treason, superstition, and hypocrisy. He unbars the Gates of the Next Step with words, "Rejoice, brother" or may close them with the words, "Farewell, passer-by." In a word, "The Teacher is one's best friend, so do not add to His burden."—thus concludes AGNI YOGA. From AUM we learn that "the highest quality of Guidance will be responsiveness, keensightedness, containment. The Highest Guidance is invisible and inaudible."

Thus the Teacher is the natural leader, (COMMUNITY), and without a Teacher advancement is absolutely unthinkable. "How can one feel oneself completely protected?" asks COMMUNITY, and then replies, "Only by establishing the closest bond with the Teacher. Only in actual cooperation and reverence is contained the best possibility of traversing dangerous spheres. The bond with the Teacher is living advancement into the future."

Much more could be said about the Teacher and about the enormous importance of this concept for the world, but it is believed that what has been said here, summed up, is sufficient to delineate this concept in all its Magnitude and all its Beauty. Hence to complete the sketch, let me quote a few words more: "Therefore, friends, if you wish to draw near to Us, select a Teacher upon the earth and intrust your guidance to him. He will tell you, at the proper time when the key of the Gates is ready to be turned. You all have Teachers upon the earth, and let the concept of the Teacher be affirmed in your consciousness."
"The New World has venerated Teachers, and it will have them in proportion to its consciousness."

"Thus let us keep in mind our spiritual Guides, thus shall we respect the law."
In that bold and brilliant challenge to modern materialistic thinking, *Tertium Organum*, Ouspensky’s chief contentions are the following:

(1) That everything is consciousness of some kind or degree.

(2) That the only evolution is the evolution of consciousness.

(3) That the dimensionality of space depends upon the development of consciousness, and that space seems three dimensional only because we are in the third phase of that development—the so-called “age of reason.” But because we have already entered upon the fourth phase, which involves the emergence of a new faculty, the intuition, those in whom this is beginning to operate discover that space is four dimensional: in other words, they find themselves in what Ouspensky names “the world of the wondrous,” and are by way of losing themselves there.

This appears to be the only valid explanation of some of the most baffling social phenomena of modern times. It accounts, as nothing else can, for the growing currency of the phrase, “the fourth dimension,” and the popular interest in that subject. It explains also the increasing recognition of the intuition as a valid means of apprehension, as stated by Bergson, in *Creative Evolution*. But better than anything else, it accounts for the invasion of consciousness by the mystical, the magical, the so-called irrational, words suggestive of states of being with which the ordinary mind finds itself inadequate to deal, and therefore words of contempt to the purely rational-minded.

It is a generally acknowledged fact that woman is more intuitional than man; so if, as Ouspensky declares, the intuition is the next human faculty to be developed—as the power to reason and to form concepts was the last one—woman occupies at the present time a position of unique, of supreme, importance. She is the index of the coming hour, in Emerson’s phrase. But in order to fulfil her new evolutionary function she must first become conscious of it, and man must become conscious of it too. The situation created by this double lack of awareness is calamitous to both, for woman, oppressed by that slave psychology built up through centuries of subservience, either submits to masculine domination in the old way, or she tries to think, and operate as
man does. He on his part, vaguely fearful of that loss of supremacy which he has come to regard as his by natural right, either tightens his ancient tyranny, or else encourages and incites woman to become his "sedulous ape," even to the extent of acquiring his masculine vices—lechery, drinking, smoking, gambling—and by these means he converts her into a hybrid which in the end excites only his loathing. In this way he kills the thing he loves, as is so often the way with man, from Othello and Hamlet to the nameless hero of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

Transcending in importance the present political and economic crises, grave though they be, is this secret impasse which has arisen between so many men and women among whom new faculties accompanied by new perceptions are pressing into life. It is a source of resentment and unhappiness far more bitter than "marital infidelity," for the reason that the issues involved are more important, being nothing less than the urge of consciousness to make new conquests—to push back that movable threshold which separates the four-dimensional from the three-dimensional world: "the world of the wondrous" from the familiar world of every-day. Although this next evolutionary step cannot be prevented, it can be delayed; and the skeptical, intolerant, dictatorial attitude toward "delphic" woman is a fertile cause of this delay.

This term "delphic woman" may need explaining to readers unfamiliar with my book of that title. It means such women of the modern world as are endowed with faculties and powers like those women of the ancient Hellenic world who ministered to the oracle at Delphi—who, in an entranced state, gave utterance to those admonitions, advices, prophecies, to which the rulers of that world paid reverend heed. The fact that the "messages" of these modern pythonesses, obtained though clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, automatic writing are often unreliable, silly, and pretentious, militates nothing against the importance of the phenomenon, which indicates that some fountain has been here unsealed, even though the waters of it be muddy. How could they be anything else under existing conditions?—conditions of ignorance, blind skepticism, or equally blind credulity, of suspicion of everything emanating from a source which is itself suspect. It is small wonder that this "news from nowhere" is distorted, as are images in agitated water, but the whole thing cannot be dismissed as nonsense, nevertheless.

It should be remembered that the pythoness has been a known and accepted type although a rare one, in every age except this and she has been treated with reverence and respect.

Today when one of them makes her appearance she is in imminent danger of being incarcerated in a madhouse on the advice of alienists to whom inspiration and insanity seem the same. But the number of these women is so multiplying beyond all measure, that this attitude of mind is becoming increasingly untenable, and soon must suffer change, if not reversal. Astrologers would say that this is because we have entered the Aquarian cycle, which is the woman's era, but there is no necessity of bringing in astrology: look at the facts:

Throughout Anglo-Saxondom woman, having achieved political and economic freedom, is taking her place beside man in business and administrative life denied to her heretofore. Never before have there been women parliamentarians and cabinet members, but the phenomenon to which I am calling attention is most clearly marked in another field altogether: almost without exception the leaders of the great crusades have been women: Florence Nightingale, Anna Bonus Kingsford, Mary Baker Eddy Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Annie Besant, to mention only a few.

To Olive Shriner, in one of her recorded visions, modern woman appeared in the semblance of a camel, struggling painfully to rise to its feet in order to undertake a long and necessary journey. I read this in *Dreams*, years ago, before I knew any sibylline women, and their tragic predicament, but only now have I come to perceive the devastating aptness of the allegory. For who shall restore to the world compassion and heart-wisdom? By whom shall we be delivered from the cannibalism of the mind? Delphic woman could do this, and none other, but like the camel of the fable, she is too feeble and too heavily burdened, lacking the aid and understanding of men and women of good-will.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT HATH COME!"
To the Paintings of
Nicholas Roerich

The plains of barren land
become living with shadows,
The storm-battered hills
fall inward
under the eyes
of rain-saddened travellers......
There is only the wind
damp from the clouds,
and its voice is a rusty bell
calling the faithful to prayer.

Cliffs offer shelter to gods
who play little games
with weary dreams.
We can hear
the click of stones
hurled by unseen hands......
each impact a count
in the pattern of new lives.

The sea of mist recedes,
exposing vistas of
black volcanic shale
that bend into human shapes
under the heat of imagination.

See......most of us
have fallen victims to magic.
It may not be true that the stars
have dropped new seeds into our hands,
but the illusion persists.

—Alfred Morang.

George Grey Barnard
“America’s Michael Angelo”

By JAMES H. COUSINS

The eyes of the Beloved Companion grew larger and larger.
“It’s very big!” she gasped. She was looking, as I also was looking, at a gigantic sculptured head of Lincoln that fully occupied a single room in the studio of its creator north of New York City.
“It’s very big!” she repeated. “Yes, but wasn’t Lincoln a big man?” queried the seventy-year-old sculptor—a little man as average goes in height, but invested with a sense of massiveness and delicacy, like Richard Wagner, that made bulk appear curiously irrelevant.

When George Grey Barnard, the creator of the “very big” Lincoln, died in April 1938, at the age of seventyfour, he was considered big enough by the press agencies to merit a cable to the ends of the earth announcing that the career of “an eminent sculptor” had closed. America knew him as an eminent artist in rock and oak, who had put generations of colossal figures on public buildings, and contributed from one to two hundred masterpieces to various public and private museums. It also knew him as one who had set a vast dream of sculptural idealism against the demands of money-power, and in the collision of genius with mediocrity had fared as usual. The involutions of life brought me to the knowledge that in that vastly endowed little man the world had one of its supreme responsibilities—a rebuke to intellectual littleness, a manifestor of inner reality, an artist who not merely saw but was a seer, a true brother of the small group of God’s henchmen in creation who have either known (like AE in poetry, Roerich in painting, and Foulds in music) or surmised (like Leonardo and Wagner, Shelley and Tagore) that they were collaborators with invisible Powers and Hierarchies in the Aeonian Work of manifesting God to man and lifting and transmuting humanity to divinity. Having come to this knowledge, I count it a sacred duty to put down, while it is still fresh in my memory, my short but vivid contact with George Grey Barnard, and to do so not in the manner of external record, but by evocation of his life through my own.

Barnard entered my biographical area under a name not among those I have cited above. Through an apparently accidental introduction from an American acquaintance when I, an Irishman from India, was staying in a Dutch artist’s home on an Italian island, I found myself placed at the speakers’ table at the
annual dinner of Literary Vespers in New York in 1931, and thus destined to contribute something to the edification or amusement of the large and animated assembly when the tables were cleared.

As a waiter passed the back of my chair I uttered the dietetic formula that I had found exceedingly satisfactory in other hotels and railroad restaurants on my lecture-tours across the States and back: “vegetable plate.” The lady on my left asked me, with more than usual interest, if I was a vegetarian. I confessed to nearly forty years’ survival of prophecies of my premature death. “My husband will be very glad,” she said, with a sincerity and an age that sounded almost old-fashioned, and instructed the waiter accordingly. “Where is your husband sitting?” I asked. “Next the chairman,” she replied, and added, in what gave me the feeling of free verse:

“His tie is all crooked
He detests such functions.
But he got the idea
That he would come here tonight.
We had an awful job
First finding his tuxedon,
And then packing him into it.”

“Some entity,” I mused; and, desiring to repair ignorance with the minimum of display of it, I memorised the name card in front of her and whispered to the lady on my right: “Who is George Grey Barnard?” She gave me a look (with which, when I was wiser, I entirely agreed, as it was sister to the look I would have given her if, at a dinner in India, she had asked me: “Who is Rabindranath Tagore?”) and said, perilously near the outer edge of a whisper: “Why, George Grey Barnard is America’s Michael Angelo!” Intuition jumped at sculpture, not painting.

I subsided into vegetable plate and contemplation of the vagaries of fame...Michael Angelo and vegetable plate and a crooked dinner-tie seemed incongruous. George Barnard got mysteriously changed into George Bernard, which made the dietetic peculiarity seem less peculiar. I felt myself in good company, for I knew, if nobody else did, that if Leonardo and Wagner and Shelley could have been present, they too would have asked for vegetable plate.

When the tables were cleared the feast within the feast began. This was to be an item by each, or almost each sitter at the speakers’ table. Most of them were, I knew, of the literary tribe, and presumably vocal. I looked forward to the sculptor’s contribution, wondering if he had something hidden under the table. The lady on my left had apparently decided that the most suitable contribution of a sculptor’s wife was to imitate a statue, preferably the Venus de Milo, but not (as the Beloved Companion once said in front of her) “looking as if she had just come from a disarmament conference.”

I had rummaged through my memory for a few short lyrics of my own to say. The Chairman’s introduction (which modesty forbids my quoting) caused me to call up a demanded sonnet and a longish poem which, since it was the innocent cause of a spontaneous and significant act by a man of genius, is entitled to be mentioned. The poem was “Bubble-blowers” whose “moral” was that things achieved are less valuable than the effort towards achievement, and that the most important matter in life is personal participation in the creative activity that keeps the universe going. The dynamic idea, if nothing else, pleased the Literary Vesperites, who made the queer noises known in journalism as “loud and continued applause.”

Before the chairman could rise to announce the next item, “Michael Angelo” was on his feet. All eyes went towards him, though he was out of order and unannounced. But he said nothing. He merely pushed back his chair, and walked with apparent excitement towards his wife, perhaps having had enough and desiring nothing so much as home, sweet home and liberation from a crooked tie. He did not reach his wife’s chair. He stopped at the back of mine. Suddenly two strong arms went round my neck, and a vibrant voice said: “Oh! brother, you have done me good!” Words failed me—a most unusual experience. All I could do was to rise and bow to the glowing sculptor: an artist in words wordlessly acknowledging the articulate appreciation of an artist in silent substance.

“Michael Angelo” went back to his seat accompanied by applause for a generous impulse frankly fulfilled. Whatever his official contribution might be, I felt that he had made one of an imponderable figure of great character that was perhaps progenitor of the substantial figures of his creation that I had yet to see.

“You have made a conquest,” the wife of the sculptor said. “Now I know why my husband had to come here tonight. You must come and lunch with us.” Whether this was logic or not, it affected me very pleasantly in various parts of my body. But the etceteras of the Vespers dinner were not yet finished. When the inexorable movement of programme-destiny reached the sculptor, he again rose in his seat, but this time did not move away from it. I settled into mine to profit by wisdom on art. Instead I had to listen to the alleged wisdom of “Bubble-blowers” (written by an Irish exile in a Liverpool suburb) interpreted and
applied to the life of “these States” by “Michael Angelo.” An
imponderable image of Generosity grew up in front of the speaker
and put its head through the ceiling: a lesser image of Reputation
in front of me added a cubit or so unto its stature. Or to put it
in the vernacular, my personality-stock had risen. In the midst
of “materialistic” New York an idealistic poet had arrived.

Before venturing to lunch with “America’s Michael Angelo”
I prepared myself for relatively intelligent conversation by a
visit to the Metropolitan Museum, in the vastness of which I was
assured I would discover some of the works of George Grey
Barnard, one being a fantasy made at twentyfour “before he had
the ghost of a notion of what a woman was.” The description
was intended to be derogatory, for the era of “sex appeal” was then
in full blaze. I found two exhibits. One was a life-size bust of
Abraham Lincoln, or, rather, Lincoln reborn in marble, himself,
as alive, yet elsewhere. But the bust was only of secondary interest:
anybody was free to make an effigy of a historical personality,
though only a great artist could call out the greatness of his
subject as Barnard had done. I was on the trail of the artist
himself. I found him in the other exhibit. Two men had appar­
tently had a struggle. One was prone on the ground. The upright
victor did not seem particularly elated over his victory. Both
were interested in some disturbing event or personage beyond the
range of the sculpture itself. There was a hint of vice in one and
virtue in the other, not too explicitly differentiated, even given a
sense of unity in the similar virile treatment of both figures.

The subject of this sculpture was “The two natures of Man.”
Just how the alleged opprobrious innocence of the twentyfour-
year-old artist could have so energetically depicted the double
nature of humanity was an interesting psychological problem.
But psychological problems are, strictly speaking, impertinences
in front of victorious creation. I accepted the higher nature, as
I accepted the hoary wisdom and aeonian experience of the little
girl poet over in Brooklyn, of whom the literary world of America
had talked voluminously, and sometimes spitefully, some
years previously, and would have gone on talking if she had gone
on being nine years old. The stretch of aspiration towards an
ideal is probably natural because our faces are in front of us—or
vice versa. Anyhow, the artist who began his career with a
“preachment,” had in him, I opined, the stuff of which great
artists are made. I knew the thought was heretical in some areas
of the art-world—but heresy had become second nature with me... And so to lunch.

The approach to that delectable feast took me through a
symbolical garden in which sculptures appeared to grow for the
one purpose of being praised by the gardener, and praised with
special zeal since they were no products of his own inducement,
but transplants from orchards and vineyards of plastic Europe...
which was very edifying and all that, but indicated that “Michael
Angelo” did not realise that I had come to discover George Grey
Barnard. And then something told me that I was a blind fool in
not seeing that I was discovering him, discovering the creator
behind the artist, rejoicing in all good art, and accepting his own
as neither the first word nor the last in cult-peculiarity, but his
responsible participation in the universal process that Lamblichus
called “unfolding into light” “the hidden qualities and powers of
the universal Life. For a moment or two my memory became a
shrine to a Trimurti (triple image) of Art. I heard Paderewski,
the master-musician, in his house from which we looked across
“clear placid Leman” at Mont Blanc, talking, not of my sonnets
to him that had caused our meeting, but of the mystery of poetry
and its forms. I heard Claude Monet, the last of the impressionist
painters, in his studio at Vernay, outside Paris, confess, as he
permitted me to enter his gallery of Japanese prints, “This is
my religion”. And now George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, stood
between the musician and painter, expounding the art of creation
with the freshness and enthusiasm of the first day of Genesis,
with his own seventh day of rest somewhere in the future.

The stream of exposition flowed beside and over and under
“vegetable plate” and its affinities; a repast in which beauty and
compassion were hardly distinguishable from one another because
they were just natural, inevitable, therefore without the self-
consciousness and inartistic emphasis that are equally natural
and inevitable where the cult of the beautiful misses the beauty
of compassion, or compassion is a sentiment instead of an art. A
King’s Treasury built itself up somewhere in the background of
conversation. In its physical disguise as a hefty locked box of
manuscripts it was as secure as a King’s treasury ought dutifully
to be. But George Alladin Barnard, if he had not been born with
a silver spoon in his mouth (though, for all I knew or know, he
might have been, but ancestry is irrelevant in the presence of
original genius which is its own justification), had certainly been
born with a golden lamp in his inner eye; and with it and the
gift of tongues verbal and plastic, he lured forth the spirits of
thought from their place of preservation, and crowded the
firmament of the imagination with presences, intangible but
mightily real; so that the Hermetic saying, “In the celestial all
things are persons,” became a plain reality; and the reverse pro-
cess of rationalising theological persons into psychological or
scientific things or nothings appeared a peculiarly futile occupa-
tion. Yet of all that illumination I can recall no phrase, though
I can feel the grip of his hand on my right wrist as, in illustration of some forgotten disquisition, he placed my hand beside his own (one tapering and nervy, the other stubby and steady) in a comparison of poetical subtlety and sculptural directness.

We had then, at last, moved from the world of abstractions, through a dim passage where one had to walk gently so as not to disturb certain exotic birds in cages who believed in the sculptor, and perhaps in his wife, but in no one else, into one area of the master's manifested universe, his home-studio: When I emerged I felt I could have exclaimed with Whitman, "Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself. I am large. I contain multitudes!" I contained a multitude of graven images sufficient in number, and more than sufficient in power and beauty, to justify my contradicting not only myself but everybody else, particularly the exiles from their native Philistia who were then, I gathered, closing in on the ageing artist's world with destructive intent in order to serve merely material ends.

I gathered more as to these and other matters on a subsequent visit when, with the Beloved Companion, I went farther afield in the artist's domain, and realised the joy of the rhythm of sculpture that unites the ecstatic and the static in the imaginative instant between the flux of life and the immobility of substance. This was not in Barnard's home-studio. There, like Monet, he secreted his "religion." But his secular atelier (if anything could be secular to him) had grown around his work, as the studio of Jean Delville, outside Brussels, had grown towards the heavens to meet the descending Prometheus that he painted as a companion to his then young friend Scriabine's "Poem of Fire" in music. Barnard's studio had grown more on the horizontal, for the dream and much of the work of his life had gone into a large model of a park whose natural salient points were to be made by art many times more salient, and left as his gift to his country. But the power of money had other ideas regarding the same park, and artistic greatness had to yield to material greatness.

In 1933 after my departure from America, the acquisition of the grounds on which Barnard's atelier stood, for a public park, but not as he visualised it, led to his eviction, as art bestrode the convenience of automobility. In Paris, the discovery that a new street-planning scheme would require the demolition of the home of the French Barnard, Rodin, led to a revision of plans. What would have happened in Paris if Rodin had been Barnard can only be surmised. An American columnist wrote: "France honoured George Grey Barnard when he was hardly more than a boy—acclaiming him in the same breath with Michael Angelo, selecting him as one of her 'Immortals,' and placing his examples of sculptured beauty before all others of his time." But American plutocracy had grown accustomed to moving mountains, not by faith, but by dollar-dynamics, and a mere genius presented no material problem.

In that atelier I had seen the model in miniature of a "Rainbow Arch," intended to be expanded into a colossal Monument to Peace. Later it was remodelled in its full size, 110 feet in height, with 9-foot figures, and placed in a disused power-house in New York. It was described in a newspaper as "more powerful than any argument uttered against war." My correspondence since my departure from America does not indicate whether it was the model of the proposed Memorial to Peace or other works of Barnard's that were reported in the press as having been smashed to pieces by someone who did not like "sermons in stones," or perhaps did not approve of "Michael Angelo's" sermon in plaster. I do not know how the sculptor accepted either the destruction of his vision of the future triumph of peace, or the poetical compensation offered him by Nathalia Crane. I fancy that at some point he must have laughed—not the Homeric laughter of physical combat or the protective laughter of hysteria, but something resembling God's laughter after an earthquake, or perhaps in front of it.

I surmise this because I grew to realise that the colossal quality in George Grey Barnard was not confined to his sculpture, but permeated his whole being; and was of such a range and elasticity that it not merely included but synthesised the loftiest seriousness and the purest whimsy, and imparted something of the character of the one to the other. He was capable of seeing the humour hidden in tragedy and the cosmic significances of a jest.

In a letter that Barnard wrote me in his sculpturesque but fluidic, wilful but not petulant hand, in June 1933, just after my return to India, I find the following phrases: "Who knows what blows forge the invisible spirit, on what tree grows the pattern of our soul's urge?..... The only real things are the invisible." Living we feel them, and die to see them. So when you look upon the point of my rainbow arch, see or feel the invisible. Talk of this tenuity, with its paradox of seeing the invisible, is only permitted, and not too often, to the mental and emotional mystics, in whose mouths it is regarded as relatively harmless. In the artist, and particularly in the artist in the supposedly dead substances of nature, whose creations exist through the collaboration of solidity and sight, such notions are so contradictory and at the same time potent as to be liable to suspicion as a public danger. The knack of seeing visions at the instance of seen
things is the basis of all art," says the acute London critic, C. E. Montague, in his book, "The Right Place." When the capacity of vision and of awakening it in others rises from being a subconscious knack to the power of a conscious responsibility, as it did in George Grey Barnard, it becomes a portent. When it does so in an artist who has, as George Grey Barnard had, the creative power of so incarnating vision that its incarnation in sculpture became, not just a speech which may be interpreted and neutralised, but a speaker who cannot be contradicted, there the threat which Plato saw to established external institutions in the changing of the music of a nation is companied by the more subtle internal threat which the infusion of vision into substance makes against the fixity of all authorities save that of the spirit and the clarity of all dogmatisms save that of spiritual experience. That artistic iconoclasm, which would destroy the exploitation of substance by lifting it to the level of vision, is not unlikely to be met by the historical iconoclasm that would essay to destroy vision by breaking its incarnations in substance, I surmise that George Grey Barnard, in the depths of his nature, was not surprised, though on the surface he might be legitimately jarred, when the reaction to his mallet came. I can imagine his saying with a smile: "I put my veil on the Face of the Invisible. The veil has been rent. The Invisible remains."

For he was a "big man," was George Grey Barnard, as big in his own way as the other "big man" whose outer appearance he has immortalized: in some respects higher in spiritual quality; for Barnard's declaration of the fundamental equality of humanity had no exceptions of colour or sex; and the sphere of his comradeship enclosed all phases and degrees of the universal manifestation, as I discovered at our first meeting at the Literary Vespers dinner, and have seen demonstrated in the heroic fantasy that will close this interpretative tribute.

In order to fit herself for better service to women on her return from America to India, the Beloved Companion took out a course in Home Science in Columbia University, while I professed the technique and appreciation of poetry in the neighbouring College of the City of New York. A question in a class as to why it should always be taken for granted in their studies that flesh-foods were necessary in home-catering, she herself having lived well and healthily without them for thirty years, brought on the Beloved Companion the academical nemesis of having to make a survey of New York City for ways and means to a non-flesh diet. The sequel was the calling of a meeting by the Beloved Companion for the formation of the first inclusive Vegetarian Society in New York, a meeting into which there strode a tall figure in astrakhan cap and top boots, who might have been a son of Tolstoi—and was. A large and influential society was duly formed. On the eve of our departure for Europe on the way to India it gave us a good-bye banquet. The function was, apart from its immediate purpose, so successful that it became a habit, and on each succeeding occasion centred round some eminent personage. When George Grey Barnard was invited to be the guest of honour at such a banquet, at Christmas, he agreed, but stipulated that there should be another guest of honour by way of apologia to the sub-human kingdom. This guest was to be a turkey, the most perfect that could be found, to be bought at his expense, placed in the position of honour at the banquet table, recognised as a confederate in the scheme of nature, and fed appropriately on the best. All this came to pass in the thorough American way. Naturally the occasion had a "good press." There was much laughter, not without derision. But I think "Michael Angelo" had the last and best laugh, since his whimsy secured an otherwise unattainable publicity for the deep seriousness of his interpretation of the relationship of man and beast.

In his letter to me, from which I have already quoted, the sculptor wrote: "We can't be pacifist, but we must carve our steps up the mount of hope. I am trying one now in granite." The hopes of the great have occasionally, in the history of humanity, been laboriously fulfilled in the accepted commonplacest of the little. But, fulfilment or no fulfilment, they who realise with Barnard the ultimate validity of the invisible—the things "unseen" which, in the dictum of the Apostle, are "eternal"—know that, however remote and sometimes seemingly illusory may appear the artist's hope of peace among mankind, it is better fun to live and work and die, as George Grey Barnard did, for even a noble illusion than to be spiritually dead while seemingly alive in the servitude of some ignoble reality.
Temple of the Flame

Far, far beneath, tall columns spring,
On organ pipes of mystic steel,
Cathedral-wise upon a wing
Of strong ascension where the Wheel
Of Starlight moves in endless march
Along the ways of Night and Day,
Through arch of Life and Death to search
A timeless state, a melody,
A battle music, woven with sense
Of rising through the void Immense.

A forest of fine shafts, a song
Of columns rising higher and higher,
The sounding of ten thousand flutes,
A quivering structure wrought by fire
From lambent bronze and precious steel,
A Song of the Beyond built up
To some tall temple visible,
A Will of Music, mounting where
A fire-enwoven sacred Cup
Cast the Great Flame o'er land and hill.

Barnett D. Conlan.

Roerichana
By Prof. AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY

Nicholas Roerich’s name has become a tradition; it is a name which indicates a pervasive way of mind, in art, literature, and in the realm of meditation. When a personality becomes the centre and the symbol for a philosophy of life, and draws around it kindred spirits from all the world over, the reviewer must stand aside and merely direct others to testimonies that record direct experiences initiated.

"Zelta Gramata" is a record of such testimonies; it contains a harvest of appreciation from scholars, artists, critics and from other distinguished men of many countries and continents. The wealth of friendly tributes collected "in dedication of fifty years of creative activity of Nicholas Roerich", is further enhanced by association with the First Baltic Congress of Roerich Societies held in Riga on October 10th, 1937. Then again, there is the wholly unexpected joy of finding several reproductions in colour from the paintings of Roerich himself; this graceful volume takes you from pages of thought to visions of entrancing loveliness.

Having myself made the pilgrimage to the mountain on which Urusvati is built, I can recommend Conlan’s book with particular warmth of gratitude. With much knowledge and spiritual sensitiveness the author introduces you to “A Master of the Mountains”, and succeeds in the difficult task of interpreting the many-sided unity of Roerich’s genius. The formative period of a mind destined to move men is always of surpassing interest and yet it is often denied insightful study: this short account, however, manages to give a very satisfying glimpse into Roerich’s early period. We are told of Roerich’s excavating zeal, when at the age of fourteen he began digging up some tumuli on his father’s estate near—as it was then—St. Petersburg. His preoccupation with the Past and early observations on remote Neolithic consciousness, and on various aspects of "primitive" mind and culture are of unique interest. After this it is not difficult to understand that Roerich inspired one of the greatest of modern composers—Stravinsky—to produce that landmark of music “Le Sacre du Printemps” (The Rite of Spring) in which a panoramic parallel to some of Roerich’s great

* By courtesy “Visva-Bharati Quarterly”—founded by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. (Review of “Zelta Gramata”, published Riga 1938, Rs. 2 and “Nicholas Roerich—A Master of the Mountains”—by Barnett D. Conlan Published by Flamma, Inc, Rs. 1–8–0.
Tibetan pictures can be found. Mysterious figures move with flute and drum and cymbal; in different media the coloured clouds, witnessing mountains, vast silences and zones of feeling are set against an inward glow. Roerich having struck upon tangible Eastern mysticism has drawn from living sources in a manner denied to Stravinsky. But that is by the way. Scriabine's music, the author thinks, is nearer to Roerich's art, and there are affinities as one would expect, with a whole realm of creative spirits. Conlan shows Roerich in the context of a questing culture—and this is important—a rich European urge, which thriving on indigenous roots contacted varied tendencies and threw up the Russian Ballet, Diaghilev; the arts of Matisse and Picasso; Roerich's paintings. A friend of Gorky (both of them were spiritually allied to the great drive of new Soviet civilization) Roerich combines Russian culture with something intrinsically Eastern—or is it a case of essential continuity? and the road of fate leads to such canvases as "The Command of Rigden Jyepo" one of the guide-posts in Roerich's art. Readers must make that pilgrimage and I hope some of them will be led, as the reviewer was, to follow the easier path to the Roerich hermitage along the Kulu valley, past Katrain, to the corner of Naggar where the seer sits rapt in reverie facing the everlasting snowy wall of the Himalayas.
The Roerich Pact

Nagari Pracharini Sabha endorses Roerich Pact.

On November 6th 1938 the Nagari Pracharini Sabha, the oldest literary Society of Benares, passed the following resolution:

Resolution No. 39 of 6—11 1938

"Resolved that the Nagari Pracharini Sabha of Benares which always endeavoured towards the preservation and protection of the Indian cultural monuments and records through its Bharat Kala Bhawan, fully appreciates the efforts of Professor Nicholas de Roerich to protect the historical monuments, museums, scientific, artistic, educational and cultural institutions of the world from human destruction in time of war as well as peace. It whole-heartedly supports the Roerich Pact."

(Signed) Ram Narayan Misra, (Signed) R. B. Shukla,
President. Secretary.

Roerich Peace Banner unfurled in Karachi.

At mid-day on the 17th of November 1938, the Roerich Banner of Peace was unfurled by Mr. H. C. Kumar which ceremony was followed by a song. The audience then adjourned to "Sarnagati" lecture hall. Mr. Sujan, R. A. spoke for a few minutes on Peace giving very interesting figures of the cost of war and emphasized on how fruitful for culture the fund of resources expended on fighting would be if only the mind of man could be directed to desirable activities.

Mr. Kumar addressed the gathering for about half an hour. He said that peace is the ultimate end of man and that peace activities are gaining ground all over the world. The Roerich Banner of Peace stands as a symbol of an ideal for peace."

* * *

In view of repeated requests from our readers from various countries to give the actual text of the Roerich Pact, we are quoting in the following lines the complete text, signed by 21 American Republics:
TREATY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ARTISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS AND HISTORIC MONUMENTS (ROERICH PACT) SIGNED AT THE WHITE HOUSE BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TWENTY-ONE AMERICAN REPUBLICS, APRIL 15, 1935, AT 12:00 O'CLOCK

Resolution of the Seventh International Conference of American States on the Roerich Pact

The Seventh International Conference of American States, RESOLVES:

To recommend to the Governments of America which have not yet done so that they sign the "Roerich Pact," initiated by the Roerich Museum in the United States, and which has as its object the universal adoption of a flag, already designed and generally known, in order thereby to preserve in any time of danger all nationally and privately owned immovable monuments which form the cultural treasure of peoples.

REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF THE GOVERNING BOARD OF THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION ON THE ROERICH PACT, APPROVED BY THE GOVERNING BOARD ON APRIL 4th, 1934.

The Committee appointed by the Governing Board to report on the steps that might be taken by the Pan-American Union to contribute to the realization of the idea originally expressed by Professor Nicholas Roerich and incorporated in the Pact for the Protection of Artistic and Scientific Institutions and Historic Monuments, the adoption of which was recommended to the nations of America by the Seventh International Conference of American States, has the honor to report as follows:

The Committee has taken the fundamental principles of the instrument originally proposed by Professor Roerich as a universal pact and given them the form of an inter-American draft treaty, which is herewith submitted to the consideration of the Board.

The Committee recommends that the Governments, members of the Union, be asked to grant their Representatives on the Board plenary powers to subscribe to the pact, which is to be signed on April 14th, 1935, or at an earlier date to be determined by the Board if all its members have received plenary powers before April 14th, 1935. After April 14th, 1935, the pact will be open to the accession by non-signatory States.

The High Contracting Parties, animated by the purpose of giving conventional form to the postulates of the Resolution approved on December 16, 1933, by all the States represented at the Seventh International Conference of American States, held at Montevideo, which recommended to "the Governments of America which have not yet done so that they sign the 'Roerich Pact,' initiated by the Roerich Museum in the United States, and which has as its object, the universal adoption of a flag, already designed and generally known, in order thereby to preserve in any time of danger all nationally and privately owned immovable monuments, which form the cultural treasure of peoples," have resolved to conclude a treaty with that end in view, and to the effect that the treasures of culture be respected and protected in time of war and in peace, have agreed upon the following articles:

ARTICLE I

The historic monuments, museums, scientific, artistic, educational and cultural institutions shall be considered as neutral and as such respected and protected by belligerents.

The same respect and protection shall be due to the personnel of the institutions mentioned above.

The same respect and protection shall be accorded to the historic monuments, museums, scientific, artistic, educational and cultural institutions in time of peace as well as in war.

ARTICLE II

The neutrality of, and protection and respect due to, the monuments and institutions mentioned in the preceding article, shall be recognized in the entire expanse of territories subject to the sovereignty of each of the signatory and acceding States, without any discrimination as to the State allegiance of said monuments and institutions. The respective Government agrees to adopt the measures of internal legislation necessary to insure said protection and respect.

ARTICLE III

In order to identify the monuments and institutions mentioned in Article I, use may be made of a distinctive flag (red circle with a triple red sphere in the circle on a white background) in accordance with the model attached to this treaty.

ARTICLE IV

The signatory Governments and those who accede to this treaty, shall send to the Pan-American Union, at the time of signature or accession, or at any time thereafter, a list of the monuments and institutions for which they desire the protection agreed to in this treaty.

The Pan-American Union, when notifying the Governments of signatures or accessions, shall also send the list of monuments and institutions mentioned in this article, and shall inform the other Governments of any changes in said list.
ARTICLE V

The monuments and institutions mentioned in Article I shall cease to enjoy the privileges recognized in the present treaty in case they are made use of for military purposes.

ARTICLE VI

The States which do not sign the present treaty on the date it is opened for signature, may sign or adhere to it at any time.

ARTICLE VII

The instruments of accession, as well as those of ratification and denunciation of the present treaty, shall be deposited with the Pan-American Union, which shall communicate notice of the act of deposit to the other signatory or acceding States.

ARTICLE VIII

The present treaty may be denounced at any time by any of the signatory or acceding States, and the denunciation shall go into effect three months after notice of it has been given to the other signatory or acceding States.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the undersigned Plenipotentiaries, after having deposited their full powers found to be in due and proper form, sign this treaty on behalf of their respective governments, and affix thereto their seals, on the dates appearing opposite their signatures.* * * *

Monsieur Camille Tulpinck, President of the Union International pour le Pact Roerich in Bruges, writes that in 1939 a commemorative Exhibition will be held in connection with the Hans Memling Celebrations, during which M. C. Tulpinck plans to submit the Roerich Pact for adherence.

The Art Movement

Signs of the Times.

By BARNETT D. CONLAN.

It is interesting to note the effect of the last Salon Automne on French critics and observers. Many hailed this exhibition as a return to tradition and a sign that France has now had enough of revolutionary methods and constant change.

Such phrases as 'Le retour au tableau' would seem to suggest that a great deal of what has gone by the name of modern art, in recent years, is not genuine painting.

France has for centuries been the home of good painting and there is nothing astonishing then, in this decision to get back to tradition.

The art of to-day is still a very confused business and subject to so many influences and researches that it is becoming very difficult to disentangle.

Impressionism, Neo-impressionism, Symbolism, Futurism, Synchronism, Pointillism, Cubism, Fauvism, Expressionism, Dadaism, Surrealism, following rapidly one on another have left the public with the idea that modern art is something built on moving sands.

The great majority, therefore, adhere more or less to academic standards and condemn these new movements as decadent; while the few, who follow them, often tend to become fanatic and dogmatic and to exaggerate their importance.

With the exception of Dadaism however, which we can safely dismiss as decadent, all these movements may be said to have added something to the technique of painting.

Some of them have been considerably overestimated. Futurism is now recognized as a step backward rather than forward. It added nothing to the spiritual conquests of art, being imitative and materialistic, in fact, little more than a novel form of illustration. That it illustrated the movements of cars and machinery rather than horses or classical figures, does not make it any more modern than David, and as art it is probably inferior.

Cubism was a more serious innovation, and however we care to react to its geometric and abstract figures we must admit its influence on modern technique. By analysing the planes of a figure and arranging them with greater concentration it gave an added dynamism to a work of art. Had the Cubists been less
dogmatic and less tied to principle, cubism might have been more of an art and less of a doctrine.

In listening recently to a lecture by Albert Gleizes, the chief exponent of cubism, as I had listened before the war, I could not help admiring his tenacity and conviction, but I also remarked that the public reacted to cubist works just as they did in 1913.

Cubism may be a sort of trait d'union between art and dynamics; it may have done much to sharpen and concentrate modern technique, but it is not a complete means of expression.

One can admire the dynamic patterning and colour scheme of a Picasso or a Braque painting without believing that cubism is the way of the future.

Da Vinci, that most intelligent of painters who explored all possibilities could have probably exploited some form of cubism or its equivalent had he wished, but he seems to have had the conviction that the natural figure contains the richest possibilities for expression.

The difficulty of judging many of these new movements is due to the gradual distortion of the original inspiration, by second-rate artists, more interested often, in propaganda than in art. The original promoters are, as a rule, genuine pioneers, but the ranks are soon filled with fanatics whose impulse is to deny everything connected with the past.

Surrealism may have a few elements which are of interest and denote the movement of today—its appeal for imagination, for instance, but it is already invaded by doubtful elements, and it is a question if it be a genuine art movement since much of it would seem opposed to the spirit of painting and the painter's temperament.

In their manifesto they declare: "We are opposed to goodness and beauty"—I should imagine they are, in fact, a glance at many a surrealist masterpiece leaves little doubt.

In surrealism, as it is being organised now, we get an admixture of different factors and prejudices, which are foreign to art, with theories from German metaphysics and psycho-analysis, and all marshalled towards the repudiation of the past.

In their doctrine which contains every sort of statement from Plato to Blake, from Hegel to Karl Marx, we are told that surrealism is going to deliver art from all the moral conventions, prejudices, classic styles and methods of painting which have been imposed on us by four hundred years of capitalist and academic standards, and that the movement is becoming world wide and international.

If so, then we can expect it will get quite a lot of advertising, but it will not be art. Art is something incomparably more precious than any of the political, social, and commercial intrigues, fashions and manias of our time.

The whole theory of surrealism could be safely reduced to Blake's conception of art as instrument of imagination rather than of imitation. How far such an ideal can be pursued in painting, in spite of the world of appearances, is difficult to say.

Surrealists however, go further than Blake and wish to liberate art from so many things that I imagine they will finish by freeing it from painting.

There are, no doubt, several very good painters who call their work surrealist, I know of half a dozen in different countries, but I should not be surprised to find, later, that they have let the label drop. After all, it is the artist which gives value to the label and not the label which makes the artist.

Having often been present at the beginning of many of these movements in Paris, before and after the war, I have always remarked that the artist himself is less interested in the label than in his painting. The dealers, critics and the public make the label—which often corresponds with the political mania of the moment and mass suggestion.

Highly intellectual natures are rarely original and creative and the doctrines of all these new schools are far too sophisticated. The genuine artist is often very remote in character from the clever, urban, intellectual business mind, and it is this type of mind which seems to me to be responsible for many of these new movements.

Some of these surrealist works suggest plants that have been grown with drugs on the pavements of some 'city of dreadful night' where the vault of the sky is itself of chemicals. Perhaps this is because they wish to express the 'latent' rather than the 'manifest' content of our epoch, to use their own language.

One returns with relief to what the French call 'la belle peinture' which is more often than not the work of simple unsophisticated natures.

It is perhaps no mere coincidence that some of the greatest modern masters—Corot, Renoir, Cezanne, took no interest in the intellectual movements of the big city and lived the life of peasants, and that other well known masters—Claude, Turner, Crome were illiterate.
Between the creative artist and the sophist there would seem to be something incompatible, and in many of these new movements which have grown from the life of the metropolis, there is not a little snobbery and sophistry.

How many times since 1920 have I been told by advanced painters in Paris " As a movement it is finished with now. " This steady procession of 'isms' in painting no doubt means that the artist of today is awake and filled with the spirit of research; but it may also mean, and this is less interesting, that the commercial organisms of the big city are trying to bring art into line with the films, the fashions and the newspapers.

I had the rare and good fortune to spend all my early years among the hills in a region which has remained unchanged for a thousand years or more. Whenever I return, I discover a sculptural grandeur of outline and a fresh beauty which has come to be eminently satisfying, like that of the Parthenon. Today, wherever I am, I have come—to take my stand upon these hills, so that when some years ago I heard Marinetti in a futurist lecture speak of the need to destroy not only all the art of the past but syntax and grammar and all the literatures,—I went home and began to read Homer.

This became a habit, and, after many years, I seemed to stumble on something which no translation or Greek professor could have imparted, something nearer to sculpture than literature. This aesthetic content which gradually grew upon me like the outline of my native hills or the image of the Parthenon is something indefinable and not to be reached at through the intellect, so that later, when I came to recognize the same vital form in the work of Maillol and Cezanne I felt that I had discovered something timeless which was the soul of all great art.

Such art is much more likely to resemble the oak tree in its gradual growth than be a rapid result of urban ideas and organization. On the whole it will differ from the spirit of futurist art much as the Parthenon differs from advertising.

The soul of all great art which is alike in its indefinable essence, though constantly changing in appearance has been recognized, it seems to me, by one of the best critics of today, Mr. Jan Gordon, when he says:

"Tradition, in fact has to do with art alone, while with movements can be mixed up history, archaeology, philosophy, politics, geography, fashions, religion and crime."

"Movements are nothing but the stuff of which tradition is made."

"Movements die; the tradition however is a live thing that changes, grows and persists."

"Once a man has something to express, and the passion to express it, he will find himself leaning on the inevitable tradition."

That is well said, and well worth saying, in view of the shallow urban trends of today.

Much has been said, in recent times, against eclecticism, especially in architecture where it has been gradually set aside, and rightly enough, for more original forms inspired by the dynamics of the machine. But this has given rise in some quarters to the idea that functionalism, as it appears today in all the arts, is a modern discovery, a new spirit which will make the art of past ages seem rather soft and ineffectual.

One has only to turn back twenty centuries to Thucydides to get the right shock.

For spirit and style there is nothing in the world so functional as his famous history, and for drive, economy and precision it surpasses anything of the kind today.

If the future is something that we create ourselves, then let it be created with a sense of the riches and splendours of all past achievement, and not merely with the hollow jargon of a journalistic, propagandist present.

When some of these very advanced critics feel inclined to belittle the last four hundred years of art and culture, they would do better to pause and ask themselves what it means for any work of art to have stood the test of such a span of time.

Above all, they should realize that very little of contemporary work will last as long. The more genuine the innovator however the more he will be likely to draw his inspiration from the past. Rodin, who was a giant in his time, had a veritable cult for tradition; and Matisse the most accomplished of the modern masters is saturated with the technical tradition of all past civilizations.

If it is not possible to define the direction that painting will take, in the future, yet, the law of reaction leads us to believe that it will soon begin to move away from the materialism of many of these after-war doctrines.

Surrealism and abstract painting despite many of their decadent or unhealthy aspects are none the less indications, and the way in which color technique from the Synchromists to Kandinsky has evolved along musical lines, forecasting the art of.
mobile color, now emerging in America, also points in this direction.

But apart from the pioneers of new methods there have been other artists content to simply express themselves in paint. The American painter A. P. Ryder with a technique, which today would be considered immature and insufficient, produced magical effects altogether beyond the reach of our modern specialists. Poor and obscure, the associate altogether beyond the reach of our modern specialists. Poor and obscure, the associate of simple fisherfolk or peasants he, none the less, left behind him a work full of revelation and of a Shakespearean depth and variety.

Van Gogh whose incandescent genius flung technique to the winds is another instance; and Monticelli, self-taught and limited in means, did more mysterious things with color than any of the moderns of our day armed with all sorts of technical perfection.

All researches and innovation in the way of technique, when genuine, are signs of vitality, but, like machinery, they cannot be accepted as ends in themselves.

There is reason then to think that the painting of the future is more likely to be mystic than materialistic.

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**News from America and Europe**

The Roerich Academy of Arts has opened its second semester. Amidst the outstanding features are Mrs. Sina G. Lichtmann's piano courses and Mr. D. C. Mobley's courses of interior decoration, etc. Series of lectures, exhibitions and recitals have also been scheduled for the season.

The following interesting lectures were delivered at Arsuna, Inc. (Santa-Fe): "The Place of Art Criticism in Literature" by Alfred Morang; "An Approach to Modern Poetry" by Wm. Pillin. New classes were added to the Arsuna Fine Art School lately: a Rhythm Class by Linda Gayle, Feature Writing by Capt. L. L. Partlow and a Children's Theatre.

Several recitals by Maurice M. Lichtmann were rendered—the proceeds of one of them being dedicated to Spanish Relief. The programme included Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin, and John Sloan was speaker. Another recital of Mauric Lichtmann (piano) and Charles Kinney (organ) was held at the St. Francis auditorium, and the programme consisted of Bach, Chopin-Liszt and Brahms.


Messrs Hazel Dreis of Santa-Fe have published "White Thunder", a book of poems by Dane Rudhyar, well-known poet and lecturer at Arsuna, Inc. The very titles of the poems like "Vigil", Dreams "Compassion", "Greatness", "Hymn of Rudra", "Conquerors", "Hymn to Shiva", "Gnostic Chants", "Hymn to Agni", "Maha Yogan", "Cosmic Vision" already indicate the inspiring nature of these sonorous incantations.

A new book by Mildred Hayward "Light Breaking Through" has appeared. Peace is the theme of this volume. Mrs. Hayward is President of the Swami Omkar Peace Foundation in New York and her calls for international understanding are most timely.

In the "Revista Pitman," Nov. 1938, Buenos Aires, Argentine, a review of "Signos de Agni Yoga," has appeared, which concludes as follows: "En resumen: la Ensenanza Ignea, a que nos
referimos, es el toque de alarma, la prevision y, a la vez, el remedio para las calamidades de la vida, entendida esta en su mas amplio y transcendental concepto."

In the Russian newspaper "Rassvet" of Chicago, dated Oct. 15, 1938, an article "Igor Grabar about Roerich" has been published.

The "Christian Science Monitor" of Boston, of Oct. 27, 1938, reviewing Irving Deakin's book "Ballet Profile" in an article "Then Russia Awoke to Ballet" refers to Prof. Roerich and other Russian artists as having "brought to the world a new and startling beauty".

In the Russian newspaper "Rassvet" (Chicago) Prof. Roerich's article "The Academy of Fine Arts" has been published.

The Museum of the "Fondation Roerich pro pace, arts, scientiae, et labore" in Bruges has arranged a special hall, in which are exhibited the copies of South Indian frescoes presented by the Tranvancore Government upon recommendation of Prof. Roerich, and the collection of Chinese and Tibetan Xylographs, donated by Prof. Roerich to the Bruges Museum. These objects, together with the painting presented by Mr. V. R. Chitra, of the Govt. School of Arts and Crafts, Madras, form the nucleus of this new Eastern Hall.

L'Association Francaise Nicolas de Roerich in Paris has elected the following new Committee Members: 1) Madame Valmont, Editor of "Cahiers Contemporains." 2) Marius Chambon, well-known artist, who painted a portrait of President Loubet; he also decorated "Le Palais de la Picardie", and is Professor of Paris Art Schools; 3) Paul Ducuing, sculptor, known for his equestrian statue of King Sisowath of Cambodge and busts of Pasquier, Sarraut, Falliere, etc. 4) M. Homberg, architect.

L'Association Francaise Nicolas de Roerich in Paris has further elected upon recommendation of Prof. Roerich the following Honorary Members: Prof. Emile Schaub-Koch, Geneva and Mr. Barnett D. Conlan, Paris.

The oldest university of Portugal at Coimbra has elected Prof. Roerich as a Member of the Conbrigensis Instituti Societas. Prof. Roerich's painting "Sancta Protectrix" is at present in the Fine Arts Museum of this University.

H. E. Prof. A. G. da Rocha-Madahil, Director of the Museum of the Coimbra University expressed his readiness to act as Representative of the Roerich Pact in Portugal.

The Museum Ruske University in Praha has published a monograph in Russian: "Russian Art Abroad", text by V. Bulgakoff and A. Yupatoff, Preface by Prof. Roerich. The volume is richly illustrated and can be had from the Museum Ruske University, Krakovska 8, Praha II, Czechoslovakia for U. S. $ 2.50.

Mr. Nicholas Buschmann, of Tallinn, Estonia, who has promulgated the idea of a universal monument to Woman in the Name of Peace, has published a booklet, outlining the aims and quoting authoritative opinions and appreciation by Prof. Nicholas Roerich, Countess Albert Apponyi, Lepossava Petkowitch, August Maria Kemetter, G. Schuster, Emile Khan, Richards Rudzitis, Horace Thivet, etc. In this connection we recall Prof. Roerich's inspiring essays dedicated to womanhood, like "Woman's Destiny", "To the Heart of Woman", "The Crown of Womanhood," etc. FLAMMA heartily greets these lofty aims and hopes that the idea of a universal monument to Woman in the Name of Peace will be realized despite the present perturbed days.

In connection with the Latvian National Festivities, the Latvian Roerich Society in Riga arranged a celebration on Nov. 18th. The Vice-President K. Valkovskis delivered an inspiring address dedicated to the cultural achievements of Latvia. After a concert, the President of the Society, Richard Rudzitis read on "The Paths of Self-perfectioning according to ancient Lettish traditions". The celebration was well attended and notes about this gathering appeared in the newspaper "Rits" of Nov. 19 and "Segodnia" of Nov. 20th 1938.

From the Annual Report of the Lithuanian Roerich Society, compiled by its President, Mme J. Montvydiene, we learn about the active work which took place there. In the Philosophical Section 45 essays of Prof. Roerich were read and discussed. In the Women's Section Mme Roerich's Letters were read and books on Living Ethics and other similar subjects were discussed. In the Educational Section 13 lectures were read (Eckartshausen, Besant, Montessori's books were reviewed) and in the Medical Section under guidance of Dr. Matusevic 16 discourses were held. Thus unifying subjects like "Cooperation of Humanity," "Culture and Beauty", "The Creative Power of Beauty", "Joy, the source of
lofty energies". "The culture of the home in the family", "Our intelligentsia and its aims", "Thought" and "Evolution" were debated between members and invited guests.

Mr. A. Klizovski has published the third volume of his work "The Foundations of the World Conception of the New Era". (Didkovsky Publishers, Riga).

The member of the Board of the Latvian Roerich Society, Th. Bucens has delivered a series of lectures at the invitation of the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Riga.

The oldest member of the Lithuanian Roerich Society in Kaunas, Mr. Juknevicius has passed away. We express our deep regret at the loss of such an active co-worker. Mr. Juknevicius died from heart failure during his lecture on one of his cherished cultural subjects.

In Skuodas, Lithuania, the group conducted by Dr. Serafiniene holds regular meetings, during which Dr. Serafiniene lectures on problems of education.

Mr. J. Abramovics, member of the Latvian Roerich Society, writes about the formation of a new group of esperantists within the Society. The nucleus of this group consists of the following members: Miss Ludmila Jevsejeva, Miss Krievs and Mr. J. Abramovics. The group corresponds with our group "Culture" in the Far-East.

The magazine "Ari" in Helsingki, Finland, has reproduced Prof. Roerich’s paintings "Tibetan Stronghold" and "Thakur’s Castle".

In the Latvian newspaper "Rits" Richard Rudzitis’s poem "The Message of Love" has appeared. With his usual poetic inspiration the President of the Latvian Roerich Society has sent into the world this powerful call for peace, love and human understanding. He concludes his essay with the words: "In the beginning there was Love. And Love will remain till the end of the Universe as the sole absolute foundation and law for all that exists."

Mr. Peter Tarabilda, member of the Lithuanian Roerich Society has received a scholarship from the Lithuanian Government to study art in Paris.

In the "Litovs Stelos" 18, Miss L. Jevsejeva’s articles "Standardo de la paco—kiu estas Nikolaj Rerich" and "Antau de fino de la Jubilea Jaro" have appeared in Esperanto.

In the Quarterly "Kolosjso" No. 4/13, Wilna, an article "Mikalai Rerich" has been published.

The Academic Union of Allied Arts, Estonia, has published Mr. Alexis Rannit’s book of poems "V Okonnom Pereplete" ("Through the Window Frame") in Russian translation from the Estonian by the eminent Russian poet Igor Severianin. Mr. A. Rannit is a member of the Estonian Roerich Committee in Tallinn.

In the "Paewoleht" (Tallinn, Dec. 4, 1938) Prof. Roerich’s essay "Armastage Raamatut" in translation by Alexis Rannit, has appeared.

In the newspaper "Kurzemesis Vards" (Liepaja, Latvia) an article by Ev. Gr. "Nikolajs Rerichs ka maksielieks un cilveks" has been published in connection with the visit and lectures of the Latvian Roerich Society from Riga to Liepaja on Nov. 1st 1938. The lecture and exhibition of Prof. Roerich’s paintings was organized under the auspices of the Liepajas Latviesu Makslas Veicinasanas Biedriba (Society for Encouragement of Fine Art).

In the Czech magazine "Duchovni a nobozenska kultura" Dr. Ctibor Bezdek in an editorial emphasizes the significance of the Roerich Hall in the Praha Museum.

In the weekly magazine "Gazeta Dlia Vsekh" (Riga) in the December issue 1938, No. 52, Prof. Roerich’s article "The Russian Icon" has appeared, together with a portrait and two reproductions of his paintings.

In the newspaper "Segodnia" (Riga) of Dec. 4th 1938 Prof. Roerich’s article "Prazdnik Iskusstva" has been published, illustrated with two portraits.
News from India

Under the auspices of the Roerich Centre of Art and Culture in Allahabad an Exhibition of paintings of the well-known Bengali artist Mr. Kshitindra Nath Majumdar and his pupils was opened in the Annie Besant Hall, on Monday the 19th December, by Mr. R. N. Basu, Chairman of the Municipal Board, Allahabad. The exhibition remained open for two evenings, and was very well attended. The artist is among the first group of pupils of Dr. Abanindranath Tagore, and with Nandalal Bose and Asitkumar Haldar has played an important part in bringing the modern Bengal art into prominence. Mr. Majumdar has specialised in Vaishnava themes, and his paintings have found place in distinguished public and private collections. Some of his paintings depicting the life of Lord Chaitanya were specially appreciated.

Another function held under the auspices of the Roerich Centre of Art and Culture in Allahabad was a dancing performance given by Mr. Bimalendu Bose, whose efforts towards the revival of the classical Indian dance have met with appreciation of distinguished people like Rabindranath Tagore, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, the Rt. Hon’ble Mr. Sreenivasa Shastry and Dr. James H. Cousins. The performance was held on December 22, in the Mayo Hall, before a select audience.

Mr. Ram Chandra Tandon's article "Svetoslav Roerich and His Art", which we had the pleasure of publishing in our previous issue, has appeared in translation in a Hindi magazine in Calcutta, illustrated with the following reproductions of Sv. Roerich's paintings: "Portrait of Professor Roerich", "Karma Dorje", "The Gods are Coming", "Snake Charmers". Reprints of this article in English, with four reproductions, can be had from the Roerich Centre of Art and Culture in Allahabad and from the Representatives of "FLAMMA" Quarterly (Price 8 Annas or 20 cents) and from FLAMMA Representatives.

Mr. B. N. Sijja, member of the Colourists' Association in Lucknow (of which Prof. Roerich is Honorary President and Mr. Birewar Sen, President) has been awarded the Gold medal for the best painting in Indian Style at the Exhibition of the Indian Academy of Arts, in Calcutta. Several other paintings by members of the same association, notably those of Mr. P. R. Roy, Mr. P. N. Bhargava, R. N. Chatterjee, Ishwar Das and S. Sen were very flatteringly reviewed by the Press and were purchased by well-known connoisseurs of art, like H. H. the Maharaja of Kashmir, H. H. the Nawab of Bhopal, and others.

Mr. O. C. Gangoly has requested Prof. Roerich to send him ten sets of coloured reproductions of Prof. Roerich's paintings, which he proposes to use for a plan of Appreciation Lessons for "Picture Hours" at art schools in Calcutta. Upon receipt of these, Mr. Gangoly wrote to Prof. Roerich thanking him for his gift and expressing his admiration for Prof. Roerich's Art. We are glad to add that Mr. Gangoly also kindly promised his article for "Flamma" Quarterly.

Upon request of the Board of Conference of All-India Sanskrit Students, held at the Benares Hindu University, Prof. Roerich sent a hearty Message of Greetings in which he compares the roots of old Russian 'bylny' with Sanskrit origins. In the course of his message Prof. Roerich says: "When I hear Sanskrit chanting, it always reminds me of old Russian bards, who melodiously narrate ancient legends about heroes and—as they are called—hogyhers (bahadurs?)". For the Exhibition of Oriental Learning, connected with this Conference, a set of coloured reproductions of Prof. Roerich's paintings had been sent in conformity with their wish.

The following message of greetings has been received by Prof. Roerich from the All-India Sanskrit Students' Conference:

"Soul of Peace.

We, the Sanskrit students with all of our teachers and Hindu public became very glad to know that a foreigner has joined our conference with all serenity and sincerity of his heart. We felt ourselves proud of your kind and lovely message which gave us a sweet touch of a new friendship in our heart.

Lover of Himalayas.

We, the people of peace-loving Bharat, the abode of Lord Buddha remain in the foremost rank to hanker for peace to embrace the cry of brotherhood and to sing the song of Universal unity.

We read your booklet the Banner of Peace and are fully agreed to your attempt that is full of hope.
The saint of the East, mount on the Mount Everest and ring the bell of your love message. That will roll over the shady world and a new era of culture will get its dawn of peace and brotherhood through the cloud of selfishness and hate." Dated Benares, January 7th 1939.

"The Feudatory and Zaminar India" magazine has published Mr. K. P. Padmanabhan Tampy's interesting article "The Sri Chitralayam", which has a chapter dedicated to the group of paintings by Prof. Nicholas Roerich and Mr. Svetoslav Roerich in this State Gallery of Travancore. The Sri Chitralayam, which is under the guidance of Dr. J. H. Cousins, has now become one of the most prominent art centres of India. Mr. Tampy's article, which has also appeared as a separate edition, is excellently written and is illustrated with reproductions of Prof. Roerich's paintings, his portrait by Mr. Svetoslav Roerich and sections of South Indian murals, etc. In the chapter on Modern Indian Art the author writes that this section is embellished by masterly paintings by such stalwarts as Abanindranath Tagore, Gogendranath Tagore, Nandalal Bose, Asitkumar Haldar, Devi Prasad Roy Choudhuri, Kshitindranath Majumdar, Sarada Charan Ukil, Ranada Charan Ukil and Promode Kumar Chatterjee. Mr. Tampy concludes his writing as follows: "This Temple of Art is a living book of the history of modern painting which is full of daring innovations".

Under the auspices of the Osmania University an Exhibition of the paintings of Professor Nicholas Roerich and Mr. Svetoslav Roerich was held at the Town Hall, Hyderabad. Dr. James H. Cousins had been specially invited to deliver a series of 3 Extension Lectures in connection with the Exhibition. The Exhibition was formally opened by His Excellency the Rt. Hon'ble Sir Akbar Hydari, Nawab Nawaz Jung Bahadur, Kt. P. C., D. C. L., LL. D., Chancellor of the Osmania University on Jan. 17, 1939 at 5 P. M. The programme of the Exhibition and of the Extension Lectures was as follows:

On Jan. 17—5 p. m. Formal Opening of the Exhibition by His Excellency the President; at 6-15 p. m. Lecture by Dr. J. H. Cousins on "Nicholas Roerich, the Man and his Ideas".

On Jan. 18, 1939—8 to 11 a.m. and 2-5 p.m. Exhibition open. At 6-15 Lecture by Dr. J. H. Cousins on "Nicholas Roerich, the Artist and his Art".

On Jan. 19—8 to 11 a.m. Exhibitions open for Ladies only; 2 to 5 p.m. Exhibition open to all. 6-15 p.m. Lecture by Dr. J. H. Cousins on "The Problem of Nationality and Internationality in Art".

An Exhibition of paintings of Mr. Sudhir Khastgir of Calcutta took place under the auspices of the Roerich Centre of Art and Culture in Allahabad on January 26th. The exhibition was opened by the heir-apparent of Sitamau State, Maharajkumar, Dr. Raghubir Singh, the poet and great connoisseur of Art. On this occasion Prof. Roerich sent a telegraphic message of greeting for the opening, upon invitation of Rai Bahadur Pandit B. M. Vyas.

Mr. Mohanlal Kashyap has requested Prof. Roerich to write an article for a commemorative volume dedicated to the great art lover of the United Provinces S. P. Shah (late Director of Industries of the U. P.)

In Baroda a new magazine "The Students' Digest" is making its appearance and the Editor has asked Prof. Roerich for an article. "Pax per cultura" will appear in the first issue.

Reviews of Mr. Barnett D. Conlan's monograph "Nicholas Roerich, a Master of the Mountains" have appeared in the following periodicals: in "India", Nov. 1938, "New Book Digest", Nov. 1938, the "Daily Herald" 12-9-38, "Assam Review" Oct. 1938 and "Modern Girl", all by Colonel A. E. Mahon, D. S. O. and in "Visva-Bharati Quarterly" Nov. 1938 by Prof. Amiya Chakravarty. The latter article, under title "Roerichana" also reviews "Zetta Gramata" and is reprinted in this issue of FLAMMA Quarterly by kind permission of the "Visva Bharati Quarterly". A review of the same monograph by Mr. P. K. Tampy has appeared in the "Landholders' Journal", Oct. 1938.


The following of Prof. Roerich's essays have lately appeared in the press of India:

"Monsalvat", in "The Scholar" January 1939.

Notes

We welcome heartily every co-operation on the part of our readers. If therefore anyone wishes to express his views on some of the subjects which are close to the aims of FLAMMA, we shall be glad to open a "FORUM" page, on which such views can be exchanged.

We again call upon the assistance of ALL members of ALL Roerich Societies throughout the world to regard FLAMMA Quarterly as their own, to take its success to their hearts, to consider themselves collaborators in every respect and therefore to support it in every possible way, morally and materially. Very little is needed, if ALL help, since the Quarterly makes no profit, is offered to members at self-cost and every donation received goes direct to the improvement and adornment of the magazine. We know readers and friends will realize and appreciate this fundamental principle of co-operation and that this realization will urge them to do their utmost in the name of Culture, and Beauty to make FLAMMA Quarterly a success.

We express our most sincere thanks to all kind donors and contributors. Individual acknowledgments have been sent to them. Our cordial thanks are also again due to the Latvian Roerich Society for continuing to donate the coloured reproduction "The Master's Command" and the monotone reproduction "The Messenger" for the present issue.

FLAMMA Quarterly is scheduled to reach its readers as follows: The SPRING issue, Flamma No. 5 by March 21st, 1939, spring equinox; the SUMMER issue, Flamma No. 6 by June 22nd, 1939, summer solstice; the AUTUMN issue, Flamma No. 7 by Sept. 23rd, 1939, autumn equinox; the WINTER issue Flamma No. 8 by Dec. 22nd, 1939, winter solstice.

Some copies of the last double WINTER issue are still available, the price of it being that of two numbers Nos. 3 & 4, viz. $1.00 or Rs: 2–8–0 or 30 Francs or 4 sh (for Members 50 cents, Rs. 1–8–0, 20 Francs or sh. 2/6.) These copies can be offered at these prices only until the Summer 1939 issue appears, whereupon the general rule applies, that backnumbers can be had, if available (No. 1 is already completely sold out) at double their ordinary price.

No acknowledgments of payment for subscriptions can be sent unless a stamped envelope or intern postal coupon is sent with the subscription, but the fact of the subscriber receiving the
next issue is in itself a proof that the subscription has been received. Subscribers will kindly note that their subscription number is indicated at the lower right hand corner of the label bearing their address, and the figures that follow indicate how many more issues are due on their subscription. Thus 1S-137-6/7/8 means that the subscriber's number is 1S-137 and that No. 6, 7 & 8 of FLAMMA are due on his subscription. The subscription number should kindly always be quoted in correspondence.

All members are advised to use widely the Banner of Peace Stamps—as at the heading of our Peace Pact Section. These can be obtained, ready gummed, and perforated in sheets at one Dollar, or four shillings or Rs. 2-8-0 per hundred from FLAMMA Representatives and Roerich Societies in Liberty, New York, Paris, Riga, Naggar, Shanghai, etc.

We are glad to announce that reprints in covers are now available of all articles that have appeared in FLAMMA Quarterly. Those of our readers who have begun their subscription with the present issue, and are unable to obtain backnumbers of FLAMMA may want to have parts I and II of Barnett. D. Conlan's Monograph on Prof. Roerich and can obtain these from Naggar, at 8 Annas, 20 cents or 10d each part, other reprints can be calculated at 1 Anna, 2½ cents or 1d per every two pages at a minimum of 4 Annas, 10 cents or 4d per reprint, adding a little for postage. Such amounts can be sent in unused postage stamps.

SPIRIT OF ROERICH'S CULT-UR OR VENERATION OF LIGHT IN MODERN EDUCATION

Paul R. Radosavljevich

New York University

INTRODUCTORY: We live in an era of educational evolution which is producing its own characteristic type of leadership. It was ever so, in each period of pedagogical development. For just at the crucial time, immediately before the complete rout of generally accepted theories, a new prophet arises, a new representative man in education appears, a new neophytic idealist steps in with a mental attitude which is not influenced too much either by the spirit of the mob or by the organized stupidity of some individual authorities in practice and theory of education, authorities who happen to have an undeserved pedagogical reputation. This new educational leader who deserves honor and love from all the educators here and abroad, is a Russian exile of international reputation, an artist-educator with a Buddhist soul—Professor Nicholas de Roerich.

His educational shibboleth is: "The evolution of the New Era rests on the cornerstone of Knowledge and Beauty." He is not afraid of any difficulties and struggles for "Blessed are the obstacles, through them we grow" (29). He, who was born and raised in the Russian Greek Orthodox (Pravoslavnay) Church does not hesitate to identify himself not only with the backbone of our own Semitic Religion (which gave birth to Judaism, Catholic and Protestant Christianity, and Mohammedanism) but with the essentials of all, much older religions in the Far East which is, no doubt, the real Mother of all religions, the Father of all sciences and philosophies, and the Parent of all arts.

In that respect Roerich is a great unifier. His persistent teaching that creeds or dogmas are not intended to unite men and women but to separate them, reminds us of his great countryman Count Leo Tolstoy who used to say, "The more we live by the Intellect, the less we understand the meaning of Life." Roerich's magisterium mundi ("Stone of Wisdom") in pacifying the humanity is not Intellect but Art with its universal appeal (16):

"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 thrill 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."

In that spirit Roerich has written, and when ever occasion has presented itself, he spoke before the Chicago Art Institute, various sections of the Roerich Society and to its many branches—British, Bulgarian, Columbian, Finnish, French, German, Himalayan, Latvian, Origin, Siberian, South American, Spinoza, St. Francis of
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Assisi, Washington, etc. Roerich also addressed the French and Russian Academy of Creative Arts, the Slavonic Society, the Librarians' Conventions, the League of Composers, Japanese Bearers of Culture, Young Man Buddhist Association, the Y.M.C.A., the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, etc. That is the reason why he is called "The Messenger" (230), "The Messiah of Culture" (214), "Painter and Pacifist" (217), "The Messenger of Peace and Culture" (239), "A Bear of Faith in Construction and Progress" (267) "The Teacher from the White Summits" (95), "World Famous Artist" (99), creator of "Realm of Roerich" (100), "Painter Extraordinary" (101), "Painter in Prose" (104), bearer of "Art Treaty" (103), "Painter Prophet" (116), the father of "Banner of Peace and World Peace through Spiritual Unity" (117), "Theosophical Painter" (118), "Torch Bearer of Culture" (129), "Human Genius" (134), "Apostle of Culture and Peace" (141), "A World Force" (209), "A Modern Leonardo Da Vinci" (148), "Great Explorer, Painter, Philosopher and Thinker" (175), "The Runner of Era to Come" (176), "A Saint and an Artist" (178), a man who is "Putting Asiatic Life and Philosophy on Canvas" (180), "Apostle of World Unity" (208), "Prophet of Universal Beauty" (184), "The Versatile Genius" (220), "Prophet of Universal Beauty" (184) etc.

II

Biographical Facts. Roerich, like all men of genius, cannot be understood perfectly without his hereditary (native) and environmental (nurture) factors. One of the authors says of Roerich that he is "impeccable as rock and almost as silent." He is one of the real puzzling Russian human natures - man of few words and an indefinable atmosphere of meditation, like a monk. Roerich is called a primitive hunter turned historian. The feelings thus aroused and the experiences thus gained, Roerich would turn over in his mind, and being religious-minded (not dogmatic-minded) by nature he would convert these by sublimation into fine emotions, ideas and vivid imagery. The following biographical facts are based mainly on the official statements of the Roerich Museum authorities who are best informed about Roerich as a man and his work (235).

Nicholas Konstantinovich Roerich was born on Oct. 10, 1874, in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), son of Konstantin Fedorovich Roerich, a noted lawyer of Nordic descent (he took an active part in promoting the abolition of serfs or Russian peasant slaves, independent courts, public education, and Free Economic Society) and of Marie Vassilievna Kalashnikov, of an ancient Russian family of Pskov. The family of Roerich originated from the Nordic Vikings and the name of Roerich is found in old chronicles dating back to the tenth century. Thus the future artist combines the Nordic qualities of his paternal ancestry with the Russian traits of his mother's family. According to Duvernois (125, p. 33): "Roerich is descendant of Iceland and Yutland Vikings. One of his ancestors, Frederick Roerich, was the head of the Templars, and during the reign of Paul I, the guardman Roerich was close to the Maltese order; and the trident of the coat-of-arms of the Roerich closely resembles the trident of the Seal of Templars."

Roerich is said to be a real descendant of Rurik, the brave Vrangian prince who became the first ruler of Russia, and whose dynastic ended with Theodor, son of Ivan Grozny or Ivan the Terrible (181, p. 23).

Roerich's special style, which has become by-word as well as a symbol of an entire school of art, has its source in the general nature of the artist. Even in his early childhood, Roerich was already working in his unrepeatable, individual style, thus building up the foundation of his self-developed creative art. When he was ten years old, staying on the family estate (over 3000 acres) of his father, Iswara, he began to observe ancient mounds or kurgans dating from the Vikings and prehistoric Slavs. The elders of the village prohibited him from touching these mounds, but the curious boy convinced of his way, began personally to excavate them. He found exquisite bronze objects which he presented to the Russian Archeological Society.

In this way even in his childhood, the boy pursued his interests toward the beautiful. At the age of 15, already mastering the art of drawing and painting, he sent articles and drawings to illustrated art magazines which were accepted and published. Thus was begun the artistic and literary career of the artist. Hence, when the 25th year of his artistic activities was celebrated (in 1915), the date of his graduation from the Russian Academy of Fine Arts was not taken as a basis, but rather the real beginnings of his artistic creative self-expression.

Thus, we have now a record of over 40 years of incessant creative ascent which have brought the name Roerich to the peoples of the entire world:

1883: Entered the Private Classical Gymnasium of the famous educator, Dr. May.
1893: After graduating from this private college, he entered the School of Law, Imperial University of St. Petersburg. At the same time he passed the requirements for entrance into the Imperial Academy of Art under Professor Kuindji. Roerich's father, an influential lawyer wished to give over to his son his very extensive collection of Old Masters. Roerich, however, was not interested in acquiring by his own efforts;
1896: Graduated from the University.
1897: Graduated from the Academy. His first painting, The Messenger, was purchased by the famous collector, Tretiakov for his Museum in Moscow.
1908: Held exhibitions in Rome and Venice. Conducted excavations acquired by the National Gallery of Rome. Conducted excavations of the Novgorod Kremlin.
1911: Began frescoes in the Temple of the Princess Tenisheva (Smolensk). Visited Germany and Holland. Designed theatrical productions.
1912: Completed frescoes in Smolensk. Collaborated with Stravinsky on Sacre du Printemps. Designed Pas Gynt (Moscow Art Theatre).
1914: Visited Smolensk. Completed his frescoes there. First volume of writings published by Sytin (Moscow). Elected Honorary President of the Institute of Advanced Architectural

Assistant Secretary, Imperial Society of Encouragement of Arts in Russia.
1901: Elected General Secretary of the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Arts in St. Petersburg. Married Elena Ivanovna, the daughter of the Architect, Shaposhnikov.
1902: Held exhibitions in the Imperial Academy and in the Mir Iskusstva (Diaghilev). His works acquired by Tzar Nicholas II, the Tretiakov Gallery, and the Imperial Academy.
1903: Made extensive trips throughout Russia. Held exhibition in Mir Iskusstva (Diaghilev), in Modern Art (Prince Stcherbatov and the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Art).
1904: Made extensive trip through ancient cities of Russia. Held first exhibition in America at St. Louis, Missouri.
1905: Held exhibitions in Prague (Mannes), Berlin, Venice and Vienna.
1907: Visited Finland. Completed theatrical decorations.
1910: Elected First President of Mir Iskusstva. Held exhibitions in Rome and Brussels. Paintings acquired by the National Gallery of Rome. Conducted excavations of the Novgorod Kremlin.
1912: Began frescoes in the Temple of the Princess Tenisheva (Smolensk). Visited Germany and Holland. Designed theatrical productions.
1912: Completed frescoes in Smolensk. Collaborated with Stravinsky on Sacre du Printemps. Designed Pas Gynt (Moscow Art Theatre).
1914: Visited Smolensk. Completed his frescoes there. First volume of writings published by Sytin (Moscow). Elected Honorary President of the Institute of Advanced Architectural
1915: Celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his artistic and literary activities held.
1916: Preparations for extensive world-tour of exhibitions and lectures. Visited Finland.
1918: Visited Denmark. Exhibition held at Copenhagen. Served in England where he worked with Dr. Young on the medical values of certain colors in the cure of certain diseases. Lectures.
1923: Extension of Master Institute of United Arts and Coruna Mund, International Art Center.
1928: Continued Expedition—Mongolia, Tibet. Paintings sent to Roerich Museum. Archer publication of Society of Friends of Roerich Museum inaugurated.
1929: Continued Expedition—Tibet, Sikkim, Darjeling, Simla, Naggar. Paintings sent to Roerich Museum.
1930: Continued Expedition—Tibet, Sikkim, Darjeling, Simla, Naggar. Paintings sent to Roerich Museum.
1931: Dr. Camille Tulsinck, member of the Royal Academy of Archeology, Belgium, inaugurated the Bruges Conference for Adoption of Roerich Pact. Washington, D.C.; Fellow “American Association for the Advancement of Science,” Fellow of the “American Geographical Society.”
1932: A Second International Conference was held, in Bruges at which a Roerich Foundation for Peace, Art, Science and Labor was suggested.
1934: In fall our America was suffering from a terrific drought. Roerich, remembering the drought-resisting vegetation of the steppes, and gobis of Asia, set out, commissioned by Washington, to investigate this grass which had survived all catastrophes. He reported: “The extinctions of Barga provide remnants of great forests; there still are found great quantities of feather-grass and other steppe grasses at once strongly in resistance and useful for forage.” He found 300 or more kinds of “drought-resisting plants, adaptable to arid Western American plains, and he sent the seeds of these plants gathered on the edge of the Mongolian Desert, to America. He then proceeded to India. Although the natives were not hostile, they could not understand why America should send an expedition half way round the world to dig up some Mongolian weeds” (181, p. 28).

1935: While he was in Asia, in a memorable ceremony at the White House, the treaty on the Roerich Pact was signed by the 21 Americas, in the presence of President Roosevelt (that happened on April 15, based on a unanimous resolution passed at the Seventh Pan American Conference in Montevideo, December 16, 1933, upon the proposal of Chile; in accordance with this resolution, the Pan American Union, Washington, D.C., drew up the present Treaty on the Roerich Pact; it is interesting to note the fact that it was not needed among the nations of the Western Hemisphere who had begun to plan for peace so early as 1823 (Bolivar) and had already 11 separate instruments).
1936: Returned to New York with his son, Dr. Georges de Roerich. After a short stay in America, he returned to India, visiting Japan on his way.

Roerich has made more than 3000 canvases, distributed in nearly 25 countries, in hundreds of museums and private collections, and more than 1000 of his graphic creations are in New York. He has been honored by some nations and their cultural institutions to a high honor—he is President-Founder of the “Master Institute of United Arts,” New York; of “Coruna Mund,” New York; Member of the “Archaeological Society,” Washington, D.C.; Fellow “American Art for the Advancement of Science,” Fellow of the “American Geographical Society,” President-Founder, “New-Syndicate”; Honorary President, “Atallas,” an international, non-commercial publishing society for the inter-change and dissemination of new and constructive thoughts by means of the art constructive; Honorary Advisor of the “Y.M.C.A.,” New York; Honorary Member, “Boston Art Club”; Honorary President, “Cor Ardens,” an affiliation of the creators of beauty everywhere throughout the world, Chicago; Member of the “Anglo-Russian Literary Society.”

Still under 60, Roerich is not only a man inspired but he is an inspiration to others. Roerich is a world teacher and by his distinguished educational efforts he has sown the seed in about 25 countries.

III
Roerich’s Distinctions between Culture and Civilization. Most of the dictionaries derive the word culture from the Latin cultus, pp. of color meaning to till, to cultivate, to worship, or reverential homage. Not one of these dictionaries give derivation for the last three letters in culture. Roerich applies his acquaintance.
with oriental languages and defines it (-tire) as meaning light, for ur is a root word in many oriental tongues, meaning “light” or “fire.” This is indicated in many of the writings of old Egypt. The Hebraic root word for light is ohr; the Phrygian ur, means light or fire, and according to our Armenian scholar, Dr. Paclian (181, p. 80) it is very similar to the Armenian word hur (pronounced “hoor”), which means fire. In one word, Roerich defines culture as “the Cult of Light” (7, p. 47) or veneration or adoration of Light. As he says: “After all, we need not give up this definition. Cult will always remain adoration of the principle of good, and the word ur reminds us of the old Eastern root, which always means Light, Fire” (7, p. 47). He does not want to interchange Culture and Civilization, for these two terms already have been subject to misinterpretation.

Roerich says (7, pp. 46-47): “Up to now many people consider it fit to replace the word Culture by civilization, forgetting completely that the very Latin root Cult has a very deep spiritual significance, whereas civilization has as its root a civic social structure of life. It seems quite clear that every country passes through certain social steps, viz., civilization, which in its highest synthesis forms the eternal and indestructible conception to Culture. As we see from many examples, civilization may perish, may be altogether annihilated, but Culture creates its great heritage upon indestructible spiritual tablets, which sustain the future generation. Every maker of standardized articles, every manufacturer, is of course already a civilized person; but no one would insist that the owner of every factory is necessarily a cultured person. And it may easily happen that one of the subordinate workmen in the factory may be the transmitter of undoubted Culture, whereas the owner himself may still remain only within the boundary of civilization. One may easily imagine a ‘Home of Culture,’ but a ‘Home of Civilization’ would sound absurd. The conception of a ‘cultural worker’ is quite definite, but a ‘civilized worker’ means something entirely different. Every university professor will be well satisfied to be called a ‘cultural worker’ but try to call the honorable professor a civilized worker; every scholar, every creator would feel an inner uneasiness at this title, if not even offence. We know the expressions ‘civilization of Greece,’ ‘civilization of Egypt,’ ‘civilization of Rome,’ but they do not in the least exclude the concept far greater in its unalterability, of the Great Culture of Egypt, Greece, Rome, France.”

In his Address as a President on the occasion of his election as Supreme President of the World League of Culture, Roerich says (7, pp. V and 107): “Culture is the reverence of light. Culture is the love of humanity. Culture is fragrance, the unity of light and life. Culture is the synthesis of uplifting and sensitive attainments. Culture is the armor of light. Culture is salvation. Culture is the moving force. Culture is Heart. If we gather all definitions of Culture, we find the synthesis of active Bliss, the altar of understanding of these facts should be without hypocrisy and superstition. . . . The self-denying study of the facts is no longer a fairy tale but has entered the laboratory of the scientist, and the scientific knowledge introduces many more rays and forms of energy can enter our life and can be applied for the upliftment of every hearth. The benevolent transfiguration of life is on the threshold; even more, it knocks on our portals because so many things may be distributed at once without delay. How many social problems can be solved without hostility, but with only one condition, that they be solved in a beautiful way. Well, we can evoke the energies from the space; we can enlighten our life with powerful rays, but these rays shall be beautiful—as beautiful as is the conception of evolution. Our responsibility before The Beautiful is great! If we feel it, we can demand the same responsibility to this highest principle from our pupils.”

In one word Roerich’s teaching strives through the knowledge of spirit can we perceive what is authentic” (2, p. 25). He believes in the protection afforded by the power of the spirit, “Because only in spirit are we fortified mentally, and physically. A man, spiritually concentrated, is as strong as a dozen of the brawniest athletes. The man who knows how to use his mental powers is stronger than the mob” (2, p. 27-28).

Teaching of Roerich does not consist merely in mastering the facts (truths, data, items, material, content, etc.) but in a special joy to explain not only ignorance but that ugly offshoot of ignorance, superstition is destroyed. As he says (2, pp. 314-315): “Thus we see that even in the conception of the most positivistic scientist is clearly expressed the relativity of matter. In this relativity is an open window for the highest conceptions. Let them approach our earth! Let them saturate the coming evolution not only as an external transfiguration but also as the evolution of the innermost being. The facts are needed but the understanding of these facts should be without hypocrisy and superstition. . . . The self-denying study of the facts is no longer a fairy tale but has entered the laboratory of the scientist, and the scientific knowledge is manifold. The Description of such calls and milestones of life would make it a most needed and uplifting book. Roerich is against any standardized methods of teaching and learning. According to Roerich the first condition for the attainment of knowledge is “freedom from methods of study” (6, p. 4). To quote him: “One should not insist upon standardized methods. The true knowledge is attained by inner accumulations, by daring; for the approaches to the One Knowledge are manifold. The Description of such calls and milestones of life would make it a most needed and uplifting book. One must not insist, not deprive, not subordinate by conventionalities, but should constantly recall the light, the fires of space, the high energies, the predestined victories. All facts not within the elementary school books should be collected. Such facts should be threaded with full honesty, without conceit and disdain, or hypocrisy, behind which lurks fear—truly speaking.
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ignorance. One may never know whence the useful seed will come: the physicist, bio-chemist, botanist, physician, priest or historian or philosopher or a Tibetan Lama, or Brahmin-pandit, or Rabbi-kabbalist, or Confucian or an old medicine woman, or, finally, the fellow traveller whose name we failed to ask without reason—who will make the most important contribution? In each life there is so much that it is remarkably inspiring, unusual. Only to remember it! In these reminders sparkle so many of the best stars only temporarily obscured. Thus, once more without renouncing our daily labor, we approach not the things forbidden but the possibilities which illuminate life. Only it is not our task to insist, lest we coerce. For nothing is achieved by forcing, but, I repeat, it is necessary to recall the possible joys. The names of these spiritual joys are inexpressible in the language of the material world" (6, pp. 4-5).

Roerich is against a uniform school program or curriculum, because “Every standard leads to tyranny” (6, p. 98). Like our Professor Hugh Mearns, Roerich preaches and practices the enfoldment of the creative impulse, when he says: “At times one already hears the mention made in the schools of the need of developing the creative impulse and of organizing thoughts. If a deadly standardization is not made of this beneficial enterprise, then perhaps somewhere there might be felt a shock which will make the school generation ponder over the questions of elevated thought, of heroism, of self-denial and self-sacrifice. And then only will people understand the simple truth that in giving we receive and in sacrificing we are enriched. And this will not be understood in a narrow, material sense, but its spiritual meaning will be revealed in all its true wealth. This physiology of spirit, of which one has to speak so often nowadays, will be a practical life principle which will once more bring the abstract into reality” (6, pp. 42-43).

Roerich’s Teacher is not an I.Q. giver, a grader or promoter, a policeman or a drill-master, a judge or an examiner, an intellectual undertaker or an educational dentist, but an inspirer, upliftor, spiritual guide, counsellor, big brother, enlightener, a guru or a lama who originally meant instructor, a physician and a spiritual healer at the same time. As he says: “The Teacher is He who reveals, enlightens and encourages” (6, p. 62) or: “In the entire East, the deep veneration for the Teacher has surrounded the Conception of the Guru with a sacred solicitude and impenetrability. The conception of the Guru-Teacher is understood with similar veneration only in the East.

“Let me remind you of the legend from Agni-Yoga about the small Hindu boy, who had found his teacher:

“We asked him:

“Is it possible that the sun would darken for you, if you would see it without the Teacher?”

“The boy smiled: ‘The Sun would remain the same, but in the presence of the Teacher, twelve suns would shine to me.’”

“The sun of wisdom of India shall shine because upon the shores of a river there sits a boy who knows the Teacher.”

“There are conductors of electricity, and also there are unifiers of knowledge. If a barbarian will make an attempt against the Teacher tell him how humanity named the destroyers of libraries.”

“The foundations of the East are fortified by the conception of the Guru. What wonderful words and dignified gestures can be found in India in regard to the Teacher” (p. 5, pp. 152-153).

According to Roerich there are “two types of teachers—the one, the teacher who knows and affirms. The other knows so much that he is always searching. Only a short time ago many institutions were opposed to the searching teacher because the standard life was not yet crystallized. But now the crystal of our standard is formed, and we cannot create the next step of life. You perceive that everyone is depressed by this cold crystal of standard and humanity is ready for a real search” (3, p. 69). In another place Roerich says: “He who knows—searches. He who wins knowledge—achieves” (4, p. 105). “Guruship is the highest relation we can attain in earthly garb. We are guarded by Guruship and we ascend to perfection in our system to the Guru. He who knows the essential meaning of the Guru will not speak against relics. In the West you have also some portraits of dear ones and you have great esteem for symbols and the objects used by your forefathers and great leaders. So do not take it as idolatry, but only as a deep veneration and remembrance of the work performed by some one great. And it is not alone this external veneration, but if you know something of physical emanation from objects, then you also know about natural magic”—so spoke an Indian Lama to Professor Roerich (2, pp. 21-22).

The new teacher will develop a new type of education by means of which the pupils and students will be moved by the three forces of Great Future—(1) “Creative love,” (2) “the miracle of beauty” and (3) “the wisdom of action” (3, p. 46). Since a teacher does not bother with the fettered brains who are the cause of many idle disputes about life, religion, knowledge, and beauty, and who believe “in the fettors of schools which are prisons” (3, p. 44). This new teacher must know that “Creation is the pure prayer of the spirit. Art is the heart of the people. Knowledge is the brain of the people. Only through the heart and through wisdom can mankind arrive at union and mutual understanding (3, pp. 19-20). Such a future teacher will know that “outside of art, religion is inaccessible; outside of art the spirit of nationality is far away; outside of art, science is dark” (3, p. 20). Such a modern teacher must feel that “in every process of reconstruction the level of education and beauty should be raised; in no case should it be forgotten even for a moment. This is not an abstract judgment; on the contrary it is the task before us” (3, pp. 16-17).

Roerich deplores the present insecurity of the teachers when he says: “Without succumbing to truisms or sentimentality, we must admit that the present upheavals threaten the destruction of all cultural concepts. It is a sad fact that a general financial and economic crisis is usually reflected first upon the entire domain of education. The people fear to reduce or do away with the manufacture of poison gases, but with distinct ease they are ready to close educational institutions or, at least to reduce the salaries of much-tried workers in education” (7, p. 41).

Roerich believes in experiment if it is free from prejudice, if it is under the spell of creative flame, if it is based on universality and sincerity of study (7, pp. 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 15, 32, 36, 74, 75, 97, 98, 99; 2, pp. 22, 153, 154; etc.). Roerich points out how every nucleus of a new unprejudiced scientific conquest is attacked. “This creates an ugly sight. On one part there are being opened new educational institutions, which by their very appearance seem to invite new research; yet on other parts every unusual manifestation, which I’d not enter into elementary textbooks, are not only ridiculed but also prosecuted. It means that the hydra of ignorance dwells not only in illiteracy but also in fossilized perception and in human hatred” (72, p. 7). According to Roerich education and culture are synonyms (72, p. 2), for both are characterized by infinite cognizance. “In the furnace of such a constant rejuvenation of consciousness the very essence of man is being purified. Through honest and unlimited labor of knowledge, people are ennobled and begin to understand the concept of service of humanity. The true scholar has an open eye and is moved by freedom of thought. But as everything in life the eye and thought must be educated. From the first steps of education an enlightened admission and broadening of the horizon should be laid at the foundation of primary schools. Knowledge should be freed from conventional limi-
tions. Knowledge is the path to joy, but joy is a special wisdom” (72, p. 2). To Roerich the terms “Education” and “Culture” are not empty words, and he suggests that everyone should in his field, as far as he can, combat ignorance. To quote him: “Let no one say that he has no possibility to do so—this would be untrue. He has, open and hidden ignorance in all its cunningness, exist everywhere. In every household a clear mind can discern where dust and rubbish have to be removed. And today where in the world there thunder guns and poisonous gases compete with each other, how the combatting of ignorance is imperative. A defense of the best, most beautiful and most enlightened will be needed. If anyone will not succeed in his noble efforts, still it will be a heroic attempt and not an abstract intention. Besides in every effort there is already a vital element of action. Therefore every effort is already beneficial. No doubt some servitors of ignorance will whisper, that precisely how words about culture and enlightenment are out of place. This is their typical trick in order to find at every moment of life a reason, why exactly at that hour a striving to culture and education are untimely. By this their formula the henchmen of ignorance betray themselves. Time always reveals himself. But Good, Culture and Education are needed at every hour” (72, pp. 8-9).

Roerich makes plea for the development of the creative instinct or impulse from the earliest years of childhood, when he says: “In the education of children we still forget the development of the creative power. Men seek to instill into the child a mass of conventional concepts. First he is taken through a full course of fear. Then the child is acquainted with all the family quarrels. Then he is shown films, those criminal films in which evil is so inventive and brilliant, and good so dull and uninteresting. Time always reveals himself. But Good, Culture and Education are needed at every hour” (72, pp. 8-9).

Roerich would like to see both scientific research workers or experimentalists and the artists work together in fighting ignorance: “The extermination of ignorance should be carried out on a world scale. No nation can boast that it is sufficiently educated. Nobody has sufficient strength to conquer ignorance single-handedly. Knowledge should be universal and should be supported in full cooperation. Ways of communication know no limitations. Thus also the path of knowledge should flourish through exchange of opinion. One should not think that somewhere enough has been done already for education. Knowledge spreads to such an extent that a constant renewal of methods is required. It is horrible to witness fossilized brains which do not admit new achievements. No denier can ever be a true scientist. Science is free, honest and fearless. Science can change instantaneously and enlighten upon world problems. Science is beautiful and therefore is infinite. Science does not tolerate prohibition, prejudice and superstition. Science can find the great, even in the quest of the small. Ask great scientists how often the most astonishing discoveries took place during ordinary research. The eye was open and the brain was not dusty. The path of those who know how to investigate without limitations is the Path of the Future. Verily the struggle against ignorance is unferrable as against decomposition and decay. Combating evil ignorance is not easy, for it has many henchmen. It lurks in many countries and is clothed in various garbages. One has to apply courage and patience, for the battle with ignorance is the conquest of chaos” (72, p. 1).

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Any machine men treat with greater care than they treat a child. Of course—the machine has been paid for with ‘almighty’ money. It may not be allowed to grow dusty or be soiled with dirt. But no money is paid for children.—We are often astonished by the unexpected character of a child’s drawing, by the melody of a child’s song, or by the wisdom of a child’s reasoning. Where everything is yet open, there things are always beautiful. But afterward we notice that the child ceases to sing, ceases to draw and that his reasoning begins to remind one of so-called children’s books. The infection of triviality has already sunk into him, and all the symptoms of this horrible disease have become evident. Ennui has made its appearance, a conventional smile, submission to what is disagreeable, finally the fear of loneliness. Something near, some ever-present, guiding principle, has therefore withdrawn, receded. But you will not drive the children out of the Temple. Are not the most difficult things so very simple? But if even a machine suffers from dust and dirt, how destructively must spiritual grime be to the tender young soul. In mortal yearning the little head seeks for light. In mortal pain it feels all the offensiveness of its surroundings. It suffers, weakness, and sometimes lies in the dust for ever. And the creative apparatus runs down and all its wires fall away” (3, pp. 33-34).

The only way out is—“Open in all schools the path to creative effort, to the greatness of art. Replace banality and deperdition by joy and seership. Preserve the child from the grimace of life. Give him a bold, happy life, full of activity and bright attainments” (3, p. 34).

Surely such a new school must have a Great Teacher: “We must feel that the Great Teacher will come not only in Love and Truth, but radiant with Beauty. In Beauty only are all the diverse spirit united” (3, p. 66).

Roerich has a high opinion of Women as a part in Cultural Education. The destiny of women (be they mothers, wives or sisters) is to create Heroes. Their duties are to transform the dusky daily life in the festival of Great Service, and show the coming generation that every labor, while of spiritual aspect creates high quality. This sublime quality should enter human life from Dawn to Sunset, and in this constant self-perfectioning we shall find the creative smile of happiness. According to Roerich the Woman is the bearer of Beauty and Peace. In his “Woman’s Destiny” (93, pp. 5-6) he says: “The great task of the Mother of the World is first of all one of unifying and persuading. No one in the world can impede the rise of working collaborations. Against cooperatives likewise no one can make any objection. Just now in all governments this form of partial collaboration is everywhere being broadly accepted. For it is not needful to devise new laws which are disturbing to some people. This means that it is only necessary to be united in the most heartily compacted groups, and, though in small measures at first, to approach the multiform task. I emphasize the point that every seed is small, and therefore one should not strive all at once for enormous over-burdening dimensions. On the contrary, precisely the small dimensions at first can promote and make easy mutual understanding. Then later it is not difficult, in a businesslike order, to find the points of contact between the already strongly welded cooperatives. Everywhere one has occasion to hear about the most unaffected and original forms of the cooperative. Not long ago one could read about entire enterprises based on the exchange of manufactured wares. If exchange of handiwork is possible then just as precisely it is possible to arise an intellectual and beyond that a spiritual heart exchange. Among the imperative tasks of our days will be first of all work. Precisely, work covers over with itself many perplexities. Among women just now is noticeable a sincere desire to work as the basis of independence. Indeed, let us repeat work must be most diverse, from that of the hand to that of the lofty brain. We are
tired of accounts that work must first of all take place in some sort of factories. Every constructive spirit is everywhere possible and everywhere valued. And women how to work. Of course freedom is not in beginning to smoke or to commit excesses with any other narcotics. On the contrary, just now there is required an unusual tem­
perateness in all branches of life. Faith and loyalty come to sobriety. As it has been said personally alone. The treasures of achieve­ment are open to society as a whole” (2, p. 299).

According to Roerich our America is under the spell of creative imagination and the ability to perceive the new wave of progress. To quote him: “America follows in its development the path of true progress. During the last few years America stands alone in the creation of new museums, schools, societies, agencies, lectures, theatres. . . . One is amazed at the colossal resources of the country which absorbs this rich stream of creative power. Opportunity is also found both for the development of a national art, as well as for collecting the treasures of the whole world. There are multitudes of people who welcome artistic events and show response . . . America animates the consciousness by broad de­cisions; in her generosity she wants to have the objects and wants to hear the best words and aspirations to make of her children future creators. The statesmen of America and her finest leaders are at the same time collectors of most varied forms of creative genius. There, where leading men and where great men, devote the best part of their mind to creative products there also the masses express the same aspirations and will think in the same direction of true evolution. Un­bound by prejudice or superstition, people want to have not only a convenient, but also a beautiful life. No small habits hang behind the back of the builder of life. And his suc­cess will be followed by new progress and even the very obstacles will become levers of energy” (2, pp. 300-302). In one word, Roerich believes that the era of happy at­tainments is predestined for our America: that American civilization will progressively endure. Thus he writes with enthusiasm, “As the rapid movement of a big ship attracts everything movable, so also is the irresistible development of America joined by the highest and the best” (2, p. 303).

Roerich believes in our America as a land of great cultural and educational opportunities of every kind. In the remote yurts of Asia's desert our America is called chichabs (protector) over all countries, President Hoover is the great giant Savior of starving people, Ford is symbol of motive power, and the latest American discoveries are re­
garded by the Far East as signs of the era of Shambala (according to these ancient teachings, the forties of our century are re­
garded as the era of cosmic energies and expanded consciousness). To quote Roerich: “In the history of human achievement, America is an unique example of prodigious progress. Not bound by conventionalities and old forms, without prejudice, America built its life with the powerful hands of toil. Naturally, the question of material existence and life had first to be settled. Then attention was turned toward problems of techni­cal necessity and social life. Having built the foundation of civilization, America be­gan to aspire toward the firm establishment of cultural principles. Knowledge and Beauty became imperative requirements in the life of the young country. In most un­expected ways, meriting great admiration, grew the conquest of Art and Science. The quality of production advances still higher, and this is always a sign of the growth of national creative genius. The wide indus­trial growth reaches the poesy of crea­tion” (2, p. 298). Roerich sees another great sign in our American culture— "the fact that what is gained is not kept for personal use alone. The treasures of achieve­ment are open to society as a whole” (2, p. 299).

According to Roerich our America is under the spell of creative imagination and the ability to perceive the new wave of progress. To quote him: “America follows in its development the path of true progress. During the last few years America stands alone in the creation of new museums, schools, societies, agencies, lectures, theatres. . . . One is amazed at the colossal resources of the country which absorbs this rich stream of creative power. Opportunity is also found both for the development of a national art, as well as for collecting the treasures of the whole world. There are multitudes of people who welcome artistic events and show response . . . America animates the consciousness by broad de­cisions; in her generosity she wants to have the objects and wants to hear the best words and aspirations to make of her children future creators. The statesmen of America and her finest leaders are at the same time collectors of most varied forms of creative genius. There, where leading men and where great men, devote the best part of their mind to creative products there also the masses express the same aspirations and will think in the same direction of true evolution. Un­bound by prejudice or superstition, people want to have not only a convenient, but also a beautiful life. No small habits hang behind the back of the builder of life. And his suc­cess will be followed by new progress and even the very obstacles will become levers of energy” (2, pp. 300-302). In one word, Roerich believes that the era of happy at­tainments is predestined for our America: that American civilization will progressively endure. Thus he writes with enthusiasm, “As the rapid movement of a big ship attracts everything movable, so also is the irresistible development of America joined by the high­est and the best” (2, p. 303).
with you miserable people! You don't even understand the advantages of deserted and shelled cities! The more craziness that is manifested in cities, the more it is profitable! Even if your predictions ever prove true—when will that be? I am young but mother earth will last my time. And remember it was a King who said: 'Après nous le déluge.'—After me—let there be a flood! About whom do you worry—about your heirs? But maybe they don't deserve any better. And what does it matter if somewhere somebody worships a tree stump? We shall manufacture these stumps for him by the thousands. If humanity will be poisoned by narcotics, tobacco and alcohol, we shall make money on patent medicines. You hopeless people—there stands a gramophone, but I dare not use it. All your Bachs and Beethovens make me sick! You have no jazz, tango, fox trot carrioca—and yet you imagine you are up to date! To sit with you—is simply to waste an evening!"

He was especially annoyed that the three did not even lose their temper but, shrugging their shoulders, looked at him as upon a certain zoological specimen.

The physical drought is menacing, but the spiritual emptiness is far greater besides care for the soil, let there also be remembered the need for the uplifting of the human spirit. Without such spiritual fertilization, all attempts at reforestation, grass sowing and other good efforts will be in vain. All this brings results only when people actually realize why they live, and when they will again pronounce the sacred word of Love. In Love the quality of labor will improve.

In Love deserts will again flourish.

Such writings do not help a person. Most of Roerich's writings are like this essay. He has hundreds of such essays. He combines the spirit of essay-writing of our Emerson and Brisbane. He is our Jean Macé in popularizing the great spiritual, aesthetic and scientific truths.

**V**

Roerich's educational experiments here and abroad are based on Truth (which he classifies as Science) and Beauty (whose appeal is Aesthetics or Art). Together these two basic ideas culminate in Spiritual Culture.

In his pedagogy, Roerich believes that the art appeal is a universal means to unite individuals and nations. He does not approve of standardization of any kind, but seeks An Inner Growth from the point of view of the outer or aesthetic, and the inner or ethical beauty.

He considers that education as a great inner, impelling force is the evolution and involution of mankind.

He believes that within every child there is a spiritual inspiration and that every child has something to express if we, as parents and teachers, have understanding and discernment enough to nourish the germ within, and this germ he believes finds expression through painting, sculpture, music, etc. Such an educational procedure offers great opportunity for the culture and nurture of child's emotions and will. It is emphasized and practiced by our Hugh Mearns and by many other progressive educators here and abroad. Such a procedure is emphasized by Ernst Meumann, the father of systematic and critical evaluation of experimental pedagogy. On pp. 194 and 202 of his *Ablös der Experimentellen Paedagogik* (Leipzig, 1920, translated into English by Natalie L. Gunkel, a graduate student of School of Education, N.Y. University) he says this about development of the emotions and will:

"Let us bestow one more look upon the development of the emotional and volitional side of the mental life of the young. If I treat those rather briefly it is not in the least to imply a lower evaluation of emotion and volition; indeed, I think that the quintessence of the whole mental development of the youthful is to be found in the abundance, the vividness, the sensitiveness of the reactions of his outer and inner experiences and in the formal volitional qualities which he is able to develop; but up to this moment we know least of this sphere which it is so difficult to investigate. That is due less, I regret to say, to the insufficiencies of the emotion and the will in our experimental methods than to our failure, so far, to apply them to the case of the child. Of these enquiries the most important results only can here be given. We know that the emotional life of children is the more unsteady and fluctuating (given to incongruities) the younger children are. Their feelings are under the spell of suggestibility and children's feelings are open to persuasion, pure and con, just as it is the case with old and young weak-minded people. Of the various kinds of emotion the 'esthetic' ones have been the special object of research. They furnish an important contribution to the problem of the accessibility of the child for aesthetic art and nature impressions ('Child and Art')."

"The development of the religious and ethical feelings of the child is a subject surrounded by earnest controversies. It should be noted in this connection that according to researches by Pohlman, Seyfort, Engelburger and Ziegler: (1) all dogmatic-religious concepts remain long incompressible for the pupil as they are too abstract and too complicated, difficult for him to understand; (2) the religious concepts have an entirely anthropomorphic character; (3) numerous religious concepts consist of the pupil's creating for himself in a concrete manner the corresponding situation of the religious life, e.g., the situation and attitude when praying, in the church, during religious instruction in class. Finally (4) a great part of the religious instruction is absorbed purely upon pressure of authority: father and mother say so and, therefore, it is so. On that basis we are forced to assume that the religious emotional life of the child depends also from the objective concrete content of the religious life and that the religious life of the children develops from emotion and concrete conception and not from religious (dogmatic) teaching: But the concrete material of the religious life is represented for the child in the example and the conversation of the parents and the educator, and the child makes his relation to them the starting point of all those analogies by means of which God, His relation to man, heaven, the angels, sin, and guilt, faith, etc., are depicted. Thus the access to the religious life of the child must gradually be developed from the vantage ground of his concrete and emotional life, for only that part of religion which has emotional character and can be grasped correctly is open to the child. Any clarification and purification of the religious concepts can manifest itself quite gradually only."

..."The judgment, too, of children anent moral conditions such as lying, theft, etc., have repeatedly been made the subject of research."

"It is evident from these reflections on the moral judgment of the children that the moral insight and the comprehension of the child as also a certain amount of life experience have first to be acquired before a decisive moral judgment and volition is possible. The advancement of moral insight is a factor of equal importance as that of the awakening of the moral sentiments, dispositions and sentiments and the raising up of formal volitional qualities by the means of practice. Thus, too, do we find that feeble-minded children are also morally weak just as are feeble-minded adults."

Surely experimental education, both in theory can gain very much by sticking to the high criteria in Roerich's capital ideas in culture and education of emotions and volitions. These two fields are the Achilles' heel or the weakest spots in modern experimental pedagogy and experimental didactics. Roerich is an artist par excellence and that the significance of art and character education as not other modern educator here and abroad.

In Roerich there is no lack of purpose and rhythm is of its essence. His art is essentially a modern development of the ancient folk art of his own people. He contends "there
THE EDUCATIONAL FORUM
[January 1938]

York his master school of all the arts (Master Institute of Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, N.Y. City) to which he doubtless will return. Our America needs him very badly.

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According to the Encyclopædia Britannica Roerich is a “Russian painter of Scandinavian origin” who “established his reputation by painting pictures of Russian prehistoric life and the wanderings of Vikings.” He began to paint realistic pictures but inspired by the Byzantine and Oriental art forms he developed a “purely decorative and monumental style. Among his more noted achievements in art are the scenery for the Russian ballad Prince Igor, the setting for Stanislavsky’s production of Peer Gynt and the libretto, scenery and costumes of The Rite of Spring for which Stravinsky composed the music.
Flamma, Inc. Association for Advancement of Culture, in enlisting co-workers and establishing centers in the various states, sounds a timely call to action in the cause of cultural progress. Co-operating with individuals and groups throughout the world, Flamma is dedicated to the enhancement of cultural life everywhere.

This new movement issues from the realization that in many hearts there burns a sacred flame, each nurtured by the same universal Fire; and that these hearts must find each other and unite, speaking the common language of the future.

The two guiding spirits of Flamma, Mme. Helena Roerich its Protector and Prof. Nicholas Roerich its Honorary President, have pointed out, that co-operation in striving toward beauty and knowledge is at present an absolute necessity for the very salvation of humanity. Prof. Roerich, world-renowned artist, writes: "In the present difficult hour, at a time of utmost world tension, the possibility is offered of uniting upon the noble, unifying concept of Culture, which is the testing stone of inexhaustible youthfulness of the heart."

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