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Late Prof. NICHOLAS ROERICH

## Prof. Nicholas Roerich's Motto

“**A**RT 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 after all it will purify human consciousness, and 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 & Hospitals, but even Prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons.”

## Last Message of Roerich

My dear Friends:

We shall say briefly wherein the substance of our tasks and striving lies. We are helping Culture. And if someone in a moment of audacity should take upon himself the burden of saying "We are constructing Culture", then he will be not far from the truth. Does not each one who helps, appear to be a co-worker?

We are asking our friends every day to think, to pronounce and to apply the understanding of Beauty and Culture. And this is nothing new, because there is nothing new anywhere. But we are gathering around these precious understandings a new effort, we are striving to help towards the tension of creative energy. We are striving to learn and to re-incarnate the so-called abstraction into reality. It is very easy to make an abstraction from each action, and in this abstraction to lose the possibility of action. We see constantly that the most real teaching of life is being transmuted by clever rhetoric into an unapproachable abstraction and for the appeasing of the weak will it is being transported into an intangible cloudiness. To make this artificially created abstraction a reality and substance of life, is the next task of Culture. It is impossible for one to imagine that the true perception of substance, the true teaching of life is only something forbidding, obstructing or deadening.

The truth will be there where will be manifested without obstacles a constructive broadening containment and love towards the untiring achievement. Our enemies say that we are forming of ourselves a special race. If we understand by this a nation of culture, then may be

this hostile definition, as too often happens, comes very close to the truth. We shall not be afraid of this truth, if as the highest condemnation, the Black Century which has already spent itself will tell us: "Here are the gathered dreamers, and they imagine they can help humanity.

Namely in this help to humanity we are being reproached. But each of our companions-at-arms, who are scattered all over the world, will smile at that and say: "Does not every natural labour appear to be a help to humanity?" Because it would be abominable to think that everyone who labours does only for himself. No, he works for someone unknown to him. And this unknown will accept the nameless labour as an expression of Benevolence which makes his passage down the earthly path easier for him.

If the division of the world into Constructors and Destructors is constantly talked about, then this measure would be a terrible sign of destruction. But Culture in its essence does not know destruction as such. It is impetuously, constantly creating, it is constantly covering with a higher dome the imperfections of yesterday. But here there is that stone which would be of use to the wise builder, which treats of every possibility.

Verily, in all parts of the world, at present is rising the tension of constructive energy. The lines of new workers cry out: "We are tired of Destruction, we are overburdened by senseless mechanization. We want to create, we want to do

that useful work which unites us with the resplendent future." In ancient teachings, there has always been pointed out the bridge which unites the old and the new worlds. And nowhere have destruction and violence been mentioned.

The scientists have pointed out to us that Culture and the achievements of empires have been constructed by Beauty. Take away the monuments of Beauty, and the whole aspect of history will be depleted. The virility of Beauty, the age-long inviolability of Culture tell us of the true transmutation of abstraction into manifested life. And we are not dreamers at all, but workers for life, and our apostolate above all is content in that we are striving to say to the people, "Remember Beauty. Do not exile its image from life but also actively call others to this feast of joy! And if you see allies, do not bid them depart, but find the full measures of benevolent con-

tainment in order to call us to the very same peaceful measureless field of labour and construction. In Beauty and in Spirit shall our strength be multiplied. Look into the heights, and spread thy wings as the conqueror of the predestined Light".....

In the day of disturbances and tremor, we shall repeatedly affirm the very same construction and the same construction and the same benevolent Light. And there are no conditions which could turn one aside who has entered the path of construction. And we shall not be afraid in the name of the Beautiful. And we shall remember that the ridicule of ignorance is only a torch of achievement. If we will eschew egotism, if we will strive not only ourselves towards the path of the Beautiful, but also by all possible means open it to our nearest ones, then we shall have already fulfilled the next task of enlightening of Culture.

### ROERICH AS POET.

## BY THE RULER

By Nicholas Roerich.

Again a messenger. Again Thy  
Command! And a gift from Thee!  
Ruler, Thou hast sent me  
Thy pearl, and hast commanded  
To include it in my string,  
But Thou knowest, Ruler,  
My necklace is not genuine,  
And it is long - as long  
As only things unreal  
Can be. Thy radiant  
Gifts amidst the dull  
Toys shall down. But Thou  
Hast commanded I shall fulfil,  
Ye street merry-makers!  
On my string is a  
Pearl  
Bestowed on me  
By the Ruler!

## NEWS & NOTES

By Gen. Secretary

### OUR PATORN

It was on the night of the 15th December, we received the sad news of the death of our venerable Patron Professor Nikolus Konstantinovitch Roerich who breathed his last on Saturday the 13th December 19 7.

The following message was sent telegraphically to Madame Helena Roerich, Naggar, on the 16th December :

"OUR SINCERE CONDOLENCES, WITH PROFESSOR ROERICH HUMANITY LOOSES A GREAT BENEFACITOR. MAY HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE."

\* \* \*

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru opening an exhibition of paintings of Prof. Roerich said, "When I think of Prof. Roerich, I am astounded at the scope and abundance of his activities and creative genius. A great artist, a great scholar and writer, archaeologist and explorer, he touched and lighted up many aspects of human endeavour."

It is said that, Roerich's abode in the Kulu Valley Commands some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. His death there constituted "a beautiful ending to a beautiful life" according to Mrs. Devika Roerich, Professor Roerich's daughter-in-law.

Professor! You are immortal. You are immortalised with the Banner of Peace, the Protector of Cultural treasures. You will be ever and anon remembered

with your innumerable paintings and writings.

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Eventually, let us recollect and remember the non-traditional tributes paid to Professor Roerich. To start with, the great Maxim Gorky crowned the count Roerich with the remark—"One of the greatest intuitive minds of the age." Prof. Roerich's art has been universally acclaimed. The French Art-critic B. D. Conlan puts in "If Pheidias was the creator of divine form, the Giotto the painter of the soul, the Roerich may be said to reveal the spirit of the Cosmos." According to Dr. R. A. Hersche of the Chicago Institute of Art, Roerich's art is imposing and impressive in breadth of vision, marvellous imagination and limitless creativeness. Leonid Andreyev has rightly remarked, "to see a painting by Roerich means to perceive a new world."

In India too, Poet Rabindranath Tagore greeted him, "Your pictures profoundly moved me. They made me realise one thing which is obvious and yet which one needs to discover for oneself over and over again: it is that Truth is infinite. Your Art is jealous of its independence because it is great." Dr. Kalidas Nag once said, "Roerich is the first Russian ambassador of Beauty who has brought to India the deathless message of Art and we are ever grateful to him for his inspiring thoughts and his loyal co-operation in bringing the soul of Russia and India closer."

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