

ROERICH—APOSTLE OF PEACE

A Review

BY SERGE WHITMAN

In the last public word of his life, Leonid Andreyeff said of Nicholas Roerich: "His world is the world of truth." And that great soul, which was Andreyeff's, seemed in its last hour to find a new solace and benediction in Roerich's Beauty.

Those who have discovered for themselves Roerich's world and have been privileged to traverse its vastnesses, realize the truth which Andreyeff felt—that simple, impersonal truth which, like a force of nature, like mountains, like thunder, like the wind, seems to perpetually challenge and defeat man-made dogma.

It is this world which Nina Selivanova, in her book, "The World of Roerich," seeks to explore. The biography comes out parallel with a new collection of Roerich's writings published under the name of "Adamant," and together they seem the promise and its resolution. The two books come out at a time when Roerich's world has been made accessible to all by the foundation of the Roerich Museum in New York.

The creation of Roerich's universe, represented in his life, is a direct one, one of facts—and Selivanova wisely does not seek to find its explanation—but merely defines it and relates the steps of its foundation. Here, for the young generation, is the example of one who walks the straight way—upon the mountains.

From the beginning he seems to know this goal and steadily progresses towards it, meeting and overcoming each obstacle on his

way and going another step nearer his destiny. Thus, for instance, in the very beginning of his career, Selivanova tells us that when his father demanded that he enter the university and become a jurist—Roerich neither defied nor contradicted, instead he accomplished the unprecedented; he entered the university and the Academy at the same time, taking both strenuous courses with honor and gaining his ends.

Another unthwarted characteristic of his

nature is to search for truth with his own hands and his own spirits. In his youth he himself unbears the past, gray and dusky, and disinters the remains of primitive man. He learns the heart of Russia, not through the pale reflex of books and in the silence of the library, but by traversing the length and breadth of Russia, himself walking her ancient by-ways and touching her yesterdays. So he is able to revive in his paintings and in his writings, her past. Thus, intimately knowing her



NICHOLAS ROERICH AND HIS SON AT
THE SITES OF ANCIENT BUDDHISM

spirit, he is able for a quarter of a century as educator to lead his country in its creative life.

As with the past so with the present, and with the future: Knowing Russia, Roerich does not stop—he goes to new fields. He spreads his gospel of peace in Europe, and then goes still onward to America. Here he searches the entire country, his understanding mind finds outlets for America's young spirit in three institutions which he founds and leads—Cor Ardens;

Corona Mundi, International Art Center, and Master Institute of United Arts. And then again he goes further—this time the East, which his own soul has long known intimately and has intuitively interpreted, calls him to the latest step of his career.

Selivanova thus shows us why Roerich's world is so universal and why his influence has transcended his own country, bringing into twenty-one countries of the world his word of international understanding. No creations show more definitely the conquest he has made or the infinite boundary of his universe than his final paintings in Tibet and America, where he has seen the ancient fulfillment of the Legends foretelling the coming of the New Era. His art is as impersonal and as all-seeing as a star which beholds past, present and future merge into the eons, with their successive ebb and flow of man's ever-evolving spirit.

And it is with this vision that he writes his own book "Adamant."

Rare is the creator who can translate the formula of his ideals from one medium into another, and can transmute at will into words the delicate substance of his spirit. But find the words of such an one, and we come upon the prophecy and teachings of the future. Such, then, is this book of Roerich, "Adamant." There is a unique significance for one thing about the title. For throughout the book one faces those adamant truths—those sign-posts to which humanity comes again and again, though we take ever so circuitous a path, ever so roundabout a by-way. In a language akin to the patriarchs of old who beheld the vision of a greater counselor, Roerich talks of those qualities of brotherhood to which man is evolving with such travail, and with such perversity. Roerich sees the way clearly, and if he propound international peace it is not as an apostle of quiescence, but as one who acts, as one who demands firm and absolute results.

This is the word which could be written only by one who had felt the pulse of many peoples, sounded the tocsin of many victories. One may recognize that the synthesis of all his diversified activities has brought him to one point—to the apostolacy

of international peace. One may now understand that his achievements have been expressions of one theme—that of international brotherhood, and of understanding among men.

In these sixteen essays, Roerich exerts his wand of light to scatter that dreadful overhanging cloud conjured up by our own ignorance. So is his opening challenge: "Whence is the knowledge of reality of things to come? Whence is unity to come, that unity which is the true guaranty of steady forward movement? Whence then are wise mutual relations to arise? Only on the basis of true beauty and of true knowledge can a sincere understanding between the nations be achieved. And the real guide would be the universal language of knowledge and of the beauty of art. Only these guides can establish that kindly outlook which is so necessary for future creative work.

"By what means will you call forth your spirit? By what means will you lay bare that which in man is buried under the fragments of his everyday life? Again and again I repeat: By the beauty of art, by the depths of knowledge. In them and in them alone are contained the victorious conjurations of the spirit. And the purified spirit will show you what knowledge is true, what art is real. I am assured that you will be able to call your spirit to your aid. That spirit, your guide, will show you the best paths. It will lead you to joy and victory. But even to victory it will lead you by a lofty path, whose steps are bound together by knowledge and beauty alone. An arduous path awaits the whole world, the trial by assimilation of truth. After the mediaeval trials by fire, water and iron, now comes the trial by assimilation of beauty. But this test is more severe than the trials of antiquity. Prepare to achieve! Prepare for that achievement which is a matter of daily life. Meanwhile have a care for everything that serves to advance the perception of truth. Approach with special gratitude all that shows forth the stages of beauty. At this time all this is especially difficult.

"But adamant-like stands Beauty."

The sixteen essays, diverse as they are in their themes, have a unique kinship in that they reiterate the summons to love, beauty and action. It is as though a penetrating light brought out, one after another, the far-extended aspects of the ways of men in relation to peace. In "Shield" Roerich makes his summons to the young generation to keep intact the Shield and to preserve it from the corrosions which threaten: "You, young people," he bids them, "have before you the most wondrous tasks; to raise the bases of culture of the spirit. Of course, you are witnesses to the cosmic process of the destruction of mechanical civilization and of the creation of the foundation of the culture of the spirit. Among national moments the first place will belong to the revaluation of work; the crown of which is a widely understood creation and knowledge. Moreover, only these two motive powers make up that international language of which feverishly-seeking mankind stands in such need. Creation is the pure prayer of the spirit. Art is the heart of the people. Knowledge is the brain of the people. Only through the heart and through wisdom can mankind arrive at union and mutual understanding. Now to understand is to forgive. The new governments will inscribe on the banners, 'The prayer of the spirit, art, and knowledge' and will understand that he who bears with him the true spirit of national life must not even for a moment forget the achievement of spiritual life. Otherwise the builder will have no path before him and ruin will await him.

"You, young generation, have the right to demand from the government the opening of paths of art and knowledge. You must be able to say with clear conscience that even when circumstances were hardest you did not forget those great foundations of life, beauty and wisdom—realized in your lives the achievement which replaces the joy of destruction by the true joy of creation."

And as he proceeds throughout the book, his pen like a sword slashes at those fungi and lichens, that hang heavy upon the tree of our civilization, hiding its beauty and sucking away its life-sap. It is simply and unswervingly that he looks upon the truth

and pronounces it. He sees that, though our civilization has brought us far from the dusky dawn of the stone age, and the new intricacies of mechanical civilization have added to the complexities of life, we have not found new formulas for truth. Nor have we learned to pronounce truth any the more sincerely. If we are to conquer the dragons of the present, we must use the self-same weapons used by our forebears, which stand through the ages, awaiting only the courageous hand to wield them.

Summed up, this book is the word of one who dares to be simple and to be truthful. Who, in an age when sophistries, when denials, when controversies cloud the mind, goes back to the fundamentals. We who seek the hidden secrets of international understanding and the peace which encompasses all humanity, must regard Roerich as the great apostle and prophet of the way to Peace. He knows that dissertations of statesmen will not chain the fury of the world, but that beauty and creation will eventually bind together the hearts of men. Roerich—Torch-bearer!

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

—Thomas Jefferson.

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope' their golden eyes,
With everything that pretty is—
My lady, sweet, arise!

—Shakespeare.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Our President, Mrs. Hammond, has generously sponsored the May issue of THE FOREWORD, which is known as the Book Number. We are indebted to her for the delightful article on "Poetry, New and Old," by Abbie Farwell Brown, for Harold Vincent Milligan's interesting account of the work undertaken by the National Music League, for the instructive reviews of "Books That Have Helped Me," and "Some Books of the Past Year," and for Miss Alice Hammond's attractive description of the Magic Carpet Room.

We are charmed to number Abbie Farwell Brown among our contributors this month. As poet, Miss Brown is the author of several volumes of lyrics. "Heart of New England" is characteristic, as by right of birth and tradition Miss Brown voices the spirit of that section. She is an authority on the poetry of the day and on the literature of childhood and her songs are sung in many schools. Among her charming classics for children is a story of Edward MacDowell's boyhood, "The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," and "John of the Woods."

Miss Florence Leonard, well-known pianist and teacher of Philadelphia and New York, studied under Rudolf Breithaupt of Berlin, Germany, and is the foremost exponent of the Breithaupt System of Technique in America. Her work is enthusiastically endorsed by Breithaupt, who is known as a pioneer in the field of modern piano technique, his ideas and principles being endorsed by Mme. Teresa Carreno, Busoni, Hofmann, Godowsky and others. Miss Leonard has been a frequent contributor to the musical magazines and has addressed the New York State Music Teachers' Association, the Philadelphia Music Teachers' Association and other conferences of teachers.

It would seem that New England was fertile soil for the production of poetry! Mazie V. Caruthers of Norwich, Conn., whose charming lyric, "Quand Meme," appeared in our December issue, has loaned us the exquisite lines called "Birches," and "Miracles," to which Cleo Damianakes' lovely wood block forms so fitting a pendant.

Mr. Harold V. Milligan, organist of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, has recently been appointed director of the National Music League, of which Miss Marie Kieckhoefer is associate director.

Prof. Nicholas Roerich, the great Russian artist, author and savant, contributed a splendid message to the readers of THE FOREWORD two years ago. He brings to youth a most sympathetic understanding and he expresses great faith in America's artistic future through a more general and widespread interest in art in this country and through the education of children along those lines. We are indebted to Frances R. Grant, executive director of Corona Mundi, for the very able review by Serge Whitman of Prof. Roerich's three books of recent date, "Adamant," "World of Roerich," and "Art of Roerich."

The clever pen and ink drawings suggesting titles of some of the popular books of the year were done by Dorothy Bunting, Attie Terry, Cornelia Cunningham, Ruth Miller and Edith Hopkins.

help to solve. We have made an alliance with The General Federation of Women's Clubs, by which we will be able to secure concert appearances for selected young American artists at comparatively small fees. The young artists will be selected by an impartial committee in a series of auditions, and every club using a young artist in a program will report back to the League as to his or her success with the public. The fee for the young artist's services will be advanced according to the report—they will stand or fall by their public record. The National Music League is not a managerial agency. It does not take fees or commissions—its work is entirely philanthropic. We do not support, feed, clothe, house or educate young musicians. We provide them with opportunity. We believe that the young musician ought to be just as self-respecting as any one else, and not be forced to accept charity in order to get a hearing.

Another feature of the work of the League which should appeal to readers of *The Three Arts Magazine* is the student membership, which costs only \$2 a year, and which enables the member to buy tickets for practically all the concerts given in New York City for half-price or less. This does not mean debut recitals, for which most of the tickets are given away, but concerts given by the established artists and organizations. During the past season, the League sold over 40,000 concert tickets to members at reduced rates, many of them as low as 50 cents a ticket.

The League also has a Housing Committee, which is glad to help music students to find proper living conditions in New York, to obtain practice opportunities, part-time work and to solve other problems connected with student life.

The present offices of the League are in the Fisk Bldg., 250 West 57th St., using the former name, "City Music League." As soon as the new Steinway Bldg. is finished at 109 West 57th St. (presumably about May 1st), the National Music League will have its offices there, together with the ticket office, where concert tickets are sold to members.

Readers of *The Three Arts Magazine* are cordially invited to become members of the League. Those who wish to help on the work may do so by bringing the plan of the League to any music patrons whom they think it would interest. The League is entirely philanthropic, and requires financial backing in order to carry out its work to the fullest extent. Subscriptions of from \$10 to \$1,000 are invited and further information will be gladly furnished to any who may be interested.

MAGIC CARPET BOOK ROOM

BY ALICE FRANCES HAMMOND

The Magic Carpet Book Room is a unique spot, and I know of no more delightful surroundings in which to buy books. It was opened by Mrs. Waldo Richards last October, and already true to its name, it has flown to new quarters at 7 East 54th Street.

In the large and sunny Book-Room are well-filled shelves containing interesting biographies, poetry, fiction, essays, unusual English publications, and well-chosen travel and garden books. Here one may sit in comfortable arm-chairs and peruse the books at leisure. There is also a lending library which specializes in interesting non-fiction, besides the best and latest novels.

Every other Thursday afternoon Mrs. Richards gives a tea, at which some interesting literary person speaks and to which all are welcome. Louis Bromfield, Grant Overton, Joseph Auslander, Abbie Farwell Brown, and Jean Kenyon Mackenzie have been among the winter's speakers. There are lectures under the auspices of The Magic Carpet Book Room from time to time at the Art Center, at which Walter de la Mare and James Stephens have spoken. On Tuesday, April 14th, Amy Lowell will read from her own poetry.

The Magic Carpet Book Room at 7 East 54th Street is open every week day from ten to five o'clock, and visitors are cordially welcome.

A REVIEW OF ETHEL NEWCOMB'S BOOK, "LESCHETIZKY AS I KNEW HIM"

BY MARGUERITE BARTHOLOMEW

Undoubtedly the two most compelling and romantic personalities of the golden era of music during the nineteenth century were Franz Liszt and Theodor Leschetizky. Each through his achievements as artist and teacher contributed enormously toward the development of modern piano playing, and each through extraordinary mental gifts, magnetic presence and nobility of nature was a dominant figure in the brilliant and cultured society of the Continent.

Contemporaries for many years, Liszt, the elder, was born at Raiding, Hungary, in 1811 and died at Bayreuth, Bavaria, in 1886; Leschetizky was born near Lemberg, Poland, in 1830 and died in Dresden in 1915.

Liszt was the most phenomenal pianist of all time. He established the first great master class for pianists, and talented pupils from all parts of Europe and America flocked to study with him. But for all his kindliness of disposition and generosity toward worthy talent, where ever he met it, he remained essentially the artist and composer with something of aristocratic aloofness in his attitude toward all.

Leschetizky, likewise a remarkable pianist, combined first and foremost the qualities which won for him recognition as the greatest teacher of piano the world has ever known.

And Ethel Newcomb, an American girl, who, during the latter part of his great career, enjoyed the distinction of being one of his favorite pupils and assistants, gives in her delightful memoirs, "Leschetizky As I Knew Him," an intimate and beautiful insight into the life and personal traits of the master.

In Vienna, Europe's most brilliant capital, he lived like a potentate, surrounded by devoted followers. We meet him as *maestro*, as artist, as friend, as social figure—a romantic personality, to whom life was an absorbing drama in its many and varied aspects.

"He loved people," says Miss Newcomb, "and next to music, he found humanity the most interesting thing in the world."

And this characteristic forms one of the most beautiful traits brought out in the book. Leschetizky literally lived for his pupils. It is small wonder that he made great pianists of them. He watched over them like children, knew them intimately—with tact and kindness he criticized their little faults and foibles, launched them upon their artistic careers and made their problems his own. Naturally their response brought rich rewards to the master.

In his teaching Leschetizky was rigorous to a degree. He made the highest demands. His training was relentless but those that survived were well able to weather the stress of a public career. He showed infinite patience and resource in dealing with their discouragements and problems, but he was equally intolerant of sham, pretense and mediocrity.

A special feature of his work were the famous class lessons. Miss Newcomb says: "It would be quite impossible to exaggerate the importance of these occasions to the students or to Leschetizky. We met at about five o'clock in the afternoon and so far from there being any real formality, the atmosphere was very festive and exciting. Leschetizky was happy on those occasions, and always appeared with his white hair beautifully dressed and curled for 'his family,' as he called his pupils. Nothing was allowed to interfere with these Wednesday afternoon private concerts, called the 'class.'

"It was the master's purpose to make the conditions as difficult as possible for those who played. 'Learn to play in public here,' he said, 'and if you can do it here you can do it anywhere!'

"He said that for twenty-five years he had kept a record of every piece played in the class and the name of every student who performed. About one hundred and fifty students made up the class, and from them, a half dozen or so, who had good lessons, or who were preparing for concerts, were asked to play. I had heard rumors of some who had actually broken down there; and this, I discovered, was as great

an offense and affront to the class as it would be to an audience."

"I was a bit overwhelmed, knowing the brilliant students, who were part of that season's class, when Leschetizky asked me at my second lesson if I did not wish to play. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was there; also Katherine Goodson, George Proctor of Boston, Arthur Schnabel and Bertha Jahn, the class prodigies."

Often there were great singers present, who took part in the program. Leschetizky usually played their accompaniments, and on one occasion Loie Fuller brought Isidora Duncan, then a great favorite in Vienna, and she danced for the class to Leschetizky's wonderful interpretations.

Pupils who had played were asked to stay to supper. These were festive occasions that lasted far into the night. There was much brilliant conversation, usually on art and music, and often Leschetizky would play himself and entrance all present by his beautiful tone and wonderful interpretative powers.

Frequently his favorite pupils joined him on rambles and excursions through the charming suburbs of Vienna. It was a favorite diversion of his to go to the Gypsy camps outside the city and listen to their wild, passionate music. He declared there was much to be learned from their irresistible rhythms and temperamental abandon.

And there are fascinating glimpses of the many-sided, highly-colored Viennese life—select gatherings in the salons of the cultured where statesmen, clergymen, artists and actors from all parts of Europe met together on the most familiar and easy terms; musical Soirées and the famous public balls and carnivals, in many of which Leschetizky took part.

Miss Newcomb brings to us an engrossing picture of Vienna's golden yesterday and every music student should find it most entertaining and instructive reading.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain
And drinking largely sobers us again.

LOUISE HARRIS WRITES OF SUNNY SPAIN

(The following letter from Spain was received by Miss Seaborn from Louise Harris, one of our Art girls, who went abroad this spring to do research work in Spain and later go to Paris.)

Sevilla, Spain, Feb. 25.

Dear Miss Seaborn:

Sunny Spain has proved itself more engrossing and romantic than even I could imagine. I have enjoyed every minute I've been here, and the rest I promised myself, first on the boat, then throughout this month, is still something I have to look forward to.

The girl I'm with and I were fortunate in having a friend in New York, a Spaniard, who asked us to meet his family and his particular friend here in Sevilla. They all came to see us the first day we were here and since then we have been going the rounds of Sevilla, and at a great rate of speed. American girls are little known and therefore quite at a premium to know, as we have been entertained gorgeously by these dashing Spanish cavaliers. For the past three days there has been a carnival. All of my clothes are full of confetti and my throat is choked with dust. But it was worth it. In the afternoons we'd be taken in carriages along the Paseo, throwing serpentine and having them thrown at us. The more gallant toss violets and lilies. It's wonderful to always have fresh flowers to wear on my coat. It seems quite like home as far as the weather is concerned. The Spaniards lead such a nice indolent life; one that I could fall into easily. We have our breakfast abed and tarry over our dressing, then we're ready to go out to sketch around ten. We return to the hotel for dinner at 1:30 or 2, and have until 4 to work, when some of the boys come and we're off to ride and dance until 8:30, when we return and dress for dinner. At 10:30 or 11 the boys return and we're off for more dancing until 3. It's a lovely life. We were fortunate in meeting a young earl here, who has two beautiful palaces which he has taken us to see. It reminded me of the times when

the Art Committee took us to such sumptuous homes last winter. The palaces are beautiful show places, but I wouldn't like to live in them. The Earl is giving us another dancing tea at the Country Club this afternoon at 6. He dances like a real American and it's a pleasure to be entertained by him.

Tomorrow we're having a private bull fight in our honor. We have to leave the first of the month in order to get to the other places we want to visit and get up to Paris in March. The big fights don't take place until after Lent, so one of the men arranged a small *fiesta* at his country place. I'm terribly anxious to see it, and hope to get some good snaps.

The Cathedral here is to me the most satisfying thing I have seen. It is so huge that it envelops me with the most sublime feeling. The last three days at 5 o'clock there have been dances in the main altar in the Cathedral which were wonderfully impressive. We managed to see them two days. It's a custom which is practiced only in Sevilla and Toledo, and has been practiced for the last six hundred years. The great uncle of one of our friends here was the Archbishop of Sevilla once upon a time, and he led a colony of objectors of the *Seiser* (the dances). He took his troubles to the Pope, who became interested in the situation and sent here for the ten small boys to dance for him. After he'd seen the dance he was charmed with it, but compromised with the Archbishop by saying that after the costumes were worn out that the boys wear, the dances would have to cease. That Archbishop has died since and now those costumes are guarded with the most infinite care, and mended so that they will last forever, and so the *Seiser* will go on, three times a year, until goodness knows when. The organ in the church is the largest in the world, I believe, and we go every day when we know it is going to play. We've probably heard it for the last time now, since this is Ash Wednesday, and there probably will be little music until Holy Week.

I've found an old house on the outskirts of town that I want to buy. It needs a

good scrubbing, as does most everything here belonging to the poor, but it is one of the most charming places I've seen. The provincial architecture in the north of Spain is beautiful, also I wish I could come back every year about this time and stay until after Easter.

As far as I know I'll be coming back alone in July, and it will be hard to leave Europe, but I know that the New York skyline will be a welcome sight. I am looking forward to seeing the girls in Paris, who can give me news of you all, when I will write you again.

Very sincerely,

LOUISE HARRIS.

YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees—it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity; of the appetite of adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty, more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old, indeed, and may God have mercy on your soul.

Roerich Evokes the Spirit of Youth

By SERGE WHITMAN

Illustrated by Nine Reproductions of Nicholas Roerich's Paintings and a Portrait of the Artist

"YOU young people have before you the greatest of missions: to uplift the bases of the culture of spirit, to replace the mechanical civilization by the civilization of spirit. Knights of the spirit that you are, you will remain no longer in the city of the dead. You will build up a country which is bright and beautiful and full of wisdom. Let us join in the invisible threads of the spirit. I call to you, in the name of beauty and wisdom, combine for struggle and for labor."

It was in his essay, "Joy of Art," as well as in numerous other of his writings, that Nicholas Roerich, one of the greatest artistic figures of our time, made this evocation to young artists and students of the world, calling them to their splendid responsibility and mission.

For students, the word of Nicholas Roerich has a special significance. In the first place, he represents for them an ideal as one of the few men in art history, to whom an entire museum is dedicated. Perhaps he is even the first modern artist to whose art a museum has been founded during his lifetime.

And now while Roerich is still at the very summit of his creative power, the Roerich



"CORRIDOR IN THE CASTLE"—Omaha Art Institute



"DREAM OF THE ORIENT"

—Roerich Museum.

Museum already stands in New York, at 310 Riverside Drive, as a monument to his creative genius: a tribute to him as an artist, as well as educator, thinker, philosopher. The Roerich Museum was founded on November 17, 1923, and has just celebrated its third anniversary. Its collections comprise 600 of the 3,000 paintings of Roerich—the other 2,500 being in the leading museums and private collections of the world.

The Museum was founded by the Master Institute of United Arts and Corona Mundi, International Art Center, of New York, after the touring exhibition of

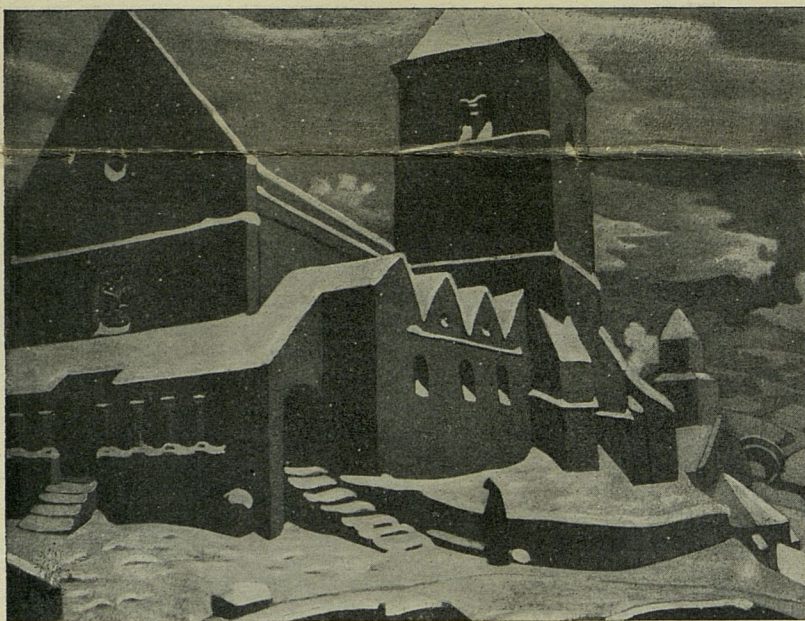
Roerich's work throughout America under the auspices of the Chicago Art Institute, had indicated the great demand for a permanent home in this country for Roerich's art. Individual museums throughout America had secured many of the paintings for their collections, but many were voicing their wish for a museum where Americans might have permanent recourse to this art.

The founding of the institution which bears Roerich's name came to this artist after a career of continuous honors—a career which passed its thirty-fifth year last December. It is a fantastic career, one of such direct



—Roerich Museum.

ONE OF ROERICH'S BEST RUSSIAN PAINTINGS



—Roerich Museum.
"REPENTANCE"

striving that to the student it has a special significance. Born in Leningrad, Roerich was descended on his father's side from Viking stock which had been in Russia for centuries. On his mother's side, he comes from the old Russian stock in Pskof.

As a boy, he spent his summers in the family estate at Isvara, and this ancient part of Russia was dotted with the mounds of Russia's forebears. A fascination lay for the boy in these remembrances of the past, a fascination irresistible, one which could be satisfied only by excavating the mounds and finding the remarkable examples of the Stone Age buried thereunder. Here

begins his archeological interest, one which he has pursued on numerous trips through all parts of the world.

Like most artists he faced opposition to his career. His father, as a famous attorney, desired Nicholas to follow in his footsteps but the latter, with that ability which he has shown to reconcile widely varied points of view by some larger decision, at once accomplished what seemed the impossible. He went at the same time to the Academy and to the University, graduating from both with signal honors.

At the Academy he worked with that stalwart artist, Kuindjy, and on the occasion of his first exhibition when his work was honored by being purchased for the Tretiakoff Gallery in Moscow, it was evident that there could no longer be opposition to the way of his choice.

Then follows a straight record of Roerich as artist, thinker, educator—influencing the educational life of a score of countries. Through Russia, France, England, Italy, Scandinavia, the master passes, his work bringing its deep influence on artistic traditions.

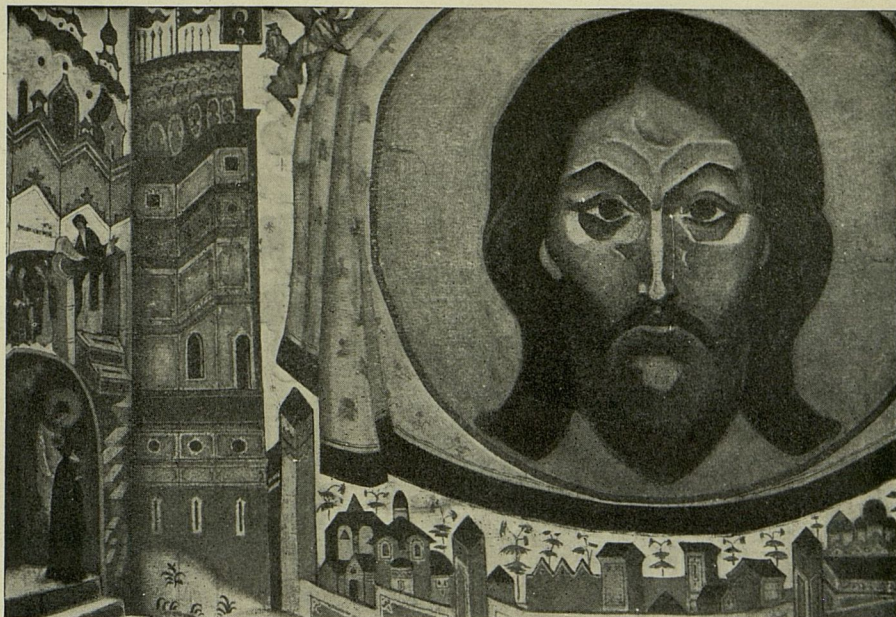
From there until his arrival in America, at the invitation of the Chicago Art Institute, word of his genius was reaching this country in the writings of An-

dreyeff, Denis Roche, Maurice Denis, Tagore and others, and when he arrived here it was as one familiar to the people. For three years his works toured America making deep impress upon the artistic life, and becoming, as Dr. Eggers, Mr. Hershe, Dr. Hewett, Dr. Kaun and other leaders of American museum life have said, one of the greatest of influences.

His life in America is also filled with a full harvest of creation, and the greatest honors come to him culminating in the founding of the Museum which bears his name. But Roerich is anxious still to make new flights—he is looking on to the heights of Himalaya—and in 1923 he set out on the Roerich Art Expedition to transmit to his canvases those summits of earth, those deep gorges and recesses of glittering Asia. His caravan is again on its march of achievement, flaming new trails.

Throughout the fantasy of this life, however, there is one strain constantly resounding—and that is his constant evocation to youth, to students, to young artists. In Russia, as Director of the Academy for the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Roerich led the artistic and educational cohorts of his country; as first president of the "World of Art," a great art society; then in America as founder of the Master Institute of United Arts and of Corona Mundi, International Art Center, he is constantly voicing his hopes in the ardent young creators, the banner bearers of this new artistic era before us.

The Roerich Museum Fullerton Waldo has hailed as so important an addition to America's art life, and Zuloaga and Mestrovic ardently pronounce it as a great monument to a lofty spirit. Going through the rooms



"AND WE SEE" (Sancta Series)

—Roerich Museum



"Pskov" (Pskovitianka)

—Roerich Museum

which compose this great monument of America, one feels that here are vistas of creation, here is an artist whose creative power seems ever to renew itself, and ever to find new universes to conquer.

"How can we open schools and teach?" he once said in answer to a question. "Simply. Let us not expect great buildings or sigh over primitive conditions and lack of material. The smallest room—not larger than the cell of Fra Beato Angelico in Florence, can con-

tain the most valuable possibilities for art. The smallest assortment of colors will not diminish the artistic substance of creation and the poorest canvas may be the receptor of the most sacred image.

"If there comes the realization of the imminent importance of teaching Beauty, let it be begun without delay. One must know that means will come if there will be manifest the enduring enthusiasm. Give knowledge and you will receive possibilities; and the more liberal the giving the richer the receiving.

"In these contacts of enthusiasm the school work quickly progresses and early, new forces are gathered as the most worthy guardians of the future culture of the spirit. How to recruit these new ones? This is most simple. If over the work glow the sign of simplicity, beauty and fearlessness, new forces will readily assemble. Young heads long deprived and expecting the wonderful miracle, will come. Only let us not permit these seekers to pass us by. Only let us not pass by one of them in the twilight!"

And so the hands and spirit of the great artist are reaching out in all fullness to those young ones, who will carry the banners of the new day of art.

From another point of view Roerich, to the student and youth is a source of tremendous inspiration—and, that is from the point of view of his never-failing inspirational power. It is difficult to recall, in art history, a creator whose fund of inspiration has so covered the gamut of human fantasy and vision. One must turn to Pushkin, with his endless delight in legend and lore; or to Maeterlinck for his elusive love of life, and finally to Wagner with his great heroic cycles, which in comparison can be likened to some of Roerich's series.

Roerich's never-failing inspiration is the result of his tremendous inward containment, his ability to synthesize all aspects of the world's life. As Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the San Diego Museum, said of Roerich, he is like Browning's ideal man, *Sordello*, all-containing, all-imparting. This blossoming of one's intellectual and spiritual fires is



"SADKO'S PALACE"—Adolph Lewisohn Collection, New York

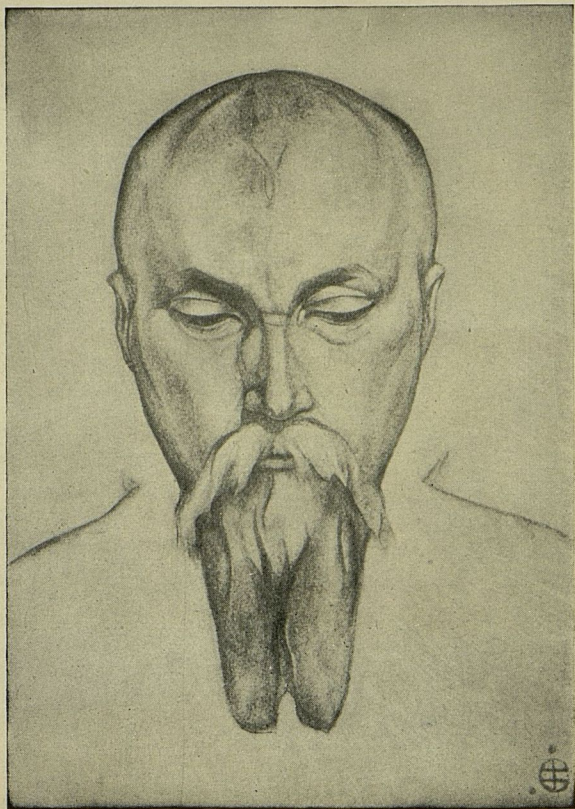
an ideal to which the youth, beginning his artistic life, may find an ever-luminous star to follow.

In his work, he covers the entire gamut of history, myth, legend and spiritual foundations in his art, beginning with his series of "Stone Age." Then he also completes his great Viking Series. That background which he inherited from his father's ancestry, seems to well up in Roerich, and when he paints the epic of the Varengian, that heroic Odyssey of the North, we feel the power, the wrestling force of these conquerors, invincible.

When he turns to some of his stage settings—to Maeterlinck, Wagner, Ibsen, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Mousorgsky, and others—he goes deep down beneath the



"CALL OF THE BELLS" (Pskov)



NICHOLAS ROERICH. By S. Roerich.

surface of the theater, to the heart of the author. He evokes the spirit of the author and translates it into color and line, so that the characters in his theatrical settings find themselves in the very ground in which they were conceived, within the author's fantasy.

Then come Roerich's so-called prophetic pictures, as they were called in Russia, Scandinavia and London, during the war. These pictures including among them his "Last Angel," "Ominous Signs," "Human Deeds," "Doomed City" and others, though done before the war in moments of seeming world harmony, summon up a strange foreboding. There is an undercurrent of disaster imminent, and Roerich's spirit as Artist, seems to feel this threatening danger.

Roerich's arrival in America is accompanied again by a wave of creative achievement—this time, however, the paintings no longer hold foreboding. Within them wells up a great hope and promise for new artistic and spiritual life among the peoples. And so, in these moments, which seem so chaotic Roerich previsions, not despair but victory; out of chaos Roerich foresees the birth of the "dancing star."

Here he does his "Messiah" painting, "Sancta" series, "Bridge of Glory"—his settings of the southwest as well as of Maine's ocean scenes, so that he touches and portrays the whole spirit of the country. From America Roerich starts out on his Roerich Art Expedition—to Asia. There in the Himalayas, he completes the panorama of 150 paintings now in America, at the Roerich



"SONG OF THE WATERFALL"

Museum, and constituting the Helena Roerich Wing of the exhibition. Here he sees "His Country," "Himalayan and Tibetan Paths," "Banners of the East," all summing up the life of the East and touching the cosmic symbols which the giants of Himalaya transmit to his artist's spirit.

At the height of his recognition, Roerich found new peaks to climb, scaling the recesses of Himalaya. He wrestled with obstacles, like a true Viking, and sought outlying paths of the world upon which to turn the light of his creative genius.

To students he must be a constant inspiration—the flowing spirit of his work, the ever-renewed force of his life and genius, will be an attestation of the force and power which a great creative light brings to his contemporaries.

THIS Christmas number—the tenth in the history of THE AMERICAN ART STUDENT AND COMMERCIAL ARTIST—is the LARGEST issue of this magazine which has yet appeared, marking another milestone in our growth and necessitating a slight increase in price. The subscription rate of \$2.50 a year (\$3.00 foreign, including Canada and Mexico) remains in effect *only until January 1, 1927*, after which no new subscriptions will be accepted at the old rate.

The year 1926 has been an eventful one, in which two of our monthly issues had to be skipped on account of staff changes and other reorganization work culminating in the permanently enlarged issue you're now reading.

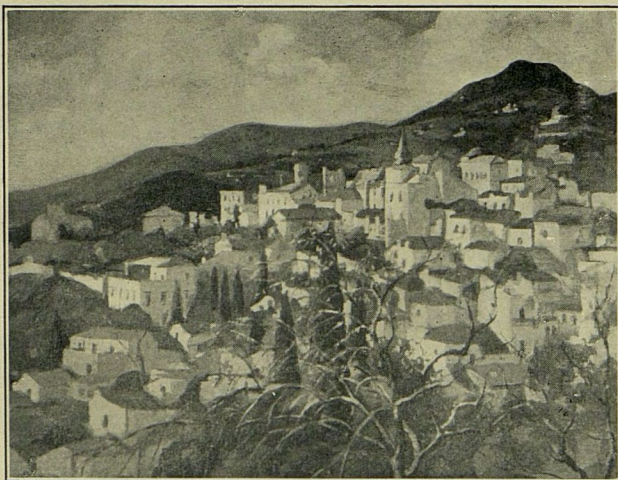
THE AMERICAN ART STUDENT AND COMMERCIAL ARTIST, with bigger circulation than any other art magazine in the world, accepts advertisements only when it is satisfied that they are legitimate and of definite value to the artist or student. In consistently holding to this policy, we have been obliged to reject nearly two and a half pages of advertising for this issue alone, because we felt that the material or course offered was inferior or of questionable benefit.

The advertising which we did accept has our unqualified recommendation. We refer to those pages for suggestions for Christmas gifts to artists as well as for all-year-round service. The student is entitled to the best supplies obtainable at reasonable prices.



"KAMLA," by Robert Vonnoh, N. A., in the "One-Man Show" Held Last Month at Durand-Ruel's, New York

Incidentally, the increased size of this periodical does *not* mean a rise in advertising rates at the present time. Every department is designed to help the art student.



TWO PAINTINGS IN CURRENT EXHIBITIONS AT THE HOLT GALLERY, NEW YORK. (Left) "SICILIAN CITY," by Helen McCarthy of New York. (Right) "ENTWINGING PETUNIAS," by Cora Brooks, of Philadelphia.

Writing In Flame

The Art Of Nicholas Roerich

(By Serge Whitman)

Gradually the power of colour is unfolding itself to humanity. Medicine has made colour one of its allies, thereby conceding its mission in the human plan. Psychologists have recognised its impelling effect on human emotion, and the force of its vibrations, falling athwart human existence, becomes more and more evident.

To the Artist this knowledge is intuitive and has been with the genius, from time immemorial, for the artist senses the pulse of life with a psychic power not given to the common run of men. As history has shown, often pre-figures events, and the artist is often a prophet.

Therefore, with him this scientific knowledge is instinct.

As one of the greatest artists of our time, Nicholas Roerich has transmitted the message of beauty to this era as few others have done; and he has done this through the complete synthesis of his art—its harmonious line, its colour, its design, its inner symbolism. All these have crystallised into one of the most impelling messages in cultural history.

It is to the colour aspect of his work that we would especially confine ourselves here, for in this Roerich's work allies itself to science and becomes a matter of essential guidance, as it were, to those to whom the study of man's spiritual reactions are so essential.

This master, since the very beginning of his art, revealed his remarkable feeling and knowledge of colour and utilised it. With the inner vision, with which the artist seems endowed, he brought colour into his paintings as an ally of his spiritual ideal, and utilised it to transmit his message.

There is a positivism in his colours which signifies that, though Roerich utilises them entirely naturally, he possesses great scientific knowledge of their application.

In each of Roerich's paintings one is enveloped in a dominant mood for, out of the painting one feels an atmosphere which irradiates therefrom and enfolds the onlooker. And, allied with his dominant emotion, one finds a dominant colour mood which is the garment of its vibrations and the medium of its mood.

Art is ever in advance of science—it gives the conclusion which science eventually checks up, through painstaking and detailed measures. But the road of intuition and spirit is the faster way, and undoubtedly science will, in the future, be able to find out why meditation, joy, exultation, are evoked upon the sight of great masterpieces.

Roerich has generally bathed his paintings in a sea of one colour, and he seems to have covered the gamut of human sentiment, and sensed the instinctive feelings of man since early history. Studying a few of Roerich's works colouristically, we begin to learn the fascination of his art, and we feel some life-giving quality, some healing power, which emanates from them.

Full of this colouristic suggestion is the painting—"Dream of the Orient", which is dominantly yellow. We see the great expanse of heaven's architrave, with sparse brown trees dramatically set in relief. Against the sky one discerns the face of a giant. This, then, is the dreamer of the orient asleep, but in a slumber not visionless. When shall that dreamer awaken? In this painting one feels that the very colour plays a role of great significance. One feels in it the yellow of the dawning sky, of the East, or of the robes of lamas. One feels a yellow as of the domes of Kublai Khan or of the banners of Timur.

Yellow is said to be the colour of the mind. Behind this painting is cogitation. Behind this sleeping giant, is a greater profound vision. When shall the dreamer awaken? Is he determining upon this? It is a painting which rouses one to speculation.

In complete contrast, colouristically, is "The Bridge of Glory," completed in America. Here is a painting in the blue of night, a night of revelation. Roerich painted this in Maine. This is significant in that, Roerich's spirit seemed to feel in America the fulfilment of the age-old heritages of the world. This scene thus has its importance.

But gazing at the picture one forgets locale—it is a setting of all the world, for the painting has its cosmic conception. Might envelope the earth. The sky vibrates with a divine blue, and the rocks and land beneath are deep-

er, as though the veils of blue were enwrapped more heavily over the soil. Above the horizon, amidst the night of sapphires, the bridge of glory—the aurora—spreads its wings. It is of blue and silver, intermingling, glimmering in iridescent splendour. In the foreground stands a figure—Saint Sergius, he whom Russia has named the righteous. He stands gazing upon the bridge of glory as though entranced, recognising in it the symbol of that bridge of beauty of common brotherhood which must connect earth and heaven.

Blue is the dominating colour in many of Roerich's Himalayan paintings—the last which he has finished and which have been only recently sent back in their entirety to the Roerich Museum in New York. In this series, which comprises some 150 paintings of the 600 in the Museum, one feels that the apotheosis of colour has been attained. Here colour has become resplendent; the whole spectrum of light irradiates with a compelling and unforgettable beauty.

Thus in his final series, "Banners of the East," Roerich has achieved the unprecedented, in painting the series of all the great Teachers of the World. Each painting is flooded in a single predominant tone, as though this were a very part of the Teachers' own aura. And through this Roerich conveys a complete and impelling mood.

From the colouristic standpoint, in these Himalayan paintings, all have their measure of glory, but one is especially startling, "Dorge the Daring," the Tibetan Teacher whom Roerich includes in his "Banners of the East." The painting is in a flaming red, and it is impossible to remember any other painter who has dared such colour. Here is veritable writing in flame; it seems as though earth

had suddenly opened and from its inner fires has arisen the Thunder God, Mahakala himself. A great image garbed in mountainous flames casts its fiery reflection on the world; thunder and flame dominate the earth. "Dorge," the small figure of the lama, is seated in the foreground, at the left, with his prayer wheel. He seats fearless, facing even this awesome Deity which his 'mantram' has summoned forth. He, as the conqueror of Self, has conquered the world and can calmly face Mahakala. In this victory over self, one discerns the glorification of what power of complete self-annihilation which can conquer the ego to attain a cosmos.

Throughout all his works, one sees in Roerich this dominating colour mood, this vibrating quality which seems to become a reality and which enthralls, not only the vision but the heart and spirit of all who behold them.

Modern science is now folding back the curtain of the beyond. What was yesterday elusive to our minds, becomes to-day explicable and we begin to feel that man is a lute over which play the vibrations of the world. As man

becomes more and more attuned to the harmonious of the cosmos, so much more does the instrument of spirits vibrate in sympathy to the cosmic chords around him.

Hence the miracle of art becomes more and more a reality to us. We begin to learn what true magic and knowledge is in the heart of the world's geniuses. If artists throughout the ages have held the spirit of men in thrall, it is because the artist, by the nature of his genius, knew the secrets of colour as the expression of spirit. The artist, unconsciously even to himself, is centuries before his time.

That majestic force of colour which Roerich proclaims and which he sees as a great healing force of humanity, in his art accomplishes this mission and evokes humanity to new vision—to new outlooks into an eternal and cosmic beyond.

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