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a fine proof 2/11/48

"The Hidden Treasures"

MYSTERIES

On the Karakorum Pass, at nineteen thousand five hundred feet—on this highway, the loftiest in the world, the groom Goorban began to question me:

"What is it that has been secreted in these heights? It must be that a great treasure has been hidden hereabouts, surely the way to this place is arduous. Having traversed all the passes, one may chance upon a smooth vault. Something tinkles under the horses' hoofs. It must be that here are great secrets, but the entry-way to them—we do not know. When will there be revealed writings in books, where and what has been secreted!"

All around this majestic Karakorum Pass the white peaks glistened dazzlingly. All around us without a break was uplifted a most brilliant scintillation. On the path itself, as if for a reminder, were a great quantity of whitened bones. Were not some of these wayfarers going for treasures? Indeed, countless caravans have crossed the Karakorum for riches.

Here I am reminded about another tradition concerning treasure. In Italy, at Orvieto, they related to me a remarkable legend about secreted artistic treasures. The story concerned either

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Duccio himself or one of his contemporaries. It was told in a lofty style which goes so well with the mellifluous Italian language.

“Just as it is now-a-days, in olden times the best artists were not always understood. To the beclouded eye it has been difficult to evaluate forms, particularly lofty ones. People have demanded only the observance of old rules, but often beauty has not been accessible to them. Thus it happened with the great artist about whom we are speaking. His best pictures, instead of exaltingly touching the hearts of people, were subjected to condemnations and mockery. For a long time the artist endured this unjust attitude toward himself.

“In divine ecstasy he continued to create many masterpieces.

“Once he depicted a very marvellous Madonna, but the envious prevented the hanging of this image in its predestined place. And this happened not once nor twice but several times. When the viper begins to creep in, it invades both palace and hovel.

“But the artist, made wiser and knowing the madness of the crowd, was not distressed. He said: ‘It has been given the bird to sing, and to me have been given forces for glorifying lofty forms. As long as the bird lives it fills God’s world with song. And so while I am alive, I shall also glorify it. Since the envious and the ignorant put obstacles in the way of my works, I shall not lead the evil into worse bitterness of heart. I shall collect the pictures rejected by them. I shall store them

securely in oaken chests and, availing myself of the good-will of my friend the abbot, I shall hide them in the deep cellars of the monastery. When the ordained day shall come, future generations will discover them. If, then, by the will of the Creator they must remain in secret—let it be so!

“No one knows in precisely what monastery, in what secret vaults the artist concealed his creations. True, in certain cloisters it has happened that old pictures have been found in crypts. But they have been found singly, they have not been purposefully deposited there and therefore could not belong to the treasure secreted by the great artist. Indeed in the underground vaults they continue to sing “Gloria in Excelsis”, but the searchers have not been lucky enough to find what was indicated by the artist himself.

“Certainly we have many monasteries and still more temples and castles which lie in ruins. Who knows, perhaps the tradition relates to one of these remains, already destroyed and razed by time.

“From this time on, people thought that the great artist had ceased painting. But, hearing these suppositions, he only smiled, because hence forth he was not labouring for the sake of the people’s joy but for a higher beauty. And so we do not know where this priceless treasure is preserved.”

“But have you been assured that this treasure is hidden within the boundaries of Italy?”—asked one of the listeners. “Of course already in remote

times people were going to other countries. May it not be that these treasures have likewise been unexpectedly dispersed or rather, preserved in different countries?" Another present added: "It may be this story does not at all refer to a single master. Of course human practices are often repeated. Consequently we find in history continual seeming repetitions of human wanderings and ascents."

The groom, Goorban, when we reached the middle of the Karakorum Pass, said to me: "Give me a couple of rupees. I will bury them here. Let us too add to the great treasure."

I asked him: "Then do you think that treasures have been collected together there below?" He looked surprised, even frightened. "But does the sahib not know? Even to us lowly people it is known that there, deep down, are extensive underground vaults. In them have been gathered treasures from the beginning of the world. There are also great guardians. Some have been lucky enough to see how from the hidden entry-ways have issued tall white men, who then again withdrew underground. Sometimes they appear with torches and many caravaneers know these fires. These subterranean folks do no evil. They even help people.

"I know for a fact that one local boy lost his caravan in a snowstorm and covered over his head in despair. Then it seemed to him that someone was rummaging around him. He looked round, in the murk there appeared no horse, no man—he

saw nothing. Yet when he put his hand in his pocket, he found there a handful of gold pieces. Thus do the great dwellers of the mountain help miserable people in misfortune."

And again the stories recurred to my mind about the secret magnets established by the followers of the great traveller Appolonius of Tyana. It was said that in definite places where it had been ordained that new states be built up or great cities erected, or where great discoveries and revelations should take place,—on all such sites were implanted portions of a giant meteor, sent from ~~the~~ distant luminaries.

There has even been a custom of testifying to the truth of statements by a reference to such ordained places. Deponents would say: "What I have said is as true as the fact that on a certain site has been placed such and such."

The groom Goorban again raised the question: "Why do you foreigners who know so much do not find the entry-way into the underground kingdom? You know how to do everything and boast of knowing everything and yet you do not enter into the secrets which are guarded by the great fire?"

"Man lives in mysteries,
and these are numberless!"

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"Let us bear."

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Would you arrest the Symphony of the Spheres?
Would you bid the thunders of heaven to cease?
Would you still the waterfalls and the whirlwinds?
Would you command silence of the birds or interdict the call of the stag?
Would you deaden all human song?
Would you mute the Divine canticles and harmonies?

What terror would prevail on earth without the Supreme Sounds. One may not even imagine what would transpire in nature, since sound and light are inalienably united. But fortunately no one can effect this devastating barbarism, since no one's forces can touch the symphony of the spheres, which shall ring out and exalt the human spirit towards new creations.

How many beautiful legends from the most remote times confirm the significance of the divine harmonies. As a symbol for all generations has been cited the myth of Orpheus, who enchanted beasts and all living things with his celestial music. Even serpents lose their venomous intent before music, and the wild yak becomes calm and yields his milk to those who approach him with song.

It is instructive to notice how many beautiful human achievements would have remained incomplete if unaccompanied by the inspiration of song

and music. Without the trumpet call the walls of Jericho would not have fallen. Finally, there is no home nor hut from which sound may be excluded as the exalting and evoking harmony. We call the book the friend of the home; we raise our eyes through the contemplation of superb lines and colours. Should we not, then, consider the harmony of the sound as our guide to the highest worlds? It is impossible to conceive of a temple without the harmony of voice or instruments. And King David, the Psalmist, composed his psalms with the thought of their rendition with instruments or voice. Not for the silent bookshelf did the Psalmist King create his invoking and instructive psalms. Not by accident, truly, is sound so emphasized in the Bible and in all other ancient writings. What can so greatly touch the human heart, what will make it forthwith finer and more compassionate, completely broader in the span of receptivity? The expansion of the heart as the all manifest understanding and the broadest striving engender creativeness in all manifestations.

My young Friends! I speak to you in the same language as to your elders, because your hearts are, if not more, equally open to the beautiful. By your ingenuousness, your pure smile of joy, you often approach and enter with unusual ease the Palaces of Beauty. Always, then, whenever you think of the beautiful harmony of exalting music, always then let your hearts throb more firmly, pre-sensing that other wondrous Gates

are open for you, which will lead out to a finer highway for your life's journey. Naturally you love music. Continue not only to love it but constantly sensitise your understanding approach to it. Perceive its meaning more personally; it will reveal your creativeness, will nurture your hearts and make accessible that which, lacking harmony and sound, would perhaps remain ever dormant. Regard music as the sesame of your heart; and what can be more necessary, more beautiful, than a heart infinite in its power and its containment?

Each of us recalls the wonderful poem, "Beda, the Preacher," in which the stones in chorus thundered out their response to his call. If stones can concur and proclaim in harmonious chorus, will men be less than stones? Are they only fit to quarrel and to mumble in contradiction, the unnecessary? A beautiful symphony unites human hearts. People become not merely listeners, but in their heart they become partakers of the beautiful act. And this uplifting call leads them to achievement and to better expressions of life.

To you, my Friends, I send my thoughts for achievement, for those best manifestations of life to which each of you are destined and which only inexcusable neglect can leave unexpressed. Under the best sounds, in song, under best colours, in labour and joy hasten to the predestined Light.

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I remember how in Kuchar in Central Asia,

somebody told us a beautiful tale about the perfection of Art. In the sands, that hide the buried city of Kuchar, we were amazed to hear such a living tradition, which uplifts art:

A certain artist was once in need of money and took his painting to a money-lender. The latter was not at home and only a boy was there. This boy gave the artist a very large sum for the painting.

When the money-lender returned home, he was furious and shouted to the boy: "Fool, for these butterflies, fruits and vegetables you gave such an enormous sum!" and he discharged the boy.

When the term was due, the artist returned to the money-lender's surprise with the money and demanded his painting back. When the money-lender gave him the painting, the artist exclaimed: "This is not my painting, where are the butterflies?" The money-lender was indeed horrified to see that the butterflies had disappeared and only the fruit and vegetables remained on the painting. The artist then told the money-lender: "You discharged the boy and insulted him, but only he can help you in your plight. Call him back at once". The money-lender had no other way out but to search for the boy and when the latter came, he said: "Now it is winter and the butterflies come only in the summer-time. Place the painting near the fire, and we shall see the butterflies return". And so it was. It appeared that the paint was put on the canvas with such skill

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and special knowledge of colours, that during the cold weather these colours disappeared and became visible only when it got warm again, following the perfection of nature."

~~2. The song~~

Thus beautifully speak these remote Stars, glorifying the standards of Art.

✓ *Stars*

Remember the sense of the Beautiful. Keep your enthusiasm and develop creative thought—such thought is the chief thing—that power of thought is the real possibility and it is most practical advice to have pure thoughts.

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Lovingly does Asia guard the traditions about the perfection of quality, which resounds with Cosmos.

Amidst the vast uplands of the Gobi we heard an uplifting song. A lonely bard—a Mongol—sitting on a hillock, callingly addressed himself to the dawn. When we came nearer, the Mongol became silent. We asked him to repeat his beautiful tune. But he refused: "only to the desert is this Song of Shambhala sounded."

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Ne ti, ne ti says the Hindu of the Unutterable—Ineffable. And will he ever tell you the name of his Guru? The Unspeakable sounds in the heart.

In the sacred fires of the heart will the Music of the Spheres resound, as the highest leading inspiration.

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HEROES OF CULTURE

In this bouquet of admirable prose Roerich sends his trumpet-call to all lovers of culture to be united and up against racial or national vandalism directed towards cultural treasures. The Problem of safeguarding man's cultural heritage developed so laboriously in tunes of Peace is an urgent Problem.

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*“Verily, in all countries real
heroes are needed—Heroes of
CULTURE!”*

HEROES

In 'Isvestya' (Moscow) Elena Bragantzeva writes about the preservation of the Novgorod treasures of antiquity. She also mentions Tamara Konstantinova, who has developed a great deal of work, in a general way, for the people. Verily, the saving of the people's treasures is a true achievement. The names of such workers must be broadly recorded and preserved for posterity. Let all those be revered who, with danger to their lives, labour for the saving and preservation of cultural treasures. And if someone was not quick enough to understand how to save the national treasures in time, let his unfortunate name also be recorded.

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We read in the newspapers about many volunteers who helped in the work of preservation of national treasures. These volunteers comprise a true legion of honour. Let all these valued workers be honoured, as Heroes of Culture, Mother—the Heroine, this is a valorous distinction, but the Hero of Culture will also be recorded with reverence in the memory of the nation.

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The war Heroes are justly honoured. The people will take pride in their names, knowing how much self-sacrifice was written into the pages of world history by the Russian Army. How many obstacles were conquered for the glory

of the Motherland! A great epic was created, to be remembered by future generations. Victory, victory! And what an unusual victory—of a whole people which brought forth a host of heroes.

Alongside the war heroes there have arisen heroes of labour, who have given their strength also for the glorious victory. Side by side with them also laboured the heroes of Culture—saviours of the folk treasure. And among them will be many unknown sympathizers, who cared greatly about the safeguarding of the cultural treasures. We have heard about many of them, but there are a great many more who have not yet been revealed. However, they will be found and the nation will bow to them.

Recently, Yakovlev spoke beautifully to the young people about the restoration of art works. The architects are already working to rebuild the cities. It is astonishing to observe how much has been already restored in that tremendous national uprising.

Amidst pain and sorrow a people moulds new glory for its beloved country. Heroes of war, heroes of labour, heroines—mothers, heroes of culture, a great unconquerable host of heroes!

Thus people are again in a heroic period of construction. Just we have received from Moscow the magazine "Slaviane" with a magnificent article by the famous architect Stchussev about speedy reconstruction of the cities destroyed by German vandalism. What a glorious incessant work! Untiring heroes!

Verily, in all countries real heroes are needed.

War Armageddon is over, but now an Armageddon of Culture is raging. All culture warriors should be ready for a common co-operative work.

For twenty-two years we have been connected with India and can speak about cultural needs of this great country. In India a glorious Renaissance of Art, Science and Culture is approaching and people should be prepared to meet this benevolent turn of Evolution. Now-a-days after a victorious war all cultural needs have become apparent and should be fostered.

In the sacred traditions of Bharata, Art and Knowledge were venerated as moving powers of the Nation. The same beautiful tradition should be upheld just now when the whole world is searching for the best ways towards a Renaissance. The needs of the young generation should be met by all means.

The centres of Culture would be deeply welcomed by artists and scientists—by all cultural workers. For the young generation such Centres will become indispensable. Artists have no exhibition Hall, but without encouragement Art cannot grow—on ice there are no flowers. There must be Halls for lectures. Museums should grow not only as museums of Archeology, but also of contemporary Art. The Libraries should be enriched by best editions, thus helping the young writers. Unlimited is the sacred plough-field of Culture. The blessed future can grow only on cultural unity. Not only in big cities but even in rural areas such centres could be started. From a

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HEROES OF CULTURE

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small corn grows a mighty oak. An endless host of heroes is needed for such strongholds of Culture. Humanity has a Red Cross for physical welfare but ~~still~~ more needed is the Red Cross of Culture.

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