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"All that we are is the result of what we have thought."

The position in Europe, for some time now, would seem to be more or less of a catastrophe. On the one hand war may at any moment destroy all the values of civilization; on the other, the different countries are being driven to the verge of ruin by gigantic expenditure. Following after the late war and subsequent revolutions, this has given rise, in some quarters, to the belief that the world has now reached a point where it must inevitably relapse into barbarism.

Such ideas are not particularly helpful, just now, nor are they necessarily true. Whatever be the causes of the present dilemma they are to a great extent situated in the past, so that the present tendency to mutual accusation is no solution.

The European 'will to conquer' which has been steadily accumulating its effects or karma throughout the centuries has now reached a climax and, for want of an outlet, has turned against itself. With this there has been the growing objectiveness of the Western mind accustomed to the remarkable victories of applied science.

We are so convinced of the reality of the outer world that we are now entirely controlled by it. Finance, economics, machinery, naval and military power are alone decisive, they are the only things that count. And yet the most hardened believer in the all-importance of these things is now obliged to admit that it is just this belief that has led us into an 'impasse' and set us on the wrong track.

It is perhaps too soon to suggest that many of the sayings in the New Testament and the buddhist teachings as to the power of thought may be more important to us, because they are more essential, than the whole outer scheme of things. Sooner or later however we shall have to admit this.

It is now more than twenty centuries since Buddha showed conclusively that almost all the ills that befall us arise from our ignorance of the power of thought. And yet it is obvious that if everybody without exception were to think only of peace, war would not be possible. Our modern believers in the value of war, those who imagine that aggression can become a profitable business and that the old adage that 'might is right' is something eternally true, will find eventually that it is a method which can work both ways.
Moreover they might do worse than read that passage in the Dhammapada where it is said: "If one man conquers in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquers himself, he is the greatest of conquerors."

It is probable however, that since the vast majority of people in all countries are sincerely interested in peace, we shall have peace.

But there is another aspect of the world to-day which gives us reason to think that the general trend of life is, after all, towards a brighter state of things.

In all countries there is a spirit of constructiveness abroad which is gradually gaining on the spirit of destruction and aggression. In the long run it may be difficult to oppose this spirit. Even the leaders of the warlike states have begun to recognize this and, in their recent harangues, plead that their real object is not war but construction.

We are not interested in political systems because we find that art and the spirit of reconstruction are more lasting and universal. All we ask is that the artificial stimulants to hate and misunderstanding which tend to divide the nations, be done away with, and that the universal spirit of construction be allowed to have its way. When Prof. Roerich said that: "Outside of art religion is inaccessible, outside of art the spirit of nationality is lost, outside of art science is dark," —he made a great statement.

For art is the flower of life and without it these things tend to wither away. Without art the creative spirit is perverted and eventually turns to the making of gas masks; deprived of it, the religious spirit withdraws itself from life until its teaching loses all colour and vitality; and the worker who is no longer inspired by it, will ignore the goal of life and lose himself in what is futile or destructive.

If everyone were taught that his inner and outer conditions were the result of his way of thinking and that he could better his surroundings by a change of thought, then the general outlook would necessarily grow brighter.

But it is only in working according to the spirit of art, and with the flame of beauty as a goal, that we can come to joyfully accept the truth of that saying:

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought."

FLAMMA.

Scriptures of Asia

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

In the torn and yellow manuscripts of Turfan we find hymns to 'The God of Light,' 'To the Sun,' 'To the Eternal Living Soul.' We find prayers for peace and quiet and ascension, where the word peace is often repeated.

Besides an immense collection of Buddhist texts, discoveries were also made of many Chinese, Manichean, Nestorian, Tibetan, Iranian and other Central Asian manuscripts.

The deserted temples are now in ruins, and the vestiges of towers and ramparts buried beneath the sands, indicate the site of flourishing cities. The frescoes have gone, the libraries have been scattered and all their treasures ransacked. The traveller to-day, who goes by another route, no longer sees those brilliant colours that shining metal ware, but only darkness.

These manuscripts have suffered as much from the hands of vandals as from dampness and decay, and yet their mildewed pages still remind us that these dark and deserted ruins were at one time the abode of clean and luminous thought. The soul of many an ancient scribe is still enshrined in lofty messages.

A recent translation from one of the Turfan hymns reads thus: (Omissions shown by...)

"A hymn to the Living Soul... all the sins, all the hesitations internal and external, all the thoughts, all that has been thought and said... Mixture of good and evil thoughts, unconsciousness. 'Know Thyself'; the pure word which leads to the soul. Through the soul understand all the wicked words of the Master of Evil, which are likely to lead you toward the eternal Darkness!

'As a judge weigh every word that is said and manifested. Understand the transmigration of the soul and behold the depths of hell where the souls suffer torment.'

'Preserve the purity of your soul and the treasures of the Word'...

'O devouring fire of man! and you luminous winged Free Soul.'

'Predestination and transmigration 'Defend your heart and thought from all wicked impulses."

'Go to the land of Light by the road of peace.'...

'I sing Thee O God omnipotent, O Living Soul, O gift of the Father.'
'By the saintly path return to thy home. O Power so generously dispensing happiness.'

'Wisdom ... all ... Herself ... Trembling ... hearing ... peace... You the Son of the Almighty.'

'All the persecutions, all the torments and poverty and need which you have assumed, who could endure them? Thou art the Luminous One, the Gracious One, the Blessed One, the Powerful and Noble Master'...

"Proceeding from the Light, from God, I have lost my native land, I have been exiled."

"Be blessed he who will deliver my soul from torments."...

"You will receive Eternal Life."...

"Purify your luminous soul and she will liberate you."

"Sing that beautiful hymn, the hymn of Good for peace, for confidence."

"Sing beautifully and rejoice in the thought: 'O Luminous guide of the Soul.'"

"With the trumpet declare with joy: 'Guide our souls in unity towards salvation.'"

"To the call of the trumpet the sons of God will joyfully respond."...

"Say' 'Holy! Holy! Holy! Say 'Amen, Amen!'"

Sing 'O Luminous Wisdom: Repeat the pure saying 'The Living word of Truth will liberate the prisoners from their chains "Glorify the Truth."'

Sing 'Be ardent in the fear of God; unite in the commandments ... Light... call... the herald... the great peace, treasures, which the souls the eyes the ears... Invite the son of God to the Divine Banquet, Decorate the beloved groves, show the way to the Light.'

"Group your members in numbers of five, seven, twelve. There they are the seven glittering noble stones on which the world is based. Through their power the worlds and all beings live. 'It is like a lamp in the house shining in darkness...

"Do not strike him who has struck you." "Do not be revenged on him who takes revenge." "Do not seduce those who try to seduce you." "Receive in a friendly way those who come to you in anger."

"Do not do unto others what you would not they do to you." Suffer offences from those higher than yourself, from your equals and from those inferior.'
In the midst of the whirlwinds of the West Dante in his immortal way tells us:

"O Man what tempests must strike thee, what losses thou must suffer, what shipwreck and loss must ensue, while you strive like a many-headed monster towards evil. You are sick in your consciousness, you are sick in sentiment. Insoluble reasoning will not help your consciousness. The clearest proofs will not convince your low understanding.

Even sweet and divine clearness does not attract you, though it breathe through the harmonies of the Holy Spirit. Remember brother how well and agreeable it is to live in unity."

Asia prayed for Peace and the great souls of the West called for the same.

In all the prayers which were inscribed to last, there has been a desire for peace, for the peace of the world.

The Selling of Souls

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

What misery there is in the world to-day. From all sides comes news of destruction, persecution and man-made disasters; and this is not all, for there are still other evils in this age of civilization, which can hardly be called an age of culture!

Many shameful proceedings are going on under high sounding names. We hear of the 'adjustment of frontiers', of 'union' and, in fact of everything except 'annexion.' In all this there is a veritable traffic of human souls.

We rarely hear of war but the term 'pacification' is used with dissimulation and hypocrisy in order to conceal its aggressive character and the fact that it is made to cover the traffic of human souls. Imagine the tragic situation of a citizen who is suddenly told now that he belongs to a different nationality, and that if he wishes to save himself he must renounce his ancestry and traditions and adopt an alien way of life. He will be told that his country has ceased to exist and that he now belongs to a conquering newcomer. You will be told that this sort of thing has always gone on, that conquests are inevitable, and people are ready to accuse the past of barbarism and speak of the present as if it were an era of civilisation or even culture.

They will tell you that under the influence of philosophy human nature has at last become refined and that the worst sorts of crime are impossible and that we no longer live according to the law of the jungle. This is by no means true, since people are quite ready to day to pervert scientific discovery to the purpose of killing or enslaving. Men are able to fly, but what do they carry and for what end do they construct huge air fleets? Is it for progress or for criminal ends?

There can be little doubt; all this speeding up, this manufacture of bombs and poison gas is not for mutual good will.

It would be hypocritical to speak of savage races to day, unless the term be applied to all those who do not wear starched collars. If the soul of civilized man were to be weighed against the soul of so called savages we might get a surprise.

Under crafty methods there is going on a veritable traffic in human souls and if it continues we shall have to admit that slave trading is being carried out by civilized countries. This may at first seem exaggerated but is it? Has humanity renounced violence? No, it has only remained silent or given a hypocritical
definition of such invasions. In a street accident many will steer clear, others become curious and only a very few will hasten to help. And so we look on at the destruction of valuable treasures, at the horrors of slaughter and the misery of thousands, and say nothing.

The newspapers refrain from commenting, on the ground that should they object it would only make matters worse. Man has discovered his wings too soon and they are destined to bring him to violence and infamy rather than to enlightenment. Many a volume has been written to denounce slavery, and in any gathering if you were to ask for those who were its advocates you would get no answer. Even those engaged in it, at the present time, do not like to admit it and yet the present traffic is something even worse than open slavery. There have been a thousand societies formed to promote peace and among the members you will find the owners of munition factories who if they talk much of peace and goodwill are not averse to trading in human souls. With their sharp claws they mark off fresh boundaries on the map cutting out all the interests of the soul which they hold in such contempt.

Scientific research as well as all disinterested efforts tend towards a better future and not towards slave traffic. We often hear of evolution, enlightenment and a new life but this will be impossible to achieve through the bartering of souls. Old and young as well as those in their prime are being bartered and the rising generation already realises that they have been subject to violence. They will write of this and the children of the future will learn much about such terrors.

Under hypocritical phrases the traffic in human souls still goes forwards. Could there possibly be a greater calamity?

Mussorgsky

By NICHOLAS ROERICH.

"Dodonsky, Katonsky, Lyudonsky, Stasensky" — these were the names of the Golinishchev-Kutuzov sisters which Mussorgsky used to hum as he worked at his compositions in their house. The mother of Elena Ivanovna was called Katonsky from her name of Kallerine. There are many stories of his stay with this family and later with the Shakhovskys at Bobrev — she being the one called Stasensky. Dodonsky afterwards became Princess Putyatina and Lyudonsky was Lyudmila Rizhov.

After Mussorgsky's last visit to Bobrov, and at the time he became seriously ill, a most unfortunate thing occurred. Piles of the rough drafts of his compositions were discovered there but through negligence almost all of them were burnt. No one really knows what was lost, complete works perhaps or many fresh inspirations. Ignorance and carelessness is responsible for such losses and in many a warehouse and garret valuable manuscripts are still being handed over to the mice.

There have been several biographies of Mussorgsky but all of them omit certain characteristic details. Had he not been the uncle of Elena Ivanovna we ourselves might never have heard of certain episodes in his tragic career. This year the centenary of his birth is to be celebrated and there is probably still much to be learnt concerning his life. We ourselves remember his name in connection with many events. We recall the choruses of Mussorgsky sung in the studios of the Society for the Advancement of the Arts under the direction of Stepa Mitusov. It was at A. A. Golenishchev-Kutusov's house that Mussorgsky composed — 'The Great Captain'. We can also recollect Stravinsky's sonorous rendering of "A Night on Bald Mountain". We also remember Chaliapin, in Paris, teaching a Raskolnitsa to sing "Sin, Deadly Sin" from 'Khovanshchina'. The poor woman was unable to render the weighty intonation of Feodor Ivanovich and the passage had to be repeated, over and over again. She almost burst into tears when Chaliapin shook his finger in her face and insisted "Now remember, you are singing Mussorgsky". In thus emphasizing the name the great singer expressed the admiration which every Russian must feel for Mussorgsky. The only setting I ever made for Khovanshchina was that of the Chamber of Prince Golitsin, which I painted for Covent Garden. And here in the far off Himalayas we can hear the strain from the "Streltsi Quarters".
In all Mussorgsky's work there is the primordial Russian spirit. Stasov was the first to call Mussorgsky to my attention at a time when people ignored him or thought that it was useless for him to continue his work. Stasov's circle however small it may have been was very influential and all who attended the first Belyaev concert were admirers of the great Russian genius.

Perhaps if Mussorgsky had lived today he would have been better understood, but one can never be certain and perhaps recognition would again have been withheld for half a century. Many may think it a scandal that such misunderstandings can still occur, may the lessons of the past serve to enlighten the future.

It is a pleasure to know that Russia will celebrate this centenary and that the "Khovanshchina" is to be produced.

They will realize that it is unnecessary to make cuts in the score or alter the text and that this great masterpiece ought to rise up to its full stature.

The more complete and authentic the production of such a masterpiece the more is it likely to prove inexhaustible.

Hail to Mussorgsky.

"PANACEA"

By Nicholas Roerich.
Pearls of Wisdom

Assert thy beliefs and thou shall conquer darkness.

"Leaves of Morya's Garden".

Some of the young may ask: "How shall one understand Agni-Yoga?" — Say: "As the perception and application in life of the all-embracing element of fire, which nourishes the seed of the spirit".

"Agni Yoga".

After accepting the Lord and Guru no retreat is possible. The path lies only onward and sooner or later with ease or difficulties you will come to the Teacher. When the black ones will surround you and close their circle, there will remain only the path upward to the Lord.

"Hierarchy".

The Teacher is ready always to share the supply of energy but the pupil must be ready to have a purified heart.

"Heart".

And above all spoken commands rings out the Silent Command — All-penetrating, Immutable, Indivisible, Irrevocable, Effulgent, All-Bestowing, Unutterable, Irrepeatable, Invulnerable, Inexpressible, Timeless, Undeferrable, Illuminating, Manifest in Lightning.

"On Eastern Crossroads".

The princely man never for a single instant quits the path of virtue. In times of storm and stress he remains in it as fast as ever. The nobler sort of man in his progress through the world has neither narrow predilections nor obstinate antipathies. What he follows is the line of duty.

"Sayings of Confucius".

Knowledge for the mind, like food for the body, is intended to feed and help the growth, but it requires to be well digested and the more thoroughly and slowly the process is carried out, the better both for body and mind.

"Mahatma Letters".
Pearls of Wisdom

Taking equally praise and reproach, silent, wholly content with what cometh, homeless, firm in mind, full of devotion, that man is dear to Me.

"Bhagavad Gita"

The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God.

"Talmud"

We are told concerning the Messiah (God bless him and grant him peace!) that He said: "If God shows generosity to one of His worshippers, His generosity is necessary for all His creatures".

"Al Quran"

Therefore take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? Or what shall we drink? Or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

"New Testament"

Impersonality is the greatest central aspect of the beautiful. Then we can understand that 'I' is isolated, and that 'We' is strong. Through 'We' comes the real beginning of organization, and the real co-operation.

"Realm of Light"

Any human being who tries to make you believe that you can gain spiritual growth without passing through 'Golgotha' is telling you an absolute falsehood. But there is no reason why you should not see the beauty, the good, the glory there is in life.

"From The Mountain Top"

Men will be no more virtuous without exhortation than a bell sound without being struck.

"Chinese Proverb"

W. B. Yeats

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

So much has taken place since Yeats first began to stir Ireland towards a literary renaissance that, in recent years, there were many who had come to consider him as a romantic who had outlived his day. This was not so. When he died at the beginning of this year he was, in some ways, more advanced perhaps, than the present generation.

Unlike those other two well known symbolists, Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio he was always making fresh experiments, ever striving to change and renovate his poetry or his art of the theatre.

On the whole, I think he failed to accomplish much of what he set out to do, but his failure was more important than any success.

It is probable that highly spiritual minded natures such as Yeats are debarred from popularity during their lifetime, since their work rarely lends itself to rapid recognition or advertising. Yeats' uncompromising attitude, to the commercial mind of his day, made success, in the modern sense of the word, even more problematic. On one occasion he turned away a reporter who had come to take flashlight views of his new stage arrangements and to offer him a whole page in the 'Times', explaining to him that such things were 'not desirable'. He was probably the only writer of his time capable of doing this sort of thing, for very few of his contemporaries possessed his fierce integrity on matters of art. Although he spent a good portion of his time in London, tilting with the commercial spirit of the age, it was from Ireland that he took his inspiration, and it was to Ireland that he returned in his later years.

The Celtic revival, as it has been called, was very largely the work of Yeats.

A. E. Synge, Dr. Cousins, Lady Gregory and James Stephens although Standish O'Grady with his Irish legends and Dr. Hyde by his translations from Gaelic poetry accomplished a most necessary part.

It was the discovery that Ireland had once had a remarkable culture, comparable, in some respects, to that of ancient Greece, and a federal form of civilization, more refined perhaps than that of feudal Europe that fired the imagination of all who took part in the Celtic revival.
Douglas Hyde, by his exploration into ancient Gaelic poetry, showed that Irish was an Aryan language, like Greek and Sanskrit, and a highly inflected one, and that it had produced a race of poets who, for wealth of music, rhythmic effects and metrical achievement, had hardly their like in any other literature. When we recollect that the tradition of Gaelic poetry lasted for two thousand years, which is more than that of any other Western language, we are not so astonished at its wealth of artistic material.

Dating back many centuries before the Christian era and lasting on into the 17th cent, Gaelic was the language of a people who differed in many ways from England and the Continent. Unlike most of the other feudal civilizations in Europe, which were commercial, materialistic and organised for aggression, Ireland was spiritual, federal and believed in liberty. For this reason she might be considered, at the beginning of the Christian era to have been more cultured than any of her neighbours.

She was the first to accept Christianity but imposed her traditions and civilization upon it, the Church there being federal and its language Gaelic, in distinction to that of the Continent where its organisation was ecclesiastic and the language Latin.

This, and the fact that the Gaelic sagas predated those of Scandinavia and the Continent, roused the enthusiasm of this small group of revivalists to attempt impossible things. The Gaelic league was founded, and plays in Gaelic, written by Dr. Hyde, Father Duneen and other Gaelic scholars were acted all over the country. Mystics like A. E. began to look forward to the advent of a State based on co-operation of rural communities, which, like the ancient Irish 'tuath' would endow and maintain its poets, historians and musicians.

How all these high ideals gradually foundered in the political upheaval is well known, and yet before this had happened, much had been achieved that may well last.

Yeats was the first to fall under the spell of this Ireland of Druidic lore, legendary kings and land of faery, which the ancient Irish sagas describe as a sort of earthly paradise: "The Southern plain of White Silver, supported on white bronze feet, without cemeteries or old age, shines through centuries of beauty. An ancient tree stands in the midst where the birds call the hours. In the southern plain of the Silver Cloud there is nothing coarse or rude but a soft music pervades all things."

It was under the influence of these legends in which one meets, at times, with the names of three hundred Fenian hounds, that Yeats wrote his first considerable poem, The Wanderings of Oisin' which showed him to be one of the first lyrical poets of his time. Despite the change today in poetic forms—assuming that such a thing has some sort of value—we can still read these verses and be stirred by them because they are genuine poetry.

"And the winds made the sands on the sea's edge turning and turning go,
As my mind made the names of the Fenians. Far from the hazel and oak
I rode away on the surges, where, high as the saddle bow
Fled foam underneath me, and round me, a wandering and milky smoke."

These early lyrics and poems like 'The lake isle of Inisfree' won for him a certain popularity, at the time, but as the years went by his contact with the larger public diminished. Yeats had the temperament of an aristocrat and an artist of the Middle Ages and it was his misfortune to find himself born into a world which, for lack of culture, failed to appreciate him and preferred writers like H. G. Wells. The latter I think was 'bet noir', for he once wrote: "Should H. G. Wells afflic you—Put whitewash in a pail—Paint 'Science-opium of the suburbs'—On some waste wall." By which I imagine he wished to show the poverty of thought that really underlay much of the Wellsian outlook.

Elsewhere he tells us "The substitution of Science for Religion, in the conduct of life is temporary, for the practice of twenty centuries will surely take the sway in the end'.

Here he refers to those two popular catchwords 'science' and 'progress' which to him were little more than materialism in disguise. He had a great suspicion of abstractions and was too much an artist in his way of thought to follow the surface conceptions of the time, for as he says: "All art is founded upon personal vision and the greater the art the more surprising the vision; and all bad art is founded upon the impersonal type and images accepted by the average men and women out of imaginative poverty and timidity."

The sense of the personal, the particular, the surprising, the unique, the living, gives his poetry a legendary and semi-mythical character compared with which a great deal of Tennyson's work often falls to such abstract levels as—"The doubtful doom of human kind."

The peculiar isolated character of the Irish landscape and peasantry gave him his setting and his distance from the popular standards of the day.
Ohly Yeats could have written such a patriotic piece as the song of Red Hanrahan:

"The old brown thorn trees break in two high over Cummen Strand
Under a bitter black wind that blows from the left hand;
Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind and dies
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan."

Here Cathleen refers to Ireland, but how far is it all from the political propaganda that so often appears in the patriotic work of other poets!

His early lyrics and ballads such as "The Ballad of Father Harte", "The Ballad of Father Gilligan", "A Fairy Song", "The lake isle of Inicfree", and the poems inspired by Davis, Mangan and Ferguson, were the most popular and may likely continue to be.

I believe he had many admirers of this early manner who failed to follow him in his work for the Theatre, or in the latest lyrics which were harder in form and esoteric.

What might be called the aristocratic craftsman eventually got the upper hand of his lyrical temperament and like the Milton of the Agonistes he began to rewrite and file away at his original inspirations.

It is difficult to imagine what Yeats would have become had he not entered into the work of creating an Irish theatre. He might have been an eclectic poet with a passion for fine form, something between a Keats and a Mallarme but it is unlikely that he would have expressed himself as a great personality, after the manner of John Donne.

His daily battles with the public, the press and the theatre managers forced him to bring his dreams into line with reality. If he failed to create a poetic drama capable of holding an audience, in the way light comedy can hold it, this was due not so much to his lack of dramatic power, as to the want of a suitable audience. In a country like Ireland always obsessed with politics and other objective aims, Yeats's work could not be expected to hold the stage indefinitely, and today we find his work, more or less on the shelf, while the younger dramatists have turned to something very real. In this poetic drama, in such plays as: The Countess Cathleen, The Land of Heart's Desire, The Shadowy Waters, The King's Threshold, On Baile's Strand, Deirdre, The Green Helmet, Cathleen ni Houlihan, Yeats had tried to accomplish with the spoken word what Wagner had done with the orchestra—create a world of myth and poetry with an art which should be not so much a criticism of life as a revelation.

Whatever be the position of the theatre to-day, it might have been difficult in the year 1900 for Yeats to have carried through his ambitions anywhere outside of Ireland.

The anti-commercial character of his aims could only have been possible in a country where the people were comparatively poor and simple and unspoilt by the big cities, and where there was a tradition of speech still rich in imagery and not worn to abstraction.

The playwrights, actors and those who produced the settings and costumes received no remuneration for their work and it was not always certain that the general expenses could be paid. It was only under such conditions, however that Yeats could have attempted to put his visionary schemes into execution, and if he failed to maintain them in the long run, none the less he succeeded in educating Ireland to his ideals.

To-day, when we look back on all that he attempted, at that time we have to admit how inspired he was, how near to the evolution of all the other arts.

In the same way as painters, after Cezanne, had begun to revolt against purely materialistic work based on camera-truth, so Yeats objected in the theatre to "The popular commercial art which has substituted for Lear and Cordelia the real millionaire and the real peeress."

He objected to irrelevant scenery, in fact to any sort of stage setting that would be likely to draw the attention away from the actors, and considered that the scene should never mean anything before the actor is in front of it".

He preferred schemes of colour and simplicity of form and thought that every sign of deliberate order gave remoteness and ideality.

At first he was attracted to the sincerity of Ibsen and Maeterlinck and the innovations of such artists as Stanislavsky, Appia and Gordon Craig to whom he was indebted for many of his Ideas. Later on however he began to look upon Craig's lighting as a new externality and Appia's settings as 'another advance in the direction of realism.'

What he really sought was a theatre which would be a scheme of things able to support 'the proud fragility of dreams' an art where: "If the real world is not altogether rejected it is but touched on here and there and into the places we have left empty we summon rhythm, balance, pattern, images that remind us of vast passions, the vagueness of past times as in Byzantine painting."
actors to speak on pure musical notes with a minimum of gesture. In his work at the Abbey Theatre with Lady Gregory and Synge he had helped to create a people's theatre in which all the dumb classes were able to find themselves articulate. This was due not so much to his own inner impulse, which was, in some respects in quite another direction, but because he had founded his work on folk lore and tradition in a country where all the classes mingle easily as in Southern France.

Moreover Lady Gregory who had a greater genius for comedy than Yeats—whose real genius lay in the direction of tragedy or ritual—was the leading spirit of the movement and her knowledge of popular types and characters was one of the great attractions at the Abbey theatre.

Yeats, whose impulse lay not towards the surface aspects of life, or a criticism of life but towards an art of revelation, admitted eventually that what he was seeking was 'not the theatre but its anti-self'. An 'unpopular theatre', as he put it, was what he really wanted, one in which speech would be 'distant, musical, metaphorical, moulded by antiquity. 'He thought that if the theatre was to be a fine art, it could no longer be a public success, as in the time of Shakespeare when the people had been educated by the Church to have an ear for fine language, and so he turned to a more eclectic form of the art and created the Irish Noh drama.

The Four Plays for Dancers which he produced in this form were inspired by the stage of mediaeval Japan. This simplification which reduced the theatre to a few performers in a drawing room wearing masks and accompanied with drum and flute increased the significance of the poetry by doing away with all that was irrelevant, or as he himself put it;

"Whatever we lose in mass and in power we should recover in elegance and subtlety." So enthusiastic was Yeats, at first, by the discovery of this new form that he exclaimed: "My blunder has been that I did not discover in my youth that my theatre must be the ancient theatre that can be made by unrolling a carpet or setting a screen against the wall." And so his art culminated with about fifty people in a drawing room.

Many who admired the lyrical poet regretted the years spent in this search for a poetic stage. Here I cannot agree. There is so much opened up by those controversies waged around his work at the Abbey theatre that, to-day, they take on a fresh significance.

Yeats stood for a world having its goal in art and religion rather than in commerce and politics, and throughout his life he refused to make the slightest concession to the materialistic spirit of the age. Art and religion were synonymous with him, as they are to all genuine spiritual natures, and we find him exclaiming:

"Has not the long decline of the arts been but the shadow of declining faith in an unseen reality."

It was to Ireland that he looked for the recovery of the deep art-world of the Middle Ages and for that unity of culture which had been swallowed up by a commercial civilization.

He thought that the legends of Ireland were still intact and had been preserved as in a sanctuary by a race that had retained its simplicity. Ireland had had her literature of the wandering bard, which was for the many, long before England had produced a great literature of the printing press for the few, and he thought that Ireland just because of its simplicity could still get back to that unity of belief and of imagination which gives birth to all great art.

The modern world of commerce and competition seemed to him the very antithesis of culture for he wished to return to a state of things where culture and life itself were synonymous. As he put it: "It is almost certain a man cannot be a successful doctor, or engineer, or Cabinet minister, and have a culture good enough to escape the mockery of the ragged art student who comes of an evening sometime to borrow a half sovereign. The old culture came to a man at his work; it was not at the expense of life, but an exaltation of life itself; it came in at the ears in a song as we bent over the plough or anvil, or at that great table where rich and poor sat down together and heard the minstrel bidding them pass around the wine cup and say a prayer for Gawain dead."

He thought that "Newspapers and second rate books had driven the living imagination out of the world" and that Ireland, being a country where few people read, was ripe for a theatre. In the songs of Galway and Connaught he could detect a spirit very much older than that which inspired modern music and the songs of sailors and country people so delighted him that his ambition was—"To develop to a finer subtlety the singing of the cottage and the forecastle." He felt the folk life of Ireland as perhaps no other writer had done and all the more so because he realized that the modern commercial world of to-day was its very antithesis. "We thought we could bring the old folk life to Dublin, patriotic feeling to aid us, and with the folk life all the life of the heart, understanding heart, according to Dante’s definition as the most interior being; but the modern world is more powerful than any propaganda and our success has been that we have made a theatre of the head and persuaded Dublin playgoers to think about their own trade or profession or class."
Yeats' efforts to create an Irish theatre, even though they may have been at the expense of his lyrical genius, led him to formulate his opinions on many subjects and, at the same time, recall to life the legends and folk life of ancient Ireland. The plays themselves are all remarkable for their beauty, whatever they may or may not be as drama.

The Shadowy Waters with its poetic symbols and an atmosphere as rare and original as anything of Wagner or Maeterlinck could only have been written by a poet, in some ways, as great as Shelley. There is a connection between this early theatre of Yeats and his later form of the Irish Noh, since the drama which he wrote for both these forms was one of revelation and evocation, rather than representation. These Noh plays for which Dulac and later the Dutch sculptor Van Krop designed the masks, soon became a matter for snobbery and exclusive fashion, as such things often do. This, however, in no way diminishes their significance. Yeats was a creator, in many respects ahead of his time, and if he was constrained by the eclectic nature of his art to appear in some London or Dublin drawing room, before a select few, this does not mean that his latest work has no wider import. America, with its cult for the art theatre will take good care of Yeats, who, by his repudiation of realism and imitation may have done, I think, for the theatre, what Cezanne did for painting. To-day the search is for an art of the theatre which will liberate the dramatist and the spectator from dead convention, for, as one of the leading American writers on this subject says: "There has been indeed a well defined struggle to free the stage from the centuries old obsession with representation and imitation to free it for creative expressiveness; to find ways of escape from the sphere of sentiment, anecdote, plot weaving and photography, into a sphere where beauty of form might be locked with the release of the spirit."

No writer has done more than Yeats in this direction, for none of the well known intellectual playwrights of his time—Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker, Hauptmann—possessed his power of the poet and artist to create a new form of beauty for coming times.

Shortly after the war, Yeats, tired of lecturing to the theatre folk about their misunderstandings, turned back to poetry and produced some of his most remarkable work.

The younger generation hailed this as his greatest achievement, just because it echoed the inspiration of their time and they were inclined to look upon his early pre-war period as romantic and out of date. In this later phase Yeats had become the poet of another generation and in such poems as ‘The Tower’ and ‘The Winding Stair’, little or nothing was left to reveal the bad
of the Celtic twilight. And yet many of those poems which he produced in his early period, poems such as 'To Ireland in the coming Times' are among his best, for they belong to the realm of fine poetry and not to fashions in verse. For my own part I take as much pleasure in the earliest things he wrote as in his latest, and I cannot see why one should not appreciate Comus as much as Samson Agonistes.

In almost all these later poems and in the Plays for Dancers and New Plays, magic symbols and references abound. In addition to his passion for the stage and for poetry Yeats had always a strong inclination towards magic, which I believe came natural to him.

He has expressed his beliefs on this subject in a prose work entitled 'A Vision' which A. E. thought would require a century to be fully understood. Like the early study which he produced on Blake, the book is difficult and recondite and shows that this romantic dreamer, this poet of the Celtic twilight had, in reality, the mind of a man of science. It was the strong polarity of his nature which gave him his profound insight into the contemporary movements of thought and culture.

As in that ancient Chinese symbol of Yin-yang where two opposite principles revolve in the same sphere towards a unity; so the speculative and scientific, the imaginative and the intellectual parts of his nature seemed in perpetual feud. In a note to one of his plays he says:

"So did the abstract ideas persecute me that 'On Baile's Strand', founded upon a dream, was only finished when, after a struggle of two years, I had made the Fool and Blind Man Cuchulain and Conchubhar whose shadows they are, all image, and now I can no longer remember what they meant."

And so in his search for profound significance he draws his symbols and imagery from his philosophy, through the intellect, and then, by hunting out all abstraction, all intellectual implications he gets back to what may well be the deeper portion of the mind—to myth.

This accounts for the abstruse character of his later lyrics and such plays as 'The Cat and the Moon' of which he says: "No audience could discover its dark mythical secrets." Some of these plays are as short and as simple as a fairy tale, and yet he worked at them for years until all their profound meaning, all their deep philosophy disappeared in the dialogue of a few symbolic characters and simple incidents. He was, I think, a sort of magician and, at times, half oriental in his way of thinking. He thought that previous to the battle of the Boyne, Ireland had always lived in Asia and the meeting with a certain Brahmin who once visited Dublin seems to have had a great influence on his early years.

Whenever I visited him in that mysterious little room where he used to work near King's Cross I always came away with a timeless conception of things. On one occasion I suggested arranging a new edition of his early work on Blake because some friends on the continent were greatly interested. He replied that, after all, very few people were interested in the subject, that to understand it one had to have the key and went on to explain his system. The book was there wrapped up in a parcel, where he said it had lain for over twenty years, and I could see by his attitude he was convinced that it would not really be wanted for perhaps another hundred. This distant attitude to all contingencies and to the public never left him and was probably rooted in his conviction that: "The creative energy of men depends upon believing that they have, within themselves, something immortal and imperishable, and that all else is an image in a looking glass."

Many critics and others who came in contact with him thought that his belief in magic and in the supernatural was just a pose, a sort of poetic license taken from Irish fairy tales and folk-lore. I have very good reasons however for knowing that in such matters as in everything else, he was perfectly genuine. On one occasion as I sat talking with him I became suddenly conscious of an eagle standing beside us. I said nothing, at the time, but when I mentioned the matter to Gordon Craig to whom he had sent me about some theatre matter, he merely exclaimed, in the wizard way, "O so you did see it then!"

Some years later when Yeats in a note to a play makes an Arabian magician say: "Your Daimon would have a bird's shape because you are a solitary man." I thought that, after all, my experience was perhaps not mere imagination. Other extraordinary incidents, however, which were clearly not a matter of imagination or coincidence showed me that he had gone a long way in magic and was very much at home in the subtle realms.

Such things are not rare in Asia, where they have long held sway, I believe, over all great art but they seem strange to what Yeats calls 'The West European Mind'.

He drew his symbols from that great reservoir of Thought where the wisdom of ages has accumulated and where it is stored in the form of myth. As he says: "I found myself face to face with Anima Mundi described in Platonic lore, which has a memory independent of embodied and individual memories, though they constantly enrich it with their images and their thoughts."
He took his inspiration from all sources as the artist generally does: from mediaeval Irish sermons, Buddhist sutras, Arabian lore, Plato and Plotinus and he was deeply versed in St. Thomas Aquinas. But it was Blake, I think, who had the deepest influence on his thought, for Blake's views on art and imagination were at the root of all his ideas.

Here is one of his earliest statements which defines better than any other, perhaps, the underlying motives of all his work.

"I believe that the renewal of belief, which is the great movement of our time will more and more liberate the arts from "their age" and from life and leave them more and more free to lose themselves in beauty, and to busy themselves like all great poetry of the past, and like religion at all times, with "old faiths, myths and dreams", the accumulated beauty of the age. I believe that all men will more and more reject the opinion that Poetry is a "Criticism of life" and be more convinced that it is a revelation of a hidden life, and that they may even come to think painting, poetry, and music the only means of conversing with eternity left to man on earth."

This may sound 'romantic', to some modern ears, but it sums up the spirit in which Yeats lived and worked all his life.

Personally I must admit to having little or no respect for these terms 'modern' or 'romantic' especially as they are being applied to day.

There is perhaps only one thing of which we can be sure, and that is that the great writers and artists of the past must always mean much more than most of the successful up-to-date writers of the present for the very reason that they have stood the test of centuries during which all lesser work has been winnowed away.

And so with Yeats, when the other better known names of our time will have passed away and been forgotten, his name will be found among the immortals, just because he was what no other writer of his day can claim to have been—the rarest poet in the English language since the death of Shelley.

Windows
Padmanabhapuram Palace, South India

Grieve not for gentle eyes
Dead centuries ago
That, living, to the skies
Gave back the twilight glow
When, in the murmuring street
Below these latticed panes,
Shrinewards a myriad feet
Followed the oboe's strains.

Grieve not for bright eyes closed
On skill and vision grown
So Godlike it imposed
Godhood on wood and stone;
And, under spirit-stress,
Through wielded brush and blade,
To calling loveliness
Lovely rejoinder made.

Grieve not for eyes bereft
Of art's reminding look,
Or what they, leaving, left.
Rather be glad they took,
From soul in substance wrought,
Joy that, remembered well,
Visible beauty brought
To the invisible.

But, somewhat softly, grieve
That, out of stuff and tool,
God's craft in man should leave
A Being beautiful,
Whose wonder should outlast
Lovers whose blunted sight
Unto their children passed
A lessening delight.

Ah! greatly grieve for these,
The disinherited,
Who, lacking will to seize
Art's affluence round them spread
(Heaven's cure for earth's distress),
Even in the holy place
Their own unloveliness
Transcribed on Beauty's face.

Grieve not for what they are,
But what they might have been:
Window's where through a star
Should scan the earthly scene;
Mirrors that, though they break,
Should, holding memory well,
Visible beauty take
To the invisible.

James H. Cousins.

(Padmanabhapuram Palace, the old capital of Travancore State in South India, was vacated two centuries ago, and its treasures of architecture, sculpture, carving and painting were forgotten and neglected until their recent discovery and renovation.)
Human civilization is old and the culture of China is as old as human civilization itself. Even in the palaeolithic age, Chinese pottery of the most exquisite kind have been discovered, which goes to prove that cultural evolution equal to none occurred in China in remote days. Nowhere did the potter's wheel produce such articles of beauty with the subtle curve which makes the 'plastic' form sing in colour, line and pattern. China could be proud not only because it built a formidable wall to protect the country from foreign invasion or simply because it invented the process of printing, but because of the art both in plastic and graphic forms—sculpture and paintings. All arts began with beautifying utilitarian objects. In China also such evidence is not lacking and such vital activities existed in remote days. The word 'China' became a household word for all kinds of ceramic production of the world. The different phases of Chinese thought have been immortalized in the plastic forms both in pottery and sculpture. Figure modelling in ceramic and statues in glazed pottery of the Tang and Ming periods are of very high quality which could be classed by themselves.

We are however at present not concerned with the "arts and crafts" of China and will talk to you as much as possible in this short speech about the activities of China in the sphere of Fine Art alone. The earlier evidence of Fine Arts could be traced as early as 3000 B.C. to Hsia 2000 B.C., Chow 1000 B.C. Various sculptures and decorative emblems of this early period have been discovered. Hsiao-tun bronzes of the 12th century B.C. could be placed as good examples of Chinese primitive art. The decorative motives are extremely old and are all symbolical. The bronzes are generally masks of monsters, conventional dragons, thunder-patterns, which has got the feeling for vitality and strength of a great art. It is not possible to talk to you all about the gradual developments of plastic art in China. The Chinese sculpture was never given a place as an independent art as in Europe but was always regarded as part and parcel of the decoration of the temple. The stone-winged lion used as the guardian animals of the tombs are of unusual types. They are represented as guarding the souls of the departed to whom the temples were dedicated. The awe-inspiring gesture of the lion figures are quite unreal and exercise an uncanny fascination for their observer. With the advent of Buddhist religion the sculpture of China changed its phase and the sculpture of Hun dynasty began in the
third century when Emperor Hsien-ti became Buddhist and built many temples with golden Buddhist images. The Buddhist sculpture of the later period gives evidence of Kushana and much more of Gupta influence. The colossal Buddha figure of the cave Temples of Yung-kang was built in the end of the 5th century and under the Sui dynasties (561–618) a large quantity of Buddhist sculpture was produced. At the cave temples of Lung-Meu in Honan and in some of those of Tien-lungshan in Shansi, the figures of Buddha and Bodhisattvas give evidence of direct contact with Indian art. The early period of art history of the Chinese art was very much modified by the Confucianism; but in spirit remained the same for ever. The spirit of self-sacrifice and love for fellow creatures taught in that religion could be traced even in art. Thus we find that the Chinese never forgot their fellow creatures around the Universe and studied and immortalized them in their art. We find lovely animal-figures in stone and in bronze. In other civilized countries like Europe and India human figures have taken hold of the mind of the artists and their gods and goddesses are nothing but their own images, produced simply in a symbolical and conventional way to express their cosmic and religious feeling. On the contrary, Chinese artist both in sculpture and painting displayed a special preference to landscape, animals and bird forms. Examples such as "Two sparrows on a Bamboo branch", "Tiger by a Torrent in Rain and Wind" by Muchu of the Sang dynasty are not uncommon in Chinese art. They are far from realistic, but in spirit more vigorously expressed which cannot be compared with any other country's art. In the picture depicting the Tiger the artists expressed the fearful looking animal in a great agony amidst the wet tormental rainy atmosphere threatening him, and in the picture of "Two Sparrows" the simple bird forms cleverly placed on the top of a delicate bamboo branch which gives the feeling for an ether-like lightness and a restful serene composition.

The birds are just awake and the drowsy feeling is still in them and also in the atmosphere itself.

The early art has suffered much destruction in China and specially in Sang dynasty. Tartars destroyed vast collection of paintings stored in the Imperial household at the time of their invasion and thus works of many Chinese masters like Wu-Too-Tzu disappeared for ever. Nothing survived of Wu-Too-Tzu's series of wall paintings and similar vandalism occurred by the different invaders at different times. Even then whatever remained to the posterity the lover of Chinese art looks at them with very great veneration. Works of Ku K'ai-Chih famous amongst all Chinese masters are mostly painted on silk scroll in ink and colours, should be specially mentioned. During the Chiu dynasty (265–420 A.D) his works flourished greatly, but unfortunately very few of his works still remained. Almost all Chinese paintings are done either directly on the walls of the temples or on the silk scrolls.

The special feature in Chinese paintings lies in sensitive touch of the artist's brush and also in the sense of arrangements of space and objects in the three dimensional form. Paintings are never too much crowded with figures or other objects but the essential points are very subtly emphasised to get to the underlying significance of the subject matter selected for painting. The Chinese painters draw in calligraphic stroke of brush, a method unknown to any other country. They write with brush and paint with it with the precision of a swordsman. They do not even hesitate to depict abstract subjects like flow and ripples of the water and breeze in a conventional way peculiar to them. The forms of flame, cloud, waves, dragons assume a decorative motif which takes the mind to an unknown region. There is a Chinese legend which explains the loss of a famous artist Ku K'ai-Chin's works by saying that they have rejoined the other world where they have become immortal. This story shows how the Chinese understood the reality of life which is transitory in which we live to be transitory. The eternal energy of the Universe was actually worshipped by them and they therefore were never afraid to depict the spirit form in a more conventional way as they knew their limit, being themselves mortal. After the works of Ku K'ai-Chin we can name the frescoes at Tung-huang of about the sixth century. In the 7th century, under the patronage of Tang Emperors famous masters like Yen hi-pen flourished. His works were so much admired that the Emperor caused a special shrine to be built according to the model seen in one of his works. The mountain on which the temple was actually built was quite bare and the artist, while painting the mountain view simply added the temple to it to beautify his work.

Tang period is one of the most active periods of Chinese art. The Empire of China was lastly expanded by the Tang Emperors towards the West. Intercourse with foreigners, specially with India, changed the type of works and a new era began in Chinese art. Buddhism became the religion of the country and consequently the large number of works of that period were Buddhist. The greatest amongst the Chinese Buddhist painters of that time was Wu Tao-tzu. He left a series of paintings depicting the life history of Lord Buddha and many other Buddhist legends.

To understand the work of Chinese Masters we should know that they have three religions—Confucianism, Buddhism and
Taoism; but they assimilated and imbibed their respective traditions in a delightful synthesis. Though apparently change in subjects treated occurred to a certain extent but in form and canon of art they remained the same. The activities of Tang period have been traced far away in the Central Asia and Sir Aurel Stein discovered fragments of silk paintings which bear the Sign of direct contact of China with Indo-Buddhist and Iranian culture. The Turkani and Khotani frescoes resemble very much Ajanta in their linear technique and even the draperies and poses of the figures peculiar to the Indian Buddhist paintings of Ajanta are quite evident. Tang period is according to the tradition the golden age of art. But much of the art-treasures of this period have perished. Amongst the painters whose works survived the time, we can mention Li Chai whose five portraits of saints, though much damaged can still be seen in Japan. Most of the Chinese Buddhist painters of Tang period depicted Mahayana Buddhist images in the artistic idiom of China. The Jataka stories, Bodhisattvas and other Buddhist legends have been illustrated by them.

After the Tang, Sang period is another glorious time for Chinese art. Though the Sang Emperor Hui Tsang was embarrassed by the Tartar conquest of North China and he was himself taken away by them in captivity, his time remained the greatest period of art history of the country. Emperor himself was an artist, a connoisseur and a poet. His own achievement as a painter was in copying old masterpieces. Sang age was the age of Landscape painting and the whole of Southern Sang was devoted to it. Religious paintings such as those of Arhat (saints) in meditation became very popular subject matter of art. Sometimes it carried too far at that time. Probably, Chinese painting is at its best in landscape. In painting landscape the Chinese artist would never forget to put mountain and water as they wanted to depict the elements of nature in their true forms. Mountains without trees they considered as heads without the hairs. Chinese landscapes give a peculiar feeling of intoxication and one could almost feel the smell of the earth in all its elements. They do not record only selected beauty spots seen by the artist but the serene soul-force of the Universe which lies within the spot, and the enjoyment of inner peace and silence.

A Chinese landscape is generally divided into three sections viz., "Heaven", "Earth", and "Man" which gives the feeling for three dimensions. Heaven is the distance shown very faintly towered with mist and the middle distance is a little exaggerated in depth of colour and form which is called Earth and Man is depicted as a strong foreground painted more boldly and clearly.
A Great Chinese Painter
Chang-Shan-Tze
By KUEN-LUN

The exhibition of paintings by Chang-Shan-Tze held in Paris at the Louvre was a great attraction to all lovers of Chinese art. The collection comprised over a hundred pictures the largest of which would have covered the wall of a house, and represented the spirit of Chinese art throughout all the ages. One was not only impressed by the beauty of the work itself, which is something which no one can miss, but by the painters' profound knowledge of Chinese culture. Only a letter such as Chang-Shang-Tze could have achieved this. The younger Chinese painters of today, born into a world which, to a great extent denies the past are too busy with war and revolution or the acquisition of Western technique to go very deeply into such traditions, which, moreover require a lifetime of study.

If it is becoming more and more difficult to arrive at a proper estimate of modern painting, in the West, because of the complete renovation of technique, in China, an appreciation of modern work is even more difficult, because renovation there has taken an opposite direction, and many of the younger painters are now moving towards realism if not illustration, both of which are opposed to the main traditions of Chinese art.

Whether these younger men, by adopting Western methods, can infuse fresh vitality into Chinese painting cannot be decided at the moment, but as all such efforts are themselves a sign of vitality and renovation one can accept them as a means.

The result however, will not be Western painting of a hybrid character, as it is at present, but Chinese work in the main tradition with a renewed life, freer technique, fresh inspiration. And, in this, the tradition will be as important, if not more important than the innovations and, of the two tendencies perhaps the more difficult to maintain.

In Europe many of the great painters of the past have been little more than artisans but in China, until the modern movement set in, this would have been contrary to tradition.

A great painter was almost always a poet, philosopher or historian and Chinese painting is full of reference to the classics, to mythological subjects, historical episodes and metaphysical doctrines.
Chang-Shan-tze was born of a distinguished literary family under the Ching dynasty in 1881 and educated by the best known artists of that time. Perhaps it is because he took so active a part in the Revolution that he kept it out of his painting.

At the outbreak he threw himself into the insurrection at the head of three thousand men and shortly afterwards rose to the position of Advisor to the military governments of different provinces and then, to the Presidency of the republic.

That Chang-Shan-tze should have become China's national painter and have been chosen to represent his country at the New York Exhibition is interesting. It shows that China still sets a value on tradition, which is hardly surprising in a country which has the greatest of all traditions. I do not think that the choice is due merely to the artist's patriotism and activity but because he is one of the most considerable painters in the Chinese tradition now living.

One has only to glance at such a subject as 'Colts at Springtime' to recognize the work of a master. Here we find that specific beauty which belonged to the artists of the Southern Sung, a subtle sense of the seasons, of free and open spaces rendered in a style which evokes the spirit of a scene rather than its appearance. This landscape painted on a piece of silk woven for the emperor Kien-Lung might have been produced in the year 1200, so near is it, in spirit, to the work of that time, and yet, it is no imitation but a genuine inspiration. In Europe such a continuity might be impossible because landscape, at that time, was unknown to the West.

The art of Chang-Shan-tze then, reflects the spirit of China through all the ages and he has evoked, in a series of episodes, the heroic and legendary qualities of his race at a moment when they are most needed. There is a series of paintings which reflect "The Spirit of Righteousness"—that famous poem written by Wen-Tien-Siang just before his death at the hands of the Mongols in 1282. The poem opens with the lines "Between heaven and earth there is a spirit of justice which mingles itself with all forms. Below it makes the rivers and the mountains, above it forms the sun and the stars."

Here we have that cosmic sense of moral law which seems to have sunk so deeply into the Chinese mind long before the time of Confucius and long afterwards. Chang-Shan-tze depicts a series of historical incidents spreading over a period of ten centuries all of which evoke this sense of national integrity and heroism.

Some years ago I was told by some literary professors of Peking University that what they really wanted as a direction
the historic sense which one meets with in the work of Tu Fu more than with other classic writers. Whatever be the tendency to-day it is certain that Chang-Shan-tze has succeeded in evoking the sense of a historic and legendary China. There is, in most of his work, an ample style which reminds one of Tu-Fu and like the poet he is also a native of Sze-chuan.

In 1924 Chang-Shan-tze founded an Institute of fine arts in Suchow which has played a considerable part in guiding the art movements of modern China, and to-day has no little importance. Many of these paintings have been executed with the help of Chang-ta-chien, the artist's younger brother, a celebrated landscape painter whose work can be seen at the Louvre museum in Paris. In 1924 the two artists travelled all over China bringing back a variety of landscapes and other works. A series of these landscapes taken from the beautiful scenery around Lu Shan and the Ku-Lin range forms one of those enchanting panoramas which are typical of the best Chinese art. Here we can see the "Waterfall of the Yellow Dragon"; "The Pavillion of Quiet Meditations"; "The Bridge of the harp-like echo"; and higher than all these tower lofty cloud capped peaks painted after the manner of the Ming. Such scenes remind us of the lines of Li-tai-pe "You cannot clamber over these jutting rocks.....you shall hear no voice but the cuckoo’s calling in the moonlight by night, calling mournfully in the desolate mountains......The lofty peaks shoot up cloudward in rows; if one foot higher they would touch the heavens."

Chang-Shan-tze employs the classic methods of representing natural forms, and his rocks and bamboos, mountains and pines are outlined in a technique which has been handed down from the Ming dynasty. There is a series of panels in which animals symbolize certain moral virtues; a pair of horses, fidelity to one's country; a pair of dogs, fidelity to one's master; a tiger, fidelity between husband and wife, and so on, these alone suffice to show that Chang-Shan-tze is a great animal painter. He is above all a master of tigers. These beautiful but dangerous beasts occur frequently in his work where they can be studied in a variety of attitudes. The most remarkable of these is the large panel 'The charge of the Tigers'. This panel which would easily cover the side of a house depicts an avalanche of life-size tigers rushing against the enemy.

The painting is meant to depict the spirit of China awake in self defence and is certainly unique, in its way, and one can imagine nothing quite like it in the painting of any other country. It has something of the spirit of the emperor Ch'in tze Huang, the builder of the great wall, whose habit it was to despatch raging tigers in the enemy's rear.

In another panel 'The Roar of China' the figure of a lion larger than the mountain on which it is standing is a symbol of the country aroused. In the hands of a lesser artist such subjects would have degenerated into illustration or the style of the war poster. Here however we have to do with works of art because they are of the artist's inspiration.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of an artist like Chang-Shan-tze because his work is a clear indication that the spirit of China—the oldest and most cultured of the nations—is still alive. Renovation is necessary and sure to come, but work of this sort proves that the greatest of all art traditions is not only far from dead but very determined to live.
Call to the Nations

(Transcript from Agni Yoga, Secs. 46 & 47.)

By HAZEL PATTERSON STUART

Great is this age of the world, great and inspiring!
The days are fulfilled and the wheel has completed its turning.

What can we say of the nations as we behold them?
Which are the lovers of heroes, fearless in dreaming,
Young and ascending in courage and boldness of action,
Loving the dreams of the future, loving the dreamers
Who point to the gleam in the distance — the gleam ever brightening
And ever receding to stages beyond the attainer?
Those are the nations ascendant!

Behold the declining!
Nations who, scornful, consider the notion of heroes
Something encumbering, useless and stupidly futile.
Little the worth of the high-burning pride of these peoples.
Little the worth of the hoardings of gold that submerge them.
Every high deed shall to them be forever a stranger.
The ardor of boldness in action shall have abandoned
The walls of the citadel closed with the hardness of reason.

These are the signs of senility, nations declining.
Sing now of nations whose hearts are still supple for dreaming!
Who does not hold in his heart a treasured remembrance
Of bold little children who dared to abandon their shelter,
Seeking new happiness glimpsed in the stories of fairies?
So legends eternal allure the bold hearts of young nations.
Deep are the changes that nature prepares for the future.
Seeds of new courage arise in the crafts of precision.

Laboratorians strive with surpassing exactness
To snatch at amazing new variants, startlingly looming,
—Disturbing, discrediting tenets for ages unshaken—
Charting and naming their findings before they behold them.
Heroic, unprejudiced dreamers of nations ascending!

Ultimate matter is found to be still decomposable.
Bodies imponderable seem to evade gravitation.
Thoughts that escape are recaptured afar, without speaking.
Masses of moods and emotions resound through the ether.
But often alas, the trained worker the marvel beholding,
Disclaiming evidence patent and clear to his senses,
The Art Movement

BY BARNETT. D. CONLAN

Exhibition of the Russian Ballet of Diaghileff, Paris.

This is one of the most interesting exhibitions that has been held in Paris for a long time, for it commemorates all the activities of that great art movement—the Russian Ballet during the space of twenty years from 1909—1929.

If the influence of Russian art was able to hold away over the West, despite these years of war and revolution, this must be attributed to the genius of Serge de Diaghileff, the greatest impresario of modern times.

In looking over the documents here one is astonished at the wealth of material, for one might say that almost all the creative genius of modern times figures in this exhibition.

Among the stage settings and designs we find the names of Bakst, Benois, Roerich, Serov, Doboujinsky, Goncharova, Larionoff, Braque, Picasso, Matisse, Derain, de Segonzac, Juan Gris, Marie Laurencin, Rouault, Urillo and, in fact, most of the well known masters of to-day.

There are the orchestral scores of those who composed these memorable ballets and other documents referring to—Glinka, Glazounoff, Moussorgsky, Rimsky Korsakoff, Borodine, Chaikowsky, Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Debussy, Ravel, Florent Scmitt, Poulenc, Respighi, Richard Strauss, Manuel de Falla.

The choreographic exhibits included plaster casts, busts, bronzes, with sketches and paintings referring to such well known artists as: Nijinsky, Michel Fokine, Massine, Mme Nijinska, Pavlova, Serge Lifar and Tamar Karsavine.

The Victoria and Albert Museum in London had lent the Roerich painting of the Polovtsky camp, and there were several large monographs from the Roerich Society in Paris. It would have been interesting to have seen more of the settings from Prince Igor, Snow Maiden and the Rite of Spring, since the original spirit of Russian ballet, the large and ample style of Moussorgsky, Rimsky Korsakoff and Borodine is to be seen in these compositions.

In organizing the Pushkin and Diaghileff exhibitions, Serge Lifar has shown that in addition to being a great dancer he is also a leader in the world of culture.

Societe des artistes independants, Paris.

This year being the centenary of Paul Cezanne there have been several exhibitions held in Paris and throughout France to commemorate the memory of one of the greatest of modern painters. At the 'Societe des independants' a collection of paintings, watercolours, drawings and photos with other documents gave a representative idea of the work of this remarkable man. There is a water colour of the 'Mont St. Victoire' which might have been the production of some Chinese Hokusai and suggests that Cezanne in his later phase was approaching the spirit of Chinese art.

A series of photos taken from the spot where Cezanne worked could be seen, side by side, with photos of the work itself. In such subjects as: "Maison devant St. Victoire", "Vue du Chateau Noir", "Vue sur Gardanne", "Le Jas de Bouffan", one could see how the painter had made free with the natural outlines of his subject, transposing, changing, distorting, until he had achieved a pattern made up of rhythm, balance and construction.

It is perhaps not new since Turner, long before, did very much the same to get musical effects, as it were, and it is something common to all the painting of the East.

These photos however are none the less historic, since they mark the starting point of modern research in its effort to replace a world of photography and imitation with a world of creation; a realm of natural beauty with a realm of art.

Had it not been for Cezanne we might not have had that vast modern movement that tends to abandon the academic art of coloured photography for an art of significant form, plastic organization, formal vitality and aesthetic values brought about by a structural use of colour.

All great art proceeds through a series of revolutions directed against dead convention and its object is to get back to the great tradition. This is shown by the fact that such revolutionary artists as Rodin and Cezanne had quite a cult for the French 17th cent.
When one reflects over what many expressionists and others who are supposed to derive from Cézanne have perpetrated one can only suppose that they are mistaken. A collection of Cézanne’s work is something that recalls Poussin, Titian, and Chardin, something that carries with it the order and construction of the Mediterranean genius. Whatever theories he may have had—and he does not seem to have had very many—the result was a new beauty of colour and architectural form.

One is not surprised to hear that in his leisure hours Cézanne was in the habit of reading Virgil.

The Roerich Pact
The Banner of Peace.
By NICHOLAS ROERICH.

This sign of the triad which is to be found all over the world may have several meanings. Some interpret it as a symbol of past, present and future, enclosed in the ring of Eternity; others consider that it refers to religion, science and art, held together in the circle of culture, but whatever be the interpretation the sign itself is of the most universal character.

The oldest of Indian symbols, Chintamani, the sign of happiness, is composed of this symbol and one can find it in the Temple of Heaven in Peking. It appears in the Three Treasures of Tibet; on the breast of the Christ in Memling’s well-known painting; on the Madonna of Strasbourg; on the shields of the Crusaders and coat of arms of the Templars. It can be seen on the blades of the famous Caucasian swords known as ‘Gurda’.

It appears as a symbol in a number of philosophical systems; it can be found on the images of Gessar Khan and Rigden Djapo; on the ‘Tamga’ of Timurlane and on the coat of arms of the Popes. It is to be seen in the works of ancient Spanish painters and of Titian, and on the ancient ikon of St. Nicholas in Bari and that of St. Sergius and the Holy Trinity.

It can be found on the coat of arms of the city of Samarkand, on Ethiopian and Coptic antiquities, on the rocks of Mongolia, on Tibetan rings, on the breast ornaments of Lahul, Ladak and all the Himalayan countries, and on the pottery of the neolithic age.

It is conspicuous on Buddhist banners. The same sign is branded on Mongolian steeds. Nothing, then, could be more appropriate for assembling all races than this symbol, which is no mere ornament but a sign which carries with it a deep meaning.

It has existed for immense periods of time and is to be found throughout the world. No one therefore can pretend that it belongs to any particular sect, confession, or tradition, and it represents the evolution of consciousness in all its varied phases.
When it is a question of defending the world's treasures, no better symbol could be selected, for it is universal, of immense antiquity and carries with it a meaning which should find an echo in every heart.

To day when humanity is burying its treasures to save them from destruction, the Banner of Peace stands for other principles. It affirms that works of art and of genius are universal and above national distinctions, it proclaims "noli me tangere"—"Do not treat the world's treasures in a sacriligious way".

Quarterly Chronicle.

The Abbot J. Vergier-Boimond, a Doctor of Canonic Law, has been honored by the University of Paris with the title of "Doctor of Laws" as a reward for a prominent thesis, the major part of which is devoted to the Roerich Pact. Reviewing the data supplied to him by Dr. George G. Chklaver, the author gives a comprehensive survey of the genesis of the Roerich Pact, quoting extensively Professor de Roerich's declarations and messages; and studying attentively every one of the legal aspects of the Pact. The Revd. Vergier-Boimond deals also with the various objections put forth by "unbelievers" in the Law of Nations. With a great wealth of arguments he convincingly refutes these objections and succeeds in proving that the Roerich Pact is the most efficient means for preserving the shrines of culture, thus demonstrating once more the immeasurable value of Nicholas Roerich's initiative—which is likewise pointed out by the eminent author of the preface to Rev. Vergier-Boimond's work, Prof. de La Pradelle.

The memorandum on the Roerich Pact has been submitted by the French Committee to the following Ambassadors and Legations in Paris: Belgium, Bulgaria, China, Denmark, Egypt, Estonia, Finland, Greece, Iran, Latvia, Lithuania, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Siam, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, U.S.S.R., Vatican and Yugoslavia.

"L'Esope", journal of the F. I. A. L. S., in its April editorial expresses the wish again that the Roerich Pact be adopted by all countries and may become an universal law of mankind.

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News from America

The Arsuna School of Fine Arts, Santa-Fe, New Mexico has moved to a new permanent location at 439 Camino Del Monte Sol. For the current season similar programmes will be continued with lectures open to the public, with open house held on the first and third Sundays, with a lecture and tea following. The New Mexico Daily Examiner in an extensive article on the activities of Arsuna School of Fine Arts writes: “The regular work of the School, which opened on June 12th, is carried on under the general direction of Mrs. Gartner, with Dr. Maurice M. Lichtmann, Director of the music department. An interesting schedule of lectures on a wide variety of subjects covering science, philosophy, literature and the arts is planned for the summer session. These, together with the At Home teas, are open to the public, and should do much to add to the cultural life of Santa-Fe”.

In the magazine “American Slav” May issue 1939, in an article “Slavic Racial contributions to American Culture” a list of eminent Slavic names is given. Amongst them are Dr. Nikola Tesla (a Serb); the great anthropologist Dr. Ales Hrdlicka (a Czech); Prof. M. J. Pupin (a Serb), Alexander Petrunkevich (a Russian). Henry Suzzallo (a Croatian); Nicholas Roerich (a Russian). To this list we may add several more names of brilliant Russians, who have lately in America achieved fame in various cultural fields. For instance: Prof. M. I. Rostovtseff, and Prof. G. Vernadsky, both historians; Prof. Pitirim Sorokin, the sociologist; Prof. Zvorykin, the scientist; I. Sikorsky and Seversky, the famous aircraft builders. A distinguished position in this list belongs also to the Yugoslavian, Prof. R. Radosavlevich (a Serb).”

Mr. Auriel Bessmer, a very gifted artist, has held a landscape Exhibition at the Goergetown Galleries in Washington. The Washington Evening Star comments on this exhibition as follows: “the exhibition “indicates the admirable balance of the composition, the interplay of innumerable figures and the elaborate symbolism”.


(To be continued.)
News from Europe

In Kaunas on June 9th to 11th the Fifth Congress of Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian Co-operation took place, at which our Roerich Societies of these countries were also represented. Amidst the resolutions of the Congress was the establishment of still closer cultural rapprochement between the Baltic nations and of closest co-operation in all fields of art and science.

The Fifth Session of the Baltic Congress of cultural Societies has received much appreciative comment in the press and in all such articles the participation of the Roerich Societies was mentioned. Articles appeared in Lithuania in the "Lietuvos Zinios" of June 12th, "Lietuvos Aidas" of June 13th, "XX-Amzius" of June 12th and "Laikas" of June 12th and in Latvia in the "Segodnia" of the 11th, 12th and 13th June, illustrated with a photograph of the Session, in which the Delegates of the Roerich Society also can be seen.

We have been informed from Europe that on June 7th the Russian Radio transmitted the following news: "Prof. Frolov, the Director of the Mosaic Studio of the Academy of Arts, founded by Peter the Great, having worked several years has completed a large sized mosaic on the subject of Prof. Roerich's painting "The Battell with the Varings". In the near future Prof. Frolov will commence work on the largest mosaic in the world for the ' Palace of the Soviets'."

Mme S. Rynkevitch on May 15th delivered her fourth address on Prof. Roerich's art at the Art Association in Warsaw, Poland. The audience consisted mostly of artists who were very enthusiastic in their appreciation. Mme Rynkevitch's lecture was accompanied by coloured pictures from the new Roerich Monograph shown on a screen by an epidiascope. Mme Rynkevitch has now scheduled a lecture at the Society of Architects in Warsaw and the Union of Lady Artists has requested her to repeat her lecture on June 4th.

The well-known Russian artist-painter, one of the founders of "Mir Iskusstva" ("World of Art"), Constantin Somov died in Paris in June 1939. Recently 12 members of the "Mir Iskusstva" have died, there now only remain a few of the founders: Professor Nicholas Roerich (First President), Alexander Benois, Lanserey, Bilbin and Yaremitch. Of members who joined the Mir Iskusstva later, there remain: Serebriakova, Korovin, Purvit.

Mr. Paul Belikoff, Member of the Estonian Roerich group, has delivered in April, in Tallin Estonia a lecture on Prof. Roerich and his art at the Russian Society of women-academicians. Mr. Belikoff especially stressed Prof. Roerich's high regard for the women's movement and read quotations from Prof. Roerich's writings on this subject.

In the newspaper "Segodnia", Riga, of June 13th 1939 an article concerning the forthcoming Baltic Press Conference appeared, from which we quote the following passage: "The Roerich Society in its resolutions underlined the great significance of cultural and scientific activities in the mutual approachment of people".

In the Yugoslavian newspaper "Pravda", Beograd, of April 19th 1939 an article by Michael Nikitin-Efesov, under title "Umetnik, knjivnik i humanist Nikolai Roerich" has appeared, illustrated with a portrait and with a reproduction of one of Prof. Roerich's Himalayan motives.

The London "Studio" magazine has published in its August issue an article by Barnett D Conlan on "Nicholas Roerich" illustrated with a coloured reproduction "The Path" and several monotones. Our readers may remember that in the April issue of the "Studio" in 1920 Madame N. Jarintsov's article appeared, "in which she laid stress on the Russian side of Roerich's genius—in some ways as evident as that of Pushkin or Rimsky-Korsakov". This article had been accompanied by coloured reproductions of "St. Tyron and the Blessed Arrow" and "The Blessed City" and others in monotone.

The following of Prof. Roerich's essays have lately appeared in the European Press:

News from India

Dr. Y. L. Keng, member of the Academia Sinica, has published in the *Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences* vol. 28, No. 7, July 15th 1939 an article under title “Botany: New Grasses from Peiling Miao, Suiyuan Province, China”, which begins as follows: “During July and August 1935, the writer joined the Roerich Expedition to Inner Mongolia in search of drought-resistant plants which might be introduced for forage into the great South-West of the United States”. Further there follows a scientific description of six new discovered species of grasses: 1) *Cleistogenes faliosa*, 2) *Cleistogenes mutica*, 3) *Puccinellia poaeoides*, 4) *Puccinellia filliformis*, 5) *Agropyron mongolicum* and 6) *Stipa roerichii*. The article concludes as follows: “The *Stipa* species is named in honour of Professor Nicholas de Roerich, a famous painter of Russia, who was the head of our expedition to Inner Mongolia during the summer of 1935”.

Mr. Bireswar Sen, President of the Colourist's Association, Lucknow has recently visited Alwar to compile a catalogue of the State Collection of paintings and ivory miniatures. The Alwar State Collection comprises about 2500 paintings and about 3000 illustrated and illuminated manuscripts. Among other art treasures, there are two unique manuscripts: 1) The Memoirs of the Emperor Babur, written by his son Humayun, Mir Ali-ul-Katib, during the reign of Akbar and bearing the Imperial seals of Humayun and Shah Jahan and illustrated by the foremost Indian artists of the age; and 2) a manuscript of Sheikh Sadi’s Gulistan or the Rose Garden, which cost about Rs: 100000 to complete. There are numerous other paintings by well known masters like Balchand, Hunhar, Alam and others. Mr. Bireswar Sen has met H. H. The Maharajah of Alwar several times and has requested him to open a Museum containing not only the treasures of the past, but also representative works of the leading artists of the present day.

Dr. and Mrs. Cousins, well known to our readers, spent the month of June at Prof. and Mme Roerich’s residence in the Himalayas, deeply enjoying artistic and spiritual communion and the beauty of Kulu Valley.

The famous Gujerati artist R. M. Raval, who has done so much for the revival of art in his country, paid a visit to Prof. Roerich, discussing plans of mutual cultural cooperation. On his way home to Gujerat he delivered at Mandi a lecture on his visit to Prof. Roerich.

In the “Dhinamani” an article on Prof. Roerich illustrated with the portrait by Svetoslav Roerich, was published in May 1939.

In the May Issue of “Mira” an article “Memories of Mahatma Tolstoy” with a photograph of Leo Tolstoy and Valentin Bulgakov has been published. Mr. Bulgakov is curator of the Zbraslav Museum in Praha, which has a Roerich Hall.

The second issue of the bulletin “Culture” has been received from the Far East. This number contains interesting articles on Scriabine by I. Reut, on Anna Pavlova headed by a beautiful motto of the famous dancer: “where there is no heart, there can be no art”, and A. Bonca-Tomashevsky’s article “Roerich in India”. In the editorial the titles of lectures recently read in the “Culture” Society have been enumerated, amongst them: “About suffering according to sacred Buddhist books”, “On Ethical Education”, “Intuitivism in Roerich’s art”, “Anna Pavlova”, “Culture”, “Diaghileff”, etc. At the gatherings musical recitals (Symphony No. 5 by Beethoven and Stravinsky’s “Petrouchka”) were given.

In “The Kaiser-I-Hind” Illustrated Weekly of July 23rd a very interesting article “Russia’s Music of the Future—Marvels of Her Renaissance” by ‘Pointer’ has appeared, with portraits of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Kosakov. The author says: “The rapid emancipation of music in Russia during the last three decades presents an unique phenomenon in the musical history of the nations”.

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

“Kalai Magal”, May 1938. Prof. Roerich’s Message in Tamil with a reproduction of the “Command of Rigden Jyepo”.

“Mira” April 1939.—essay “Fragrance”.

“St. Mira Foundation Day commemorative issue”, June 4, 1939. Prof. Roerich’s message to the St. Mira High School for girls “Untiring Sowers”.

“Vision”, July 1939.—essay “The Test”.

“The Scholar”, May 1939.—essay “The Pest”.

“The Scholar”, June 1939.—essay “Constant Care”.


* * *
Colonel A. E. Mahon writes:

In the Forum of your Summer issue you published a letter from Madame de Vaux Phalipau on the subject of ugliness and caricature given to children. I would like to associate myself with the views expressed in this letter, for I find myself in complete accord with them. They are views that deserve the widest publicity, for the public need to have their eyes opened to the dangers involved in this depraved taste.

There is more than enough ugliness in the present age without deliberately creating more. Some of the ugliness of our time is unavoidable and is due to a mechanical era, and for this very reason it is more than ever necessary to strive for the preservation and creation of beauty and to avoid ugliness whenever possible.

To-day we have jazz in music, art and literature, and the effect is not elevating in any of the spheres. We, who have known beautiful music, the highest in art and the purest in literature, may regard with comparative tolerance what we hope is merely a passing mania. But we must remember that to the child it is all part of his education. He is being mentally fed on jazz and ugliness, and can we expect much beauty to spring from such an education? According to the ancient conception, love is nothing but the longing for the beautiful. If that is so then it is not surprising there is so little love to be found among mankind to-day.

Ruskin, in dividing artists into three classes, included in the third class "men who fail to see or represent the best and purest there is in nature." What are we to say of artists who misuse their talent in producing grotesque caricatures of human beings and animals?

The child is father of the man, and the child who acquires a taste for ugliness is not likely to lose that taste as he grows up. This is not a pleasant thought when one remembers the taste for ugliness that is being deliberately inculcated in the modern child. Artists, writers and musical composers all have a great responsibility in forming the character of future generations. It is difficult to believe that the creators of ugliness can realize the possible and far-reaching effects their creations may have. The tragedy is that an unthinking public encourages these creators of monstrosities and, in doing so, help to kill any taste and love for beauty that may already exist in their own children.

Madame de Vaux Phalipau has done a great service in drawing attention to a very real evil, and I hope her letter will open the eyes of many to what she rightly describes as "an immense danger to the future."
especially when he tells of his visit to Italy in 1895, and recalls his impression, but although he soars to great heights there still remains that touch of humanness which links him to life as the ordinary man knows it, and which makes it possible for us to enter into his moods, whether grave or gay. He shows how in time he learnt the truth that "increase of wisdom should bring humility".

The whole book is an instructive character study of especial interest to students of psychology, and it is also not without interest for the general reader. Many readers will agree with the author's remark that "to the discerning reader it doubtless tells more about me than I myself know."

Oriental Philosophy. By F. R. Grant (Dial Press, Inc. U. S. A. $ 275 or Rs. 8, obtainable from "FLAMMA" Representatives' bookstores).

In her recently published work Oriental Philosophy (the Dial Press, Inc., New York) Francis Grant has produced what undoubtedly is destined to become a classic of its kind. It is one of those books of which it can be truthfully said that it is beautifully written. The author treats her subject sympathetically and with a deep spiritual insight. In the pages of this book she reveals what she has so clearly perceived herself—"The Beauty that is Asia".

Miss Grant has captured the flowery and poetical language of the East, and this combined with her flowing and easy style enables her to present her subject in a particularly attractive manner. It is no exaggeration to say that she has made a valuable contribution to current literature and that Original Philosophy will survive when the majority of contemporaneous works have faded into oblivion.

The book is described as "the story of the teachers of the East" and the five chapters are devoted respectively to India, China, Japan, Iran and Islam. Out of her abundant knowledge and profound study the author presents us with some gems which she has culled from the teachings of these sages of the East. The three Jewels of Jainism, we are reminded are: Right Faith, Right Knowledge and Right Conduct. Right faith was a belief in the Jinas; right knowledge the confession of the principles of eventual liberation and of life in all existing things; and right conduct comprised the commitment to the five vows—namely not to kill, nor lie, nor steal, to practice chastity and to renounce possessions.

We are told that Buddha said, "It is not enough to be naked, covered with mud, sprinkled with water, to live beneath a tree or in solitude, or to starve oneself." The author points out that it was the inner purification that was important—the cleansing of the heart and spirit. "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 results."
Notes

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 for the present issue.

FLAMMA Quarterly is scheduled to reach its readers as follows:

The SPRING issue, by March 21st, 1939, spring equinox;
The SUMMER issue, by June 22nd, 1939, summer solstice;
The AUTUMN issue, Sept. 23rd, 1939, autumn equinox;
The WINTER issue by Dec. 22nd, 1939, winter solstice.

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