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Reprinted from ***The Scholar***, May 1933.

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RIGOR MORTIS

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

The Scholar Press,
Palghat.

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Rigor Mortis.

By Nicholas Roerich.

THE Rigor Mortis of the corpse has aroused considerable discussion. The ancient Rosicrucians speak very definitely about this strange phenomenon, from the point of view of matter. It is described how gradually the deplorable process of rigor mortis sets in not only corporeally with death but, still worse, already during life, injuring the organs of thinking.

Soulless people are being created under our eyes. One should recognize this process, not as an abstract symbol, but as evidence of psycho-physical involution. Much is given to man; vaster therefore is the breadth of his wavering. But there exist sticky regions to which the pendulum of spirit may cling for a long time, if not for ever.

Much, much effort is needed in order to escape from this rigor mortis of thought, in order to enter again upon a broad and conscious thought creativeness.

A known British Engineer—an inventor—states in the press that humanity is not ready morally to accept all the new inventions and discoveries. This affirmation from a scientist is timely and characteristic. It coincided with the ancient as well as most recent teachings of the East.

In addition to the daily newspaper communications about all manner of anti-cultural terrors, one may find in the columns of the press extraordinary indications, in a quiet tone, as though

they quite correspond to the twentieth century of our era and to our incalculable age dating from the beginning of our planetory life.

There are announcements about the attempts of some organizations at Broeken to revive black magic. And a beautiful young girl and a goat and other attributes of the black Sabbath are prepared.

In Finland an entire dark organization of necromancers has been discovered. The desecration of corpses, certain rites in the cemetaries and a complete service of the Black Crow was disclosed.

Around Bengal Bay cases of human sacrifice are mentioned. The newspapers state it as a fact, as a reality. The same newspapers announce how a festive crowd in America gathered even from afar to revel in the burning of a negro.

It was announced that recently a crowd in Berlin, decorated banners with the blood of the victims of murder,—this, not in the middles ages, but now.

In Paris some individuals attempted to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood of an executed person.

In Spain, the banderos, stained with the blood of the bullfights, fetch large sums of money.

In our twentieth century, the hearts of enemies are still torn out for bloody sacrifices. Verily, humanity is not ready to accept the latest discoveries. On one side, almost the revelation of the almighty atomic energy,—on the other side, the black mass, the cult of Satan, Bophamet and the bloody terraphim.

The human consciousness has become divided. In the general dissolution of the world the tops and bottoms have separated so widely, that an advancing movement is hardly conceivable.

A well-known periodical brings the following communication:

We are glad to learn that recently there has been organized a society with the aim of protecting and helping all victims of black magic. If somewhere, someone is the victim of an occult persecution he may communicate with the editor and all will be done to help the sufferer.

We admit that one rarely reads such a communication. Something must have occurred in order to permit such a reality to enter life.

After the bloody hecatombs of the unprecedented wars, all foundations were shattered. Instead of the awaited prosperity the finances of all countries broke down. The countries denied

all the obligations which they had solemnly announced and had guaranteed. Their billions of dollars' worth of budgets were imperilled, an army of millions of unemployed was formed. There occurred failures of banks on such a scale as would have been inconceivable in former times. The world was set trembling with great shocks, such as those of Kreuger and Insull.

Thus, suddenly, like an inexorable *karma* for the mass murder, there was created a rift of life, a rift of the world. The world divided sharply along the lines of culture. How much then of conscious creative good must be poured out in order to wash away the coagulated blood? And yet, entire organizations go to Broeken for the witch's Sabbath. *The Times* printed a photograph of the goat and the girl as if it were a vaudeville sketch.

But at the same time, under the pretext of the crisis, the activities of various cultural institutions are being curtailed. The survitors of darkness scream: "To hell with culture." And this is not fiction. It should be a great happiness to be able to acknowledge that all these ominous threats and actions did not exist.

And the workers of culture weaken on seeing how their best tasks are being covered with the ashes of darkness. And they seek vainly for something to which to turn and a place in which to gather.

And at the same time some go to Broeken and some dream of drinking a cup of blood.....Nor is it in 'occult' novels, where one may expect fiction, that these horrors take place, but in life, among starched collars.

Jesting, ribaldry, derision, blasphemy have reached their limits. Those that say that evil is equivalent to good must not forget that evil should be regarded as imperfection. Behind good there always stands the origin of creativeness. But now, instead of the invincibly guiding source, verily, the guiding Good retreats to a defensive position, thus losing the initial command and advance.

Out of shameful physical self-defence, people avoid coming close to Truth, even at the price of spiritual disgrace, but unwilling to lose their conventional standing. One may hear the killing whispers: "Preferable is fossilization, preferable rigor mortis, rather than to dare to attack ignorance."

So far, irresponsible consciousnesses calm themselves and succumb to the darkness of rigor mortis, but decay does not slumber. It realizes that now because of human cowardice, it possesses the possibility of initiative. And, verily, the initiative of darkness becomes apparent in the great as in the small.

And darkness uses its usual tactics ; it creeps in and crawls about unnoticeably. The servitors of darkness penetrate under various guises; and having once penetrated into the fortress, they scoff in self-content. The Book *Fiery World* says : "Soulless beings are known to all. This is not a symbol, but a chemical reality. One may be asked whether these incarnate in this deplorable state. This question discloses the ignorance of the foundations. No one can incarnate without a store of fiery energy. No one can enter the dense world without the torch of Agni. The dissipation of Agni takes place here among all the wonders of Nature. It is not at all necessary while scattering Agni to commit some beastly crimes. From various Teachings we know sufficiently about the successes even of robbers. Usually the dissipation of Agni is committed in daily life and in the dusk of the spirit. The growth of Agni is arrested by smallest actions. One must understand that the bliss of Agni grows naturally but when darkness encases the process towards perfection, the fire departs from the unfit depositors unnoticeably, although chemically proven."

"Beautiful is the law of eternal motion, whether of evolution or involution. Beautiful is the law which bestows on every incarnated being the eternal Agni like the light in the Darkness. Beautiful is the law which even contrary to *Karma* endows every traveller with Light. Beautiful is the law which does not arrest in one the growth of the fiery garden, even from the age of seven. Let those first flowers be small; even though they bloom upon tiny thoughts, yet they are a true inception of the future thinking. What a multitude of beautiful thoughts are generated in the heart of a seven-year-old child when the dim images of the Subtle World have not as yet left the brain and the heart! Dissipation may also begin then, if the soil of the plant be rotten. In the case of such depletion, one may help or, as was long ago said, lend the Fire. This borrowing occurs also in tiny actions. Thus thrice already I remind you about crumbs. Out of these sparks grow trememdous Fires. "Do not think of the soulless people as monsters. In various fields they even attain some mechanical advantages, but the Fire has left them and their works have grown pale."

"Every one is free to choose his own destiny, even to his final dissolution. But soulless beings are very infectious and harmful."

Following the catch in tiny nets, come the "civilized savages," a manifestation most dangerous for culture. Then, in order to purify the home from these enemies, tireless in meanness and vulgarity, one will have to apply and waste the most

precious energies. For else there will creep in the same rigor mortis which will result in the horrible death of all benevolent accumulations.

The crumbs of meanness can creep into the tiniest crevice. This shows how impenetrable must be the armour of spirit ! The servitors of darkness can explain each one of their actions, even the journey to Broeken. And they also envelop necromancy with pseudo-scientific explanations. First, pseudo civilazation, then, pseudo science, pseudo friendliness, pseudo dignity, and then, already in the full ugliness of rigor mortis, the pseudo man.

All this is not far from reality. The banners of darkness and meanness float not only over " occult ceremonies, " they also bloom forth many festivals, side-shows, and bazaars.

People still pray at times about the peace of the world, about the unity of all churches, about brotherly love, about magnanimity. But what peace is conceivable for the grinning skull, when the heart has become silent and the fires are extinguished ! And will not pseudo-fraternal love garb itself in the garment of an executioner ?

Save us from rigor mortis ! Safeguard us from all the crumbs of darkness from all domestic, vermin, brisly and infectious !

Light conquers Darkness !

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Teachership

by Professor Nicholas Roerich

Nicholas Roerich, writer of this article, is one of the world's most eminent artists and cultural leaders. In New York, the Roerich Museum has been dedicated to his name, and his masterpieces are in the major museums and collections of the world. One of the greatest aspects of his life has been his efforts for peace in the creation of the Roerich Peace Pact and Banner of Peace, based upon the principle of "Peace through Culture", and now being furthered through the "Roerich Foundation for Peace, Art, Science, and Labor", with its headquarters in the city of Bruges, Belgium. —Editor.

We have news before us from Chicago that the school teachers' salaries have been held up.

This sounds strange on the eve of the opening of the Chicago Centenary World Fair.

In the *Literary Digest* for March 18, 1933, under the title of "The Teachers' Battle for the Schools", the following most striking facts are given among many others: "Education must be deflated—so the order of the economists goes forth." . . . "We are on the battle-line," is the cry from thousands of educators gathered at the convention in Minneapolis of the Department of Superintendents of the National Education Association. . . . "Already," Dr. Cooper declares, "thousands of children in such sections are virtually without schooling. Two hundred districts in Arkansas are able to give but sixty days' school in a year, or about two years' education in eight. And similar situations prevail in Alabama, Oklahoma, and Idaho." . . . "We would prefer to make personal sacrifices,' states Prof. J. K. Norton of Teachers College, "rather than have children denied their educational birthright. It is this loyalty that has won for teachers in many communities the admiration of parents, and that has paved the way for effective cooperation in defence of the schools." . . . " 'What will it profit the nation if we maintain the credit of industrial corporations and deny education to America's children?' asks the report of the Committee on Lay Relations of Toledo, Ohio." . . .

In the last issue of the New Haven TEACHERS' JOURNAL there is a complete succession of the most remarkable information about the similar conditions in educational matters. In the leading editorial we read the following: "The crisis confronting public school education in New Haven is now in such an alarming state that one does not hesitate to say that we have arrived at the point where we feel each impending decision may be the fatal one." The article concludes with a call for rigorous justice. The following article, "Human Rights versus Money Rights" states, "Taxpayers are groaning under the weight of the expense of Government compared to their reduced incomes". "It has become increasingly evident that what was called in the beginning 'the Depression' has now become 'the Bankers' Panic'."

A third article in the same JOURNAL, under the title—"The Citizens' Conference on the Crisis in Education"—is most characteristic for our present-day perturbances and gives among other items, the "Declaration of Policy", which affirms the importance of education for the nation, protesting against the intervention of politics in school life and again calling attention to the necessity of proportionate salaries with regard to the cost of living. The declaration is compelled to repeat old axioms, apparently because there is sufficient reason for their repetition. Thus the fourth paragraph of the declaration states: "Education is a necessity, not a luxury, since the growth of the child cannot be halted or postponed during an economic emergency". And the thirty-third paragraph remarks quite justly, "If the State is to have, during

Reprinted from New Haven Teachers' Journal, June 1933

the coming generation, institutions adequate to serve its needs, it must not now unwisely weaken the human foundations of those institutions".

Such significant statements are found in this copy of a New Haven TEACHERS' JOURNAL sent to us. But even without this, we have lately read an endless list of various "necrologies" about curtailing and cutting of educational institutions especially. Verily, not in one country but everywhere, people seemingly have agreed to think no longer of the future and to discontinue the growth of educational undertakings. The condition of the teaching staff under the constant threat of sudden curtailments has become altogether unstable, thus bringing harm to education of youth.

Everywhere there are special Ministries of Public Education, Departments of Science and Art, and it is strange to observe that such institutions, which would seem to be the most essential for the progress of a cultural country, are the first to be subjected to continuous cuts. As if they were some luxury and not the most essential public necessity, without which all other ministries and departments could not even exist! People do not dare to discuss the curtailment in salaries of many other departments, but it has become a general trend of mind to suggest the cutting of salaries of teachers, which are already meagre. The teacher, who as a rule has no savings, must exist in some miraculous way, and yet he must manifest full kindheartedness, satisfaction, balance, and all those qualities which are primarily demanded of a teacher. Depressed by worries as to how to make ends meet, the teacher must wear the mask of endless patience and the smile of wisdom, when at the same time his family may not know how to balance the daily needs. Why is such exceptional civic heroism demanded only from the teacher? Why should we expect continuous, endless sacrifices just from those who are most of all in need?

A country which is aiming at construction and the positive solution of life problems cannot ignore the condition of its teachers. To ignore them would mean to ignore the destiny of its future generations. Of course the teacher who is absorbed in educational work, which requires special concentration, is the least protesting element, unless he be compelled by hopeless hardships. People desire that teachers should not only teach well, and should not only continuously bring their knowledge up-to-date, but also that teachers should arouse the love of their students. Love is inseparable from reverence and, therefore, the nation ought to create for its teachers a specially esteemed position. It is impossible to divide the teachers arbitrarily into lower and higher ones, for the synthesis of knowledge is high everywhere, and one must apply a great deal of time and concentrated effort to become imbued and remain on the crest of this synthesis of knowledge.

The teacher is a friend of a positive, creative government, because the teacher exists for continuous constructiveness and for the affirmation of human dignity. Who else will tell the young generation of the most beautiful, of the most creative, of the most powerful, of the most heroic and progressive cognizance? Verily, we expect from the teacher the knowledge of the highest conceptions. We expect from him endless patience, incessant labor, and continuous renovation, and at the same time we do not exercise care that these high conditions and demands are sufficiently guaranteed.

For twenty years I, myself, was at the head of educational institutions. Among thousands of students and hundreds of professors and teachers, one could observe in full multiformity the complexity of human interrelations. Indeed, teachership stands high, and it is most difficult. In the continuous flow of the schools' elements, one has to retain an equilibrium and must inex-

haustibly provide joy to the young spirit, that must enter life full of real hopes and high aspirations. It is to this that the teacher has pledged himself.

The conception of teachership widely permeates the whole of life, beyond school hours; how valuable if we can safeguard for our whole life in our hearts a love and reverence towards our first teachers and guides. If students entering life could realize that their teachers had suffered undeservedly and had been overburdened, many regrets would occur in the name of love and friendliness which are the foundations of education.

For the sake of these fundamentals of public life, in other words, for the sake of the foundations of Culture, one should give special attention to questions of education as the most precious, as the most sacred. If in the time of its greatest welfare the nation must give the greatest care to the solving of educational problems, then during the time of material and spiritual crisis it should most carefully guard the conditions of educators.

The safeguarding of the foundations of education is the primary aim of the League of Culture. Without care for education, the very existence of the League of Culture becomes useless. We may and do unite in the name of knowledge, in the name of the beautiful, in the name of hearty cooperation. Therefore, one must ask all members of the League, each in his own activity, and each in his own field, to give serious attention to the plight of the problem of Education.

Let us not feel relief that after all education still exists, and that teachers exist somehow. This is not sufficient. Education must thrive beautifully and teachers should be in good circumstances, as befits a progressive positive nation. If everyone, according to his ability, will apply thought and care to this essential problem, I assure you that much good will result for the benefit of a truly national necessity.

In my book "Shambhala" I paid tribute to teachers in the following passage of an essay entitled, "Guru—The Teacher":

Once in Finland I sat upon the shores of Lake Ladoga with a farm lad. A middle-aged man passed us by, and my small companion stood up and with great reverence took off his cap.

I asked him afterwards: "Who is this man?" And with special seriousness, the boy answered, "He is a teacher."

I again asked, "Is it your teacher?"

"No," answered the boy, "he is the teacher from the neighboring school."

"Then you know him personally?" I persisted.

"No," he answered with astonishment.

"Then why did you greet him with such reverence?"

Still more seriously my little companion answered, "Because he is a teacher!"

Verily in this little boy, who bared his head before a teacher, is contained the healthy seed of the nation, which knows the past and knows the significance of the words "to build".

Let us close with the following lines from the book of the East, "Fiery World": A mother was relating to her son about a great Saint. She remarked, "Even a pinch of dust from beneath his feet is already great." It came to pass that this holy man came through the village. The boy followed his footsteps and took a pinch of this earth, sewed it in a bag and began to wear it around his neck. When he recited his lessons at school, he always held this holy relic in his hand. Thereupon the boy became filled with such

inspiration, that his answers were always remarkable. At last, when he was leaving the school, the teacher praised him and asked him what it was that he had always held in his hand. The boy replied, "The earth from underneath the feet of the Saint who passed through our village." The teacher added, "The earth of the Saint serves you better than any gold." A neighboring shopkeeper who was present, said to himself, "What a foolish boy to take only a pinch of this golden earth. I shall await the Saint's coming and shall collect all the earth from underneath his feet. Thus I shall receive the most profitable goods." And the shopkeeper sat at his doorstep and waited in vain for the Saint. But the Saint never came. Covetousness is not in the nature of the "Fiery World".

"Shame on the country where teachers dwell in poverty and want. Shame on those who know that their children are being taught by a man who is in need. Not only is it shameful for the nation that does not take care of the teachers of its future generation, but it is a sign of ignorance. Can one entrust children to a man who is depressed? Can one forget what emanation is created by sorrow? Can one be ignorant of the fact that the spirit which is depressed will not evoke enthusiasm? Can one consider tutorship an insignificant profession? Can one expect of children the enlightenment of spirit if the school is a place of humiliation and offense? Can one feel construction during the gnashing of teeth? Can one expect the fires of the heart when the spirit is silent? Thus I say and repeat that the people who have forgotten the teacher have forgotten their future. Let us not lose an hour in order to direct one's thought towards the joy of the future. But let us take care that the teacher shall be the most valuable person in the institution of the nation. The time approaches when the spirit must be educated and derive joy from the true knowledge. The fire is at the threshhold."

"The hearts of teachers must be softened that they may abide in constant cognition. The hearts of children recognize that which is aflame and that which is extinguished. Not a prescribed lesson, but the mutual striving of the teacher and disciple discloses a world full of wonders. To open the eyes of disciples means together with him to love the great creation. Who does not agree that one should stand on firm ground in order to aim at the far-off distances? The marksman will verify this. Thus let us learn to take care of everything that affirms the future. The fire is at the threshold."

"Every abuse of the Saviour, of the teacher, and of heroes is a thrust towards savagery and a plunge into chaos. How is it possible to explain that chaos is very close; there is no need to cross an ocean to find it. It is equally difficult to explain that savagery has its inception in the most minute. When the treasure of solemnity is lost and the pearls of knowledge of the heart are scattered, what remains? One may remember how people mocked at the Great Sacrifice. Has not the whole world become responsible for such savagery? One may see how the latter is reflected in shallowness. There is nothing worse than shallowness. I affirm—be blessed all energies, only not to fall into the *marasmus* of dissolution. Thus let us remember all Great Days!"

"One may imagine how beautiful can be the co-service of multitudes of people, when their hearts aspire to one ascent. We shall not say—impossible or it is rejected. From Power one may borrow, and from Light one may become enlightened. Only to realize in what lies the Light and the Power. Someone already roars with laughter but he laughs in darkness. What can be more horrible than laughter in darkness! But, Light will abide with him who desires it."

Urusvati, Himalayas, April, 1933.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar****, June 1933.*

An Ancient Advice.

By Nicholas Roerich.

IN one of the old Italian manuscripts, possibly of the Fifteenth Century– the first pages and all the decorations of which have been torn out by the "noble" hand of some bibliophile—is related simply the story of how a pupil came to the artist-teacher, Sano di Pietro, for advice regarding his painting.

The Teacher was working over a special order and could not answer the call of his pupil who had independently begun his picture, "Adoration of the Magi," for a small village church in the Siennese District. The Teacher said:

"My dear boy, I have given my word to the Abbot of Montefalcore not to leave my house until I have completed the "Coronation of the Holy Virgin," commissioned by him. But, tell me, wherefore are your doubts? I am afraid that you have worked too much with me and are lost before your own work!"

"Revered Teacher," said the pupil, "my picture is complicated and it is difficult for me to coordinate its separate parts. Is it better to paint a dark olive grove against a red rock, at a distance? Are the tree-trunks visible and how distinct is the outline of the foliage?"

"My dear, paint as is necessary!"

"The mantle of the Virgin is full of a golden design. Would it not be better to break it up into small folds and cover it with a pattern of large squares?"

"Do as is necessary!"

"Revered Teacher, thou art too busy with your own resplendent works. I had better be silent until your nearest moment of respite."

"My dear one, I do not expect any respite soon and you must not lose time if your picture has so much still unfinished. I am listening to everything and answer you, although with certain surprise."

"The heads of the warriors which follow the kings are many. Is it necessary to find one line for them or to paint in each head and from these to have the outline of the crowd?

"Do just as you need."

"I have made bushes on the distant fields and inter-crossed them with flowing rivers. But I wanted them quite clear cut, as is sometimes seen by the naked eye. I wanted to see the ripples in the water and a vessel on them and even an oar in the hand of the oarsman. But it is all in the distance."

"Nothing is simpler. Do what is necessary."

"Master, I am frightened. May be you will in any case tell me, should the crowns of the kings be made convex or only leave the applied gold for the crown?"

"Place the gold where it is necessary."

"I begin to think whether or not to make tufts of wool on lambs, although they are hardly seen, but I remember what silky soft fleece the lambs have. I want to make them with a fine brush. but in the general picture they are almost unseen"

"Make them as is necessary."

"Master, I do not find any advice for my work in your answers. I know that all Must be as is necessary. But what is 'Necessary'! It is obscure to me."

"Tell me, did Father Giovanni make any stipulation of work for you?"

"Outside of a date, no conditions. He said, 'Benvenuto, paint a good image of the Adoration of the three Magi before the Holy Child, and I will pay thee ten ducats out of the monastery funds.' Then he gave the date for the work and the measurements of the panel. But during the work I had various thoughts, in my desire to create a better image. And so, Master, I came to thee as before, for good advice. Tell me what is the meaning of 'as necessary"

" 'Necessary' means all must be as is 'good.'"

" But what means, 'good'?"

"Poor, uncomprehending Benvenuto. What did I always speak about to you? What word did I often repeat to you? To make as good as possible, means only one thing: '*As beautiful*'."

"And 'beautiful.'"

"Benvenuto, go out of this door and to the shoemaker, Gabacuc. Tell him, please hire me to soften leather, because I do not know the meaning of *beautiful*"; But do not come to me any more and, still better, do not touch your work."

After this story, the manuscript gives some recipes concerning the preparation of olive oil and about the use of olive pips. Then there is also a story about a citizen of Pisa, Chirilli Koda, who was buried alive.

But the last two narratives do not concern us.

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Reprinted from the "*Educational Review*," Madras—*July* 1933.

TEACHERSHIP.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE WORLD LEAGUE OF CULTURE.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH.

WE have before us news from Chicago that the school teachers' salaries were detained. This sounds strange on the eve of the opening of the Chicago Centenary World Fair. In the *Literary Digest* for March 18, 1933 under title "The Teachers' Battle for the Schools" are given amongst many others the following most striking facts: "Education must be deflated"—so the order of the economists goes forth..." We are on the battle-line" is the cry from thousands of educators gathered at the Convention in Minneapolis of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association..." Already," Dr. Cooper declares, " thousands of children in such sections are virtually without schooling. Two hundred districts in Arkansas are able to give but sixty days' school in a year, or about two years' education in eight. And similar situations prevail in Alabama, Oklahoma and Idaho"..... " We would prefer to make personal sacrifices," states Prof. J. K. Norton of Teachers' College, "rather than have children denied their educational birthright. It is this loyalty that has won for teachers in many communities the admiration of parents, and that has paved the way for effective co-operation in defence of the schools"....." What will it profit the nation if we maintain the credit of industrial corporations and deny education to America's children?" asks the report of the Committee on Lay Relations of Toledo, Ohio.

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"Human Rights *versus* Money Rights" states: "Taxpayers are groaning under the weight of the expense of Government compared to their reduced incomes." "It has become increasingly evident that what was called in the beginning 'the Depression' has now become 'the Bankers' Panic.'"

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Such significant statements were found in a stray copy of a Teachers' Journal. But even without this, we have lately read an endless list of various "necrologies" about cuts and axing of educational institutions especially. Verily not in one country, but everywhere, as if people agreed not to think more of the future and to discontinue the growth of educational undertakings. The condition of the teaching staff, under the constant threat of sudden curtailments, has become altogether unstable and thus brings harm to the education of the youth.

Everywhere there are special Ministries of Public Education, Departments of Science and Art, and it is strange to observe, that such institutions, which it would seem are the most essential for the progress of a cultural country, are subject first of all to continuous cuts, as if they were some luxury and not the most essential public necessity, without which all other ministries and departments could not even exist. People do not dare to discuss the curtailment in salaries of many other departments, but it has become a general trend of mind to suggest the cutting of wages of teachers, which are already meagre. The teacher who as a rule has no savings, must exist in some miraculous way, and yet he must manifest full kind-heartedness, satisfaction, good-naturedness and all those qualities which are demanded first of all from a teacher. Depressed by his worries how to make ends meet, the teacher must wear the mask of endless patience and the smile of wisdom, when at the same time his family may not know how to balance their daily needs. Why is such exceptional civil heroism demanded only from the teacher? Why should we expect continuous, endless sacrifices just from those who are most of all in need?

A country which is aiming at construction and the positive solution of life problems, cannot ignore the condition of teachers. To ignore them would mean to ignore the destiny of its entire future generation. Of course the teacher who is absorbed in educational work, which requires special concentration, is the least protesting element, unless he will be compelled by some hopeless hardships. People desire that teachers should not only teach well, and should not only continuously increase their knowledge up-to-date, but also that the teachers should arouse the love of their students. Love is inseparable from reverence and the nation ought to create for the teachers an especially esteemed position. It is impossible to divide the teachers abruptly into lower and higher ones, for the synthesis of knowledge is everywhere high and one must apply a great deal of time and concentrated effort to become imbued and remain on top of the synthesis of knowledge.

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The conception of teachership widely permeates the whole life, beyond school hours; how valuable if we can safeguard for our whole life in our hearts a love and reverence towards our first teachers and guides. If the student, on entering life, would afterwards realize that their teachers suffered undeservedly and were overburdened, then many regrets would occur in the name of love and friendliness, which are the foundations of education.

For the sake of these fundamentals of public life, in other words, for the sake of the foundations of Culture, one should give special attention to educational questions, as the most precious, as the most sacred. If in the best time of welfare, the nation must give best care to the ameliorations of educational problems, then during the time of material and spiritual crises, the condition of the

educators must be definitely safe-guarded.

The safe-guarding of the foundations of education is the primary aim of the League of Culture. Without care for education, the very existence of the League of Culture becomes useless. One may unite in the name of knowledge, in the name of the beautiful, in the name of hearty co-operation. Therefore one must ask all members of the League, that everyone in his activity, everyone in his field, draws the heartiest attention to the plights of the problem of Education.

Let us not feel relief that after all education still exists and that the teachers live somehow. This is not sufficient. Education must thrive beautifully and teachers should be well off, as befits a progressive positive nation. If everyone according to his ability will apply thought and care to this essential problem, then I assure you, that much good will result for the benefit of a truly national necessity.

In my book "Shambhala" I paid tribute to teachers in the following passage of an essay entitled "Guru, The Teacher":

Once in Finland I sat on the shores of Lake Ladoga with a farm lad. A middle-aged man passed us by and my small companion stood up and with great reverence took off his cap.

I asked him afterwards: "Who was this man?" and with special seriousness, the boy answered: "He is a teacher."

I again asked: "Is it your teacher?"

"No," answered the boy, "he is the teacher from the neighbouring school."

"Then you know him personally?" I persisted.

"No", he answered with astonishment.

"Then why did you greet him with such reverence?"

Still more seriously, my little companion answered: "Because he is a teacher!"

Verily in this little boy, who bared his head before a teacher, is contained the healthy seed of the nation, which knows the past and knows the significance of the word "to build."

Let us close with the following lines from the book of the East "Fiery World": "A mother was telling her son about a great Saint. "Even a pinch of dust from beneath the feet is already great." It came to pass that this holy man passed through the village. The boy followed his footsteps and took a pinch of this earth, sewed it up and began to wear it around his neck. And when he was reciting his lesson at school, he always held in his hand this holy relic. At that the boy became filled with such inspiration, that his answers were always remarkable. At last the teacher, on leaving the school, praised him and asked him what it was that he always held in his hand? The boy replied: "the earth from underneath the feet of the Saint who passed through our village." The teacher added: "The earth of the Saint serves you better than any gold." A neighbour shopkeeper who was present said to himself: "What a foolish boy, who only took a pinch of this golden

earth! I shall await the Saint's coming and shall collect all the earth from underdeath his feet. Thus I shall receive the most profitable goods." And the shopkeeper sat at his threshold and waited in vain for the Saint. But the Saint never came. Covetousness is not in the nature of the Fiery World."

"Shame on the country where teachers dwell in poverty and want! Shame on those who know that their children are taught by a man in need! Not only shame on the nation, that does not take care of the teachers of its future generation, but it is a sign of ignorance. Can one entrust children to a man in depression? Can one forget what an emanation is created by sorrow? Can one be ignorant of the fact that the spirit which is depressed will not call forth enthusiasm? Can one consider tutorship an insignificant profession? Can one expect of children the enlightenment of spirit if the school is a place of humiliation and offence? Can one feel the construction during the gnashing of teeth? Can one expect the fires of the heart when the spirit is silent? Thus I say and repeat that the people who have forgotten the teacher have forgotten their future. Let us not lose an hour in order to direct one's thought towards the joy of the future. But let us take care that the teacher should be the most valuable person in the institutions of the nation. The time approaches when the spirit must be educated and derive joy from the true knowledge. The fire is at the threshold."

"One must soften the heart of the teachers, then they will abide in constant cognition. The heart of children knows what is a flame and what is extinguished. Not a given lesson, but a mutual striving of the teacher with the disciple discloses a world full of wonders. To open the eyes of disciples means together with him to love the great creation. Who does not agree, that one should stand on firm ground in order to strive into the far-off distance: the marksman will confirm this. Thus let us learn to take care of everything that affirms the future. The fire is at the threshold."

"Every abuse of the Saviour, Teacher and Heroes throws into savagery and plunges into chaos. How to explain that the chaos is very close; there is no need to cross an ocean to find it. When the treasure of solemnity is lost and the pearls of the knowledge of the heart are scattered, what does remain? One can remember how people mocked at the great Sacrifice. Has not the whole world become responsible for such savagery? One may see how the latter is reflected in shallowness. There is nothing worse than shallowness. I affirm—be blessed all energies, only not to fall into the morass of dissolution. Thus let us remember all great Great Days!"

"One may imagine how beautiful may be the co-service of multitudes of people, when their hearts aspire to one ascent. We shall not say—impossible or it is rejected. From Power one may borrow and from Light one may become enlightened. Only to realize in what lies the Light and the Power. Someone already roars with laughter, but he laughs in darkness. What can be more horrible than laughter in darkness! But Light will be with him who desires it!"

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S. V. & CO., 190, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

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ARTISTS OF LIFE

By
NICHOLAS ROERICH

Reprinted from the Prabuddha Bharata, August, 1933

ADVAITA ASHRAMA
MAYAVATI, ALMORA, HIMALAYAS

ARTISTS OF LIFE

By the sign of beauty the locked gates may be opened. With song one can approach a wild yak so that she loses her fierceness and submits to milking. With a song one may tame horses. Even the serpents hearken to a song. It is significant to observe how healing and exalting is each touch of beauty.

Often we have had occasion to write of the importance of the so-called applied arts. Many times we compared the so-called higher arts with no less significant manifestations of all branches of artistic industry. It is even dreadful to have to repeat again that the button created by Benvenuto Cellini is not only not inferior to, but undoubtedly far superior to multitudes of average paintings and grave yard sculpture. These comparisons are old and it would seem that reminders were no longer necessary; but life itself indicates quite the opposite.

In all fields of life, the sphere of applied art, which is blatantly stamped with some such shameful appellation as "commercial art," is abruptly separated from the general understanding of art. Instead of a gradual realization of the unity of the substance of creation, humanity seems to be striving to divide itself still more pettily, and to spread mutual humiliations. It would seem also absolutely apparent that the style of life is created not merely by the great individual creators but by the entire body of artists in the applied arts. It is not always their hands which create a poster or a work of jewelery. By some inexplicable curiosity, the products of ceramics are considered inferior to sculpture in marble, although the charm of the Tanagra has given us ample evidence of a noble folk creation.

One may still hear the sorrowful exclamation of many young people: "I cannot live by art; I have to enter the commercial field." Thus implying that by this act the artist dooms himself to the inevitable disgrace which is presumed to accompany participation in practical art.

What material, what circumstances, could deprive an artist of his quality? What manner of demand would compel him to do anything inartistic in any expression of life? What type of promoter would destroy the creative fire which gushes unrestrainedly through all materials? It is important for each promoter, even for the most elementary and inartistic one, that his product be clear, vivid and convincing and easily assimilated by the masses in their daily life. After all, which of these conditions may be regarded as disgraceful? Raphael himself, after receiving his order, was guided by the condition of conviction. Truly the quality of conviction in no way contradicts the true artistry.

Gauguin, through sheer desire for self-expression, painted the doors and interior of his dwelling in Tahiti. Vrubel placed his "Princess Swan" on a platter. The number of examples is countless, in which the most diverse artists sought for expression through the most extraordinary materials. As we have previously noted, the material itself by its very subtle quality, lends a special conviction to the object. Is there any need to repeat the identical examples which have been mentioned as often in widely varying circumstances? Not discussion but action,

should strengthen the attitude so necessary for culture. If we reach the expression of the unity of arts, we thereby affirm the need of the closest correlation of all branches of art in its various materials.

It would be difficult to indicate a defined order in which such workshops could be conducted side by side with sketching, drawing and life classes. This order must be left to life itself. In each country, in each city, and, even more, in each district of the city, there are special impressions of life. Hence to these problems one must respond first. Near a large textile factory, it would be good to provide drawing and the study of the technique of this industry. Near ceramic and porcelain factories one could lend assistance precisely to this medium: thus expanding and refining the understanding; one should correlate in the immediate neighbourhood, the practical expressions prompted by the closest possibility. Incidentally, one should not overlook the fact that the physical environment of three of these workshops will afford reciprocal assistance and provide unsuspected combinations which will afford new and fascinating possibilities. The open mind of an instructor, unhampered by prejudice, and the broad demand for creativeness from the students, will result in that living vibration which, uncongealed by monotony, will afford to the craftshops an endlessly practical variety and conviction.

Another gracious quality is gained through the manifestation of practical variety. They temper the spirit, freeing it from the sense of limitation, which so often constructs our dwelling of fear. But it is from fear, above all, that each aspect of creation must be liberated. In fear, creation cannot be free; it will bind itself with every chain and forget the noble and victorious discipline of the spirit. Long ago it was said: "One must be cured of fear." One must pursue such methods consciously, in order to liberate oneself from that fear of dusky pettiness, and the creeping phantoms, which caused even the stone that fell from heaven, aflame with a heavenly fire, to become opaque. Truly, opaque and veiled, when it could have been transparent for all, this Scarab of light!

The Egyptians called artists and sculptors "Seenekh" or "Revivifiers, resurrectors." In this definition is manifested a deep comprehension of the substance of art. How immeasurably broadened this concept can become if we apply it to all manifestations of life, when we acknowledge that each adorner of daily life is an "artist of life!" And this true "revivifier" of everyday life, himself will be uplifted with new power, will become imbued with creative spirit in ennobling each object of daily life. Then the shameful and hideous understanding of "commercial art" will be cast out of usage. We shall call this noble adorner of life "Artist of life." He must know life; he must feel the laws of proportions. He is the creator of the needed forms; the evaluator of life's rhythms. To him, numbers, correlations, are not dead signs, but the formulæ of existence.

Pythagoras calculates and creates, sings praises in rhythm, prays in rhythm; because numbers were not only the earthly, but the heavenly rhythms—the Music of the spheres. With Pythagoras, the mathematician, resounds also St. Augustine, the theologian: "Pulchra numero placent," Beauty enchants by number. This magnet of numbers, proportions, correlations and technical consonances, necessary for each of life's adorners, precludes all diminishing or disintegra-

tion of the great creative understanding.

Do not let us fear to speak in the highest terms of each manifestation of beauty. A solicitious, exalted expression is a shield for all practical art, which is often exiled to the obscurity of the cellars. A country which is mindful of the future, should protect all—from the smallest to the greatest—for whose vindication it will be responsible at the great Judgment of Culture. Facilitating the destiny of these builders of life, the country of culture only fulfils the fundamental covenant of the Beautiful, so beautifully expressed by the poets of antiquity : "Os homine sublime dedit cœlumque tueri."—I gave to man a lofty forehead that he should perceive the summit.

With an exalted covenant the Bhagavat Gita confirms the multiformity of creation : "By whatever path you come to Me, by that path shall I bless thee."

Printed by Swami Vireswarananda at the Art Press, 20, British Indian Street,
Calcutta, and Published by the same from 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta.

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REPRINT

FROM THE

REVIEW OF PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

VOL. IV, NO. 2.

SEPTEMBER 1933.

Printed at the Aryabhushan Press, Poona, No. 4.

AGNI-VIDYĀ.

PROF. NICHOLAS ROERICH.

From the heart to the heart!

In the seventh century the great hermit of the Syrian desert St. Isaac Syrin wrote in his "The Flame of Things":

"The weakness of feelings is unable to face and stand the Flame of Things." "Have more fear of habits than of enemies." "Whatever is produced without labour belongs but to earthly people."—"Do not try to retain the wind with thy hand, that is to say the faith without deeds."—"Do not irritate anyone and hate no one."—"The hope for ease at all ages made people forget the Greatest."—"The first of all passions is self-love. The first of all virtues is the abstention from ease."—"Silence is the sacrament of the coming age."—"With the destruction of this age immediately comes the new era."—"What is cognizance —the perception of eternal life."—"No one ever ascended through a life at ease."

Thus the hermit meditated upon the flame of things. And the Ṛṣis of the Himalayas proclaimed the same great Agni. The Agni-Purāṇas turned to the same One Light.

Verily the Himalayan Ṛṣis and hermit of Sinai, in their ascent gathered around the same Fire of the Heart.

At the time of the approach of the Fiery Age, there are being manifested with special persistency various fiery Signs, beginning from Vedic antiquity up to the latest discoveries of cosmic rays.

One of the most mystical ancient Russian icons is called—"The Angel—The Blessed Silence." This great symbol is expressed in form of a Fiery Angel. How much is given in this Image-Fire, and Concentration, and the creative power of thought! It is not surprizing that just a Hindu wanted so much to have this Image. If only we could understand the ancient symbols not from the modern conventional point of view, but in all their primary significance!

"Angel—the Blessed Silence!" Who has not been exalted by this flaming mystery in the image of a fiery Angel? Who has not been imbued by the all-penetrating message of this ever-awaited, yet never-expected guest? His is the silence of the heart which has attained. He is the keeper of the eternal beauty

of spirit. The beauty of the eternally silent and merciful spirit. He guards and blesses.

The old Christian book, " Mirror " says: " The Angel is the impalpable, the fiery and the flame-bearing "....." That which is not in need of word for expression, nor ear for hearing. Without word, or hearing, the Angels communicate to one another their wise understanding " ..... " In a dream-like body the Angel clothes Itself for manifestation to the people."

In silence that vision was manifested: Translucent became all objects. And the image of the Great Guest appeared effulgent. And his lips remained silent and he crossed his hands, and from each hair streamed light. And unfathomably, piercingly, glowed his eyes.

Zealously the Flaming One brought the message of the renewed and blessed world. Mysteriously he ordained the sign of Bliss. Daringly he recalled the Never-expressible. Untiringly in the hours of day and night he awakens the heart of humanity. He ordains the victory of spirit. And all will cognize and accept it with the language of their hearts.

Who then embodied the image of the Angel—the Blessed Silence? This image came from the Northern Sea. But this mystery did not come only from the midnight sea. In it is revealed the veiled image of the Messenger of the East. Within it is also the mystery of the Cross. The very Hand and Thought which created the Image of Sophia, the Almighty's Wisdom made manifest the Angel of Silence. Flaming are the wings of the ever-striving Sophia—the Wisdom; of the same flame are the wings of the Angel, the Blessed Silence. Fiery are the steeds of the chariot of Elias. And the fiery baptism preordained by the Apostles. In all is the very same fire. Agni Omniscient and all-ascending, all-penetrating, and before which human word is superfluous.

Sparks of the dynamo imbue space. In tension they flower into spirals of ascension and glow like a tree with its branches and fiery leaves. The Logos of thought intensifies the prāṇa and man stands humble, trembling before the radiance of the command of lightning. The fire of Kundalini kindles. The wheels of Ezekial revolve. The Chakras of India rotate. Austere is the eye of Kapila. Where is the limit of radiance? Where is the measure of Might? But light became invisible and the sound drowned.....

No glimmer stirs; not even the fragrance of prāṇa. This is the highest tension. Inaccessible to the eye, and inaudible

to the ear. Only the heart knows that silence is calling and that the Chalice is brimming. First lightening and thunder and whirlwind and tremor; and only afterward, in silence, the Voice ineffable. Agni Yoga says: "The first call is as thunder, but the last is accomplished in silence." At first, a flaming Messenger, and after, the purest Sophia, the Wisdom.....

It is said: "Bliss is a timid bird"; impetuous are the wings of Sophia. Woe to him who did not perceive; woe to him who did not comprehend; woe to him who rejected. Why shall the flaming wing, which became manifest through Bliss, appear again to the timid or cruel eye?

But how many fires are already apparent even to the inexperienced eye? Humanity dreams about the Abodes of Light. It dreams in silence. In the darkness, it daringly confesses to itself. Even by night humanity believes; but by the day it does not profess. Although aware of the law: "I have faith and profess;" Oh, humanity itself knows that faith without deeds is but a phantom. Only abstraction! But bliss is attraction and affirmation. Otherwise for what are misty sighs? Otherwise for what is Science itself, if the spirit does not dare its application? Nicodemus in the night is but the symbol of faith without results; spark without flame or warmth.

Ghastly is decay. Unbearable is the frigidity of ignorance It is inadmissible because of its harm, its contagion of accumulations, its destruction of the very foundation. Many a time the frightened bird of Bliss fluttered with its white wings against closed windows. But we fear everything that assaults our ignorance and we depend upon door-bolts. Even when the eye perceives, we call it an "accident." Even when the ear hears, we say "coincidence." For us even the X-ray and the qualities of radium are ordinary, and electricity is only a lantern for our comfort. If one is told that thought alters the weight of a body, even this does not amaze the mechanicians of civilization.

Irregularity of the blood circulation and harmful blood pressure are increasing amazingly. The latest form of influenza burns the lungs like a plague. The throat seems aflame. Asthma ravages. Meningitis is on the increase and incomprehensible heart symptoms are multiplying. But to us these signs are only faishonable diseases, not deserving of any special attention. We already hear of the hyper-saturation of Space by radio waves, of poisoning through gasoline, of signs of over-electrification..... it is discomforting to think of the future. Hence the fate of a golf ball is regarded as of equal importance with the destiny of that small

ball, our planet. Unlike the wise Queen Hatshepsut, we fear to address those "Who will live in the years to come, who will develop their hearts and will look into the future"—even if the terrifying concept "the future" is pronounced through ideas so fossilized that the way to it is at once transformed into a subterranean dungeon.

However, the first condition for the attainment of knowledge is freedom from methods of study. One should not insist upon standardized methods. The true knowledge is attained by inner accumulations, by daring; for the approaches to the one knowledge are manifold. The description of such calls and milestones of life would make a most needed and uplifting book. One must not insist, not deprive, not subdue by conventionalities, but should constantly recall the light, the fires of space, the high energies, the predestined victories. All facts not within the elementary school books should be collected. Such facts should be threaded with full honesty, without conceit and disdain, or hypocrisy, for behind these lurks fear-in truth, ignorance. One may never know whence the useful seed will come: the physicist, bio-chemist, botanist, physician, priest or historian or philosopher or a Tibetan lama, or Brahmin-pandit, or Rabbi-cabbalist, or Confucian or an old medicine woman, or finally, the fellow traveller whose name we for no reason failed to ask-who will make the most important contribution? In each life there is so much that is remarkably inspiring, unusual. Only to remember it ! In these reminders sparkle so many of the best stars only temporarily obscured. Thus, once more without renouncing our daily labor, we approach not the things forbidden but the possibilities which illumine life. Only it is not our task to insist, lest we coerce. For nothing is achieved by forcing. But, I repeat, it is necessary to recall the possible joys. The names of these spiritual joys are inexpressible in the language of the material world.

Saint Isaac Siryn ordains: "The hope of ease, in all times, forced the people to forget the higher". He also says: "Who is not aware that even birds approach traps in the hope of rest?" Happy are those who, realizing Infinity, love daily labor. After the Holy Scriptures let us also remember the most recent book of Prof. A. S. Eddington, "Stars and Atoms." Speaking of the condition of other constellations beyond earthly conditions, the Professor points out that it would be more accurate to say, the reason of the given manifestation lies in that it is *earthly, and does not pertain to the stars.* Even recently, people tried to ascribe

earthly conditions to all far-off worlds. Freedom from prejudice is needed. The creative flame is needed. The bonfire summons the travellers in the desert. Likewise, the reminding call resounds and, through all encasements, reaches that heart which is ready. The milestones are manifold. The calls are unexpected. Untiring vigilance and thoughtful attention are the keys to the sealed gates. Where universality and sincerity of study, and veneration of the blessed Hierarchy are ordained there is no place for negation.

Nonetheless into the life of science enters the unprejudicial. With difficulties, under scorn in various countries, those fearless souls already strive to the predestined synthesis. Soon perhaps congresses of these creative workers will be possible. Already centres are being erected, where without fear of the condemnation of ignorance or jealousy, one may interchange these view-points in full confidence. Let us then gather with all care these multi-colored flowers of the great garden of culture, remembering that "I shall not reveal the mystery to the enemies, nor shall I give the kiss of Judas." Without the coldness of condemnation, without repelling ignorance, shall we welcome each seed of Truth.

We interpret the flaming ecstasy of lofty spirits as "Hysteria Magna with high temperature." Vishudga, the centre of the throat, is for many only "a hysterical globe." The fires of Saint Theresa, Clara, Radegunda; the ardent warmth of the Fathers of merciful love; of Tummo of the high Tibetan lamas; or the custom existing even today in India of walking upon fire (the Agni-Diku—the throne of fire was likewise in India, where rise the thousand summits of Mahā-Meru). For many these all mean either an abnormal rise of temperature or the loss of sensitiveness. Even the difference in weight of a potato before its dissolution and the loss in weight at the summarizing of its particles does not impel us to ponder upon certain energies which have been overlooked. However, each sincere chemist will admit that at each reaction some unaccountable condition is present—perhaps the peculiar qualities of the experimenter himself. For instance the presence of a certain personality in the laboratory of Sir Jagadis Bose prevented the death of plants. As Sir Jagadis is a great scholar, he at once noted this fact. But few are those who pay attention to the influence of human nature upon plants. Few are far enough advanced to accept a fact as it stands, unprompted by prejudice, superstition, selfishness and self-conceit. Verily, rare are such great self-sacrificing scientists, as Millikan,

Michelson, Einstein, Raman, Marconi, who untiringly carry the torch of enlightenment and betterment of life.

The light-bearing quality (Tijasi) of the manas is as real as the radiant emanation created by the tension of a thought of high quality. The masters of Christian iconography, as well as the Buddhist artists, expressed these radiant emanations with great knowledge. Studying these images you will find an evident exposition of the crystallization of light. It is time to study and apply this reality of the value of thought—the value of light. It is time to realize that when we pronounce the great conception of Bliss, we are not falling into abstraction, but affirming a high reality.

The time has come for the establishment of the evaluation of the rays and energies now being discovered. Ahead of us for decades, lie carefully planned experiments into the influences and consequences of radium, X—rays, and all that power which invisibly permeates and magnifies the atmosphere of the planet. Without question, one must found laboratories for untiring, decade-long experiments. There psychic energy will also be studied as will physiology of the spirit and thought, and the quality of light-bearing agents, life-givers and life-preservers. It is a vast creative field, and in this continuity of researches, fearlessness before Infinity will be manifested.

Fire and Light. The entire progress of humanity is concentrated upon this all-penetrating and omnipresent element. If properly evoked it will be realized and lawfully applied; otherwise it will burn the consequences of ignorance. In this search for the synthesis of knowledge once more the divergences of the East and West, North and South will be erased. Everywhere we shall find the very same "subtle pain of the cognizing heart," "the very same attainment by the innermost heart exertion" the "same exaltation by spirit." And together with the Apostle we shall say, "it is better to say five words from the depths of the heart, than a torrent of words with the tongue." Let us not leave the real values in abstraction, but let us unhesitatingly apply them without prejudice. The transferring of reality into abstraction is one of the most deplorable crimes against culture. There are many who still do not distinguish between civilization and culture, and thus they are committing the values of culture into misty unattainability. How much of that which is predestined has already been rejected by fear and hypocrisy? But sooner or later one must be cured of fear; it is necessary to liberate the enormous amount of energy usually dissipated in fear, irritation,

lying and treason. Let us hasten to affix our radiant emanations on a film—thus we shall obtain the true passport of spirit. Agni-Yoga says: "The darkness shrieks, deafening in its regularity. Darkness cannot withstand the daring of light."

Saint Theresa, St. Francis of Assissi, Saint Jean de la Croix, were levitated in ecstasy to the ceiling of their cells. Some may say that this is absolutely impossible. And what if even today there should be witnesses of levitation and changing of weight? The Flaming One took part in the Service with Saint Sergius, according to tradition. From the flaming Chalice, Saint Sergius took his Communion. In the great Fire, we realized the invisible Truth: The uplifted consciousness was illumined by tongues of flame. During the prayers of St. Francis of Assissi the monastery was so aglow that the travellers rose, thinking, "is it not the dawn?" The radiance glowed above the monastery when Saint Clara prayed. Once the light became so luminous that the peasants came, running, thinking: "Is there not a fire?"

There are many traditions, but here is a simple story about the Pecherski Monastery in Pskov:

"Our monastery is an unusual one. Walking out from the monastery, and regarding it from a distance, impenetrable darkness surrounds one. But above the monastery light gloweth. Many a time I myself have seen it.

"One inquires, 'Perhaps this is from the monastery fire?' So also others who do not know.

"'What fires are in the monastery?'

"'Two kerosine lanterns and two oil lamps burn before the icons. This is all of the lighting.'

"'In our city, electricity is used, but nevertheless in the darkness, one cannot discern on which side it lies.'

"'No, this is a special light above the monastery.'

Likewise the people came running to what they believed to be a fire in the Himalayas, and in the same way, instead of destructive flames they found the radiance of the spirit. Likewise the mountain stood crowned by the blue petals of the fiery Lotus. Thus in the Bible the unconsuming fire was kindled. Many fiery signs have appeared, such as the special manifestations of electricity. And what is electricity? This also has not been explained.

During the last earthquake in Italy many people saw the entire sky ablaze in tongues of flame. Over England a fiery cross was seen. Was it superstition? Or did somebody see that which in other cases passed unnoticed?

Try to test the attentiveness of people and you will be shocked at the rarity of those who know how to apply their vigilance and power of movement. Even the power of thought, the mighty magnet, is shamefully neglected. Smile, smile! But just the same you do not try to think precisely.

Truly, boxing, golf, cricket and baseball do not require the power of thought. Racing also is not precisely thinking. One may invent still other occupations which will justify the neglect of thought but yet one will sometimes have to turn back to the creativeness of thought. Therefore, even small experiments in attentiveness are not useless. Verily, in schools one ought to establish special courses for developing concentration and thought. Rare is the person who is able to dictate two letters at once, or write with both hands, or to master two conversations simultaneously. Often a clear image of an object cannot be retained and even a simple interior cannot be described. For some people even all foreigners look alike. But even a slight attentivenesss could be of great assistance in life. In the study of the hygiene of thought we notice of some things which are called phenomena by the average person, whereas, they are simple manifestations of the law. Thus honest study will once more replace a glorious possibility for the despair of unbelief.

In any case we cannot avoid the era of Fire. Hence it is better to value and to master this treasure. It is advisable to question any statement when it assaults our reason, but doubt springing from ignorance will be destructive. However, the entire world is now strikingly divided into builders and destroyers. With whom shall we side? We have heard repeatedly of many luminous radiations; nevertheless we deride anything concerning human and animal auras. Even if a photographic film catches them we prefer to hint about a defect in the film, rather than to admit the well-known ancient law.

When remembering the strange experiments of Keely, we rather prefer to class him as a charlatan, than to consider the specific quality of his nature. The apparatus invented by him worked in his presence but refused to act in the hands of others. Why then does a machine become more "fatigued" in some hands than in others? Every experienced engineer notices this. Why does the fatigue of a horse depend upon the rider? Why does the quality of a hand shorten the life of flowers? We talk about psychic energy. We are aware that, as the ancient *Militia Crucifera Evangelica* gathered around the symbol of the Cross, we must gather around the sacred conception of Culture.

Complicated but beautiful is our Era, when, in new combinations, shine new multi-colored stars. The experienced fathers advise us of "the wondrous exertion in the innermost heart." "We have ceaselessly to revolve the name of the Lord in our hearts, as lightning whirls in space before rain. This is well known to him who is experienced in spiritual conflicts. This inner battle has to be carried out like actual war."

"But when by the sun of Truth, sensual desires will be dispersed, then usually are born in the heart luminous and starlike aspirations."

In another part of the ancient Teachings, it is said: "The pure heart of him who has affirmed himself in full consciousness is transformed into a mental sky with its own sun, moon and stars. Such a pure heart becomes a receptacle of the inconceivable God through the mysterious vision and exaltation of mind."

Further the Fathers of mercy teach: "Be seated or, better still, stand in a half-lighted corner in silence, in a prayerlike posture. Do not relax, transfer the mind into the heart. Guard thy attention and do not permit either good or bad thought into thy mind; keep calm patience, keep reasonable moderation..."

"In order to assist in this task, the Holy Fathers pointed out certain means qualifying them as practicers of art and even the art of the arts. This natural art, that of entering into the heart by means of breathing helps greatly the exaltation of thoughts." Continuing the advice for this special prāṇāyāma, the Holy Father continues: "Breathing through the lungs conducts the air to the heart. Thus, be seated and, concentrating the mind, lead it in this direction; force it by breathing inward, to penetrate into the very heart together with the air inhaled: and keep it there not permiting it to leave, much as it would want to. Keeping it there, do not leave it idle, but give it sacred words. Try to become accustomed to this inner concentration and watch lest thy mind leave there too soon, for at first it will be under depression, then it will be joyous and happy to dwell there and it will itself want to remain there. Shalt thou succeed in penetrating into the heart by the means I have pointed out to thee, abide by this exertion for ever. It shall teach thee that which thou never hast conceived."

"Thus it is necessary to find an experienced preceptor (Guru). Saint Gregory Sinaite says: 'An active and heartily intelligent prayer is achieved thus: Be seated on a low chair, half a foot high; transfer the mind from the head to the heart

and keep it there and from there invoke with hearty intelligence: Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy!"

"Know that all such special positions of the body are prescribed and are needed until pure and concentrated prayer is enrooted in the heart. And when, through the Bliss of the Lord thou shalt attain this, then, laying aside much special exertion, thou wilt be united without words with the Lord, in pure and concentrated heart-felt prayer, no longer necesssitating special preparations. Besides, do not forget that when at times thou art inspired to a pure voluntary prayer, do not by any means destroy it by the usual prayer precepts. Cast aside these precepts and as far as thy inner forces reach, try to adhere to the Lord and He will enlighten thy heart in the spiritual attainment.

"Even in deep sleep the fragrance of prayer will ascend from the heart without effort. Though the inner voice be silent during sleep, yet within the sacred service shall ceaselessly act. For only this sacred dagger ceaselessly rotated in the heart, liberated from any other image, can force the enemies to retreat and destroy them and consume them as does fire applied to straw."

One may quote endlessly from the Holy Fathers of the Church and the rules of the convents of the hermits; and one feels that these rules are created for life and applied in reality. Again speaks an experienced voice: "When the spiritual gifts are realized, then, under a constant bliss, one becomes radiant and becomes unwavering in the contemplation of the spiritual treasures. Such a one is freed from all earthly things and for ever is liberated from death into the eternal life. Inexpressible in words is the radiance of the Divine Beauty. Neither can word express it, nor ear contain it. Even if thou shalt compare it with the glory of dawn, the luminosity of the moon, the light of the sun—all these do not equal its divine glory. Poor are all these before the true Light, deepest night or densest darkness before the purest light."

Thus can he alone speak who has experienced what is the "spiritual man of the heart"—"a light which even in the darkness shineth and is inextinguishable by darkness."

When Makary, the Egyptian, wrote the following, he depicted, not abstract symbols, but vital realization: "Those who are the sons of Light and the sons of Service in the Holy Spirit, those shall learn nothing from men for they are inspired by Divine Wisdom. For Bliss itself inscribes in their hearts the laws of spirit. They need not be induced by writings inscribed with ink; but upon the tablets of the heart and divine Bliss

inscribes the laws of spirit and the heavenly mysteries. It is the heart that rules all the organs of the body. And if Bliss reached the valleys of the heart, then it rules all the organs of the body and dominates all thoughts."

An ancient Egyptian papyrus says: "The beginning of the physician's Wisdom is the knowledge of the heart's action."

He who knows the spiritual heart, knows also "the subtle pain of the physical heart," about which the Holy Fathers speak so inspiringly. He who knows this "subtle pain," has cognized also the fire of love – not the love of sighs but the real love of action and attainment. That love which, since antiquity has been called the Love of God-man, which purifies and uplifts the human sensations. Agni-Yoga says: "What sage of knowledge would not be a Lord of love?"

"The subtle pain," the heat of the flame of the heart, is known to the experienced one in the highest tests of life. It is known to those to whom enlightened labour has become the daily prayer; and prayer transformed into the ceaseless rhythm of heart, into the rhythm of light. Some will ask what is rhythm and why is its realization so important? It means that he who inquired does not know what is the "subtle pain" of the heart and is unaware of the music of the spheres; nor has he hearkened to the hymn of nature. Without his own striving, he shall not cognize the the sparks of attainment, which will bring his heart closer to the Cosmos and Love. The centre of spirit is linked with the centre of the organism. "This unity, known for ages, is not deciphered scientifically, nor philosophically, but is nonetheless quite evident." The Chalice of experience! In this way we again approach the creation by thought—the mysterious but immutable. "The word became matter." This way the logos is embodied into the physical. This mystery is manifested in each man, in each incarnated spirit. "God breathed eternity into the heart of each man"—the Abode of Light is immortal, eternal through all incarnations. And it shall cognize the Light; for it is the very source of Light itself. The "subtle pain" is the manifestation of subtle energy and the luminosity is one of the prime qualities of the action of such energies. When this light is intensified, it becomes visible even to our eyes. This moment remains for ever the long awaited and unexpected. It is ordained to keep the torches aflame, but the moment of the great Messenger is inexpressible. Likewise inexpressible is the "subtle pain" of the heart and the covenant that "Joy is a special Wisdom." Alongside with this one can remember the covenants of the

Bhagavadgītā, and Agni—Yoga and the Kabbala and the prophecies of the Bible and the Fire of Zoroaster.

The "Sun-likeness" of Plato belongs to the same untold but luminous conceptions. When the experienced ones meet, they are not in need of a vocabulary, for, even in silence they will understand the language of the heart.

Hence, gain experience and proclaim it—because you are not aware of your best hour, nor do you know when the flame will flash over the Chalice of Accumulations. Only the high quality of thought will guide you and, insatiable impetuosity will be the wings of Light of Sophia-Wisdom. It is ordained to radiate, but not to be consumed.

The resounding of the Center of the heart, heard by Socrates, harmonizes with the rhythm of Good. The high matter of Spinoza is ozonized by the same waves of light. The luminous center of the heart can radiate with the all-illumining flame—the fabulous stone of the legends of the Grail.

Agni—Yoga says: "At the basis of the Universe, search for the heart." "The creativeness of heart is strained by the Chakra of the Chalice." "The greatest Might is in the Magnet of the Heart." "The word not containing the affirmation of the heart is empty." "The Pearl of the heart is the subtle tensity." "An Arhat as a flame carries in his heart all fires of life."

Origen affirms: "With the eyes of the heart we can see Be-ness."

"All is pure to the pure," fearlessly ordains the Apostle Paul. He knew the purity and activity of the heart, when it knows only the good and as a magnet attracts around itself only the good. The similarity between heart and magnet is often mentioned, although scientifically it is not yet acknowledged. However "the treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge" are attained only by the wisdom of the heart, by the chalice of love and self-sacrificing action. "There, where is your treasure, there is your heart," says the Apostle. The luminosity of the heart is similar to fluorescence of the sea, which in motion produces numberless visible luminous formations. Likewise the action of creative love kindles the flames of heart. "There shall be Light" says the thought of the Great.

The "inner man" wishes only good and at the moment of hearty radiation he knows without doubt where is the good. And from the hearty radiation springs forth only good. And this emanating light smites all excrescences of ignorance; because sin and ignorance are the brothers of darkness. To live in spirit

means to radiate, to do good and ceaselessly to attain. To live only in the body means to obscure, to condemn, to be ignorant and to prolong one's path. But it must not be overlooked that in retarding our own progress we obstruct the progress of those nearest us—hence every display or egotism, selfishness, self-pity, wrong pride, ignorance—is the stronghold of darkness. In the name of those near us, we must not disturb the rhythm of the waves of light and Good.

Useful are observations upon flowers. The garden of light is likewise in need of constant care. The streams of pure thoughts are its best nurture. The more intense is light, the weaker the darkness. Even the radiant heart of the Angel could choose the freedom of gloom instead of the freedom of service and glory. Therefore without delay is needed the nurture of the garden of Light, otherwise the spotted tongues of tiger-lilies will devour the lilies of Annunciation and the treacherous Belladonna will overpower the Fresias of the shiny summits. One must radiate. One must generate and strengthen the light of the heart. One must remember that co-radiance and co-resounding of light are mutually strengthened. Immeasurably is the might of the thoughts united by Benevolence. For every one, is the Light prepared, but we may extinguish it with an empty vessel. It is said, "At the fall of a rose petal, the far-off worlds tremble" and "the feather from the wing of a bird creates a thunder upon the far-off worlds." What a vast, beautiful responsibility! Let us not turn the thunder born through light-mindedness towards the Earth.

From this inspiring responsibility issues a radiant attempt to study honestly without any disillusionment all which surrounds us. Even an accomplished virtuoso is in need of daily exercises. It is repeated: "If thou art tired, begin again. If thou art exhausted, begin again and again." And like a shield invoke Love.

"The warmth of Love" is as real as the "subtle pain" of the heart. The radiance of the thought is not only tangible to the eye, but is even accessible to the film. It is necessary to study at once, without superstition, fearlessly and altruistically. Evidence is akin to the physical body, but not to the spirit. Truth is in the very reality, but not in the pathology of evidence.

The heart, this great transmuter of energies, knows where is the convulsion of horror and the tremor of ecstasy. The spirit distinguishes the spots of terror and the radiation of exaltation. Wherefore to be scorched and carbonized if it is preordained to

radiate immortally? "God is the fire which warms the hearts" says Saint Seraphim.

"He knows the depths of the heart," chants the Psalmist king. When we speak about the Beautiful, about the depths of the heart, then first of all we have in mind the beautiful creative thoughts. As the most delicate flowers they must be cultivated. They must be unceasingly watered by the joyful streams of Bliss. One must learn daily how to think clearly and benevolently. One must nurture the aspirations—these highest seedlings of thoughts. Let us dare. Let us not be afraid to aspire upon heights. From the summits we can see afar. From the summits come the Tables of Commandments. From the summits come the heroes and achievement. Radiant is aspiration. The flaming aspiration is the threshold of Bliss.

Agni and thought.

Fiery are the wings of "Sophia—the Almighty's Wisdom."

The Book "The Fiery World" begins as follows:

"The element of Fire—the most omnipresent, the most creative, the most life-bearing—is least of all noticed and valued... A great many petty insignificant considerations fill the human consciousness. But the most Wonderful evades. People argue about one pie at the bazaar, but do not want to stretch out their hands towards the real Treasure. Much that has been said about the heart in special stress applies also to the Fiery World. The rainbow-flame affirms the striving of the spirit. A multitude of applications of the work of Fire are manifested as the most astounding conditions of Be-ness. From the usual formations of light accessible to the physical eye to the most complex fires of the heart, every thing leads us into the Realm of the Fiery World."

Printed at the Aryabhushan Press, Poona No. 4.

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Reprinted from the *Educational Review*, Madras—*September* 1933.

CULTUREDNESS.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH,
Himalayas.

WITH our friends lives Tizi-Wizzi. This is not a human being but a parrot, and a most exclusive bird. Besides all his other philosophic views, Tizi-Wizzi, having learned about the success of the nudists, has decided to follow their example, and has shed all his brilliant plumage. He did not even have mercy on his long trailing tail, and he began to walk around naked, not at all concerned about his gigantic beak and tiny body. This happens also with the nudists. Tizi-Wizzi became so converted to the ideas of nudism that he immediately pulled out each little feather that appeared. During the numerous conversations with his owners, Tizi-Wizzi sometimes whistles in the strangest way, as if he wants to imitate the word culture.

Oh, often, very often, this sacred word is being repeated with whistles and squawking. As with nudism and other styles, some people will soon consider it very smart to repeat this inspiring word twenty times a day without any reflection whatever upon their former habits.

During the long periods of so-called civilization, humanity has become accustomed not to associate its own deeds with the pronounced conceptions. People go to church, and are touched by the words of high teachings; they admire sermons about purity and reiterating, "before God we are all animals," they go home in order immediately to fill their stomach, over-drink, poison themselves with all kinds of narcotics and pronounce blasphemy. People go to theatres and weep over the sad fate of the heroes and become imbued with the highest ideas and hasten home in order to prepare the same fate for the heroes of contemporary life. People listen to music, and try even to introduce it into their daily lives; but look at these so-called connoisseurs of art, when the stock market does not meet their hopes! Thus we manage to fill our life with most absurd contradictions, but with one pretext—the upliftment of spirit is of fleeting duration, whereas bestiality is a natural filling of life. In their insincerity, people have even reached a certain subtlety. Thus, one liar, when cheating, always had his eyes in tears. And another one, choking numerous people, tried to build many and magnificent buildings, hoping that the souls of the stifled ones would not shatter the foundations. And in other branches, even

close to science and art, one could often encounter an innate hypocrisy. When it became the mode to investigate antiquity more deeply, how many outer and superficial words were pronounced! New connoisseurs were ready to guard theoretically the most remote antiquity; but when it came to more intimate antiquity, which depended upon themselves, then the entire enthusiasm of yesterday evaporated. Antiquity became something annoying and perhaps some "undeferrable business" distracted yesterday's exponents of idealism.

When we turn to the concept of culture, to this concept so near and vital and undefferrable, one involuntarily recollects all the hypocritcal excursions of humanity in which that which knocks persistently is swiftly forgotten, like yesterday's tempest. Sometimes one is frightened—what will happen if Tizi-Wizzi begins to squawk clearly the word culture? And what will happen if somebody, repeating this word, will invent new possibilities of murder? And what will happen if a conference against narcotics will sanction the sale of narcotic raw materials, benevolently affirming the harmful effect of the poison? Take any newspaper file for a whole year and you will find the most unique examples of hypocrisy, bigotry and falsehood made under the pretext of high aims.

Certainly, these excursions of hypocrisy have already complicated contemporary life sufficiently. People have become entangled. They tried to carry cannons into the Christian Cathedrals to be blessed; but this special measure did not help either. Persons of the theological profession tried to speak of the invalidity of obligations which were only orally pronounced. But these desperate ones did not improve either their own situation, or that of their parish. And amidst this contradictory entanglement, there suddenly and imperatively arose a motto—culture. One must admit that this call penetrated broadly among the masses. Among those masses which have always aroused in us the best expectations, organizations were formed, dedicating themselves to the quest and striving of culture. We know such organizations, where labouring youth, instead of going to some vulgar vaudeville performance, turns to heroic achievement for the betterment of life in the name of the highest ideals and conceptions. No accusations of hypocrisy or comparisons to parrots apply to these sincere and striving people. It means that before us lie two definite tasks. On one side, one must, with all measures, help and unify and ease the destiny of sincere seekers of culture. On the other hand, one must watch with fire in one's hand, lest the precious conception of culture should fall into vanity fairs, lest it become a fashionable but unrealized conception of drawing-room gossip.

Two kinds of work are before one—educational and protective. It means that circles, societies, organizations, who have realized the value and meaning of culture, must see that no vulgarization and debasement should begin to disintegrate this precious and salutary concept. Of course, not only watchmen but the enlightened warriors of culture must gather and support each other, cementing the space through the highest and most beautiful, thus advancing these real values in life. The nudists, for the sake of their idea, are not afraid to exhibit publicly their ugliness. Then let the workers of culture be unashamed to exhibit not ugliness, but beauty of spirit.

When we incorporated the organization, the League of Culture, it was difficult to foresee how this organization would proceed. But the banner of peace was raised; it was realized that this banner is needed not only in time of war but still more in every-day life. And unconsciously, impetuously, the conception of the banner was linked with the conception of the League of Culture.

It is the universal aggregation of that which is best, conscious and enlightened. Not so long ago, it would have been a delusion to dream of such a union. But, apparently, the wheel of life turns swiftly, and the wheel of the immutable law brings us again to an equality based upon the highest. It is touching to note that thus far, happily, this union proceeds without any vulgarization. The people wish to gather in a better way, spiritually as well as outwardly. This upward striving contains in itself the solution of a multitude of social problems, because in an enlightened union, evil is uprooted, and rust is wiped away and the inspired spirits do not have to fear ugliness. We have just reproached ethe nudists for ugliness. If they could eliminate ugliness, then half of the attacks on them would disappear. But the carriers of culture, revealing the most beautiful sides of their spirit, will perform an unusual transformation of life. For humanity must turn away from ugliness. In the very word ugliness, is comprised amorphity,—formlessness, chaos. But our spirit strives to lofty constructions, clarity, light. Who, then, would prefer to work in darkness?

Thus, let us beware of parrots; let us beware of distorters and blasphemers. Because it is unbefitting for us to return to the stage of birds, and it is incompatible to bark like animals, there is so much undeferrable work before us. One must find the profound currents of the past, and link them with the currents of the future. Thus, let us conscientiously and strivingly learn to respect each other and in this learn to respect human dignity. For, in daily life, people do not know how to do it. They know better how to impede than to ease and help.

Vast is the problem of the League of Culture. Everything beautiful, everything enlightening, everything educational! This is not an outer intellectuality—this is a hearty striving towards light, to mutual health and usefulness. Somebody will smile, remembering the old cynicism "Man is a wolf to man." To this one must reply: "Then go to wolves, and remember that under the covenant 'push him who falls;' you become old-fashioned and ridiculous. And what can be more ugly than to fall into ridicule!"

Thus, the League of Culture will first of all fight against the ugliness, amorphity, and decay which have crept into our life. For the facility of advancing actions demands, first of all, order, organization and voluntary spiritual discipline. But culture as such, in its very essence, already contains refinement, understanding, creativeness. And there, where construction rises in the name of enlightenment, there is no time either to look back or sigh or regret. Let us remember again, "When the construction proceeds, everything advances." Let us not forget that every construction in itself contains joy. In the name of this creative joy we gather together and respect each other and can look into each other's eyes with benevolence.

When the treasure troves were searched for, the most essential words of advice to the searcher were: "Do not look back;" likewise we shall say here: "Away with turmoil, away with all quarrels and stale accounts: when the construction proceeds, all advances."

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[Re-print from "**Vedanta Kesari**" September, 1933.]

PRAYER FOR PEACE AND CULTURE

By Prof. Nicholas Roerich

CULTURE and Peace—the most sacred goal of Humanity! In the days of great confusion, both material and spiritual, the disturbed spirit strives to these radiant strongholds. But we should not unite only abstractly in the name of these regenerating conceptions. According to our abilities, each in his own field, should bring them into actual surrounding life, as the most necessary and undeferrable.

By our Peace Pact in 1929 we proposed a special Banner of Peace for protection of all cultural treasures. A special committee for promoting the Peace Pact had been elected in New York and an International Union for the Roerich Pact has been established with its central seat in Bruges, where a World Congress for spreading the ideals of Peace through Culture was in session last September with most significant results, proving how near this aim is to the hearts of all positive people of the whole world.

From temples, shrines of spirituality, from all light-bearing centres should thunder ceaselessly the world-wide call, eliminating the very possibilities of wars and creating for generations to come new lofty traditions of veneration of real cultural treasures. Unfurling everywhere and untiringly the Banner of Peace, we by this destroy the very physical field for war. Let us also affirm the World-Day of Culture, simultaneously when in all temples, all schools and all educational institutions, the world will be reminded of the true treasures of humanity, of creative heroic enthusiasm, of betterment and adornment of life. For this purpose we have not only to safeguard by all available means our cultural heritage, but we must consciously value these treasures, remembering that every contact with them will already ennoble the human spirit.

As we have already witnessed, wars cannot be stopped by orders, nor can malice or lying be prohibited. But undeferrably, patiently striving to the highest treasures of humanity, we may make this breed of darkness altogether inadmissible, as creations of crass ignorance. The noble expanded consciousness having contacted with the Realm of Light, will naturally enter the path of peaceful constructiveness, discarding as shameful rubbish, all belittlement of human dignity caused by ignorance.

The lists of adherers to the Banner of Peace are already long and glorious. The Banner has already been consecrated during the Congress in Bruges in the Cathedral of the Holy Blood and by this we have given the sacred oath to introduce it everywhere by all our means. All those from all ends of the world, who believed in us and filled space with heartiest wishes, will not in vain look for the Banner over all shrines of real treasures. Every day brings new letters, new response. The election urn "For Peace" has been filled with precious tokens. Verily Peace and Culture are at present especially needed.

It is not so much a new law, but it is the imperative wish, the one panhuman desire to safeguard the achievements of humanity which is calling. Every

endeavour, even the most evident, requires an active start. For Peace and Culture one does not even need a unanimously world-wide votum. The beautiful principles of General Good can be affirmed on every scale, still retaining their vital potentiality. Let us greet whole-heartedly all co-workers :

" Proceed victoriously everyone to his best abilities undeferrably without any delay, along this glorious Path !"

Verily, time is short, lose neither day nor hour ! Kindle the flame of the heart in unbreakable enthusiasm. Under the Banner of Peace let us proceed towards the One Supreme Light in powerful union as the World League of Culture !

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Reprinted from the "*Educational Review*," Madras—*August* 1934.

OBSESSION.

By H. E. Prof. Nicholas Roerich,
Naggar, Kulu Valley.

"I STILL cannot believe what you tell me about obsessions. They may be simply a reflection of the sub-conscious mind. For do we not all hear and read and see all kinds of things during our life-time? Then we forget them; but the fissures of our brain somehow retain these facts and, then later, unexpectedly disclose them. Then they seem entirely foreign to us."

Thus spoke a friend in Urga to me. He, being an official, regards scepticism as the supreme mark of dignity.

One must never insist, nor even try to convince. Often, it is only necessary to draw another's attention to a slight incident, and at this sign of the semaphor, the entire trend of life may change its course. Hence, without insistence, our friend was informed of a few other events, which had obsession as their underlying theme. He was told about the Tibetan "Rollang"—the resurrection of the dead. But of course the sceptic only shrugged his shoulders; he disdained to speak of it.

We told him of an incident in the United States, where a person of high intelligence maintained that her deceased bridegroom had taken possession of her and was controlling her entire life, offering advice and giving her orders. In fact, her obsessor demonstrated such distinction from her own consciousness, that he caused her not only spiritual indisposition but even physical pain.

Our sceptic answered that such "obsessed" people could probably be found by the score in our lunatic asylums and that in the practice of the law, such incidents of irresponsible consciousness were well-known. However, this did not convince him in the least. We then told him how, according to the Chinese, the Tao-tai of Khotan had become obsessed by the Titai whom he himself had killed. And how the Chinese now point out that the murderer has adopted certain characteristic habits of the dead man and that even the face of the murderer has changed most characteristically within a short time.

The sceptic again only shrugged his shoulders.

Several days passed. Then one evening our sceptic came to visit us looking somewhat strange. Apparently something perplexed him and he seemed to search for an opportunity to blurt it out. Finally he exclaimed:

"One listens to your tales—and then all kinds of strange things begin to happen. After the last conversation we had concerning the 'obsessed' people, as you call them, I dropped into the Chinese photographer's. He is married to a very simple Buryat woman, quite illiterate. I have known them for a long time. I noticed that the Chinese was somewhat sad, quite changed; so I asked him if he was ill.

"'No,' he answered me. 'I am all right—but it's my wife. It's bad. I don't know how to cure her. Recently she began to talk of the strangest things! She says that some one has taken possession of her—not one person but two simultaneously. God knows where she gets the strange words from. It seems that one of them was drowned. The other died from over-drink. I know that things like that happen, because we used to have many cases like that at home in China.'

"I asked him to call his wife. In she came. She always was small and slight, but now she looked far thinner. You know, she is quite a simple Buryat woman, entirely illiterate. When she entered, her husband left the room. I asked her, 'Won't you have tea with me, too?'

"'No,' she answered, 'he forbids me to drink tea with you because you do not believe and you wish me harm.'—'Who forbids you?' I asked her. 'Oh, it's always he—the German.'—'What German? Tell me where he comes from.'

"'Well,' she continued, 'one is Adolph; the other is Felix. They are in me for three weeks already!'—'And where are they from?' I asked.

"'Some time ago, 'she began, 'a man came to see my husband, to have his picture taken. He was a fat German—may be you have seen him in the street; he has some kind of business. These two were with him. He went away, but the two remained and they became tied up to me. One of them, Adolph, became a coolie after the war in Vladivostok. He was drowned when he went out boating. They had a fight. The other, Felix, is also a German, and he is always drunk and swears terribly.'

"And so she continued to tell me what they made her do, how they compelled her to eat much meat, especially uncooked, because they liked it with blood. They also suggested to her to drink wine because they liked it very much. One of them, the drunkard, continuously whispers to her to hang herself or to cut her throat and that then they could help her to accomplish anything.

"The Buryat woman told me the kind of things the men tell her. They seemed to have travelled a great deal on ship, especially one of them. He must have been a sailor. Why, think of it, she

gave me the names and descriptions of towns of which she could not have had the slightest notion. Then she spoke of ships, and used such technical terms which only a person completely at home on a sailing craft would know. Many of the terms she was unable to explain, when I questioned her further, but she insisted she heard them from the men. I must confess that I left the Chinaman rather puzzled. This is the first time I ever heard such things with my own ears, and it all correlates with the things you have been telling me.

"I must confess I had an insatiable desire to go and see the people again; so I went to-day for the second time. When I asked the Chinese about his wife, he just waved his hands in despair and said that things had become worse. As I asked him whether I could see his wife again, she herself entered the room.—'I cannot stay here with you,' she said to me. 'They forbid me; they say you want to harm me. They want me to be happy and you can spoil it all. Because you know some people who can drive them away.' Then she left the room and her husband, waving his hands once again, muttered, 'Bad, very bad, indeed. Our home will be destroyed.'

"You see, I am a man of the law and I therefore like everything to be authentic. I confess that I did not believe the tales you told me last time, because nothing like it had ever occurred previously in my life. But, since I have heard and have seen this thing myself, I can no longer doubt it, because I have known the woman for a long time and she now impresses me quite differently.

"She does not just talk, or talk nonsense as happens in cases of paralysis or pathological cases such as I have often had in my practice. No, in this case I can clearly see something foreign, not her own, with a decided and characteristic psychology. For when she repeats the sentences told to her by the sailor, one can distinctly feel the speech of a seaman, and a seaman of recent, pre-war days. Thus also in the speech of the other man, the drunkard; it is precisely that of one of the derelicts whom the war cast into the far-off lands of Siberia.

"By the way," suddenly the confused sceptic asked, "how does one proceed to drive away such obsessions? Because, when she hinted at people I know, I felt at once that she spoke of you."

I laughingly remarked to the sceptic that it appeared as though we had changed roles, and that he would probably laugh if I told him that in such cases of obsession one puts pieces of bloody raw meat on the table and then pours strong-smelling intoxicants all around the room. Then every one must leave the house and the person obsessed must never return to it again. Of course, other methods may be used.

This reminded me of a curious episode which happened in America, when I had a serious disagreement with the spirits. I was asked to view some paintings which were alleged to have been done by an obsessed woman. Up to that time, the

woman knew nothing about art and had never touched a brush. I saw a series of strange paintings, obviously painted in various technics and by different hands.

On one and the same canvas, one could see the characteristic technic of a French impressionist, and beside it an equally clear Japanese technic. Here also were Egyptian temples with a decidedly German romantic turn. Thereupon, I remarked to the artist that it seemed peculiar to me that such varied styles should be painted together and on one canvas without any co-ordination whatsoever. But the artist stated that the painting had been done thus not accidentally, because the spirits who guided her were indeed of various nationalities. Thereupon I observed that this technical medley did not contribute to a completeness of painting. Upon this the artist reflected for a long time and then said sharply : "They find it very good so!" I continued to persist in my opinion and the spirits in a very brisk and rough manner persisted in their own wish that the painting remained as it was. Thus proceeded a quarrel with the spirits which continued with some vigor....."

"I do not know anything of your American incident," interrupted the sceptic. "But after all I have seen and heard, I now consider it entirely possible. But I would not like to leave the Buryat woman in her present situation. I think that I ought to go there again and try to take some measures."

I attempted to explain to the sceptic that with his complete ignorance of the subject he would only bring harm to the woman, and that he might easily cause her to commit suicide or take other extreme measures. Finally we exchanged roles completely. I tried to dissuade my friend from all further visit to the Chinese, while he, like a drunkard who smells wine, began ingeniously to invent all kinds of excuses to continue this adventure...It was strange to see how the old lawyer, recently so staid, was trying to find every invention decently possible to justify himself and to show his need of continuing his visits to the Chinese. Naturally, he did not overlook poor science ; he had to continue his excursions in the name of science! And again, it was in the name of science that humanity had to be warned. But behind all these important considerations, there was clearly revealed an instinct suddenly aroused to the knowledge of invisible worlds.

The wife of the sceptic, who was also present and who had previously upheld me, now insisted by every measure that I should dissuade her husband from his excursion, for during the last days he had been talking only about the Buryat woman and the Germans. Finally the recent sceptic gave his promise to drop the matter, after I assured him that if he would but look around him, he would see many far more significant things.

On leaving, he suddenly suggested to me that I accompany him just once to a Mongolian witch—"You know, it is the same woman who fortold to ungarn the day of his death and all his immediate

future, which was exactly fulfilled. She lives near here now."

I declined to visit the sorceress, but I wonder whether the sceptic did not go to see her himself !

As always happens, an unusual conversation does not cease at once. Hardly had the sceptic left our house, when two other visitors came. One of them, a local Mongol, was highly educated and had lived abroad. The other, an ex-officer, had served throughout the war. The conversation began with some entirely unrelated matters. The Mongol was telling of the natural wealth of Mongolia, where mineral oil flows in streams through the desert and where the rivers carry inexhaustible gold. Then, describing the gold districts, he added in the same calm narrative tone : " And those murdered Chinamen allowed us no sleep all the time we were staying at the mines."

" But how could the dead disturb your sleep ? "

" Those were the dead Chinamen who were killed during the riots, after the war and the revolution."

" But look here, how could people, killed long since, prevent you from sleeping ?"

" Exactly by walking around, talking, knocking the ashes out of their pipes and rattling the crockery."

" You are certainly joking."

" No," was the serious reply. " We could not see them ; but all through the night we could hear them. A lot of them had been killed there and, as people say, they were killed unawares. They went to bed quite calmly that night, not suspecting an attack. It is always so ; people who are unexpectedly killed cannot give up their daily habits. The Chinese are especially like that. They love their ground and their houses. And when people are attached to their earthly possessions, it is always difficult for them to leave them behind." So spoke the Mongol seriously.

The officer who had thus far been silent, then added : " Yes, with the Chinese this often happens. In Mukden there is an old house in which no one wants to live. A Chinaman was killed there and he gives no one any peace. Each night he screams out as if he was being killed again. We wanted to verify this rumour once, and we went there and stopped overnight. But about one o'clock we noticed a bright blue sphere descending from the top floor along the railing of the staircase. This was enough for us, I admit, and we packed off.

"But now I remember another case that happened during the war near the Prussian border. The whole staff had stopped over-night in a small hut. At midnight we all suddenly awoke together, each one shouting something about horses. One man shouted : ' Who brought the horses in here ? ' Another roared, ' Look at the horses running away !' I also awoke and in the darkness near me, I saw some horses pass me by in a flash neighing as

though in fright. The guards stationed outside had heard nothing. But in the morning we discovered that our drove of horses had been blown up by a shell."

The Mongol became lively thereupon and confirmed this : "I also have heard about invisible animals. It was in the Yurta of our Shaman-sorcerer. The Shaman invoked the lower elementary powers and we all could hear the galloping and neighing of whole droves of horses; we could hear the flight of entire flocks of eagles and the hissing of innumerable snakes right inside the Yurta.....you should speak to our Minister of War. He is a fortune-teller and he could tell you numberless unsuspected things."

"But why do you think they are unsuspected?"

"Well, I have become accustomed to think that all foreigners regard our customary occurrences as most strange....."

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A.30.

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[Re-print from " Vedanta Kesari " October, 1938.]

RICH POVERTY

By Prof. Nicholas Roerich

HORACE says: "Poverty impelled me to inspiration." It is astonishing when we recall that so long as St. Francis was the rich middle-class citizen he did not attract any one's attention. But as soon as he wedded Signora Poverty and entered upon his spiritual path, he became the World Saint, whose name and image kindled and inspired myriads of hearts towards achievement.

Perusing the pages of the most varied histories of men we always come to the same unwavering assertion, that wealth is not notable in history as the best means of achievement. Sheik Humayun, at the birth of his great son Akbar, was so poor that he could not give more than a few grains of musk to his friends, as the customary gift distributed on such occasions.

The bankers of Babylon were very rich, but history has not preserved their names. Such names are useless in the narrative of human achievement as long as they did not sponsor cultural work. The chronicle of the movements of humanity remains for the unprejudiced onlooker as something remarkable according to its inner justice.

Contemporaries create many lies and injustices, but time itself makes some significant changes in accordance with the laws of existence. Contrary to these contemporaries, these laws bring into relief all progressive movements and remove into the abyss everything illusory, accidental and transitory. After all, history does not forget and sometimes, perhaps after centuries, will accord due justice to a heartfelt human striving towards general Bliss.

The history of humanity in its essence remains human in the full sense of the word. Thought of gain, self-love, wrath and cruelty always remain last in some shameful places, and no gold, no porphyry can conceal either ignorance or destruction. At the same time, each creativeness, each true constructive striving remains unforgotten. Besides, history, with touching attention, unknown though it comes, never forgets to stress everything selfless. Although in its own way, everything which strives towards the bliss of humanity is marked. The same history brings us a multitude of the most unexpected information, which when analysed, make an unusual mosaic, out of which much that is instructive for the future can be drawn by every one.

Let us remember the most conventional token of human existence —the coin. In this question as well as in many others the history of China affords an unforgettable example. During the movements of our expedition along the remote regions of China we encountered an unusually curious situation in monetary tokens. First of all, we were warned by experienced peopole not to accept silver bars, even though they were marked with governmental seals. For often, inside the silver bar, copper was skilfully inserted. We were frequently confused also by the current silver coins, which were accepted and

evaluated quite differently in various localities. In one city they preferred the coin with a head of Li Hung Chang with six letters; in another they wanted to have seven letters. Some preferred coins with feminine images and others did not wish to have Chinese moneys, demanding Indian rupees or old Mexican dollars.

As a climax we were offered as change some wooden sticks with carvings, with the statement that these signs were the best because they were issued by gambling houses. Thus, above all the heads of Li Hung Chang, the citizens suddenly placed their trust in the little sticks of the gambling house, finding them of indisputable value. With all the diversity of Chinese monetary symbols, the little sticks of the gambling house nevertheless remain unsurpassed in their originality.

Penetrating deeply into the history of China, we may truly find all types of curious examples of monetary symbols, but after the contemporary little sticks of the gambling house, the most startling perhaps and the most significant form is the money-knives of the Ju-Dynasty, 715 to 431 B.C. Among the myriads of curious monetary forms corresponding to various aspects of trade, we have not encountered anywhere else the form of a knife. Perhaps in our day of decadence, depression, budgetary failures, the inner meaning of the knife-coin, might be very significant. The debtor would say to the creditor: "Wait a bit, I shall return it to you in knives." Or "I have saved quite a number of knives for you." How many misunderstandings would arise, by reason of such knifely discussion at the various councils of the League of Nations! But in the Chinese knife-moneys there was also maintained the traditional Chinese refinement. Their form is very beautiful. And the ring on the handle indicates that they could either be tied or strung to something and could be carried about with one. From our judiciary point of view, how many misapprehensions could such money create in the hands of robbers, who would try to convince one that those were pen-knives!

But it is significant that the refined fantasy of the ancients considered it possible to link the conception of a monetary symbol precisely with a knife. For no one has ever yet utilized for a monetary symbol some holy images as such, which could also serve some sacred purposes. True, upon later coins, there were images of deities, but they were applied as symbols or as guardians of a certain city or country. Who knows, perhaps to some of our contemporary bankers, the image of a knife would be especially attractive and close.

Thus, the history of humanity in some seemingly foreboding tokens brings to us the correlation of symbols. The knife, more than any other, is a cruel symbol, a piercing one and crude. But the monetary sign, with all its conventionality, is likewise not divine.

History has not forgotten to relate that even Confucius, great in his love of peace and justice, was so persecuted by his contemporaries, that he had to keep ready a harnessed chariot and spend a great part of his life in forced migrations. But history has rejected into the abyss the names of these ignorant persecutors. But Confucius not only has remained in memory, not only has he lived through millenniums, but his name has become even more strengthened in the contemporary consciousness.

To speak of persecutions of contemporaries and of the just evaluation which followed would mean, first of all, to expound the history of contemporary religions, the history of all teachings of the world, the history of all creative strivings. Already more than once, we have recalled that there should be issued parallel with the book "Martyrs for Science," also a book "Martyrs for Art," "Martyrs for Creativeness," "Martyrs for Bliss." Within recent times we witnessed the fact that Edison, during a session of one of the academies, was called a charlatan for the discovery of the phonograph!

The very same talk was applied even very recently in the editions of some dignified encyclopedias to some very respected and remarkable names. It is instructive to observe how in subsequent editions, these denominations were shame-facedly eradicated. History itself began to set up its indisputable evaluation, and the conventional ignorant judgments of contemporaries began to dissolve in shame, giving place to more fitting denominations.

In all manifestations of life we constantly see this crystallization of values, brought about by the cosmic consciousness. For some reason or other some signs and symbols become obliterated, but others cross through unharmed and remain instructive through all the perturbations and tempests. The wise ancient Chinese for some reason linked the symbol of the monetary sign with the symbol of a knife. And this symbol, time has brought to us unblemished.

So also, untarnished and vivid, time has brought to us the Images of St. Francis, St. Theresa and St, Sergius and all those heroes of achievement, mighty in spirit, who, having renounced all the conventionalities of an imperfect earthly life, strove towards true values. And the great poet, Horace, was not only unashamed, but spoke with great dignity of the significance of poverty for his inspiration. And the remarkable painter, Van Gogh, in sending to his cruel landlord his cut-off ear instead of rent, seemed to remind him of the ear which should know how to listen. If people would only understand where are the true values, the values truly needed by them, where lives that generous poverty which is richer that any riches!

Certainly no one would state that trade is not needed. On the contrary each barter within the limits of culture, should be welcomed. Therefore in our World League of Culture is included the participation of industrial enterprises; only they should be directed along cultural paths. But one ought always to remark that the corner-stone does not belong to capital and trade, as was so often signified during these days of perturbation. In true co-operation, upon cultural standards, every labour, every trade and every production will only serve to enhance the Beautiful Garden.

In his 'Niebelungen Ring,' Wagner presents many cosmic moments. Unforgettable also remains the significant dialogue of Wotan with Mime in which Wotan permits Mime to ask him three questions. Wotan replies to all questions beyond the clouds and the cunning underworld questions of Mime, but wandering far. Mime forgot to ask that which was most necessary for him. Wotan said to Mime: 'Thou hast wandered far, thou hast risen to the clouds and penetrated under the earth but that which was so needed to thee, thou didst not ask. And now thou wilt be mine.' Has not humanity,

in all its errings and waverings, forgotten to ask about and to think of that which was so undeferably needed?

The book "Fiery World" says: "Thus the dark forces have brought the planet to such a condition that no earthly decision can restore the conventional welfare. No one can believe that the earthly standards of yesterday are applicable tomorrow. Thus, humanity is again in need of understanding the meaning of its short presence in an earthly state. Only by a basic definition of its existence in a dense condition and the understanding of the subtle and fiery world, can one strengthen one's existence. One must not think that a spectre of trade can even temporarily afford a firm existence. Life has turned into trade; but which of the Teachers of life were traders? You know the great symbol of the driving of the money-lenders from out the temple; but is not earth itself a temple? Is not Maha Meru the foot of the Summit of Spirit? Thus one can point out to the inhabitants of Earth upon the destined peaks.

"Let us not forget that each moment must belong to the New World. The World of thought constitutes the living link between the Subtle and Fiery Worlds; it enters as the nearest impetus of the World of Fire. Thought does not exist without fire and fire is being transmuted into creative thought. The manifestation of thought is already realised. Likewise shall be realised the Great Fire—Om."

The same book reminds us: "People affirm that before a war or calamity, forest fires and other conflagrations take place. It does not matter whether these always occur, but it is significant that the people's belief notes the fiery tension before world catastrophes. The wisdom of the people allots to Fire a remarkable place. God visits the people in Fire. The same fiery element was chosen as the highest Court. The annihilation of evil takes place through Fire. The manifestation of mishaps is followed by burning. Likewise, in the entire trend of people's thinking, one can see fiery paths. People lighted the oil-lamps and people carry the torches manifested at services. Solemn is the Fiery element in the people's understanding! Thus, let us draw not from superstition, but from the people's heart."

"Sincere self-perfecting is not egotism, but has world significance. The thought about improvement does not only pertain to oneself; such thought carries in itself the necessary flame needed for many kindlings of the heart. As fire brought into quarters filled with combustible substance will always ignite, thus the fiery thought pierces the space and will inevitably attract to itself the questing hearts."

Thus when poverty impelled towards inspiration, then the spiritual fire appeared as an inexhaustible source of generosity and abundance. And the history of the world respects just these sacred signs of the Spirit.

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BANNER OF PEACE

By

NICHOLAS ROERICH

Reprinted from the Prabuddha Bharata, October, 1933

ADVAITA ASHRAMA

MAYAVATI, ALMORA, HIMALAYAS

Printed by Swami Vireswarananda at the Art Press, 20, British Indian Street, and
Published by the same from 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta.

BANNER OF PEACE

By Nicholas Roerich

What can be more majestic than the march under the Banner of Peace! What can be more wonderful than the participation in this march under the Banner of peaceful labour and creative constructiveness of the hosts of youth, singing hymns of beautiful achievements! And now this sublime manifestation of great Culture is no longer a dream, but is going to become a reality.

Already for the third time the defenders of Peace and Culture gather for the affirmation of the Banner—Protector of all real treasures of human genius. On November 17, 1933 in Washington are gathering friends of the Banner of Peace. And on the same day in many countries will resound greetings to the Banner. Everywhere there will assemble old and young and everyone will send in his own way thoughts about the peace of the whole world and about the unity of human hearts in the name of Light and Culture. And at the head of the march of Peace I visualize the great peace-bearer, the Blessed Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna and the Lion of Truth, Swami Vivekananda, who so often in his enlightened messages pointed out the great value of art and science as leading principles of evolution. And of course this radiant call always resounded in the hearts that remain for ever young.

Is this not a festival! Is not the great Festival of Co-operation and mutual Understanding held before our very eyes, when we can think and apply in life hearty unity in the name of the most Significant and most Beautiful! Already that fact is remarkable that we can unitedly repeat the prayer of the Beautiful! Verily our times are difficult, because of all the commotions of the spirit, all non-understanding and all attacks of darkness against the Light. But perhaps this terrible tension is but the impulse in order to direct humanity through all storms and over all abysses to peaceful construction and mutual respect.

Just think what an unforgetable epoch-making day is before us when over all centres of Knowledge and Beauty will be unfurled the one Banner. This Banner will call everyone to reverence of treasures of human spirit, to respect of Culture and to have new valuation of labour as the only measure of true values. From childhood people will witness that there exists not only a flag of the Red Cross so nobly established for protection of the health of the human body, but also there exists a Sign of Peace and Culture for the health of the Spirit.

Above all treasuries of creations of human genius shall wave the Banner which in itself says: "Here are guarded the treasures of all mankind, here above all petty divisions, above illusory borders of enmity and hatred, is the Fiery Stronghold of Love, Labour and all-moving Creation." People weary of incessant toiling will look up with love to the Sign of Spiritual Communion; the heart of everyone will throb in joy seeing the manifested Sign of labour, knowledge and beauty. Let everyone in his field, within his possibilities, apply his strength and experience to affirm urgently the Sign of peaceful co-operation. No obstacles, no convulsions of hatred and falsehood

can prevent humanity from striving towards the reverence of true values. The measure of destruction and vandalism is overflowing. Nobody will dare say that this is an exaggeration. Murder, slander, destruction, take place daily. The shame for the black foam of hatred fills the earth. The heart of humanity of course realizes that one cannot proceed further by this path. The whispering of hypocrites that the situation is not bad, is not convincing for those, who see with their own eyes all the horrors around them, not only of times of wars, but also of all other times, which through some misunderstanding are called times of peace. The human heart wants a real peace. It strives to labour—creatively and actively. It wants to love and to expand in the realization of Sublime Beauty. In the highest perception of Beauty and Knowledge all conventional divisions disappear. The heart speaks its own language; it wants to rejoice at that which is common for all, uplifts all, and leads to the radiant Future.

Is not the Sign, of which we all think, the Banner of the radiant Future! We must affirm those great milestones, for which we shall not be ashamed before any judgment of the future humanity. When we affirm with the whole power of our spirit the Banner of protection of treasures of humanity, we know that the future unseen friends will thank us for it. They will thank us that during the most difficult hours we have nevertheless carried high the Banner of Unity, Beauty and Knowledge and desired to safeguard the treasure-troves not for ourselves, but for those who will come later to this plough-field of labour.

To transform the dusky life of everyday into a continuous Festival of Love and Great Service is an undeferrable and immutable aim. People are responsible for the state of the planet. They cannot justify themselves that in ignorance, delusion and hatred they have debased the beautiful creations. For such a crime there is no vindication. And if some homunculus would try to seduce you, stating that thoughts about beauty, knowledge and peace are of no importance, then quickly turn away from this ignoramus and hasten to the Banner of Peace, where you will find friends and co-workers. Speaking of co-workers, of various co-operative actions, we speak of the actual value of labour. We say that when working in the name of great Culture, we want to assemble around an unconquerable Banner, where Love, Trust and Creativeness find their birth.

Is it not a grand realization to witness creative labourers under the Banner of Peace!

Is it not glorious to see the march of youth inspired, enthusiastic, knowing that it goes under the Banner of Peace in the name of the Highest, the most Beautiful!

Himalayas, 1933.

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BANNER of PEACE

By Nicholas Roerich

Third International Convention
for
Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace

WASHINGTON, D. C.
November 17th and 18th, 1933

Reprinted from
"NEW HAVEN TEACHERS' JOURNAL"
October 1933
New Haven, Conn.

Banner of Peace

(Washington Convention for Roerich Peace Pact, 1933)

The whole world ponders about peace. Everyone in his language, within his possibilities, pronounces this great conception which leads humanity to self-perfecting.

It does not matter if everything cannot be done at once. But let space be cemented with this mighty call. May our age bear the seal of peace, creative labor, and true cooperation.

On November 17, the Convention of the Banner of Peace in Washington will discuss the most immediate measures for introducing into life our Banner-Protector, which like a watchful guardian should be unfurled over all treasuries of Art and Knowledge. It will wave over monuments of Religions and Culture, calling for preservation of the real treasures of mankind. May all friends of peace, all friends of the preservation of treasures of human genius, be with us on that day!

I am fully convinced that this idea will enter into life. The thought of protection of cultural treasures of humanity preoccupied me for several decades, and the sad events of life itself strengthened my project still more. Already in 1904, addressing the Society of Architect Artists in St. Petersburg, I outlined this idea, calling attention to the tragic condition of many state architectural monuments. My extensive travels to ancient monasteries and historical cities, also the archaeological excavations in such important places as Novgorod and other regions linked with the most ancient traditions, gave me rich material to affirm the necessity for urgent measures to protect cultural treasures. Later in 1914 after the destructions, when many irreparable historical monuments perished, I made a similar report to the late Emperor Nicholas II and to the late Commander-in-Chief, Grand Duke Nicholas. Both reports met with great sympathy and only such an extraordinary havoc as the war prevented its immediate development. Then, as President of the Exhibition of Allied Nations where Flemish, French, British, and the arts of other allied nations were beautifully represented, I had again a happy opportunity to propound this idea and was convinced that sooner or later the protection of cultural treasures would become a sacred reality in the world.

With new ardour these thoughts preoccupied me when we had to witness no longer the vandalism of warfare, but the vandalism of the time of peace. For an untrained eye it is quite impossible to imagine how many cultural treasures that can never be replaced are exposed to danger and perish without leaving any traces. One of our foremost duties is to apply all our efforts to direct the public attention to their real treasures. Each day brings news of some new destruction; we are already imbued with the idea that precious monuments must not be carried away but must be safeguarded where they stand, the more so because the possibilities of modern transportation make even the remotest places accessible. I am deeply convinced that universal attention will be paid to cultural treasures, and as its symbol the universally unifying Banner will bring a profound and absolute usefulness to the cultural development of peoples.

I am not astonished that we receive so many enthusiastic responses to our Banner of Peace. The Past is filled with deplorably sad and irreparable destructions. We see that not only in times of war but also during other moments of unrest, creations of human genius are destroyed. At the same time the elite of humanity understands that no evolution is possible without the accumulations of Culture. We understand how indescribably difficult are the ways of Culture, hence the more carefully must we guard the paths which lead to it. It is our duty to create for the young generation traditions of Culture. There, where is Culture, there is Peace; there is achievement, there is the right solution for the difficult social problems. Culture is the accumulation of the highest Bliss, highest Beauty, highest Knowledge. In no other way can humanity pride itself on having served sufficiently the florescence of Culture. After a state of ignorance, we reach civilization, then gradually acquire education, then comes intelligence, then follows refinement, and this synthesis opens the gates to high Culture.

We must admit that our precious and unique treasures of Art and Science are not even properly catalogued. And if our Banner of Peace may be the impetus to urge such a result for universal treasures, this alone would be the fulfilment of a colossal task. How much of the useful and beautiful could be easily attained! Let us imagine a universal day of Culture, when simultaneously in all schools of the world will be extolled the true treasures of nations and humanity.

Among the many works of enthusiasm must be pointed out the great sympathy of the Women of America. The representatives of 5,000,000 have pledged their support for the Peace Banner. Vast is the list of organizations, societies, libraries, museums, schools, and statesmen, whose members have expressed the great hope that this project will enter into life. Several organizations have already hoisted the Banner of Peace. The Museum Commission of the League of Nations under the presidency of M. Jules Destree, Belgian Minister, has unanimously accepted this project. In 1931 the first special Conference was held at Bruges. Mr. C. Tulpinck, President of the Union International pour le Pacte Roerich, presided, and Dr. Adatci, President of the Permanent Court of International Justice, was Protector of the Conference. In connection with this Conference, the proposed League of Cities, united under the same Banner of Peace, was of great interest. Our friend, the poet Marc Chesneau, represented the old city of Rouen. Dr. Georges Chklaver's article, "Le Pacte Roerich et la Societe des Nations", highly recommended the Pact from the point of view of law. Truly the protection of treasures of Culture belongs to those all-unifying foundations upon which we can gather in friendship without any petty feeling of envy and malice.

In 1932, on August 9, the Second Conference in Bruges, in which seventeen countries took part, was convened by the "Union International Pour le Pact Roerich" for the purpose of bringing about the defense of artistic and scientific treasures. The Conference, greeted in the name of His Majesty King Albert of Belgium and by a message from the Belgian Prime Minister, took place amidst great enthusiasm and was concluded with a series of projects for introducing our Pact to the whole world. Besides the already existing Union, the City of Bruges placed at the Union's disposal a separate building for the inauguration of a Roerich Foundation for Peace, Art, Science, and Labor.

For this museum many valuable exhibits have been donated. Thus the City of Paris presented an artistic collection, and several private collectors have also expressed their desire to donate collections to this museum.

Amongst the people, who took a close participation in the discussions of the Conference, have to be mentioned the President of the Union, C. Tulpinck; the representative of the City of Paris, Councillor Brunesseauz, the Consul General of France, the Hon. Leon Guermonprez who had been officially delegated to represent the French Government; the Duke of Argyll; Mr. Murray —delegate of Great Britain; the well-known Professor of International Law, Baron de Taube; the Delegation of the Roerich Institutions headed by the President of the European Center in Paris, Mme. de Vaux Phalipau and the General Secretary Dr. G. Chklaver, Count de Roenefort, the architect Rey de Villette, the representatives of Czecho-Slovakia, Greece and seventeen other countries took part in the exhibition and conference. The Conference in Bruges was greeted in the name of His Majesty King Albert of Belgium and by a message from the Belgian Prime-Minister. Amongst messages and greetings were highly sympathetic messages from: Marshall Lyautey, from the President of the Court of International Justice at the Hague Dr. Adatci, letters from Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Sir Jagadis Bose. Prof. Sir V. Baman, from the Principal of the School of Arts and Crafts Lucknow, A. K. Haldar; the Maha Bodhi Society; from Maurice Maeterlinck, Senator Copeland of New York and numerous women's Leagues and scientific organizations and from representatives of the world of Culture. Having taken a series of practical measures for the near future, the Conference closed its session with the firm conviction that our Pact would be established without delay and would find world adoption.

And now in Washington will assemble the friends of Peace. President Roosevelt is open to everything positive and constructive. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt writes about our Pact: "I think the ideals represented by the Roerich Pact cannot help but appeal to all those who hope that the best in the past may be preserved to guide and serve future generations."

A member of the Cabinet, Secretary Henry A. Wallace, in the course of a letter to me writes: "I have for several years been interested in your endeavor to create a community of feeling among all of the nations concerning those things which have to do with the arts and sciences. Your endeavor to furnish a symbol for the thought that beauty and knowledge should tie all the nations together in appreciation of a common human purpose, however separate their apparent paths may be—has been of profound interest to enlightened people over the entire world for several years. It is appropriate that you should have a meeting in Washington next fall to consider the things for which the Banner of Peace stands. . . . I believe so profoundly in the things for which the Banner of Peace stands that I am only too happy to offer you any co-operation in my personal capacity to help make your efforts along this line successful".

Amongst the latest expressions of sympathy with the Pact, I cannot omit mentioning the powerful statement of the Italian Ambassador at Washington, Signor A. Rosso to our delegation. He said: "I feel no one can be against such a great idea. Whoever would go against the Roerich Pact, will have the sanctuary of public opinion to deal with."

Verily humanity is tired of destructions, vandalism, and negation. Positive creativeness is the fundamental quality of the human spirit. In our life

everything that uplifts and enobles the spirit must hold the dominent place. The milestones of the glorious path must from childhood impel our spirit to the beautiful future. Be assured it is not a truism to speak about the undeferrable and urgent strivings to Culture. If some ignoramus finds this idea superfluous and needless, we will say to him: "Poor ignoramus, you are out of the hands of evolution, but remember that we are legion; that in no way shall we yield in our idea of a Peace Banner. If you are the obstructionist, we shall transform your obstacles into possibilities.

The Washington Convention gathers under most favorable signs. Let there resound once again the mighty prayer for Peace of the entire world. As the Red Cross affirms physical health, so may the Banner of Peace establish and affirm the spiritual health of mankind!

Nicholas Roerich.

Himalayas, 1933.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar****, January 1934.*

Darkness versus Synthesis.

(DIARY LEAVES) *

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

HEARTY thanks for all your kind messages in reply to my calls for synthesis. It is joyful and timely that you support in your various articles this undeferrably needed conception.

It would seem that the entire history of humanity directs us once and for ever to understand the principles of co-operation, containment and harmonization of centres. But reality shows that things are entirely different. I will not reiterate about the obviously dark forces, to which every mention about synthesis is adverse and irritating. This is quite natural, for chaos, with all its disorderly whirls, is opposed to harmony, progress and constructiveness. Thus we shall not be surprised that darkness always is and will be against every constructiveness and synthesis. But it is especially deplorable when one witnesses that even certain seemingly cultural minds are disturbed and revolt against every reference to synthesis. Such a sight is so unexpectedly rude and vulgar that one does not even want to believe that under the masks of respectability and sweet-voicedness could hide such fossilized and dusty outlived ideas. Darkness hopes to break up the Light, but encounters defeat in such absurd attempts. All voluntary and unvoluntary allies of darkness, are also certainly defeated in due course. But time is needed to find out every absurdity. It is infinitely sad to witness how valuable, irreplacable time is wasted on mutual negations and divisions, in order not to admit the possibility of healthy blissful synthesis.

If we shall tell ourselves that this deplorable state is the consequence of darkness, it will be a poor consolation. Or, if we say that it issues from narrow thinking or envy or malice, then this shall be a still poorer consolation, because such abhorrent properties also are created by the same darkness. The spreading of darkness is terrible, and it ravages like a pernicious epidemic. Humanity has discovered many salutory remedies against plague, cholera and similar pestilences, but the microbes of dark negation have still not been found.

Turning to the history of humanity, we see a multitude of examples of most absurd negations with the sole purpose to

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* A message to Swami Jagadiswarananda, our esteemed and regular contributor, concerning his review of Prof. Roerich's latest book.--*Ed.*

besmirch constructive synthesis. Many stupidities were expressed to the effect that Leonardo da Vinci harmed his great art by being at the same time a remarkable engineer, biologist and philosopher. And more than once it was hinted, in a most ignorant way, that the art of Rubens suffered from his diplomatic career and statesmanship. However, a mighty creativeness and a wide mind demand multifarious expressions in varied materials and domains. The ordainments of Eastern wisdom tell us, that even Boddhissattvas should master at least one art and one craft. The wisdom of ancient rabbis underlines that if the youth, besides its main activity, will not be skilled in some craft, then it will be like preparing them for banditry of the crossroads.

The whole of antiquity, all epochs of renaissance relate the most striking compatibilities. Let us not forget that Cardinal Richelieu, when searching for an active secretary, chose a man, who was busy in many fields. And when it was hinted to the Cardinal that this man was already too busy for a new appointment, the experienced statesman replied: "If he is so busy he will know how to find time also for my work." The much experienced Cardinal valued all advantages derived from the realisation of synthesis.

We further know that Julius Ceasar sometimes dictated six letters simultaneously. Long is the list of similar such examples of containment and compatabilities, which but prove the inexhaustible possibilities of man.

We heard that Einstein, besides being a brilliant mathematician, is also a wonderful violinist. Has music belittled his astounding mathematical foresight? Certainly not. The harmony of sound gave him new daring thoughts in his definition of the universe. The remarkable pianist, Hoffman, at the same time is also an excellent mathematician and engineer. Who will dare to say that one or the other is incompatible and an impeding principle? Spinoza was a skilfull master of telescopical lenses and besides was known as a fine portraitist. Has his deep philosphy suffered from this, or have his lenses become worse because of his philosophy?

One may enumerate without end similar examples, in which a thinker expressed himself also in different fields of creativeness and craftsmanship.

It would seem that these facts are sufficiently obvious and clear and that one needn't dwell on them. But humanity up to now strives by all means to affirm the unnecessary divisions and perilous specialistion.

Horrors of unemployment, horrors of the inability to properly assign one's time and capacities, are due just to such absurd divisions. If at the time of the Italian renaissance, Leonardo and many other masters, who widely contained various talents, were recognised, then now, in spite of every kind of human progress, this would call forth many negations and condemnations. I was witness to a discussion that took place, as to whether the composer Rakhmaninoff should appear also as conductor of a symphony orchestra. According to the opinion of a certain manager, a good composer could not be a good conductor also, and *vice versa*.. Besides this the ideas of the manager were that one should not burden the public with such compatability. As if the broad public could in no way understand that a man can act in two fields, if they are close to each other in their essence! No doubt, the same manager would have condemned Hoffmann for his love for mathematics, or Benois for permitting himself to be at the same time an artist and a writer. No doubt, a reference to the famous Italian Vasari, who was both an artist and a historian, would have been of small avail to persuade the present-day ignoramusses. Someone even stated the stupidity that an artist cannot be a philosopher, in other words a clever person, as if creativeness were connected with idiots only! And when it was recently printed in the papers that the Lord Mayor of Bridgeport, who is a skilled roof layer, even during his municipal activities continues his handicraft, then the readers only smiled. From the point of view of the disseminator and belittler this was a proof of the uselessness of the Lord Mayor in both fields. And what is there bad in the fact that the famous Russian composer Borodin, of "Prince Igor" fame, was a professor of the Military Medical Academy?

You would be horrified, if I would whisper to you several names of persons who are very remarkable in their own line, but who judge extremely narrowly about the ability of synthesis for others. The above mentioned example of the cause of unemployment, as a consequence of narrow specialisation, should make critics and deniers think, whether it is right to condemn and limit human abilities and possibilities. Man, as a true powerful microcosmos, has in himself infinite expressions and many beautiful qualities. Would inadaptability and limitations correspond to the great aims of the macrocosmos? No doubt, if people strive towards progress, then the latter should first of all express itself both in co-operation and in synthesis.

Divisions and conventional limitations have reached incredible absurdity. One must have a very poor mind, when one directs humanity towards such deadly divisions and prohibitions.

Precisely from them are generated shameful mutual human hatred, of which we are witness. The study of the nervous system, with its fiery energies, shows what an actually many-sided instrument the human organism is.

In the name of the highest knowledge, in the name of the betterment of life, in the name of co-operation, we have to acknowledge the hidden properties and possibilities in every human being. And having admitted the existence of these happy qualities, people must find in themselves the moral strength to express themselves, despite the whisperings of darkness, for the good of all, not being held back by prohibition there, where existence itself commands about the possibilities of flourishing, containment and synthesis. Especially let the youth, students from the first days of their studies, hear of the blissful synthesis, as the true mover of progress.

I rejoice to hear that you in various writings stress synthesis as the foundation of culture. Thus it is! If synthesis is pre-ordained to be vitally realized, then let the best creative elements, without dark negations, unite on the benevolent understanding of synthesis.

Thus let us keep cordially together. Let us at last expel malicious dark denials, and let us find in various fields of life, a radiant unifying concept!

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Reprinted from the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW *Madras March* 1934

THE BEAUTIFUL VICTORY.

DIARY LEAVES.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH,

Himalayas.

IN India I was once asked what is the difference between East and West, and I answered : "The best roses of East and West have the same fragrance." So, while we are speaking about opposition and differences, essentially we have the great "One," because really all law is One, and under this law, everything is One. We have only to serve this One and if we are unable to do so—we may say *Mea culpa*—for we are guilty of having failed to follow the law.

Very often we are trying to discover how to build the next life—how to build the next evolution. Well, that is our duty. And all will very soon wish to build up our own lives, and certainly you will wish to build up a happy life. What is the best medium to reach this happiness? Only through the Beautiful. We are divided in so many experiences, and yet everything is this same feeling of the Beautiful. You note that I am underlining the Beautiful, not Beauty, because I am speaking not only about art, or about some expression of art, music, drama, song, but I am speaking about the *sense of* the Beautiful, and it is our duty to introduce in our lives this general sense of this great conception.

Perhaps someone could ask me : "Well, it is very good to have such a dream—to make life somehow beautiful. We often think that this Beautiful is only for those who are rich; and he who must work—how can he dream about the Beautiful?

In various countries, we have seen many collectors and real workers in art, and some of them have been very poor. They have been of the working class, and still this sense of the Beautiful was so strong in them that, even with their modest means, they found the possibility to approach the Beautiful.

The chief thing is to have this inner sense of the Beautiful. Because not everyone has the medium in art, but practically everyone has *thought* and very often our creation in the *realm of thought* is far greater than reflections in some medium of art. I am underlining this because very often people come to me saying over and over the same story : "I

have no prospects in life, how can I dream about something beautiful—I have no time to study." But in a few moments you can see that this man is really gifted—that he has wonderful conceptions and thoughts, and really can project his thoughts and his conceptions into space.

Every thought is recorded in the space. So the chief thing is to create in thought—to be real co-operators in this beautiful creation of the whole universe. Because in this way of creation we will reflect the best creative powers and we will then be really co-operators and co-workers toward the Supreme.

How can we introduce this spirit here? To do this in a vital way, we have to realize the power of thought. We speak often about will-power, but very seldom do we employ this power. We speak about telepathy and we think that it is something very difficult and supernatural, phenomenal; but there are no phenomena, and there is no occultism.

To children, even the telephone is a most occult thing. But when you know how energy is employed, you know that there is nothing extraordinary involved.

We should introduce these possibilities into our lives.

In Asia, they speak about *Agni Yoga*, the Teaching of Fire. Is it something supernatural? No. They are explaining how to use this element of Fire—the flame of Space—this all-embracing element. And you will be told that very soon the Era of Flame is approaching our land. You will hear it in a quite scientific way, and then you will remember that Professor Millikan discovered the cosmic ray, and is about to discover the keenest application of that ray.

In Asia, for ages and ages, they have spoken about this same beautiful energy. In the Vedas vital precepts are given.

In the time of the Buddha, they knew about the iron birds which would serve humanity. They knew from the most ancient times about iron serpents, also for the sake of humanity. So, you see how, for ages, real knowledge was being given out, but in another language, or with other symbols, for if you will regard our prejudices in full honesty, we can have a multitude of very useful facts.

But the problem is how to approach facts honestly. "We have to take science as science, without any prejudice or superstition." At the same time, not infrequently, the scientists themselves fail to regard facts in the pure light of honesty. We should take these facts through ourselves—through our own understanding, and sometimes we will find ourselves more superstitious than some of the people in the desert. When we have such scientists as Einstein, as Millikan, as Raman we feel that our coming evolution is in good hands.

Is it not a great joy to see how an eminent scientist speaks in so broad a way? In him there is no superstition. And he is experiencing this same state of the Beautiful, because every scientist, in the moment of discovery, is the same as the artist, because he is in the same creative spirit of the Beautiful. Some time you can ask a discoverer how his discovery was made—what happened in the moment of discovery. And if the man is honest, he will tell you that something happened at that moment. It was not an accident. At that moment, he touched the Supreme—the highest Cross of Eternity.

Some big businessmen are also artists, and it is very easy to speak to and to receive understanding from a big man, because his consciousness is already expanded and if you are speaking to him about something difficult, still his experience is so big that he can understand everything, and from his understanding emanates his tolerance. Please remember this quality—tolerance. You will need it. So many things have been broken through ignorance.

Intolerance is ignorance.

Sometimes we think we are tired. But we are not tired. We are only using the same nervous centre too long. If we are tired, it does not mean that we need relaxation—that we need to sleep. We should only change our work—change the centre, and in this change of different nervous centres you will become rested.

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

Our best scientists, physicians, know already that something physical is created through irritation. In Asia, they will tell you about this crystal of anger. How can we be happy if we know that through our anger, we are creating poisons? The remedy is only not to be irritated—not to be angry. When you remember for ever that anger is something hideous, then it is not so difficult not to be irritated. If you know someone comes to irritate you, you must encounter him with a smile. And when you know that, you are already strong.

I should not like to feel that some of you to-day think that I am speaking of something abstract, or occult, or something mystical. What is "mystical?"

Something from mist. But we have nothing to do with mists or clouds—only with facts and lights. And with facts we can enlighten our life.

We are speaking about the Beautiful because when you will realize this scientific energy, the greatest power which is in each of you—then you shall release this energy, and energy will grow.

Very often people ask how to release this energy. This energy is our property. One time a young group asked how to release this energy. I asked them—"Each of you, please tell me something unusual about your life." They all became silent. There was nothing unusual to tell! "Our lives are routine. "I am working in a Bank," "I am working in a factory." But is it not strange that Boehme, one of the great philosophers was a shoe-maker? And one was a carpenter! Certainly this routine of life is our *pranayama*. That is a new word meaning the using of the energy, the processes of learning how to use the energy. You can achieve through this—but I can tell you that your routine work is the *pranayama*.

When we keep the quality of our work, we begin to be successful. He is the highest artisan, who can attain the quality of art in work. We can even wash the floors spiritually. For then some one will at once remark it saying: "This man is doing this work in such a beautiful way, that he is not in his place. Something higher should be given him." And when we refine the quality of our work, another thing happens—we have the joy of work.

The greatest misfortune is that people often work in expectation of a rest, for a holiday; but when we know the joy of work, then we need no conventional holidays. We can celebrate our holiday in labour, with the clearest conception, and with the best thought. And we shall not be tired, because we shall be enthusiastic, we shall keep our enthusiasm. We shall not sleep too much, because we shall not need to sleep much. When we are sleepy, when we are not thinking, then we are not vigilant and everything bad happens. But if you are producing any work for the quality of the work, in this creative enthusiasm, we are strong and impersonal; this feeling of the impersonal is the greatest aspect of the Beautiful.

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

In India we have a beautiful conception of Guru-ship, the Teacher—it is not a feeling of slavery—on the contrary, it is a great feeling of co-operation. In this way, a chain of co-operators can be created. You know your Master; and someone considers you as a Master, in this way there is a precious chain to the Supreme.

When we know the one Road of Ascent, then many things are easy to us.

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[Re-print from "**Vedanta Kesari**" April, 1934.]

RESISTANCE TO EVIL

By Nicholas Roerich

"DEPART from evil and create good", ordains the apostolic wisdom. In this short canon is contained two definite actions: "Depart" and "Create". Here "Create" does not mean only a departure. "Depart" and unfailingly "create good". The departure from evil is but half the work. But also "create", make, build well, as a counterbalance to evil. It is indicated thus tersely and absolutely to create bliss. Without action, without consciousness, without striving of the spirit, there can be no achievement and fulfilment of the covenant. But how often for the sake of self-satisfaction this vigorous and commanding covenant has been transformed into a bitter departure, inflexible in essence! If one make a departure, is the good already created? No, dear readers, would not this be too easy? For the good, it is necessary also to exert all the forces of the spirit and body. The good is not a nut demanding only a strong tooth. Not out of thoughtlessness, nor of a drowsing consciousness, shall good be created. The pastures of good must be sowed and harvested according to the covenants of the apostle in the true omnific knowledge of life. And let us raise another question: when is there more sweat upon the brow, in the time of sowing or of the harvest? The very same untiring call towards active labour is spread through all the apostolic calls. Because evil by its nature is active. It departed from good and in this departure already manifested the sustenance of activity, which means that the counterbalance must also be active. Evil is self-assertive because it cannot otherwise attract to itself. So also must good and bliss affirm themselves, because without works, these are dead.

The apostle ordains not the battle with evil—thus exalting the enemies—but creatively to build bliss. Light does not battle with darkness but consumes it and forces it out. But for such a victory there is demanded an attacking swiftness of light. And what swiftness and irresistibility? The apostle ordains a noble resistance to evil through the construction of an act of great bliss which, like light, pierces and disperses the darkness of evil. Of course without resistance and aggressive action evil will inevitably overtake retreating bliss, because all space is full. By retreating we therefore enlarge the field of the enemy.

How then to define evil? The eastern wisdom indicates it in the following way: "The resistance to evil is manifested as one of the fundamental qualities of those who seek Hierarchy. No physical property offers resistance to evil, but the spirit and the fire of the heart create an armour before the cunning of evil. But how to understand evil? Of course, it is first of all, destruction. But the replacing of a new and better house for a crumbling one is not destruction. Destruction means decomposition which brings an amorphous condition. Such decomposition one must know how to resist. It is necessary to find the strength of the spirit to conquer the fear which is characteristic of non-resistance

to evil. Thus let them be ready to resist evil."

As a voice of prophets wisdom forewarns: "Are there not enough earthquakes? Are there not enough disasters, storms, frosts, and excessive heat? Has not the fiery cross been raised? Have not the stars shone by day? Has not the fiery rainbow glowed? Are there not enough signs which continue to multiply? But mankind does not want to know the manifestation before the reality amidst chaos. Thus let us not insist upon a visible sign when doubt has blinded the people. But amidst the blind and deaf ones are the children of fire. To them we are sending the signs that they should discern the approach of Light."

Thus again without the realisation of what happens, without activity, we should again succumb to evil. Again we shall touch the senseless destruction with the disgusting return of amorphousness and unmanifestness. Who has the right to return into the darkness of the unmanifest that which has been manifested by the greatest creativeness? Who in the name of darkness can then extinguish the light? And was it not indicated to form and deepen one's consciousness by actions? Without consciousness how shall we understand where is bliss? Sir James Jeans has remarked that if typewriters would be given to monkeys, perhaps in a million years of unceasing and accidental thumping they would also type out a sonnet of Shakespeare. But what would be the value of this unconscious thumping?

A blind archer who shoots his arrow into the space may also sometimes get his prey, but he shall not be party to this success.

For millions of years mankind has spread the space with arrows, but only a few of them are sent consciously in the name of bliss. And therefore instead of a crowding out of the darkness, we have disturbance and self-destruction in a greater measure. Let us acknowledge with full conscience whether mankind has lightened or solved its daily problems. Just the opposite. All are in debt, materially and spiritually, all are overmortgaged, so one cannot even establish where is the end and the beginning of this universal mortgage. Even materially people have lost account of their possessions because they have subjected them to an unlimited amount of burdens invented by themselves. Just as with a business contract in which they wanted mechanically to foresee all the conditions and amidst those overburdens they calculated five-fourths instead of four-fourths—to one whole. Without the realisation of bliss the meaning of outlines is being lost.

What then is bliss? If evil is decomposition and lethargy, then bliss must be construction, creativeness, complete understanding of general usefulness. The same wisdom ordains: "Labour, create bliss, revere the Hierarchy of Light. One may inscribe this canon of ours even upon the palm of a newborn child. Thus the beginning which leads to light is not complicated. In order to accept it, it is necessary to have a pure heart."

And still further: "I shall tell the zealots and hypocrites about treason. They regard treason only a matter of thirty shekels, but they forget that it exists in every blasphemy and slander. One should not think that a hateful word is not treason. Namely, malice is often inseparable from treason and slander. The one black tree nurtures these shameful branches. And the

fruits shall be as black as the roots of shame. It is necessary to tear oneself from the horror of malicious words."

Thus is separated the darkness o evil from creative bliss. One of the most interesting chapters in technological studies is that concerning the resistance of materials. One can easily translate these calculations into the language of human relationship and receive instructive conclusions about the vitality of resistance. Whoever wants to die shall die most easily of all. Vitality is in wholeness, in motion, in permeating the space. Permeating the space with bliss, with the sending of thoughts of bliss, we receive a cosmic support for our resistance to evil. In this magnetisation there is received an energy which grows unlimitedly, therefore bliss-creativeness is the most worthy and practical occupation. And how many possibilities, great and small, measurable and immeasurable, contain bliss-creativeness in themselves ! And how many purely medicinal values the prophylaxis of bliss carries in itself ! Besides, in its substance, bliss-creativeness, like progressive energy, directs us unalterably forwards. In this sacred progression, no darkness is feared.

Let us not forget that the very same apostolic wisdom which speaks about "the spirit" which consoles, also affirms " the indignation of spirit." Without this sacred indignation the waters will not revolt and no healings will result.

Yow know that the most active safeguard at night from leopards and tigers is a powerful electric light. The spawn of darkness retreats in dread and disappears, when the flood of light is directed fearlessly into its eyes. The human heart irradiates a still more powerful light. This ray transfixes the darkness if the indignant spirit has shot it unwaveringly without grey doubts.

Swami Vivekananda, this powerful lion of Bliss and Light, explained the same resistance to evil in his exposition of Karma Yoga. His benevolent teaching is indeed a real noble stronghold.

"The deadly eye" of the Yogi is unfailing if he defends bliss. But the Yogi is not a Yogi if he falters in bliss. The chief thing is not to extinguish the " electric " light of the heart. Before its glow, all the off-springs of darkness will retire. They will retire and array against themselves everything which they prepare against bliss.

Resistance to evil will be that noble action which was ordained by the highest teaching. From the noble magnetisation of energy is born that exalted refinement which is manifested by the foundation of Culture.

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LUXURY

⟨DIARY LEAVES⟩

BY

NICHOLAS ROERICH

Reprinted from the Prabuddha Bharata, April, 1934

ADVAITA ASHRAMA
MAYAVATI, ALMORA, HIMALAYAS

Printed by Swami Vireswarananda at the Art Press,
20, British Indian Street, and Published by the same
from 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta

LUXURY

(*Diary Leaves*)

By Nicholas Roerich

I

The book *The Fiery World* indicates:

"It has been ordained that luxury should leave humanity. Not without reason have people made of this a special conception. It cannot be replaced by anything else. Luxury is neither beauty, nor spirituality, nor perfectioning, nor construction, nor bliss, nor mercy; not one benevolent conception can be substituted for it. Luxury is the destruction of means and possibilities. Luxury is decay, because every upbuilding without rhythm will be but decomposition. One may sufficiently notice, that earthly luxury is already shaken. But one must find co-ordinated co-operation in order to heal the infection of luxury. Selfhood will try to affirm that luxury is a deserved abundance. They will also say that luxury is regal. But this is slander. Luxury was the sign of downfall and obscuration of spirit. The shackles of luxury are the most terrible also for the Subtle World. There one needs progress and continuous perfectioning of thought. The exposition of encumbrances will not lead to the next gates."

Were these words said for some hoary antiquity? Or are they needed to-day in the same measure as then? It is very deplorable if commands against the ignorance of luxury are needed also to-day. But be this as it may, who will dare to deny that luxury precisely now must be eradicated? How often has the world been told that luxury is a sign of extremely bad taste! How often were examples of the fall of Babylon, Rome and many other empires pointed out, when instead of beauty, education and enlightenment humanity became obsessed by vulgar luxury!

Let us not forget how Chingiz-Khan, wishing to avoid the possibility of the spreading of luxury amidst his warriors, carried out in front of the whole people most instructive demonstrations. He told some of his closest friends to dress themselves in the finest Chinese silk robes and went with them through thorny bushes, dry tamarisk and other sharp pricky plants. When they arrived at the meeting-place of the people, their silk robes were naturally torn to pieces. And the leader pointed out to his people the uselessness of luxurious dresses. He also showed with the help of his friends, how luxurious food only causes illness, thus teaching them to return to milk and a simple healthy diet.

Such examples of endeavours to turn the consciousness of the people to a beautiful, sound living one may quote in plenty, from all ages. But it appears that even now a sound foundation has not been realized, and the machine, revolting against the weak human common sense, overpowers the wise distribution of forces. Just at present it is especially necessary without fearing derision and mockery, to remind again about healthy beauty and goal-fitted living. Some countries already announce premia for handicrafts and home industry, and this is not a retreat from

civilization. In this way wise leaders try again to attract attention to the necessity of high quality of workmanship and to applying one's leisure time for skilful self-perfectioning.

Even recently vulgar luxury was ascribed only to the ignorant *nouveaux riches*. Of course these new-comers to the golden calf, often complete ignoramuses, are easy prey to the dark whisperings of luxury. But let us not close our eyes that far beyond the circle of *nouveaux riches* there grows the desire for easy earnings and for vulgar forms of the luxurious perversion of life.

The book *Fiery World* wisely reminds that precisely egoistical ignoramuses will always defend luxury and the same book far-sightedly points out that there are many signs that luxury in the world has already been shaken. This means that one must very attentively watch that the next step of existence be really surrounded by truly noble creations. But this necessary condition of life must be watched not by some official inspectors, but by the population itself, in order to create as soon as possible a conscious understanding of the harmony of daily life.

II

Luxury in objects must leave humanity also for that reason, that this abhorrent conception treacherously involves people into spiritual luxury, which is still more harmful, and infectious. In self-centeredness people become careless towards the workers in the field of education. The excesses of luxury have created similar hideous excesses of enticement for outer physical strength, all sorts of races and competitions and admiration of muscular force. One abnormality always leads to another. The growth of the material side of life calls forth a doubtless downfall in spirituality in all countries and in all creeds. More than that, every striving towards spirituality and sublime problems of "be-ness" is considered inadmissible in the daily life of materially "civilized" society.

It is true, some nations, and amongst them mainly India, keep to ethical methods of thought, but even amongst these nations there are already just complaints that the young generation loses the understanding of high foundations of life. From other countries there come the most deplorable news about the growth of militant atheism and about unhealthy idolatry before crass materialism. The real workers of spiritual education are pushed back into the back rows. People are not ashamed to state that at present there is no time altogether to speak about living ethics. And one may add many examples of similar horrors. Of course, also from ancient history we know that Confucius, the Just One, was prosecuted by unwise rulers. And Plato was sold as slave. We know also that Aristides, who was given the by-name the Righteous, was expelled by his co-citizens from his native town. Such records sometimes seem like slander upon humanity. It is too difficult to imagine that Aristides the Righteous, could have been so maltreated by bestial ignoramuses, who dared to commit such a strikingly harmful step for the state, as the expulsion of their best citizen. But during the latest excavations in the Acropolis of Athens,—what a shame—there were found keramic tablets which represented votes against Aristides. How terrible is it to witness the actual tablet with the inscription "for the expulsion of Aristides!" This corresponds to the most awful vandalism, when absurdly and as a shame for the whole of humanity were destroyed irreplaceable treasures of great beauty!

When we read about the destruction of the most remarkable libraries, when we see lists of already non-existent creations of art, will not even the most shameless heart shudder? Some Herostrats of antiquity and their followers of our days proudly announce that they want to destroy museums and temples. We see such insane statements in print. But not one of these Herostrats will realize that he follows the commandments of most ignorant luxury. If luxury is the destruction of means and possibilities, if it is decay, then every barbaric destruction of great creations will be already luxury, a vile luxury. Herostrat, when burning great monuments, of course did not understand the high meaning of creativeness. In the same way the servitor of luxury, surrounding himself by hideously pompous, guilted encumbrances, is like the same Herostrat in regard to noble true art. If we think of new forms of life, if we want the happiness of our near ones, then is it not our duty to replace ugliness by lofty noble forms of living, be this in the material or spiritual respect?

III

With great difficulty people begin to understand such axioms that friendliness opens the gates to co-operation. But when we have to fight in the days of Armageddon, against selfhood and rudeness, this may be achieved only by consonance of co-operation. In this incessant and joyful co-operation we shall cognize that the best people so beautifully understood the meaning of beauty in the whole complex of life. The great Teacher Swami Vivekananda tells us: "Don't you see I am above all a poet?" "That man cannot be truly religious, who has not the faculty of feeling the beauty and grandeur of art." "Non-appreciation of art is crass ignorance."

Rabindranath Tagore finishes his book *What is Art* with such words: "In Art the person in us is sending its answer to the Supreme Person, who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts."

The *Fiery World* ordains: "One should avoid prejudice as in great things so also in small. Many possibilities were interrupted because of preconceived thinking. Precisely the fiery energy is very sensitive to prejudice, but knowing such a property of energy one can counteract it by suggestion," and "a benevolent thought is the basis of a good action. Thought is luminous before action, therefore let us count the camps of good according to the lights of thought."

These reminders about the harm of prejudice and about the bliss of light-bringing good thought are so needed now, when the battle takes place with all dark phantoms, with ignorant luxury and with vile treason. The refined heart will permit to distinguish where is the border line between the noble searching for beauty and where is self-devouring wild luxury, which decomposed even powerful empires.

Let the Banner of Peace as a symbol of realization and construction of Beauty remind and warn where begins the dark kingdom of spiritual cannibalism.

Verily luxury must depart from humanity.

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Hidden Treasures

By *Nicholas Roerich*

Through the immense spaces of Siberia, many ancient wanderers scattered their treasures. Many tribes, in an unceasing procession, filled the soil of Mongolia, Minusinsk and Altai. In Altai they remembered the call of other remote mountains, and again strove onward, counting not the days, nor years, nor centuries of their wanderings.

The memory of the people preserves the sacred stories about the relics of these great wanderers. And fantasy adorns them with most beautiful garlands.

Oh, these hidden treasures! What aspiration is directed towards them!

This is not merely anxiety to become possessor of riches. It is the eternal striving toward the mystery of the earth.

Many manuscripts flow through the people's hands. Wandering singers, ministrels, monks and beggars carry wonderful tales inscribed in a peculiar secret language. And why do these not acquire the treasures themselves? They have always some excuses; the hidden language must be understood.....

At times you can see these curious writings on yellow leaves, their corners ragged from long usage. Through many villages and camps these scriptures went their ways. They were written in old script, sometimes like old prayer books, with strange flourishes and ornamentations. Really it is not easy to decipher these rudimentary

signs. Many people try to follow these indications. It is true, that some places are indicated correctly. Some typical details are marked down. But it is not known that precisely in these places treasures were found. Either an exact indication was veiled, or fortunate discoverers had reason for maintaining silence. From most ancient times, old graves and tumuli have been pillaged. It appears that people who lived shortly after their erection carried on the sacrilege. It seems that the desecrators knew well all approaches and passages to the places of burial. The old custom to kill all who performed the burial had its special reason. But we do not speak now of burials, but of treasures; about the treasures, whose origin and destiny are so mysterious. We are speaking of treasures.

One remembers the majestic burial sites in the tumuli, under huge golden plaques. How many of them have been pillaged! I remember how in the steppes a boy shepherd noticed on a slope of a hill a spark of gold. His attention was attracted and he was rightly rewarded. He found two hundred pounds of gold in ancient vessels.

Let us see how treasures are indicated in the books of treasure seekers:

"From the Red Field thou shalt go in the direction of the winter's sunrise. Follow this trail until thou shalt see a tombhill. Ascend this hill and turn to the left and proceed to the rusty stream, until thou shalt see a huge gray stone. Upon this stone find a trace of a horse's hoof. Leave behind thee the stone and proceed from this imprint of a hoof until thou comest to a small swamp. Thou must know that some strange unknown people buried in there five huge pieces of gold....."

"In the elk forest on the cross path, is a huge horny fir tree. This fir tree remains here not without reason. He who searches can find some signs cut into it. Stand with your back to these signs and walk straight from them across a moss swamp. And having passed, there will be a stony place. Two stones will be larger than the others. Stand between them in the centre and count forty steps towards the spring sunset. There is a large barrel of gold buried there during the time of Tsar the Terrible....."

Here is a still better treasure:

"On the river Peresnya find a fording. And it will be called the Prince's fording. From this fording walk again toward the spring sunset. And when you will have walked three hundred steps turn half sideways. And walk across thirty steps to the right. And there will be something like an old pit. And behind this pit you will see a stump of a large tree. And there is buried a great treasure. All gold krestovics (big golden coins) and all kinds of golden armour. And one cannot count all the golden treasures. And this treasure was buried during the Mongol invasion....."

Another good big treasure:

"On the very shore of the Irtysh you will find an old site. And on this site is an ancient chapel. And behind it you may see an old cemetry. Amidst the tombs you behold a small kurgan. Under this kurgan, as told by old man, is a deep subterranean passage. And this passage leads into a small cave and in there are to be found untold riches. An old writing about this treasure is in the cathedral of Sophia. And the high one himself, the Metropolite, once a year gives this writing to read to those who come from afar."

Now I shall tell you the most difficult one:

"This treasure was buried with a deathly conjuration. Should you decide to go after it, you will have headaches and great anxiety of the soul. And at midnight you will hear horrifying voices. And a bell will ring over you, as for a funeral service. But if you will succeed in conquering all deadly terrors, if your heart will decide to go against all fear, then yours is the great fortune.

"There is a place called Great Mane. From the mountain there flows a golden stream and into this stream robbers have sunk innumerable quantities of gold. And over this place tiny birds are always fluttering. It is said that the souls of the former masters of this gold turned into these birds. And when you hear the chirping of the birds and behold this place, close your ears and look into the stream. If you see that you are not looking in alone do not be disturbed by this. You will see at the bottom of the stream a large slab. And into this slab is screwed an iron ring. And above it, from the mountains flows the water, and it will seem to you in the ripples that this slab is shaking and the ring is disappearing. Do not be disturbed by this either, but begin to read the sacred prayer to the Holy Virgin Mary. And after this prayer say: 'Omnipotent! On Thy Vestment are woven all healing herbs. Be merciful! Send me from out of these herbs a herb of power!'

"And here know how to show your luck. If you succeed in deflecting the water from the ground and if you succeed in unearthing the conjured slabs, and if you catch hold of the ring in time—then your luck is untold and inexpressible!

"Many treasures are buried everywhere. I do not speak in vain. Our grandfathers wrote much about them. Even recently in our forge a passing traveller repaired a wheel. He spoke and I overheard: 'In subterranean Siberia,' said he, 'Many riches are buried. Guard Siberia!'

"He was of great appearance, this man.

"From grandfather I know this. Sometimes on the eve of a great holiday he spoke to us, lighting the candles before old ikons.

"Thus he spoke: 'For every man a treasure is buried. Only one must know how to take these treasures. To a traitor, a treasure is not given. A drunkard does not know how to approach it. Do not hearken to the treasure with evil thoughts. The treasure knows its worth. Do not dare to harm the treasure. One should cherish the treasures. Many treasures fell from the stars. Angels guard many treasures. Treasures are not buried with a foolish word, but with prayers and conjurations. And the conjurations are awe-inspiring. And whenever there is blood on a treasure it is better not to approach it.'

"Satan himself and, with him, all devils guard the bloody gold.

"And if your heart has decided to go for a treasure, then go cautiously. Long before approaching, do not talk in vain, do not show yourself too open; think your thoughts. There will be terrors before you, but you should not fear. Something will appear to you, but do not look. Do not hearken to cries. Go in great caution. Do not stumble. Because to go for a treasure is a great thing.

"Over the treasure hasten thy efforts.

"Do not look around and chiefly do not rest. Because to every one the rest is ordained later on earth. And if you should want to raise your voice, sing prayers to the Virgin. Remember, never take with you any companions in the quest for the treasure."

"If your luck comes and you take the treasure, do not prattle to any one about it. Let people think that misfortune silences you. But be you silent, because of fortune. In no way reveal at once to people your treasure because the human eye is heavy. Treasures are unaccustomed to people. Treasures long lay in the honest earth. If you reveal them to people, they will again depart into the earth. And you will not have the treasure nor shall any one else. Many treasures were spoilt by people because of their pettiness."

"—And where is your treasure, blacksmith? Why did you not take your treasure?"

"—And for me there lies buried a treasure. I, alone, know when to go after it."

And the blacksmith spoke no more about treasures.

[Reprinted from the *Young Builder*, Karachi, for August 1934.]

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Reprinted from the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, *Madras—November 1934.*

SELF-SACRIFICE OF EVIL.

DIARY LEAVES.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS ROERICH, *Naggar.*

EVERY step of constructive good calls forth also a special attention of the dark forces. We have often noticed that the dark forces turn out to be in daily life even better organized than the forces striving towards Light—this is very deplorable. At the time when those, who consider themselves servitors of the Good, shamefully permit themselves every kind of destructive disunion, the spiteful entities act very unitedly and are well organized. This is a very sad spectacle but yet one may observe this rather often, beginning from small everyday questions up to affairs of the State. And the energy which is being developed by the dark forces sometimes even leads them to a peculiar form of self-sacrifice.

No doubt everyone can recall a great many instances, when an evil-doer, a slanderer, a traitor, began to act even to his own disadvanatage, and yet in the name of enacted evil, he can already no longer stop himself. He was ready to put his reputation at stake, he was ready to challenge the powerful enemy, he was ready to face ridicule—only to continue the evil sowing, which he had once commenced.

The psychological reasons of such an apparently abnormal manifestation, as the self-sacrifice of evil, are difficult to formulate. Of course, first of all, they have their root in the limitation of evil. Evil, after all, is always ignorant in something or other, and can never reach a high state of consciousness. The methods of evil are in the majority of cases rather primitive and sooner or later this circumstance must come to light; which is by no means a self-consolation for those who have been subjected to the attacks of evil. It will be but the confirmation of the immutable law of limitation and thus of the impracticability of evil. But if one can speak of a self-sacrifice of evil, which even risks its own destruction in order to commit a crime or some evil—then how much

better should the forces of good be organized in order not to bemean their neighbour and brother-warrior ! It would seem that all fellow-travellers should already be considered desirable friends. People very easily pronounce such words as "friendship," "amity," and "co-operation." But all this in its very essence is very easily subjected to the influence of evil. By way of self-consolation, it is said that this is not the fault of the seekers for good, but that of the zealous soldiers of evil, who, as if by their resourcefulness, with much ingenuity, sever the knot of co-operation. And when giving such praises to evil, people do not realize at all what a disgrace they attribute to the potentiality of Good. For the acknowledgment of the power of evil is already the best praise.

Verily, the acknowledgment of the power and ingenuity of evil already in itself contains the potentiality of disintegration and bemeaning of Good. Instead of trying in a fit of fear and cowardice to vindicate oneself through the power of evil, would it not be better to think how easily and naturally all good strivings may be applied for self-defence?

And the problem is not only in the self-defence of Good. Every Good is already in itself active and fills the immeasurably far-off space. If evil strikes and infests the atmosphere, then Good is a true healer and renewer of injured tissues.

It would also seem quite natural that constructive Good should be especially sharpened and vigilant in moments of the so-called Armageddon—at the hour of attack of the dark forces. Yet we see that at this hour which is so great because of its consequences, the good forces become permeated with unbefitting timidity, leaving the field of action to the forces of darkness.

It is sad to see how not only the forces of darkness themselves, but also their greyish allies lie and slander sow weeds, without any resistance from the side of those, who yet consider themselves the guardians of Truth and Good. It is deplorable to see how these deserters into the camp of darkness, without even pondering over the consequences, join the malicious sowers. It is strange that at that moment their feeling of responsibility for the committed evil as if becomes completely atrophied. In their repulsive convulsions, these volunteers of evil do not even care for their position, nor rank, nor age—only to sow their destructive seeds. It is incomprehensible that the experience of age, not to speak of the responsibility of education, does not stop the liars and slanderers. And the voluntary allies of evil shamelessly continue to call themselves just people and consider themselves in the ranks of esteemed and honoured men.

Besides, the liar will not even go to the trouble of checking his cunning devices on facts, but on the contrary will in every conceivable way hasten to evade such possibilities. Whenever confronted with facts, he even falls into a state of physical convulsion and trembles, when seeing that his malicious machinations are in danger of becoming

disclosed. Perhaps, sometimes, the liar himself does not believe in his innermost his own slander, its obvious untruthfulness, but some inexpressible process compels him to slide down the incline. And then his formulas of definition become especially rich and before them often become pale the timid hints of the defenders of Truth. And are there many, who can find the daringness to say at least: "Do not speak of what you do not know"? For if to some one the measures of good are not clear, then at least the clean sound adherence to facts should be the primitive condition of human standard.

It is also regrettable to observe another variety of volunteers of evil, who often do not even support a lie in words, but who silently rejoice. They do not even try to warn the slanderer of the consequences of his lie. On the contrary, by their quiet smile they encourage the doers of evil. Thus between the conscious forces of darkness and the warriors of active Good, there is a legion of volunteers of evil, who, in most varying degrees, assist and back hiddenly the infection of the atmosphere.

The discipline of spirit, the inherent consciousness of responsibility, which is inseparable from human existence, do not worry these malicious evil-doers. One can give them no other name, for they go without a path and in their ignorant licentiousness are ready to join any destructive infection.

All these qualities are neither national, nor are they subject to other divisions. These considerations are purely all-human and prove once more that the forgotten living ethics are necessary first of all, beginning from the first days of education.

Pondering over the self-sacrifice of the forces of darkness, symptoms of which people see so often, they should sooner or later think of the practicability of the same active self-sacrifice also on the part of the Good. The examples of wonderful heroes are, it would seem, sufficiently real. It would also seem, that not for abstract and hazy unreal problems, but for a true constructiveness, these great souls laboured here on our earth, affirming their thoughts and words by daily incessant actions. The vocabulary of the self-sacrifice of Good is indeed beautiful and by far more complete than casual and conventional encyclopædias had yet time to record. Becoming saturated with these calling examples, people, and mainly the younger generation, can so easily turn away from the unconscious support of evil, not to say even closest co-operation in malicious destruction. It is an old-known truth that children in their first years usually respond easily to Good. It is also usually so that the sad examples of the family awaken in the child's soul for the first time a leaning towards evil and then later on active participation in it. But if now in the whole world the tension reaches its climax, if even the cosmic forces respond to these destructive infections, then it is indeed high time now to become ashamed for the activity of evil, which reaches a state of self-sacrifice. For the very definition of self-sacrifice of evil should awaken in even very ignorant people the desire for similar action in the name of constructive Good.

Self-sacrifice of evil is indeed a serious reproach to humanity!

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Srinivasa Varadachari & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras.

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[Re-print from "**Vedanta Kesari**" December 1934.]

ISWARA

By Prof. Nicholas Roerich

A Dedication

"Oh, Thou unlimited by space,
Existing Thou in matter churning,
Primordial to flow of time,
Impersonal—Divinity Triune!
Spirit, Thou One and Omnipresent,
Without abode, nor having cause,
Whom no one has conceived as yet!
All with His presence filling,
Who all contains, creates, preserves,
And whom we glorify as God!"

THUS in literary translation sounds the beginning verse of the immortal poem of the first Russian poet Derjavin, written by him in 1784.

"And in heaven I see—God!" exclaimed another great Russian poet.

The Credo begins: "I believe in One God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth and of everything visible and invisible."

Towards the Highest of the Highest, to the Breath of all Breathing, to the Atman of all Existence, all nations in all languages bring their sacred and immutable striving. Everyone within the limits of his heart, within the boundaries of his understanding of the Beautiful, dedicates the best names to Elohim. May these sacred names be manifold; but assembled into One, they sound in an inspiringly touching symphony of all that is the best, of all that is the highest, which could express the human mind and which could inscribe the embodied hand with all most sacred hieroglyphs.

The sacred imutability of God the Almighty is born in the brain of every child, when it first sees the splendour of the stars and thus turns towards the infinite worlds. This enlightened thought brings to the same eternal radiant conception: "My father has many Mansions." And another formula, as limitless in its greatness, is affirmed: "But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him in spirit and in truth" (John IV, 23/24).

Science and God

A book under the title "Has Science discovered God?", a symposium compiled by A. H. Cotton, has just appeared. In this book are collected the opinions of the foremost scientists about God. Amongst the renowned names we see Millikan, Einstein, Oliver Lodge, Thomson, Byrd, Curtiss, Eddington, Jeans, Mather; and each one of them in his own way glorifies this Highest all-unifying Conception,

without which the very idea of the greatness of Infinity would be impossible.

The time has already passed when in the name of some false scientific materialism the great Realities were refuted. Atheism in the history of humanity appeared as a paroxysm of despair when man, due to his own faults, found himself in complete darkness and lost all understanding of the surroundings, of the great forms, of the meaning of fundamental principles. The last generation sometimes still admitted the self-conceited desecrative formula that, except themselves, nothing exists. All far-off worlds were for them only lamps for their own delight, and even the sun was of course only a source of their personal comfort.

Notorious for his atheism, Bazaroff stupidly exclaimed that after his death only burdock will grow out of him! Yet, such silly exclamations were not peculiar expressions of self-modesty. On the contrary they wanted thereby to affirm their bodily materialistic finality, being full of conceit in their relative and materialistic knowledge. Such a negative type is described by Turgeneff in his famous novel "Fathers and Sons"; Turgeneff understood well the fallacy of such ideas. Another Russian writer Dostoevsky, approaches the same subject in giving a type of would-be peasant atheism. This writer describes an atheist soldier who, wishing to produce the utmost desecrative action in order to convince himself of the non-existence of God, placed a most sacred Church object on a pillar and shot at it. At the moment of this sacrilege he saw the vision of Christ Himself appearing on the very place. In this example of would-be atheism is described a peculiar evocation of God, a prayer for a miracle for a holy sign, which had always existed in the depths of the heart. Thus the human heart understands in its innermost depth that every form of destruction is negative.

We have before us a significant recently issued book of the miracles which occurred during the last years. In this book are compiled facts, certified by many witnesses and also mentioned in the press. These subtle manifestations are detailed at length, with particulars about the quality of radiance occurring during these phenomena and with all effects and impressions upon the many witnesses. Elsewhere there are similar records about the miraculous healings at Lourdes. And again we have information that in 1925, in the town of Kostroma on the Volga river, an aged monk passed away, in whose papers records we found about a path to the sanctuaries of the Holies of Himavat. And the Siberian old-believers (an orthodox sect retaining ancient Christian belief) still go on pilgrimage to the sacred Belovodye ("White Waters") and are striving to the highest communion with God. On the same path one meets the "don-dam don-pa," the so-called highest form of

Understanding of Buddhist-Tibetan consciousness.

Signs for the Discerning

As soon as one leaves the path of senseless negation and strives on the path of Good, on the path of radiant creative thought, one is overwhelmed by the innumerable facts and signs from all peoples of the whole world, the value of which will be at once perceived by the pure heart. All nations seeking God and manifesting God know in their hearts also of a glorious future. Messiah, Maitreya, Kalki-Avatar, Muntazar, Mitolo, Saoshyant—everyone in his own way and according to the best of his understanding expects this radiant future, sending his heart-felt prayer to the One God Almighty. In Isphagan the White Steed for the Great Advent is already saddled. A Rabbi in Hamadan will say: "You are also Israel if you search for the Light!" Brahmins are coming in order to celebrate together with you amidst spring flowers the great Sri Krishna. Everyone of them in his own way striving towards the good and the Blessed Future, knows God.

In a remarkable book "On Eastern Crossroads" by J. St-Hilaire, is quoted an inspiring saying about the veneration of the Guru:

"I recall a small Hindu who found his Teacher. We asked him, 'Is it possible that the sun would glow to you if you would see it without the Teacher?'

The boy smiled: 'The sun would remain as the sun, but in the presence of the Teacher twelve suns would shine to me!'

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

In this hearty veneration of the Hierarchy of Light is manifested an unwavering belief in God; even more so, is manifested not only the belief, but even a realisation of God, which leads not only to God-seeking but to the manifestation of God. The knowledge of the omnipresence of God, existing in every grain of sand, not only does not belittle the Greatness, but on the contrary gives reality to all subtle conditions, to all far-off worlds, to everything perceived by the human eyes, and moreover to everything that the human heart knows in its innermost depth. The Heart—the Sun of suns, this altar of the Almighty! Verily not for long have science and great religions been parted. All new discoveries of energies, rays, waves, rhythm and all glories unseen to the eye, riches of the actual Might of God, again attract every honest study, which unfailingly leads one along the infinite Hierarchy of Light; ascends towards the highest beautiful regions where neither petty earthly divisions, nor malice and hatred exist, but where the Great Agni-Fire of creative Thought eternally shines. And in the radiance of the great Thought of the Almighty the human thought is also enlightened by the flame of the awakening Heart.

Significance of the Heart

Up to now Western science has attributed to the heart only physiological functions, ignoring its higher meaning as the transmuter of the subtlest energies, which incessantly pass through it and nourish and refine the consciousness. The Hindus know from old traditions that the great Manas has its abode in the heart; and not without reason, Hindus when speaking of thought, place their hand on the heart. Thus the apparatus of the brain, sometimes forcibly divided from the activity of the heart, again becomes a true co-worker of reality. And in this turning to co-operation is again expressed the great conception of omnipresence of the Spirit, of God. The conception of co-operation predestined to humanity for the glorious future, is indeed close to the true realisation of God. Those strong in spirit, were not frightened at the responsibility of the formula of Imitation of God. "The Imitation of Christ" by Thomas A. Kempis contains in no way self-conceit, but is a call towards highest co-operation!

The East with its ancient traditions watched with amazement the attempts of science to separate itself from the Highest. For it was in the East that the heart was acknowledged as the first conductor to the Altar of God. The Hermits of Mt. Sinai, all Prophets and all Rishis, imbued by their striving towards God, knew the highest possibilities of our spiritual guide—the human heart.

The Unspeakable's Name

Swami Vivekananda justly says that some of the modern thinkers, because of the diversity of understanding of conceptions, raised the question whether it is not necessary to replace the word God by some other definition. But the wise Swami of course arrives at the conclusion that in this term are accumulated so many of the highest human strivings, that its deep reality should not be touched. Indeed every blasphemous substitute would be similar to primitive searching, when the human mind, still bound by many crude circumstances, tried to bring the conception of the Infinite Greatness to its own earthly conditional understanding and definitions.

The conception of God, this infinite number of highest qualities, is of course inexpressible through our earthly limited vocabulary. But the Heart in its own unlimited language knows this highest wisdom of Infinity, the rays of which play on the Lotus of Consciousness. I remember how one of my late dear friends, the renowned poet Alexander Block, ceased visiting the Religious Philosophic Society. On being questioned about the reason of his absence, he answered: "Because they speak there of the Unspeakable!" This great Unspeakable, Indescribable, was for him a reality. And indeed, with his fine sensing of a poet, he felt the rudeness of verbal disputes of so High, so Fine, so Infinite a conception, which sounds only in the heart. Every word

about God already inflicts some blasphemous limitation to this untold Greatness.

Even Partial Realisation Saves

Now is a special time to remember God, to remember the Commandments of old Ordainments, to remember the Indescribable, the Unspeakable, the Undefinable, the Infinite and at the same time to remember what is so near to us, what saturates every human heart when it thinks of the Common Good. How beautifully is expressed the Divine Omnipresence in the best Commandments!

The world is shattered by all kinds of crises. In this misery, in this poverty, once more the Great Conception is raised, which, if only partly realised, would transmute human life into a beautiful garden. A breaking away from God, a breaking away from the free, unbound radiant knowledge, a breaking away from the predestined joy of perfection, would turn the significant life of this world into an Island of Tears. Yet our lot is not misery, not unhappiness is predestined; the highest joy, the creative tremor of thought, the fragrance of the Altar of the Heart are ordained. Not an Island of Tears, but a beautiful Garden, a Garden of transformed Labour and Knowledge is the domain of all people who turn towards God.

Derjavin concludes his poem "God" with the following lines:

"Creator, I am thy creation!
I am the being of Thy Wisdom!
Thou Giver of the Blissful Source of Life,
Thou Spirit of my soul, and King!
To Thy Wisdom it was needed
That my immortal Be-ness pass
Through the abysses of death;
That my soul be clad in mortality
And that through death I should rejoin
Thy Immortality, Oh Father.
Oh Inexplainable! Beyond Conception!
I know that useless are
Imaginations of my soul
To draw Thy shadow;
But if glorification be,
Then helpless mortals
Cannot better express esteem,
Than raising up themselves to Thee,
To disappear in forms immortal
And render grateful tears."

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar Annual, 1934.***

Rain of Stones.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

SOME radio reports that in Ashkhabad artificial rain was produced and that the latter upon analysis proved to contain 5 per cent. water and 95 per cent. other chemical substances. We may leave the responsibility for the truth of this statement to the radio agency, but even in itself, this communication broadcasted the world over, underlines the trend of contemporary mechanical endeavours. After all, if the artificial rain contains 95 per cent. of some "chemical substances" then why not continue the same lines of overstraining higher energies and why not produce a rain of stones?

When merging into mechanical conventionalities it is not difficult to forget the elementary guiding considerations. All the latest discoveries lead to a tension and perhaps even to an overstraining of unknown powerful energies. We call forth to overstrained tension the univestigated forces and at the same time are astoundingly indifferent to the study of these cosmic reactions. Such indefinite denominations as electricity, radio-waves or x-rays are pronounced with extraordinary lightmindedness. We are also lightmindedly prepared to acknowledge all the casual aspects of these tremendous energies, not considering the distances along which, nor the consequences with which, these seemingly simple evocations may work.

You can easily observe, how a teacher becomes annoyed, if one will persist asking him what actually electricity is. A multitude of conventional definitions calls forth in the student a light-minded attitude towards them and absolutely obscures his reasoning over the true causes and effects. Every dentist, who offers to examine you with x-rays, will be equally irritated when you ask him about the benefit or harm caused by these rays. One often hears in reply that these rays are neutral and lead to no bad consequences. But if you remind him that these rays, penetrating the tissues, are very powerful and, therefore, cannot but produce some effect, then the physician, not having any definite argument to bring forward, will simply call you an obstinate patient. One should not, of course, blame only the physicians and teachers. The whole of humanity's reasoning is at present guilty of having deviated towards conventional mechanization, without having conducted preliminary exhaustive research.

Formerly it took centuries to build temples and this spiritual burning was neither extinguished nor distorted. But nowadays one often meets with an expression of horror at the mere mention of prolonged experiments, which are to last decades. A discovery had been made that by rays one may investigate the layers of paintings, thus distinguishing fakes and restoration. Overjoyed at such a possibility, people started testing by rays many and even most valuable creations of art. At the same time the investigators omitted the simple consideration, whether such rays may not affect the colours of the paint in the future. It is just possible that such action upon the paint may be beneficial, but it is more likely that the powerful ray will change and perhaps even decompose the substance. But the present times strive only to speed. People are remote from problems which are to last many years and even ages, just as the present day composer prefers to limit himself with a short song or dance, instead of an extensive symphonic creation, or as the writer, even a very talented one, avoids the burdensome task of writing whole epopees.

Mechanical overcrowding raises the question, whether mankind is worthy of the discoveries, when the spiritual state of humanity is so far behind the " phys-mechanical strivings ". Are people worthy to fly, when these flights are connected either with murder, or poisoning, or are but races for speed ? Limitations go so far, that prizes are given for the length of hair, or for the beauty of but one part of the body, like hands or feet. And the thoughts about the integral whole and about that which moves the hand or feet, is considered totally unnecessary. It is true, once upon a time, the length of hair was useful for rope making, (of that there are several historical legends,) but of what importance is the length of hair in connection with the scope and depth of thought ?

During all the races of mechanical speed, during all competitions and senseless inventions of one-day kings and beauty-queens, the fundamental consideration of the art of thinking is absolutely rejected on to the second plane and yet this art gave so many unsurpassed remarkable schools in ancient times.

Precisely the art of thought would help one to remember that the overburdening of space and usurpations, conquest of basic energies must necessarily lead to a solicitous attitude to these cosmic problems. Electrofication is a fashionable and technically easy occupation. Sometimes the intensity of electrofication goes so far that people are afraid to shake hands, for they receive painful shocks. Some jester boasted that he would collect upon himself so much electricity, that he would destroy

his enemy. And let us also ask each other : does not such over-saturation give cause to new forms of diseases ?

We started with the jesting radio communication about chemical substances in an artifical rain. Perhaps someone will think that the golden shower of Danae was a similar product and someone scratching his head will sigh: "If only in a similar manner we do not come to a rain of stones!" In many things humanity as if reverts to biblical times. Again humanity contemplates the construction of a skyscraper of all nations—a tragical reminder of the Tower of Babel. Thus mechanically are being produced from space "chemical substances," the limits of which are not even weighed and discussed. Sometime ago we mentioned the craze for robots, which at a time of increasing unemployment, should substitute human beings in many mechanical contrivances. Again mechanical hobbies without thought about cause and effect. Again deviation from prolonged living experiences. Again the evocation of those unrealized infinite energies, for which humanity has so far not even corresponding definitions.

Humanity should both dare and succeed, but causes and effects come first of all ! Some fool wasted his time in calculating how much dynamite would be required and how deep the hole to be drilled for it, in order to explode the whole planet. He probably did not think at the time of the possibility of a rain of stones, which to a certain degree would have been helpful to his "philanthropical intentions."

We know as yet so little! The simplest manifestations perplex a specialist ! Quite recently on various continents—in France, Mexico, India—the ocean gave us corpses of some unknown sea monsters. Their reality is obvious, for there exist photographs of them. What causes, what shiftings in the depths, have thrown ashore these animals ? Much takes place outside of mechanical formulas and no prizes for speed, no conventional athletics and least of all a golf ball, can help in these realms.

" May we be spared from a rain of stones ! "

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THOU SHALT NOT KILL

(Reprinted from the May-June issue of the "Maha Bodhi.")

By

H. E. Professor Nicholas Roerich

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THOU SHALT NOT KILL

By H. E. Professor Nicholas Roerich

Before me lies an imposing volume "The First World War". The publishers of it no doubt desired to show all negative moments of the war and its consequences. Such books are excellent indicators amidst the search and appeals for peace. If we witnessed all these horrors in the age of civilization and great discoveries, it means world culture is greatly shaken.

Besides its text that book horrifies the reader with its pictorial reproductions. Let us not enumerate all such disgrace of humanity. It is sufficient to look into the eyes of a starving child-skeleton, in order to feel into what abyss savagery and bestiality lead. The shameful destructions of majestic creations of human genius also appeal to the hearts which are not yet fossilized.

The meaning of this white book on a table, is similar to our white Banner of Peace, which was discussed at the Washington Convention. The more such books, the more signs of reminder,—the more the human heart will shudder and ponder about the immediate measures for the protection of dignity, for the safe-guarding of the noble seal of the age. For what can be more dishonourable for the seal of the age than the destruction of culture in its deep significance?

We must be thankful to all those, who by one sign or another try to decrease the field of killing and destruction. It is true, we are horrified looking at some of the pages of the book of "the great war," but we exclaim at the same time: "Let the school teacher, when showing such books to the students, say: "This shall not be repeated." So much terror has entered life, destroying the moral and material foundations, that indicators should undeferrably appear on perilous

spots, from which humanity must be saved!—if it is to remain that mankind, to whom the commandments of good were ordained.

But in order that the teacher should have the right not to conceal from the children the past horrors, he must cover every page of horrors with ten volumes of true heroic deeds of humanity. He must know how to speak beautifully about those who are giving the blood of their hearts to defend the best constructive and educational foundations. Therefore, every publisher who shows the horrors, takes upon himself the duty to issue books depicting the best images of heroes and leaders of mankind.

In the days of the world crises the wise commandments should be especially remembered. Amongst them the most outstanding and imperative is—Thou shalt not kill! During the milleniums of bygone ages the spiritual leaders of mankind on all continents repeatedly and patiently reminded of the most imperative basis of life. Precisely this commandment has in view the safe-guarding of life—that greatest gift for self-perfectioning. Again and again this planetary command was sent out, but again the blacksmith of the whole world untiringly forged swords and spears, for slaughter and murders.

Endless volumes were written against the killing of the body. From all sides it has been shown to what an extent this cruel action does not correspond to human dignity. If one could collect all the sayings which accumulated around this conception, then one would behold an amazing wreath, and on every leaf of it would twinkle the tears of humanity of all ages and all nations.

But amidst the confusion of life it has become non-befitting and even shameful to speak about this commandment. And he who dares will be regarded as an impotent pacifist of the most perverted kind. He who speaks of this commandment will be considered if not insane then at least a suspicious character, who upsets the social structure of

contemporary conventionalities. Indeed, if in antiquity murders were counted by thousands, then in our "enlightened, civilized" era the number of killed exceeds many millions. If in the stone age hunters with primitive bows and spears killed some animals, then now in the slaughter houses of Chicago alone within the shortest time some fifty thousand of animals are taken life off. Such is progress!

And if with all scientific data at hand you will try to advocate the advantage of the nutritive value of vegetarian diet, you will again be suspected of some intentions directed against society. Civilized humanity, often reiterating the the word culture, still regards blood as something highly nutritive ; and there still exist ignorant physicians who prescribe raw blood meat. Lamentable dicta, whatever you may say about blood meat, about the cruel pastime of hunting or about the so-much-liked-by-the-mob executions,—all this will be permitted as a befitting conversation in the parlour rooms of the highest society. Tasting a sugar-coated biscuit and dipping their lips in the famous cup of tea, you can smilingly relate how during a certain execution not only was all available space filled with excited onlookers, but even from all windows and roofs of adjoining houses people were staring at such a "rare" sight. If you narrate it without much criticism, the society will enrich such themes by many piquant details.

Thus together with the amount of ordainments against killing, there also grows the number of murders of both animals and of human beings. Many wiseacres will state : "such is the law of life". And if you will contradict, quoting authoritative commandments, then your interlocutor will reply : "you are yet too young", as if, according to his opinion, old age is the symbol for bloodthirstiness and cruelty.

Cruel are the deeds of this world. On the one side people try to discover all sorts of remedies to prolong life, and on the other, with still greater speed they invent deadly guns, poisonous gases, which, besides human life, poison the

whole planet and inflict a much greater harm than the civilized modern consciousness wishes to admit. All this refers to the body. But let us not forget that besides the body we should keep in mind the human spirit, consciousness, thought, ideas, which govern the world. Of this a multitude of philosophers of all ages wrote and spoke, and in confirmation of this truth they went into the fire and on the scaffold.

But now the enmity of the world has reached such a state, that to speak of the perversion of violation of the spirit is considered merely bigotry of bad manners. And indeed, where can people now hear about vital ethics, about the purification of consciousness and the discipline of thought? In the churches little is said about it and we all remember how guns were carried for blessing precisely into churches. In schools there is no chair for ethics, and yet this subject in all its historical vividness could be one of the most inspiring. The ethics of the spirit, the teachings of the heart had behind them a most beautiful literature in all epochs. But it is not the custom to read such fundamental chronicles. It is not in our habit to search in the characteristic old expressions something needed even to-day. For us, who are addicted to aimless speeding, to bodily contests, can there be any time to inspire ourselves with the beauty of ancient conceptions and images?

Having transplanted our consciousness into bazaars, into stock exchanges, stadiums, and every possible kind of races and super-races, we simply lose the understanding wherein lies that self-perfectioning, for which we are here on this earth. One may run faster than the neighbour. One may fly faster than birds, but one may also swallow up one's neighbour more blood-thirstily than a tiger. Embitterment has generated that unheard-of negation which destroys the meaning of human achievement. We had opportunity to quote once the most significant statement of a British engineer-inventor who said that humanity is not ready to

accept great discoveries. And H. G. Wells, not because of the triumph of Culture, recently suggestd to build a new Noah's Ark.

Verily in home life, in the schools, in social activities many lessons of cruelty are taught, whereas, how meagrely and tiresomely is repeated the withered command: Thou shalt not kill! And in the physical body people have ceased to understand what it means not to kill, what higher meaning this austere commandment has in its brevity.

And when matters reach the killing of the spirit, the murdering of consciousness and heart, then our contemporary dictionary comes into complete disorder and turns out to be altogether useless. But the threatening crisis of the world, we repeat, is not on the bazaar, but in our hearts. Until people understand the meaning of pre-ordained self-perfectioning, they shall not be in a position to value the whole practicability of the command, not to kill, not only the body, but pre-eminently the spirit.

Some dark instigators shout: "to hell with culture", "to hell with heroes, leaders and teachers". But precisely through these firmly instilled conceptions can construction and betterment enter life.

Embitterment, after all, leads to poverty, to perpetual dissatisfaction, in which even wealth appears as poverty. Cruelty makes of the heart that stone, which we try to throw at our neighbour, instead of illumining the near ones with the light of co-operation. In the conception of co-operation no thought of killing will enter, because for co-operation is needed life, and not death. In the difficult days I want to greet the friends upon that blissful co-operation, which will bring us to mutual understanding of the high meaning of self-perfectioning.

Always, when we shall pronounce the great command-ment: "thou shalt not kill", let us understand it not only in its physical but mainly in its spiritual sense. This last meaning will direct our attention to the heart and will help

us to understand the great commandment not only in the narrow earthly way, but in the whole magnificance of all higher worlds.

Co-operation, cognizance, strengthening of the spirit will again give to the world those heroes for whom the heart of mankind long.

Himalayas,
1934.

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Reprinted from the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, *Madras—January* 1935.

GODS OF KULUTA.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH,
Naggar.

AND so it was. And there came an astrologer and told what was to come. And there visited us our esteemed neighbour—the goddess *Tripura Sundari* and touched her chosen one and he trembled and became pale and said: "Not everything is as yet completed, not everything is over. Great events are ahead and everything will be victorious." And the same was confirmed by the goddess's sister, *Batanthi.* And the severe god *Jamlu* on his part affirmed the same future. And the protector of the house, the white-clad *Narsing*, through his Brahmin heralded the same happy news. And in testimony of the truth the Brahmin held on the palms of his hands glowing charcoal, which did not burn him.

Sometimes it would seem that all the countries of Asia have already been described. We have admired the curious tribe of the Todas. We have been amazed at the sorcerers of the Malabar Coast. We have heard of the Nagas of Assam and of the extraordinary customs of the Veddas of Ceylon. The Veddas and Paharis of Northen India are always pointed out as most unique tribes.

Although many articles have already been published about the Northern Punjab, where an incomprehensible conglomerate of ancient hill tribes is massed together, yet the remote hillmen have been touched so little by civilization, that the inquisitive observer constantly finds interesting new material.

The mixture of ancient Rajputs, Singhs with Nepalese and Mongoloid hillmen has produced quite an individual type, which also produces a religion—a combination of Hinduism and Buddhism.

The sacred Kulu Valley lies hidden on the border of Lahoul and Tibet, forming the most northern part of the Punjab. Whether this was *Aryavarsha* or *Aryavarta* is difficult to say. But the most significant names and events have gathered in this beneficial valley. It is called the Silver Valley. Whether in winter, when the snowy cover sparkles, or in spring when all the fruit trees are covered with snowy-white blossoms, the valley equally well merits this name.

In this ancient place they have their three hundred and sixty gods. Among them also is *Gotama Rishi*, dedicated to Buddhism, which is known to have been here for ages. There are also Akbar the Great, whose statue is in the *Malana* Temple, and all teachers and heroes who by sword or spirit won great battles.

Deoban, their sacred forest, is entangled with century-old trees. Nothing may be destroyed in the silence of the protective grove. Even leopards, bears and jackals are quite safe in this abode of the God. People say that some of these protected trees are over a thousand years old and some even two thousand. Who has counted their ages? Who knows their beginning? And their end is not near, so powerful are the unembraceable trunks and roots.

Equally ancient are the deodar trees round the *Mahadevi* temple in Manali. Heavy boulders, stones resembling huge mountains, are scattered all over the mountain-slopes of the Himalayas. Near the temple are seem-

ing altars, built of stone. Here the gods are said to meet during the spring festivals. In the darkness inside the temple rises a rock, washed by a prehistoric stream. Was it here that *Manu* compiled the first commandments for the good of mankind ?

On the mountain slope above every village can be seen a comb of ancient giant pine trees or deodars. These are all places sacred to the three hundred and sixty gods of the glorious Kulu Valley, or as the ancient people called it, "*Kuluta.*" These places were marked by the Indian pundits, by old Tibetans, and by the famous Chinese traveller of the seventeenth century, Hsuan-tsang.

In the Kulu Valley, even up till now disputes are settled by the prophet priest. In the sanctuaries of temples are untold sanctities, which the human eye is not allowed to see. The guardian of a temple enters the sanctuary only rarely and always blindfolded, and carries out one of the sacred objects to an initiate, for a brief moment.

The people of the mountain nest, Malana, speak an incomprehensible language and nobody has as yet clearly defined this dialect. They live their own lives, and only rarely do their elected representatives descend into the valley to visit the temples of the god *Jamlu*. In high black cone caps, with long ear-pieces, and in home-spun white garments these mountain hermits tread the snowy narrow paths.

During the New Year of India, the entire Kulu Valley celebrates the festival. We were told that the goddess *Tripura Sundari* had expressed the wish to visit us. The triumphal procession of the goddess, of her sister *Bhutanta* and the god Nag, arrived. In front of our house stood a long row of multi-coloured banners. Further away was a multitude of drums, pipes and bent brass horns. Farther on, in finely ornamented costumes, dancing all the way, with bent sabers, came the priests, gurs, kadars and local festival dancers. On the broad terrace the procession halted. Everyone of the three palanquins of the gods was covered with silver and golden masks. The music roared, songs were enchanted, and they began a wild war-like sword-dance. Like Caucasian hillmen or sword-bearers of Kurdistan, the sons of the ancient militant valley, madly but gracefully whirled round in dance.

Then an old Brahmin priest appeared. He took two sabers from the young dancers...as if a miracle had happened, the bent old priest suddenly bacame full of life, and like a warrior leaped about in a wild sacred dance. The curved sabers flashed. With the back of the saber blade the old man inflicted on himself imaginary symbolical wounds. It seemed as if he would gash his throat. Then with an unexpected movement the bare steel was run between the open mouth...was this an old man, or a youth masked in a gray beard ?

All this was unusual. But the most unusual was to come. The dancers calmed down. The musicians stepped aside. The palanquins of the goddesses were borne upon the shoulders of the men, but the men who carried them did not touch the poles with their hands. On the contrary, the palanquins seemed to push them about, and, as if drunk, they staggered around, led by an unknown power. They began turning around with the palanquins on their shoulders. Suddenly the palanquin seemed to rush at a chosen person propping itself up with the end of the poles against his chest. He shuddered, became pale, and his entire body shook.....In a transformed voice

he shouted out prophecies. But the goddess also desired to speak through another. Again the palanquin moved around in a circle. And again some one was chosen and endowed. It was a pale youth with long black curls. Again the blunt look of the eyes, the chattering teeth, the trembling body and the commanding proclamation of prophecies. The New Year had been honoured. The procession lined up again and returned by the steep hilly path to the temple, where drums were to thunder till long after midnight and where the dancers would again whirl round in sacred war dances.

It is good when the gods of Kulu are gracious.

What do the inhabitants of Kulu Valley like most? Dancing and flowers. We visited another sword dance. Skilfully the sword blades whizzed through the air and around in a semi-circle danced a row of colourfully dressed men, arm in arm, singing drawling songs accompanied by drum-beats and large kettle-drums. On rich stretchers, under an ornamented canopy, sat Krishna with a blue face and in gold brocaded garments. Next to him sat Radha, and in front was a small Kali, her face black, like a Nubian, with a long, red, out-stretched tongue attached to it. The children who represented the gods sat up very seriously with an understanding of their nomination. And round stood the crowd, a mixture of many nations: Paharis, Tibetans, Hindus, Ladakis and many other types of hillmen with strange faces. All this seemed to carry me back to the American South-West Pueblos, where, during the festivals, we saw similar rows of people with their arms interwoven, who represented rain clouds, the harvests, and hunting—everything that harasses and delights the people who live in contact with nature.

During our travels, we heard much of every manner of god. We saw how the Chinese punish their gods, drown them in the river, cut off their hands and feet and deprive them of their dignity. The Samoyeds either anoint their gods with fat or flog them. In short, all sorts of things may happen even to gods. But, that in our times, a legal contract should be made with a god such as is done in Kulu still seems a novelty. In the Bible we read of covenants made with gods, but of course, this was without government revenue papers. But here in Kulu valley the gods are very close to life and they base all their decisions according to the up-to-date laws of the country. Here I have before me a contract between myself and the god Jamlu, concerning the water supply. Such written contracts with gods I have never before seen. Everything becomes modern and even gods sign contracts on revenue paper.

But not only do contracts with gods occur in Kulu, before me is a deed of sale of an ancient fortress and there is a special clause that the previous owner retains his right to a quarter part of a golden cock, buried on these grounds. The tale of the *Coq d'Or*.....

The *gur*, priest of the gods, is the most revered person in all Kulu. He is all clad in white, in a homespun woollen mantle, with a small cap on his black and gray hair. His nose is aquiline and he has sparkling deep-set eyes. His legs are also covered with white.

The *gur* is seated on a rug, and having completed the burning of his incense, he gives everyone of us a flower as a sign of grace of the gods.

The gods are very satisfied, he informs us. We did not offend them. On the contrary

we have even collected their images near our house, bringing them from an old ruined temple. There is the statue of *Juga-Chohan* on horseback, there is also the goddess *Kali*, the *Rishi Kartik*, *Swami Nansigang*, *Parbati* and several images of *Narsing*, the protector of this place.

"Tell us, *gur*, have you seen *Narsimha*? we ask him. "We heard that many people have seen the protector of these regions."

Before the *gur* had time to answer, a Hindu school teacher, who was present, replied:

"Certainly many of us have seen *Narsimha*. The old Rajah, who became the protector of this Valley, wanders at night-time near his former castle and along the mountain paths. All your servants here have seen how on a moonlight night, a tall, majestic figure with a long staff has descended the mountain and disappeared under their very eyes...I have myself seen *Narasimha* twice. Once in this very house. The protector entered in my room at night, and touching me, wanted to tell me something. But it was so sudden that I became frightened and the vision disappeared. Another night I returned by the mountain road from the castle homeward. And I met the protector himself, who said: "Why walk so late when everybody sleeps?" You can ask Capt. B, and the wife of the planter L. They both know of apparitions of Narasimha."

And the old *gur*, chewing his thin lips, said:

"I have seen *Narasimha*. And also the goddess. She came to me as a small child and blessed me for my initiation as gur. I was very young at the time. At the gates of the temple I imposed a fast on myself and sleeplessness for seventy-two hours. And in the morning after these hours had passed, an unknown little girl came to me. She was about seven years old, dressed in superb robes, as if for a festival, although it was an ordinary day. And she said to me: 'Your task is fulfilled. Go and act as you decided!"

The *gur* has told us much about the great local Rishis: the gods in the valley live in prosperity. They have plenty of property and land. Without their sanction nobody is allowed to fell a tree. The gods visit one another as guests. Many people have seen the gods travelling. Sometimes they fly, sometimes they walk with great leapspropping themselves on sticks. Of course, besides that, several times every year they have triumphal processions with drum-beats and trumpets as accompaniment. In the store-houses of the temples are hidden rich garments, pearls, gold and silver masks—all attributes of the gods.

The wife of the planter told us that indeed staying once over-night at the Naggar castle, she was awakened by a noise in the neighbouring room and on the threshold a white figure appeared of medium height, but she became terribly frightened and the figure disappeared, making such a loud noise that two English ladies, sleeping next door on the other side, became very much frightened. And with the same noise the figure moved along other parts of the castle. The same person also saw another interesting thing. On the maidan of Sultanpur she saw a dog running, pursued by a white transparent figure.

A Brahmin in a very large yellow turban told us how the local gods help the inhabitants of the Kulu Valley.

"Some misfortune happened in the house of a man, and in terror he fled up into the mountains, seeking the help of the gods. Three days he spent on the rocks. Some one invisible brought him food and a voice said 'You may return home.' And the

man returned and found everything in order. Another man went into the mountains of Manikaran and secluded himself in meditation. An unknown Yogi appeared before him and surrounded him with radiant light. From that day on all the inhabitants of the valley followed that man, paying him homage and trust. This was about fifty years ago. If you want to try to see a Rishi, go up into the mountains, to one of the mountain lakes. And in fasting and prayer stay there, and perhaps one of the protectors will appear before you."

Thus the people of Kulu regard their deities with familiarity. In this ancient place, as in Naggar, and in Manali, are gathered all the great names. The law-giver, Manu himself, gave his name to Manali. The great Arjuna, in a miraculous way, laid a passage from Arjunagufa to Manikaran, where he went to the hot springs. After the great war, described in the Mahabharata, the Pandavas came to Naggar and high above the Thava temple they built their castle, the remnants of which are still being shown. Here also in the Kulu Valley lived Vyasa, the compiler of the Mahabharata. Here is Vyaskund, the sacred place of fulfilment of all wishes. In Bajaura, near the river Beas, stands a temple connected with the name of Geser Khan. Coming from the side of Ladak the great hero here overtook his enemies and defeated them. On the same river Beas, called in his'ory Hypathos, near Mandi, Alexander the Great once stopped. A hill is shown there connected with the conqueror's name. On the top of the hill are some ruins.

Here also in the neighbourhood lies the famous lake Ravalsar, the place where the great teacher Padma Sambhava stayed. Thousands of pilgrims visit this remarkable place, coming from beyond the mountain ridges of Tibet, Sikkim, Ladak and Lahoul, where Buddhism prospers. From Kulu came the propagator of Buddhism, Santa Rakshita. It has been ascertained that Kulu and Mandi are the sacred lands Zahor, which so often are mentioned in ancient records. Here after the persecution of the impious King Landarma were hidden the most ancient books. Even the place of these hidden treasures is indicatad approximately.

In Naggar is shown the cave of the famous spiritual teacher Pahari Baba, who converted the cruel Raja into leading a pious life. It is a lovely, quiet place, hidden among dense deodars and pine trees. A small brook gurgles and birds call to one another. A Brahmin guards the sacred cave, which has now been adorned by a temple. The chief deity of this temple is an image of—as the Brahmin calls Him—Taranata. He brings the image out of the temple, and one cannot fail to recognize in it Tathagat the Gautama Buddha—the Teacher. In this way the Hinduism of the hill Paharis has become blended with its predecessor—Buddhism. In other temples also one can see, besides, Shiva, Kali and Vishnu, images of Buddha, Maitreya and Avalokiteshwar. And all these memorial images are reflected in the gathering of the three hundred and sixty Rishis, the protectors and holders of this blessed place.

One cannot omit to mention that under the name of Trilokanath—Lord of the Three Worlds—in upper Kulu, as also in Chamba State and Lahoul, Avalokiteshwara is worshipped. This is confirmed by the typical aspects of the images.

On the border of Lahoul, which is also an ancient former Tibetan principality, on the rocks, are inscribed images of a man and a woman up to nine feet high. It is said that this was the height of the ancient inhabitants. It is curious, that in Bamiam, in Afghanistan, where there are also huge images on the

rocks, these are also connected with a legend of the height of ancient giants.

The earthquakes in Kangra have destroyed many of the temples, but the memory of the people preserves the names of heroes and teachers. Here also are erected monuments of a different character, reminding one of things which might well be forgotten. In Mandi and in Kulu you can see big stone stelae like ancient menhirs, with some time-worn images. In close groups stand these granite blocks, hiding some secret. What is this secret? What memory do they recall? These memorials refer to all the generations of local rajas, and show the number of their wives, who were buried alive together with the body of their deceased sovereign.

These stones speak of the past. But to the north of Kulu rise the white peaks of the main Himalayan range. Beyond them lies the road to Lahoul and Ladak and the main white giant is called Guru-Giri Dhar—the Path of the Spiritual Teacher. This conception unites all Rishis into a great whole, leading the way to the Heights.

In this Silver Valley the Great Shepherd called to life all living beings by the silvery sounds of his flute. He calls toward joy. And the apple-trees, pear-trees, cherry-trees and plum-trees respond in their enthusiasm of blossoming. The willow tree opens its fluffy blossoms, apricot-trees turn lilac, the vigilant nut-tree unfolds in rich yellow, and as a healing nectar flows the aromatic sap of the deodars.

Under the apple-tree, covered with rose-coloured blossom, the eternal Krishna, on his silver flute, plays his divine songs of regeneration.

Srinivasa Varadachari & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras.

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Reprinted from the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, *Madras—March 1935*

LIMITS.

DIARY LEAVES.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS ROERICH, *Naggar.*

SEVERAL newspapers report simultaneously of events bordering on extremes. In one paper, under the heading "In what crazy people believe" one reads :

"At the World Fair in Chicago there took place the most savage ceremony of marriage, which has ever been held.

"In that part of the Exhibition, which is called "The World a Million Years Ago" amidst the reconstructed models of dinosauri, brontosauri, triceratopses and other prehistoric monsters,—two nudists were married.

"During the ceremony the bride wore only a smile, and the bridegroom a serious expression on his face.

"The bridesmaids, the best-men, guests, etc., had actually not a single thread upon them, not even a fig-leaf.

"Only the priest looked somewhat different in this ensemble, for he wore a goatskin !

"The young bride belonged to the nudists' colony in Indiana and her young husband to the colony in Mirror Lake, in Wisconsin State.

"After the marriage ceremony, the young couple put on clothes and went to the husband's colony, in order to establish their home there. They had thought of all necessary things for their home, except of clothing, which they did not require."

Another newspaper under the heading "Black Masses in London" quotes particulars from the *Daily Mail* about the disclosure of a black lodge, which organized "black masses" in the capital.

"During these masses black candles are lit, black bread is served and black wine, etc. ...The participants of the mass confess to one another their 'committed good deeds' and express deep repentance for having done them. Then an orgy begins."

Parallel with such sacrilegious, repulsive communications one reads another article under the title "Do You Dance Karioka," which states :

"Now a new dance is on the order of the day—'Karioka,' a new craze. There is actually not much new in this dance, the characteristic part of it being that it is being danced by leaning one against another, forehead to forehead."

Despite their diversity, all these three newspaper articles denote one and the same madness of the world. We of course quoted them quite casually, unpremeditatedly, only because they appeared simultaneously ; but these mournful records could easily grow into a multitude of facts, about which the press either does not write or they appear, in view of their usualness, in small type.

Unfortunately all such similar communications appear not only in astounding variety, but even in an extraordinarily accelerating progression. One cannot think that all these shameful grimaces of humanity have already become customary. To presume such accelerating abhorrence and savagery would already be pessimism. But the discovery of an epidemic is not pessimism, but the beginning of the process of recovery. When we know the enemy, then this leads already to the

gates of victory. The same applies to fearless disclosures of sacrilegious and immoral machinations. Every disclosure will already be to a certain degree a prevention of a further continuation of these dark rituals.

Just imagine the invention of a butting dance. Up till now people looked pityingly at butting rams and used to say: "Truly, rams will be rams!" But now in dances people will imitate these lower creatures and perhaps some enterprizing manager will think of supplying the dancers with horns in order that they may the tighter hold on to each other. Why then did proud civilized people mock at foreign rituals which they did not understand? Indeed this newly invented dance is a sufficient degradation of the pride of the civilized people. Or can one imagine anything more sacrilegious than the marriage of nudists by a priest clad in a goatskin! In all these details is hidden some dark blasphemous meaning. Could there really be found such a monstrous priest, who wished to put on that goatskin? We of course repeat but the communication from newspapers, but is it possible to assume that they are erroneous? If so, there should have appeared some corresponding refuting statement. But in view of the present times, can we presume, at all, that the communication is a lie? When reading about the goatskin of the priest, one may easily connect with it the other newspaper article about the "black masses."

Many probably think that "black masses" are the result of bad novels and other unwholesome inventions, but unfortunately there appears everywhere news about such sacrileges, and with convincing concreteness. And if one adds to this also other terrible manifestations of human degradations, then to our deep regret also this shame of our age appears to be real.

Villainy and all the nets of darkness begin from very little, almost indiscernible in the hustle of everyday life. But even these smallest black seeds in their dark potentiality grow up to the greatest sacrileges. And people forget altogether that sacrilege is neither small nor big. Every sacrilege is the manifestation of greatest ignorance, lowest savagery and represents in itself a great shameful crime. Not without reason was ignorance in ancient teachings considered as the greatest crime. For an ignoramus not only harms himself, but he seduces and harms the whole of humanity, he infests the whole of the atmosphere. Therefore sacrilegious ignorance is not a personal crime, it is service to darkness, it is an active evil, which destroys the constructive achievements and pulls man down into the abyss of chaos.

Let us not think that dark chaos is something abstract, let us not forget that human gatherings should not only increase the good, and ought not to be a source of degradation.

Flattering compromisers will perhaps say: "Is it right to underline so persistently some dance or the goatskin of a priest?" Let these compromisers realize what may result from one goatskin and that already a whole "black mass" is growing! Let us also not forget that human responsibility should not admit blasphemous sacrileges which lead to incurable earthly diseases.

Precisely in our times, much that seems hazy abstractness, has become obvious reality. The consciousness of the heart persistently warns that the limits of errings have been reached. Ignorance flourishes, gorgeously surrounding itself with absurd conventionalities and the human spirit wails and warns—"Let us not transgress the limits"!

S. V. & Co., Madras.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar****, April 1935.*

Ancient Sources.

(Diary Leaves).

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

"WHEREIN lies the truth of ages? In laws and commands or in proverbs and fairy tales?" In the first the will is tense and in the second is the impression of wisdom. The shortest proverb is permeated with resoundings of place and age. And in the fairy tale, as in a treasure trove, is hidden faith and the striving of people. The proverb may be sad, but it will not be destructive and likewise will one not find vulgar fairy tales nor repulsive songs. The proverb as well as the fairy tale is for the good. But the sources of the command are different. How many commands become obsolete and quickly evaporate! But try to eradicate a proverb or legend. They may go underground, but they will nevertheless emerge again.

"Know how to catch by the tail the smallest devil and he will show you where his superior hides"—this old Chinese proverb points out the significance of the slightest details for revealing the most important. Truly, the most minute detail will be the best key to a great achievement. It is wrong to think that details are unnecessary for the path of ascent. Even the most excellent heroic acts rested upon details which were timely foreseen. How carefully notices he, who follows the Teacher, all the stones! He will miss nothing that lies outside. Only a poor disciple will say: "Guru, in my exaltation I broke my nose". Such incommeasurement will only show how far the disciple is from

being observant. The Chinese proverb has yet another meaning. " The greatest criminal will be easily detected by the smallest details of his conduct ".

It is wonderful to observe the subtlety and correctness of all details in proverbs, legends and fairy-tales. Of course, sometimes in an inaccurate translation something may appear superfluous or clumsy, but one must only turn to the original to find that the old proverb: " one cannot omit a word in a song " has a deep meaning. And not only can a word be omitted, but neither can it be transposed. And from this point of view it is instructive to observe the forged conciseness of the language of the people. Thus the best seeds are separated by repeated winnowing, thus in the furnace of the ages is being forged the tongue of folk-wisdom.

In all ages all people will always have short periods during which all these accumulations will be haughtily rejected. Like treasure troves they will go underground for the time being. As in the forbidden catacombs there will only remain the whisper of prayers. Thus somewhere and yet in full care will be safe-guarded the signs of observations of people and again they will be unearthed from their hiding places. Again with renewed fervour they will be studied. And again precisely from these inexhaustible sources will be renewed the foundations of Culture.

Some thoughtful explorers will again go deep into the unravelling of the sense as well as the form of ancient heritages. Again they will admire the refined details of these forms, so well forged, so well worked, born in long patience of by-gone rhythms of life.

Precisely one wishes to emphasize that in these ancient heritages the meaning as well as the structural form can give an equal joy to the student. Only the superficial, perhaps, will speak of the old-fashioned language, but a true revealer of the runes, an inquisitive scientist will admire how remarkable and how simple and appropriate are the definitions and in what combinations is brought out the greatest emphasis, stressing the importance where necessary.

Take any ancient proverb and try to change the sequence of words in it. You will see that as a result of such practice much of the sense will be lost. We have seen many distortions of sense due to translation. Only quite recently languages begin to be studied without prejudice and therefore in certain known great monuments of the past, new translations reveal new and significant details. The historical names themselves have undergone in the various translations such a multitude of expressions,

that at times it is difficult to realize that the one and the same person or place was meant. Especially guilty of this were the text books of the middle schools. A multitude of children in their hurrying through a study course, at times learned such names which later in mature years, were again met by them in an entirely different denomination, which gave rise to unnecessary complications. But now in the many branches of science we turn to the original sources with open mind and inquiringly. A thoughtful study will help again to appreciate the many most characteristic, most minute details and definitions.

And what may be more profound and all-embracing, than the observation upon the thought itself and its structure. Not without reason people speak about the art of thinking. Precisely in the structure of thought is expressed the same general conception of creativeness. Lovers of art for art's sake will always especially emphasize not only that, which is said, but also how it is said. The way things are said, the way they are done, the way they are thought—all these are sources of delight for every observer; and now, when so much has to be spoken about the loss of the quality of everything in life, precisely the quality of all, what is created is especially significant.

All problems which require a hurried solution are in need of a high quality of expression. The famous "somehow or other" is more than out of place. Everyone must realise the responsibility for his way of thinking and action. Let us not imagine that the mode of thinking is unimportant; as in all creativeness the way of expression, of technique, have an enormous significance. A painting is only then convincing, when it has been constructed in such a way, that it cannot be changed; when the observer feels that it could have never been otherwise and that that which has been presented him, has been composed as is necessary. What a great observation of all details is necessary for this convincingness!

What a wonderful school of convincingness is contained in the true folk-creativeness—anonymous—full of character and always living.

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PEACE
UNTO THE WHOLE WORLD

By

PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

Reprinted from Prabuddha Bharata, April, 1935.

ADVAITA ASHRAMA

MAYAVATI, ALMORA, HIMALAYAS

PEACE UNTO THE WHOLE WORLD

By Prof. Nicholas de Roerich

"Have salt in yourselves and have peace one with another."

Mark IX, 50.

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

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

Precisely in this way, in smallest compromises against radiant idealism, has the imagination and consciousness been polluted. The dark consciousness began to whisper of the inapplicability of the Commandments to life. And precisely this viper of doubt began to assure, in the darkness of the night, that the Peace of the whole world is a mere Utopia.

But this prayer was already, ages ago, laid down not as an abstractness, but just as an imperative call for a possible reality! The Great Minds knew that

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

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

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

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth Peace, goodwill toward men!"

Printed by Swami Vireswarananda at the Art Press, 20, British Indian Street, Calcutta, and
Published by the same from 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta.

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INEXHAUSTIBILITY

By His Excellency Prof. Nicholas Roerich,

(*Honorary President, The Maha Bodhi Society of America*).

Does inexhaustibility exist?

On the physical plane, everything can be exhausted, but on the spiritual plane at the base of everything lies inexhaustibility. And according to this measure, the two planes are primarily divided. When we are told that something has become exhausted—we know that this pertains to purely physical conditions.

A creator imagines that his creativeness is at an end, and this is of course untrue. Simply there are, or there have arisen some reasons, which impeded creativeness. Perhaps something has taken place that harms the free flow of creativeness. But in itself creativeness, when once called forth into action, is inexhaustible, likewise as psychic energy, as such, is ever-flowing and cannot be impeded.

In the confused life of to-day this simple fact must be constantly remembered. People insist that they have become tired and they suggest to themselves that their creative ability is at an end. Repeating in various terms about difficulties, they actually wrap themselves into a veritable cobweb. Space is really filled with a multitude of harmful cross-currents. They

can influence the physical side of manifestation. But to people who are accustomed to build everything within physical bounds, it always seems that these outer intrusions kill the very essence of their psychic energy. Yet even this very expression will often seem as something indefinite, because people up to now seldom ponder over this fundamental blessed energy, which is inexhaustible and ever-present, when realized.

In general the question concerning tangibility is very unclear to human consciousness. One repeatedly hears, how a person may give at times quite definite data, but the listeners, with their uneducated attention, are unable to grasp them, and then assure that they were given something abstract, that cannot be applied. I have often been a witness, how people gave precise information, founded on facts, and yet they were told: "can't we have something more to the point, more practical and definite?" Such questions only show that the interlocutor had no intention to accept everything that has been said to him, but he wanted to hear only that which he for some reason expected. And under this self-suggestion, he often was unable to appreciate all the precise facts that were told to him. How often people desire to hear not that which is, but that which they want to hear. "Verily, he is deaf, who does not want to hear!"

The non-desire to listen and to see, gives rise not only to great injustice, but often it is, as if, a spiritual suicide. A person will hypnotise himself to such an extent, in that he is unable to do something and to such an extent will he suppress his basic energy, that he really falls under the sway of all outer physical as well as psychic intrusions.

Everyone has heard how often persons with so-called nervous diseases cannot cross a street, nor approach a window or again they become subject to the horror of suspicion. If one investigates how these fatal symptoms began, one can always find an insignificant, often hardly perceptible, suppres-

sion of psychic energy. At times it will be caused indirectly and may begin from something quite unexpected.

Precisely such accidents could have been easily avoided, if attentiveness to everything that takes place around us, would have been developed. This attentiveness would help to notice that the basic energy is inexhaustible. This simple and clear realization would save many from the abyss of despair and disillusion. Thus a person who suffers from insomnia, will often find the cause of it in the most real, external conditions. Likewise man will understand why it has been repeated from antiquity that it "it is difficult to make oneself think, it is still more difficult to abstain from thinking".

When man extinguishes his enthusiasm, he does so because of some purely external conditions. If with all attentiveness he would realize how accidental and ephemeral are these circumstances, he would chase them away, like an annoying fly. But children are not taught attentiveness neither at school, nor in the family, and yet, later on one is surprized why one cannot see a forest on account of bushes. But then, does one often speak in the family circle about the fire of the heart, about inspiration and enthusiasm? Too often the family gathering is confined only to mutual condemnation and malicious criticisms. Nevertheless, from ancient times, from everywhere, reach us the calls and commands to preserve in purity the wells of inspiration and creativeness, as in thought, so in action.

"Raj-Agni-thus was called that Fire, which you call enthusiasm. Truly this is a beautiful and powerful Fire, which purifies all the surrounding space. The constructive thought is nurtured upon this Fire. The thought of magnanimity grows in the silvery light of the Fire Raj-Agni. Help to the near ones flows from the same source. There are no limitations, no bounds to the wings radiant with Raj-Agni. Do not think that this fire will be kindled in an evil heart. One must develop in oneself the ability to call forth the

source of such transport. At first you must develop in yourself the assurance that you offer your heart to the Great Service. Then one ought to think that the glory of the works is not yours, but belongs to the Hierarchy of Light. Then one may become uplifted by the infiniteness of Hierarchy and affirm oneself in the heroic achievement needed for all worlds. Thus not for oneself, but in the Great Service Raj-Agni is kindled. Understand that the Fiery World cannot exist without this Fire."

Sri Gouranga Press, Calcutta.
Reprinted from the Mahabodhi Journal for May 1935.

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Reprinted from the *Educational Review*, Madras—*May* 1935

NARROW GORGES.

DIARY LEAVES.

By H. E. Prof. Nicholas Roerich,

Naggar, Kulu Valley.

A CERTAIN writer used to tell me how difficult it was for him to finish his book, in which he did not want to offend any one. Since the book was concerned with pan-human questions, it was but natural that the author wanted to arouse interest without enmity and unnecessary offences. And it is precisely from these good wishes that such unusual limitations arose. The writer got into such impassable narrow gorges, that he was compelled to cut out page after page from the valuable accumulated material.

In the first place, the writer checked his considerations with regard to races—a lot had to be crossed out. Then came the checking according to classes. It likewise took out many pages. Then he had to verify the text in regard to professions. And again here important material had to be omitted. Then the rest of the writings was checked from a point of view of age, religion, customs and again entire parts of the book had to be set aside. Finally he had to think of the conditions of education, questions of schools, social organisations, sport, the attitude towards art, of everything that is embraced by the word—culture. One had to extract from the remnants of the book almost everything that could create any interest.

Then the disappointed author tried to read for himself the polished skeleton and he became horrified and could not admit the thought that he could have himself written such common-place vulgarity. Then the unfortunate author began to think, whom did he please by depriving his work of even primitive significance and interest? And then began a curious reversal of the procedure. The author began mentally to select as readers for the remaining fragments of the book—all sorts of professionals and from the opposite point of view he found nowhere a prospective sympathetic reader.

Finally remembering that the ruins of the book should represent something indisputably well-intended, the author imagined his book in the hands of a policeman. But here also he was greatly disappointed, for he understood that also in this case his well-intended work represented no interest.

And thus, in the reverse order, the author gradually began to include everything which could arouse the attention of various kinds of readers, and his book again grew, almost to its original size.

Thus the very same narrow gorges, which appeared so terrible and impassable suddenly changed into a wide open plain, on which met people of various ages, all nationalities and positions. Finally the author went to see his worldly-wise friend, with the following tragic question: 'how should he act in

order to arouse human consciousness and make them think?' His friend heartily laughed at this dilemma and said:

"I would like to see a Manu or any lawgiver, whether he would stop for a minute in order not to offend someone. In the first place, he would have to avoid hurting the feelings of all criminals. His covenants then would become some sort of instructions in thefts and in order to make some one happy, he would have to line his teaching with vulgar anecdotes. If you really want to arouse human consciousness, remember that to offer something that is already inherent, would be not only ridiculous, but even immoral. And if, God forbid, your book would arouse only praise, this would be for you a fatal sign!"

How many phantom-like narrow gorges have been built! Sometimes the mirages are so distinct, that it is even difficult to establish the beginning of their formation. In general, every generation is quite beyond the reach of human earthly laws. After all, the true moment of death is likewise undefinable. One may according to earthly standards only suppose the time of generation or dissolution. Under such circumstances decisions "ad adversum" are especially significant. The so-called "Tactica Adversa" especially often helps in insoluble problems.

Should our writer not have begun mentally to please all conditions, depriving his work of the most essential parts, and if he would not have done so with full force, he would not have come to the realization of the incongruousness of his actions. If the writer would have thought partially, how to please only one particular person, he would not have come to the realization in all its remarkable evidence. But he wanted to smile to everyone and instead of a smile there resulted a most sour and banal grimace. In his sour servility the writer reached just the opposite result. Even the policeman at the corner of the street would have been offended in his own particular way. But when the writer pictured to himself all the existing and phantom-like gorges, he understood that one may not pass through these and that it would lead only to destruction. He fully realized this decision, judging from the opposite. And this complete decision showed him the entire incongruity of his fears.

Thus, when there are too many narrow gorges and the walls of these gorges approach one another to such an extent that one may not pass already through them, then suddenly instead of narrowness a broad plateau appears and that, which seemed to hinder, served but as steps to broad vistas.

Srinivasa Varadachari & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras

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Records of Thoughts

By *Nicholas Roerich*

A Shanghai newspaper reports:

"Two Professors of the Cambridge University have succeeded in making cinema photographs of human thought. One of them is Dr. Adrian, Professor of Physiology and a distinguished Member of the Royal Society, the other is Prof. Mathews Adrian, who had dedicated his whole life to the investigation of the mysteries of the nervous system—in 1932 received the Nobel Prize and only a few days back was awarded the golden medal of the Royal Society.

"When a person sits quietly in a chair with closed eyes and his thought is not occupied with anything serious, then his brain matter produces regular electrical discharges at the rate of about ten discharges per second. With the help of very complicated and ingenuous apparati and a photoelectric camera, Prof. Adrian succeeded in registering these discharges on a cinema film. He likewise observed that as soon as his patient opens his eyes and begins to concentrate his attention on something, the frequency of the electrical discharges increases considerably and reaches usually about 200 per sec.

"The rhythmic impulses continue also during deep sleep and also when the person (or animal) is subjected to the influence of narcotics. The professor proved by experimental methods the similarity of vibrations in different persons at the sight of the

same object or manifestation. Different thoughts, which arise as a consequence of the action of the visual nerves, give different impressions upon the film.

"Prof. Adrian confined his experiments mainly to that part of the human brain which controls vision. He proved that this region of the brain is extraordinarily small. And in general Prof. Adrian established the fact with the help of his apparati, that the greater part of the human brain does not participate in any mental process.

"Prof. Adrian carried his experiments to such a degree of perfection that he can now easily change his photographic records of thought into sound and can broadcast it over the radio for the public. During a public demonstration the audience heard a great variety of sounds, varying with the visual impressions of the patient, who sat upon the stage and opened his eyes at the direction of the professor."

Thus something quite natural and perhaps long ago known is being recorded already by crude mechanical apparati. Long before these mechanical records were achieved, the great Indian scholar, Sir Jagadish Bose in similar experiments recorded the pulse of plants, and demonstrated even for a casual observer how plants react to pain and light and how the appearance of even a distant cloud reacts upon the pulse. Graphically he showed on a screen the agony of a plant's death, poisoned or transfixed. At the same time, he recorded the influence of human energy upon the life of the same plants, which not long ago, were in

the eyes of civilized people regarded to be but mere lower growths, devoid of any senses.

By the movement of the needle, which records the pulse of the plant, one can notice the influence of human energy of thought. A kind thought—a sympathetic thought could protect the plant from the action of poison. In the same degree a hostile thought would increase the fatal action.

If only quicker, as quickly as possible, the realization of the importance and power of thought would penetrate into the minds of even uneducated masses! It is ridiculous and humiliating to subject the lofty experiments upon human thought to the action of coarse mechanical apparati. But for a coarse consciousness similar methods of investigation are necessary. The realization alone of the significance of thought would already considerably transform our earthly existence.

In the realm of television important purely mechanical improvements take place. It has just been reported that during the current year this transmission of vision on a distance will receive new possibilities. This is quite possible since once the field has been entered, the result in this direction will no doubt accumulate shortly. Gradually the reflection of the quality of thought will also become apparent through television, when images of persons are transmitted.

Even some observant photographers point out that the difference of photographs depends not only on purely external conditions, but also on the inner state of the subject. Thus also in this case we arrive at the concept of the reflection of thought.

Discussions about hypnotism and suggestion, that is to say about the trained methods of influence, already become common. But the limited consciousness as yet but feebly admits that not only in cases of trained mental influences, but absolutely in all cases of more or less clear thinking, powerful reactions upon the surroundings take place.

This consideration will once more remind us of the concept of responsibility, about which we recently had several evidences. What lofty Beauty is contained in the idea of responsibility and service! And there is no such spot on earth, where man would not be subject to these two great predestinations.

When we evoke from space words and sounds,—are they not followed also by the ever present properties of the energy of thought? Along tremendous distances the human voice, directed by thought, clearly resounds.

No doubt, across vast space together with the outer sound are also stretched the inner strings of a mighty energy, Someone will sense them quite clearly, another though feeling them, will deny. And in such a negation there will be again present the element of fear. For the fearing consciousness shudders at the very hint that it is surrounded by influences and energies. Precisely that, which should uplift people, casts the weak-willed into fear. Precisely into fear—which is the consequence of something indefinite and chaotic. But fear will not save us from chaos. Fears are the very gates to chaos!

It is beautiful, being clad in valour, to realize the grandeur of thought and of all the energies which it sets into action.

Though through mechanical means, nevertheless let people hurriedly approach the thoughts about thought in all its mighty significance. And instead of a chaotic fear, many seemingly complicated problems of life, will become illumined by the realization of all the possibilities of thought. Not without reason was it said: "Act not only in body, but also in thought!"

What a beautiful concept: "Thought in Infinity!"

Create no barriers
In the garden of thy heart,
O world,
For in limitation
I wither and die.

I have a garden
In my heart,
O world,
Where every flower
Speaketh of thee.

Open the gates
Of the garden of thy heart,
O world,
And let me in.

—from "Three Poems" by *Krishnamurti* pp. 95.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar****, June 1935.*

Migration of Art.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

AT the end of the last century we arranged travelling exhibitions of French and American art, which besides previous International Exhibits, were among the pioneers of the modern migration of art. Great migrations of nations, as in the past, so also in the present, have many analogies. At present, of course, one of the first messengers of such movements is, as was to be expected, Art. When we wrote on the coat of arms of our Institutions about the universal significance of art, we likewise had in view the mutual understanding of nations by means of the language of Art.

During the last years a great deal has been done in this direction. Various institutes of art, societies and leagues, each in its own sphere tried to sponsor the exchange of art, as well as mutual understanding through the best universal language—creativeness.

Even into the most remote countries penetrate the travelling exhibitions, lectures and concerts. During the period following the Great War, one could have observed remarkable peaceful conquests through art. The names of writers, painters, artists and musicians, both composers and players, as well as the news concerning the development of science, travelled colossal distances. During journeys one may with joy realize to what an extent and surprizingly widely were spread these peaceful inspiring news even in the most unexpected corners of the world.

Some time ago haughty politicians and leaders of governments probably did not even admit the thought how potent may be such untiring messengers of Culture. Undoubtedly many such political leaders would be sincerely surprised would they had heard what helpful powerful factors irresistably grow up in the world. Truly, no matter how hard certain bipedes would try to darken the significance of creativeness as a universal moving power, no mechanical intellectual calculations can overthrow the authoritative facts about the growth of cultural relations. And let us also not forget, that these relations in the majority of cases originate not from governments, but from private social initiative. Thus the people themselves take part in the widest world constructiveness, strengthening the foundations of culture. This private social initiative must be greatly emphasized. It is a radiant sign that above all confusions and

misunderstandings, the universal wisdom builds its paths of achievement by means ineffable.

In many departments of creativeness—in literature, in the pictorial arts, in the theatre and in the newest forms—everywhere at present may be noticed the most curious circumstance. The migration of art takes place not only by spreading or acquainting with its art, but also in the desire to work within the forms of the neighbours' art. One may observe, how for instance in the theatre the East dreams of Western forms, and the West is often inspired precisely by Eastern originality. In the theatres of China and Japan one can at times notice various imitations of Hollywood. Besides, how may attempts in the Eastern style take place amongst the exhibitions of Paris and America. It is just as if narrow nationalism is mutually condemned. And it is rather questionable whether anyone has seen a successful Chinese or Japanese Hollywood and whether the excursions into the East as manifested by Western hands continue to be convincing. Amongst the multitude of such attempts, comparatively few are really persuasive.

Of course, let us not consider those cheap superficial stagings, which are not even concerned with the questions of inner convincingness and character. Even in many better cases, where a very respectable striving is evident, there is often a lack of inner persuasiveness. And yet this is a fundamental condition of all arts. No emphasized imitation will lead to desirable results. And in this sense only a kind of mechanization or technocracy of purely external methods is attained. It is true that one often notices an author trying to acquaint himself with the museo-archival side. No doubt he had consulted some specialist but one can easily see whether the author came to like the essence of his own creations or whether some other objects and desires predominated in him. Artificial intellect does not carry convincingness, which comes from the knowledge out of love.

The authors will probably not always give themselves an account when they were directed by a special problem ordered by extraordinary contemporary conditions or when their creativeness arose from the unrestrainable song of the heart. In this respect also some peculiar divisions into civilization and culture will take place. In other words, the conventional contemporary problems will appear to be as if bound by civilization, but the convincing song of the heart, all-conquering and unforgettable, will already be in the realm of Culture.

When in various countries one meets such conventionally borrowed forms of creativeness, one has mainly to doubt the correctness of the so much desired paths of the migration of art.

Especially now, when many nations consciously have opened their eyes upon their past and at the same time have mastered the latest achievements, one can expect that the migration of art will again find a correct course between the shores of the true concordant of nations.

The charm of these truly national resoundings is understood with difficulty in distant countries, which are so different psychologically as well as climatically. Why should we admit any imitations, when the discovery of the true sources of people is possible? We see that in India, China, Japan there lives its own refined theatrical art. Why then does it need Hollywood, which in its own way will say those words of creativeness, typical for it?

Lately everywhere a most remarkable phenomenon can be noticed. The most unsuspected countries have manifested their own artists, creators and executors. We are not surprised at this in any way, for we always knew that this is so and must be so! But for many this simple circumstance was revelation in itself. Such revelations only show the ignorance of many and the unjustified haughtiness, as if much is above the understanding of some one. Such limitation of thinking is mere ignorance. There are many beautiful circumstances which people do not wish to admit. And in the matter of exchange of art, must be applied a special care and refinement, all true love, which will kindle and give convincingness to creation.

The great pilgrims of antiquity believed in their migrations. They were not only driven by trying circumstances; they moved according to some great creative decisions. Of course they loved these migrations and the best of these travellers accepted with the greatest attention the peculiarities and beauty, which they met on their way. We see it from the heritage which they left us. The migration of art will also widely fulfil its world-unifying mission. On these glorious paths CREATION will always remain the true resounding of nations, with all their inexhaustible treasures. In the wake of the great travellers remained intact the picturesque mountain ranges and limitless seas and rivers crossed by them. Likewise will remain intact the convincing sources of national beauty, transmitted through creativeness in care and deep love.

The paths of exchange of Art and Science will of course become longer and broader. In the history of our time this peaceful cultural achievement will not only be recorded, but will be appreciated in full attention.

It is the time of great migrations and profound mutual understandings! Let it be so!

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THE NEW-LIFE MOVEMENT

(Diary Leaves)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

[This very interesting article on "the New-Life Movement" has been specially written for the *Twentieth Century* by Prof. Nicholas Roerich, the famous Russian painter and pacifist. We are indebted to him for this gesture of friendly appreciation of this journal from far-off Peiping (China).]

Last year, General Chiang-Kai-shek, the "Father of the Movement" defined the essential principles of this new life. In the introduction to his pamphlet, a parallel is drawn between this movement and the movement of the Oxford Group. Of course, there is very little similarity between the foundations of these two movements. The movement headed by Chiang-Kai-shek has a great application to modern life, not for China only, but in general.

We have already mentioned that at present curious combinations of remote antiquity with ultra modern assertions take place. Likewise into the foundations of this new movement of the leader of China were laid the most ancient and most noble principles of Li, Yi, Lien and Chih, that is to say: polite manners; chivalrous courageous conduct; honesty; and decency and thoroughness of action.

It is very significant that into the foundations of new reforms and achievements are being laid principles inherited in far antiquity. Probably for many superficially modern people, all these principles will appear as abstractions, strange from the lips of a statesman. But to us the appeal to the

eternally living ethics is very close. For, on unshakable eternal foundations of ethics can be built also the present real success and prosperity of nations. Sobriety, discipline, self-consciousness, the understanding of duties, the striving towards constructiveness will be built not upon negative formulae, destroying the entire past, but precisely on the affirmation of immutable foundations.

The hieroglyph Li will remind of good conduct in life, of true discipline, mutual esteem and those good family customs, from which grows healthy statesmanship. The hieroglyph Yi points to the immutability of honour, heroism, valour, without which human relations are impossible. Lien denotes honesty and affirms the language of the heart, the just judgment of which is born by purity of thought; and Chih stands as the sign of a conscientious mode of action, in other words, the beautiful art of thinking, without which people invariably return to savagery.

These eternal foundations of existence are recalled in a simple manner. Pan-human is the thinking which can understand them in full reciprocity. There is no abstraction in the construction of life with such calling reminders.

Chiang-Kai-shek recalls the five thousand years of Chinese culture and also justly points out that in view of negligence towards the mentioned foundations, contemporary life has retrograded far from those possibilities, which once have already been in the world.

> China has 35,000,000 square li of territory and abounds in natural resources which if developed, could easily make this country one of the wealthiest nations of the world. Yet there is wide-spread poverty and misery in the land. This again is due to the neglect of the traditional virtues of China, namely Li, Yi, Lien and Chih.
>
> China has 400,000,000 people who used to be well organized in all the essentials of life. But what spectacle do our people present

to the rest of the world today? They are disorganized, indolent, cowardly and torn between conflicting perverse teachings, leading a life little better than that of savages. This again is due to the neglect of Li, Yi, Lien and Chih.

To sum up, the New-Life Movement aims at the substitution of a rational mode of living for the present irrational mode of living of the people. How can this be effected? My answer is: by making Li, Yi, Lien and Chih the code of our daily conduct.

In advocating the revival of our traditional virtues such as Li, Yi, Lien and Chih, the object in view is an artistic mode of living for all our people. Many are apt to think that only a few privileged persons can lead an artistic life. This is a mistake. It is within the reach of all. Every Chinese should have a decent standard of living, which is another term for an artistic mode of living.

In ancient times China used to have the so-called six arts and sciences: Rites, Music, Archery, Horsemanship, Calligraphy and Mathematics. These things to-day have made the Western powers great and strong, although the Chinese people for centuries used them as guiding principles of action in life. The reason why there is so much suspicion, jealousy and animosity in Chinese society to-day is that we have forgotten the teachings of our ancients. There is no hope of improvement unless we order our lives in accordance with the principles of Li, Yi, Lien and Chih.

The poverty of China is due to the existence of so many people who cannot produce anything of their own and who live on others. The productivity of the people must be increased. We must develop our immense natural resources and avoid waste. Every one should consider it a shame to depend upon others for his support. In other words, everyone must work for his own living. There is no way to relieve the poverty of China and remove the source of civil strife other than to practise the principles of Li, Yi, Lien and Chih in our daily lives.

In advocating Li, Yi, Lien and Chih as the code of our daily conduct, we are inspired by the desire to "discipline" the life of our people. When a nation cannot fight for the defence of its soil against foreign invasion, it cannot be considered a nation. We must cultivate stern measures if we are to overcome the

present weakness of our country. China to-day is overrun by Communist-Bandits. Civil war has not yet been completely banished from the land. Our national territory is growing smaller and smaller every day. Imperialists join with traitors and communists in oppressing our people and undermining our country. If we wish to deliver China from the present crisis and bring peace and order to the land, we must prepare to "discipline" the whole country. Before this is possible, the people must be trained in the habits of orderliness, discipline, cleanliness, simplicity and accurate thinking. They must be law-abiding, conscious of their responsibility and ready to die for the country.

A rational mode of living is realized when the principles of Li, Yi, Lien and Chih are applied to the daily conduct of the people, especially in matters pertaining to food, shelter, clothing and deportment. A great revolution will have been effected and the foundations of new national structure laid when every Chinese lives in accordance with the principles of the New Life Movement, which are based on the traditional virtues of Li, Yi, Lien and Chih.

Thus it was affirmed on March 1 of last year by General Chiang-Kai-shek in Nanchang. The appeal of the head of the government found response throughout the country. Social organizations, private enterprizes, provincial departments, municipalities and various administrations immediately decided to join this movement. One of the earliest organizations was formed at Nanking already on the 16th of March. At the opening ceremony a significant speech was delivered by Mr. Wang Ching-wei, followed by a series of friendly demonstrations on the part of workers, students and trade-unions. In his speech Mr. Wang declared that the movement of new life is the vital spark of the regeneration of the Chinese nation and called for a sincere support of all responsible organizations, and also of all social leaders. He insisted that this movement must be systematically spread and organized and it was accepted by everyone for immediate

application.

If the principle of living ethics were applied in many parts of the world, then the movement of the new life would quite naturally rejuvenate the quests of our days. Finally, whatever name we attribute to these searchings, they will invariably lead to the approaches to the same permanent values. No matter how people try to revaluate the immutable, it will make itself known imperatively and undeviatingly.

It is said that revaluations take place thrice every century,—so it is thought. Probably this term is meant to represent the change of generations. Within normal conditions such a periodicity of waves of life is rather accurate. It is instructive to follow how the history of ethics and culture under different names in various hidden and open approaches, mentions the same Immutable, Eternal.

> Know that to be indestructible, by whom all this is pervaded. Nor can any work the destruction of that imperishable One. Whether we shall speak in terms of this or another age, whether we use the expression of wisdom of one or another nation, the theme will be one and the same—of the Eternal, Indestructible and Immeasurable.
>
> Ever remaining the same, unperturbed by success and failure, perform thy duties in union with the Divine.

And again on that same memorable field of Kurukshetra!

REPRINT

TWENT. CENTURY.

ALAHABAD

-- JUN. 1935

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Reprinted from the "*Educational Review*," Madras—*July* 1935.

EASY DIFFICULTIES.*

DIARY LEAVES.

By H. E. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich,
Naggar, Kulu Valley.

IT is especially difficult for people to change their mode of living. One cannot help remembering an old proverb that "old furniture ought not to be moved." But this saying wisely states that something old should not be moved. That means that all difficulties are relative only as regards our consciousness. Verily, people often speak of difficulties, when they create them in their own imagination and have affirmed them with a prejudiced consciousness.

The city dweller, being overcome with the conventionalities of city comforts, considers that life in tents or in yurtas would be the most dreadful existence. And should he find himself with such prejudice in the conditions of desert life he will himself multiply all sorts of terrors. If he will enter various conditions with the firm belief that people live everywhere and that they themselves create the conditions of life, then all the phantoms will be dispersed. Not without reason, while children are yet uncontaminated with the conventionalities of life, do they yearn for travelling, for knowledge and easily adapt themselves to different conditions.

Who knows, that perchance the migration of nations, as a result of that great war, was nothing but a lesson—a trial, for the renovation and broadening of consciousness. I remember, how an enlightened and highly spiritual lady was terrified at the thought that she may have to spend all her life in the well-being of city life. Truly, if one but imagines that all inhabitants of the earth have reached a little well-being, then in that mediocre limitation is contained the great danger of petrification. And here the great Hand has again pointed out that people should migrate, again renovate themselves for new profound upbuilding.

For all these years, to everyone who has seen many people, it has become clear that two distinct types of people exist. Some have always come up on the surface amidst unbelievable difficulties; and not only did they come to the surface, but they also brought much help to their surroundings. Despite family and various complications, they always remained alert, cheerful and friendly. The other type, even with outside help, always went down. It could not reconcile itself with the changes of conditions and even of nomenclatures. They not only consider themselves unhappy but they carried that grey heavy unhappiness into the circle of their friends.

Every journey is for these people already like some punishment from Above. They not only were unable to understand the new local conditions but they became engulfed in baseless condemnations of everything which was beyond them. One of the greatest consolations for them consisted in mutual condemnation and mutual belittlement, as if through bemeaning some one else, they hoped to raise themselves. Instead of learning how to adapt themselves, understand, show pity

* Written at Tsagan-Kurey on April 2nd, 1935, during the Central Asiatic Expedition.

and move on, they preferred to slowly sink to the bottom, as it is said in an old Ukrainian proverb: "Don't spend your forces in vain, brother, sink right to the bottom."

Such cases as we have seen during recent years, did not concern only one nation. They were of a purely international trait, from which those who are alive in spirit, could learn in life the advantages of an active optimism, and the horrors of an ignorant pessimism. Of course these two types of humanity, one leading, successful, spiritual and the other deadly, ignorant and deteriorating, have always existed. But the years of the extraordinary world crisis have only brought them out more clearly.

Experienced educators have always understood that children should not be separated from nature, because only in it they retain movability, alertness and decisiveness in action. A certain wise physician advised city people to keep closer to earth and the results of such wise advices in life were often evident. All sorts of sokol organizations, scouts, pioneers, hikers, guides and other sound communities which bring the city-dwellers out into nature, are the most healthy movements of recent years. Everything that called to the friendly bonfire around which everything must be done by the people themselves, all this strengthens the spirit. And not only had everything to be done by themselves, but everything had to be thought of in a new manner and perchance in a better way.

Inventiveness must be exercised. Who knows, whether such a giant of inventiveness as Edison could have appeared, if he would have grown up in the narrow well-being of a city! Everyone of us has seen many examples, when even more or less outstanding personalities were overcome by the surroundings of a vulgar well-being. I remember that a brilliant educator, on letting his wards into life, used to say to some of them: "I regret that your parents are wealthy. I hope you do not get into a golden cage." And to others he said: "No metal weighs down your wings. Fly high and far!"

As if to justify these advices, all conventional values have been shattered. Even such strongholds as land securities were struck as if by an earthquake. A certain inhabitant at the time of an earthquake, rushing out of his house, complained: "And this they call immovable property!"

Many such maxims are offered by life itself. Some people are doomed to fear and are afraid of these maxims; and others sensibly accept matters as they are. Some are unwisely drawn by mirages and others understand very well the difference between a mirage and reality. But in order to find one's way admidst mirages and illusion, one must first of all preceive these mirages. One cannot help remembering the Indian parable about the seven blind men who describe an elephant, everyone from his point of perception. Likewise you cannot describe in words the impression of a mirage to him who has never seen one. But in cities mirages do not appear. In order to see them, one must visit the desert and learn there on the spot to distinguish reality from illusion.

Convinced city people have great difficulty in distinguishing true impressions. I remember how a member of our expedition, who was in the desert for the first time, decided to explore an illusionary lake. All my persuasion that the lake did not exist, was of no avail. The deluded traveller called out two attendents and to the surprise of everyone said that he would reach that lake within an

hour and that he believed his eyes more than our contentions. After many hours the poor fellow returned exhausted and angrily refused to discuss further the question of the existence of the illusionary lake. Yet one must recall with what self-assertion he criticized the order to stop at a little well, instead of going an extra hour to the "splendid lake surrounded by trees."

Mirages are always extremely educative. Only personal experience can teach someone the vanity of illusionary conceit and the experience of life is best of all secured amidst nature.

But one cannot go out into nature only theoretically deciding upon the usefulness of such an experiment. There will be little wisdom in intellectual decisions. Nature must be understood. One must enter it as a co-worker and not condemning, but admiring it.

Everyone remembers the beautiful legend about the mines of Falun, so picturesquely narrated by Hoffmann. The ruler of the mine is very stern to the miner, who not from love to the work, but from other personal motives, comes to carry away the hidden treasure.

The voices of nature sound for those, who enter it with an open heart, benevolently. Anthaeus contacted the earth for the absorbtion of strength, in order to renovate the might of the spirit. Of course it was not from intoxication that he fell upon the ground, but he touched the earth consciously and then the earth conferred upom him a healthy renovation. Anthaeus was called a mighty giant. Is it not from these health-giving contacts with the earth, that he received this powerful name? And could those trials, which take possession in closed cellars, under vaults and narrow walls, appear as a heavy burden?

Probably Anthaeus would consider such conventional difficulties quite incomprehensible. Thus from the point of view of nature such easy difficulties become not a paradox, but a real definition: "Place a greater burden upon me when I enter the Beautiful Garden." Is this not an exact definition of how and where difficulties are transmuted.

When the Magi gazed into the boundless sky, they saw the Guiding Stars. If they would not have looked into the depth of heaven, they would not have seen the Star. Blessed is he, who in his days has armed them with the knowledge of observing the laws of nature and has awakened their vigilance, thus making them watchful and turning them into wondrous messengers.

Why should we deplore any difficulties, when the Guiding Star is vigilant! He, Who said: "Blessed are difficulties, through them we grow!"—He knew also the Guiding Star.

Srinivasa Varadachari & Co, 190 Mount Road Madras.

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TIBET

(Diary Leaves.)

By Professor Nicholas Roerich.

"The grandeur of nature in Asia, revealing itself in endless forests and tundras of Siberia, or in the waterless deserts of the Gobi, or again in the colossal mountain ranges of the inner continent and rivers thousands of miles long, running from here into all directions—this nature depicted itself with the same spirit of an overwhelming grandeur in a wide flat upland which forms the southern half of the central part of this continent." In such expressions Prjevalsky speaks of Tibet.

Everything that is said about Tibet is full of significance, whether it be by Plano Carpini, or Rubruquis or Marco Polo or Odoric of Friuli or any of the many other travellers. They all saw some of the unusual in Tibet. And thus Tibet has remained as something unusual.

It is said that Lhassa will now have a radio. Automobile roads are being mentioned, as well as airways. In other words some interesting mystery is being attacked from all sides. It is long since Waddell wanted to tell us about Tibet, but after all he did not say so very much. Mrs. David-Neel said more but she primarily stressed the tantric side.

At present many countries are divided as if into two distinct existences. One mechanical, robot-like, technocratical —contained within these conventional bounds. And machines are climbing the mountains, and above the highest peaks hover airships, and various appliances, exact and not exact, calculate and measure. Precious metals are substituted by paper. In other words the old bazaar is ameliorated into a modern bazaar with all its "improvements." And yet in all these newly technocratized countries there remains also the

old country with all its fundamental treasures, advantages, achievements and strivings.

In our days the demarcation lines of the world are very uneven. There was a day when one could speak of retrogrades and innovators. There was a time when the stone age was easily followed by the bronze age, but now everything has become much more complicated. The stone age has contracted the iron age. Retrogrades and innovators have now received new ranks. The retrogrades have absorbed the mechanical conventionality. True innovators have lovingly contracted the ancient wisdom. For this reason in technocratical countries it is but with difficulties that one can draw the line of demacration.

Probably in Tibet on one side the radio will make its voice heard and the mountain air in many places will be polluted by the refuse from factories. And yet Tibet—the Unusual—will remain.

We have just mentioned of hidden things. There may be many kinds of things hidden. We have met visitors from most remarkable places, who have never noticed anything.

There once existed a game, in which the players unexpectedly asked each other: "what do you see". And the hurried answers were at times very strange. People managed to notice such insignificant nonsense that the simple game sometimes changed into an interesting psychological exercise.

If people would notice everything significant, then no doubt a great many more treasures would have been studied on earth. And yet we see that it is only now that the Roman Forum is being studied. Only now Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Iran open up their treasures. And what shall we say of other less frequented places? Even the kremlins are as yet unexplored. Known frescoes have as yet not been studied in detail. And how much unrecognized has been passed by, as yet without any notice!

Technocracy is especially strong at present. It has calculated everything on paper, but as soon as it comes in contact with actual life, all its most exact formulae are drowned in the mist of nonapplicability. On the everyday plane the telephone rattles unbearably. The howling of jazz-music drills the brain. Loudly resound the slaps on the faces during prize- fights. All this common-place trivality of to-day does not affect that Unusual, extraordinary, for which the human heart is striving.

We have seen people, who were deeply disappointed not only by Tibet but also by India, Egypt and the entire East. Just as unlucky travellers cannot see on misty days the radiance of the mountain peaks, so also were these travellers not fortunate enough to notice the places and circumstances of importance. One can see the beautiful historical Paris, but one may also see it in a very repulsive modern aspect. You may see one New-York, but you may also get into most unattractive quarters.

These two, often mutually excluding aspects, remain everywhere. And therefore there is nothing to fear that the Tibetan uplands—unusual as they are—may become vulgar. Even now you do not see in some Tibetan bazaars anything extraordinary except colourful ethnography. How to penetrate beyond these boundaries? Of course the language is always needed. But the mere physical languages are in themselves not quite sufficient. One must possess an inner language. If it is found—much will become opened, but if it does not resound—then no concord will result.

It is said that especially in the Orient this language of the heart is so required. But no doubt it is necessary everywhere. No matter with what technocracy people may cover themselves, yet they will always come together and separate along other paths. And for these other paths all Tibetan uplands, all depths of the highest mountains will always remain unusual.

The statement of wise travellers, pronounced during many centuries, must certainly have a foundation. These self-sacrificing searchers were experienced. Many of their deductions remain fully convincing. The diaries of these travellers are even now read with great attention, so correctly did they record that which they saw and experienced.

When Franke reported that beyond a certain place in the Himalayas the guides refused to go, stating that beyond those mountains there is something unusual—this serious scientist recorded this statement in full earnestness. And the same unusualness we find mentioned also by that remarkable man of the recent past—Prjevalsky.

The new Dalai-Lama has still not been found—an unusually long period. One remembers the great fifth Dalai Lama. No one knows of the last years of his life when he went away, whither he went? How unusually secret was his departure! This again forms part of the unusualness of Tibet.

Rerrinted at SRI GOURANGA PRESS, Calcutta, from The Mahabodhi Journal, July, 1935.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar,*** *July 1935.*

Hridaya.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY Prof. NICHOLAS ROERICH

Carazon, Kokoro, Sin, Al-kulub,
Del, Cor, Nying, Dzuruhc.

IT sounds like an invocation! But thus people call the Heart. India, Spain, Nippon, China, Arabia, Persia, Italy, Tibet and Mongolia.

Heart, Coeur, Herz
Serdze

In all their writings, preserve the memory, shout and whisper to each other the precious word of the heart.

The three hundred tongues of India, and as many in the rest of Asia, and again as many in the Russian vastnesses, and again as many in the Americas, in Africa and on all the islands, proclaim the same concept of fire, love and heroic achievement. Words fail to describe all the infamies that have spread all over the earth. The wheels of life are covered with mud. And yet, across all trenches, over all obstacles and pitfalls, universally resounds the word which signifies the heart--the treasury of Light.

People have come to heart-aches. People have covered their hearts with dust and their hearts have grown hairy. Their hearts shrivelled in fear and horror. And yet they have not forgotten the word, which will remind them of the heart--the centre of life.

At times it seems that all treasures have been desecrated by man. People have slandered the most sacred. The Highest has been belittled, but they have not forgotten the heart—the cradle of love.

People have become enshrouded in darkness. They have blackened their tongues with evil treason. The most valuable vessels have been broken. They have become choked by the vilest malice. But they have kept the memory of the heart--as of the last refuge.

* * * *

"Coming into a new country, first of all ask, what is the name for the heart. Meeting new people, if even you do not know the sound in which they express their thoughts, point from your heart to theirs. Almost everybody will respond to this testimony of sincerity, only a few will be surprised, and perhaps will feel ashamed and only very few will become indignant. Remember that those who become indignant are in their actions evil people. Do not expect friendship or goodwill from them--they are already decaying".

* * * *

There is as yet no Institute devoted to the Heart. There are, of course, entire large institutions dedicated to the fighting of the various scourges of humanity, but there are no special institutions which study this most important moving factor of life. Gradually very important experiments on the heart are being achieved. News has just been received from Italy, that a heart, which has stopped beating, has been brought back to life. At Milan on February 21st a person whose death had been attested by the medical personnel of the Milan Hospital, was brought back to life by injection of adrenolin. All newspapers are full with particulars of this case.

The patient suffered from a complicated form of heart disease and was treated by all means available to science. But in spite of all precautionary measures, he died. Although the physicians were fully convinced that death had actually taken place, yet one of them made an injection of adrenolin by way of experiment. After 30 minutes the heart began to beat feebly, and in a few hours it was working normally, and at present the physicians are in a position to state that the patient is out of danger.

Similar actions of adrenolin were known before; it remains to investigate how this in itself a powerful substance will react upon the function of the organism Many cases are known when a fatal issue was prevented by an injection of adrenolin, bringing but a short postponement of death And it was noticed--I speak

in this particular case of children--that nervousness increased and at times became difficult to control. This perhaps was due to entirely different causes, but the above-mentioned makes us think over the use of this radical remedy.

Folk-medicine often reports cases of cures by most unexpected means. And usually these unforeseen and at times strange remedies remain without proper investigation and are lost in the realm of anecdotes.

I recall how in the family of a priest, a child died from suffocation following croup. The priest in despair took the body of the child and ran with it into the church, towards the altar, where he began praying in frenzied exaltation. It so happened that the child had its head hanging down and his father, not knowing it, was shaking the child violently by its feet. Suddenly a large clot of hardened mucus came out of the child's throat and it coughed and began to breathe. The heart had slowly returned to life.

Think how many multiform manifestations of apparent death may take place! History reports infinite cases of re-awakened dead. Various forms of lethargy have been observed and after all cannot be properly determined. Why does the life functioning suddenly stop? Why do the dead again return, and even under such unbelievable circumstances often after burial? Of course there are many explanations to this. But until the world of the heart will be properly investigated, until then these will be only fortunate or sad occurrences.

Of course the profound life of the heart is perhaps the most difficult one to be described in words. Precisely the heart must be studied, not only in pain and anguish, but in its healthy state. If the nervous system of plants reacts to the most minute changes of temperature, upon distant clouds, upon the slightest touch, then how many more beautiful and remarkable resoundings and pulsations take place in the heart. Besides, it is difficult to say, what is a healthy and what is a diseased state of the heart. It is known that many die quickly from heart attacks, having yet a so-called sound heart; whereas others, long ago given up as cardiac catastrophies, live long, very long.

The pulse does not express itself only in a number of beats, but first of all in its quality and this quality of heart beats is but little examined and explained. When one says: "guard your heart" that means first of all not to become irritated, not to get angry, and on the other hand, do not feel sad and do not fall into despondency.

Every minutest detail of life will resound first of all not in the brain but in the heart. Precisely the heart realises and responds to the most distant earthquakes, as the best seismograph. But it is not customary to consult one's heart. It is not customary to consider it as the receptacle of the most High. And when people read direct advices about the importance of such aspirations, they are being condemned as being abstract, abstract, as being invented by some inaccessible ascetics and as being inapplicable. And yet it can be always applied to that which is taking place in the heart, if only one would listen to it frankly and sincerely.

A man who is confident that he does not notice many quite realistic manifestations, first of all does not wish to notice them. He presupposes in his haughtiness, that nothing will take place, that he will hear nothing and that nothing will disturb his peace. Precisely conceit prevents man from perceiving reality. At times the heart beats like a sledge hammer, into a darkened consciousness. A man is ready to pour upon his heart all kinds of poisons in order to stifle it. And he will not think what may be the cause that his heart is so excited, what bad or good has taken place, what usefulness or what harm has caused the knocking.

The smallest to the highest--all is contained within the heart It resounds to everything that lives. Touching and wise are the ancient remindings of the great significance of the heart.

" The spirit, which is in my heart, is smaller than a grain of rice, smaller than a grain of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, and smaller than the smallest seed of gram. And yet the same spirit which lives in my heart is greater than the entire earth, greater than space, greater than heaven, and greater than all the worlds ".

" The messenger of all action, all desire, all perception, smell taste, all-embracing, silent, distant--such is the spirit which abides in my heart. This is Brahman Himself. He who says ' I follow him who exists from this world '. Truly there is no doubt for him. "

Thus says the *Chandogiya Upanishad.*

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar,*** *August 1935.*

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Justice.

(*Diary Leaves*).

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

PEOPLE often speak of obvious injustices and at the same time they loose sight of the signs of justice. Of course, injustice is quite obvious and tangible and justice often manifests itself so very indirectly that a narrow thinking can with difficulty collate the different often disconnected manifestations. Truly the paths of justice are often much more unexpected than the actions of injustice. Such unexpectancy is, of course, only a seeming one. Truth follows the logical course, but the scope of its actions transcends the human horizon.

Man commits some obvious vile injustice. Casual observers see that the perverter of truth not only continues to exist, but even seems to be distinguished and as if encouraged. For the human measures it is difficult to realize that these phantom distinctions are but the road to the gallows. The criminal himself continues to rejoice, thinking in his debasity that his criminal machinations, have fully succeeded and that the hand of Nemesis cannot reach him. But it is also said: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay".

Even some considerable time may pass and around the criminal, whether it be a person, a group or a country, there will accumulate some strange, quite unforseen and incalculable circumstances. The very distinctions and seeming successes begin

to change into unexpected unpleasantnesses. Of course, the criminal thinking will not pay attention to these small forewarning flashes. In the drunkedness of an orgy of boasting, the evil ones cannot collate and correctly value the seemingly unconnected distant lightning.

Some very instructive unusual psychological moments take place, which can lead the thinker to unusual deductions. But in order to come to such conclusions one must have not only an ability to concentrate, but one must have first of all clean thinking. And it is precisely this quality which is absent in the criminal. One can see that even when some calamity begins to fall upon them, they still remain far from realizing the true causes.

The inexperienced people will ask, why does justice often seem to tarry? This question only proves that the inquirer could not go beyond the bounds of the usual. It is only here, under our conditions, that the dates appear to us as short or protracted. But there exist also other, higher and far more refined scales. And when the human mind succeeds in grasping these fine processes of correspondence, combinations and effects, then a special tremor will arise. The tremor of realization of the signs of Justice. The ancient wisdom says: "It is better to be offended, than to be the offender".

In this is expressed a knowledge of the laws of effects. And the date of process itself cannot be comprehended by earthly measures.

Only when looking back a jurist-philosopher can weigh and collate in exaltation.

Nil admirare (admire nothing). The Romans expressed thus not only their satiated cold attitude but also the knowledge of correspondence. One cannot be surprized at justice. One may admire these high laws, which in their harmony attract or repel something and finally yet the beautiful fire of justice will always reign. The criminal burns himself with this fire. Precisely he is singed, that is to say, he singes himself. He himself approaches the fire. He cannot avoid the path of justice.

People believe that a murderer is attracted to the place of murder. In this is contained a deep wisdom of the people. The criminal is attracted not only to the physical place, but he becomes himself involved in the orbit of issuelessness. In his dullness the criminal will imagine for some time that he avoids situations that are dangerous for him. It will seem to him that he not only succeeded in escaping Nemesis, but even received an unquestionable benefit from the committed evil deed.

"When God wants to punish someone, He deprives him of his reason." Precisely the clouding of the brain follows the evil deeds. It is in vain to think that actions of hatred and malice remain without retribution. The evil doers call upon themselves terrible consequences. And every evil, as a spot of rust, eats into the fate of the creator. It penetrates all the deeper, for so-called repentence comes very seldom. On the contrary—a hardened bluntness will try to justify the crime.

It is said that in a certain ancient country all sages-philosophers were called together in order to observe the ways of justice. It may be only a legend to emphazise the meaning of these paths and the actuality of justice, but perhaps this took place in reality. Among the ancient cultures we often meet examples of unusually high thought.

Amidst the subjects of living ethics the word about the paths of justice must be especially convincing. It will teach the young generation from school years to realize the whole impracticability of evil deeds.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar,*** *September 1935.*

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Assistance.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY Prof. NICHOLAS ROERICH

IS it necessary to render help?

It is so imperative that words cannot express the urgency of giving help to others by thoughts, councils, labours and in every possible direct and indirect way. Because the chief cause of the world crisis may be attributed to lack of mutual assistance and it becomes increasingly clear that the present crisis is not basically material, but precisely spiritual.

Of course there exist many philanthropic societies and centres, where one may apply for assistance. But here I do not refer to organized help but precisely to the desire of all humanity to render mutual help. In this universal desire, true progress may be expressed.

Many time it has been stated that the development of the means of communication in addition to its obvious functions, should chiefly contribute to the development of friendliness, mutual protection—in other words, to that widely varied mutual help which becomes the real enhancement of human existence.

One hears, too often, expressions, that because of the poignant universal crisis innumerable fortunes have been destroyed and with them the possibility of help. Such expressions consider

only the onesided possibility of monetary help. But if we assume that money is the only basis of help then we are erecting the so-called golden calf to denounce which many excellent pages of the world's literature are devoted. What a circumscribed and truly sordid criterion would be humanity's, if it found place only for money with its tinsel and relative valuation.

Evolution needs those true values out of which must also emerge the good life; and for such world co-operation, the first necessity is an evidence of benevolent mutual assistance. If there would be enough cordiality and people would share gains of their lives' experiences, what a bounty of new constructions could arise ! If only all the visible and invisible ways of intercourse would carry with them not only personal acquisitiveness, but benevolent help, how much more blessed would the new wings of humanity seem !

Consciously or unconsciously, the same thought is being felt in various parts of the world. If only one could infuse into this universal current—if not love—at least the benevolence of mutual help. In numerous countries large departments of tourism have been organized. All types of movements for intellectual co-operation and societies for cultural relations are being organized. One must assume that such societies are planning not only casual tours through museums and universities, but also fundamental efforts for mutual assistance, and a common understanding towards that benevolence which is needed now in the world. We cannot imagine that Ministries of Tourism are being organized solely to satisfy casual curiosities or for the successful disposal of railroad tickets. This would be unspeakable.

The numbers of scientific expeditions of all kinds are being increased. Trade missions of various kinds are penetrating into far-off places. "Iron birds" speed through the air, at times with tidings, and at times solely in the service of speed. It is with good reason that these symptoms are increasing. Let us also presume that it is with good intent. Tourism, travel, is in fact the living university which inspires people to new or reborn possibilities. One should say to each traveller: "Give help to all things on your journey. Give help with all your possibilities, with all your tokens and experiences. Many hearts will stretch out towards you, in word and thought. Because, for them, you are not the usual person, you are unusual, and they will listen doubly to your advices." Such advice to travellers is not abstract advice; everyone who has visited remote countries knows with what eagerness they long for the tales of distant travellers, in

these remote hearths, camp-fires, tents, yurtas or walls. This respect for far-off experience is the same in all countries. In all countries, the traveller is listened to, in some places, prayerfully, in another with curiosity, in a third, with avarice, but everywhere with attention.

The responsibility of the traveller is great. Let his heart not become hardened and reject those who seek his counsel. Let the traveller not believe that, due to a specialized profession, he cannot have an open eye and practical experience. It is the traveller along all paths, who is best able to gather the most varied knowledge. It is impossible to imagine such a degree of petrification that a man should know nothing beyond the limits of his own speciality. The more learned a man, the more he knows and the more practical is his advice. Nor will the knowing man be penurious with his advice, because his heart has partaken of these riches of knowledge for the sake of the common good.

To all travellers, one may say: "Many useful counsels will be expected from you. Gather all your knowledge and do not be reticent in giving this benevolent help. Your useful advice will be awaited in diverse countries, hence apply them to diverse tongues and diverse understandings. But, principally, do not be miserly. Your practical counsels will be deeply and heartily valued. From them, will be born cordial mutual understanding between the nations. The practical advices of travellers will divert many misfortunes, will impel useful self-activity, will cure despair and will contribute to healthy construction."

One should not think that such great tasks are created only at Peace Conferences. Many results of the greatest significance are created upon the paths of the travellers. Sometimes, as is known to us, a callous and short-sighted person, will caution against helping others. There are such, and a dreadful oblivion awaits those who refuse to help, because of egoism. One may explain such a forbiddance of help by mental deficiency, but one must have great limitations indeed, who denies help to others because of fear.

All sacred writings ordain the giving of help without restriction. It has been sufficiently stated that casual differences between those in need, should not serve as obstacles. It is no longer necessary to quote the commonly-known parables and scriptures; nor to repeat that which has been printed in the world thousands and millions of times. Let us only say that those who forbid the giving of help to others, doom themselves to oblivion.

Let us assure each other that in the name of the common welfare we will help along all paths. Let us remember that he who forbids the giving of worthy advice, is already an unworthy destroyer. When numerous unfortunates, whole races and nations ask for advice and help, let it be regarded as a guarantee of one additional step towards benevolent understanding.

Let travellers look upon this possibility as an enlightened duty. Let them fulfill it with all cordiality, bringing to it their accumulated experience. A sincere desire of benevolence will bring conviction to their advice, which will flourish like a fine harvest, revivifying many human wastes. Every person should help in all ways, along all paths. Eastern wisdom states: "Silver that is buried turns black."

Be worthy councillors, help and love heartily the work of help.

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Reprinted from THE YOUNG BUILDER (*Karachi*) *for October 1935*

Drunken Vandals

By *Nicholas Roerich*

What horrible news! Not to be remembered! The headline alone is unbelievable!

"DRUNKEN VANDALS IN THE CITY OF BUDAPEST
HAVE DESTROYED AN ANCIENT CHURCH!"

"Budapest, January 10: A revolting crime which ended in the burning down of an ancient church and the murder of a priest took place last night after a peasants' drinking party near Budapest. Completely drunk, several peasants began to bet the most sensational crime they could do in the vicinity of the city. Some one proposed to burn down the church, and every one at once rushed to the place and began to set it afire."

"The priest tried to bring them to their senses, but the desperate drunkards threw him aside with such a force that he fell down and broke his skull. Amidst hysterical shouts, the beast-like vandals set fire to the church and ran away. All efforts of the local fire brigade to put the fire out failed, and in an hour's time the monument of great historical interest was reduced to ashes."

Having read of this contemporary horror, how can one say that the time of Herostrats has passed and that human consciousness has outgrown the animal state? It is noteworthy that this insane brutality was directed precisely against a church.

Likewise of all the paintings in the Louvre, a barbarian chooses to mutilate just a painting of such high spiritual mood—Millet's "Angelus." Of course there may be explanations that every brutality and evil obsession, every criminality, first of all revolts against all truly spiritual strivings. But such an explanation does not in any way justify the horror of these crimes against the most high.

When one repeatedly reads such horrible news, no one can succeed in persuading you that the Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures of Humanity is not necessary, or that it is untimely. Let us also not forget that only a few such vandalisms come to light, and that many more remain unreported and sink into the abyss of dark ignorance. Quite recently we heard that some old mutilated icons were found at Shanghai. Again some evil one not only repudiated them, but even spent his energy on sacrilegious mutilation. If these icons were simply useless to him, this evil biped could have simply tried to sell them or get rid of them, but he did not try to do so. His perversity, his obsession demanded an active blasphemy. He would rather spend his last means on the acquisition of tools for this barbaric mutilation than simply give away something, of which he is not in need. There is no question here about something not being needed, here we see a militant savagery.

Is it not time to remind the people urgently of the foundations of culture? Is it not time to affirm the new impulse

of respect for the spiritual treasures of humanity, of respect to that by which people perfect themselves?

If we see such callous destruction and in mutilation, then how can one calmly put away decisions in matters which will help to preserve the Sublime and the Beautiful? There are no such self-assured madmen, who would dare to say that everything fares well with the monuments of culture. The Dark Forces, which in many cases, despite their small number appear to be very well organised, openly proclaim the destruction of all temples, the uselessness of museums and the eradication of all Raphaels. When hymns extolling the sweetness of hatred are being composed, should words of Love and Creativeness keep silent? He who advocates hatred cannot belong to Culture!

Rather one must address oneself to the task of constructiveness and watchful protection. From antiquity we have many examples of tragic delays. While we shall still be thinking of the ratification of the Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures, the vandals and even drunken ones will act with all precipitatedness. May the tragic saying about the death of the great poet Firdausi not repeat itself again. Just before the death of the poet, Sultan Mahmud became enraptured by a beautiful verse from the *Shah-Namah* and he learned that the verse had been taken from a book by Firdausi dedicated to him and that Firdausi was in poverty. The Sultan gave orders to send to Firdausi a caravan laden with the richest gifts, but when the Sultan's treasures entered the gates of the city, the dead body

of Firdausi was being carried out through another gate. The old legend reminds us of the startling belatedness.

If the ratification of our Pact is going to be delayed and pushed about from one secretariat to another, let us beware that during the interval no regrettable events occur. Peter the Great used to say: "Delay is equal to death!"—and no one who understands the significance of cultural treasures can find excuse in saying that the matter is not so urgent. The wild vandals, besides being drunk, do not slumber!

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Reprinted from the *Educational Review*, Madras—*October* 1935

O QUANTA ALLEGRIA.*

DIARY LEAVES.

By H. E. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich, *Naggar, Kulu Valley.*

....."Where is vast ancient Rome?—and only then he recognizes it, when little by little from all narrow nooks and corners begins to appear ancient Rome—here as an arch, there as a marble cornice built into the wall, there as a discoloured column of porphyry, there as a facade of an evil-smelling fish market place, there as a whole portal in front of a modern church and finally, far away, where the living city ends, as a colossus lifts itself amidst thousand years old ivy, alone and open plains, as the immense Coliseum triumphal arches, remains of endless palaces of Cæsars, imperial baths, temples, tombs, scattered over fields; and the foreigner is no longer aware of the narrow streets and lanes, and is completely surrounded by the ancient world: in his memory arise the gigantic images of Cæsars; and shouts and acclaims of the ancient crowds resound in his ears".....

Thus narrates a classical description of Rome. And it is just, when an old Italian, recalling the former life, exclaims: "*O Quanta Allegria.*" How many similar exclamations about the colouring, the characteristics, the solemnity of various manifestations of the past can be heard even now! Well wishing and inquiring visitors will always find the rhythm of antiquity, obscure for many, in all its multiformity. And again we shall see that the dark pages will be covered with benevolent recollections.

What a wonderful quality of human memory and consciousness, that in the end the good considerations will prevail in us! Truly it is evident that evil is finite, while good is infinite. We can turn to numerous historical examples and check their reflection in human memory. Even the most terrifying becomes solemn. Even the most ferocious wraps itself in patient attention. As if in all imperfections there was some seed, which in its own way gave a positive colouring to them.

We began by mentioning Rome. How many attractive positive traits are pointed out in these descriptive lines, which end in an accord of great beauty! Some other author, more limited, would undoubtedly have spoiled his description with some unnecessary and harmful details. But our artist follows only the fundamental truth. Everything negative and superficial is unnecessary in his broad characterization. Perhaps some one may say that such characterization is not objective. And probably this critic would pile up so many considerations that everything expressive and necessary would be covered with the dust of all kinds of belittlements and smoothing.

For the expression of true solemnity the composer picks out carefully the combinations. Nothing that is small and rattling will bemean his powerful solutions and this integrity will retain that convincingness which gives joy to many centuries.

"When the blue sky came into being and below it came the dark earth, then appeared between them man." Thus speaks an inscription of the eighth century, found on a stone near the river Orchon.

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* Written during the Central Asian Expedition now in full swing, at Peiping (China).

One feels in the shortness of this hieroglyph that the virgin steppes are as yet not tilled. The virgin taiga has not yet been desecrated. The depths of the earth are in tact. And in these untouched vastnesses in the entirety of a broad imagination, the great Mongolian, Kurultai, in the year 1206, proclaimed Chingiz Khan as the Emperor of the Universe.

This was possible. This was as natural as the flight of an eagle of the steppes. Just as natural were the messages of Archpriest John to the emperors—rulers of Europe. These writings up till now are preserved in archives and are again diligently studied by searching scientists. It sounds like a fairy tale and at the same time the heart resounds to the past. To many people was ascribed the personality of Archpriest John and the description of his fairy-like country. At times it seems all is but a legend, but again on a shelf in the archives are preserved the messages, are safe-guarded the documents of embassies, and somewhere is recorded the beautiful page of life.

Very likely, the true personality of Archpriest John will after all never be known—this leader of a great country, carrying on negotiations with emperors of the world. It does not matter in what way someone may solve this historic problem. One thing remains certain, that something beautiful occupied many minds. And the very subtlety beckoned the possibility of new develop-ments.

Note, that while the saga of Ghessar-Khan, the way to Shambhala and the kingdom of Archpriest John remained within the bounds of legends, at the same time certain searching scientists attentively listened to these elusive calls of antiquity. And again some one, feeling exalted by them, exclaimed: "What joy! What life! What boundlessness!"

An old woman-healer tells the youth about ancient medical compounds. A silvery laughter and jokes interrupt her convinced talk. But the experience of ages has taught the healer calmness: "Laugh, laugh! But go and ask all those whom my herbs have helped." From his early youth Saint Panteleimon commands recognition, as a healer. Over useful and good flowers and herbs the Ayurvedic physician bends down. Every grass of the steppes is full of ancient lore. Is this in a fairy tale? How can it be a fairy tale, when everything is of great benefit?

Likewise the beautiful voices of antiquity built the great saga of life and a valiant Gallahad, not afraid of fieriness, gathers sparks of fire into a design of Eternity. The searcher is not afraid that instead of kingly cities, before him lies only a hilly field. For in every hillock there may be a casket with some message of the Archpriest John or with a ring of Chingiz Khan. When everything seems to have been read in this world, then from the depths of the earth appear complete, new, as yet unread, alphabets. From Harappa in India the attention of the scientist in futile searches directs itself to the Easter Islands and such unusual decisions begin to corres-pond to as yet undeciphered riddles.

Life with all the overtaxed and burdened contemporaneity again grows up to the simplified hieroglyph, if imagination is yet vivid. What vigilance, what subtlety of thinking, when it is alive with the searches of Truth!

In the same great Rome, the stone head of the Statue of Truth, bit the hands of liars. Truth does not tolerate falsehood. The heart knows wherein lies falsehood. The Heart is the Gate of Truth!

Srînivasa Varadachari & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras.

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SENSITIVENESS

By

PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

Reprinted from "Prabuddha Bharata," November, 1935.

ADVAITA ASHRAMA
MAYAVATI, ALMORA, HIMALAYAS.

Printed by Swami Vireswarananda at the Art Press, 20, British Indian Street, Calcutta,
and Published by the same from 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta.

SENSITIVENESS

By Prof. Nicholas de Roerich

It is said that water having performed its work in a mill, gives the impression of having less force, than that water which flows on to the wheel. As if it is presupposed that besides the coarse physical conditions, some sort of energy has escaped during the tension. Of course this is illusion; likewise is it said that a book new and unread as yet, contains greater potentiality, than a read book. As if many eyes could extract from the pages some sort of potentiality.

Yet, at the same time, it is justly said of objects which have been prayed over, of objects which have been enwrapped and thus strengthened by thought. It consequently seems that if something can be imparted to an object through thought, as if something added to the object, then it would appear that likewise by means of thought and energy, one could deprive an object of something and take it away from the same.

We have heard that someone on opening a book that was returned to him, said: "It is even unpleasant to take it into one's hands; probably some scoundrel read it!" Perhaps this exclamation was caused by suspicion, but perhaps some influence was indeed felt.

Thus often some unexplainable enmity and sometimes some indescribable goodwill is felt in space itself. Again some sensitive people will say: "How heavy it is to be in this room!", or on the contrary: "How easy it is to breathe here!" If even ordinary photographs at times bear the most unexpected impressions, if a chemical analysis of space is ready to disclose many things, why should we then be astonished, if the finest human apparatus can fully feel the presence of such or other energies?

At times a stringed instrument seems to resound to influences imperceptible to the human eye. At times a porcelain vase will break of itself from vibrations, almost inaudible to the human ear. Sand assumes the most remarkable designs from vibrations almost imperceptible. Likewise the presence of many influences will not be expressed by words, but will be felt by the inner human apparatus.

This will not be superstition nor superficial suspicion. This precisely will be straight knowledge. No amount of verbal explanation will dissuade a man, who has clearly felt the contact of these energies. Just as you would be unable to persuade a person in that he has not seen something, which he has definitely and attentively seen with his own eyes.

It is at times considered even a shameful weakness to admit these definite perceptions, and yet they will quietly mention that the food seemed too salty or bitter, whereas their companion has not found it to be so. For one this quality was not worth noticing, while the other fully sensed it. If only people would just as naturally and fearlessly pay attention and report to their near ones their impressions, how many more new and valuable observations would enrich earthly life and would bring a greater eagerness to the transmutation of these sensations into knowledge!

It is impossible to place the means of acquiring knowledge into some predetermined boundaries. Truly the messenger comes unexpected. Not without reason do all the teachings point so definitely to these unexpected higher realizations. Yet people always insist that the messenger should come at the hour appointed by them through a definite door, bringing news expected by them and probably should speak to them in that tongue and in those expressions, which are anticipated by the expecting one.

Every change in this self-appointed programme would introduce confusion and perchance would even lead to negation. How could this happen, when I did not expect it? Again this unfortunate and limited "I", which desires to command in a narrow self-assured way within the boundaries of the visible and audible world. And what if suddenly the most pompous turns out to be a complete nullity before the smallest manifestation of the subtle order? Can one limit that, which will not be restricted into any definable bounds?

How many messengers could not altogether enter, because having approached the doors, they already knew that it was not they, who were expected! Repeating to themselves the most God-given and inspiring message, the messenger already knew that it would not be accepted in this tongue. How much of the already constructed and near-at-hand was arrested by haughty narrow-mindedness. But if you try to define the bounds of this narrow-mindedness into any dimensions, you shall never find its limits; to such an extent it is thoroughly insignificant.

Thus amidst the most remarkable illuminations and inspirations, intrude—as if grey dust—innumerable fragments of ignorance. Let every particle of dust be imponderable in weight, but a layer of them can darken the most exquisite flower. The common work, the common care, should be that in every household there should be as little as possible of this dust.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar****, November & December 1935*

Chingiz-Khan.

A SONG

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

WHEN Chingiz-Khan was born, his mother was no longer the favourite of the Khan and, therefore, the child found no love in the heart of his father, who sent him to a far-off estate. There, when he had grown into manhood, Chingiz-Khan gathered round him others who were unloved and began to lead an aimless life. He seized arms and bond-maids, went hunting and sent no reports about his life to his father, the Khan.

One day, when perhaps drunk with kumiss, Chingiz-Khan made a pact with his friends that they should follow him in all things till death parted them. Then he ordered a whizzing arrow to be made, and commanded his servants to lead out the horses. They mounted—and this is how Chingiz-Khan began his work:

He rode into the steppes and approached his droves of horses. Suddenly he sped his whizzing arrow, striking his best and fleetest horse. A horse is valued as a treasure among Tartars. Some of his friends hesitated to kill their horses and they were beheaded.

Once more Chingiz-Khan went to the steppes and again let fly his whizzing arrow. This time he struck one of his wives. Not all would follow his example. Then those who were afraid were immediately beheaded. The friends were frightened. But he had bound them by an oath to follow him till death.

Then rode Chingiz-Khan toward his father's droves of horses. He sent his whizzing arrow into his father's horse and all his friends did the same. Thus Chingiz-Khan prepared his friends to work with him and tried his men. Not loved, but feared was Chingiz-Khan. Truly clever was Chingiz-Khan!

One day Chingiz-Khan planned great doings. He rode to his father's camp and sent a whizzing arrow into his father's heart. All the friends of Chingiz-Khan followed his example. The old Khan was killed by all the people! And Chingiz-Khan became the Khan of the Great Horde. Truly clever was Chingiz-Khan!

The Khans of the neighbouring Empire were not pleased with Chingiz-Khan. They looked disdainfully on the young man and sent an arrogant messenger demanding all his best horses, all the arms set with precious stones and adorned with gold—all the treasures of the Khan. Hearing these demands Chingiz-Khan bowed to the messenger.

Then Chingiz-Khan summoned all his men to a council. His counsellors argued together loudly: it was impossible to fight

over horses. And all that was demanded of him Chingiz-Khan sent to the neighbouring Khans. Truly cunning was Chingiz-Khan!

Swollen with pride, the Khans of the neighbouring Empire now demanded that all Chingiz' wives should be sent to them. The counsellors protested loudly, they pitied the wives of the Khan and threatened to start war. Again Chingiz-Khan dismissed these counsellors and sent all his wives to the neighbouring Empire. Truly cunning was Chingiz-Khan!

The Khans of the neighbouring Empire were proud beyond measure. They considered the men of Chingiz-Khan cowards; they insulted and abused the people of the Great Horde; and in their pride they took the guards away from the frontier. The Khans amused themselves with Chingiz' wives and rode his horses, while wrath against them grew stronger in the Great Horde.

Suddenly, Chingiz-Khan rose up by night, ordered his men to follow him on horseback, and attacked the Khans of the Neighbouring Empire, taking captive all their people. He took all the treasures, arms and horses back again; back he took his wives.

The victory of Chingiz Khan was praised by his counsellors. And Chingiz-Khan said to his eldest son Otokay: 'Know how to make people proud, and pride will make them stupid. Then wilt thou master them". Throughout the Great Horde the Khan was praised. Truly clever was Chingiz-Khan!

And Chingiz-Khan enjoined the Great Horde eternally to keep these precepts: "He who covets a wife—shall be beheaded. He who blasphemes—shall be beheaded. He who takes others' property—shall be beheaded. He who kills a peaceful man—shall be beheaded. He who passes over to the enemy—shall be beheaded."

Soon the name of Chingiz-Khan was honoured everywhere. All the princes feared Chingiz-Khan. As never before the wealth of the Great Horde grew. Each man had many wives. They dressed in silk cloth, and ate and drank exceedingly well. Truly, always clever was Chingiz-Khan!

Chingiz-Khan saw far ahead. He ordered his friends to tear the silken cloth, to feign that they are ailing from good eating. Let the people, as of old, drink milk; let them dress in skins as of old; so the Great Horde might not weaken! Truly clever was our Chingiz-Khan!

The Great Horde was always ready for battle. And Chingiz-Khan would suddenly lead it into the steppes. He conquered all the steppes of Taourmen. He took possession of all the deserts of Mongolia. He vanquished all China and Tibet. He seized all land from the Red Sea to the Caspian. Such was Chingiz-Khan!

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar Annual, 1935.***

Mongolia.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

YOU you wish to fly? Why not fly over Mangolia? What about landing fields?..... Mongolia has natural landing fields for "iron birds" everywhere.

Would you like to speed by motor? You can speed over all the roads and across the entire plain. Rarely can one cover such distances without interruption.

Would you care to cross the deserts by camel? You may continue endlessly without an obstacle ahead. And you will find bristling brush for the camels to eat everywhere.

Would you like to gallop on horseback? Gallop ahead. The Mongols conquered immense spaces, as the hordes of Chengis Khan may testify. These spaces seem like waterless deserts—yet very often the water is very close to the surface, sometimes within two or three feet. Besides, as I have often written, there are subterranean currents which even to this day may be heard through the pebbles and boulders. If one wishes to bring the water to the surface, the possibilities are there.

Many vegetables may be cultivated in the forest lands and on the sandy soil here; if one cares to occupy himself with it, he can have results. If one wishes to breed better horses, it is only necessary to cross the local breed with the Turkestan and Afghan horses. In two years of breeding you will begin to see results. The same applies to sheep and cows because there is nothing to prevent the possibility of obtaining the best breeds here.

Future forests are also possible. Not only in ancient times were all these sites covered with virgin forests, but even within a decade were there trees here everywhere. The cruelty of ignorance destroyed them because the cruelty of ignorance does not consider the future. Nor is there anything to hinder the organization here of model farms, under the direction of people of understanding and experience. How much cultivation and planting of grasses could be introduced here in a very short time. And how simple it would be to introduce the best methods of cattle breeding. Schools could also be organized in connection with these model farms, thus permitting the nation to progress along modern lines, without losing any of its traditional virtues. In this way, all kinds of handicrafts may be encouraged and labour

co-operatives also introduced. During the great frosts, blizzards, and the spring 'burans', a vast amount of useful objects could be created by the hands of the people coupled with their creative gifts. However strange it may seem, when you see the inborn artistry of the Mongols in their weaving and designs, you realize how simple it would be to demonstrate to those who have not yet realized it, how much of value could be created here. And this creation would be possible without sacrificing the fine traditions or imitating foreign importations but by working along the traditional and native lines.

In fixed amity with the Chinese Government the autonomous Government of Inner Mongolia is being organized. Its capital is in Batu-Khalaga, which is nearest to the railroad station of Kokokhoto or Guihu-achen. The head of the Government is the local prince, but the actual moving spirit is the Prince of Barun Sunit. All the princes come together at stipulated times to decide the current problems. By agreement with Nanking, autonomous Inner Mongolia decides all its own inner affairs.

Although the mineral wealth of Mongolia is unexploited, the salt revenues from the great salt lakes in themselves afford a vast revenue. It is widely known that Mongolia has a profusion of high grade hard coal, oil, iron and gold. Certain ridges of Mongolia are especially famed for the latter--and in our travels we had occasion to see great nuggets of gold as well as gold sands washed down in the river beds. We also had occasion to see many deserted gold mines, although it was difficult to ascertain whether they had been deserted because the gold had been removed or through ignorance of methods in mining, or because of the military movements here.

Not long ago, we had occasion to write upon the subject of the "Brimming Chalice"—just such a brimming chalice is here before us in Mongolia. In various walks of life opportunity comes to each man to encounter circumstances, which for some reason seem strangely concealed. Although it may sometime seem that mere accident contributed to these concealments, in reality there is no accident, and it is far more probable that these circumstances have been hidden in some great design. Special caution and good will must be exerted when such hidden possibilities disclose themselves, and help should not be withheld. The thought of help and mutual co-operation becomes a vital and humanitarian responsibility; although help should be at the proper moment and in the proper direction. In this case, the help needed is not great – merely that of preventing a child from burning itself at the fire, and permitting it to gain experience along the proper channels.

Medical work in Mongolia is thus far in the hands of Swedish, Belgian, Japanese and American physicians, as well as in the hands of local Mongolian lamas. I have always been exceedingly interested in local folk lore and the native pharmacopoeia, but there should be attentive research and study into these subjects. Of course, the people have great need of an established medical help.

The many hundreds of "dzeren" which trot beside the horses indicate that the destructive work of human hands has not yet touched these spaces. From the humane point of view it would be especially regretable if some new forces would enter here also to apply only the deadening conditions of mechanical civilizations —only with the proper realization of local conditions and with sincere benevolence and constructive efforts will mutual response be aroused. The heart is the one infalliable indicator of the proper benevolent mutual efforts.

Recently a rather detestable joke was told us of some travellers who taught the labour-loving Mongol women to rouge their lips. Such perversity among travellers is despicable. If certain conventions have become part of our civilization, it is hardly necessary to contaminate these simple people with these unfortunate customs. Thus early is contagion spread. It is necessary to find the way of good thinking, good vision, good action. Each traveller should spread along his path a helpful benevolence. Although he may be travelling with some special aim, still the help of benevolence is without limits.

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ERDENI MORI

[MONGOLIAN EPICS]

By

NICHOLAS ROERICH

A Reprint from the Twentieth Century
January 1936, *Vol. II, No.* 16

ERDENI MORI

(Mongolian Epics)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

[The great Russian artist and philosopher and the recognised authority on Asia, Prof. Nicholas de Roerich has just returned from an extensive expedition in Mongolia. The *Twentieth Century* is privileged to publish these Diary Leaves, (chronicled in Timur Khada), which have such an exclusive significance to-day.]

I

In folk-lore and sagas we meet with the white steeds of heroes. We know of the white steed of St. George. We know of the white horses of St. Flora and St. Laurus. We have also met with the white fiery Pegasus.

We have seen the white horses of the Lithuanian ancient god Svetovit. And the Germanic Valkyries also were riding on white steeds.

We have heard of the white horse of Isphagan in ancient Iran. We have seen the huge steeds of Arjuna, the guardians of the Temple.

We have heard of the steed of Ghessar-Khan, the great hero of ancient Asia and we have seen the trails of its hooves on the rocks in Tibet. We knew of the steeds from Himavat with the blessed treasure Chintamani.

Erdeni Mori—the white steed—is the Mongolian carrier of the same treasure of happiness.

On Chinese paintings the white deer carries the same fiery sacred sign on its horns, as if like the deer of St. Hubertus. And the trail of the white horse marks the

boundary of the Wall of China. All heroes are on white steeds. And also in Mongolia Tzagan Mori—Erdeni Mori is the white steed, venerated in all legends. The Ruler of Shambala, Rigden Japo, also is seen riding on it and the steed appears in a wondrous flame. And when the people await the future, then the great Ruler directs the waiting ones towards the predestined.

Verily the white steeds in all folk-lore belong to the hero. But sometimes the wise white horse brings alone the great message.

On Scythian bronzes the predominant place is given to the horse. They of course carry the traditions. And in fairy tales most prophetic qualities are attributed to the white steed. The hero enters into one ear of the horse and comes out wise from the other ear. In sagas the horse warns the warrior of danger. The steed never survives its master. And in burial mounds the bones of the horse are always inseparably with those of the hero.

* * *

To-day Mongolia is on everyone's tongue.

Let us listen to some Mongolian prophecies.

Listen to the prophecies of the wise Mongolian seer Molon Baksha, as written down by his grandson Sangey Zibikoff and translated by the Mongol Shagdoroff and Shagdor Dabayev.

> In the year of the cycle of the pig, there will be an earthquake. In the year of the dog there will be confusion amongst those who have power. A great hero will be born in a little hut. And a great Khan will pass by, attracting no one's attention. Near the house troops will pass. People who have no claim to nobility will become rulers and will govern the people. Honest people will withdraw and will take a place near the threshold; whereas liars will take possession of homes.
>
> There shall come a time when truth will be overpowered by

hypocrisy. The spotted serpent will eat its own head, and the red-spotted serpent will devour the flesh of his own body. The horse eating its body shall also consume its head. Hence a chief who embezzled the people's property, shall pay with his head.

And there will come a time when a wooden cart will cost as much as a horse. For the bad horse the road is long and for a miser a friend is far. As the dead one has no title, so the poor one has no property.

You will fell timber with an axe which has no handle.

An iron serpent will obscure the earthly light—and the whole world is a fiery serpent.

In 1904 there will be a great event.

In the year of the ox there will again be a great occurrence. In the year of the tiger there will be destruction. The year of the hare will be the year of patience and endurance.

On the eastern boundary there will be robbery, because the chiefs will let the wolf upon a herd of sheep enclosed in a yard.

There will come a time that will be called: "neither mine nor yours", a travelling brass kettle and a leather yagtan will be needed.

The fiery serpent will dominate everywhere during the time of migrations.

From the side where the sun rises will appear a miraculous white stone with an inscription. If you try to obliterate the inscription with an axe, it will appear again.

Beyond this stone will be the desert, which you will reach. Those who can reach this region will again become human, and the animals will again turn into animals. It will be hard for the senile ones and for children. Loads will be carried even on oxen, cows and horses. Images and books you will have to carry yourselves. For the old ones you will have dry meat and fry barley. To drink black tea is nourishing.

And further Molon Baksha foretold that later there will come two—four men who will subdue unrest and will construct a religious righteous state.

Molon Baksha died at the age of eighty in the year of the ox. His song was:

Why does the reed wave
On the right side of the Selenga?
Why does the reed wave
On yonder side of the Kudara?
And foreseeing sufferings in life
Why do I already feel sorrow?

When singing this song he used to cry.

* * *

And there is another prophecy:

The great people of Kidan will not perish. They will meet the people of Shambala. They will carry most reverently the sacred images and will honour the country's laws.

On the white stone they will read and will call for the great Teacher to reveal the word of truth.

From great bonfires the inscription on the stone will shine. What is coming? Why does the steppe grass move? Who is coming?

Erdeni Mori itself comes. Erdeni Mori itself approaches. And the people will not remain in their previous state.

What shines above the steppe grass? Why do the holy obo (cairns) radiate? Why is the great Suburgan already alight?

There, where Erdeni Mori has passed, the steppe grass glimmers. There the wolves become silent.

And the falcons hasten their flight.

* * *

From ancient times Erdeni Mori appears and its treasure radiates. At sunrise and at sunset everything is submerged into silence, this means that somewhere the great white steed, carrying the treasure, is passing. As long as the people know of the ordained treasure, they will remain on the righteous path. Their path, although long and unusual, is inevitable. As inevitable as is the service to perfection. For someone it may be a fairy tale, and for another it is a reality. And someone will become afraid. And others will unfold the pages of the given book.

The book of doves also came from heaven. And the treasure came from above. And not soon was a wise man found to read the book. And many peoples remember these given great gifts. And to all evil ones the light is unbearable. Why are they so horrified? They are afraid of themselves, they have not read the great book and they have turned away from Light. And having turned away from a small light, how can their eyes stand the brilliant radiance of the Great Light!

Menhe Tengri!.....

.....the great blue sky, which Chingiz Khan worshipped! Endless are the plains of Mongolia. Boundless are the steppes! Numberless are the mountains, hills, ranges and ravines, where the glory is hidden!

It seems that the desert is lifeless, but suddenly there appears a camp on the slope. Behold, many yurtas rise and unexpectedly there shines a white monastery or suburgan. And a small blue lake glimmers in the distance.

And again the desert becomes lifeless. And again riders in bright kaftans and in yellow kurmas and red-topped hats approach with the speed of the wind. The saddles are silver-laid, just as they were in the times of Chingiz Khan. But where are the arrows and bows? Long are their rifles on the back.

And again there is silence. But the dark outline of the caravan proceeds. The steppes are spotted with herds of black yaks. Droves of fine horses are scattered over the desert. Like snow the herds of white sheep glitter in the sun. Antelopes rush along the hillside. A marmot disappears in a hole. Camels, wolves, foxes, hares.....

Where are the birds? Only an eagle circles in the heights. Black ravens appear here and there. A lark sings its beautiful song. A partridge and a quail fly up. And

from the lake comes the noise of geese and ducks. A bustard runs along swiftly. Cranes and herons are flying in formation. . . . . Many birds!

From where comes thy great silence, beautiful desert? Does it come from thy boundlessness? Does it come from the high blue heavenly dome, from the great Tengri, which was always benevolent towards Chingiz?

At night all starry signs shine. The beautiful stellar runes are awakening. The Book of Glory is open. Beyond the hills a ray of light flashed.

Who is there?

Who passed there?

Erdeni Mori!

On the rocks of Shara Muren are the signs of the treasure. Naran Obo guards the miraculous stone. Everywhere Erdeni Mori has passed.

* * *

II

The banner of Chengiz Khan was white. In different campaigns he used various symbols—the lion, the steed of happiness, the falcon, or the panther. Fundamentally the colour of the Mongols is blue.

The laws of the Great Khan are extant even to this day, and we may recall many which are applicable to our present life. His severe penalties for theft, murder, adultery and other offences, could be placed upon the pages of our law even in the present times. Similarly with his other official acts, his orders to his officers and his steps for the progress of his country were broadly introduced by the Great Khan.

In order to prevent pride and vanity among the khans, Chengiz Khan forbade the adoption of pompous titles. Freedom of religion and speech were observed and the love of God

acknowledged. Clergy and physicians were freed from public taxes. Capital punishment was prescribed for spies, perjurers, sorcerers and those who accepted bribes. The marriage laws forbade marriage between the next of kin. And to raise the sense of honour, it was forbidden to employ one's next-of-kin as servants. To abolish intoxication Chengiz Khan constantly discountenanced the use of strong beverages and urged his people to eliminate the use of these entirely.

A regulation is also known to have aimed at the abolishing of excessive superstitions. The ordinances of Chengiz Khan encouraged hospitality among his nomad population and insured the safety of travellers throughout the vast extent of his empire. Rules were given in regard to camp sites and divisions of yuartas were made into tens, hundreds and thousands.

Along the caravan routes military stations with guards were established and at intervals of a day's journey posts for horses were set. The army was divided into divisions of tens, hundreds, thousands and ten thousands. Capital punishment was meted out to all officers who deserted their posts.

Judging by everything which has come down to us, Chengiz Khan was a great leader and organizer.

"The Lord preserve us from the Mongols!" Such were the inscriptions found in destroyed cities of Asia. Danish fishermen did not venture into the open sea for fear of a Mongolian invasion.

This is one of the earliest descriptions of the Mongols, presented to Europe in the thirteenth century, which was created by fear and terror:

> Lest human joys be especially prolonged, and the world's benevolence endure too long without tears, [wrote Matthew Peris in the year 1240], reviling creatures of Satan himself, the count-

> less Tartar hordes broke loose and swept out of the boundaries of their encampments surrounded by mountains. Swarming like locust over the earth, they brought terrible devastation to Western Europe and by fire and sword reduced it to a wasteland. They are inhuman, bestial, more monsters than men. They thirst for blood and gorge themselves with it. They rend and devour dogs and human flesh and dress in skins with their chests and backs naked except for armour. They are small in stature, stocky, hairy invincible. With zest they drink the pure blood of their herds. Their horses are stout, strong and eat branches and even trees. Due to their short thighs they have to mount these horses with the aid of three-stepped ladders.....They know no laws; they are completely lacking in any idea of comfort and are more ferocious than lions or bears.....they have pity neither for age nor sex nor position.....they know no language to converse in besides their own, which no one understands, because up to recent times there was no contact with them and they themselves never came beyond the boundaries of their country. Thus there is no information available about their customs and personalities, such as is gained through the mutual intercourse of people. They travel with their herds and wives and the latter are accustomed to fight as well as the men. To the destruction of Christendom, they suddenly appear and with the speed of lightning ravage and annihilate everything on their way, terrorizing everyone and arousing terrific hatred everywhere.

This was the reputation of the Mongols when their name first reached Europe, accompanied by the sensational terror which usually preceded their attacks. The very word Tartar aroused terror; they were considered the scourge of God. The old writers called them the "plague of God",—demons sent against men in punishment.

Europe did not regard the Mongols as human beings. It denied them the honour of being enemies or customary adversaries and considered them some sort of superhuman creatures. In those times Europeans sincerely believed that Mongols had dogs' heads and devoured human flesh. This

was the sort of wild terror that gripped Europe before the appearance of the Tartars. The danger which threatened humanity was regarded as so extreme that even Danish fishermen did not venture into the open sea for fear of Mongols.

The same picture is apparent at that time within the boundary of the Far East as well as in the Far West—on the shores of the Pacific as well as on shores of the Black Sea. One of the Chinese historians of that period exclaims with dismay that "since the creation of the world, no nation has been as powerful as the present Mongols. They devastate entire countries more easily than we pluck grass. Why do the heavens permit it!"

Another writer, describing the consequences of Mongolian supremacy, significantly remarks that "in Asia and Western Europe a dog can hardly bark without the permission of the Mongols."

After overwhelming all Asia and reaching the threshold of Europe, the Mongolian invasion seemed such an ominous threat that the rulers of Europe began frantically to take council with each other as to ways of meeting the threatening danger. It was decided to undertake united resistance against this human deluge, as no single country could cope with it alone. No proof is more evident of the fear which these Mongol hordes inspired, even within the limits of the greatest European countries of that period, than the call of Frederick II, Holy Roman Emperor, to the entire Christian world to repel the invasion of the dreaded Mongols. Just imagine an appeal addressed to "Germany, ardent in battles, France, nursing at her bosom a fearless army, militant Spain, England, powerful in men and ships, Crete, Sicily, wild Hibernia, and cold Norway", asking them to organize international crusades against the nomad conquerors who came

to Europe from far-off Mongolia.

Once during the conquest of Persia by the Mongols, a few Mongols met some Persians and not having any arms with them, told the Persians to keep sitting by the roadside until they go to fetch their swords to behead them. And the Persians calmly obeyed. Thus history tells us.

Excerpts from the manifesto of Frederick II eloquently describe the "Mongol terror" which surrounded Europe in 1240.

> These people, [wrote the Emperor], have emerged from the far ends of the world, where they have long been concealed in an atmosphere of terrific climatic extremities and have suddenly and brutally swept upon the Northern countries, swarming like locusts. No one knows whence this fierce race has gained its title of Tartar, but one thing is certain, it is apparently God's will that this race has been preserved from prehistoric days as a weapon to scourge people for their transgressions and mayhap even for the fall of Christendom. This brutal savage people has not the least conception of humane principles. They have a leader whom they revere and whose command they blindly obey, calling him the earthly god. They are small in stature, stocky, strong with great resistance, and have unbreakable faith. At the least sign from their leader they throw themselves with reckless valour against the most incredible perils. They have broad faces, slanting eyes and emit the most terrifying shrieks and outcries, which indicate vividly the savagery of their hearts. They know no other raiment except the skins of oxen, asses and horses and up to now their armour is only crudely and badly-soldered iron plates. But now—and we cannot mention this without shudder—they begin to improve their armour by looting that of the Christians. Soon the Lord's wrath will descend on all of us and these barbarians will begin to kill us, to our shame, with our own weapons. The Tartars already are learning to dress richly and elaborately and at present they eat the most savoury food. They ride beautiful horses and are inimitable archers. It is said that their horses, when they have no other fodder, eat foliage, bark and roots of trees and yet preserve their courage, strength and agility.

Thus Europe estimated the Mongol conquerors.

In later times these estimates become more exact and more detailed. For instance, Timur, instead of the former evaluation of a destroyer, received from the French savant, Grousset, a completely different estimate. Grousset says that Timur "who combines the subtle strivings of Iran-Hindu culture with the austere mould of an ascetic, appears as one of the most colourful figures of the Indo-Iranic world". Thus the great son of Chengiz Khan in the clan of Barlass is presented in a new light by the reflective scientist Grousset. Similarly, many rulers of the world, who were hastily condemned, as quickly revealed themselves in a completely different light. Is this not the case in Russian history with Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great?

In recalling the description of Grousset and the notes of Plano Karpini about the interest in arts and sciences of Mongolia, we may consider that the Mongolian apotheosis reached the zenith in Akbar the Great. Of course there have been prejudiced judgments of him as a bloodthirsty tyrant, but there has finally emerged a brilliant picture of the resplendent unifier and cultured ruler of a great country. And to this luminous image of Akbar, already apparent, new studies can only add new valuable signs. And the wisdom of the people, which is just at its base, will add the aureole of a saint to the image of the Great Emperor. Thus through the centuries the people can revere a consistently great service. In regard to the characteristics of Mongols, I also recall other notes by contemporaneous travellers. There are many valuable and benevolent tokens. One should likewise remember the sacred Mongolian books, with their covenants about the Bodhisattvas and their admonitions to compassion, self-sacrifice and help to one's neighbour. Let us also recall the Nestorian times. In short, let us not in any way dispar-

age that which was so real a factor in the life of this strong and courageous people.

* * *

How many beautiful hours we recall from our own travels in Mongolia. I remember the hearty greeting of welcome of the Mongol Rin-chin. How much we valued also the fiery exclamation of the grey-headed Buriat, "Light conquers darkness!" I remember how valiantly the Mongols acted in our encounter with bandits. I remember the building of the Suburgan and the gracious offering of their treasures. If we go by the marks of benevolence we will find many of them. No matter how often a nation finds rebirth, its foundations still prevail. The same may be observed with many other peoples. Circumstances may change, bringing happiness or ill-fortune, but the soul of the people remains. And one may trace this folk soul by its ancient songs, its sayings and its parables. In these indestructible folk mementoes, one can find the worthiest characteristics.

In the laws of the Mongolian Khans, in the heroic epic of these people, is reflected a nature that is firm, courageous, often ascetic, patiently enduring the vicissitudes of their time.

And perceiving these covenants of the past, which have not been lost in the currents of the present day, should we not help this people, which desires peaceful progress?

There was a time when the circumstances of life and the yearnings of their heart enticed the Mongols into far-off places, because man often thinks that the beyond is more alluring—"splendid are the drums beyond the mountains". But contemporary thought has directed the Mongols towards the treasures of their own lands. To appreciate our own possessions, to learn to evaluate that which is defined by destiny, is a great accomplishment. It so happens that the

Mongols as such, having concerned themselves with remote places, did not as yet exhaust their own inner treasures. Not to use, means not to waste. Therefore it is but just to direct attention to Mongolia with benevolence and friendship.

No one will make the error of exclaiming again "Lord preserve us from the Mongols." On the contrary, thoughtful persons will send hearty wishes for the peaceful regeneration of their people.

Rigden Djapo himself, in resplendent armour, is galloping on. The Mongols do not forget the visions of the Great Lama in 1927. So it is also said in the prophecies:

> On the slope towards the sunrise a white stone will be revealed with an inscription.....and though you hew out this inscription it will never disappear, but will for ever emerge again".

Greetings to our Mongolian friends. Greetings to Mongolia!

* * *

Tzong-Kha-Pa in his Teaching "Lam-Rim-Chen-Po" ordains:

> As the shadows of birds flying in the sky, move together, so also good and evil deeds follow the living beings.
>
> Do not neglect even the smallest sin, thinking that it may be harmless. The accumulation of drops of water by and by fills even a large vessel.
>
> Habits for good and evil deeds constantly dominate over man.
>
> Deeds, even over a hundred world-periods will not disappear, but will accumulate, and when the time is ripe, their consequences will arise for the reincarnated.
>
> How happy are the travellers who have taken care to carry along sufficient food, so also living beings who have done good deeds, ascend to a blissful life.

* * *

The Lama proclaims:

> Let life be firm as adamant; victorious as the banner of the Teacher; mighty as eagle and may it last for eternity.

Callingly resounds the conch-shell over the vastnesses of Mongolia!

REPRINT

ALLAHABAD LAW JOURNAL PRESS
ALLAHABAD

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar****, January 1936.*

Way Signs.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

HOW many milestones are there on every path and how little attention do we pay to them ! To a friend of mine an acquaintance complained : " My whole life I have been awaiting a Sign. I send my best thoughts but I have no reply. Is this just ?"

My friend asked her to tell him about her life. And she told him the following : " I was very rich and this gave me the possibility to help people and to support a great many. Then, not of my fault, there came ruin. It is true, I do not starve, but I have no longer the possibility to help as I did before. And this is my constant sorrow. I fail to understand why it was necessary to ruin me and thus place me under eternal complaints for not being able to help".

My friend explained to her : " Don't you see, your expected answer had already been given, but you did not understand it. You mistook the good advice for a misfortune. For, you unfortunately imagined that help should only be financial. Thus you destroyed the most precious realization that a spiritual help achieves far greater results than a financial one. Admit it you took pleasure in giving away from your surplus, not submitting yourself to any privation, nor to danger nor to difficulties. And even now, not everything has been taken away from you. You do not starve, and it seems that you could help others all the more with your own worldly experience. How many new and

useful advices you could give. From your own experience you could prove to others the insignificance of material means, if they can be destroyed so easily. But if you will consider your present position as a misfortune, then what further reply can you expect ? Only when you shall realize the usefulness of your present state, when you shall understand that the conception of money was perverted in your own mind, only then you shall be ready for the next step."

The same friend has also narrated another case. He was told to show to a certain lady at Chicago a portrait. The lady was greatly moved upon seeing this portrait and said: "How do you know the drama of my life? Once we were at Paris with some American friends, and were sitting in a small cafe. Unexpectedly the same person entered, whose portrait you have just shown me and having seated himself not far from the door, began looking at me attentively. I understood within my heart that I should approach him and that in this would lie the future of my life. On the other hand the conventionalities of behaviour whispered to me that it would be inadmissible in the eyes of my friend to leave them and go to the stranger. A great struggle took place within me and he continued looking at me, expecting me to choose my path. Some more time passed, the conventionalities kept me to my seat, the stranger got up and went out. I understood that I failed to answer the call and have decided my fate according to conventionalities. In this lies the drama of my life."

On a later occasion my friend told me of another remarkable way sign. He was told to open in a certain city an educational institution. After investigating many possibilities, he decided to talk over matters with a certain lady who had come to this city. She made an appointment to meet him in the morning at the local museum. Reaching there with expectations, my friends noticed a tall stranger, who passed him several times. Then the stranger stopped next to him and pointing to a tapestry hanging on the wall, he said: "They knew the style of living, we have lost it". My friend replied accordingly, and the stranger invited him to sit down on a near-by bench and placing his finger upon my friend's forehead (the crowd of people—it being a Sunday—did not notice this unusual gesture) he said: "You came here to talk about a certain matter known to you. Do not talk about it. For another three months nothing can yet be done along this line. And then everything will come to you of itself." Whereupon the stranger, having given a few more important advices, quickly got up and waving his hand in a friendly manner said "good luck" and went out. My friend, of course, took the advice, never mentioned anything to the lady what he expected,

and in three months everything took place as predicted. My friend cannot comprehend up to now how it was that he never asked the name of this remarkable stranger, of whom he never heard since and never met him again. And this is precisely how things happen.

One more sign. A friend—an artist—was telling me that at the time his exhibition was held at a seaside city, he was in great need of a definite sum of money. But despite all the outer success of the exhibition, the sale was not progressing. It seemed that the more the friend was anxious inwardly the more difficult the situation became. The more so, since he did not want to make his need of money known in public. As if all kinds of unforeseen circumstances had come up against him, someone got sick, someone went away and had not as yet returned. The exhibition was coming to an end and the friend was in a very sad mental state. A few days prior to the closing of the exhibition, in the morning, it was not yet 8 o'clock, the telephone bell rang and the voice of a young lady said nervously and hurriedly: "I have only fifteen minutes before my boat leaves. I am at the door of your exhibition and I must have one of your paintings. Please come immediately to advise me which to select". Needless to say, my friend hurried to get there and found at the door a very nice young lady from Honolulu, who with a cheque in hand was waiting to decide about the picture. Having made her decision, she took the painting off the wall, and disregarding the protest of the man in charge of the exhibition, hurried to the automobile that was waiting for her. Of course, you will not doubt that the cheque was exactly for the amount which my friend needed. Likewise you will not doubt that the young lady did not know, nor could she know the sum needed by my friend, but that is just how it happens.

I remember another very significant episode. My friends decided to visit a certain country, whereas another part of the world had been indicated to them. From good motives my friends yet persisted and had even bought tickets for the mentioned country. Yet the indication had to be fulfilled and something unusual took place. All means prepared for that trip, suddenly vanished in two-three days and thus my friends had no other choice but to fulfil the indication. Such signs clearly point out what measures must be applied in order to safeguard the predestined.

And yet another sign. One of my friends had to see a man who was very dangerous for him. Of course, all thoughts were directed to avoid this fateful meeting. By strange circumstances several times this meeting did not take place, some unexpected impediments suddenly arose. But in the end apparently it could

be no longer avoided. Probably the power of the thoughts sent could not help any longer. And thus my friend, having come to the meeting place awaited the appointment. The time had arrived. But the dangerous man had not as yet appeared. And suddenly a great excitement arose and it appeared that this evil man could not turn up in the end—for his heart had failed. Such measures also take place—when there is no other alternative.

And here is another sign of long memories. The aunt of my wife with her husband and son went in a cold winter to visit a far-off estate. They lost their way. Night came. The storm increased. And they had to think of some kind of shelter. All of a sudden they noticed a manor unknown to them. They drove up to the gate. It appeared that the owners had not lived there for a long time, but the watchman agreed to open the house for shelter. As soon as their sleighs stopped at the door, the aunt of my wife, who had never been in this place before exclaimed in horror: "No, I shall never enter this place, some terrible drama has taken place here". When her husband and her son began to persuade her. she said: "go in and see for yourself". And then she described all the interior of the house and mentioned in detail a large painting of a lady in white. When the worried travellers entered the house they were amazed to recognize that which was described to them, and when they reached the room with the portrait, they themselves were so upset that they immediately left this unhappy house. Many such signs can be met if we but find within ourselves enough attentiveness to discern them.

And one more sign of answer. Our friends moved into a new house. The luggage had already been brought in. And among these was an old clock, that was broken and which had not been wound up any longer. The lady was thinking how long they would live in this new house. And all of a sudden the old unwound clock loudly struck ten times. And this was the exact number of years that they stayed at this place. But many perhaps, would not have paid attention to the mere striking of a clock.

Another sign. It had been indicated that a very valuable packet will be received. Time passed. Our friends had almost forgotten about it, having reached Paris on their travel, when all of a sudden a message was brought from the Bank "Bankers' Trust" to the effect that a packet had arrived. And it appeared that in this most usual way the most unusual sending was delivered. As you see, it may also happen thus.

And how many letters from unknown places of origin have been received! How many necessary books were pointed out as if by chance, and how many remarkable dates may be heard by

an attentive ear! How many benevolent signs are given in life! If these signs are given for the good, if their sole object is to help humanity, then verily they will be truly good signs. Some light-minded people fear whether they are good and do not know how to interpret them. But look heartily through the magnifying glass of the future and listen to the megaphone of coming events and you shall see what is the purpose of these benevolent signs.

If a sign is given for the upliftment of the heart, the purposes of healing, for the overcoming of difficulties, for faith and perfection, it means this sign is useful, and one must know how to discern it. And let us again repeat, that one must not expect those signs, which would be dictated by our selfishness and limited egoism is already evil and limited. One must find within oneself sufficient benevolence, in order to accept the signs in that form, in that expression, which the Highest has ordained as the best.

When people pray for the protection against nightmares and ghosts, this will be one of the very necessary prayers. Truly, one must protect oneself against all kinds of dark phantoms, from everything that tends to plunge us into the darkness, and first of all, one must guard against ignorance. The lack of desire to know, and to accept—will this not be already a succumbing to the power of evil spirits? The man who leaves this earth and does not think about the future, will be like the one who received a most valuable book but who did not open it beyond its binding.

Attentiveness in life will not be conventional and a morbid abstraction. On the contrary the more attentive is man, the more beauty will open up for him. Every minute of concentration and silence he will consider as one more merging into the beautiful height. He will think over and guard more carefully that which has been accumulated by him earlier. And the accumulated is not phantom like, but of the spirit-eternal.

I remember a reliable story of the sea. A certain captain of a steamer fell ill and because of the incurable disease, was taken into hospital, thus having to leave for ever his beloved ship. The new captain who was just as experienced, on passing a rocky island some distance away, decided to lie down to rest. At this moment, through his dream he hears a voice: "Take to the right". But he did not get up. Then the second time he heard the same command. And finally a thundering voice shouted for the third time: "Take to the right". Then the captain got up and ran up to the bridge, repeating the order: "Take to the right". And it was high time, for the ship was heading straight to the reefs. At the same time, in the far away hospital, the former captain of the ship, threw himself out of the window with the same command on his lips. Admiral T. will substantiate this true story.

Some people consider all such signs as Christmas fairy tales or as coincidences not worth attention. The majority of these would-be sceptics, are very timid themselves and, therefore, are even afraid to think that above their everyday life, besides their backyard weeds, there may be something that makes it worth while to think and pay more attention to life. The spasmodic attitude towards faith, or the accidental reading of related books helps but little, because everything is required in persistent, careful and attentive striving. It is not yet sufficient if man now and then shows signs of attentiveness on his part. One must be always attentive. One must penetrate into the surrounding conditions as if it were a profound and beautiful book, given for everyday application. Again, certain thoughtless people will call this way of thinking abstract philosophy. They understand high expressions in a narrow meaning. But is it not from love for sane pondering that the most solid and irrefutable facts are formed? The same thinking will safeguard from cruelty and coarseness. For why should not refinement and upliftment of our consciousness go hand in hand?

What a wonderful impression is made by a person of whom one may be certain that he will not admit cruelty nor coarseness. Besides, the refinement of consciousness once reached is a guarantee against savagery. If you meet a person who has retrograded and relapsed into savagery, one may be sure that originally he did not try hard for the common good, neither to improve himself.

Along the vast snowy plains one may sometimes notice withered twigs, which have been placed there by someone to indicate the hidden road. Sometimes a traveller will attentively watch for them, and will direct his steed along these signs. But there are also conceited travellers, who surprized at the seemingly unreasonable windings of the road, continue their way without paying heed to these indications. How many unexpected difficulties and dangers they may call upon themselves amidst the hidden hillocks and ravines! An experienced coachman when noticing the tracks of those deviating from the signs, will regretfully wave his hand and exclaim: "look, how the devil lured them away!"

Precisely an evil force, precisely ignorance and conceit distract the attention of the unwise from the signs, which had been so carefully safeguarded for them. The lessons in attentiveness will be also experiments in benevolence, and on these paths is already prepared a true protection. And along these waysigns travallers will proceed.

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OLUN SUME

(Diary Leaves).

By

NICHOLAS ROERICH.

Reprinted from the *Mahabodhi Journal*,
January, 1936.

OLUN SUME

(Diary Leaves).

By Nicholas Roerich.

Olun Sume means in Mongolian—many temples. And this is the name of a place of an ancient ruined city, situated in the domain of Prince Yun-Wang, the ruler of the Darkhan Beile Khoshun. Not far away from here is the place of the future capital of Inner Mongolia and this place has been selected by the Panchen Rimpoche himself.

It is not customary to excavate in Mongolia ancient sacred sites. Only from outside can one study such significant remnants of the past, which evoke deep thoughts.

There are certain wiseacres, who think that at present there may not again occur such destructions, as they happened in the past. For such shortsighted people the past is the synonym of barbarism and cruelty. And they think that to-day such bestial customs are quite impossible. Yet, if you remind them of the deplorable ruins of the Cathedral of Ypres in Belgium and bring them to Spain to the charred ruins of the Cathedral of Oviedo, or if you show them the cuts on Millet's painting "Angelus" in the Louvre, then perhaps they would think somehow differently.

Or one may take such people into any of the numerous ruined cities in Central Asia, to prove to them what minute chips and fragments the once beautiful cities and strongholds have now been reduced to.

We walk amidst the ruins of an ancient city, the name of which has already long been forgotten, but which the Mongols of to-day call the city of many temples—Olun Sume. On a vast square, surrounded by the remnants of a wall, are huge mounds of stones, bricks and multicoloured tiles of buildings

of several ages. Around is the endless plain of Mongolia. Along the wall runs what is now but a shallow stream.

Studying these ruins one sees how Nestorian tombs, decorated with Byzantine ornaments, were used for the foundation of later buildings. It is strange to see how a huge marble turtle—a beautiful carving of the Ming period, which once served as the pedestal of a stella, now remains lonely on a deserted place. No doubt the people many times used the excellently burnt bricks for their newer constructions. It is stated that the entire palace of the local prince is built with these ancient stones.

It is even stated that some golden images had been discovered in the ruins. People mention the discovery of a statue of Avalokiteshvara in this place and many other holy Buddhist images.

On the scattered slabs and stellas one can see Chinese and Mongolian inscriptions concerning the chronology of the history of the ancient rulers of the place ; one can see the carving of the wheel of life and sacred foot and hand-imprints on stones. Not far away, in the rocks, are caves of a destroyed Buddhist monastery. Even now one can chance to find clay images and offerings. Nearby you may find remains of ancient prayers in Tibetan and Mongolian. One of our co-workers insisted that he had heard in the depth of the cave as if the subterranean sounding of monastery drums. So deep is the impression received in these ancient sacred places.

On the large slanting hillside there are widely scattered innumerable fragments of various kinds of household vessels, as if the whole hill consists of many strata of such broken china and ceramics. Many thoughts cross the brain when one picks up these broken chips. From every broken bit seems to come the wailing of the housewife, in the presence of whom her household had been destroyed. The owners of these fragments of pottery belonged to various centuries, from the XIIth and mayhap even earlier, up to the XVIIIth. It is evident that we are in the presence of many strata of life

and that repeated destructions have taken place and accumulated in one spot the proof of an awful annihilation of peaceful households.

Amongst the most ancient primitive ceramics one can discern almost neolithic ornaments—imprints of string and fingernails. Next to them there may be lying barbarically broken chips of most beautiful porcelain of the best Chinese periods. The durability of this porcelain is such that one can hardly break these fragments. What expense of evil efforts must have been applied in order to destroy into such small fragments big vessels, pots, cups, of all sizes and shapes.

Realize! One such hill—what a rare treasure this could have been for the future generations, if it were not for an evil will, long since dead, which has reduced to fragments the priceless creations of human genius. Amongst these remnants one can find fragments of most beautiful Chinese craftsmanship which is so highly valued in Museums nowadays. For museums of ceramics or for ceramic workshops even such small fragments would represent fine specimen of the technique of many centuries. It is quite inexplicable how such a mixture of different periods could have occurred in one place. It means, that at these places there must have raged repeated destructions.

The wiseacres sit in their studies and probably have never seen ancient ruins in their entire awful nudity. The touristified towers of castles on the Rheine and in Tirol, with their cosy Bierhalles, will not convey the same impression as these ruins in deserted vastnesses, full of fragments and chips, as if a fiendish hand has only yesterday cruelly devastated them. Such material cemeteries are the best proof, how human hatred can ravage. And who will dare to assert that malice of the XIIIth century was viler than it may be now. Hatred is hatred. Treason is treason. Anger is anger—above ages and nations. However mercy and untiring creativeness should also be above time.

To speak of the advantages of travel seems already a truism. For much evidence of the epochs will never be adequately recorded either in books or in selected museums. Only on the spot, amidst all natural conditions one can realize with special convincingness the particles of truth. Thus people themselves, of different nationalities render an entirely different impression when at home or when under alien circumstances. At present there appears already an interest to acquaint oneself with songs, music and other expressions of foreign folklore. This is imperative. On this basis the best friendship and mutual understanding are woven. One should in every way welcome friendly intercourse. But let us not forget that even a song will resound differently in a concert hall in a foreign country or amidst the hills and waterfalls of the motherland. Nature itself as if accompanies such creative manifestations. And the bards and minstrels themselves sing differently in foreign surroundings. Therefore the more human relationship will be conducted under natural conditions the deeper and the more real will be the impressions and the more valuable will be the consequences.

A single desert hill, filled with remnants of many ages can stimulate many creative impressions and conclusions. The most inspired lecture illustrated by fragments of pottery will never give such tremendous impressions as those obtained on the very spot, where human hatred ravaged. One must evoke the most convincing testimonies, which would compel humanity to ponder once more that hatred and malice as such must be condemned. Malice, enraged by the scarlet arrows of destructive anger will always be the abominable shame of mankind.

Those who tried to prove that the saturation of humanity with hatred is already a matter of the past, only show their own sheer ignorance. For do not at this very moment people somewhere kill each other? The daily newspaper will prove this. Darkness is still prevailing, if it has not even become denser in many places. The lamentations of peaceful housewives deprived of their last household treasures, still sound in

the tinkling of broken vessels. And these vessels were acquired with great difficulty. Perhaps they served as a true adornment of the entire hearth. And suddenly, owing to somebody's hatred, this treasure is broken and leaves in the hearts of the owners who managed to save themselves, an ineradicable feeling of the loss of something near and precious. If to-day in every home there would be kept as a terrible memento at least one old fragment of some maliciously destroyed beautiful object, then it may perhaps remind humanity how carefully should human creativeness be guarded as a sign of culture.

I wanted to collect as many fragments as possible and to send them all over the world to all good people as mementoes in order that even in their everyday life they should be reminded what to guard in best goodwill. Tunes of sorrow still live in the sad sounds of fragments, of what was once beautiful craftsmanship. If people would hear the sorrowful lamentations from the depths of the past they would more clearly think of the reconstruction of life in order to escape in the future tears of unhappiness. Every wailing is an outcome of violence. For it was not predestined for humanity to moan and sigh. It was ordained to create and rejoice, to raise above signs of sorrow. Therefore let the hills of sad wailing, through the realization from the experience of the past be transfigured into heights of joy for the future.

Again, across the Mongolian steppes, we return to our yurtas. Wayside grasses are nodding to us. In the evening the lama from the neighbouring monastery will come to our bonfire. Again there will be narratives about Shambhala, of its Ruler Rigden-Djapo, of the miraculous treasure Chintamani —in Mongolian called Erdeni-Dzo and of the wondrous migrating stone! Even about the appearing of the Chalice of the Blessed One there will be a message at the bonfire! These sacred words raise above all human failing—they invoke a beautiful radiant future!

SRI GOURANGA PRESS
CALCUTTA

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar****, February 1936.*

Tarnhelms.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

EVERYONE will remember the tarnhelm of Siegfried which made him invisible, and this helmet of invisibility was always considered as one of the most precious treasures of the hero.

Many tarnhelms may be found as in ancient folklore, so also nowadays.

Someone was puzzled, why in a volume of letters, a certain thinker continuously reverted to one and the same subject. The reader did not realize that the letters were written at different dates, and were addressed to different persons in various parts of the world. For this reader, the invisible correspondents molted into one person. For him they remained for ever invisible. And the reader apparently imagined that the letters had only him personally in view, not taking into consideration any outside circumstances. Invisible friends, invisible listeners, invisible coworkers they are all as if they belong to the domain of tarnhelms in fairy-tales.

Even till recently, invisibility was either denied altogether, or it was considered charlatanism or something nebulous just as people considered telepathy. It is most difficult for the average man in the street to become accustomed to the fact that he is surrounded by anything invisible. When stories about Angel-Guardians were told, this also was left to old ayahs. Yet since antiquity iron birds were foreseen, as well as words from space, audible across seas, and iron fiery serpents were predicted.

In the same manner in many folklores, there lived and lives the persistent idea of tarnhelms. In the best fairy tales and epical legends, the idea of invisibleness was continuously expressed in most picturesque symbols. And in the lowest reality, during wars, was practised a smoke screen for invisibility. That was the coarsest solution of all legends and fairy tales.

And now the newspapers report, without any sensational headlines the following:

"Rays that make invisible":—"A young Hungarian scientist has apparently succeeded in bringing to reality the fairy-tale of the tarnhelm. The demonstration of such rays took place on a square in front of a statue. As soon as the apparatus was switched on, the statue suddenly disappeared from sight, and one

could only prove that it was still there, by touching it. After a few minutes, the statue again became visible, as if emerging from a fog."

Thus the predictions or recollections of folklore have again entered into life. In the same manner, iron birds cross the skies, iron serpents carry people and the word thunders out from space and the tarnhelm has again materialized. One can realize how everyday life shall be transformed by these recent discoveries.

There is a story of a person who made fun of his lady acquaintance. Having moved to a new house, he saw from his window in an opposite flat, how his friend was just getting up from bed. In the same room was a telephone. The joker rang her up and during the conversation, mentioned of the successes of television. His friend expressed doubt. But when he began describing her night gown and various other details, the lady in horror dropped the receiver.

A similar joke recently appeared in the papers, about certain residents of London, who having heard about the successes of television, became seriously worried about the inviolability of their homes. The Directors of the Television Company had to explain that no such danger existed. In other words, at the moment there is no such danger, but once having entered the field of invisibleness, one may expect many new developments. It is important to establish the principle.

Let us compare the primitive daguerreo type with the splendid results of modern photography. In some countries, up to now, people do not know the application of photostats, instead of the easily forged copies of documents. But in the courts of other countries, photostats are already accepted as documents. By the way, I cannot help remembering a curious episode of how a lady, pretending to be cultured, refused to permit to make a photostat of a rare book from her library, for fear that this procedure may destroy the book. Let us also remember the primitive railway, a prototype of which is exhibited at the Grand Central in New York. It has nothing at all in common with modern railways. Thus, if the principle of invisibleness is discovered, then also from it may result the most tremendous surprises.

One cannot bar such mechanical achievements, for by one way or another they will penetrate into life. Hence one should study by what other natural means the real equilibrium may be established. And let us again remember the blissful properties of the human spirit. If a dog senses non-physical things, ergo, how many times more can a vigilant human spirit conceive all these

subtle matters? And how naturally can such knowledge be attained! At first, it will be an unconscious sense, then it will develop into straight-knowledge which will lead to a fully conscious realization. At this stage, all mechanical tarnhelms will be conceived. And the whole daily life shall be transformed in a better and spiritual direction.

When one reads of the achievements of Rishis and other holy hermits with what subtle fiery knowledge are they imbued! They generously gave out in their enlightened ordainments the fundamental principles of life. Ages pass, the methods of expression are changed, but the truth remains immutable. The great Rishis and hermits knew unfailingly what the heart represents and how to evoke it to blissful action.

What a beautiful word is Bliss!

In the face of these highly natural beautiful ways all mechanical rays become poor and limited. Yet for those who do not want to grasp the higher, even these lesser paths will have already formed the elementary trail. In different languages, in varying expressions of thought, people yet strive for the basic signs of the epoch. This means that all who have heard of this resounding thought, are obliged to create from it a real harmony. It is instructive to witness how very important mental processes take place not only amidst one nation, not only in one country, but often in most unexpected combinations.

Thoughts strive along some universal outlines. There, where due to ignorance and mediocrity people deny the higher spiritual paths, there still remain some lesser possibilities—the mechanical ways. And these ways, nevertheless, lead in the direction of achievement. But the spiritual gates remain above all. The entire existence reminds us of these unavoidable paths. Even the most unusual diseases also remind us of new conditions of life. Many so-called heart and nervous diseases, unusual inflammations, cancer epidemics, all poisoning by gasoline and narcotics and other carelessly evoked energies—all this knocks upon the human consciousness, as Fate in Beethoven's Symphony. We read:

"A hundred years ago, in June of 1835, Baron de Morog, a member of the Supreme Agricultural Council, read in the French Academy a report on unemployment and social sufferings, which threatened France and the whole world, owing to the introduction into industry of an influx of new machineries. The Paris papers have now extracted from the archives of the Academy this prophetical report and printed the following excerpts which are truly significant:

'Every machine l,--de Morog wrote in his paper,—replaces human labour and, therefore, every new mechanical invention makes in industry superfluous the work of a certain number of people. Taking into consideration that workmen are accustomed freely to earn their means of existence and that they in most cases have no savings, it is easy to imagine the irritation, which will gradually be caused amidst the working masses through the mechanization of industry .'

"The member of the Academy foresaw that 'despite the improvement of technical output the material conditions of labourers would become worse', from what arises 'moral, social and political danger'. The report of de Morog made such a great impression upon the academy, that it sent to the King--in 1835—a special memorandum about the necessity to regulate the mechanization of production. This memorandum, however, received no further attention".

Thus by other ways, people arrived at the consideration of regulating mechanical achievement. This is already not a wailing against machines, nor an ignorant grumbling against improvements, but a call for a proper comeasurement. During the centuries so many tarnhelms have become visible, but, on the other hand, many realized visions of the past have now been lost.

Whatever may be the calculations, but without a spiritual equilibrium no real progress can be achieved. A rough handling of invisible energies may lead to innumerable repercussions. How much true knowledge is needed in order that all the millions of unemployed may find a useful and joyful labour—as Life preordained.

If tarnhelms could conceal something, then the Spirit can reveal Truth in its full splendour.

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA

Diary Leaves

By

PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

Reprinted from Prabuddha Bharata, February, 1936

ADVAITA ASHRAMA
MAYAVATI, ALMORA, HIMALAYAS

SRI RAMAKRISHNA

(*Diary Leaves*)

By Prof. Nicholas de Roerich

We are in the deserts of Mongolia. It was hot and dusty yesterday. From far away thunder was approaching. Some of our friends became tired from climbing up the stony holy hills of Shiret Obo. While already returning to the camp, we noticed in the distance a huge elm-tree—"karagatch," lonely towering amidst the surrounding endless desert. The size of the tree, its somewhat familiar outlines, attracted us into its shadow. Botanical considerations lead to believe that in the wide shade of the giant there may be some interesting herbs for us. Soon all coworkers gathered around the two mighty stems of the karagatch. The deep, deep shadow of the tree covered over fifty feet across. The powerful tree-stems were covered with phantastic burr growths. In the rich foliage birds were singing and the beautiful branches were stretched out into all directions, as if wishing to give shelter to all pilgrims.

On the sands, around the roots, innumerable trails made by animals were visible. Next to the broad imprints of a wolf were small hooves of the dzeren, the local antilope. A horse had also passed here and next to it was the heavy footstep of a bull. All sorts of birds had been here. Apparently the entire local population visited the welcoming shelter of the giant. The elm-karagatch especially reminded us of the huge banyan trees of India. Such trees were the meeting place of blessed gatherings. Many travellers found there both bodily and spiritual rest. Sacred narratives were chanted under the inviting branches of the banyan tree. And thus the lonely giant karagatch in the Mongolian desert vividly turned our memory to the shadow of the banyan. The mighty branches of the karagatch reminded us also of other great achievements of India. What a joy to think of India !

Thoughts turned to the radiant giant of India—Sri Ramakrishna. Around this glorious name there are so many respectful definitions. Sri, Bhagavân, Paramahamsa—all best offerings through which the people wish to express their esteem and reverence. The consciousness of a nation knows how to bestow names of honour. And after all, above all most venerable titles, there remains over the whole world the one great name—Ramakrishna. The personal name has already changed into a great all-national, universal concept. Who has not heard the Blessed Name ! The conception of goodness and benevolence truly befits him. Except for petrified hearts, who would oppose the Good !

We recollect how in various countries has grown the understanding of the radiant Teaching of Ramakrishna. Beyond shameful words of hatred, beyond evil mutual destruction—the word of Bliss, which is close to every human heart, spreads widely like the mighty branches of the sacred banyan tree. On the paths of human searching, these calls of goodwill were shining like beacons. We ourselves witnessed and have often heard how books

of Ramakrishna's Teaching were as if unexpectedly found by sincere seekers. We ourselves came across the book in a most unusual way.

Hundreds of thousands, even an entire million of pilgrims gather on the memorable day in the name of the Blessed Bhagavân. They gather, being called by an inner impulse of the heart, in goodwill and they become rejuvenated by blissful remembrances and strivings. Is this not a most remarkable expression of the voice of the people! This is the nation's judgment, the reverence of the people, which cannot be compelled nor forcefully commanded. As wonderful lights they spread from one to another forming an inexhaustible flame, hence such national reverence is not dimmed, but radiates throughout the times of contemporary world commotions.

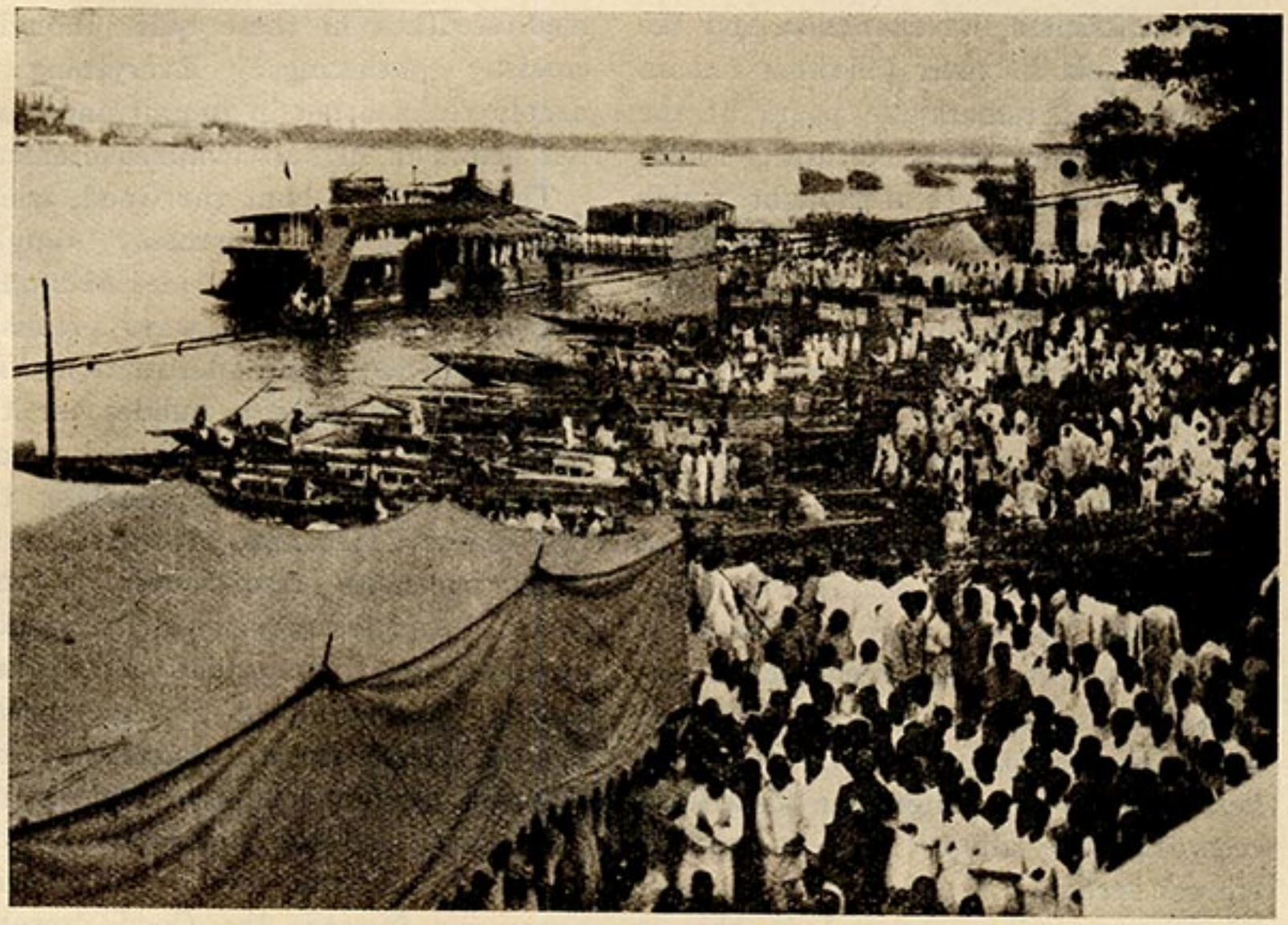
Too many crises grip the people at present. It could happen that the spirit of the people could become confused and distracted from the spiritual fundamentals. The wail about the shattering of the foundations is so often heard nowadays. But is not this million of pilgrims, who assembled by their own free will, the best living proof that above the confusions of today, there lives in the hearts an inexhaustible spirituality and striving towards the Good. We are optimists and conquer all obstacles through goodwill.

Behold, on an unbearably hot day, not being frightened of distances, pilgrims are hastening, in order to venerate the memory of Ramakrishna. Is this not a remarkable event! For it is not an official duty which brings together all the multifarious travellers. A pure heart and a sincere striving imperatively leads them to the places consecrated by the name of Ramakrishna. Such a spiritual gathering is the most precious evidence in our days. It is wonderful that amidst the heavy labour, amidst doubts, amidst depression, people yet can be lit by the flame of gratitude and veneration. Their hearts call them together. They are gathering not for destruction, nor for quarrels, nor for insults, but in order to unite their thoughts upon the Good.

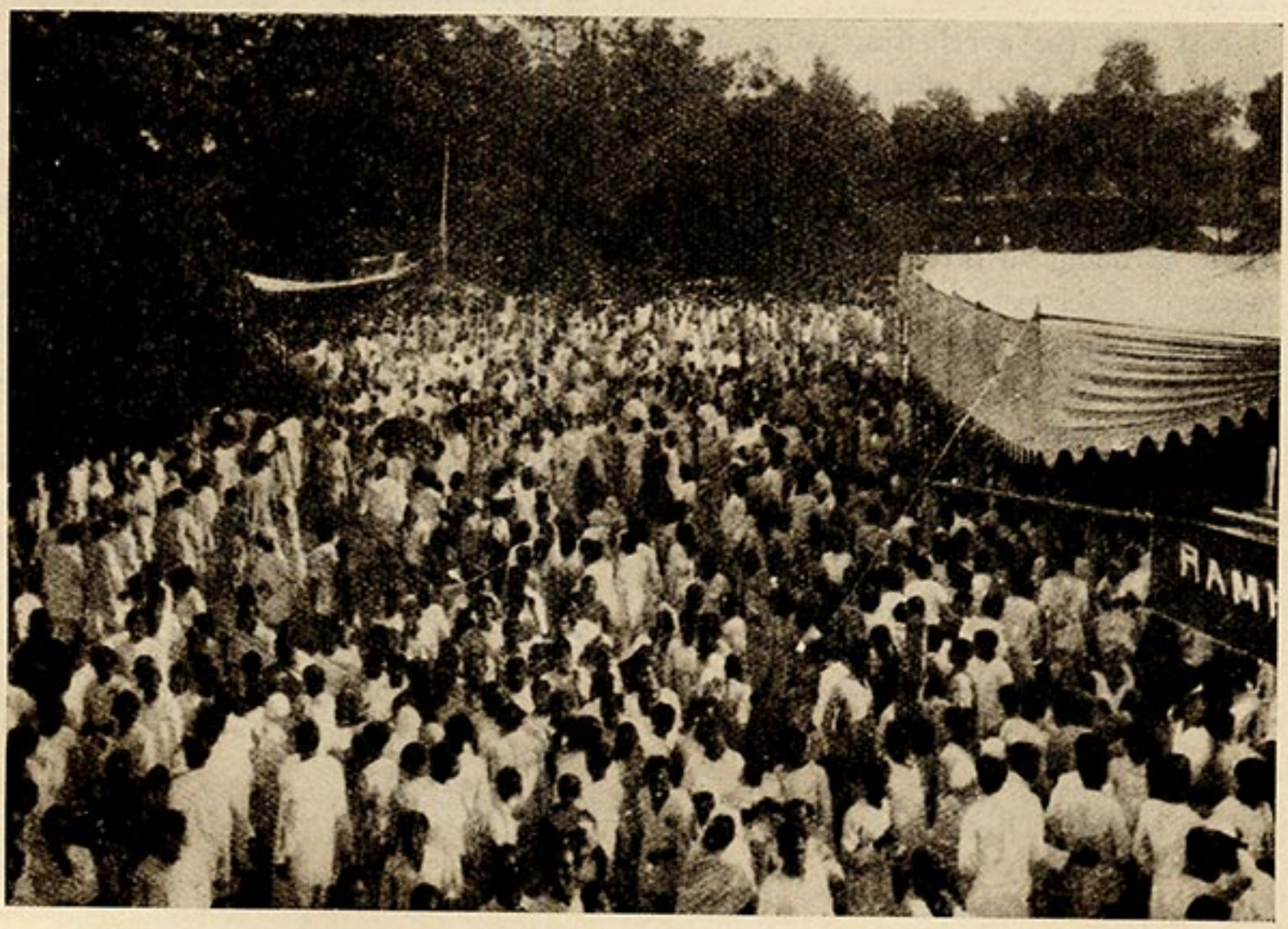
Great power is contained in a united benevolent thought. Humanity should value such sublime manifestations, which are the cause of all these unifying and constructive thoughts. Creative is the thought of Good! The good never destroys, it untiringly elevates and builds. By commands of good are affirmed those eternal foundations, which have been ordained to humanity on all the best tablets. The call of the Blessed Bhagavân for creative Good will for ever remain the great spiritual heritage of humanity.

Light is especially precious during the hours of darkness. May the Light be eternally preserved! In his parables about the Good, Ramakrishna never belittled anyone. And not only in the Teaching, in parables, but in his own deeds he never tolerated bemeaning. Let us remember his reverent attitude towards all religions. Such broad understanding will move even a stony heart. In his broad outlook, the Blessed Bhagavân of course possessed a real straight-knowledge. His power of healing he in turn gave out freely. He never hid anything useful. He exhausted his strength in innumerable blessed givings. And even his illness of course was due to such constant self-sacrificing outpouring of his spiritual energy for the healing of others. And in these generous gifts Ramakrishna manifested his greatness.

In all parts of the world the name of Ramakrishna is venerated. Also is revered Swami Vivekananda, who symbolizes true discipleship. The names



HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS GATHER ON THE MEMORABLE DAY IN THE NAME OF THE BLESSED BHAGAVAN



BEHOLD, ON AN UNBEARABLY HOT DAY, NOT BEING FRIGHTENED OF DISTANCES PILGRIMS ARE HASTENING, TO VENERATE THE MEMORY OF RAMAKRISHNA

of Ramakrishna, Vivekananda and the glorious host of their followers remain on the most remarkable pages of the history of the spiritual culture of India. The astounding depth of thought, which is characteristic of India, the beautiful manifestation of Guru and Chelâ—remind the whole world of basic ideals. Ages pass, whole civilizations change, but the Guru and the Chelâ remain in the same wise relationship, which was since antiquity established in India. Many millenniums ago the words of Wisdom were already recorded in India. And how many more millenniums were they preserved even before, in verbal transmission. And in this sacred mouth to ear transmission they were kept perhaps even safer than on written records. The ability to keep up the correct meaning depends on a developed wise consciousness and in this is contained the application of precious stones of the past for the radiant future.

Not only the everlasting value of the Teaching of Good affirmed by Ramakrishna, but precisely the necessity of these words especially for our times is unquestionable. When spirituality, as such, is being so often refuted through wrongly interpreted formulae, then the radiant constructive affirmation as a beacon becomes especially precious. One has but to know the colossal number of editions of the Ramakrishna Mission. One has but to remember the large number of cities in which this Mission has its branches. These figures require no exaggeration. There is no unnatural nervousness and no pre-meditatedness in these quiet thought-creating gatherings. Everything is deeply realized not in tumult and rush, but grows in highest commeasurement.

The thoughts about the Good, which Ramakrishna so generously taught, should awaken the best sides of human hearts. Ramakrishna always preached against deniers and destruction. He was in all respects a builder for the Good, and his admirers should unfold on the examples of his Teaching the best hidden treasures of their hearts. Such beneficial creativeness is very active. And it naturally is transmuted also into best achievements on all paths of life. Gathering on the memorable day of Ramakrishna's anniversary, the pilgrims do not fear the dust of the road, they are not frightened by the fatiguing heat, but they are filled with a striving towards the Good, towards the great service to humanity. Service to Humanity--great is this ordainment of Ramakrishna !

Reverence to the Teacher !

"I recall a small Hindu who found his Teacher. We asked him : 'Is it possible that the sun would glow to you, if you would see it without the Teacher ?'

"The boy smiled. 'The sun would remain as the sun, but in the presence of the Teacher twelve suns would shine to me !'

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

Timur Khada (Mongolia).

Aug. 7th, 1935.

Printed by Swami Vireswarananda at the Art Press, 20, British Indian Street, Calcutta,
and Published by the same from 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta.

A61.

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Reprinted from the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, *Madras—February* 1936.

THE SITE OF COMPASSION.

DIARY LEAVES.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS ROERICH,
Naggar, Kulu Valley.

ON the high hills of Altai, the tops of old pines and fir trees engage in peaceful communion. They know much—these mountain forests! They stand in wonder before the snowy ranges of the mountains. Their roots know what riches, what innumerable mineral treasures, are guarded in the stony depths of the mountains, for the future prosperity of humanity.

And the roots of these giant trees tenderly embrace the gray stones. These are the stones of the "*site of compassion.*"

Who knows who placed these stones here? And who saw these men transfixed in awe beneath the stone stronghold?

Had these people heard of the future wealth of this country? Did they know of Zvenigorod, the City of the Bells? Was it they, who conceived the saga of the river Katum, of all the events which passed on the shores of this river, as it rolled down the great stones from the White Mountain, Belukha?

Were these people settlers or wanderers?

Old grandmother Anisya knows something about this place.

She comes here to perform her invocations and conjurations. Do not be afraid! She is not a witch, she is not a Shaman sorceress. No one would speak ill of grandmother Anisya. But she knows many precious things. She knows the healing herbs; she knows conjurations which serve as prayers; she learned them from her grandmother. And a century ago the same stones and the same forests stood here as now.

Grandmother Anisya knows conjurations against all evils. No one besides herself knows that the kirik stone from the nest of a hoopoe is the best protection against treason. No one besides herself knows the best time to find this nest and how to obtain the stone. She can tell you how hard are the present times and you can be saved only by conjurations. At the present time three conjurations need to be remembered.

The first of them is against enemies, against thieves and evil men. The second—do not forget it!—against mortal weapons. The third—remember sharply!—against lightning, against all thunder of heaven or earth! The thunder of earth resounds and heavenly forces rise.

Remember the first one:

"On the sea, on the ocean, on the Buyan Island, there is an iron chest and in this iron chest there are steel swords. Ho, steel swords! Approach our enemy! Cut his body in pieces! Pierce his heart! until he renounces all his evil; until he returns the stolen booty; until he will surrender all, without concealing anything. Thou enemy, adversary, be cursed by my powerful conjurations!"

"Be damned in the depths of hell! Beyond the Arrarat mountains, into the boiling tar! Into the burning ashes! Into the scum of swamps! Into the bottomless abyss!"

"Be you, enemy, pierced by the spike of an aspen tree!

"And be dried even more than the hay!"

"And be frozen even more than the ice!"

"Become cross-eyed, lame, mad, armless, impoverished, hungry, outcast and perish by another's hand!....."

You see, what strong powers grandmother Anisya possesses! Who can withstand such conjurations!

And not only does she speak in a strident voice, but she also holds in her hand a tiny stick, and as she speaks of the death of an enemy, she breaks this stick, just as the life of her evil adversary shall be broken. And never shall he know from what hill, from what mountain, came this unconquerable power.

The second conjuration is against weapons. Each warrior must know this conjuration. Hear and remember!

"Beyond the far-off mountains is the sea of iron. In the sea stands a pillar of bronze. And on that bronze pillar there stands a shepherd of cast iron. And this pillar rises from earth into heaven. From the East to the West."

"And the shepherd commands his children; he commands the iron, the steel, red and blue, the copper, the lead, the silver, and the gold. He speaks to guns and to arrows. He gives to the fighters and warriors the great command:

"You iron, copper, lead, go back into your mother earth, away from the warrior; return, tree, to the far-off shore and you, arrow-feathers, return to the birds! And you birds—disappear in the sky!"

"And he commands swords, axes, boar-spears, knives, arquebuses, arrows and all warriors to be calm and peaceful."

"And he orders every warrior not to shoot at me from a gun!"

"But he orders the arbalest and string bows to bend and cast all arrows deep down into the earth!"

"Let my body be stronger than stone. Firmer than steel. Let my armour be stronger than helmets and ring-armour."

"I seal my words with all locks. I cast the keys under the white Flaming Stone, Alatyr!"

"And as locks are strong, so strong are my words."....

No one would care to be in the position of this conjured adversary. What weapons could avail against this powerful incantation! The White Flaming Stone itself, Great Alatyr, bears witness to this innumerable might! And again, not only words are projected into the space, but grandmother Anisya has four stones in her hands and she throws them at the four ends of the earth.

But the third conjuration is the most awe-inspiring one. This one is against lightning, against the thunders of heaven and earth:

"Holy! Holy! Holy! Thou who dwellest in the thunder! Thou who subduest the lightnings! Thou who floodest the earth with rain! Thou, mightiest Ruler! Thou alone adjudge the cursed Satan with all the devils! But save us, sinners!"

"Thy wisdom is incomparable, all-powerful! All honour from God! From him comes liberation to the motherland! Be it so now, eternally and for ever! Thou, Lord of Terror Thou, Lord of all miracles! Thou, who dwellest on the most high! Thou, who

movest in the thunder! Mastering fire! Lord of miracles! Thyself destroy the enemy, the Satan! Be it so now, eternally and for ever. Amen! '.....

This is most powerful. The highest heavenly power is summoned. From the mountain stream, grandmother Anisya takes a handful of clear water and dashes it into space. And glistening drops, as heavenly lightnings, surround the conjurer.

The conjurations are ended. And the power departs from grandmother. She becomes small and bent. And the small old woman walks away beyond the hill. From Jalnik—site of compassion—to the lake at the foot of the mountain, through fields of spring wheat, into a distant village, she goes. Not for her own ends, did Granny come from afar to invoke the high forces. Grandmother sent out conjurations for all people, for distant warriors, for a new life. But she also prayed for the unknown silent ones who are buried under the stones and roots of the pine trees. She brought holy oil for the saints. Because on the highest pine tree, in the bark, an old ikon is carved out and it is said that the ikon appeared of itself.

On the summits of Altai, fir and cedar groves tower high. From the far, far distance, one may behold their dark caps. Under the roots of firs, many stones are gathered together with great labour. Beautiful sites Ancient sites! How did they come to be here? Was it the unknown pilgrims who built them? Was it the Mongols? Was it the Tzar, the terrible? Or are they from times of unrest? Or from wars and foreign invasions? All these at one time were here.

And the silent ones lie buried here. Lie in rest, unknown to all grand-fathers. And thus one prays for them

For the known and unknown, for the sung and unsung, for the storied and unstoried.....

The sites of compassion, so are called these beautiful sites of silence. They are also called *sites of wonder*.

Site of wonder resounds with exultation. But *site of compassion* is still near to the heart. In this expression lies so much of love and gentle pity, so much of rest and words of eternity. The giant fir trees guard this place with their mighty branches. Only the tops rustle. Below is silence and shade. The gray juniper. Only two or three dry blades of grass. Everywhere, blackberries and dried ever-green needles. High on the fir tree sits an old raven. He is so old that he has claws, not only on his feet but even on his wings. As we regarded this raven with awe, as a pre-historic relic, he fell down dead. The stones are set in rows and in circles. All of them must remember the moraines of the glacier period. White, grayish, violet, bluish, and almost black. From the East to the West these stones may be observed, adorned by a white moss. Everywhere, too, is gray moss. Everywhere there is ancient grayness.

In grayness sleep the "calm ones."

In white garments, repose the "resting ones."

Oh, through what suffering they passed! Many things they witnessed. Wise and without doubts is their wisdom!

"As in heaven, so upon earth. As above, so below. That which was shall come again!"

S. V. & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras.

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Reprinted from THE YOUNG BUILDER (*Karachi*) *for February 1936*

Dangerous Diseases

By *Nicholas Roerich*

The *Chinese Hospital Dialogue* advises:

"Doctor, when I have formed a habit, is it hard to break?"

"I think if you are in earnest it can be done. As the proverb says: 'There is nothing difficult in the world, except the fear of an insincere heart'."

It is most touching to see that a modern hospital book closes on such a wise proverb. Verily, remove fear and insincerity and at once the heart will recuperate. How many dangerous diseases have been caused by ignorance and its children: fear, covetousness and malice. As the next progeny of these we find the creeping asp of slander.

Slander is the transmission of a lie. It makes no difference whether the lie is transmitted in light-mindedness or malice or ignorance—its seeds will be equally destructive. I recall the remarkable reply of Kuindji, who himself was against every form of lying. Kuindji was on bad terms with Diaghileff. A certain artist, knowing this and probably anticipating that Kuindji would enjoy a bad report about Diaghileff, told to Kuindji some ugly gossip about Diaghileff. Kuindji listened patiently and then interrupted the artist with a thunderous exclamation: "You are a slanderer!" The man, who had transmitted this gossip, after such an unexpected defeat, tried to justify himself by saying, that he did not make up that gossip, but that he only transmitted it "for information, even without any bad thought." But Kuindji was adamant, he continued to look grimly at the unfortunate informer and repeated: "You

brought me this vile news, consequently it is you, who are the slanderer!"

How many of such self-justifying slanderers intrude upon an atmosphere of creativeness. They scatter the most poisonous seeds and try to cover themselves with the shield of non-responsibility. They, as if, did not think of any consequences, they only repeated it for information, as if every slander and lie is not being repeated "for information" only.

It is not sufficiently emphasized that slander and lies are ugly. It is not pointed out that these fragments of darkness encumber and poison space. It would seem that people should know well, how anger and irritation poison the system, but then every liar and slanderer in some measure sinks into lethal hatred and first of all poisons himself. Hatred lives also around jealousy and ignorance and around that same perversity of the thinking apparatus, which is so difficult to heal. A child may be unsociable, queer, suspicious, but it is not born hating; this evil quality is taken up from the many examples, set by the elders.

"Slander, slander—something will always remain!"—What malicious care is expressed, in order that something hateful should remain. In this manner certain people are more concerned with the preservation of evil than of good. The good in some measure will always be selfless, whereas evil, first of all, is egotistic. And if a man will begin to assure that he has committed something evil for the sake of good, believe him not; undoubtedly he wanted to justify his selfhood or tried to distinguish himself selfishly in the eyes of a superior.

One has to be surprised how weak are the laws that punish slander. In some countries the persecution of slander is almost impossible. One can convince oneself only, that not by laws which persecute slander, but by preventive measures, one may considerably weaken

this poisonous asp. This may be attained also in schools, but still more so this can be achieved in home life. Exclude from the family circle all trifling gossip and you will save the younger generation from committing great slander. If youngsters do not hear from childhood any mutual accusations nor any seeds of gossip and slander, they simply will not respond to this type of "recreation."

If at home there is no card playing, then the first foundations of their character will form themselves without the necessity of murdering the most precious time. The future of family life very much depends upon the parents themselves. Perhaps precisely now one is led to remind of the hereditary possibilities of the family, for very often instead of an attractive principle, the family creates but a repulsive element. And there, wherein lies repulsion alone, there—because of the absence of attraction—lies the beginning of chaos.

Gossip and slander—what an infamy!

There are many epidemics. It has gradually become evident that not only the generally accepted scourges, like plague, cholera and the other infectious diseases, but also that many other illnesses are contagious. And what if slander also represents a contagious manifestation and moreover an epidemic one? There are many forms of very contagious psychosis. History mentions continuously facts of mass psychosis, which at times took really threatening dimensions.

If one were to investigate the sources of slander, one would no doubt find that in the pure, worthy and cultural atmosphere slander does not thrive. Observe the home as well as social atmosphere of notorious slanderers and you shall find the real seat of this dangerous psychosis. Even ordinary falsehood is not pronounced everywhere. There are such places in the world and such persons, in the presence of whom the slanderer and liar feels himself so uncomfortable, that he will not dare to resort to his favorite malparlance.

But where slander is pronounced lightly, there look for an old established evil. The microbes of slander feel themselves there greatly at home.

Let us not feel astonished if among works on psychic diseases there will appear real medical treatises on slander, on its causes and methods of propagation and, let us hope, also about preventive measures.

One thing is clear—that, if life is in need of newly affirmed foundations, then first of all, all fatal epidemics must be overcome. Among these scourges of mankind special attention will be paid to the multiformity of psychosis. Curing drunkards, drug-addicts, thieves and all criminals in the field of sexual perversity, will no doubt lead also to the cure of one of the worst perversities—the vice of slander.

It will be noticed, how different perversities manifest themselves simultaneously. When observing a slanderer or a notorious liar, you will find that the rest of his life is not pure. Undoubtedly he will be subject to other forms of criminality. In future State hospitals, besides the wards for drug-addicts, drunkards, thieves and other criminals, there will be one for the most dangerously infectious disease—the ward for slanderers.

And old English law provides that precisely slanderers are punishable by flogging. But let us leave it to the psychiaters to decide, what measure of healing is best suitable in such a dangerous and abhorrent disease.

When one acquaints oneself with the Pasteur Institute, one will probably be asked not to remain too long in one of the laboratories. You will be warned: "Here are especially dangerous microbes." In future psychiatric hospitals visitors will be asked to leave quicker a certain ward, and it will be added: "The microbes of slander are very contagious!"

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Reprinted from the "Educational Review," Madras, March 1936.

BOUNDARIES OF THE KINGDOM.

BY PROF. NICHOLAS ROERICH,

Naggar.

This so happened in India.

A son was born to a King. All-powerful fairy witches, as is the custom, brought their gifts to the Prince.

The most benevolent of them pronounced the conjuration :

"*The Prince will never see the boundaries of his kingdom.*"

All thought that this prophecy foretold a kingdom limitless in boundaries.

But years passed, the Prince grew up, good and wise, but did not increase his kingdom.

The Prince began to rule. But he did not lead his armies to destroy his neighbours and thus did not enlarge the boundaries. And every time he wished to inspect the boundaries of his kingdom, the mist covered the mountains of the borderlands.

In the waves of clouds new distances were created. And the clouds whirled up like high castles and structures.

But each time, the King returned to his palace full of new power, wise in all earthly decisions.

Jubilant were the people, glorifying their King, who without war could raise his kingdom and make it famed even in distant countries.

But when all is benevolent on earth, then the black serpent cannot rest under the ground.

Thus three old haters of mankind began to whisper :

"We are full of fright. Our King is obsessed by strange powers. Not a human mind has our King. Who knows, may be such a mind is destructive of the current of earthly forces ! A man should not be above human conception.

"We are marked by earthly wisdom and we know the limits. We know all charms and temptations.

"Let us save our King. Let us make an end to the magic charms. Let our King know his boundaries. Let the fire of his mind be lessened. Let his wisdom become restricted within good human limits. When he shall see his boundaries, he will no longer ascend the mountain. And then he shall remain with us."

And the three haters of mankind came together to the King—the three old ones—and pointing to their grey beards, for wisdom's sake invited him to ascend with them a high mountain. And there on the summit all three of them pronounced conjuration—a conjuration to subdue the King's power within human limits :

"Lord, thou who guardest the limits of men !

"Thou, who alone canst measure the mind. Thou fillest the flow of mind in the limits of the current of the earth !

"Upon a turtle, upon a dragon, upon a serpent I shall swim. But I shall learn my limits. On a unicorn, on a tiger, on an elephant I shall swim. But I shall learn my limits.

"On a leaf of a tree, on the blade of a grass, on a flower of the lotus I shall swim. But I shall learn my limits.

"Thou, Lord, shalt reveal my shore. Thou shalt indicate my limits.

"Everyone knows and Thou knowest. No one is greater. Thou art greater. Deliver us from charms."

Such was the conjuration the haters of mankind pronounced.

And at once as a purple chain, the summits of the limiting mountains became aglow.

The haters of mankind turned away their faces. Bowed low.

"Here, King, are thy boundaries."

But the best of the fairies was already hurrying from the Goddess of the benevolent earthly wanderings.

The King did not have time to follow the advice of the three haters of mankind, and to look. Over the peaks there suddenly rose a purple city. And behind it, veiled in mists, lay hitherto unseen regions. Over the city flew a fiery host. And the signs of highest wisdom began to glow in the heavens.

"*I do not see my boundaries*," exclaimed the King.

And he returned exalted in spirit. He filled his reign with most wise decisions.

S. V. & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras.

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SONGS OF MONGOLIA

(DIARY LEAVES)

By

Prof. NICHOLAS ROERICH

(Reprinted from The Maha Bodhi Journal, March, 1936)

SONGS OF MONGOLIA

(Diary Leaves.)

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH.

Songs reveal the soul of the people.

Let us listen to the meaning of the Songs of the Mongols, which resound over their vast steppes.

* * * * * *

"The flower of Bondorva, which grows on the Budala mountain, if even it rains, will yet wither away.

Although Yogachariya is like the Burkhan, but if he will turn away from the Truth, he will be plunged into darkness.

The petals of the buckwheat-blossom, once opened, will be scattered when the wind blows.

Although Yogachariya is like a High Guardian, but if he will turn away from the Truth, he will perish."

* * * * * *

"Rich and white,—such is the golden Universe. Vast and pure,—such is our motherland.

What grows on the mountains, are the grapes ; through what the people are glorified, this is a resounding song.

In the running water of a spring, is there any mud? Can you consider the ordainments of the Saints untrue?

The water of the well is precisely holy water. Can you name the Commands of the Blessed One false?"

* * * * * *

"A scribe takes a brush in his hand, goes to Peking and becomes the son-in-law of a khan.

Instead of becoming a son-in-law of a prince, let us better be merry with our beloved.

It is better to be happy with the beloved from Khorchin, than to be the son-in-law of the khan.

Every mountain has a summit, every meeting with the beloved is preordained ; afterwards one must call with greetings."

* * * * * *

"Will the stork ever cease to gather the fish of the Diamond sea? Is it easy to cross one's sufferings—the results of previous incarnations?

Can one expect the crane to swallow all the fish of the Crane's Lake? Is it easy to evade arisen sufferings—the results of previous deeds?

When you want to fell a knotty tree, take care not to cut your feet. Beware, when wishing to conquer another kingdom, not to lose your own subjects.

When you want to fell a willow tree, beware not to destroy your own fate. Beware, when desirous to plunder another country, not to lose your own welfare!"

* * * * * *

"My steed, coming from beyond the Bayan-Khangai mountain! My steed, you roused the admiration of all warriors of Badaragultu.

Like a beautiful cloud, you who created clouds of dust behind yourself, my tall white steed, helas, whither have you disappeared?

Your eyes are like apples and your hooves like cups ; your height is seven feet. What a wonderful steed!

With two ears like of a wolf, with two eyes like stars, of a cloud-like colour, you are a beautiful steed!

Has no one seen it in the steppe, in a hidden place? Has no one seen how evil thieves have led it away?

If any one has seen him, I will present him with a kurma (coat) of fox-skin, and to him who has caught my steed, I will give a kurma of tiger-skin."

* * * * * *

"He who builds firmly and well, has all chances to become rich ; when a firm government will be established, this will be the sign, that you will be Leader.

Prosperity and happiness are bliss.

It is pleasant to be well off. It is pleasant to arrange merry-making. We belong to the khoshun (district) of a glorious Prince.

Prosperity and happiness are bliss."

* * * * * *

"Through glory and mercy of the Lord, we having found the highest bliss, flourished peacefully. Amidst various desires and an aimless life, one should be careful not to lose the highest Bliss.

If one heeds attentively to the rules ordained by the enlightened Sages, then one enters upon the holy path of salvation. If even we are burdened by evil, let us strive in order not to lose the rules of eternity.

That They imbue us with strength—is Their merit. Thanks to having become human beings, we became better—thus one should strive not to lose the rules of reverence.

If one ponders over the firmness of faith and if one will always refute inadmissible foolishness, and if one will follow the precepts of the Saints, then how pleasant is it to contribute to the means of the Holy Path.

It is pleasant that—having realized the laws—he who contained within himself the roots of babbling, malice and falsehood, upon purifying his nature—enlightened multiplies his happiness and holiness.

If one will give himself up to contemplation and meditation and study the deeds of living beings of the past and the change of cycles, then it will become evident, that now one must intensely learn."

* * * * * *

"Rejoice, for ages one cannot forget gratitude that You have consented to guide us, those that have lost their way in

this earthly world, to lead us by the nearest path of the Diamond Chariot.

If to follow the rules of the Saints, then even despite all our bad habits but when attentively striving along the path of perfection, we shall never lose the ordained place.

Even Arhats, who already attained through the might of mercy this Bliss, who abide in peace, even they have to beware in order not to lose the highest Bliss in the midst of earthly turmoil."

"Bestow upon us Bliss and Happiness, filled with the true blessing of the three sacred jewels. Protect the righteously established Rulers and Princes, and strengthen their beneficial peaceful rule.

You, Who possess the rules of the finest, mysterious, fundamental reason, who govern eternally over the sun-like faith and jewels, You remain invariably pure as the bright Moon."

* * * * * *

"Near the spring of the Subtle River there falls a light rain ; during the eighth moon, leaves and flowers unfold.

Many clouds obscure the rising run, the highest reason and wisdom can be suppressed by hatred and ignorance.

The shining Chelmon (Venus) is the sign of the Dawn. Cloud-like white hair is the sign of wisdom."

* * * * * *

"On the summit of a high mountain, from north and south, there grow trees and shrubs and herbs. At the time they are pleasant for the eye.

When from those beautiful trees in autumn there comes the son of the birds amidst the green foliage, this is a great and pleasant joy.

In summer various flowers blossom on the green meadows. When one observes their unfailing colour, and eternal vitality, this is pleasant for the eye.

Verily we are living beings of many clans, during our continuous united life we have glorified and sung praise to the peaceful ever-beautiful flowers.

* * * * * *

The Mongolian warriors sing the song of Shambhala. In the same manner as centuries ago at the time of Chingiz Khan, so now thunders the sacred song.

"Let us even die, but for the sake of being reborn in the holy host of Shambhala!"

Songs reveal the soul of the people.

Let past be past; nor future longings house;
—The past is dead, the morrow not yet born
Whoso with insight scans his heart to-day,
Let him ensue eternal Changelessness!
Toil then to-day. To-morrow death may come,
—Who knows? No bargain holds death's hosts at bay.
Whoso by day and night unceasingly,
Lives still to struggle onward, he it
Is called True Saint;—the Perfect Sage is he.

Mahā Kaccāna Bhaddekaratta Sutta.

This is the high tradition which I have founded to-day. I enjoin you, Ananda, to continue this high tradition and not to prove the last of the line. When, among any two persons, there is a break in a tradition so high, he who breaks it is the last of the line. Therefore, I enjoin you, Ananda, to maintain this high tradition, and nor to prove the last of the line. ...

Makhādeva Sutta.

SRI GOURANGA PRESS
CALCUTTA

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar,*** *March 1936.*

The School Teacher.

DIARY LEAVES

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH.

AT the last Session of the English National Union of Teachers, the honour of being President had been conferred on the schoolmaster of a small country town, Mr. J. W. H. Brown of Somerset. In his presidential address he made some wise and significant statements, which are of importance in the widest international aspect. It is also of great interest that a schoolmaster from a far-off country place was elected the President of the National Assembly. The following are some quotations from his address:

....."It must be a State in which there is a more equitable sharing of the 'common good', whether of wealth, leisure, happiness, health; but further and more important it must be a State in which all contribute, and more fully and more intensely cooperate, in creating and increasing that 'common good'.

"This cannot be done in a generation. It needs wise planning and sustained effort; it needs to educate the people—propaganda if you will—and to arouse enthusiasm.

"There must be legislative planning, industrial planning, planning for commerce, for health, and, above all, for education in its widest meaning—that is for making people fit for the world in which they live and giving them the desire and the ability to improve it. It is for this planning ahead for education that I appeal.

"When will some political party, or all political parties, put education not merely in the forefront of their programmes, but in the forefront of their practice? Instead of this futile tinkering with the present, why cannot they plan boldly and nobly for the future?

"The average men and women of this country want a better life for their children than they themselves live; they would make an overwhelmingly favourable response to the right appeal from the right quarters. Enthusiasm for a great educational advance could be readily aroused. The means are available. They should be mobilized and used. Religion, art, science, common sense could all play their part. From the pulpit and the platform, in the Press, on the screen, and by the broadcast, reason could be convinced and feelingly awakened.

"Hitherto public policy in education—when we have had one—has been the conscious policy of adjusting the next generation to the needs of the present. But surely it should be concerned rather with giving each new generation 'the ability to face new issues in new ways.' If we really desire to educate for a true democracy, this must be recognized.

"In other ways, too, there must be a change of heart as well as of policy. The idea that children of different social classes must be educated in different types of school, perpetuates caste and renders democracy unattainable. It is mostly sheer snobbery. You cannot produce a democracy by an education based on class prejudice and fostering class distinction.

"One can say that, on the whole, the kind of education given in the primary schools is given by the best methods and is calculated to train the whole person—body, mind and spirit. It is hampered by very imperfect conditions and does not go far enough. Remove these disabilities, and it would be an education which would fit our future citizens to live fuller and better lives and fitted to play their part in evolving it."

I do not know whether we would agree with Mr. Brown on other details, but these fundamental thoughts expressed by him should be near to the whole world. Truly, even primary education should not tie the students only to the past, but should arm them well, so that they can meet joyfully the future. Precisely this thought we affirmed in our advice to the Master Institute of United Arts and to the International Art Centre. We said: "Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that all occurrences are not accidental. The time for the construction of future culture is at hand. Before our eyes the revaluation of values is being witnessed. Amidst

ruins of valueless bank-notes, mankind has found the real value of the world's significance. The values of Great Art, Knowledge and Labour are victoriously traversing all storms of earthly commotions. Even the 'earthly' people already understand the vital importance of active beauty. And when we proclaim: Labour, Beauty and Action, we know verily that we pronounce the formula of the international language, and this formula, which now belongs to the Museum and Stage, must enter every day life. The sign of beauty and action will open all gates. Beneath the sign of Beauty we walk joyfully, with Beauty and Labour we conquer. In Beauty we are united. And now we 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 ".

And reality itself compels humanity to seek for true values.

The worst is to turn someone's head backwards—this means to strangle him. In medieaval times it was said that the devil, taking possession of a person, finally kills the person by turning his head backwards. The same principle is expressed in the parable of Loth's wife, who was turned into a pillar of salt. Instead of striving into the future, she turned back and, therefore, both mentally and bodily she became fossilized. The same thought is expressed in other folk-lores in most striking symbols. And despite all these warnings in practical life and in school education, this striving into the future is hardly ever applied.

One should greet every voice, which in one way or another, directs us into a radiant healthy future. The school-master is also right in stating that primary education should be uniform. In the same way, from the very childhood, the young hearts should be imbued with the positive foundations of the past, but applying them towards the future. The true son of his mother-land is he, who desires his country's improvement and perfection and who understands that without progress there can be but retreat and regress. Either we advance or go back. It has been said and repeated that it is impossible to remain static.

The main thing is to affirm oneself mutually in progressive intentions of good-will. Details can always be settled. If from childhood a person will be imbued with true tolerance, then he will always find the basis of esteem to his fellow co-workers. One has but to realize in one's heart such a constructive and progressive ideal, when all other problems will appear only technical details.

I have already more than once praised the beautiful decisions of teachers in Europe, India and America, which they reached

during various congresses and conventions. And with regret we had to point out the unfortunate oppressions, to which educators were so often subjected. And in this struggle one has to find a common front, in order to overcome all evil obstacles.

The school-master correctly points out, that not only should legislation be improved, but benevolent changes should take place in the hearts of all connected with education. Without these healthy strivings of the heart, all laws will remain but dead ballast. But in order that such a wonderful transfiguration of human hearts may take place, it is necessary for all who work in the field of Culture, to unite and to support each other in such beneficial educational movements.

Public opinion should be nursed and educated. Public opinion is formed in schools, from the very first school hours. Hence, if all teachers of the world will unanimously ponder over that which is so undeferrably needed for the whole of mankind, then that temple of public opinion will be erected, that "museon" of all muses, which will always serve as a radiant beacon for all who wait impatiently, search and strive to perfection.

Salutations to the English teacher, greetings to all teachers who ascend the same summit of labour, tolerance and progress!

Mr. H. G. Wells justly says: "No conqueror can make the multitude different from what it is, no statesman can carry the world affairs beyond the ideas and capacities of the generation of adults, with which he deals, but teachers—I use the word in the widest sense—can do more than either conqueror or statesman: they can create a new vision and liberate the latent powers of mankind".

Striving to a peace for the whole world, the educators can accomplish a conquest—peaceful and magnificent.

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar,*** *April 1936.*

Iran.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

"This I ask Thee—tell it to me truly Lord,
Who the Sire was, Father, first of holiness?
Who the pathway for the sun and stars ordained,
Who through whom is't moon doth wax and wane again,
This and much else do I beg, O God, to know."

Thus spoke Zarathustra!

Many deep thoughts reverberated on the Iranian upland.

Over a year ago we entered into our diary: From March on, Persia will cease to exist. Iran will be in its place. It is difficult to judge from afar the true reasons for this change of the name. At times these changes seem epidemical—so much has been re-named now-a-days geographically and socially.

As if in some great migrations people move from old places to new ones. Perhaps, they try to find earth where less blood has been spilt. Or they recall some ancient paths. Or, striving into the future, these travellers want first of all movement as such. They dream of something, rejuvenated and mighty.

We do not know, why Iran instead of Persia. We do not know why precisely from March. But anyhow the ancient name "Iran" sounds majestical—there is great scope in it—many great remembrances and promising aspirations. From our very heart let us wish to Iran that which so beautifully resounds when this

ancient concept is pronounced. Let us thus express our wishes to the valiant Shah of Iran—Riza Khan Pehlevi.

We do not know whether our "Himalayas" reached Persia, or already Iran. Precisely let the unsurpassed Himalayas transmit their greeting to the snowy giants of Iran. Let them remind of the ancient and always glorious songs of heroism.

Perhaps the old songs are not everywhere still resounding. The picturesque garments have begun to disappear. But will not the re-born concept of Iran remind the people of the beautiful treasures inherited by them from the past ages? Will it not remind the two and half thousand years of history during the waves of which the Empire stood and now with renewed might it is ascending the steps of self-realization?

Is not Shahnama – the "Book of Kings" really beautiful, expressing the entire Iranian magnitude and is not this immortal poem created by the thought of the great poet?! The primordeal struggle of Light and darkness, the symbol of the participation of man in the increase of good and evil is expressed in the beautiful images of Iran. Now, when the country wishes to reveal even through its name the glory, strength and depth of thought, then one can consider such a change of name as a sign of the inner growth.

Many beautiful pages have been recorded in the history of Iran. Let us remember the heroical names of the satrapies: Media, Elam, Parthia, Haraiva, Bactria, Sughd, Khwarazm, Drangiana, Arachosia, Thattagush, Sindh, Egypt, Armenia Cappadocia, Sparda, Ionia, Skudra, Kushiya, Machiya, Karkas! The names alone already convey a fairy tale of glory! Who did not dream of Passargadae, of Babylon, of Suza, of Ecbatana, of Persepolis?! Whose imagination was not uplifted by the sight of the gorgeous images on the rocks, colossal statues—guardians of the entry into the ruined palaces. Even in such remnants you feel the greatness of the past; even the chips of the beautiful ornaments of the floor, even the smallest fragments of magnificent necklaces—all they speak of the inspiring scope and quality of creativeness.

The name of Horsabad vividly reminds us of one of the founders, Sargon with all the legends and myths which surround him. The beautiful bas reliefs again bring to life these semi-mythical heroes. Nimrud with the ruins of the palace of Assurnazirpal! Also the Kuyundjik and the palace of Mineherib and the ruins of the gorgeous dwelling of Tiglatpalassar in Kalat Pergat! And the famous gates with reliefs of the deeds of Salmanassar. And the marvellous dyorithian statues, vessels and Babylonian bronzes! And the palace of Artaxerxes! And finally

the unforgettable library of Assurbanipal—such eternal treasures transmute the remote antiquity into a majestic reality. Even in the last century all these memorable places were still lifeless burial mounds. And even in our presence so many significant scrolls were still unrolled. In our days only, were found the most important Babylonian sagas of the biblical flood and parts of the epos dedicated to Gilgamesh. All these treasures will be unveiled by the incantation of one word—Iran and will give wings to new thoughts. Aerian ! Iran ! Iran !

And Zarathustra Who brought the Fire, and Mani, and the Bahaists, and the living Messian mystery of the Great Imam,—from the ancient Sumerians, through Babylon, through the Achaemenides, up to all the inspired Iranian poets on wings of the miraculous Al-Borak " sparkled the rays of highest knowledge and highest culture " ! Does not all this uplift the imagination ? The wizzard of the mountains—the rock of Alamut, crowned with an unconquerable citadel on its summit ! And the Kitab-el-Igan ! And the snow-white Demavend ! And like Guru Charaka, upon the blossoming meadows of Hamadan, the famous philosopher and healer, Abu-Ali-ibn-Sina searches for wonder-working herbs; who in the West does not know him as Avicenna ? His works are, at present, being published with great reverence in Europe.

From the same flowery meadows are born the unforgettable Isfahan and Ardabil carpets. No one can forget the artists of Iran: Bihzad, Riza Abbasi, Ustad Muhamadi, Agha Mirak from Herat with all their pictorial wonders from Shahnama, with the entire epic of Iskander, with the popular images of King Bahram and Asad. Also, like an immense meadow in full bloom !

And do not up till now live amidst us the sonorous verses of such poets like: Rudaki, Fordausi, Anvari, Qatran, Omar Khayam, Sa'di, Rumi and Hafiz.....sonnets, odes, elegies, poems, in which the beloved heroes of Iran proclaim unforgettable words of valour, achievement, devotion and love ?

Countless are the images with which the history of Iran is imbued. Everyone remembers the valley of Shiraz, of the roses of Shiraz.

A famous ode in which Hafiz sums up the charms of Shiraz, begins :

" Khushā Shirāzu viz' i bī misālash
Khudāvandā nigah dār az zawālash ".
" Fair is Shiraz and matchless her display
Oh, God protect her ever from decay."

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Reprinted from THE YOUNG BUILDER (*Karachi*) *for May 1936*

Darkhan Beile

By *Nicholas Roerich*

Yun-Wang, the Prince of the Hoshun Earkhan Beile, is the official head of the autonomous government of Inner Mongolia. We received an invitation to visit him at his headquarters, which are within two hours' riding distance from our camp. We traversed many dry river-beds, passed the place of the future Mongolian capital. Bricks are being burnt there at present. It is especially touching to pass this way and to think that there will be built and founded the capital of a people with such a great past. You know, how near to my heart is every building, even the very possibility of up-building. First we travelled north-east, then turned to the north, where in a distance of 40—50 miles lies the border of Khalka.

Along the way our car scared several herds of excellent horses. One is astonished to see to what extent local grasses, without the addition of any grain, are sufficient to keep horses as well as other cattle, in good form. Rare *ailes* (settlements), here and there, small groves and solitary trees of the elm-karagatch, the popular tree of Central Asia, break the hill-lines of the horizon. Here and there one finds the high sharp desert grasses and the usual low spiny shrubs of Mongolia. It is remarkable how not only local camels, but cattle as well, have become accustomed to the spiny fodder.

Between low-lying hills appeared the headquarters of the Prince,—a square of white walls, crowned with dark teeth—like

a fortress. Within the wall can be seen the roofs of houses in Chinese style. Upon the gates are painted colourful Guardians of the entrance. Nearby, in a similar square of walls, stands the *yamin*—the secretariat of the *hoshun*. Apparently rain has just passed over this place and everything is covered with water. We approach the *yamin* first in order to hand in our cards. We are asked to enter. A large crowd of friendly smiling officers and soldiers surround us. The pointed straw helmets of the soldiers, crowned with a red spray, involuntarily suggests that a similar shape of helmet could be easily adopted for modern steel helmets, preserving thus the age-old traditions.

One must sit down in the friendly *yamin* and wait to be announced to the Prince. We exchange questions about the road, good health and other benevolent subjects. In a corner stand old Russian rifles. Manuscripts as well as Mongolian books can be seen on the shelves along the walls. An officer wearing a hat adorned with a coloured ball above the spray, to signify his higher rank, enters and asks us to follow him. We pass a brightly painted gate along a paved road and enter the palace. In a clean building of Chiness style we find the Prince seated, and we are invited to sit down in the same manner. Along the walls besides the sacred images are hanging portraits of the officers and leaders of Inner Mongolia. A large portrait of the Tashi-Lama also occupies one of the central places. The Prince himself is sisty-six years of age. His friendly experienced wise face reminds us of the images of the benevolent rulers of old. Through George and Chamba (the more interpreters, the better) a friendly talk begins, which runs from local matters

to religious themes. The Prince is a very spiritual person and a friend of the Tashi-Lama. On mentioning Shambala, his face takes a befitting solemn expression. It is mentioned that a Nation can prosper only with firm spiritual and administrative principles. The Prince speaks of the desire of the Mongolian people for a peaceful development. It is especially joyful to see the representative of his people emphasizing with all his heart a desire for peaceful upbuilding.

We exchange presents. On our part a gold enamelled watch of French workmanship, on the part of the Prince—two Tibetan carpets. The Prince intends to visit us as soon his car will be able to run on the badly flooded roads. He invites us to participate in the annual festival in the Batukhalka monastery, where the sacred dances, "Tsam" of Lamas, take place. On leaving we also visited his private chapel, situated in the same compound. The temple is kept in full cleanness and one sees the desire to make everything as good as possible. In the temple there are besides several Burkhans, a statue of Chenrezi and the White Tara, and on the walls is a large fresco of the battle of Shambala. Offering lamps burn callingly and everything shows that the temple is close to the heart of the owner. When departing, we took into our car a soldier with a red spray on his helmet to show us the road to the ruins of an ancient city, situated within the Prince's domain.

Neither excavations, nor any scientific description of the place have been made, but it deserves a serious research. The city is destroyed—razed to the ground. One remembers the

texts of old chronicles, in which they speak about cities, condemned by the conquerors to looting and devastation. The typical details of the ruins and bases of columns and numberless chips of broken vessels and fragments of ceramic architectural ornaments at once indicate the different periods of the city.

The latest period, according to the ceramics, belongs to the Manchu dynasty. Then there are obvious signs of the Ming dynasty, for instance a huge turtle of white marble, which probably serves as base for a stella. But still more interesting are the remains of the Mongolo-Nestorian times of the 12th and 13th century and perhaps even earlier. One sees *sarkophagi* with Nestorian crosses, which according to their ornaments on white stone, could be found either in the Bysanthium, or San Marco, or Verona. On these monuments one can discern inscriptions, somewhere in Uigur glyphs, and elsewhere in old Chinese. On a latter George at once disciphered a very characteristic name, which in Chinese pronunciation means Elijah. This name is often repeated in Chinese Nestorian records. Nearby one may also see on huge heaps of ruins, nicely carved capitals, which remind of the lost snow-white temple. Not in vain is this place called in Mongolian "Many Temples."

George suggests to measure the ruins and to make a map of the city and to copy inscriptions for deciphering. One feels that such research my disclose many interesting discoveries. Who knows, perhaps, this city belonged to the well-known Mongolian Prince George, a Nestorian, who according to chronicles fell in a battle in the end of the XIII th century.

This period deserves serious study as it can give important pages of the Central Asian history. Let us hope the future finds will take a place of honour in the Mongolian Museum of the new capital. Besides governmental buildings there should be built immediately schools and a museum to preserve the best specimens of National creativeness.

At a time when we rejoiced at studying the ancient city, dark clouds gathered around and one could see here and there torrential rains. But the clouds did not touch us and on our return trip, the road, which had turned into lakes, proved the result of heavy rains, so welcomed by the Mongols for their grass. The hillside became more green. The herds of fat wet horses were shining and the up-to-then dry river-beds suddenly changed into swift torrents. We remembered the flood that took place unexpectedly during our previous expedition, at Sharagolchi. In Asia everything is unusual and sudden.

The ruins of the city once more confirmed how many rich surprises may be hidden in the Asian vastnesses. Sliding and slipping along the hillside, we reached our camp near the rock Timur. The very name suggests concealed ores—iron, coal, gold are mentioned, and in the south even oil is known. Many lakes give salt, which is the resource of much revenue. It was a joyful journey. We met a remarkable person and visited impressive ruins and saw useful grasses and other riches of Nature. It one is to add to these riches a constructive goodwill, then how much beautiful and instructive can be written again into the history of Mongolia. May this good hour come! Blessed is every up-building!

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Reprinted from ***The Scholar,*** *May 1936.*

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Real Values

DIARY LEAVES

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

IN the NĀRADA S'ILPA S'ĀSTRA high ordainments about the significance of Art have been given:

"We shall speak of the manner of construction of the Art Gallery. According to Usinara, the Art Gallery is to be erected in the central part of the city, on a site where four roads cross, in front of palaces and houses or in the centre of the main street".

"Pictures are to be such as to captivate our minds and give joy to our eyes.....They must be of several colours, brilliant with various colour shades....."

"Divine Narada says that we shall speak here of the manner of decoration by painting. According to Usinara, painting is for the pleasure of gods, for the satisfaction of the presiding deity of the building and also for beauty".

Thus spoke Narada.

And in another age, in other expressions, but similarly uplifting, Leonardo da Vinci praises the great meaning of Art. The same solemn homage we find amidst the Chinese classics, in Japan, in Persia, and everywhere in the world; this is told by the best people in highest terms.

"Art is not destruction. In Art is contained the seed of the constructiveness, not destruction. This was felt always, even in

those days when everything was ignorance. To the sounds of Orpheus's lyre entire cities were built. Despite the as yet unrefined appreciation of Art by the public, everyone says: 'Art is the reconciliation with life.' This is true. A real creation of Art has within itself something soothing and reconciling."

"Art is the reconciliation with life."

"Art is the introduction into the soul of harmony and order, not of confusion and discord."

Thus almost a hundred years ago corresponded with each other the great men of Russian literature—Gogol and Joukovsky. Both illustrious writers were known for their unusually broad appreciation of art and, therefore, the words quoted above have a never-fading significance. One must only remember how these two great writers have beautifully expressed themselves in the appreciation of the various domains of Art. Only broad thinking and an experienced outlook can come to such enlightening and convincing conclusions.

In the essays and letters of these writers one may find the most touching descriptions of beautiful works of Art, ancient as well as modern. One can always rejoice when in any country the people respond with equal love to both antiquity and modern Art. He, who would show contempt for the past, would only disclose himself as an ignoramus. And in the same light would appear he, who showed no attention to his contemporary searchings.

Truly, it is impossible to lock oneself for ever in grandfather's room. With what indignation one looks at the profanity manifested by those who disparagingly speak of the beloved treasures carried over from the beautiful past ages.

Precisely in limitless art one can study the best observations upon the state of human consciousness. The refinement of consciousness will first of all resound upon all domains of Art. In all branches of Art and craftsmanship a broad consciousness will notice an element of true creativeness. After all, Art is limitless and creation realized or hidden, secret, accomplished or unfinished, penetrates everywhere.

Precisely, Art secures the high quality of every production. To-day the newspapers are laughing that in Pisa a new bridge has just collapsed, whereas the old bridge, constructed six hundred years ago, still stands unharmed. I was also told recently of the similar strength of old Turkish bridges, which withstood even the onslaught of modern artillery fire. In the last earthquake of

India and Nepal, the modern buildings have greatly suffered, while the ancient temples have withstood the strain.

One can enumerate endless examples of the triumph of ancient high quality in the many arts of the past. We remember with what ease modern colours can be removed from ancient, recently restored paintings. And not only does the difference of age play its part, but the cause lies in the disappearance of quality of many productions. One dreads to think what will remain in future of some of the modern creations.

At present one is moved to emphasize once more that we have received from antiquity much evidence of the facts how beautiful is the combination of quality and creativeness. It is most inspiring to witness that quality has made it possible for the great creations to survive long ages. We thank the old masters that their methods of work have stood so long and have given to so many people happiness and new inspiration. But when you think of the paths of protection of cultural treasures, then you meet especially often and come close to the concept of quality. When studying ancient qualities it will be easier for us to plan our modern buildings so that they can withstand the many calamities of the future, not losing their beauty.

On January 14th the "Peiping Chronicle" reported the restoration of old Art monuments. "The Commission for the Protection of Art Treasures in Peiping, which was formed last week, is at present planning the restoration of all artistic monuments of the capital. We understand that the Commission intends the real work of restoration to begin in two months, when funds will become available. These funds have been promised by the Ministry of Finance and the Ministry of Railroads and should come in regularly beginning with the current month".

One must greatly rejoice at this news. When we recently heard about the intention of the Chinese Government to ratify our Pact for the Protection of Artistic Treasures and Monuments, we also rejoiced. China, which has such an infinite number of Art treasures, will, of course, be one of the first to recognize the Pact and to introduce it in life in its own country. The culture of China has created such refined forms, both plastic and philosophical, that of course the heirs of such treasures must be among the first to join the countries who have already ratified the Pact. It is quite proper that the sums allotted for restorations should come from the Ministry of Finance and the Ministry of Communications, because the monuments of antiquity, in all their charm, will be the best foundation of a country. For the sake of their beauty, traffic will increase along the roads, and because of them

the Minister of Finance will find new convincing formulae. Without exaggeration, the treasures of culture are the stronghold of a nation. The entire upbuilding, all enlightenment, all spiritual inspiration, all happiness and salvation will be born upon the foundations of cultural treasures. At first let us realize and safeguard culture, and then also the designs on bank notes of the country will become attractive. Along the innumerable paths of communication, creativeness will surge forward in all its noble multiformity.

Likewise, it will not be an exaggeration to say that the language of the heart has many times proved in the history of mankind the most convincing and attractive as well as unifying. Not only are the names of Apollonius, Rubens, Velasquez and many others immortalized in Art, but also for their unforgettable advice in the field of statesmanship. Objects of Art themselves have many a time been the best ambassadors, introducing peace and friendship. We already have pointed out that the exchange of Art treasures has even prevented misunderstandings and was ahead of verbal agreements. If the world, according to Plato, is ruled by ideas, then noble seeds of Art will always be that beneficial sowing, which will give the best well-remembered harvest. Therefore, it will not be a commonplace to affirm again and again the wide meaning of Art and the true value of the Beautiful. Thus let us safeguard everything that is beautiful with all the care of our heart.

For the establishment of our Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures, first of all one has to acquaint oneself with the history of the origin of the Red Cross. The founder of this noble idea, the famous Swiss philantropist, Dunant and his self-sacrificing friends for seventeen years have tirelessly knocked at the hearts of mankind, in order to tell of the indeferrability of such a humanitarian project. Everyone should remember the history of the Red Cross, which had so many troubles and difficulties. Likewise, in the question of the protection of Art treasures let us always keep in mind that these great treasures are being destroyed not only during time of war, but also during the manifestation of every human ignorance. Alone, the protection of cultural treasures will awaken many dormant paths of creativeness and entire countries will again remember that therein lies their strength and unconquerable dignity and value.

Let us always remember how beautifully spoke about Art such great men of India as Vivekananda and Tagore.

Said Vivekananda: "Don't you see, I am, above all, a poet"—. "That man cannot be truly religious, who has not the faculty of feeling the beauty and grandeur of Art."—"Non-appreciation of Art is crass ignorance."

Rabindranath Tagore concluded his article, "What is Art" with the words: "In Art the person in us is sending its answer to the Supreme Person, who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts". Who else now could define Art better than this glorious Poet of India!

In the "Leaves of Morya's Garden" we read:

"True Art is the expression of the radiant Spirit.
Through Art thou hast the Light!"

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DAY OF GLORY

By H. E. Nicholas Roerich

"Vade, filii, ad Montes Indiae et ad cavernas suas, et accipe ex cis lapides honoratos!"—"Go, my son, to the Mountains of India, and to their quarries and take from there those precious stones!"

So speaks the most excellent Hali, the Arabian, mentioned by Paracelsus. Let us go to the Mountains of India!

"Sophiae cum Moria Certamen", published in Summum Bonum also discusses about the Mountain and the glorious treasures therein contained. And again Paracelsus justly assures us: "nihil est opertus quod non revelabitur"—"There is nothing so hidden, that it shall not be revealed!".

"Lumen de Lumine" outlines the conditions of the path to the mysterious Mountain: "Only follow your Guide, who will offer Himself to you and will meet you on the way. This Guide will bring you to the Mountain. You need no sword nor any other bodily weapons. Be resolute and take heed that you return not, for your Guide will not suffer any evil to befall you".

And from another part of the world, the voice of Athanasius Nikitin Tveritin, a Moscovite of the Fifteenth Century, reaches us. After his journey to India, he exclaims: "And I, out of the midst of many troubles, went to India".

Love India!

The Mountains of India, the Resplendent Himavat, are imbued with powerful energies for the strengthening of body and spirit. Here were raised numerous glorious viharas, the ruins of which still adorn the mountain ranges. Only to think, that in these places the Blessed One had Himself imprinted His footsteps. Here is the road to the Holy Kailasa, here are the paths to the Sacred Manasarowar Lake, here are the caves of Milaraspa and Lake Ravalsar—the abode of Padma Sambhava. Up to now the hosts of pilgrims search for the hidden sacred books, concealed in the ancient country Zahor, which to-day is known as Mandi. In memorable places in Kuluta the hill people still point at ruins stating that here were ancient stupas under the foundation of which books are concealed. We have ourselves seen these places and were told that the hidden books cannot be revealed until the predestined date.

And in hill temples you can find besides other statues, the Image of the Blessed Tathagata and of Avalokiteshvara. There are the paths to Holy Triloknath, where both Buddhists and Sadhus meet and along the way one finds on the rocks gigantic carvings of the Blessed One and Maitreya. Thus even in those places where ancient viharas are in ruins, there live firm traditions of the Great Message.

There are different opinions whether to celebrate memorable days. Some consider them as matters of the past and pass them without attention, but for others such festive days are beneficial milestones on the path towards the future. Ask the true seekers and friends

whether they wish to neglect such days which were forever for them as guardians and messengers—and they will not want to reject these days of joy.

Is it not wonderful that the Vesak Day will be celebrated all over the world!

More than once we had occasion to remind of the healing effects of union in spirit. People understand with difficulty that precisely thought creates.One constantly meets with surprise when asserting that thought is more creative than word and action. But during uniting memorable days it is fit to remember how beneficially works thought, which is simultaneously directed to the common good. During great days when we gather in co-operation and goodwill, there should be especially expressed the thought of real friendship and untiring striving. This will not be a selfish thought, for it will resound not about the self, but for general construction. And there will be no doubt in such thought because it will be adamant in its exaltation towards Bliss. During such a solemn hour there will be no irritation or anger, because all know the harm of self-poisoning. But there will be during the hour a special solemnity, not marred by the dusty routine of every day. The realization of Great Service will strengthen the vigour of the Spirit and will be the best quality of the Golden Path.

Everyone dreams of friends, whether known or unknown. And during festive days the thought is especially calling that at the same time in various parts of the world are being sent into space similar good wishes, which are the foundations of real friendship.

Verily this Day will be greeted with flowers and special meetings and cordial discussions. And if anyone happens to be alone on this day, he will not feel lonely if he surrounds himself by images, radiant recollections and inspiring strivings.

Memorable days in a spiritual, social and family aspect affirm the solemnity of life. People beautify themselves both bodily and spiritually and such a day in every respect becomes radiantly significant.

Amongst the best mental sendings there will always be predominant the thought of peace unto the whole world. Everywhere this prayer is being expressed. The peace of the world is being built up through great struggle and labour. And yet every human heart in its innermost will responds to this Command of Light.

Let us also remember on this solemn day about Peace for the whole world. If in every dwelling there will radiate the sign of Peace unto the whole world, then will this call resound all over the globe.

Peace to all beings.

Naggar, Kuluta, 1936

Reprinted by Sri Gouranga Press, Calcutta,
from Maha-Bodhi Journal, May 1936.

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Reprinted from the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, *Madras—May* 1936.

GURU—THE TEACHER.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH,
Naggar.

ONCE in Finland I sat on the shores of Lake Ladoga with a farm lad. A middle-aged man passed us by and my small companion stood up and with great reverence took off his cap. I asked him after, "Who was this man?" And with special seriousness, the boy answered, "He is a teacher." I again asked, "Is he your teacher?" "No," answered the boy, "he is the teacher from the neighbouring school." "Then, you know him personally?" I persisted. "No," he answered, with astonishment..... "Then why did you greet him with such reverence?" Still more seriously my little companion answered, "Because he is a teacher."

Almost a similar incident happened to me on the banks of the Rhine near Cologne. Again with joyous amazement I saw how some young man greeted a school teacher. I recall the most uplifting memories of my teacher, Professor Kuinjy, the famous Russian artist. His life story could fill the most inspiring pages of a biography for the young generation. He was a simple shepherd boy in the Crimea. Only by incessant, ardent effort towards art, was he able to conquer all obstacles and finally become not only a highly esteemed artist and a man of great means, but also a real *Guru* for his pupils in the high Hindu conception.

Three times he tried to enter the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts and three times he was refused. The third time, twenty-nine competitors were admitted and not one of them left his name in the history of art. But only one, Kuinjy, was refused.—The Council of the Academy was not of the *Gurus*, and certainly was short-sighted. But the young man was persistent and instead of uselessly trying, he painted a landscape and presented it to the Academy for Exhibition. And he received two honours without passing the examination. From early morning he worked. But at noon he climbed up to the terraced roof of his house in Petrograd where, with the shot marking each midday, thousands of birds completely surrounded him. And he fed them, speaking of them and studying them as a loving father. Sometimes, very rarely, he invited us, his disciples, to this famous roof. And we heard remarkable stories about the personalities of the birds, about their individual habits and the ways to approach them. At this moment, this short, stockily built man with his leonine head, became as gentle as Saint Francis. Once I saw him very downcast during the entire day. One of his beloved butterflies had broken its wing and he had invented some very skilful means to mend it, but his invention was too heavy and in this noble effort he was unsuccessful.

But with pupils and artists, he knew how to be firm. Very often he repeated: "If you are an artist, even in prison you shall become one." Once a man came to his studio with some very fine sketches and studies. Kuinjy praised them. But the man said: "Well, I am unfortunate because I cannot afford to continue painting." "Why?" compassionately asked Kuinjy. And the man said that he had a family to support and he had a position from ten to six. Then Kuinjy asked him piercingly, "And from four to ten in the morning, what do you do?" "When?" asked the man. Kuinjy explained, "Certainly in the morning." "In the morning I sleep," answered the man. Kuinjy then raised his voice and said, "Well, you shall outsleep

your entire life. Don't you know that from four to nine is the best creative time? And it is not necessary to work on your art more than five hours daily." Then Kuinjy added, "When I worked as a retoucher in a photograph studio, I also had my position from ten to six. But from four to nine, I had quite enough time to become an artist."

Sometimes, when the pupil dreamed about some special conditions for his work, Kuinjy laughed, "If you are so delicate that you have to be put in a glass case, then better perish as soon as possible, because our life does not need such an exotic plant." But when he saw that his disciple conquered circumstances and went victoriously through the ocean of earth-storms, his eyes sparkled and in full voice, he shouted, "Neither sun nor frost can destroy you. This is the way. If you have something to say, you will be able to manifest your message in spite of all conditions in the world."

I recall how once he came to my studio on the sixth floor, which at that time was without an elevator,and severely criticized my painting. Thus, he left practically nothing of my original conception, and in much uproar he went away. But in less than half an hour, I heard again his heavy steps, and he knocked on the door. Again he climbed the long steps in his heavy fur coat, and panting said, "Well, I hope you shall not take everything I said seriously. Everyone can have his point of view. I felt badly when I realized that perhaps you took too seriously all our discussion. Everything can be approached in different ways, and really, truth is infinite."

And sometimes, in the greatest secrecy, he entrusted one of his disciples to bring some money anonymously from him to some of the poorest students. And he entrusted this only when he was completely confident that this secret was not revealed. It happened once that in the Academy, revolt against the Vice-President Count Tolstoy arose, and as no one could calm the anger of the students, the situation became very serious. Then finally at the general meeting came Kuinjy, and everyone became silent. Then he said, "Well, I am no judge. I do not know if your cause be just or not, but I personally ask you to begin your work, because you have come here to become artists." The meeting was ended at once, and everyone returned to the class rooms, because Kuinjy himself had asked. Such was the authority of the *Guru*.

From where his conception of real Guru-ship, in the refined eastern understanding, arose I do not know. Certainly in him it was a sincere self-expression, without any superficial intention. This was his style and in the sincerity of this style, he conquered not only as an artist but also as a powerful vital type, who gave to his disciples the same broad inflexible power to reach their goal.

Long afterwards in India, I saw such figures of *Gurus* and I have seen the faithful disciples who without any servile obeisance, but rather with great enthusiasm of spirit, venerated their *Gurus* with that full sensitiveness of thought which is so characteristic of India.

I have heard a lovely story about a small Hindu who found his Teacher. He was asked: "Is it possible that the sun would grow dark to you if you would see it without the Teacher?"

The boy smiled, "The sun would remain as the sun but in the presence of the Teacher twelve suns shine to me."

India's sun of wisdom shall shine because on the shores of a river there sits a boy who knows the Teacher.

In the same teachings of India it is said: "Blessed are you, India! Because you alone have guarded the concept of Teacher and

disciple. The *Guru* can dispel the attack of sleep. The *Guru* can raise up the drooping spirit. Woe to him who has dared to lay claim falsely to some one as his Teacher and who lightly pronounces the word Teacher, while honoring himself ! Verily, flowers that spirit which understood the path of ascent ; and he fails who drooped in duplicity of thought.

One may ask a Hindu boy if he wishes to possess a *Guru*. No word is needed in reply. Because the boy's eyes will express desire, striving and devotion. The fire of *Aryavarta* will glow in his eyes. The stream of *Rig Vedas* will glow on the slopes of the mountains.

"Who can describe in words the entire possession of the Teacher ? Either there is the realization of it, as a serpant of knowledge or lacking this, there is darkness, sleep, obsession. There is no need to terrify but one should tell all who have approached *Yoga* : "Your support is the Teacher. Your shield is devotion to the Teacher. Your destruction is indifference and duplicity."

"He who smiles alike on friends and foes of the Teacher is unworthy. He who does not betray the Teacher, even by reticence when speech is needed, may enter the step of the threshold."

Thus speaks *Agni Yoga* which foresees the splendid future of humanity if humanity will master its possessions.

Not only in India but in the whole East we have the same conception of the Teacher. Certainly in many Eastern countries, now the storm of the coming civilization roars. You can imagine how many misunderstood conceptions may harm this supreme feeling of the hierarchy of knowledge. So many symbols and beautiful signs are swept away through such superficial mechanization of life. And still, even in the most remote places you can distinguish this instinctive understanding of Guruship. How can one express in the customary words the dignity, the noble understanding, of accepting the chalice of knowledge ?

The sense of conviction is the most hidden quality of high creation in art. The most skilful criticism cannot explain why we believe and cherish many of the Italian and Netherland Primitives, why so much in modernism cannot be explained and still convince. This quality of inner rhythm, of inner contracts of color and line, this hidden law of dynamic porportions cannot be fully expressed by the conventional phrases ; and still they exist and they govern our creations. Certainly there exists some inexpressible conceptions. I remember how in one philosophical society one of the most important contemporary poet-philosophers ceased to attend the meetings. And when he was asked the reason, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Because they speak of the unspeakable." And still everything unspeakable and unconvincing in common conversation, becomes clear and convincing under the benevolent touch of the master. Every art creation is as a dynamo, charged with infinite uplifting energy, a real generator of enthusiasm. Certainly this is comparative. Some of the creations are charged with this primary energy for one hour, and some for eternity—this is relativity. But the most uplifting moment is when the Teacher and the disciples sometimes even in a half-silent way are touching this fountain of the Beautiful. Everyone knows how often, without a word, one rhythmic gesture covers the abyss of misunderstanding. And is it not the misunderstanding that we have to conquer ? Verily, where can there be evil, especially in the vast field of Beauty ? Certainly there can be ignorance and ugliness born of ignorance ; there can be the offspring of ignorance, misunderstanding. In our day, of so much confusion and corruption, when the spirit is bound

with heavy chains of conventionality, how we need to watch each beginning of misunderstanding, and how we must extinguish these ugly parasites which grow so rapidly and pervert the most beautiful garden into a jungle of refuse.

And who can heal this disease of ugliness? Only the Teacher. In what aspect can he act? As a *Guru*. Is it so difficult and so inapplicable for our days?

I am happy to speak to Teachers. All of you know better than any one else the inner meaning of the sacred conception of *Guru* and teacher. If we all know it, one may ask then, why speak of it? But we also know the strength of prayer; we know the meaning of incantation, we know the charms of chants; then, let us know what is the meaning of *Guru*, what is the meaning of a teacher of life and still in the best moments of our life we shall repeat this high conception. Because in repeating it, we are cementing the space with the best stones of the future.

Evolution, young generation, future heroes of a country, future martyrs of wisdom and beauty, we know our responsibility before you! With every affirmation of the Beautiful and of the highest, we are creating the quality of the future life. Is it possible to create this future life and some happiness for the coming generations, without joy and enthusiasm? And from where does this flame of enthusiasm, of incessant creative ecstasy come? Certainly it comes from the flowers of the field of beauty. If we shall take from life all expressions of beauty, we shall change the entire history of humanity.

The teachers of art—are they not the teachers of synthesis? In old teachings, art and beauty are explained as the highest conceptions. You recall the story from the *Upani, shads*, when during the search for *Brahma-Brahma* was found in the smile of beautiful Ima. Lakshmi, the Goddess of Happiness, is the most beautiful goddess. Ugliness really has nothing to do with happiness. In our service to art and beauty, is it not the most gratifying and uplifting feeling, to know that we serve the real synthesis of the coming evolution? And in spreading the seeds of beauty we are creating the beautiful life. Where and how can we amalgamate all the strange formations of the conglomerate of contemporary life? Verily, verily, only the veil of beauty can cover and magically transform the grimace of misunderstanding into the enlightened bliss of real knowledge. Not only for teachers but for the pupils also life is so complicated. How to find the balance between the healthy body and the ugliness of exaggerated sports? How to compromise the highest grace of the dance with the dulness and conventionality of some of the extreme modern dances? How to pacify the noble striving for music with some of the disturbing jazz of to-day?

How to connect the highest spiritual factor with the lowest state of matter? Are these antitheses quite unapproachable, or can a true unifying basis be found, not alone in dreams and thought but here also on earth? Modern thought demands facts. The most calculating positivism wants to draw heaven to earth. Let us recall what one of the most positive contemporary philosophers, Prof. Nicholas Lossky, all in his remarkable studies, "Matter and Life," says: "After all that has been stated, it is not difficult to give a conception of the most characteristic traits of the teaching of matter in the system of organic world perception. If matter originates in the highest

existence—existence, which is also capable of creating forms of reality other than matter —then the laws of material nature are conditioned to a far greater extent than physicists admit. Naturally one doubts, that the formula of each law should permit a wide range of conditions, most of which are even still uncrystallized; thus the law is not always an exact one, in other words it is usually too broad.

"For instance, to expect that under all conditions, water will boil at one hundred degrees is to take the complexity of nature too little into account; in addition to the necessary temperature, a normal atmospheric pressure is needed, chemical purity of the water, etc. The physicist recognizes these incalculable additional conditions, but as he deals with matter alone he has become accustomed to think of all these conditions as being purely physical.

"Therefore in establishing the most common laws, such for instance as the law of the indestructibility of matter when the question concerns the general nature of matter, the physicist presumes that there is no need to include the additional details into the formula of the law. Even further to the mind of such a physicist, who tends towards materialism, any limitation of this law seems inconceivable. And truly, so long as we remain in the domain of material processes, the annihilation of matter through physical means, pressure or impetus, seems inadmissible and even inconceivable.

"But let us presume that matter is not the only form of existence in nature, and further, let us presume that matter is something evolving subject to the action of the highest principles of the elements, then the place of matter in nature becomes far less durable than the mind of a materialist considers.

"Thus it is not difficult to conceive also conditions when the annihilation of a particle of matter is also possible."

Thus we see that even in the conception of the most positive scientist is clearly expressed the relativity of matter. In this relativity is an open window for the highest conceptions. Let them approach our earth. Let them saturate the coming evolution not only as an external transfiguration but also as the evolution of the innermost being. The facts are needed but the understanding of these facts should be without hypocrisy and superstition. In the field of teaching it is a special joy to expel not only ignorance but that ugly offshoot of ignorance, superstition, and the freedom of discipline enters where ugly superstition is destroyed. The self-denying study of the facts open to us the highest degree of matter. The cosmic ray is no longer a fairy tale but has entered the laboratory of the scientist, and the scientific mind knows how many more rays and forms of energy can enter our life and can be applied for the upliftment of every hearth. The benevolent transfiguration of life is on the threshold; even more, it knocked on our portals because so many things may be disturbed at once without delay. How many social problems can be solved without hostility, but with only one condition, that they be solved in a beautiful way! Well, we can evoke the energies from the space; we can enlighten our life with powerful rays, but these rays shall be beautiful—as beautiful as is the conception of evolution.

Our responsibility before the Beautiful is great! If we feel it, we can demand the

same responsibility to this highest principle from our pupils. If we know that this is a necessity, as during an ocean storm, we can require of our companions the same attention to the keenest demand of the moment.

We are introducing, by all means, art into all manifestations of life. We are striving to show the quality of creative labour, but this quality can be recognised only when we know what is the ecstasy before the beautiful; and this ecstasy is not that of a transfixed image, but this is motion, this is all-vibrating *Nirvana*, not only the falsely-conceived *Nirvana* of immobility—but the *Nirvana* of the noblest and most intensive activity. In all ancient teachings, we have heard about the nobility of action. How can they be noble, if they are not beautiful? You are the teachers of art; you are the emissaries of beauty; you know the responsibility before the coming generation, and in this is manifested your joy and your invincible power. Your actions are the noble actions.

And to you, my young unseen friends, we are sending our call. We know how difficult it is for you to begin the struggle for light and achievement. But the obstacles are only new possibilities to create beneficent energy. Without battle, there is no victory. And how can you avoid the venomous arrows of dark enemy? By approaching your enemy so closely that we shall lack space even to send an arrow. And after all, nothing enlightened may be achieved without travail. So, blessed be labour. And blessed be you, young friends, who are walking in victory! The *Gurus* of the past and future are with you.

Gurus, to you, my invocation and my reverence!

Srinivasa Varadachari & Co., 190, Mount Road, Madras.

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Reprinted from THE YOUNG BUILDER (*Karachi*) *for June 1936*

Beautiful Unity

By *Nicholas Roerich*

Colour, sound and fragrance are corner-stones of great synthesis. From times immemorial people have felt the great inner meaning of these expressions of the human soul. Quite recently people have again begun to remember how close are colour and sound and that the three are the basic remedies against human diseases. Thus he who thinks about the conception of colour does not at all associate it with paint as such, but he has in mind one of the greatest concepts of our existence.

The colour value of a painting, indeed, does not mean mere value of paint, but of its harmonic co-relation, as the French say "valeur." What does such co-relation mean? Again we must say, that for him who is ignorant of the concepts of synthesis and symphony such co-relation will be an empty word.

Let us not dwell here on the deep significance of art for human life—this axiom should be clear to everyone. But nowadays we must especially stress the meaning of synthesis and symphony of life. Synthesis will be understood by everyone to whom is close the concept of Culture. If human thinking were to remain but on the level of elementary civilization, then it would be too early to mention sacred synthesis, but where the human spirit has travelled towards

Culture—that is to say, the Cult of Light—there one may already find co-operation and understanding on the basis of synthesis.

If civilization has not saved humanity from disunity and mutual hatred, then Culture has opened the beneficial gates of synthesis, behind which we can find a true co-operation.

The artists do not rest on primitive considerations of paint, but the very understanding of sonority of colour leads them to such beautiful gardens from where may be seen superb vistas of the glorious future. When we speak of synthesis and of the symphony of life, we shall not avoid powerful and enthusiastic expressions. All these domains of synthesis and symphony are uplifting and lead to the summits. Often the human eye can hardly stand the radiance of snowy peaks and it is not for the human eye to judge the splendour of these summits. But we have not been called into this world to criticize, but to labour, to admire and to follow these leading summits in continuous creation.

Create, Create and Create! Create in daytime, create at night; for creation in thought is as essential as our physical expression. In this creativeness you shall overcome the most hideous habits of vulgarity, triviality and quarelling. People sometimes think that creators are very selfish and conceited. But these ugly properties belong to the domain of darkness. When a person "climbs" to the Light, then such an abhorrent husk drops off by itself and man becomes enlightened. His "I," is changed into the conception of "We."

On the same path towards the summits, man will understand the true meaning of *Gurudship*. From the depth of darkness one can hear at present disgusting cries: "Down with culture," "Down with heroes," "Down with teachers." It is a shame on humanity, but such outcries of crass ignorance one witnesses even nowadays. But he who thinks of such a refined conception as colour and sound, culture and harmony, he will understand the infinite Hierarchy of Beauty and Knowledge and having ascended the majestic stairs of achievement, he will lead also the pilgrims of life following behind.

It is splendid that you all are young. Some in age, and some in spirit. Around creativeness there must be this perpetual feeling of youth, which gives incessant striving towards heroism. Countries measure their glory not by captains of industry, but by artists and scientists. Such a requirement of history places upon us the duty of incessant perfectioning. He who never ceases in this ascension, never becomes old.

I send you my heartiest greetings on this path towards the radiant summits and I trust that you, forgetting all petty divisions and small human moods, will progress in continuous creation, cherishing the glorious traditions of your great Motherland, India!

Nolini Kanta Gupta writes in the *Triveni*, in the course of his article on the "Beautiful in the *Upanishads*:"

"Art at its highest tends to become also the simplest and the most unconventional; and it is then the highest art, precisely because it does not aim at being artistic. The æsthetic motive is totally absent in the *Upanishads*; the sense of beauty is there, but it is attendant upon and involved in a deeper strand of consciousness."

Verily Art at its highest does not tolerate any conventionality, nor violence. In the very foundations of Be-ness lives the concept of Beauty, in all its convincingness.

We, as builders, do not deny, nor reject.

"In Beauty we are united!

Through Beauty we pray!

With Beauty we conquer!"

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REGD. NO. M. 272.

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW

A MONTHLY RECORD FOR INDIA

VOL. XLII | JUNE 1936. | No. 6

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Annual Subscription inclusive of Postage, Rs. 5. Half-yearly Subscription, Rs. 3.

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Foreign Subscription inclusive of Postage, Rs. 6-8-0.

The Educational Review

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VOL. XLII.] JUNE 1936. [No. 6.

LAUDABLE ENEMIES.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH,
Naggar.

IN the American monthly, *Inspiration*, there has appeared an article under the thought-provoking title "I was kicked upstairs by my enemies." The author tells us how his actual success in life was due to his feud. The story begins:

"Have you ever noticed how opposition sometimes is the making of a man? How enemies sometimes succeed only in 'boosting' the man they try to 'break'? As president of a successful company in the office equipment field, I am what I am largely because some business enemies of mine hatched a plot to throw me out of their way and start me 'on the toboggan.' It is all very pleasant now to contemplate serenely the course of events, from my vantage point in the president's office; but it was a far cry from pleasure during the miserable years I spent when I was their near-victim. I was a half-demented man for a few months, while I thrashed around as helplessly as a trout caught squarely on the hook of a beautifully coloured fly. Yes, beautifully coloured fly is a good parallel. My enemies did a very good job of it. They won their game with me in every way for several years—but, as I say, I can now sit here serenely and ask: 'where are they?' They got what they wanted and found it different from what they expected; whereas I got what I didn't want, and have made a lot out of it—more than I had ever hoped for."

And the author concludes his instructive narrative: "I regard these 'enemies' simply as chess-men in the game of life, who, by attempting to checkmate me, were themselves relegated to the rear. I sharpened my wits on them and used their villainy to step forward. I am firmly convinced that opposition and impending disaster frequently draw qualities out of a man he did not know he possessed; and sometimes as I look at my 16-year-old son and feel inclined to shelter him from troubles and from enemies, I wonder whether this is not a complete mistake. Throughout nature one sees how opposition develops qualities and I doubt whether man is an exception. I can say with a significant meaning: 'Thank God for my enemies'; they most magnanimously kicked me so far upstairs that I now stand far above them."

How many such significant cases take place continuously! One can always say to the

enemies: You will impede and we shall build. You will delay the structure and we shall temper our skill. You will aim all your arrows and we shall uplift our shields. While you will compose subtle strategies, we shall already occupy a new site. And where we shall have but one way, you will have in persecution to try hundreds. Your trenches will but point out to us the mountain path. And when we direct our movements, you will have to compile a voluminous book of denials. But we shall be unimpeded by these compilations.

Truly, it is not pleasant for you to enumerate all that is done against your regulations. Your fingers will become numb, as you count upon them all cases of forbiddances and denials. Yet at the end of all actions, the strength will remain with us. Because we dispelled fear and acquired patience, and we can no longer be disappointed. And we will smile at each of your grimaces, your schemes and your silences. And this, not because we are specially anointed, but because we do not love the dictionaries of negation. And we enter each battle only on a constructive plan.

For the hundredth time we smilingly say: "Thanks to you, enemies and persecutors. You have taught us resourcefulness and indefatigability. Thanks to you, we have found glorious mountains with inexhaustible beds of ore. Thanks to your fury, the hoofs of our horses are shod with pure silver, beyond the means of our persecutors. Thanks to you, our tents glow with a blue light.

You yearn to learn who we are in reality; where are our dwellings; who are our fellow-voyagers. Because you have invented so many slanders about us, that you yourselves are hopelessly entangled. Where is the limit?

At the same time several keen people insist that it is not only useful but highly profitable for you to go our way, and that no one who has walked with us has lost anything, but has rather received new possibilities.

Would you know where is our dwelling place? We have many homes in many lands, and vigilant friends guard our dwellings. We will not divulge their names, nor shall we probe into the habitation of your friends. Nor shall we seek to convert them. Many are travelling with us and in all corners of the world, upon the heights flame friendly beacon fires. Around them the benevolent traveller will always find a place. And verily, travellers hasten to them. For besides the printed word and the post, communications are despatched by invisible forces, and with one sigh, joy, sorrow and help are transported through the world fleeter than the wind. And like a fiery wall, stand the battlements of friends.

This is such a significant time. You need not hope to attract to your cause many youths, for they also are the designated ones. In the most varied countries they also are thinking of one thing—and they easily find the key to the mystery. This mystery leads youth to the glorious beacon fire, and our youth now is aware that the cruel every-day can be transformed into a festival of labour, love and achievement. They have the valiant consciousness that something glorious and radiant is ordained for them. And from that mighty fire, none can repulse them.

We have known those who after their hours of labour, come silently, asking us how to live. And their hands, reddened from toil, nervously twitch over the whole list of necessary, unuttered problems. To these hands one does not give a stone instead of the bread of knowledge.

We remember how in twilight they came, beseeching us not to depart. One could not tell these young friends that it was not away from them that we are departing, but for their sake we were going, in order to bring to them the treasure casket.

And now you denying ones, you again ask how we can understand each other without disputes. Thus a friend contributes that which is most needed; a friend does not waste time. Thus is the quarrel being transformed into a discussion. And the most primitive sense of rhythm and measure is being transformed into the discipline of freedom. And the comprehension of unity, which doubts not, but searches for illumination, transforms all life. And then, there is still some word which you can find only yourself, consciously unwavering and righteously striving.

Often you are angry and lose your temper, but you should be just the opposite. You slander and condemn and through this you fill the air with boomerangs which afterwards snap your own forehead. "Poor Makar" complains at the cones which painfully strike him, but he has strewn them himself.

You do not object to becoming important and to surrounding yourself with presumption, forgetting that self-importance is the surest sign of vulgarity. Now you speak of science and yet new experiments appear suspicious to you.

Now you laugh about seclusion and you yourself do not realize the most practical usages of the laboratory of life. You yourself are seeking to escape as soon as possible from an over-smoky room.

You often hide yourself and express doubt, while doubt is the most insidious poison invented by vicious beings. Now you doubt and betray and do not wish to learn that both of these negations are the product of ignorance which is in no wise akin to children—on the contrary, it grows with years into a very ugly garden.

Now you are shocked if you are accused of prejudices, while your entire life is crowded with them. And you will not concede one of your customary habits, which are obscuring the most simple, practical understanding. You fear so much to become ridiculous, that you provoke smiles. And you are shocked at the call: Be new! be new! Not as on a stage, but in your own life.

You value property as highly as if you were preparing to take it with you to the grave. You do not like to hear the talk of death because it still exists for you, and you have given to cemetries a great portion of the world. And you carefully outline your ritual of funeral processions as though this procedure was worthy of the greatest attention. And you eschew the word attainment because for you it is linked with conventionalities. According to your ideas, it is a strange and improper matter to be occupied in life with these ideals of attainment in service for humanity.

Nor let us even mention your deep reverence for financial matters. It is not only a necessity with you, but a cult is contained for you in the sham formulae of the contemporary world. You dream to gild your rusty shield. But while you will evoke the destruction, we will turn toward creative Lakshmi.

Just now evil is active and the Star of the Mother of the world surrounds the earth with its rays of future creations.

You accuse us of nebulous inconsistencies, but we are occupied with the most practical experiments. And how silently are our friends working, searching for the means of new experiments for good!

In irritation you named our discoveries "panther's leaps." You were ever ready to judge us utterly without knowledge of what we are doing. Although you pretend to condemn those who speak of that which they do not know, yet you yourself are acting so. Where is that justice for which you have sewn such clumsy theatrical togs for yourself? When, to your joy, you believe that we have disappeared, we will be again approaching by a new path. However, let us not quarrel; we must even praise you. Your activity is useful to us, and all your most cunning schemes give us the possibility of continuing the most instructive of chess-games.

And if a constructive goodwill shall be promoted even by you, laudable enemies, let this be so, if only the blessed construction benefits thereby.

Light conquers darkness!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ASSIGNMENT.

BY MR. S. VISWANATHA IYER, B.A., B.T.,
Madras.

IN newspaper offices the term "assignment" is used to denote the managing editor's allotment of a particular task of reporting to a particular member of the staff. The instructions are usually written in a book called the 'assignment book.' This word assignment is used in a broader sense for class-room purposes. Its chief object is to induce in the student a state of mind favourable to composition. Employed in this sense, the term includes the announcement of the subject, stimulation of interest in the subject, arousal of a desire to write upon it, suggestion of a method of procedure in writing and precautions against wasted effort. It is proposed to consider each point in detail here.

The first topic suggests the interesting question whether it is better for the student to select his own subject or for the teacher to select a subject for him. Advantages may be urged on both sides. On the one hand, it may be said, first, that to choose a proper subject for an essay is a valuable mental exercise. It not only trains the student's judgment; it increases his knowledge by compelling him to search his mental stores and take stock of his available resources. Secondly, the exercise is of practical value to the student because it is a task which he will be compelled to perform often in later years. In the school of life, there will be no teacher at his side to choose his subject for him. On the other hand, it is clear, that much of the mental effort expended in choosing is of no practical value, because it is misdirected and desultory. The student in search of a subject ought to use his judgment theoretically, but practically he does no such thing. Instead of ransacking his mental stores and making comparisons of competing subjects, he casts his eye

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COMBATING IGNORANCE

By

NICHOLAS ROERICH

A Reprint from the Twentieth Century
July 1936, *Vol. II, No.* 22

COMBATING IGNORANCE
(Diary Leaves)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

[The following ardent appeal for education and enlightenment is powerfully sounded by Nicholas Roerich—the world Leader of Culture.]

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

Already five centuries before our era there came from the East the blessed words: "Ignorance is the worst crime".

Later on also the great hermits of the first centuries of Christianity ordained that "ignorance is hell". Truly all fratricidal crimes have their origin in this dark abyss. The same evil source pollutes the world with lies and darkness, which create the most ugly, the most cruel and abhorrent evil-doings.

To swallow food does not yet mean to live. In the same way to be literate does not mean to be educated. Literacy is a natural food, but we see that as food it may be either useful or harmful, because it can serve both good and bad. Education and culture are synonymous. In both is contained readiness for infinite cognizance. In the furnace of such a constant rejuvenation of consciousness the very essence of man is being purified. Through honest and unlimited labour of knowledge, people are ennobled and begin to understand the concept of service to humanity. The true scholar has an open eye and is moved by freedom of thought. But as everything in life, the eye and thought also must be educated. From the first steps of education an enlightened admission and broadening of the horizon should be laid at the foundation of primary schools. Knowledge should be freed from conventional limitations. Knowledge is the path to joy, but joy is a special wisdom.

The scientist and the artist know the meaning of the word inspiration. They know, what is realization, which opens to them new refined forms and reveals subtle energies, previously unnoticed or perhaps forgotten. From antiquity there came the realization that thought is an energy, that thought is lightbearing. For ages certain people knew that thought can be transmitted. But even such an old axiom has only lately entered the scientific minds before the very eyes of our present generation. We all were witness, how quite recently the ignoramuses scoffed at so-called magnetism

and hypnotism. It went so far, that the same force, under various names was accepted differently. Mesmerism was ridiculed and condemned, but the same force under the name hypnotism received a certain right for existence. There are peculiar reasons why some pills have to be gilded and medicine phials have to be adorned with special attractive labels. And one can understand why some chemicals, which are now fully recognized, had to be veiled by the alchemists under the names of eagle phoenix and many other symbols.

We all remember how at the foundation by Prof. Bekhtereff of the Neurological Institute, every sceptic ridiculed his experiments of thought transmission. The fact that the name of Bekhtereff was widely revered and renowned did not save him from derision and not even from most formidable suspicions. Ignoramuses organized a whispering campaign stating that a whole institution could not be devoted to the research of the nervous system and thought alone. They whispered of some political intrigues, about some love affairs and even that Bekhtereff had become insane. Such were the colossal allegations invented by ignorance. I remember how during this whispering campaign we painfully remembered the book by Gaston Tissandie "Martyrs of Science". Verily, where are the limits, when during our present generation a certain Academy called the great Edison a charlatan for his invention of the phonograph and certain Universities did not admit women to higher education. I repeat that this happened not during the mediæval ages, but before our very eyes; and that such shameful actions were committed not by illiterate savages, but by people bearing the conventional official label of a scientist. Let us not enumerate the endless row of true martyrs of Science in all countries, but since we quoted the persecution of education for women, let us also recall the case of the mathematician genius, Sophie Kova-

levska, who was not admitted to any university and yet received world recognition for her work on higher mathematics. And there are not a few excellent scholars and physicians, who being prosecuted by their fellow-colleagues, were compelled to leave their own country.

The world is proud of the name of the great physiologist Pavlov; everywhere are being affirmed and admired his formulae of reflexes and other ingenious solutions of biological problems. But even this glorious international achievement crowned by the Nobel prize, calls forth in certain circles a contemptuous shrugging of the shoulders. Amidst the latter one will also discover ignorance. Verily no uniforms and robes, no dead scholastic labels can cover human hatred, envy and bigotry. It is far easier to combat illiteracy than to annihilate the sinister hydra of hatred, with all its many heads of jealousy, doubt, slander and all hidden campaigns, which the forces of darkness so cunningly manipulate. The forces of darkness, the forces of ignorance—these shameful synonyms—are closely united. Of all feelings, love and hatred are the most powerful and unifying.

Of course, in spite of all ferocious attempts of ignorance, enlightened knowledge progresses in the whole world. Let us remember the recent achievements which made the world rejoice. Let us remember the remarkable discovery of the great biologist Sir Jagadis Bose concerning the life of plants. Professor A. H. Compton states that human thought is the most important factor of the world. Prof. S. Metalnikoff of the Pasteur Institute makes most important research in the field of immunity and immortality of protozoae. Dr. Kotick investigates the transfer of sensitiveness. Dr. Walter Stempell of the Muenster University proves the existence of invisible radiation of all living organisms. Dr. Paul Dobler of the

Heilbronn University affirms the existence of earthly radiation and its relation to the divining rod, which has upto recently been ridiculed. Prof. Harry M. Johnson of Virginia University arrives at interesting conclusions regarding insanity. Dr. Otrian, in charge of a meteorological station in Germany investigates extraordinary cosmic influences. L'Abbe More, the French astronomer, makes most interesting conclusions about sun spots. The American Biologist, Bernard Proctor investigates special life conditions on heights. The French scientist, Dr. Levy Valency warns of possible epidemics of insanity. Dr. Riese experiments with the effect of rhythm. Dr. Bernard Reid, a British scientist, draws a parallel between ancient medicine and modern vitamine research. A Hungarian scientist discovers rays for invisibility. Everyone knows of the experiments of Professors Richet and Gilley and the research of Sir Oliver Lodge. Prof. V. van Haas of the Leiden University proves the impossibility of an absolute zero. Dr. Kennon of Harvard speaks of the element of luck in scientific research. The chemist Mingley gives a bold prognosis of future discoveries. Prof. J. B. Rhine of Harvard and Prof. William McDougall reach astonishing results at Duke University in the field of extra-sensory perception and thought-transference. How many wonderful achievements! In every country there are enlightened scholars, who untiringly and fearlessly pioneer in the field of science. And still such great men remain solitary and are subject, everyone in his field, to undeserved obstacles.

One can quote pages of research conducted lately which widens the frame of conventional thinking. Nature itself comes to aid every thinker. Sun spots with all deductions around them, of which the greatest authorities like Sir James Jeans of Cambridge and Dr. C. G. Abbott of the Smithsonian Institute, remind us that the time is not far, when ridiculed

Astrology will turn out to be nothing less than a formula of Astrochemistry and thus yet another branch of science will no longer be denied. People will understand that they are surrounded in life by powerful chemism and that they themselves represent the most refined and mighty chemical laboratory.

Everyone has read of the recently conducted experiments with the chemism of human secretions and radiation from the finger tips; some of these radiations are so powerful that they can kill harmful bacteria. Let us also remember the experiments of Prof. Yurevitch which prove that the energy radiated by man is a conductor and a connection which enables the combination of certain elements. And did not the famous experiments of Keally, which were so unjustly persecuted, prove the same. Thus the investigation of human radiation and psychic energy imperatively calls humanity towards an amazing transfiguration of life.

Ignoramuses like to scoff at the yogi of India. For them the walking on fire, sitting on water, the consumption of terrible poisons without effect, the stopping or accelaration of the pulse at will, the burial alive and return to life after several weeks—are but skilful tricks and charlatanism. But in the last number of the "Modern Review" there is an article, supported by photographs, on fire-walking in Mysore. The journal quotes this in connection with the demonstration in London of the Kashmiri Khuda Bux, widely announced through the press of the whole world. The sitting on the water of the Ganges was regarded as charlatanism and even people, who had witnessed it, whispered carefully: "who knows, perhaps they were supported under the water". But quite recently the British press reported the case of a woman, who lost her weight to such an extent, that this manifestation on the

water was quite easy for her. The whole world was amazed to read about the striking phenomena of Theresa Neuman of Bavaria and now the newspapers were filled with astounding accounts of Shanti Devi in Delhi, a girl of nine. This unforgettable case was verified by many reliable people.

From Latvia there comes news of the extra-ordinary ability of a girl of eight to read thoughts. There has also been registered a case of the reception of radio-waves by a person without a receiver and the astonishing faculty of two Italian boys to see through walls and other opaque objects. No doubt, during the time of the Inquisition all these unfortunate persons, owing to their abilities, would have been burnt at the stake. But even nowadays the man who could catch radio-waves mentally, had to go through a lunatic asylum! Let us also not forget the remarkable prevision and clairaudience of St. Joan of Arc who saved France, but who for her abilities, was burnt on the pyre by the contemporary evil ignoramuses.

But not only the persons themselves who owned these extraordinary faculties, but also those who conducted research in these fields, have been subjected on the part of ignoramuses up to now to endless persecution. Let us also remember the unjust scoffing to which the Society of Psychic Research was so often subjected, whereas the aims of the Society deserve full support. Every nucleus of a new unprejudiced scientific conquest is attacked. This creates an ugly sight. On one part there are being opened new educational institutions, which by their very appearance seem to invite new research; yet on the other part every unusual manifestation, which did not enter into the elementary textbooks, is not only ridiculed but also prosecuted. It means that the hydra of ignorance dwells not only in illiteracy but also in fossilized perception and in human hatred.

Every denial of Truth is ignorance and is harmful not only to the negator himself, but to space as a whole. Opposition to Truth poisons space. But there exists a still more abhorrent action, when people, who have also cognized Truth, later turn away from it. Such a shameful retreat into darkness is insane. One can find in the history of humanity that sometimes particles of Truth were realized, but afterwards because of crass ignorance, certain pseudo-teachers tried again to conceal from people these immutable facts. And actions resulted which in the future will be regarded as the most shameful pages of history. And without any proof of their inaccuracy, it was ordered to deny the obvious facts. As if a disbelief in the existence of the sun was commanded, because somebody due to weak eyesight could not look at the sun. Thus owing to ignorance and egotism, someone forbade others to cognize reality. Let people remember how many apostates reveal themselves at various epochs. Perhaps such remembrances will lead humanity to honesty and justice.

Thus everyone, for whom Education and Culture are not empty words, should in his field, as far as he can, fight ignorance. Let no one say that he has no possibility to do so—this would be untrue. Helas, open and hidden ignorance in all its cunningness, exists everywhere. In every household a clear mind can discern where dust and rubbish have to be removed. And to-day when in the world there thunder guns and poisonous gases compete with each other, now the combatting of ignorance is imperative. A defence of the best, most beautiful and most enlightened will be needed.

If anyone will not succeed in his noble efforts, still it will be a heroic attempt and not an abstract intention. Besides in every effort there is already a vital element of action. Therefore every effort is already beneficial. No doubt some servitors of ignorance will whisper, that precisely now words about culture and enlightenment are out of place. This is their typical trick, in order to find at every moment of life a reason, why exactly at that hour a striving to culture and

education are untimely. By this their formula the henchmen of ignorance betray themselves. Mime always reveals himself. But Good, Culture and Education are needed at every hour.

There can be no such a state of consciousness in which it is untimely to be humane. And only human hatred could whisper denying this Truth; hatred—this horrible monster, in the darkness of its cave, always dreams of transforming mankind into beasts, which should devour each other.

Verily, from small to great, everyone can and it is the duty if everyone to bring his mite to the cause of combatting ignorance. Uniting in groups and by himself everyone can somewhere stop the evil doings of the monster of ignorance. Every labour already contains the striving to perfection and enlightenment. Only ignorance can belittle labour as such and can shamelessly scoff at the quest of science. In just indignation against every grimace of ignorance, the worker for Culture will find a vital thought and thundering word and will record by beautiful deeds the victorious path of enlightenment.

Glory to the Knights of Culture! Glory to the heroes of labour! Glory to the Courageous!

ALLAHABAD LAW JOURNAL PRESS
ALLAHABAD

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Reprinted from THE THEOSOPHIST *for August 1936.*

PANACEA

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

From his studio in the Himalayas, in the beautiful Kulu Valley, Nicholas Roerich is broadcasting messages of beauty, culture and goodwill. Inspired by the snow-white heights above him, he sends his benedictions over the world below: "When the household is vast it is best seen from the mountain top." Heart of the Roerich Museum, New York, founder of the Roerich Banner of Peace, painter of three thousand canvases in the world's galleries, dedicated to the cause of universal welfare, this master artist re-enters the Theosophical arena, affirming that Beauty is the Way to the peaks of the spiritual life and the universal and true solvent whereby racial and national animosities may be dissolved.

"THE artist is the priest of theb eautiful. It is he who rescues the truth from its ugly defilement and gives us to drink of the perennial fount of joy amidst the fret and stress of life.

"The beautiful is scattered through the universe like the auriferous sands."

So speaks the eminent artist, Bhabes Chandra Chaudhuri, in his article "The Artist and the Beauty in Art" in a recent issue of the *Twentieth Century*.

It is a joy to read such an appreciative article in which the artist himself affirms the significance of Beauty. There was a time when it was considered for some reason that an artist should not be a writer. Sometimes such artificial preconceptions went so far that a talented composer, according to the judgment of his impresario, should not be permitted to appear in public as a conductor, as it was stated that public opinion would thereby be confused. One can imagine how Leonardo da Vinci, Vasari or Cellini would laugh at such an absurd way of obstructing creative thought.

It would seem that in the history of art there are many convincing examples of how people who devoted themselves to Beauty expressed it in a multitude of ways, choosing that which at the moment appeared to them the best. How beautifully they combined painting with architecture, or with sculpture, not to speak of mosaic and the various graphic arts.

As priests they served Beauty, finding the most persuasive expressions for their beneficent influence on the broad masses and in refining the consciousness of the people.

Renaissance in India

In India today we notice a renaissance of art. There appear

glorious hosts of artists, State Galleries are being opened, and frescoes again adorn public buildings. The best artists are heading Art Schools and the artificial barriers between so-called "great art" and "applied crafts" are broken down. Verily Beauty is great in all its multifacedness. It is a pleasure to find in many monthly journals and magazines a page on art and many reproductions of art both modern and ancient.

Someone may smile and think: "This sounds very encouraging, but what of the difficult life artists lead?" Of course their lives are not easy, nor is any heroic achievement. No one will think that the lives of Rembrandt or Rubens were easy. It is only in recent times that their names have become great collective concepts above any doubts. But we know that beautiful masterpieces of Rembrandt, which he was commissioned to paint, were rejected by the local authorities and municipalities. We also know that Leonardo in Florence and Michel Angelo in Rome experienced great hardships. Time adorns all sufferings with epic beatitude and calm. Yet how many tragedies remain hidden behind the gorgeous brocaded curtains of Time!

We all know of the martyrdom of scientists like Copernicus, Galileo, Paracelsus, Lavoisier and innumerable other sufferers for Truth. There exist entire books dedicated to these martyrs of Science. And next to them there should also exist volumes entitled "Martyrs of Art and Culture." However, once we know that artists are priests of the Beautiful, we also know that all other attributes of attainment are inevitable.

Vandalism and Beauty

Much has been written of vandalism. We introduced the Banner of Peace as a Red Cross of Culture, to protect real treasures of humanity. And now let me mention another hidden but cruel vandalism, which quietly exists in the life of many nations.

When studying old Masters, we often come across the fact that many very good paintings were for some reason overpainted by inferior artists with entirely different subjects. It is obvious that the old painting has become old-fashioned, and the artist simply used the wood as material for his modern and more fashionable expression. One should not think that only paintings of secondary importance were subjected to such barbaric manipulations. On the contrary, amongst the recorded cases we find some very important ones which today occupy a place of honour in the history of art.

I remember how once in Italy whilst studying a beautiful painting, "Virgo Inter Virgines," we were surprised at its exceptionally good condition. When expressing our amazement at this, we received the following unusual but characteristic explanation: "Apparently in the beginning of the XVIIth Century this beautiful painting was already considered old-fashioned and therefore despite the religious subject it was covered by another religious subject, 'Ecce Homo,' and had remained all the time in a certain monastery. This second painting was by far

inferior to the original masterpiece. It was noticed comparatively recently that through the second painting there became vaguely discernible the outlines of a different composition and the person who had purchased this inexpensive painting from the monastery decided to remove the upper layer, thus revealing a beautiful masterpiece." Now this painting adorns the Art Institute in Chicago.

I have also personally seen an old replica of the well known painting by Correggio which is in the National Gallery in London, and on this replica I could clearly see the outlines of an ancient portrait, and indeed the panel on which it was painted proved to be far older than the replica. Once we had occasion to witness how from beneath paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there appeared in good condition beautiful originals by Lambert Lombard, Rogier van der Veiden, Adrien Bloemart and similar renowned artists. And now in the last April issue of the *Bulletin* of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston we find a most instructive story about the portrait of Sir William Butts, by Hans Holbein the younger. Let us quote a few lines from this article:

Restoring a Holbein

"On November 17, 1935, the Museum purchased the striking portrait by Hans Holbein the Younger . . . Connoisseurs, seeing the portrait, refused to believe that Holbein could have done it, and with good reason. As it appeared for about three and a half centuries it was certainly not Holbein. In very recent times, however, a young friend of the Butts family, which had retained possession of the painting from the time it was done until it passed to the Museum, a painter by the name of H. M. Jonas, remarked that the hands seemed painted in a manner somewhat different from the rest of the portrait and suggested an earlier style. He was permitted to have an X-ray made and the result was the discovery of a portrait underneath. The X-ray showed a different outline to the cap, a full beard, a different chain and a suit puffed with white silk. It also revealed the existence of an inscription on the background. Next came the difficulty of restoration. The first restoration was undertaken by Mr. Nico Jungman. It was an extremely difficult task, since the overpainting was of very nearly the same period as the painting underneath. It is obvious that the sitter caused his portrait to be repainted later in life. When this was done we cannot be sure, though probably in 1563 when Queen Elizabeth came to Thornage and was elaborately fêted. It is likely that then Sir William, an older man, holding high offices, demanded that he be shown with different garments and ornaments added, and therefore had himself repainted, presented in regalia and brought up-to-date, but unfortunately by a very inferior artist."

This interesting story has two corollaries. First, we must pay tribute to the administration of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and to the restorer, who have completed this most difficult restoration

so successfully, and thus have revealed to the world the original masterpiece of a great artist without any later inferior additions and overpainting. Secondly, this instructive historical episode shows to us once more that vandalism is committed not only by the hands of an infuriated mob but also tacitly in highly distinguished dwellings for the sake of vanity and prejudice.

A Beautiful Necessity

Beauty cannot be guarded by orders and laws alone. Only when human consciousness realizes the inestimable value of beauty, creating, ennobling and refining, only then will the real treasures of humanity be safe. And one should not think that vandalisms, obvious or tacit, belong but to the past ages, to some fabulous invaders and conquerors. We see vandalism of many kinds taking place even today. Therefore the endeavour to protect and save beauty is not an abstract nebulous move, but is imperative, real and undeferrable.

Verily education in art and beauty is a necessity. And although it is a beautiful necessity, yet it is a necessity with all its duties and obligations. We always rejoice when we see that thoughts are being transmuted into action. It is for this reason that the opening of new schools, the inauguration of an International Academy of the Arts, are always ot be greatly welcomed.

The Value of Active Beauty

Sixteen years ago we wrote upon the shields of the Master Institute of United Arts and of the International Art Centre in New York the following mottoes :

Art will unify all humanity. Art is one—indivisible. Art has its many branches, yet all are one. Art is the manifestation of the coming synthesis. Art is for all. Everyone will enjoy true art. The gates of the "sacred source" must be wide open for everybody, and the light of art will influence numerous hearts with a new love. At first this feeling will be unconscious, but afterwards it will purify human consciousness. How many young hearts are searching for something real and beautiful! So, give it to them. Bring art to the people—where it belongs. We should have not only museums, theatres, universities, public libraries, railway stations and hospitals, but even prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons.

Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that no occurrences are accidental. The time for the construction of future culture is at hand. Before our eyes the revaluation of values is being witnessed. Amidst ruins of valueless banknotes, mankind has found the real value of the world's significance. The values of great art are victoriously traversing all storms of earthly commotions. Even the "earthly" people already understand the vital importance of active beauty. And when we proclaim : love, beauty and action, we know verily that we pronounce the formula of the international language. And this formula, which now belongs to the museum and stage must enter every day life. 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 we 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.

Sixteen years have elapsed and we see that all the requirements of Beauty have become still more urgent. Everything that has been done in this direction still remains as isolated islands. Beauty does not tolerate conventional limitations and boundaries. The treasures of Beauty belong to the world. Hence the care for art and knowledge is also a universal duty on a planetarian scale.

Culture's Cornerstones

Culture—the veneration of Light—rests on the cornerstones of Beauty and Knowledge. And if there was a beautiful necessity to inaugurate the Red Cross of Culture and a universal Banner reminding men of the treasures of Culture—it means that this beautiful necessity also was undeferrable. Culture, Beauty and Science are violated not only in times of war, but also in time of so-called peace. This truth again refers to the whole world.

If anyone should possess a receptacle containing a wonderful panacea, how carefully would he guard such a treasure. But Beauty is that same miracle-working panacea and as such requires a vigilant devotion.

Now cures are effected in hospitals by sound and colour—thus Beauty, the perfect panacea, enters in a new garment. People worry greatly about their health. May this consideration at least teach them to venerate and guard the panacea of Beauty. Half a century ago our great Dostoyevsky proclaimed: " Beauty will save the world."

Amidst the touching definitions of art I recollect two legends, one from Chinese Turkestan, the other from Tibet:

An artist wanted some money for his painting, and when he came to the moneylender, the man was absent and only a boy was there. This boy gave the artist a very large sum for the painting. When the moneylender came back, he said: " For these fruits and vegetables you gave such a great sum ! " and he discharged the boy. Time passed and the artist returned and asked for the painting. When he saw it he was horrified, saying: " That is not my painting. Where are the butterflies ? Go find the boy that he may help us find my painting. This painting you show me has only cabbages." The boy came and said: " Now it is winter, and the butterflies come only in the summertime. Put the painting near the fire, and we shall see the butterflies return." And so it was; the paint was put on the canvas so skilfully that during the cold weather the colours receded, but in the warmth they returned. Thus beautifully do the people of Kuchar speak about the perfection of art.

And the other from Tibet: Why do the giant trumpets in the Buddhist temples have so resonant a tone ? The ruler of Tibet decided

to summon from India, from the place where dwelt the Blessed One, a great Teacher, in order to purify the fundamentals of the teaching. How to meet the high guest? Gold and precious gems would not be adequate to meet a spiritual Teacher. Then the High Lama of Tibet, having had a vision, gave the design for a new giant trumpet so that the guest should be received with unprecedented majestic sound; and the meeting was a wonderful one—not by the wealth of gold but by the grandeur of the beautiful sound.

The Master could be greeted only with something beautiful. The sense of the Beautiful must be that life-giving seed—that real panacea, which makes the deserts, both physical and spiritual, flourish.

And wherefrom else can come a sense of Goodwill and Unity if not through the blessed realization of the Beautiful!

(Next Month: Professor Roerich on "Unknown Artists.")

THE ROERICH FAMILY AT WORK

In 1928 Prof. and Mme. de Roerich founded the Urusvati Himalayan Research Institute, at Naggar, a haven of beauty in the Kulu Valley of the Punjab, and here with their two gifted sons, they live and work, amidst luxuriant vegetation and sylvan surroundings, investigating problems of anthropology, biochemistry, pharmacology, and Himalayan botany. The Institute was the immediate outcome of the Roerich Central Asia Expedition. Dr. Georges de Roerich, director of the Institute, is an outstanding authority on Tibetan languages, and Svetoslav de Roerich is a talented artist.

The Urusvati centre of culture has several active departments. A biochemical laboratory is under construction, with equipment to investigate into the pharmacognostical properties of high altitude plants in their living state. Mr. Svetoslav Roerich has made an extensive collection of rare indigenous Himalayan drugs with a view to their possible application in western pharmacopeias. A number of experimental plantations have been started, and rare medicinal plants are being cultivated in special conditions with a view to making them more accessible.

The Philological Department has published an authoritative work by Dr. Georges de Roerich on the Tibetan dialect of Lahul, and he is preparing for publication a Tibetan-English dictionary—a monumental work. The Institute publishes a voluminous journal, which is a treasure-house of modern knowledge and ancient wisdom. There is also a Cancer Research Department.

Nicholas Roerich insists that the great tree of culture is nourished by "unlimited knowledge, enlightened labour, incessant creativeness and noble attainment." His ashram is a laboratory for the practice of those ideals, a continuous "festival of labour and constructiveness." Here he holds aloft the torch of culture—painter, writer, philosopher, educationist, explorer, archaeologist, pacifist—living his multi-coloured life against an imperishable background. In a period of history which can boast a galaxy of great men Roerich is surely one of the most colourful and attractive.

Roerich passionately loves the mountains, their beauty and grandeur. He says: "Majestic is Karakorum and the icy kingdom of Sasser. Beautiful is Kwen-Lun. Fantastic are the celestial peaks of Tian-Shan. Broad in sweep is Altai. Decorative is Nan Shang. Austere is Angar Dakchin. But all these are only the preface to the unutterable grandeur of the Himalayas.

"In the Himalayas was crystallized the great Vedanta. In the Himalayas Buddha became exalted in spirit. The very air of the Himalayas is penetrated with spiritual tension—the true Maitreya Sanga."

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ROBOTS

By Nicholas Roerich

Reprint from an article from
The New Dawn,
Krishta Kunj, Hyderabad Sind.
Printed at the National (Electric) Printing Works,
Hyderabad Sind.

ROBOTS

(Diary Leaves)

By Nicholas Roerich

> *"'Eric', the Robot, was exhibited for the first time in England at the Schoolboys' Exhibition. It can fire a machine-gun at command."*

This is the caption under a photograph of a steel monster, which recently appeared in one of the local newspapers. In the rotogravure section of the New-York Times is depicted a scientist of Massachusets making some complicated calculations and the caption says that he is inventing brains for a robot. Thus in all corners of the world humanity is not preoccupied with divices of self-perfection but is busy with perfecting monsters which should replace man in various fields. Thus the very quality of man's labour is substituted in our civilized world by conventional properties of soulless automats.

Many millions of unemployed and hungry ones are in search of labour, ready to apply their energy and skill to any work, only to be saved from want, and hunger. But they are threatened not only by living competitors, but brains are even invented for some robots. Is it possible that to all calamities and malicious confusions man's trend of thought will be directed chiefly along the lines of soulless mechanization, forgetting the true meaning of their earthly destination?

Music is canned, art is on films, lectures are on the radio, ships run without captains, bombing aeroplanes fly without a pilot, and as a climax of mechanization

and crown of annihilation of the human spirit stands the war through poisonous gases and biological extermination of all that lives. The old ordainment that all living should live, begins to appear as something out of date. Instead of mighty simphonies and inspiring operas the saxophone is howling and men move slowly in the mechanical dance macabre".

We want to think that this is an exaggeration. Perhaps the invasion of robots under various garbs and masks is not as threatening, but to this effect testify many newspapers and communications from all parts of the world. From everywhere reach us waillings not only about the unemployment but also about the deadening of the spirit. The inspiring spiritual leader T. L. Vaswani regrets in the Woman's Magzine "Mira" the rapidly growing tendency to cynicism. He pointed out that hero-worship was the basis of an individual's advance and a nation's progress. Cynicism was a form of disintegration. Our need was a new integration of thought and life. He had rightly referred to cynics as ,'crows". Hero-worship was the "spring of national life"

From a different part of the world echoes: "We want a heroism which is heroic in its own secret thoughts. We want heroes who slay dragons in private. We want royal courage which strangles an unworthy impulse as soon as it is born...It must be his nature to be heroic".

And we also hear: "Look around; There is depression. There is despair. We need reconstruction, regeneration, rejuvenation. The ancient Bible prayed: 'Tamaso ma jyotir gamaya"—through darkness lead us, unto light. Yes, the path to Light passes through the

realm of suffering and sorrow!" Verily, this path is being fulfiilled. Darkness became so dense that drowning in it, people cease to desire light. Under the eyes of hungry hecatombs of grain are being burnt. Millions of cattle are being destroyed in order to clear them out of the way for some speculation and it is argued that some people who will remain, will derive an unusual benefit from this procedure. But who will it be, who will survive and remain? And will he not then encounter some long ago wound up robot and will the latter not smash his head by his usual mechanical movement, while the last mechanical record will be finishing playing a jazz on the theme of Chopin's Funeral March?

At the same time despite all these terrible signs we cannot be pessimists. We know that the robots will manifest themselves in all their mechanical ignorance. Precisely they, as it already happened, will stop the traffic. They will not deliver an urgent message; they rusty from fog, will stear the ship towards a fatal rock. It is difficult to imagine, who will prove to be more destructive—the robots wound by a mechanical hand or that anticipated inhuman biological war, which is discussed in the newspapers.

Perhaps some people hope that nothing altogether will remain of our civilization, not to mention culture. But then the shameful pages of newspapers with their columns about poisonous gases and biological war-fare would decay in first turn. I recollect how H. G. Wells, making a speech at a dinner, said: "Do not be surprized, if this piece of glass shall some day become a rarity for somebody!" This joke expressed a genuine irony in regard to sad reality.

And still, above all robots, above all vipers of godlessness and dark ignorance beautiful hearts of co-operation are born. True, they are rare. It is also true that everyone who enters this path encounters many difficulties. Black stones are showered at him. All robots and venomous manhaters would like to see destroyed everyone who thinks of creative co-operation. There is not even a shadow of a possibility for the dark ones to convert to their faith or rather atheism, those young ones devoted to the true cognizance of the heart. Therefore darkness condemns them to annihilation and there is no such malevolent invention and slander which would lose the opportunity to destroy each ray of light.

But the ancient Rishis have foreseen precisely this hour of darkness which is the testing stone for those in quest of Light. These seekers of the good know these obstacles are not accidental and must be conquered. Amidst true seekers there are also many pseudo-seekers. There are many of those Nicodimusses of the Night, who whisper sweet words at night and are ready to betray at day time. Give them the smallest test to express their own tendencies and at once they will disappear into the abyss from where they came.

Ask whether this Nicodimus would sacrifice for the sake of the good a night's sleep and he will hasten to disappear in order not to burden himself with the slightest effort. But not for them lives man. People live for the sake of those devoted hearts, the mere mentioning of which multiplies one's strength. Those who cling to darkness will abide with it, but those in quest of Light shall reach it despite all dark obstacles.

The Book "Fiery World" ordains: "Someone supposes that he can attain cosmic consciousness, but

let him rather think of the purification of his heart. Let him not imagine himself as the conqueror of Cosmos, but let him desire to purify his consciousness from dust. One cannot penetrate beyond the boundaries of the law without the desire to approach it transfigured. Precisely the baker of spiritual and physical bread must not think only as how to satiate himself.

"A physician advises a convalescent not to think of the past sickness and persuades him to think of the future and happy circumstances. Thus not only physically but also spiritually every reminder of the past sickness is cast aside. In all cases of life it is advisable to use this plain method. Especially during fiery activities when the fire is atremor from darkness, one should not think of darkness and its reaction on fire. The manifestation of the future will kindle the heart. The most depressing can be dispelled by the future. Fools scream about a finite life but can eternal life end? So many horrors must be committed in order to infringe life! Even beasts dare not be reduced to dust of an abyss.

"Amidst psychic diseases, the most disagreeable and almost incurable are treason and sacrilege. Once a traitor always a traitor. Only the strongest fiery blow can purify such contaminated brains. If such criminal state occurs from obsession, such cause is not consoling either. Can one imagine co-operation with a traitor or one who commits sacrilege? They are like a plague in the house. They are like a decaying corpse. Thus the Fiery World has no consolation for traitors and blasphemers.

"Courage coordinates with caution, for else courage will be madness and caution will turn into cowardice.

Those who imagine the entire complexity of the fiery waves can evaluate the advice of caution. A Yogi does not forget caution, for in it will be contained the respect to the great element and reverence for the World of Fire. One can see how one has to strain caution passing amidst rows of subtlest vessels. If these products of fiery work demand such care the fiery waves themselves multiply the path of your heart's observation". Precisely through this observation of the fiery heart and vigilance one can unerringly discriminate where lies this life-creating striving and where is the mechanical seal of the robot.

My friends, many robots are at work now. There are all kinds of conventionalities, deadening forbiddances and rusty creaking of wrath and all other properties of mechanization and all kinds of technocracies—all these dark evils will be conquered by the fiery heart. When I think of you, who gather friendly in the name of true peace and cooperation my heart always fills with joy. Working all day, giving your energy sometimes to routine work, you find strength to gather in the evening with all the vitality of spirit for uplifting spiritual deeds.

Honour to those who inspire you to strive to these achievements, honour to you who find within yourselves the indefatigability and patience to transmute the routine of life into a radiant, beautiful garden.

These storms will pass away, but keep the little lamp of Ancient Idealism burning, akindling, in a little corner here, in a little corner there. Eternal is the Wisdom of the Rishis, the Light of the Vedas is Eternal.

—*Vaswani.*

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FIRES OF THE HEARTH

By Nicholas Roërich.

When Armageddon is raging, when innumerable arrows of hatred, separation, destruction and decay are piercing the space, should we not then cherish every spark of friendliness?

When in ignorance the highest concepts are being defiled, should we not then gather around the hearth of the spirit all sacred fires?

When falsehood and superstition attempt to besmirch the most pure in order to increase the abysses of chaos, should we not then seek in the best chronicles for runes of true co-operation?

In the most ancient chronicles it is stated as the highest praise to Yaroslav, Prince of Kieff; "being a master in books he read them by day and by night and wrote them too, thus sowing seeds of written wisdom in the hearts of faithful people, which we now reap, imbuing ourselves with the wisdom of books. These are like rivers, nourishing the whole universe as sources of wisdom. Deepest reverence is due to books".

In such terms the ancient chronicles expressed their highest praise.

Verily it is one thing to tolerate books and an entirely different matter to love the book in full striving and devotion to sublime enlightenment.

One recalls an incident: In the office of a certain president are two visitors. The walls of the old room are decorated with massive oak book-cases. Through the glass panels temptingly glow the backs with their rich bindings. Although the bindings are not old they are heavily gold-leaved. Apparently, here is a lover of books. How splendid that at the head of this undertaking there is a collector who has not pared money in his tempting bindings.

One of the visitors yields to the temptation of turning the leaves and holding in his hands this treasure of the spirit. The book-case is apparently unlocked and raising his hand, the book-lover attempts to take one of the volumes. But, oh horror ! the entire shelf falls on his head, revealing that these are false bindings without any sign of a book. His most sensitive wish violated, the book-lover with trembling hands, replaces upon its shelf, this unworthy imitation : " Let us get away from here soon. Can one expect anything decent from such a clown ! " The other visitor smiles : " Here one is punished for loving books. Because it is a happiness not only to read a good book, but even to hold it in one's hands."

How many false libraries are spread all over the world ! And whom do their owners presume to cheat—their own friends or themselves ? In this falsification lies hidden an unusually subtle disdain of knowledge and a refined insult towards the book as the witness of human achievement. And not only are the contents of the book being violated but in such falsifications, objective as well as in words, is being assaulted the very significance of the creation of the spirit.

"Tell me who are your enemies and I will tell you who you are", said the ancients. One may say, "Show me your bookcase and I will tell you who you are."

One of the most exhausting tasks is the search for a new apartment. But through this involuntary intrusion into numerous dwellings, you undoubtedly discover observations about the facts of life. You pass through numerous apartments of approximate wealth which are not yet filled with furniture. But where is the bookcase ? Where is the writing desk ? Why are the rooms sometimes overcrowded with such strange ugly objects, yet these two friends of existence — a writing desk and a bookcase are lacking. Is there a place to put them ? It appears upon examination that a small desk could still be placed somewhere but the walls are all so figured out, that there is no place for a bookcase.

The Landlady, noticing your disappointment, points out a small inside closet and with a smile of condescension indulging your demand says — "If you have so many books you can use this closet instead of using it for other domestic things." Thereby you see that the minute measures of the closet appear to be regal for such a luxury as books.

In this regrettably "patronizing" attitude toward the book you recall the priceless libraries which are apparently thrown out on the street-markets. And you once more sorrowfully recall all the stories of how herrings and cucumbers were wrapped in the priceless pages torn from most rare editions. Then, when you look upon the small bookcase that is being offered to you and you calculate that only with difficulty could even a hundred volumes fit there, you again hear the "worldly" sages tell you — "why, then, to keep so many books at home?"

The absence of a writing desk is explained quite definitely by the reminder that a writing desk is supposed to stand in an office. Herein is apparent a definite suggestion that outside the office, there should be no mental occupations and evening relaxations are meant for a hilarious time which should not burden the brain. And thus the so-called relaxations, which should be most priceless hours of accumulation and refinement of consciousness, are dissipated like pearls thrown in the dust of the street.

And thus the book in contemporary usage becomes an object of luxury. The "sane" mind categorizes bibliophiles as luxurious maniacs. The mediocre consciousness altogether un-learns to read, as he even good-naturedly confesses. "I cannot read long books"... "I cannot concentrate"... "I haven't got the time" ... says a man on his way to a boxing match or to throw balls into the air or simply to busy himself gossiping about his neighbor.

And there is both time and money to possess houses which are a treasury of knowledge, but the thought about

these treasures simply leaves our daily habit. By what do people live? Through many objects. But the realization of this, as well as the beauty of the book itself as a creation, passes out of the life.

So also can one observe the character and the essence of a friend, according to the condition in which they return the books loaned to them. It is true very often you meet with a most careful, a most honourable attitude towards the book, and then you understand why certain volumes remained from the seventeenth and fifteenth centuries. But to one's sorrow more often the books are returned in an irreparably harmed way, so that one's soul aches for the desecrated author. To burn a book with something, to turn down the leaves, perhaps to tear away the corner, and sometimes even to cut out the illustration which one likes is not considered a sacrilege. Every Librarian will tell you about his grievances not only regarding lost books but also about editions mutilated forever.

He who destroyed a book reveals the low condition of his consciousness. Truism though this be, let whoever reads it be afraid to soil or tear a book. This already will be of good. In the midst of universal crises, material as well as spiritual, the general attitude towards books will be one of the convincing circumstances. Yes, when we will again learn to love a book disinterestedly, as a pure creation of art and heartily to safeguard it, then also some of the most difficult of life's problems will solve themselves. Without discussions, without evil thoughts and clashes. And in our dwelling we will also find a place for bookcase and for a writing desk as well as for the sacred images which by their presence remind us about the Highest, the Beautiful, and the Infinite.

Someone may say, "I knew this long ago, this is not new to me". How good it is if he says so; may be on the strength of that, he will read one more book and his attitude towards these true friends of every home will be more soli-

citous, and in turn, he will say that which is so known to him and to others. Because it is often about that, which they do not apply, that people say—"I knew that long ago". One must say to them again, "the worse for you".

The books of recent editions have become very meagre — both in measure and in their specific contents. The author is seemingly afraid to bore, bscause the publisher dins into his ears about the peculiar demands of the reader.

And suddenly you discover that most of the books are being read by poor people and the desire of true realizations live in people who with difficulty earn for themselves the bread of tomorrow.

Looking over the almanac of World Information you will with keen interest follow the statistic of literacy as well as the number of volumes in public libraries of the world. How inconsistent with many official presentations are distributed the number of books in these National Treasuries! Let us not quote these instructive numbers because the World Almanac, a yearly book, is in reach of those who desire to get acquainted with the consistency of these acquisitions. For many people, the figures will contain great surprises.

Because that, let us not forget that literacy although undoubtedly a step to culture is of itself not yet a guarantee of the reading books or their sane cultural application. If one could take another census, namely as to how many of the literate people do not read books, the results would be very instructive. Then also, if from the number of readers would be eliminated the readers of cheap fiction, we would see that the entire number of serious books and editions is supported by a comparatively minute amount of people, out of the entire population of the world.

This condition still further demands a careful attitude not only towards serious editions but also towards those individuals who make out of them a wise and proper application.

Some touching episodes about the loving care of books are not forgotten. Unforgettable is the story of one poor writer who wanted to give his bride as a wedding present, what to him was the most valuable thing, A Monograph on the creation of an artist who most inspired him. It is also unforgettable when this touching love towards books is kindled independently in the most early youth. A small girl in a very rich home, carries with difficulty the Bible with illustrations by Doré, too heavy for the child strength. She is not permitted to take this book, but she takes advantage of the absence of her elders, not for mischief and play, but in order again to utilize this moment of freedom to commune with the great Concepts.

Dear to us are these children, the bearers of the best Concepts, who, directed by their hearts, independently seek the bookcase in their search for this unchangeable friend of true happiness.

Because Edison spontaneously sought the bookcase and from early childhood realized how he could benefit humanity. In the community instinct of newspaper work is also expressed a hearty striving towards the spreading of the useful.

Let us also remember the great mind, Ruskin, who so touchingly contributed his first efforts and inspirations towards the great Biblical Epos. Let us remember many glorious ones. Long ago the power of thought was already spoken about as well as the art of thinking. But every art must be developed and nurtured, and shall not be the hearth of this sacred art be near a bookcase?

Let us turn to the bookcase not only as to a comforter and guardian, but also as to a leader and vitalizer. Do not the consistently creative minds of great thinkers emanate from it? Or vitality? Or does not the resistance to all evil and to all the unprecedented obstacles of existence come from it? And does not creative joy come from it?

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GLORY TO WOMEN, BEARERS OF CULTURE!

By H. E. Prof. Nicholas Roerich.

[**Reprinted from the "Mira"**]

From heart to heart!

Culture is the veneration of Light. Culture is the love of humanity. Culture is fragrance, union of life and beauty. Culture is the synthesis of uplifting and refined attainments. Culture is the armour of Light. Culture is the salvation. Culture is the moving power. Culture is the Heart.

If we collect all definitions of Culture, we shall find the synthesis of active Bliss, the altar of enlightnment and constructive beauty.

Condemnation, belittlement, melancholy, disintegration and all other attributes of ignorance do not befit Culture. The great tree of the Culture is nourished by unlimited knowledge, enlightened by labour, incessant creativeness and noble attainment.

The cornertsones of great civilizations fortify the stronghold of Culture. But from the tower of Culture there radiates the jewel-adamant of the loving realizing and fearless Heart.

Love opens these beautiful Gates. As every real key, so also must this love be true, self-sacrificing, daring, fiery. There where the sources of Culture are, there the sources are fiery and they come from the very depths. Where Culture has once been born, there it cannot be killed. One may kill civilzation; but Culture, the true spiritual treasure, is immortal.

Therefore the plugh-field of Culture is joyful. Joyful even in its labours. Joyful even in the stressed battles with the very darkest ignorance.

The heart aflame is nnlimited in the great Infinity.

The Festival of Labor and Constructiveness! To invite to this Festival means but to remind of the endless labour of the joy of responsibility, as of human dignity.

The labour of the worker of Culture is like the work of a physician. The true physician knows more than one disease. And not only does the physician save from what has already occurred, but he wisely foresees for the future. The physician does not only drive out the illness, but he works on the improvement of health of the whole life. The physician descends into the darkest cellars in order to bring there light and warmth.

The physician does not forget improvement and beautification of life, in order to give joy to the understanding spirit. The physician does not only know old epidemics, but he readily acquaints himself with symptoms of new disasters, which have been called forth by the rotting of the foundation.

The physician has a sound word for the aged people, and is ready to give everyone an encouraging advice. The physician does not cease to expand his knowledge, otherwise he could not respond to the needs of actuality. The physician does not lose patience nor tolerance, because the limitaion of feeling would make the suffering ones repulsive.

The physician is not afraid of the sight of human ulcers, because he thinks but of healing. The physician collects various curative herbs and stones; he knows of the research of their benevolent application. The physician is not tired to hasten to help the suffering ones all hours of the day and night.

All these attributes are, also, inherent in the worker of Culture. He is just as ready to help for the Good at all hours of day and night. The worker of Culture always well-wishingly responds: "I am always ready!". He has his heart open to everything where experience and knowledge may be useful. Helping, he himself continually learns, because "in giving we receive". He is not afraid; for he knows that fear opens the gates of darkness.

The worker of Culture is always youthful, for his heart does not wither. He is moveable, because movement is force. He is vigilant on the watch-tower of Bliss, Knowledge and Beauty. He knows what is true co-operation.

All co-workers of Culture are united by rays of the heart. Mountains and oceans are no obstacles to these flaming hearts. They are not dreamers, but constructors and smiling ploughmen.

Sending this Greeting of Culture, one cannot send it without a smile, without the call of friendship. Thus we shall assemble and labour for Bliss, Beauty and Knowledge. And we shall do this undeferrably, not losing a day, nor hour in blissful constructiveness.

Moti El. Printing Works, Hyd. Sind.

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TESTING STRENGTH

By Nicholas Roerich

(From letters to the "World League of Culture").

Rishi Narada took upon himself the difficult mission of the great disputor, provoking an exchange of opinions, thus by counter-action evoking the power of positive efforts. Ancient history in its various aspects has repeatedly explained the significance of forces, which counter-act the forces of Good with the sole purpose of consciously evoking the tension of energy, necessary for the process of creation. The blacksmith needs an anvil to forge the sword, which serves as a weapon for achievement. The tension of the anvil which eventually results in the good forging of the sword, is as significant as the labour of giants who bear on their shoulders the burden of the whole universe. Thus macrocosm reflects in microcosm.

It would be unwise to attribute these manifestations of conscious opposition to the good, only to the realm of the evil. Evil, as such, may feel as disturbed over these manifestations as it does over those of Absolute Good. For evil understands that the basic meaning of these is Good. This underlying principle is invoked as an immediate tool for constructive work, whereas the principle of evil has as its purpose only decay, so as to multiply chaos. If Good means the loftiest Art for the sake of the Art of Creation, then conscious evil to no less degree, desires to destroy and decompose for the sake of decomposition itself, since decay is accompanied by smouldering and chaos is nourished by decay.

When we speak of enemies—and not only speak of them but also feel the pressure of their assaults—let us examine them well first and be sure that we do not mistake decomposition and decay for the anvil. There may be a certain resemblance between these two ideas in many of their manifestations, but in their inner significance, as is proven by the results, they are entirely different.

When the so-called basic principle is Good, it multiplies the sparks caused by the forging of the sword and as such, it frequently disappears without trace, merging ultimately into the constructive Good produced. But the conscious evil forces do not disappear;

they remain in themselves a constant evil-breeding force, leaving unmistakable traces of the poison of decay, ultimately resulting in chaos and inertia.

What then is it that evil wants to effect? Not a stronghold of achievement, but the effluvia of decay; it desires to transform the human spirit into a swarm of creeping worms, which in their crawling, slimy amorphity drag into the mire that, which has begun already to shape itself out of the chaos. Of course each of us is aware of the difficulties and tedious task of creating out of chaos; and in comparison how swiftly the shameful process of retrogression into the original formlessness is accomplished. Let us apply all that has been said thus far to our own circumstances. No one must imagine that I would attempt, even to the slightest extent, to compare the mission of Rishi Narada with the blackmail and trickery practised by the sowers of darkness. Let these dark ignoramusses be relegated to the function of the dummies at fairs on the market place, that challenge people to try their strength by hitting them. Let them be just only "testers of strength" and serve after their own fashion to strengthen the principle of Good.

Verily, testing stones and building materials are multiform. All sorts of pipes, shavings, slag and dross find their way into the walls of a building with the knowledge of the builder. But let us not express glee over the large number of testers of strength who present themselves. It is only the passerby at the fair who boasts that his strength forced the dummy to pull his tongue. Builders are not in the least concerned about the kind of convulsions that contort the features of these ignoramuses. Such contortions may even give them grounds for thought, making them think of matters beyond the earthly plane, which might otherwise have never occurred to them. The builders must hurry so as to complete the building before winter sets in with its rains and severe storms so as not to leave the building uncovered.

The efforts of the challengers of strength are one thing; but the negligence of leaving the gates of the stronghold unlocked at night is an entirely different matter. Let the Guiding Will send as many testers of strength as necessary, but let us not try to waste someone's energy only because of forgetfulness or lightmindedness.

There is a great and elevating responsibility in wisely utilizing the testers of strength without permitting any negligence or disrespect toward the thing which we ourselves consider within the scope of the desired Culture. Let us take, for example, the history of entire countries. What do we find? Have they sustained injury solely from external enemies or did they primarily themselves contribute to disparagement and destruction by their own inner measures. "Seek more closely"—these wise words are the utterance of sages. Why should so many hopes be set and accusations heaped upon the testers of strength; are not circumstances instrumental right in the house and at its very hearth, which create difficulties and even peril?

When the ancients decreed: "Keep your hearth in cleanliness, keep it in holiness", they certainly did not intend it to apply solely and literally to the kitchen only. Indeed, this was one of the sagacious indications of the significance of spiritual life, with its many accumulations, even hardly noticeable, but which lead to irreparable and often severe consequences.

Thus first and above all, seek closer: And if anyone, instead of making the dummy pull his tongue, smashes his fist against him without achieving the desired results, let him not blame the tester of strength, but the inaccuracy and inadequacy of his own stroke. Even at a fair, a more experienced passer-by, before preparing his blow, looks well, so as to gauge the distance and not become the laughing stock of the onlookers. When soldiers are training with a sword against clay dummies, it is noticed very often that the inexperienced recruit breaks his sword against the soft clay dummy without any effects. To this the experienced observer would remark: "Why, you idiot, you are chopping like a wood-cutter; it is not the force of the stroke that counts, but its skillful application". The novice after breaking his weapon, puzzles long on how the sharpened blade could break in striking such soft substance. But he soon learns that it is much more difficult to cut flexible rods than a solid oak branch. Hence remember examples of battle even in times of peace—for strategy is an accomplishment of life itself and not one that should come from without. And finally, again in everything—seek closer, especially

when you wish to look into the distance—into the future. For the times are difficult at present and everybody is responsible for this crisis and for the making of the future.

Good does not imply formlessness, "gelatinousness" nor day-dreaming. Good means striving, determination, constructivenss, not only mentally, but heartily in all its Infiniteness. And in this infinity many things find a new place for themselves. It is precisely the heart, with its broad understanding, that will appreciate, where is the indisputable, constructive and creative effort.

The heart is imbued with Agni! The sparks come from a blow! Blows are impellers! Let us conclude with the following passage from the "Fiery World": "The seed of the spirit is as if in need of strengthening blows. The deadly well-being and the aimless squandering of life is an action against nature. People cannot conceive the healing quality of blows that push one ahead, as if the discharges of motors. The explosions of energy move humanity. One must cognize to what an extent Agni begins to act only during manifested energy. One may observe many examples in nature but people prefer to exclude themselves from the law of unity. It is true that without an understanding of the future, the blows, the impellers are incomprehensible. They may generate complaints and despondency. Therefore it is necessary to realize the fundamentals of self-perfectioning for the great future. The striving towards the future will mean already the manifestation of Agni. Do not think that it is superfluous to reiterate about Agni and the future. The infant mnst be reconciled with its first pain. The complaints are already evidence of non-understanding of the problem of life. During the impelling blows, it is especially difficult to cognize their true meaning. But the beginning of a heroic deed is already the acknowledgment of the blows—the impellers. Let us not forget the formula of the blows—the impellers!"

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THE RADIANT CITY.

BY

H. E. NICHOLAS ROERICH.

REPRINT FROM
"CULTURE"
VOL. I. NO. I.

The Travancore Cultural Association,
TRIVANDRUM.

The Radiant City.

By H. E. Prof. Nicholas Roerich.

REPRINT FROM

"CULTURE"

TRIVANDRUM.

Printed at the V. V. Press Branch, Trivandrum.

THE RADIANT CITY.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS ROERICH,
Supreme President, The World League of Culture,
HIMALAYAS.

"To regard the Beautiful means to improve." (*Plato.*)

"Man becomes that of which he thinks." (*Upanishads.*)

"Comprehend the unlicensed, console the faint hearted ones, defend weak ones, have patience in everything." (*Apostle Paul.*)

"Illumine yourself with the light of knowledge." *Ossia* (*10—12.*)

"Man has to become the co-worker of heaven and earth." "All beings nourish each other."

"Consciousness, humaneness and courage are the three universal qualities, but sincerity is needed to apply them." "Does there not exist a panacea for everything that exists. Is it not love to humanity? Do not do unto others that which you do not wish done unto you."

"If man would know how to govern himself what difficulty could he encounter in governing a state?"

"An Ignoramus proud of his knowledge, a nonentity excessively desirous of freedom, a man who returns to ancient customs, are subject to unavoidable calamities." (*Confucius.*)

HOW old all this is and how needed now. Perhaps it only seems to us that there is such a necessity not only in faith but also in the professing of faith? No, friends, this is not merely seeming. The news of each day shocks one through the turmoil of the world.

Apostle Paul and Plato and Confucius give courage again, because they passed through all the horrors of spiritual turmoil, and Solomon the Wise confirms: "And this will pass."

Verily, it will pass. Pilgrims are going to Shambhala and Belovodie. No abysses can stop the striving of spirit. Known

are Prester John and Gessar Khan and the Lord of Shambhala. Behind the White Mountains are ringing the bells of the abodes.

Among the spiritual movements born of the past few years there resound especially the pilgrims of the "Radiant City." Brother Alexis speaks in his teachings of their pilgrimages: "Amidst the mire of the World's untruth, amidst the jungles of false knowledge, avoiding the rocks of human stupidity thou wilt reach the plains of thy searches and the eight roads which lead to them. And in its midst is a lake of living water. The path to it lies in the circles of pilgrims. Thou wilt become a pilgrim in order to awaken within them the longing to perfection. Say whether thou art willing to respect all quests. Dost thou wish to penetrate into the quests of others? Dost thou wish to seek the light of perfection? Has thou answered, 'I so wish' Pilgrim, thou art accepted into our circle. Here is a staff with wings for thee. Proceed, Flower of the circle of pilgrims—buckthorn.

"Thou who hast understood the longing of the buckthorn to be upon all paths everywhere along the road, and yet never to know whether it be upon the path—here I give thee the blue star of a corn-flower, let it lead thee. The blue stars of the corn-flowers bloom upon the gold of the rye fields. But thou who hast come, what fields hast thou sown? Do not pass by the fields longing for love, sow them with the gold of free strivings. Take an ear; in it thou wilt find seeds for the sowing. From each seed, sown by thee let there grow a new Radiant City. And they are all one. Fruitless are the unwatered fields.....Then let the ruby-colored carnation bloom upon thy chest. Go. I shall meet thee on the path.

"The Radiant City stands upon a pure lake. Four brotherhoods lead to it: the Oriental Brotherhood of John—a brotherhood of religious creativeness and preaching of the spirit; the Northern Brotherhood of Boyanov—the brotherhood of the magic of art; the Pythagorian Brotherhood—a western brotherhood of science and philosophy; the Southern Brotherhood of Mikula—the brotherhood of love and sacrifice.

"The pilgrims went upon a pilgrimage and informed each other about them during their spiritual repasts. In certain places the pilgrims met, and partook of their common repast consisting of bread, wine and fruit under the open sky."

Are not such quests wondrously beautiful? Is it not significant that in all magazines now rings out the word Culture? To this panacea people are attracted from all ends of the world. Here is a call of Culture from Bulgaria, there is one from India, and one from Esthonia and one from Buenos Aires. In a hearty striving, people realize where the panacea lies.

But of course, there are just as many voices afraid of this light-bearing word. But without this, there would be no Armageddon, there would be no calamities which disturb not only the markets—bazaars, but which also destroy the temples. To those who fear the word Culture, we shall refer the article of Dr. Cousins. "The Salvation of Civilization is through Culture," or to the book of Proctor, "Evolution of Culture," or to Bacon. who underlined the significance of this conception. Only recently a Professor of New York University, Mr. Radosavljevitch wrote beautifully about Culture—the Reverence of Light. Swami Jagadiswarananda, speaking of Culture, concludes, "Similar to religion and science, Art and Culture are universal beyond the boundaries of all ignorant limitations." Sri Vasvani dedicates to the same conception his beautiful book, "Religion and Culture." On the other continent, Louis Madeleine speaks of Culture as being "very humane," and also speaks of its power and attraction. How many beautiful voices, how much of mutual understanding and how many pledges for true constructiveness they contain.

Let us not fear all those who are frightened and let us proceed courageously by the path of collecting all beautiful and eternal beginnings.

Let us remember about co-operation in all its manifestations. Let us attract the most varied workers towards the coming labor so that there should be no negation and extinction. For everyone can manifest in his own life the highest measure

of friendliness. Everyone knows in his heart where is evil, where is ignorance and he thus will be firm in counteracting evil.

"All for one and one for all". According to this old formula, let us find inexhaustible strength.

"It is not better in the world." Verily it is so! The world structure is cracking. But where there are pilgrims, where there are stone-masons, where there are creators, there hope itself is being transmuted into straight-knowledge. This knowledge speaks of the undeferability of the hour. Let us hasten and be not afraid.

The book "World of Fire" thus ordains courageous constructiveness :" 470. The manifestation of the loss of co-operation makes people so helpless! The loss of concordance of the rhythm destroys all possibilities of new achievements. You yourself see what difficulties are generated through disunity. Such a state is very dangerous.

474. Poor is that master-craftsman who does not use the entire riches of nature. For the experienced wood-carver, a bent tree is a precious treasure. A good weaver uses every spot for the ornamentation of the carpet. The goldsmith rejoices at every unusual alloy of metals. Only a mediocre craftsman will deplore everything unusual. Only a scant imagination is satisfied with other people's limitations. A true master-craftsman develops in himself a great acuteness and resourcefulness. The blissful spell of craftsmanship liberates the master-craftsman from disappointment. Even the night does not bring darkness for the master, but only a variety of form from the one Fire. No one can persuade a master-craftsman towards uncertain wanderings because he knows the inexhaustibility of the essence. In the name of this one-ness the master collects every flower and builds an eternal accord. He will regret the loss of every material. But people far from mastery lose the best treasures. They reiterate the best prayers and incantations, but like dust these broken and unrealized rhythms are carried away. The fragments of knowledge are turned into the dust of the desert of death. The human heart knows of the

Fire, but the intellect tries to obscure this manifested wisdom. People say, "he burnt from wrath, or withered from envy, or he became aflame with desire." In a multitude of expressions, precise and clear, people know of the significance of Fire. But these people are not master-craftsmen, and they are always ready to scatter senselessly, the pearls so needed by themselves! One cannot understand human generosity, when the treasures of Light are being destroyed. People do not avoid a single possibility of denial. They are ready to extinguish all fires around themselves, only to say, that there is no fire in them. Yet to extinguish fires and to admit darkness is the horror of ignorance.

"478. The fiery consciousness gives that invincible optimism which leads towards Truth; Truth itself, in its essence, is positive. There is no negation there, where fire creates. One must accept the conditions of the world according to the level of the fiery consciousness. It is difficult to be reconciled with the conventionality of the vestments of constructiveness. The course of life with its many details impedes the assimilation of fire. But if one contacts the Fiery world at least once, then all the husk becomes unnoticeable. Thus one should be guided by the higher level, without being disturbed by the imperfections of the surroundings."

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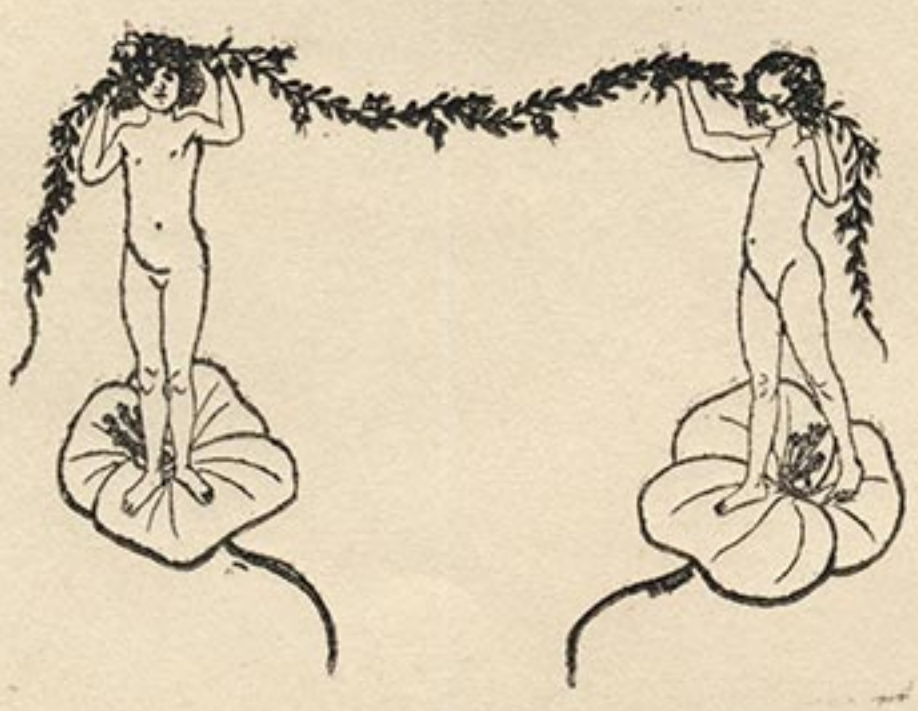

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ART AND WORLD CULTURE

by

NICHOLAS ROERICH

World Unity Magazine
Reprint No. 9

WORLD UNITY PUBLISHING CORPORATION
4 EAST 12TH STREET, NEW YORK

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To teachers and students seeking the creative outlook on international problems and opportunities, World Unity Magazine offers a source of reliable information and non-partisan comment . . . . It deals with the fundamental issues of human life and civilization as revealed by vital movements in philosophy, history, science, religion, economics and politics . . . . With the aid of leading scholars in Europe, Asia and America, World Unity strives to promote understanding and cooperation among races, classes, nations and religions . . . . A new culture is rapidly developing based upon a science of human relationships the effect of which will be to revitalize the influence of education in human affairs. World Unity faithfully records the emergence of the international mind amid the welter and confusion of this transitional age . . . .

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Editorial Office: 4 East 12th Street, New York

ART AND WORLD CULTURE

by

NICHOLAS ROERICH
Artist, Author and Explorer

As a prayer, we repeat that knowledge and beauty are the real cornerstones of evolution, the gates to a world community. We affirm this, not only as a prayer, but even as a command, to all humanity. We know that in these spheres all hearts must be united. Love, labor, and noble action are not abstract, misty symbols for the enlightened workers in the beautiful fields of creation. Endlessly we must repeat this command of beauty and knowledge. We must insist that the creative sense of the beautiful should be applied in every-day life; that every household should be beautified, that in each home books should have the place of honor.

Many encouraging signs now manifest themselves simultaneously in all countries. Countless hearts scattered over the world consider art, beauty, knowledge as the most unifying powers. I myself have seen these, our numberless friends; in twenty-five countries, I have witnessed how these vigilant hearts not only rejoiced in beauty, but felt that here lies the one stronghold where their hopes for evolution could be exalted. I have witnessed how through application of the Beautiful they solved so many social and domestic problems. Truly it is cause for the greatest enthusiasm to perceive how so many different peoples in many countries consider beauty and knowledge as the great motive power, which set the stones for the coming progress.

We have the right to regard beauty as a real motive force. For a moment, imagine the history of humanity without the treasures of beauty. For a moment, let us erase from our memories

the majestic images of Assyria and Babylon, the dynamic symmetry of Egyptian art. Let us forget the beauty of the Gothic primitives, the enchantment of Buddhist glory and classic Greece. Let us disrobe the tales of heroes and rulers of the garb of beauty. Without the adornments of beauty, how crude remain the pages of history! Truly, not a single heroic achievement, not one constructive victory may be imagined without the sense of the beautiful. In creative enthusiasm, the young generation attains the beautiful. And how else could illumined enthusiasm enter into our lives? Verily, only from the creative fields of art where are expressed all spheres of the Supreme.

Studying the past, we may affirm that creative art has been the motive power for progress of life. The form of life is the synthesis of evolution. Is it not an inspiring thought to realize that the evolution of humanity culminates in Beauty?

Verily, we can evaluate art and beauty as the great motive powers in the new conception of life and in the service to humanity for the construction of the approaching and beautiful evolution. In this justified enthusiasm, we can proclaim beauty as a real motive power.

The history of humanity provides splendid evidences of how the creative thought of beauty was evaluated in ancient times.

From former days, perhaps in the Fifteenth Century in Russia, there has come down to us a legend in which Christ is proclaimed as the highest guardian of beauty. According to this legend, when Christ was ascending to heaven, some troubadours approached him and asked, "Lord Christ, to whom are you leaving us? How can we exist without you?" And Christ answered, "My children, I shall give you the golden mountains and silver rivers and beautiful gardens and you shall be nourished and happy." But then St. John approached Christ and said, "Oh Lord, give them not golden mountains and silver rivers. They do not know how to guard them, and someone rich and powerful will attack them and take away the golden mountains. Give them only your name and your beautiful songs and give the command that all those who appreciate the songs and

who care for and guard the singers shall find the gates open to Paradise." And Christ replied, "Yes, I shall give them, not golden mountains, but my songs; and all who appreciate them shall find the gates open to Paradise."

Herein you have the essential and vital combination of world brotherhood through beauty, and you see that the highest symbol of human understanding becomes the highest guardian of beauty.

Again we have the quotation from the oldest Russian historical chronicles by the Monk Nestor, indicating how Prince Jaroslav appreciated knowledge and beauty: "Jaroslav founded Kiev the Great and its Golden Gates with it. Loving the laws of beauty and of church and being a master in books he read them by day and by night and wrote them too, thus sowing literary seeds in the hearts of true men, which we now reap. But books and images are rivers that carry wisdom through the world and are as deep as rivers. Also Jaroslav lovingly beautified the churches with images and with splendid gold and silver vessels and his heart rejoiced upon it."

Besides we have also beautiful quotations from some later chronicles of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, teaching us that the best spiritual achievement for the rulers is to guard art and even to use art in their own life.

Knowing these quotations, one is not surprised to see in the opera "Snegourotchka" that the Tsar is at the same time an artist, and is beautifying his own palace. This is not merely a sophisticated message for royalty, but the fundamental reverence for beauty of the people. For if you ask me what countersign and certificate you would have to show to be allowed to enter a strange village, I would give you the best advice: enter the village singing, and the more pleasing your song the better your welcome. If they ask you for a certificate, show them a drawing or a painting; it is the certificate best understood, and you will be assured that you can remain there forever. You have your shield and your guard.

Beauty is in reality a pan-human feeling, existing alike in

the city and wilderness. Often the heart nourished upon the beauties from the source of Nature is more open and speaks more vividly the miracle-making, pan-human language.

This we found also in Asia. With real joy we recollect how everywhere there the most beautiful traditions are dedicated to the meaning of creative art. These traditions are vital because in every country of Asia they regard and speak about works of art in the most beautiful way, using the most refined symbols, so that very often we have to learn these refined expressions dedicated to the beautiful. Let us recollect how the simple Mongol speaks of the perfection of art in the following legend:

"In olden times in Kucha lived a celebrated painter. Once, as a deposit against a loan, he brought his painting representing a head of cabbage and a butterfly to a merchant and asked three thousand *sar*. A boy, who was taking the place of the owner of the shop, gave him the requested loan. The owner returned. He was indignant that, for a cabbage and a butterfly, the boy should have lent so much money. He chased away the boy and considered the money lost. Winter came and on the appointed day the artist brought the money and asked to have the painting back. They took out the painting and the owner, to his terror, saw that the butterfly had disappeared from the picture. The artist demanded his complete picture as described. The owner was upset. The painter said, 'So you have unjustly thrown out the boy. But now only he can help you.' The owner called the boy. For three days the boy kept the picture near the fire and the butterfly appeared again. Then the boy said, 'You have not appreciated the artist, but he is so perfect that his colors have all the qualities of nature. The butterflies appear in the warm summertime. For the winter they disappear. The same happens also in the painting.' Only the warmth of the fire recalled the butterfly to life in winter as well. So perfect is this painter! And the owner was ashamed and adopted the boy and made him rich for his wisdom."

The same simple Mongol repeats what the Buddha said in the Suttras: "The greatest crime is ignorance."

And let us again recollect all these beautiful legends and stories from the "Tao" and from the Buddhist world, that connect the meaning of art and knowledge with the supreme feelings. What beautiful lines "Tao" dedicated to the true scientists!

During five years of travel in Asia we have seen innumerable libraries in each monastery. In every temple; in every ruined Chinese watch tower, there was a library with a collection of most remarkable books—a collection of famous biographies, dictionaries, books of history and science.

When you see a lonely traveler in the mountains you may be sure that in his knapsack is a book and a work of art. You may deprive him of everything, he will resign it; but he will defend his real treasure, the book or the work of art.

* * *

Our motto always was: Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realizes that all occurrences are not accidental. The time for the construction of future culture is at hand. Before our eyes the revaluation of values is being witnessed. Amidst the ruins of valueless bank-notes, mankind has found the real value of the world's significance. The values of great art are victoriously traversing all storms of earthly commotions. Even the "earthly" people already understand the vital importance of active beauty. And when we proclaim: Love, Beauty and Action! we know verily that we pronounce the formula of the international language. And this formula which now belongs to the museum and the stage must enter every-day life. 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 we 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.

And now you see that this is not an idealist's dream, but for the real construction of practical life. Those who are not blind

must see that the question of art now becomes not a technical matter, but everyone acknowledges that the questions of Beauty and creative knowledge have become most vital factors of life. Formerly one heard stories of artists dying of hunger while rich financiers built their palaces. Today, events have brought out the reverse; I have heard stories of bankers dying on top of mountains of worthless banknotes. And we have already heard how an entire country could be supported by the price of old tapestries. So you see how practically this great evolution is working before our eyes. Beside this, another question of the same deep significance is coming into life. Some days ago a prominent architect told me that he regrets so much not having the constant cooperation of painters and sculptors from the beginning of a project, because only through essential collaboration from the very beginning can something really harmonious result. I have often heard dancers say they needed to know something of sculpture and plastic, and certainly you have often heard that painters require music and that music evokes the significance of color.

In unifying institutions we had a significant experience in this direction, showing how necessary it is to combine under one roof the idea that the unity of arts is also not apart from life, and how all musicians, painters, sculptors, architects and dramatists can be united and supported by each other. Different branches of art do not distract, but evoke some new center of the brain not yet utilized. And certainly we know that the function of many centers of the brain is still unknown to us.

The gates of Paradise mentioned in the old legend are not only imaginary. Truly, especially now, we face a most significant time when the vital medium of art is entering home life. Humanity, distressed by political unrest and surrounded by the debris of its old beliefs, is seeing how easily this new emotion, constructive and vital, may be found in daily life.

We have often mentioned that even prisons must be beautified. This is not an allegory. The great prison of life is so easily beautified and a real key to happiness and joy is to be found

therein; the countersign of song and the certificate of a creative work!

Finally, if we have witnessed the beautiful evolution of civilization and culture, we may in the same way understand what a far more beautiful evolution awaits us. It is near. It is vital. It is practical for everyone.

Should someone ask why, in the mêlée of our days, one may be concerned with questions of Beauty, you may safely answer, "I know the way of the future." Friends, if we realize how vital Beauty was during ancient times, what immense uses of the emanations of Beauty we can make in our everyday life. If in the Middle Ages, Beauty was considered as the "Gates of Paradise," and if even a modest old chronicler of the Eleventh Century could assert his joy before Beauty, how necessary it is for us to take all practical advantage of this basis of life, and fully fortified by our contemporary discoveries, to repeat "Love, Beauty, Action!"

How all-embracing is Love; how profoundly must be felt the sense of Beauty; and how vitally must we understand the meaning of that virile expression, Action! This command must not be forgotten once we can introduce it into our daily life. The new era is not far off, and not a single day may be lost. Perhaps you will ask me why we must repeat constantly this prayer of Love and Beauty. Because, frankly, so many avoid Beauty in their every-day life, and erroneously seek a reason for this irreparable mistake. If Beauty is the Shield of the World, if the coming evolution is luminously radiant with discovered rays and energies, even the smallest seeds of this splendor must be reflected in our life. The awaiting ones, the aspiring ones, must be the first to prepare the place of Beauty in life. Thus, incessantly, until we see the results, must we repeat this prayer of Beauty—the crown of Action and Love. Beautiful are the necessities and the responsibilities of our lives.

We have always said: "The main thing is to collect and safeguard all the flowers of beauty. With the years, you may change your tasks and find some more suited to your taste. Do

not close your eyes to the beautiful, flowery meadows of art and you will carry everywhere the enthusiasm and love for the achievements of far-off and perhaps anonymous creators."

Affirming that the treasures of art and knowledge are the most important impulses in the growth of humanity, we must surround those milestones of mankind with vibrating love. Such is the task of the collector.

The names of many collectors are recorded in history inseparable from the creators, because in collecting, these men themselves became creators. In emphasizing the significance of collecting, we speak of something not abstract, but of something vital, something which gives living impetus to the beautiful. This broadened consciousness will lay the best foundations for a truly creative spirit in the new generation.

Collectors, as the antithesis of destroyers, form a special legion beyond epochs and nationalities. By no means are they retrogrades, imprisoned in their own egotistical desire of acquisition. Every true collector feels it necessary to share with understanding spirits his cultural treasures. In every collector has already flowered the seed of selfless joy towards beauty. Collecting becomes the cultural thermometer of each nation, and one may estimate the cultural level of nations by these revealing milestones.

The collector learns to protect the treasures of creative genius entrusted to him by destiny as an honorary guard. He is not a casual visitor of museums who transfers the complete responsibility upon a curator; he himself is the guard of those treasures which are before him, and which will radiate their light upon many after him. Absorbed in the life of creations, the collector extracts the true wisdom of his treasures. From the covetous *Fafnir* he is transformed into a guard who has won the right to possess the *Ring* of Achievement. The process of collecting is something like a dynamo of artistic creative power, which directly acts upon the spirit of the collector. Just as *Mime* brought up *Siegfried*, so bliss may be found in art treasures whatever their circumstances. As in heaven, so on earth. And there is nothing

extraordinary in the fact that artistic creations are rising in price even in this conventional, earthly valuta. During war and revolutions, the monetary values of the beautiful were conclusively revealed. Whole countries, whole cities who could not protect themselves with land or buildings, found the means of their existence in their artistic treasures. This is a fact of great cultural significance.

Time was when wives prevented their husbands from acquiring real art objects, preferring property with the belief that it was indestructible. They did not count upon earthquakes. To them, a printed bank-note was more valuable than a Rembrandt, an El Greco or a da Vinci. One cannot blame them when one remembers that they simply did not understand the true, unchangeable values. But now the era of womanhood has come, and woman will be the real protector and collector of the beautiful.

It is also very instructive to observe the great variations of collections, from the strictly conservative, which present only one school or even one group, up to individual combinations. These latter collections at the present time represent a special interest. The trained eye of the connoisseur of the beautiful, focuses his attention upon the most modern of these manifestations of art, but is aware as well of the paths and roots of these recent achievements. Such collections cannot remain without giving place to the expressions of creators which were the milestones of the forward movement of art. Superbly instructive instances are coming to the front. Van Gogh and Gauguin are paired with the great innovator El Greco. The latest modernists are hanging on the same wall with Brueghel the Elder. In such coordination, place is found also for Giorgione and Italian and Flemish primitives—all those who laid the steps for the victory of art. In such horizons, collections cease to be narrow and dogmatic, but excluding every possible intolerance, they verily cultivate the broad meadows of mankind for a future artistic harvest.

The records of collecting reveal that these never-to-be-

repeated treasures enhance in earthly and spiritual values. Happy is the land where the movement of enlightened collecting has begun. There the human spirit will flower, to reveal new evidences of fortune and peace.

* * *

Humanity in diverse ways is striving for peace, and everyone, in his own heart, realizes that this constructive work is a true prophecy of a new era. In view of this, it is certainly incongruous to hear discussions on the comparative desirability of various bullets, or on whether one type of ship is closer to the conceptions of world unity than the cannons of two battleships. Let us, however, consider these discussions as preliminary steps toward the same great peace that will tame the belligerent instincts of humanity by the resplendent and joyous creations of the spirit.

The fact remains, however, that the shells of even one of these cannon can destroy the greatest treasures of art and science as successfully as a whole fleet. We deplore the loss of the Library of Louvain and the unreplaceable loveliness of the Cathedral of Rheims; we remember the beautiful treasures of private collections which perished during the world's misunderstandings. We do not, however, wish to inscribe above them, words of enmity; let us simply say, "Destroyed by human error, and recreated by human hope." Nevertheless, errors in this or any other form can be repeated and other precious milestones of human achievement can be destroyed.

Against such errors of ignorance we should take immediate measures. And even though these may be only preliminary measures of safeguarding, some very successful steps can be taken. No one can deny that the flag of the Red Cross proved to be of immeasurable value and reminded the world of humanitarianism and compassion.

For this reason, a plan for an International Peace Pact which would protect all treasures of art and science through an International Flag has been outlined by the Roerich Museum for

presentation through America to all foreign governments. The purpose of the project, which has been submitted to the State Department and the Committee on Foreign Relations, is to prevent the repetition of the disasters of the last war on cathedrals, museums, libraries and other lasting memorials of creation of the past.

It is the plan of the project to create a flag which will be respected as International Neutral Territory, this to be raised above museums, cathedrals, universities and any other cultural center. The plan, projected by the Roerich Museum, was drawn up according to the codes of International Law by Dr. George Chklaver of the Paris University, Lecturer in the Institute of International High Studies, in consultation with Professor Albert Geouffre de la Pradelle, member of the Hague Peace Court, Vice President of the Institute of International Law, of Paris, and member of the Faculty of Law, and the Sorbonne. Both are Honorary Advisors of the Roerich Museum.

As set forth in Article I of the Pact, "Educational, artistic and scientific institutions, artistic and scientific missions shall be deemed neutral and, as such, shall be protected and respected by belligerents.

"Protection and respect shall be due to the aforesaid institutions and missions in all places subject to the sovereignty of the High Contracting Parties, without any discrimination as to the State allegiance of any particular institution or mission."

When the idea of an international cultural flag was first propounded, we were not surprised to find that it met with unanimous interest and enthusiasm. Experienced statesmen wondered why it had not been thought of before. When we asked our honorary advisors, Dr. George Chklaver and Professor Albert Geouffre de la Pradelle to frame this idea into an international formula, we received not only a splendidly formulated project of international agreement, but also many answers full of panhuman sympathy. This international flag for the protection of beauty and science would not in any way demean any interests or lead to misunderstandings. On the contrary, it elevates the

universal consciousness which must be awakened. As the Red Cross flag needs no explanation to even the most uncultured mind, so does this new flag, guardian of cultural treasures, speak for itself. It is simple enough to explain, even to a barbarian, the importance of safeguarding art and science.

It is imperative to take immediate measures to preserve the noble heritage of our past for a glorious posterity. This can only come if all countries pledge themselves to protect the creations of culture, which after all, belong to no one nation but to the world. In this way we may create the next vital step for a universal culture and peace.

For the individual, what is the way for immediate application of beauty? First of all, let us beautify our homes with the most sincere expressions of beauty. As we repeat, perhaps these expressions will be fragmentary or they will be only fine reproductions of great creations. It does not matter, for even in small fragments of good reproductions great conceptions are reflected and can lead us to great understanding.

The sense of the Beautiful purifies our thoughts—nothing may be a greater stimulus for pure thoughts than this self-sacrificing enthusiasm. And finally, once for all, we must realize that thought, not deed, is the strongest force. And for this reason, the conception of pure thinking is the most practical one. We are not afraid even to use the word practical, because we must be constructive, using all material—matter as well as spirit—and in this way we can understand that even these two conceptions are one.

In this great understanding, we may forget all pettiness and without any sense of destruction we may beautify and build up the unfinished towers of beauty. And in this way, little by little, we shall become accustomed to the great sense of infinity. And to the eternal Great Beginning—the beginning of light, the beginning of enlightenment, the beginning of labor and beautification that shall transform our every-day life, so isolated and timorous, into constant attainment, thus transforming the limited "I" into the unconquerable "We."

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J. Vijaya-Tunga

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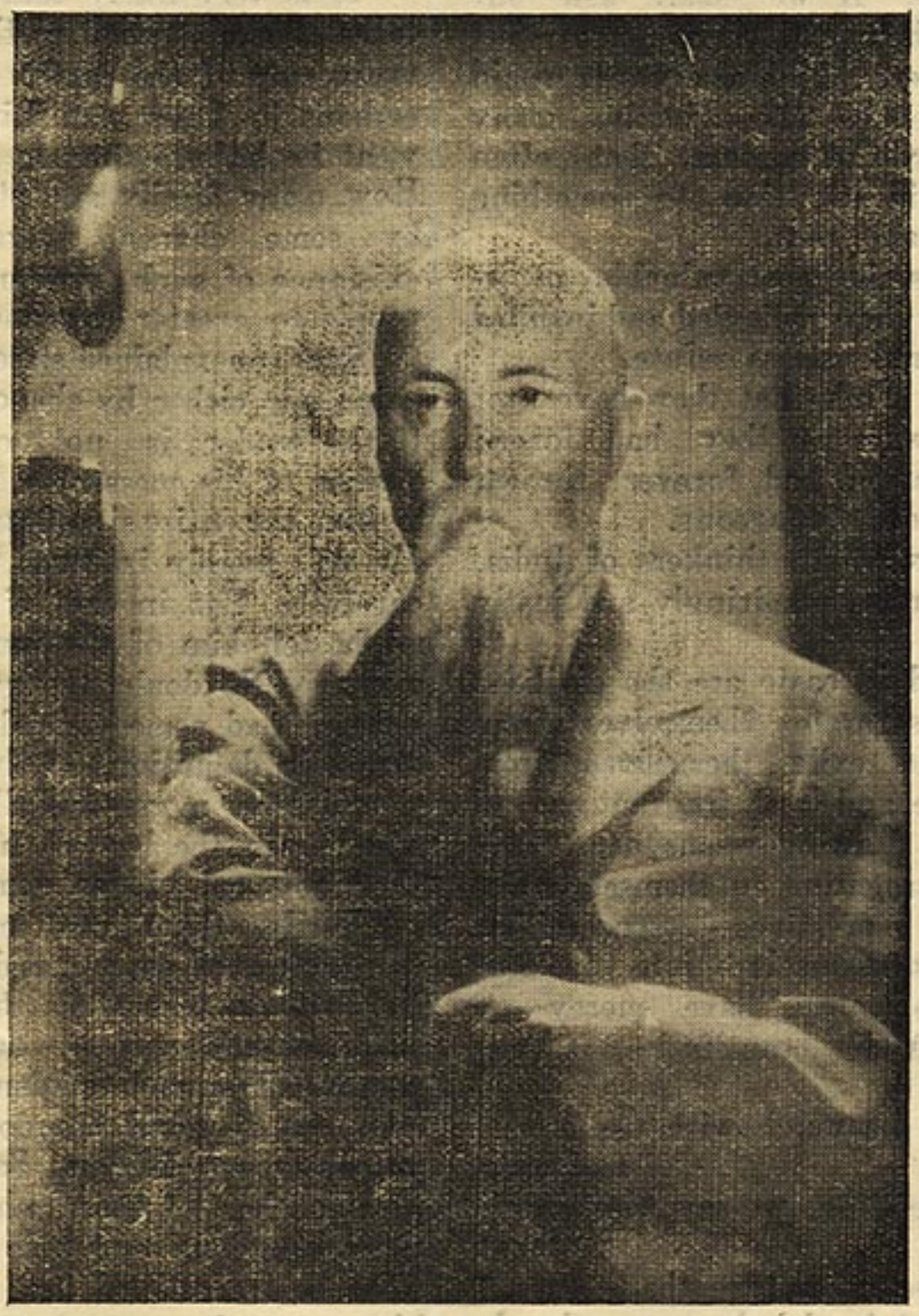
The Predestined Mountain

(Diary Leaves)

by H.E. Prof: Nicholas Roerich.

A certain peasant from Shansi was feeling very unhappy. From his father he had inherited a plot of land which was entirely unfertile. Most of it consisted of such a stony hill, that even unpretentious sheep could not find any grass on it. It is true, the grandfather used to say that exactly this plot was exceptionally good, but 'who can trust the old man, who believed in many queer stories.' If the earth would indeed be good, the family of the peasant from Shansi would not now be in complete poverty. And yet the landlord was by no means a lazy fellow and applied all his labour to procure for his family at least a little comfort. But these cursed stones! This naked stony mountain! How could it bring any one a living?! 'There is nothing to bite off a stone',–thus the poor peasant complained and dreamt to get rid of this miserable place.



The Writer.

Once the peasant was visited by a relative and the latter went to see the ill-fated hill. Amidst the chips of stones something glittered like silver. He took a piece and had it analysed. Further exploration showed that the so called cursed hill was nothing but a mountain of silver and represented a fabulous fortune. Thus precisely the very spot which the whole family considered the source of all misfortune turned out to be the hidden treasure trove of huge wealth. Often people regard as their ill-luck precisely that what will bring to them the highest success and fortune."

Do not think that I told you a parable of the time of Confucius. The above episode has just taken place in Shansi. This story will once more remind many people how untimely and erroneous was their judgment. How often people not only tear the most useful connecting threads, but even with all their strength reject the fortune which is already knocking at their very door.

Some of the readers of the above story of the silver mountain will perhaps take it

easily, as news of some finding of precious ore. And perhaps their thoughts will only waver amidst some calculations of shares. Perhaps they will not pay attention to the fact that the point is not one of a silver find, but in the psychology of the peasant for whom the greatest welfare was for so long but a matter of irritation and curse. Often such episodes take place not only in the lives of private individuals, but even of entire nations. If we shall ask our acquaintances whether they did not reject in the past matters which afterwards would have been beneficial, then justly, many people would have to confess that often they had not paid attention to something most important and near.

Not only was the most valuable neglected, but it was even ridiculed and insulted and was considered useless refuse.

Often people think that they have got hold of liberty–whereas they had forged their own chains and had forever thrown themselves into deep dungeons.

One of the excellent thinkers of India, Swami Rama Tirtha, inspiringly and justly said :

" Hide-bound in caste are the civilised nations : they separate themselves from fellow beings and exile themselves from free open Nature and fresh fragrant natural life into close drawing-rooms, dens and dungeons. By arrogating to themselves airs of superiority, prestige, respectability, honour, they cut themselves into isolated stagnation. Have mercy, have mercy on yourselves ! " And beautifully it was proclaimed :

" The world is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers :
Little do we see in Nature that's ours. "

Precisely–what is already ours, already predestined, already given ? Every gift can be applied at the ordained hour. The story of the silver mountain reminds us, how sometimes there were given most precious ores, but they could be used only at the correct time. Who knows, perhaps the owner of the silver hill, for his own benefit, should not have found the predestined mountain earlier. But anyhow why did he curse so lightmindedly his own already ordained fortune. Without his curses and irritation no doubt the circumstances would have turned matters still more glorious for him.

After constant curses of the silver hill it was certainly still more difficult for the peasant to admit his own mistake and prejudice.

It is very likely that his grandfather called the plot good earth, not only because every part of the earth's crust is good, but perhaps he knew something about this hill what he had no time to explain in detail. How many family and state affairs remain by some chance secret. And the very existance of such mysteries should turn people to greater care and foresight.

Such unexplained statements may remain enigmatic either by chance or intentionally. If the sender is not convinced of the quality of his messenger he cannot entrust to him the entire significance of the sending. He will merely instruct to carry the letter carefully. But in case of complete trust he might tell him of the inner value of the message. No doubt the grandfather of the peasant had some special reasons for his symbolic definition. Anyhow the grandson should have more carefully thought over, whether in the legend about good earth there was not hidden some deeper meaning.

Verily there are many predestined mountains, of copper and silver and gold. Not without reason do the fairy tales of all times and nations narrate about the copper, silver and golden kingdoms and even the diamond kingdom. And the benevolent Queen Miriam, Saint Mira and the glorious host of those who lead, they know these kingdoms and help the hero to find what is predestined for him. They teach him not to be content with little, but to ascend untiringly, to the most difficult, to the Highest and the most Beautiful. Miriam–what a beautiful name. And the same fairy-tales know Helen the Beautiful–wise and knowing the Future.

Verily, not only in fairy-tales are waiting the predestined mountains !

THE NEW OUTLOOK OFFICE.
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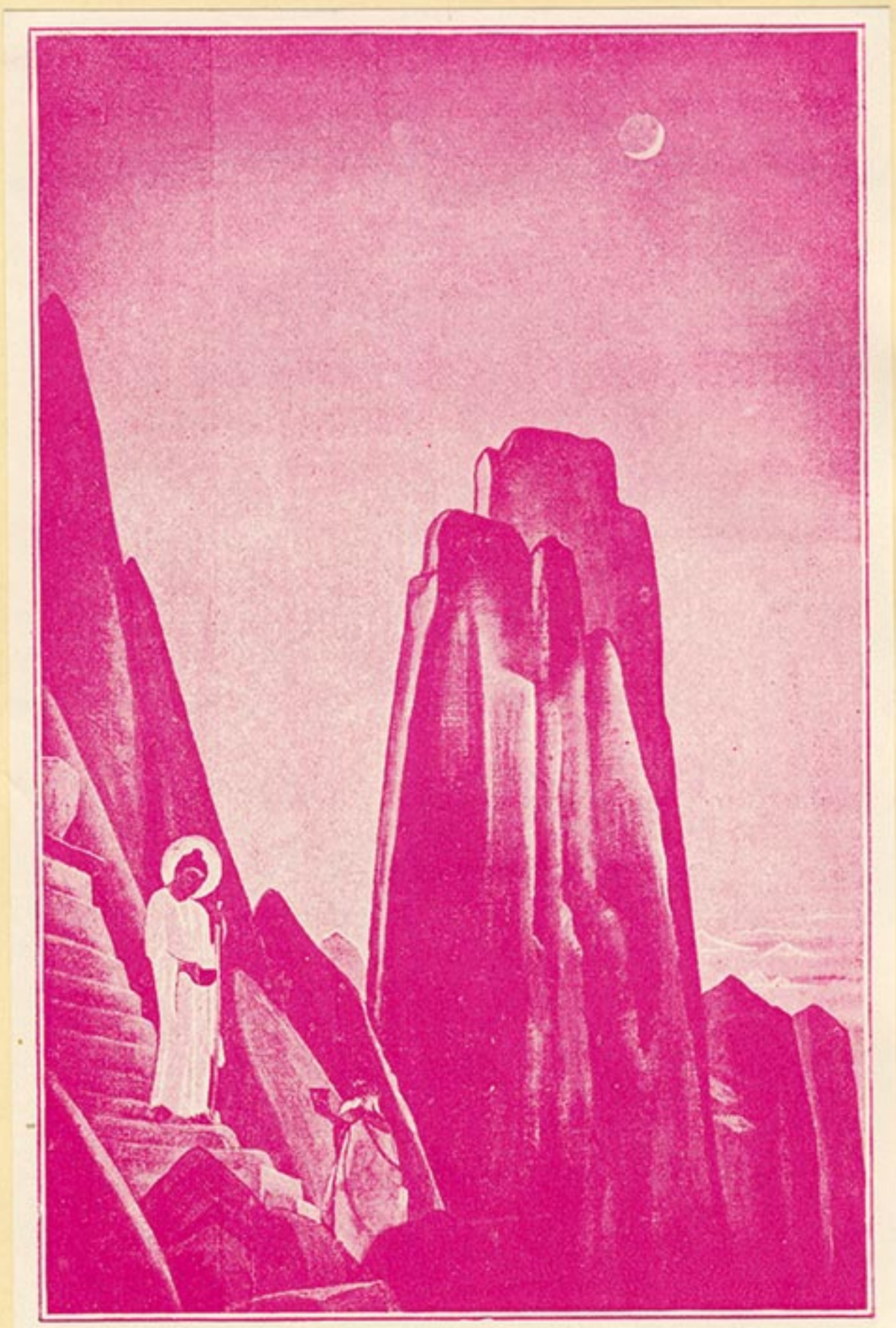
FOR PEACE AND CULTURE



"BUDDHA - THE GIVER"

By Nicholas Roerich

(In the Roerich Hall of the Bhârat Kalâ Bhawan in Benares).

ORDAINMENT OF QUALITY

By Professor Nicholas Roerich

"If thou wishes to be ahead of thy shadow, turn thy face to the Sun! Brethren, do everything better and labour ever joyously."

During a certain period of synthesis, activity must concentrate on the quality of work. Quantity, as is known, is effective as a messenger for the masses, and is at times admissible in works of the highest Culture; but the movement of Culture never made its imprint either through quantity or through the majority.

A high quality and a refined minority were always the impetus for real achievements of Culture. Very often. even in splendid addresses and writings regarding Culture, it is made evident that Culture begins where people know how to utilize their leisure. If by leisure, we understand the period outside of our routine work, or as we have sometimes called the period of work,—pranayama—then so-called leisure becomes a concentratiou upon finding a high quality in our activity. How beautiful is the sound of these concentrated strokes of an accumulated energy of high quality, and how their resonance awaken the hearts of nations.

Quality also awakens another characteristic, indispensable to evolutionary processes; it arouses a real sense of responsibility for all that happens, be it even a single affirmation or warning, or even if it appears as a new phase of refinement in something already known. The greatest drama often hides in our presumption that something is common knowledge. This "known" is entered into the category of the habitual, about which people no longer thinks; in other words, not only do they fail to refine but they do not even elevate this concept.

Striving to quality will lead us to many axioms of life which must be reverted into problems for solution, because they demand refinement, accuracy and striving from new angles of our existence. "Non multa, sed multum"—this wise counsel was also given at certain periods of activity One cannot begin the glorification of Culture with silence. The hermits departed from the world for their silence only after a certain activity, when their silence itself became a thundering spiritual call and a cure for ailments.

How beautiful is the concentrated and responsible motion of the sculptor's chisel, when, after the crude modeling, he begins to sculpture the subtlest features, in which the most minute inexactitude in the precision of the hand may result in an irreparable distortion. As long as the sculptor works in the province of the rudimentary forms, his hand is permitted the use of either a deep or shallow curvilinear stroke of the chisel But as soon as he reaches the final interpretation, any distortion would mean a return to chaos, thus his creative enthusiasm becomes more exalted, combined with a great responsibility for each motion of his hand. At such moments the sculptor frequently stands away from his work to view it from various positions in order, when coming closer, to impart to it the inimitable touch. Whereas, during

the early days of his work, the sculptor could express his intentions in words, during the final strokes he is more silent,more deeply penetrative, knowing his responsibility for that which he completes.

The quality built up by the entire complexity of circumstances into the work of construction is an especial spiritual joy. In crossing the mountain stream one cannot afford to make a single false step. Likewise, when crossing an abyss upon a string, we ever seem to lose something of our physical weight; and when we are attached by the heart to the spiritual threads, we almost fly over perilous abysses.

Whether we term it enthusiasm, or spiritual upliftment, or perfection in the quality of movement and thought, or a high solemnity in all our feelings, there is no difference in definitions. For him who does not understand solemnity in love, and the exaltation of quality, all other definitions are like stones rolling in the mountain stream. The judgment of high quality does not consist in the resonance of loud words. In a concentrated solemnity of the heart, this judgment of eternity is resolved. If we dare to pronounce the word Culture, it means we are primarily responsible for quality. The root of the word Culture represents the highest service towards perfection, and this is also our duty in regard to existence.

Three Jewels—*By Prof. Roerich.*

In the aggregations of quality, nothing remains unforeseen, nothing remains forgotten, and of course nothing is distorted through reasons of self-interest. Great or petty self-interest is so enrooted in the life of humanity through centuries of perversions and denials, that it has become one of the chief enemies of everything achieved above the personal quality.

There have been discussions in the press as to whether the heroic achievements recognized by humanity were prompted by self-interest. The question has been raised as to whether the deeds of the shepherdess Jeanne D' Arc and the fact that she set herself to the thoughts of the salvation of an entire nation, was impelled by egotism; this question could occur only to the minds of those who are themselves essentially self-centred. In their opinion, not only the achievements, but also the deeds of daily philanthropy are of course called forth only by various degrees of egotism and self-interest.

Such is the canon of the heartless who, judging only by their own nature, suppose that each good act is performed either for a self-interest or for some other material personal benefit, forgetful that

these earthly flowers endure but a single day, like the brilliant blossoms of certain cactus which gives a flower but once in its lifetime. Convicting everything as being self-interested, those who are inherently self-interested themselves begin also to assault Culture. They say "these sanctimonious paths are inaccessible to us", as if the functions of Culture demanded some superhuman achievements.

Those who disparage, always consign the reality, which they hate to the clouds of inaccessibility, in order thus to be rid of it more easily. With pleasure they promote boxing matches, bull fights and contests for speed records. They will bring forward the crudest physical manifestations, in order to erase at least partially everything subtly creative. They are ready to resign the Temple into the hands of the money-lenders, confident that, in line with the era in which we live there will be none to expel them from the Sanctuary, and to sustain that by which the human spirit exists.

Happily, the paths to perfection and the highest quality are in their essence outside of the hands of the money-lenders. The minority thinks of quality. The young heart can think of quality as long as it remains unsullied; no matter along what byways humanity wanders, the process of the enchancing of quality proceeds notwithstanding. Because heroism inhabits the heart of a refined spirit. The accumulations of refinement are beyond the recorded laws.

But let us not enter into the spheres that are inexpressible Now one must reiterate precisely about the concrete concept of quality in all actions and in every day productiveness. Those who do not strive to quality had better not speak of Culture. Culture is not modish, not a fashionable conception.

It is the deepest basis of life attached by the most sensitive silvery threads to the Hierarchy of Evolution. Hence, those who have realized the striving to quality are not afraid of derision and they repeat the words of the Apostle—"when you think us dead, we are nevertheless alive". And not only alive, but each one striving to Culture or, in other words, to quality, finds within himself an inexhaustible source of strength and opposition to everything wrathful and destructive. He can repeat the wise saying, "blessed be the obstacles; through them we grow". For him each manifestation of an abstacle is a possibility of elevating the quality.

Through what else then will be conquered the coarsest forms, if not in the radiation of the spirit which is reflected in the quality of each action, each day, each thought. Thus, striving to the highest forms of civilization, daring to think even about Culture, let us not forget that the vitality of striving is created out of the high quality of all action. Our responsibility for Culture lies not in dreams but is manifested in life. And this responsibility verily extends not only to dreams beyond the clouds of some rare festive days, but must be imprinted in every-day life. Quality, beauty, solemnity in love in all its impetuosity and limitlessness, were the unbreakable wings of spirit. Quality, quality, quality, in everything and everywhere!

Of course there will also be found dark elements who will hiss at everything spiritual and beautiful. "To hell with Culture, cash above all". The sad fate of such depraved men is not enviable Happily, "Light conquers darkness."

But what hearty expressions of salutation one can send those who disinterestedly and self-sacrificingly fight for Cul-

ture! How, then to greet those who through their noble battle help the State to inscribe unforgettable pages of the best achievements. For this battle, as a battle with the densest darkness, is unusually difficult but at the same time it is that true achievement, which will remain imprinted for ages and which represents the best guiding milestones for the young generation.

A noble battle creates also the inexhaustibility of strength and cultivates that radiant enthusiasm with which the eyes glow and the human heart resounds. In the name of the depthless Beauty of the human heart, let us gather and become strong in the luminous victory of Culture.

Urusvati, Himalayas, 1933.

CULTURAL WORK OF ROERICH INSTITUTISON: A WORLD FORCE

(By A Sinhalese who visited the Himalayan Roerich Institute)

During the present time of difficulties and depression, one must rejoice at every affirmation of Culture. In the last issue of *The Buddhist* was published the presidential address of Prof. de Roerich to the World League of Culture, in which this Leader sends out the following imperative call: "Culture is reverence of Light. Culture is Love of Humanity. Culture is fragrance, the Unity of Life and Beauty.....Culture is the moving power". No doubt from this inexhaustible source Prof. de Roerich draws his ever increasing constructive ideas and their application in life. Besides the activities of the Roerich Museum, the Master Institute of United Arts, the Roerich Museum Press and the International Art Center—all in America—as well as the Roerich Peace Pact Union in Bruges, Paris and New-York, it is interesting to describe the latest news about the activities of two other of this remarkable ring of Institutions: of the Urusvati Himalayan Research Institute and of the Roerich Society.

The Urusvati Institute situated in the Himalayas conducts original scientific work in the fields of medical research, philology, archaeology, ethnography etc. The medical research embraces healing plant research on ancient Ayurvedic and Tibetan lines. A biochemical research laboratory is under equipment for this purpose, to investigate the pharmacognostical properties of high altitude plants in their living state. A special department for cancer research is also on the programme. The philological department has just completed the publication of the first volume of the Series Tibetica on the Tibetan Dialect of Lahul, by the Director Dr. Georges de Roerich who, in the last issue of the Institute's Journal, also began a most significant treatise on the study of the Kalachakra. Again, a monumental work in preparation is the Tibetan-English Dictionary, also compiled by Dr. G. de Roerich in collaboration with a member of the Institute's staff, Lama Lobzang Mingyur Dorje. This new dictionary has long been a great desideratum and will include besides the material found in the already existing Tibetan Dictionaries, the rich material found in numerous lexicographical works issued in Tibet, China and Mongolia up till now unexplored by Western Science. Besides Sanskrit equivalents, loan words, etc. there will be added a vast new material published for

the first time. The Institute further publishes its annual Journal, the latest volume of which is just to hand. It shall be reviewed in some later issue We would however mention here from its contents, the following highly interesting articles: An account of the Journey to the Gangotri Glaciers by Prof. Shiv Ram Kashyap of Punjab University, The Cosmic Ray Expedition to South Eastern Ladakh by Prof. Benade, Lahore, The Prajñāpāramitāhrdayasutra as an Inscription by Prof. Mironov. Tunis. The Journal is headed by a substantial dedicatory article of the Director to Dr. Sven Hedin The whole appearance of the Journal and its illustrations printad in Calcutta, are of excellent make-up. Thus in the remote Himalayas, the mother of all great teachings and sages, a great humanitarian work is being conducted, which will bring benefit for many generations to come.

In the same place in the Himalayas is also situated the Himalayan Roerich Society, which has recently published a beautiful coloured postcard reproduction of a portrait of Prof. de Roerich, painted by his son Mr. S. Roerich. This Society forms one of the 57 branches of the parental Roerich Society in New-York. "Buddhism in England" recently in an appreciative editorial note called these Societies ubiquitous, and truly this definition is fully justified as they are now already situated in over twenty countries. These Societies came into being quite naturally as a result of the profound admiration impelled by the writings and paintings of Prof. de Roerich. They have found the new revelation of life embodied in the beauty of colour and in the creative conception corresponding, as does nothing else in art and literature to-day, to the highest cultural aspirations. Hence arose the desire to spread the wisdom and influence of Roerich's art and philosophy to the many countries which are eager for the Master's great pan-human message. In 1932 alone, in New-York only, the Roerich Society gave 350 cultural events which included a diversity of subjects covering Art, Literature, Music, Science, Philosophy, Religion, Psychology, Drama, Opera and Folk Song Recitals, National Dances and Evenings, Travelogues, etc. Besides the French, British, German, twelve South-American, Yugoslavian, Latvian, Finnish, Scandinavian Societies and Associations of St. Francis, Maha-Bodhi, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Origenes, such large organizations like the Academy of Creative Arts and Institute for Advanced Adult Education have joined the same programme. Lately there have been formed such varied bodies as the Polish Institute, Japanese Roerich Society, Chinese Roerich Socitey, the Washington Roerich Society, Bulgarian Roerich Society, San-Francisco Roerich Society, Siberian Roerich Society, Irish Foundation, Esthonian Roerich Societies, and others. Whosoever has participated in the lectures on the Himalayas, or on a Spinoza tri-centennial celebration or at the Pan-American Women's Meetings or at Friendship Dinners, or at the South-African students' reception, knows what uplifting and unifying spirit prevails on all occasions connected with the Roerich Institutions The beneficial work of the European Centre and French Roerich Association in Paris also greatly helped to promote the artistic, intellectual and spiritual understanding between peoples and nations and to encourage all endeavours in the cause of human progress. M. Paul Chabas, Vice-President of the French Roerich Association, has arranged a meeting in honour of the Roerich Peace

Pact at the Grand Palais des Champs Elysees, at which the world significance of Roerich's art and message was presented. A significant event took place at Riverside Church in New-York, where the Vice-President of Roerich Society, Mrs. B. Kunz-Baker, arranged several programmes on Roerich-Tagore. Thus the great contemporary spirits are jointly affirmed on the vast cultural field.

We heartily wish all cultural creative activities Success and Expansion, especially at this period of unrest because—concluding in Roerich's own words: "Culture is the Armour of Light. Culture is Salvation".

(Reprinted from "The Buddhist"
Y. M. B. A., Colombo.)

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