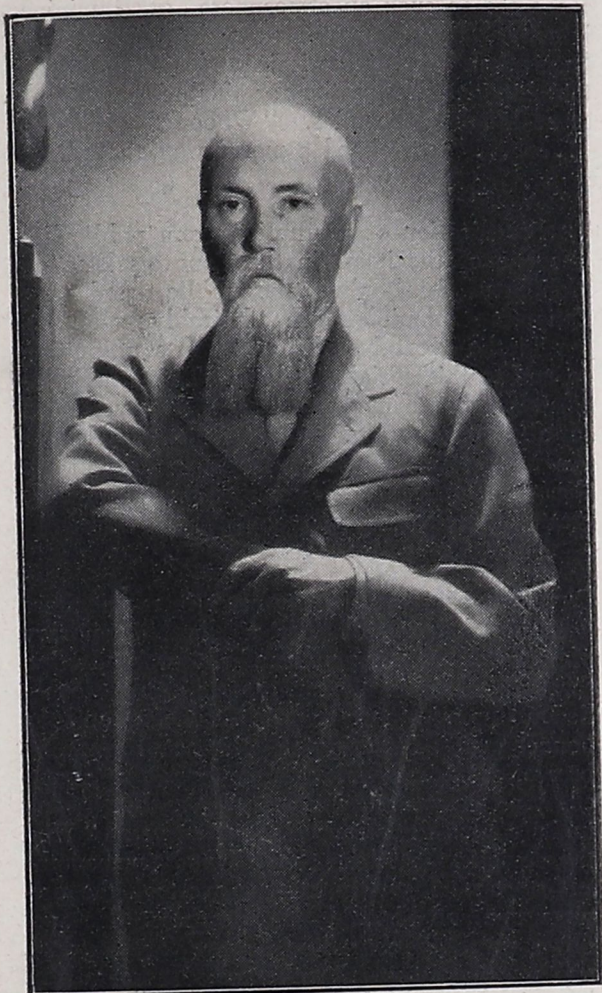


January 2, 1938

Nicholas Roerich : Leader of Culture

By A. E. M.



Nicholas Roerich.

CULTURE is probably the most abused word, especially in India where every failed B.A. considers himself among the cultured, and how little even those who have graduated at the Universities know, as a rule, about its true meanings! A little booklet on the subject, by Richard Rudzitis, a Latvian writer and poet, and published by Flamma, Inc., New York, is particularly welcome. It is obtainable from the "Urusvati" Himalayan Research Institute, Naggar, Kulu, Punjab for 12 annas.

Flamma, Inc., it may be noted is an association whose object is to disseminate the best ancient and modern thought in the fields of Art, Science and Spirit.

The booklet under review consists of chapters from Richard Rudzitis' "*Nicholas Roerich—Leader of Culture*." The first chapter *The Mission of Culture* clearly expresses Roerich's idea of Peace through culture—the winning over the consciousness of the world by means of culture, conquering by means of beauty and knowledge, and being triumphant through an all-embracing and all-understanding spirituality. As Roerich truly says: "Where there is culture, there is also peace." Let those who consider themselves cultured ponder over this statement and it will soon become evident how little true culture exists among mankind today, and how badly it is needed. There is much that is thought-provoking and instructive in this chapter.

There is a short chapter describing the *Universal League of Culture*, founded by Roerich, which shows the practical side of the idealist.

The chapter *Woman and Culture* deals with Woman as an inspiration, the power of woman, womanhood as an uplifting force and a guide to peace.

To the many who think culture as a smattering of book knowledge and an acquaintance with the customs of polite society, this little booklet will prove a surprise.

* * *

THE Cholera epidemic persists in Guntur and the efforts of medical men to stamp out the disease having proved a necessarily slow process in the face of grave odds, the villagers

(Continued on page 45)

one needs to discover for oneself over and over again, it is that Truth is infinite. Your pictures are distinct and yet are not definable by words. Your art is jealous of its independence because it is great.'

In 1930 Roerich proposed to the Nations to establish a Pact for the preservation of all Art and Science Treasures of humanity, which won the whole-hearted approval of the League of Nations, it was to be a true prophecy of a new era to help the intelligentsia of the world to feel the imperative necessity and immediate desirability for a great peace that will tame the fighting instincts of humanity by the resplendent and joyous creations of the spirit. Then came Roerich's famous *Banner of Peace*, for the protection of the cultural treasures of the world, emblematic of the spirit of the Roerich Pact. It represents a trio of spheres within a circle, in magenta color, on a pure white back-ground, symbolising unity, eternity, culture, and humanity, past, present and future. The Roerich Banner of Peace has been unfurled over a large number of institutions throughout the globe and has awakened in the hearts and heads of the people of the world, a reverence for peace and cultural treasure which are our Universal heritage.

And so, we leave this great soul, tendering him our hearty and sincere congratulations upon this auspicious Anniversary and praying that he may be spared to enrich the world with his priceless contributions to Art and Brotherhood for many years to come.

—A. E. M.

* * * * *

In connection with the Golden Jubilee of Prof.

Nicholas Roerich let us remember the inspiring address which the well-known American artist Leon Dabo delivered at a meeting arranged by the Fellowship of Faiths in New York:

"This universe is a universe of law and order; it is a universe of law and order and justice—and if man has lost the sense of spiritual guidance, it is because he has severed his connection with the creative forces. It is a universe spiritually guided and the Hierarchy are constantly sending Their messengers to this terrestrial globe of ours. They constantly send to us those, who like John the precursor, act as Guides. This guidance is in three forms—the first form is that of creative art; the second form is that of formulative philosophy, the law; the third form is through the inventive forces, where the whole marvellous mechanism of evolution is revealed, and which combines all the three forms. One of these Messengers is Nicholas Roerich—priest, poet and artist—who as a result is also a philosopher, prophet and guide. One who like a Leonardo, a John the Baptist, is sent providentially, as have been so many precursors, who by culture and beauty teach us to gain spiritual peace, and through love to destroy the blasphemy.

Nicholas Roerich has no home, no date, no Nation, he belongs to no Nation or epoch. So do the Persian miniatures, so do the great Chinese art works, or the Etruscan creations. They belong to all times and all Nations. For every artist, every poet, every philosopher is primarily a priest—his vocation is holy, holy, holy. He leads mankind and we follow his light. They are timeless, as is beauty. They have many

facets all reflecting the Supreme. Nicholas Roerich is the present day representative of that divine inspiration, what matters, whether he is here or in India. What matters if one hears from him but a few times a year, I always knew Nicholas Roerich, and there is an eloquence in our silent communication that transcends all written words. He is a messenger from the Hierarchy itself, revealing that in Beauty all virtues are combined; no man with an evil thought can create, not unless he is seared by the fire until all the selfish and ordinary has been removed from his being. When such a divine seering by the fire takes place there results a Michael Angelo, a Leonardo, a Hokusai—and then and there results—a Nicholas Roerich."

LIVE AS A GOD!...

—BY FREDERICK KETTNER

*Why not strive
More blessedly to live
In the hidden abode
Of thy body?*

*Make it a temple—
Live as a God!*

*Therein dwells
No alien force
To make thee slave
Of Chaos.*

*Crystal-pure
Thy body be:
In thine own Temple
Live as a God!*

Peace magazine India

PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH'S : : : : FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY... :

The 10th of October, 1937, is the 50th Anniversary of Prof. Nicholas de Roerich's Artistic, Scientific and Literary activities with the 40th Anniversary Academician'ship. We take this opportunity of joining in the world's tribute of love and esteem to this Great Master of Art and Letters. His love and veneration for the Ancient culture of our Great Motherland, India, is well-known and gratefully appreciated by every intelligent and cultured Indian.

*"God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelation fitted to their growth
And shape of mind"*

Nicholas Roerich, Scientist, Philosopher, Artist, Archaeologist, Explorer, Author and Educationalist—a World Leader of World Culture has for the field of his activities all the civilised world.

At an early age he became the leading personality in the domain of Art in Russia and 1906 was honoured with the much-coveted office of the Director of the Academy for the encouragement of Fine Arts in Russia. He is an Artist of rare and unparalleled abilities, and over 2000 of his paintings adorn museums of pan-world reputation, such as the Louvre, Luxemburg, Victoria, Albert, etc. The Master's self-imposed task has been to expound the new path to Universal Brotherhood, proclaiming the need of a united world-vigil for Culture. Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, India's greatest Poet, writing of Roerich's Art says:

'Your pictures profoundly moved me. They made me realise one thing which is obvious, and yet which

The Maharajah Indore's HUNT SHOOT KAJ-NAG



TOP :

H. H. the Maharajah's camp below the Markhor ground. From this camp His Highness saw a herd on Markhor which contained no less than eleven shootable stags—a most unusual sight even for Kashmir.

LEFT :

The end of the chase. His Highness the Maharajah Holkar of Indore with his coveted trophy—a very fine 56-inch Markhor.



LEFT :

A view of the distant snow-clad mountains and the home of Markhor, Red Bear and other animals that attract the hunter.

who is herself a keen
d has several tigers to
record for Indore.

1 :

Bullocks and men with primitive
orking in ice-cold water.

BOTTOM :

Pretty woodland scenery *en route* to the Kaj-nag Nullah.



NICHOLAS ROERICH THE GREAT ARTIST

creative versatility. He is renowned as a writer and philosopher and has a great reputation as an archaeologist and scientist. Hunt Dietrich described him as a spiritual troubadour. Adolph Fierst says he is generally considered one of the world's greatest artists. A celebrated artist said to the present writer: "In my opinion Roerich is the greatest living artist." Albert Einstein said that he had been moved by one of his landscapes as by nothing else; and Rabindranath Tagore expressed the same sentiments.

Nicholas Roerich is the creator of over three thousand paintings, many of them large enough to cover an entire wall. One thousand are in the Roerich Museum, New York—a structure that rears its head twenty-four stories above Riverside Drive, and was established in his honour in 1923

By
Colonel A. E. MAHON, D.S.O.

NICHOLAS ROERICH
from a painting by S. Roerich.

AMONG the living artists Professor Nicholas Roerich is unique. Ivan Narodny describes him as "a towering individuality, an original character and a great dreamer." He stands out a most original figure because of his

and is now, in conjunction with its affiliated institutions, known throughout the world as one of the great cultural centres. The remainder of his paintings are to be found in the Louvre, Luxembourg, Victoria and Albert Museum, and in most of the



"COMMANDS OF THE TEACHER"

One of the paintings by Nicholas Roerich, the great contemporary master, sent back to the Roerich Museum, New York, by the Roerich-American Expedition, from Asia. The Roerich Museum was founded by American Art Institutions as a monument to the Art of Nicholas Roerich, one of the Greatest voices in world culture.



"MIRACLE"

By Nicholas Roerich, in the Roerich Museum.

notable Museums of the world and famous private collections.

During an expedition to Tibet, Chinese Turkestan and Mongolia, he completed 500 paintings which have been described as "a great saga of the East." He is a wizard in colour and composition.

In the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* it is stated that Nicholas Roerich established his reputation

by painting pictures of Russian prehistoric life and the wanderings of the Vikings. After beginning with realistic pictures his manner evolved under the influence of Byzantine, Icon and Oriental Art towards a purely decorative and monumental style. Roerich studied the technique of ancient Russian frescoes and his wall paintings for the Kazan railway station at Moscow, representing combats between Russians and Tartars, were at the time considered his most important work. These paintings were well-known in Russia and abroad, not only from exhibitions and art-monographies, "Kazan" in variant was also widely known from Dhiaghlieff's theatre productions, staging Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera "Grad Kitej"—well-known in Paris, London and other European centres.

Nicholas Roerich executed a number of works for the theatre: for the Russian ballet he painted the scenery in Prince Igor; for Stanislavsky the setting of Peer Gynt. He wrote the libretto for and also designed the scenery and the costumes of the "Rite of Spring," for which Stravinsky composed the music.

Roerich left Russia in 1915, before the revolution, and went to New York. When he exhibited his work at the Kingore Galleries it created a sensation. Twenty-seven other museums received it, and it was seen in all important art centres in America. From now on his art grew more and more abstract, tending towards occult mysticism. While remaining typically Russian in spirit, his artistic sympathies turned to the East as well as to the West. He found a measure of pure inspiration in the pure colour spaces and definite lineal patterns of the Oriental masters.

A large series of his recent paintings has been dedicated to the grandeur of the Himalayas, where the great artist has now made his home. These paintings reveal his complete understanding of the deep wisdom of the Orient and have called forth the unstinted praise and admiration of some of the greatest Oriental artists and poets.



"MADONNA ORIFLAMMA,"

a painting by Nicholas Roerich dedicated to the Banner of Peace proposed by the Roerich Peace Pact for the protection of cultural treasure.

Throughout Roerich's work, both literary and artistic, is an insistent plea for the recognition of beauty and a greater love for beauty. He quotes Dostoievski as saying, "Beauty will save the world" and Ruskin as having expressed the same feeling. "In days of distress" Roerich writes, "we must especially affirm the prayer of the heart for the Beautiful. We must remember that the Beautiful is within the reach of everyone." The gaunt shadows which now creep over the earth distorting the real visage of man do not disarm him. He sees beyond and knows with full faith that dawn is ahead and with it, victory and universal peace.

In these words he proclaims it: "The sign of Beauty will open all sacred gates. Beneath the sign of beauty we walk joyfully. With beauty we conquer. Through beauty we pray. In beauty we are united. And now let us affirm these words—not on the snowy heights but amidst the turmoil of the city. And realizing the path of true reality we greet with a happy smile the future."



ONE OF THE FAMOUS PANELS
recently destroyed in Russia.



ROERICH MUSEUM,
310, Riverside Drive, New York City.

The HOLKAR COLLEGE TIMES

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A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

And so, looking to thy own duty, thou should not tremble; for there is nought better to a warrior than righteous war.—

Krishna in the Bhagavadgita (II, 31)

THE COLLEGE CADET CORPS

The establishment of a platoon of the University Cadet Corps in the College is an event of no small importance and calls for a few words of comment. There may be some who object to mixing the art of war with the more gentle Arts, but to them we would say, 'Is it not clear that till a man have mastery over his body and a sense of both outer and inner discipline he can only be called half a man, no matter how full of learning his head may be?' The ancient Greeks held before them always the ideal of the all-round man who could adapt himself to whatever changes should take place in the world round him and who would be able to live the fullest life and be of the greatest use possible to society. Socrates, the greatest of all Greek philosophers and saints gladly took up the sword and fought with his fellow-countrymen at Marathon to protect the democratic freedom of Greece from the tyrannical hordes of the Persian king. And when the battle was over and the victory won he returned to his humble dwelling and resumed the teaching of the eternal verities to Plato and his other eager disciples. And no one can deny that he was one of the greatest men who ever lived, whose exalted thought and understanding of the spiritual world have profoundly influenced the course of history.

The Cadet Corps then is founded primarily to impart that sense of discipline without which no student can hope to be a true scholar and gentleman. No doubt there are many students who are so able to discipline themselves that no such training is necessary, but the example of about thirty young men undergoing training in the Cadet Corps each year is bound to have a beneficial effect on the whole life of the College, if it is carried out in the proper spirit.

Further, the Cadet Corps is intended to give a limited number of students some knowledge of military affairs and an understanding of the elements of warfare and self-defence. In a great country like India it is essential that a large standing army should exist under present world conditions and probably for a long time to come, in order to ensure that no foreign country shall be able to invade it. This factor will become of even greater importance when India is granted self-government, which one hopes will be soon. The youth of the country will then have to be willing to forego some of their personal liberty in order to enable the nation to remain whole and free. University Training Corps are the basis on which such a body of young men can be built, so those students who today become members of the College U. T. C. may be the leaders of India's defence organisation tomorrow. And though our hearts be as peaceable as an angel's, yet the spirit of a warrior must be in our heart if we are to live a life of adventure such as alone can lead us into new realms of thought and activity.

It is not our intention here to dilate on the question of war and peace. Only one can say that whereas countries like Britain and America were of a pacifist ('unwilling to fight under any circumstances') mentality till recently, they have seen under the exigency of present-day events that if one wants freedom to build a just and love-based world one must be willing even to fight if necessary for the conditions which make such building possible. And many people in this country too have probably altered their opinion on this vital question during the past year. As our Thought for the Week tells us, it is not a new problem. It has been argued to a conclusion long ago by much greater and nobler minds than any now living. Every argument of the pacifist was brought forward by Arjuna, who had not only to fight for truth, but had even to fight against his own flesh and blood. Every argument was duly and completely answered by the

(Continued on Page 3).

The Art of the Roerichs

On 1st November 1941 the Roerichs start an exhibition tour, commencing at the King Edward Hall, Indore, where the public will have an opportunity of viewing for themselves the much discussed paintings of these famous artists. There is never an exhibition of the Roerichs' pictures without provoking heated arguments between their admirers and their would-be detractors. It must be admitted that the Roerichs' Art elicits praise from undisputed authorities in the world of art while most of the adverse criticism comes from those who are not qualified to judge, or from those unhappy individuals who are so overcome with envy and are so exasperated with lack of their own self-esteem combined with a desperate desire to be noticed, that they are unable to contain their jealousy and pour it out in vituperative articles which express all too clearly their own feelings rather than an unbiased opinion on the work of these great artists.

Whether you are an admirer of the Roerichs' art or not you must admit, if you are honest, that they are great artists with an international reputation, and probably more has been written on the subject of Nicholas Roerich's paintings than has been written on the paintings of any other living artist. If you are an admirer of the Naturalistic school you are not likely to be an admirer of the Impressionist school, but that should not prevent you from recognizing merit where merit undoubtedly exists. The fact that the Roerichs' art has won praise and admiration from art critics in practically every country is perhaps a better answer to would-be detractors than any other.

The work of Professor Nicholas Roerich is so well known that it is hardly necessary to say much about it here, but a few words will probably be welcome to those whose fortune it will be to view one or other of the exhibitions in the forthcoming tour. For the benefit of those fortunate people who are about to enjoy this exceptional artistic treat, I propose to give a brief outline of the work of Nicholas Roerich and his son, Svetoslav.

In the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" it is stated that Nicholas Roerich established his reputation by painting pictures of Russian prehistoric life and the wanderings of Vikings.

After beginning with realistic pictures his manner evolved under the influence of Byzantine, Icon and Oriental art towards a purely decorative and monumental style. Roerich studied the technique of ancient Russian frescoes and his wall paintings for the Kazan railway station at Moscow, representing combats between Russians and Tatars, were at the time considered his most important work.

Nicholas Roerich executed a number of works for the theatre: for the Russian ballet he painted the scenery in Prince Igor, for Stanislavsky the setting of Peer Gynt. He wrote the libretto for and also designed the costumes of "Rite of Spring" for which Stravinsky composed the music. After the Russian Revolution of 1917 Roerich settled in America, and his art grew more and more abstract, tending towards occult mysticism. His work has shown a never abating energy. It is a remarkable fact that he has created over 4,000 paintings which are to be found in the most famous museums, art galleries and private collections throughout the world. During an expedition to Tibet, Chinese Turkestan and Mongolia, which gave him new inspiration for his later work, he completed 500 paintings which have been described as "a great saga of the East" and earned him the title of "Master of the Mountains."

After a long series of exhibitions in Sweden, Finland, Denmark and England in 1920-22, a series of rotary exhibitions were organized on the invitation of the Chicago Art Institute in some forty cities in the United States. A series of his paintings was exhibited at the annual exhibition of the Government School of Arts and Crafts in Lucknow in 1933, the Nāgri Pracharini Sabha of Benares and the Art Gallery of the Allahabad Museum, where a special Roerich Hall has been built to contain a collection of his pictures. In 1939 they were exhibited in Trivandrum, where there is now a collection in the State Museum, in Hyderabad and Bombay. Last year an exhibition of the Roerichs' paintings was held in Lahore under the auspices of the Arts Department of the Punjab University. Two paintings, one by Nicholas Roerich and the other by his son, were donated to the Indian Red Cross Society (Punjab Provincial Branch) for the purpose of raising funds for the Red Cross.

(Continued on Page 3).

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

To
The Editor
Holkar College Times.
Sir,

As a veteran Professor of English I am ashamed to have to acknowledge an unintentional ambiguity in the sentence quoted by Mr. Sarwate in his letter to me in defence of Principal Gokhale. I speak of a "growing reputation" for the College followed by a "slack time" under Principal Gokhale. By growing reputation I meant in University successes, while the slack time stood for a falling off in discipline.

For Principal Gokhale, as a man, I have the greatest respect. He was sincere in mind, straight-forward in action, and outspoken in expressing his opinions. These qualities of his were evident to any one after the shortest acquaintance. Of his scientific qualifications I was not in a position to know anything. I have no doubt that he did for the College all that Mr. Sarwate claims, and that his attainments in that line were of the highest and best.

Still, in his time, College discipline suffered a grave set back. Prof. Karam Chand, and Prof. Basu (afterwards Principal) used to meet me at the State Officers' Club, and relate as a great joke, some of his vagaries. He asked the boys of every class to write him their opinions of each of their Professors. He put his reprimands of the Professors on the College Notice Board. In reprisal the Professors put up their defence and counter-complaints against the Principal on the same Board. Professor Karam Chand and the Principal had open disputes in the College, and at the Principal's Bungalow, where, squabbling through the closed wire-gauze doors, they attacked one another in the strongest terms. Professor Karam Chand was the leader of this state of affairs, and Prof. Basu a greatly amused witness.

Of both these men I knew very little in those days. I know, however, that Principal Sukhtankar had his work cut out for him to get things into smooth working order again. Of this I was an admiring witness, for I had then joined the College Staff.

Yours truly,
CHAS. A. DOBSON.

(Continued from page 1).

Lord Krishna, whose divine appreciation of the issues at stake cannot be doubted. Likewise Jesus Christ, who would not even lift a finger to save himself from being killed was willing to take up a scourge and drive from the temple those merchants and money-lenders who were making God's House into a market place, because he knew that such people, who only respect force, can only be moved by force.

And so we look to the first recruits of our new Cadet Corps to establish a tradition which will do justice to themselves and will make the College and the State proud of them. Let them remember that a pure heart and mind is just as necessary for the soldier as for the sage and that many soldiers have been sages and many sages soldiers.

(Continued from page 2)

Svetoslav Roerich has followed in his illustrious father's footsteps though it is, perhaps, as a portrait painter that he excels and his figure studies have a charming pictorial value. He is likely to be as prolific as his father and it is noteworthy that simultaneously with the exhibition in Lahore last year, he had an exhibition of his paintings in Milwaukee, U. S. A. One critic has described him as a portrait painter of a very high calibre and another describes him as a born portrait painter. There is no doubt that he is a portrait painter of exceptional ability and in this line has already established a reputation in Europe, Asia and America. His portrayals of various types of hillmen are particularly pleasing. At the same time he displays his father's love of the mountains and makes temporary excursions to the mystic regions in which his father so frequently dwells.

A visit to their exhibitions is an artistic and intellectual treat and should not be missed. Zuloaga, the Spanish painter, on seeing some of Roerich's paintings, exclaimed: "Great artist: Here is the evidence that from Russia is coming some force to the world—I cannot measure, cannot impart what it is, but it is here."

A. E. M.

WANTED 4 ambitious young men by the General Assurance Society Ltd., Indore Branch for the post of District organisers. Probationary period on commission basis.

A VISIT TO NARA RATNA MANDIR, INDORE.

A visit to the "Home of Greatness", NARA RATNA MANDIR, INDORE, will show the portraits of great men in all walks of life who have left their "Footprints on the sands of time", and, a reference to their biographies in the attached library, will remind you that "You can make your life sublime". You will see the portraits of many, of whom you have only read or heard. It is a unique institution of its kind. In this "Home of Greatness" is housed.

THE MUSEUM INDORE,

Where students interested in antiquity, History, Epigraphy, Iconography, Arts and Architecture, Ethnology, Natural History etc. will find something or other to their taste.

- 1 Artifacts excavated from Kasrawad in the Narmada Valley, show the stage of civilisation in the 1st millenium B. C.
- 2 Artifacts excavated from Mohenjodaro in the Indus Valley show the stage of civilisation in the 3rd millenium B. C.

THE MUSEUM library is open to students interested in research work.

You can see beautiful specimens of Art, Icons, Sculptures, Ancient and Mediaeval coins and rare curios. The pictures and photographs of ancient historical and archaeological sites and monuments of the State will inspire you with a desire to organise historical excursions to these places.

Discussion on various exhibits and useful suggestions towards the growth of the institution shall be greatly appreciated.

Please see the institutions to widen your outlook.

Time:- 8 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M. excluding Wednesdays and Gazetted holidays.

S. K. ROY.

4, Topkhana Main Road, }
Indore.

Curator, The Museum,
Indore.

(Adv.)

ARMISTICE DAY

Dated the 28th October, 1941.

Armistice Day will be observed as usual on the 11th November. At 11 a. m. a gun will be fired from the Fort Battery and the College gong will be sounded. All work in the office, classrooms and grounds will cease. Everyone is asked to stand quietly wherever they may be in memory of those soldiers of India and the world who gave their lives in the last war and are giving them in the present war. After two minutes another gun will be fired and gong sounded to mark the end of the period of silence.

H. B. RICHARDSON,
Principal.

HOLKAR COLLEGE TIMES.

Dated the 28th October, 1941.

Contributors to "The Holkar College Times" are advised that in future contributions must be placed in the Holkar College Times box or be given personally to one of the editors by 12 noon on the Monday preceding the date of publication.

H. B. RICHARDSON,
Editor-in-Chief.

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(ESTD. 1907)

BRANCH MANAGER INDORE.

Thirty CENTURIES OF CULTURE

How China Cares for its Schools

By Mrs. KAMALADEVI

It is the deliberate war time policy of China to maintain education at all costs. The lamp of thirty centuries' scholarly tradition must not be allowed to be blown out. So students are not normally permitted to go to the front, for, wholesale destruction of the intellectual youths of a country robs it of its best future leadership.

THIS summer three boys that had completed their high school, tramped 55 days to take the entrance examination in a university in Free China. Here they found themselves part of a large assemblage of applicants, only one in ten of whom could be admitted because of the limited accommodation. Each University limits itself to the students belonging to the area it originally came from. In this university over 90 per cent of the students came from homes 1,500 miles distant, which is a long long way when communications are blocked by enemy lines.

It is the deliberate war time policy of China to maintain education at all costs. The lamp of thirty centuries' scholarly tradition must not be allowed to be blown out. So students are not normally permitted to go to the front, for, whole sale destruction of the intellectual youths of a country robs it of its best future leadership. The tragedy of Europe is revealing the last war having killed off the best. Japan is fast facing a similar tragedy. Japan's Universities are being rapidly depleted. I remember a Japanese lady wistfully telling me, "You know the women of China are sorry for us because the finest flower of the Japanese nation is being killed off, while that of China is being zealously preserved."

An all round progress is registered in educational institutions of all grades in Free China. The end of 1940 saw an increase of four in higher

institutions over the pre-war figures placed at 108, although of these, 91 had been destroyed or rendered useless! There was of course a corresponding increase in the number of students from 31 to 44 thousands in colleges alone. Courses in productive education such as wood-working, gardening, elementary agriculture in the lower, foundry and blacksmithing in the higher classes have been made compulsory since China launched out on reconstruction and industrialisation as the result of war.

EDUCATIONAL EFFORTS REDOUBLED

In the partially occupied areas educational efforts have been redoubled to offset the Japanese educational offensive. Social education is emphasised and training classes and circuit corps are organised to impart the rudiments of social science to the masses. In these are included drama schools, some of them experimental. The latest has been visual education mainly through educational films. Every provincial Government now has a visual education department, a visual education institute offering a two years' course has also been established. The transplanting of educational institutions from the eastern to the western cities is in itself an epic. Some schools have settled in old temples, disused castles or private homes. Others particularly in the North have dug into the hillsides or into caves. Thousands of students can sometimes be seen housed in rows of neat arched caves thirty or forty feet deep. I remember one medical school where an open-air class room was cut entirely from the loess clay of a hillside. Comfortable benches with backs for the students, the platform and table for the professor, all made out of the same material.

Most of the universities live together in clusters that they might share equipments and staff. The refugee students are crowded together, sometimes eight in a room. They sleep on double-decker bunks, with flat boards



A class of girl students somewhere near Chungking at in spite of the terrific war.

for mattress! The majority wear unbleached flax homespun. The average student budget for a year is around Rs. 150 which they find very hard to secure. Many of them are on half rations. Most of them are completely cut off from their families and can get no support. Over 60 per cent need outside help. Many of them try to get jobs. A self-help committee aids them in this. But their condition is very hard and heart-rending. In summer they give their vacations to constructive service projects. Some go to medical bases, help refugees, spread public health and adult education, study agricultural developments, organise industrial co-operatives, and do countless other jobs. They also live in the co-operatives to teach the three R's and principles of co-operation, and organise group singing, a new innovation in the people's life.

SPIRIT OF COMRADESHIP FOSTERED

Adversity fosters a great spirit of comradeship amongst them. Recently when the students of one University had their dormitories destroyed, the students of another held concerts and campaigned for funds to restore the place.

There is a recognition that victory depends as much on factors of education and economics. Experiments are

underway in all line cultural college has Research Institute of is another example. the institute possesses Fortunately most of out of the danger fighting was a few next day the Nank attacked and dest kept moving toward long and hazardous summer of this year 127 cases had arriv tion of the Institut The others were st the Chinese never

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FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

The Powers and the Problem throughout History

By R. SATAKOPAN

Apart from certain restrictions like blockade and the right of search for contraband, the sea is open and free for all nations during war as in peace times. The question has been brought to the front by the American assertion of the right to send vessels not only to belligerent ports, but also enter combat zones. This article gives the historic background to this whole question.

EVER since the time of Celsus and Ulpian, the sea had been considered as common to all mankind. In the early stages of navigation it was impossible to think of controlling the open sea or any appreciable part of it. Its uninhabitability and its usefulness for touching the distant regions of the earth made the people consider it as different from the earth, and out-

when in 1609 Grotius in his short treatise *Mare Liberum* expatiated, though independently of himself, the principle emphasised by Queen Elizabeth a decade or so earlier! William Welwood, John Seldon, Sir John Burroughs and others wrote extensive treatises condemning the claim of Grotius, and unconsciously of the claim of their own Queen. Charles the

one and the same littoral state and the entrances of which into the wide sea are not more than six miles wide are not open seas. This has been open to doubt on many occasions. Thus, for instance, the Inland Sea of Japan has three entrances, each of them being less than three miles wide. They are in practice open to merchantmen of all nations, though it is not known what Japan will do in case of war. But Oppenheim, Hall, Lauterpacht and others believe that, though this sea looks more like a vast bay, Japan's claim to treat it as territorial must be recognised by other nations, if and when it comes.

There was at one time a pleasant fiction that the space occupied by a ship during its transit in the open sea must for the time being be said to belong to the country whose flag it flies, and some French writers recommended certain zones round such vessels to be deemed the temporary territory of the flag state. But it has been at no time recognised that a ship flying a certain flag acquires a certain proprietary right over it. The men-of-war can demand from any suspect vessel on the highways its papers to establish its bona fide. This has been found necessary to rid the high seas of piracy

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The Art of THE ROERICHs

By A. E. M.

THOSE well-known Russian artists, Professor Nicholas Roerich and his son Svetoslav, commenced their cold-weather exhibition tour in Indore on November 3. The exhibition was much appreciated in Indore and has now moved to Baroda. Early in December an exhibition will be given in Ahmedabad and after that will gradually move down south, where those who are interested in art will have an opportunity of seeing for themselves some of the work of these talented artists—an opportunity which should not be missed. The art of the Roerichs appeals to a large section of the public all over the world and especially to those who can appreciate the Roerichs' understanding of the deep wisdom of the Orient.

Whether you are an admirer of the Roerichs' art or not it must be admitted that they are great artists with an international reputation and probably more has been written on the subjects of Nicholas Roerich's paintings than has been written concerning the paintings of any other living artist. If you are an admirer of the Naturalistic school it is possible you may not be

an admirer of the Impressionist school, though it is possible to admire each in turn just as it is possible to enjoy the dramatic music of Wagner and also the rhythmic vitality of Schumann. The paintings of the Roerichs have provoked much discussion in art circles and the fact that their art has won praise and admiration from art critics in practically every country is a sufficient answer to those who would belittle it.

Last year an exhibition of the Roerichs' paintings was held in Lahore under the auspices of the Arts Department of the Punjab University. Two paintings, one by Nicholas Roerich and the other by his son, were donated to the Indian Red Cross Society for the purpose of raising funds for the Red Cross.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COSMOS

The work of these famous Russian artists holds a particular interest at a time when all eyes are turned on Russia. Zuloaga, the Spanish painter on seeing some of Roerich's paintings, exclaimed: "Great artist! Here is the evidence that from Russia is coming some force to the world—I cannot measure, cannot impart what it is, but it is here." In India we know all too little of the cultural work of our allies; so it would be a pity to miss an opportunity of seeing the paintings of two of their most famous artists whose pictures are to be found in most of the great museums, art galleries and private collections throughout the world. Although the Roerichs' art is essentially Russian in character it has elicited praise and admiration from writers and artists all over the world. Michel Kuzmin, in his monograph of Nicholas Roerich, said: "He is a phenomenon in Russian art, something extraordinary". One critic writes: "If Pheidias was the creator of divine form, and Giotto the painter of the Soul, then Roerich may be said to reveal the spirit of the Cosmos." Except where mountain mist forms a part of the study the absence of blurred outline is an outstanding characteristic of his technique. He has dedicated hundreds of paintings to the majesty of the Himalayas of which he portrays the true spirit and which has justly earned for him the title of "Master of the Mountains."

It must be admitted that the Roerichs' art elicits praise from undisputed authorities in the world of art while most of the adverse criticism comes from those who are not qualified to judge, or from those unhappy individuals who are so overcome with envy and are so exasperated with lack of their own self esteem combined with a desperate desire to be noticed, that

they are unable to contain their jealousy and pour it out in vituperative articles which express all too clearly their own feelings rather than an unbiased opinion of the work of these great artists.

STAND OUT AS UNIQUE

Serge Ernst said: "In the history of contemporary Russian art, the individuality of Roerich in its contact with the last achievements and discoveries in this sphere, stands out independently, originally and perhaps somewhat unexpected." Looking at his paintings Tagore exclaimed: "When I tried to find words to describe to myself what were the ideals which your pictures suggested, I failed. It was because the language of words can only express a particular aspect of truth and the language of pictures finds its domain in truth where words have no access..." Einstein wrote: "I admire these creations so much that I can say without exaggeration that never have landscapes made such a great impression on me as these." Among the Masters of Russian painting and those of Europe, the work of the Roerichs stands out as something altogether unique. The late Frank Rutter, writing in the *Sunday Times* of June 9, 1935, with reference to the Exhibition of Russian Art then being held in London, said: "... it is impossible not to express a grievous sense of disappointment that in this display there should be so little or nothing by two Russian painters who, by international standards, have considerable claims to be regarded as great. I refer to Vereshchagin and to Nicholas K. Roerich... That Vereshchagin should be so poorly represented can be understood, if deplored; but it is simply staggering that this exhibition should contain nothing by Roerich."

SVETOSLAV'S PORTRAITS

Svetoslav Roerich has followed in the footsteps of his illustrious father, though it is, perhaps as a portrait painter that he excels and his figure studies have a charming pictorial value. He is likely to be as prolific as his father and it is noteworthy that simultaneously with the exhibition in Lahore last year he had an exhibition of his paintings in Milwaukee, U.S.A. His portrayals of various types of hill-men are particularly pleasing. At the same time he displays his father's love of the mountains and makes temporary excursions to the mystic regions in which his father so frequently dwells. One critic has described him as a portrait painter of a very high calibre and another calls him a born portrait painter. There is no doubt he is a portrait painter of exceptional ability, and in this line has already established a reputation in Europe, Asia and America where he has painted the portraits of royalty and other celebrities. His recent portraits of Her Highness the Maharani of Travancore and of the Dewan, Sir Ramaswami Aiyar, are so lifelike that one almost expects them to step out of the canvas. They are more than likenesses, they contain the spirit of reality. The heads and hands are flawlessly drawn. His rendering of the faces is refined and sensitive. There is great sense of poise in his portraits. India is fortunate in having a portrait painter of his calibre in the country. This young artist has already established an international reputation and his paintings have been hung in many famous museums. Sincerity is the fundamental quality in his work that strikes one most. His art has a more direct appeal than that of his father and he is more versatile. The intensely decorative feeling remains common to the father and son, but the son has struck a different note not only in his colours but also in his subjects, his work is characterized by more subtle harmonies of colour and he has more of a classical manner.

Should you, judging and Mohan had the house to himself. He was waiting impatiently in the study when at last there was a knock at the door, and one of his father's clerks entered the room.

"Hallo, Narasingh," greeted Mohan familiarly. "Come and sit down and drop that clerical air of yours, will you? Father is nowhere about. I suppose you guessed, when I sent for you, that I wanted you to do me a favour?"

"Anything to oblige you, sir", Narasingh replied obsequiously.

Narasisingh heard the nature of Mohan's request, however, he was not obliged.

Mohan protested, "if Mr. Narasingh comes to know of it, my job."

Narasisingh brushed aside his anxiety. "My sister is a never split on me. In the blame if things only for half an hour in I'll appear at the curtain."

"Narasisingh agreed that he would be at the 'Cosmos' punctually, but I'm middle the whole affair. I've seen Miss Bausi having spoken to her. I have the courage."

"Mistaking my twin," Narasingh said, "she's awfully like me. Be in a red sari with order. As for talking, that worry you. She'll be the two of you!"

Mohan had quite such an idea of Miriam to fall in. Miriam was a poor girl who used to come in to do Aunt Sukuntala's work. She refused point blank to take Kantha, and the latter, after arts of persuasion, Miriam finally con-

vinced. "You won't be any other girl like jasmine in his but-tons. Last words before you go. And, Miss Kantha, long in relieving"

that evening, Kantha, was just turning out of the 'Cosmos' grounds, when she, approaching in the direction, made her surprise. Both dis-

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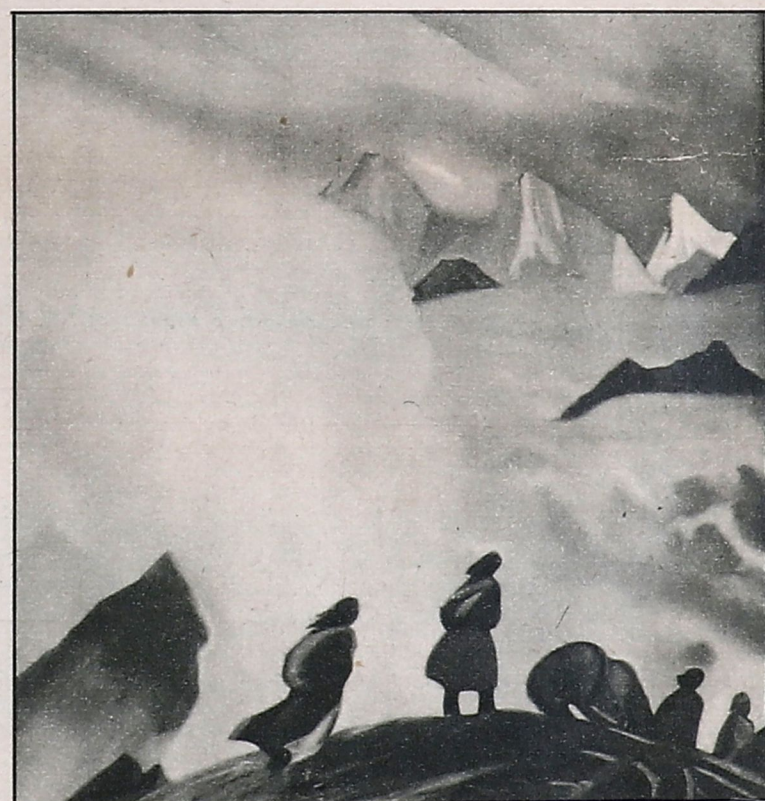
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the game was up. The princess looked eagerly round for her beggar-prince. There was no trace of him anywhere near. From the mantap came a long hideous peal of derisive laughter. Sarvamangala was betrayed. Life was no longer worth living for her. Without any hesitation she walked with firm steps to the bank of the river, and threw herself into an eddy whirlpool. That was the end of the princess of unsullied chastity.

Suruci was dazed, and behaved like one demented. A little while later,



SVETOSLAV ROERICH'S PAINTINGS

Top Left:
"THE GODS ARE COMING"

Top Right:
"THE LITTLE SISTER"

Centre Left:
"THE CALL"

Centre Right:
"OVER THE PASS"

Bottom Left:
"THE STORM"

NEWS PIE



A. R. P. PUPS

The pups have heard there's a war on and have planned an air-raid shelter for themselves. But before they get inside it, they take stock of things. Even pups have to be careful of some roaming Fifth Column boy who'll tie the lid down.—Photo, R. Claudius.



FIG TREE IN A CHURCH

A little girl on her way to school was in the habit of dropping fig pips into a crack in the wall of Manaccan Church, Cornwall. From one of those seeds this fig tree grew and is now one of the curiosities of the place.—Photo, Paul Popper.



SCULPTURE MADE OF TOAST:

Louis Straker, sandwich-shop owner and artist, is probably the only man in the world to use toast as a medium for sculpture. Electric toaster and tooth-picks are his tools. His subjects here are Alf Landon and President Roosevelt.—Photo, Rajgopal.



Raft Of Earthen Pots

(LEFT)

The men who make the large earthen pots used in the Delta villages of Burma for storing rain-water find it easier and safer to take them down the river this way. Photo, C. Justice.

Medals For War Heroes

Putting the finishing touches to War Medals at the Royal Mint.



"Yes, sahib." He still stood there. "Word has just come up from town that Prasad Baboo is dead."

"What! Dead?" I started from my chair. Somehow I had never quite believed that he could die. Dr. Prasad had been my assistant for a year; one of the very finest men going. Three years ago a strange malady had seized him. He had suddenly begun to grow weak, nervous—couldn't hold his hand steady in an operation.

Gradually he lost all use of his limbs. I took him to an eminent doctor in Madras; had every possible test made—every one of them negative. There was nothing to do but send him home on extended leave, and hope for the best. And now it was over.

"Well," I murmured, half to myself, "I wish I knew what killed him."

Senapati lifted his eyes to mine with a sad, little smile. "We all know that, sahib," he said. "It was the Tonei-men."

"The—who?"

"The Sons of Satan."

I threw back my head and laughed. "Oh, that! Witchcraft, you mean. Black magic—hocus-pocus. Jugglers' tricks. Come now, Senapati, I thought better of you."

He drew himself up in a peeved manner. "Your Honour is a very learned and skilful man, that is true. But there are some things even the sahibs do not know. How can they? They see only what is meant for them to see. How can they get behind locked doors in the dead of night?"

I glanced at my watch, at the paper. Perhaps it might be as well to let the old chap get it off his chest.

"O. K. . . sit down and proceed with my education."

SENAPATI flashed a quick glance behind him—around the tent—into the shadows beyond the doorway. His eyes dilated with fear. He squatted cross-legged on a grass mat on the floor. It was a long time before he spoke, and then in a low, tense voice, hesitantly, as though the very telling of it might bring an evil spell upon him.

"You know nothing—nothing, sir—of the black sin of these men. They are Satan's own. From childhood they give their days and nights to the learning of these evil things. And they are sly as serpents."

"There are certain villages where they work. Jering is the centre of it. Kojjam is one; Kodderi; Uparsing. No, sahib, there is none of it in our village. They settle in far-away places, near the thick woods where they find the poisonous roots and leaves they use in their medicines."

"Who told you all this, Senapati?" I interrupted, trying not to smile.

"Who told me! Oo-gai, sahib, everybody knows, except Your Honour. My own uncle went and studied the Tonei when he was young; but when the time came for him to take the Big Oath, he got afraid and ran away. Aiee! I have seen with my own eyes a man fallen in a fit, frothing at the mouth, from the spells of the Tonei-men. I have seen a fiery rash break out on a man's skin, tormenting him day and night; and no doctor could cure it. My uncle knew how to do it."

"I have seen the cattle of the men they hate sicken and die—just for nothing. I have seen the crops they curse wither and fade with the blight. And I have seen men die, sir."

His voice dropped to a whisper. "They get these deadly roots and mix them with

rice. They put in human hair and the blood of pigs. At midnight they chant before their idols the name of the man they hate. 'Let him die,' they pray to the idol. In a few days the man begins to shake and tremble—and for no cause at all he gets weak and dies."

SENAPATI paused, for his voice was shaking. His eyes were on the ground. His hands kept picking at the grass on the tent-floor.

A drum had begun to beat across the valley; a low, sensuous throbbing that somehow seemed to echo his words. A sinister muttering. "Let him die, let him die." A little shiver trickled down my spine. Something whined through the tent door; I leapt from my chair . . . it was only a harmless black beetle. I relaxed, grinning at my jumpiness.

"Go on," I said. "Tell me about Dr. Prasad."

"You were away, sir, when Dr. Prasad was called out to Jering to see a sick child. It was a day's journey from the hospital, and he would have to stay overnight. The Tonei-men hated the doctor, for he talked against their wicked deeds. We begged him not to go alone. He only laughed. 'Why should a good man fear the devil and his works?' he said."

BLACK MAGIC IN INDIA

Black Magic and witchcraft are not confined to the Dark Continent of Africa, and this gripping story describes the terrible Tonei-Men of Savaraland, whose curses kill, and kill quickly, defying every artifice of medical science to save a doomed life. A doctor set out to beat these "Sons of Satan" at their own game—to do some hocus-pocus himself—but . . .

STRANGER THAN FICTION

"The head-man came and pleaded with him; his wife came even—and she is one who never walks about to be seen by common folk without great cause. She begged him not to go. He was determined. She made him promise to eat nothing in their houses."

"He went alone. Two weeks afterwards that strange weakness came upon his limbs—just as we have seen it many times in those the witch-men have marked down to die. Why, sir, here's proof of it. Soon after he took sick, two men came from Jering offering to cure him for 15 rupees. Do you see? Nobody but the Tonei-men can cure the sickness they cause. Not all the good medicines you tried—and the Madras Doctor Sahib too—could cure him. They could have done it."

"And did he pay the money?"

"Not he! The Doctor Baboo was a brave man—although in some ways a foolish one. They came to him twice after that, with the same offer; and his friends begged him to let them try, for he was getting worse and worse. But he said it would be selling his soul to the devil to pay them money. If God wanted him to die, very well, he said. And now he—"

Senapati stopped abruptly.

I wanted to laugh it off, but somehow I couldn't. It was a strange case—it had puzzled me as no other I had ever treated.

Disseminated sclerosis I had called it for want of a better diagnosis; a mere guess.

"You spoke of an oath these men take," I said. "Tell me about it."

Senapati had risen to go. He shook his head. I saw terror in his face.

"It is better not to speak of these things, sahib. I have already said too much, perhaps. Good-night, sir," and he bolted for the cook-tent as though the fiends were after him.

I PICKED up the paper, but could not read.

The drums were wailing their eerie chant. Were they the drums of Tonei-men? Again that little shiver ran down my back. Involuntarily I glanced behind me. There seemed to be an evil presence there with me in the tent—a shadowy embodiment of my very thought. I remembered tales I had read of frenzied devil-devotees whose concentrated invocation had called up Satan himself in bodily form. It didn't do for even the sanest of us to think too much about these things. *It didn't do.*

I forced myself to come out of it; laughed, stretched, did a few physical jerks, and went to bed. I made myself think of pleasant things; civilized things. A busy day in the old R. V. H., Montreal. Sunrise over Everest. But before I dropped off to sleep I was back again by a smoky fire in a wee mud hovel at dead of night, watching a group of naked brown men who crouched over a mixture of poisoned rice and pigs' blood; hearing them chant in a hoarse whisper to an ugly stone idol. "Let this man die. Let that man die."

LEARN a new word, they say, and in twenty-four hours time you will hear it again. I hadn't been in from camp that long before I heard further news of the Tonei-men.

Sooriya Gamung was waiting at the hospital to see me. A "gamung" is a Savara village-head, and this man was one of the best—refined, friendly, with more common-sense and know-

ledge of the world than one usually meets with among the aborigines. He was an elderly man, thin and straight. He wore an old khaki coat, below which the red-fringed tails of his loin-cloth dangled inconspicuously.

"Well, Gamung! What is it? Not sick, I hope? You are never sick."

"It's some spirit in my stomach," he replied, wrinkling his brow. "I can't eat; I vomit all the time. I can't go to work."

"You've been eating rotten buffalo meat, I suppose—" I turned to get out a prescription blank.

The Gamung looked carefully about him; shut the door; came closer to me.

"That's just it," he whispered. "I didn't eat the meat. The others did. I took just a bit of watered rice. This has come upon me for no reason at all: I am afraid—"

He said no more, but a great light had dawned on me. Many a patient had come to me and whispered, "What is this sickness? It has come upon me just for nothing," and I had wondered at the fear in their eyes. Now I thought I understood.

I chatted with him—gave him some pills and good advice; made light of his indisposition.

"You'll be fine tomorrow," I said. "Come back and let me know."

(Please Turn to Page 60.)

ART of ROERICH

(Continued from Previous Page.)

The possession of an original Roerich is the fortune of a comparative few, for the price of such gems is naturally beyond the pocket of any but the wealthy, but some lucky individuals will shortly find themselves the owners of two of these valuable pictures which they will have obtained at a very small cost.

Nicholas Roerich and his son Svetoslav have each donated one of their paintings to the Punjab Provincial Branch of the Indian Red Cross Society which has decided to raffle these paintings, the proceeds to be spent on the beneficent and humanitarian activities of the Society in connection with the present war. The painting by Nicholas Roerich depicts Mount Everest in the morning, the picture by Svetoslav Roerich represents "The Call" and portrays a Tibetan Lama "calling". Ordinarily sold each of these pictures would fetch between Rs. 4,000 to Rs. 5,000.

Prof. Roerich is himself a life member of the French Red Cross and during the last war was President of the Red

As will be seen from these black-and-white reproductions, the pictures lose most of their charm without colour. But an idea of the vigorous style of the artist can be obtained from them.

Cross Committee for Art Workshops for Disabled Soldiers in Russia, and he also sponsored public sales of art works for the benefit of the Russian Red Cross.

Son's Work

SVETOSLAV Roerich is following in the footsteps of his illustrious father and has already established an international reputation. He is a born portrait painter. His portraits are so lifelike that one almost expects them to step out of the canvas. They are more than mere likenesses, they contain the spirit of reality and portray to an uncanny degree the character and characteristics of the individual. Simultaneously with his exhibition in Lahore, Svetoslav Roerich had an exhibition in Milwaukee, U. S. A., which gives an idea of his huge output.

During the last years of the Russian Empire, Nicholas Roerich was Director of the Imperial School of Art at St. Petersburg, and leader of a group of Russian artists and architects, who strove to advance national art in alliance with the traditions of the past. He taught his students and contemporaries not to emulate the products of the Paris salons, but to base their painting on Byzantine and Russian traditions.

Indeed, in his own work, he went back beyond the Christian era to prehistoric, pagan Russia, to the designs of Scythian craftsmen; and, borrowing a barbaric splendour from the past, he evolved a style of decorative painting that was a completely new note in modern European art.

NICHOLAS ROERICH'S WORK

Top.

"SANTA PROTECTRIX"

Centre:

"LAOTZE"

Bottom Left:

"WE OPEN THE GATES"

Bottom Right:

"ARMAGEDDON"



manner that must be unique in the annals of this sphere of art, in this way his studies in Russia and Paris evolved and broadened so that nothing was lost but in a subtle way they were applied to the portrayal of the magnificent scenery, sometimes with examples of the history and beliefs of the inhabitants, of a country that has always been surrounded with mystery and mysticism.

Roerich could not long remain absent from the mountains he loves, and after a brief visit to America he returned to the Himalayas where, with the exception of an expedition to the Gobi Desert, he has remained ever since. During this period he has produced some thousands of masterpieces which have found their way to famous museums, art galleries, public and private art collections throughout the world. Combined with this he has also produced a number of philosophical works which have revealed the depth of his mind and conveyed his teachings of Beauty, Tolerance and Brotherhood in many languages. Apart from the spiritual matter and uplifting thoughts they contain, these works are further evidence of the untiring energy of one of the world's greatest workers.

A series of Roerich's paintings was exhibited at the annual exhibition of the Government School of Arts and Crafts in Lucknow in 1933, the Nagri Precharini Sabha of Benares and the Art Gallery of the Allahabad Museum where a special Roerich Hall has been built to contain a collection of his pictures. In 1939 they were exhibited in Trivandrum - where there is now a collection in the State Museum - Hyderabad and Bombay. In 1940 an exhibition of Roerich's paintings was held in Lahore under the auspices of the Arts Department of the Punjab University. This exhibition aroused much interest and provoked considerable discussion in art circles in ~~near~~ Northern India. Exhibitions have also been held in Indore, Baroda, Ahmedabad and in various other places throughout India.

During the years Roerich has resided in India he has enriched the country by many of his magnificent masterpieces. His paintings are now to be seen in many of the palaces of the Maharajas, and other have been secured by

On May 2th, 1923, the famous Russian artist and philosopher Nicholas Roerich left America for India. This date was to mark the beginning of a new sphere of activities in the life of this remarkable man. From now on his work was to come under the influence of India and Central Asia, and it has been happily blended with the atmosphere he brought from his earlier days in Russia, so that we find in his work to-day an unique exposition of Russian art with an Indian - mainly Himalayan - background. Roerich's early studies in the technique of ancient Russian frescoes, his pictures of Russian prehistoric life and the wanderings of the vikings; his studies in Byzantine, Icon and Oriental art have not been lost, they remain evident in his treatment of his mystical Indian pictures which gives them a mental environment that is truly Roerich's own, and makes them distinctive from those of any other dead or living Master. Roerich's work is essentially creative and original, even in his faithful portrayal of the majesty of the Himalayas he has produced a technique of his own which has earned him the title of "Master of the mountains". There is the Roerich colour, the Roerich style, the Roerich atmosphere, the Roerich touch. He has made his own niche in the world of art which is now fully recognized and acknowledged.

After a stay of some two years in Darjeeling Roerich started, on the sixth of March, 1925, on an expedition into Tibet, an expedition which yielded 500 paintings which have been described as "a great saga of the East" and which set the seal on his future work. Here he found full play for his love of colour, here he found the mountains that delighted him and which, through him, have delighted so many admirers of his art throughout the world. Roerich's work was not that of the mere travelling artist, his wanderings in Tibet lasted for three years, until he finally returned to Darjeeling on May 26th 1928. During these three years he made a thorough and extensive study of Buddhism, Lamaism, Tibetan architecture and the folklore of the country, imbibing completely the atmosphere of Tibet in a

individuals throughout the length and breadth of India. His work holds a particular interest at a time when all eyes are turned on Russia. Zuloaga, the Spanish painter, on seeing some of Roerich's paintings, exclaimed: "Great artist. Here is evidence that from Russia is coming some force to the world - I cannot measure, cannot impart what it is, but it is here". It must be remembered that although Roerich has imbibed the spirit of India, his work is essentially Russian in character. In India we know all too little of the cultural work of our allies, but Roerich is helping us to appreciate Russian art, and among the famous artists of his country he is preeminently qualified for this purpose. His exhibitions are an education as well as a feast of colour and Beauty.

Even a brief account of Roerich's twenty years life and work in India would be incomplete without mention of his son, Svetoslav, who has made his home with his father, and who has not only inherited his father's gift for landscape, and what may be termed descriptive, painting, but has also firmly established a reputation as a portrait painter of the first order. His portraits of various celebrities have proved this beyond question, and without detriment to his skill in the sphere his father has made his own it can be truly said that as a portrait painter he is unsurpassed. Like his illustrious father he has already established ~~xx~~ an international reputation, and most lovers of art in India are already familiar with his work. India is indeed fortunate in having in her midst these two artists of exceptional brilliance and renown.

At the same time that Nicholas Roerich completes twenty years of life in India he also completes seventy years of life which from infancy have been spent in creative work, and work for the betterment of mankind. But Roerich is still a young man with all the energy and enthusiasm that one associates with youth. He might well be content to rest on his laurels, but that is not the way of Roerich. His plea for Beauty in life must go forth

by his brush and pen. He is concerned less with to-day than with the future, into which he looks with a far-seeing eye. Beyond these days of darkness and destruction he sees rays of light when Beauty shall come into her own and reign supreme in a glorious world that has been made temporarily hideous by the hand of man. In the peaceful atmosphere of his Himalayan Home Roerich prepares us for a brighter future and sends out his message and plea in all his work, a message that Christ and all great Teachers and thinkers throughout the ages have given to mankind, and one which this troubled world so sorely needs to-day, it may be summed up in the words: "Peace and goodwill to you and all mankind."

A.E.M.

