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New York, October 20, 1936.

My dear Roerich:

I received the various magazine articles of yours which you were kind enough to send me. I have read them all, and enjoyed them all, but with different degrees of enjoyment. That account of the old Llama's about the appearance of the Masters in the desert, and his answers to your questioning about them thrilled me most. "Heavenly Gifts" I found inspiring. Your whole attitude and point of view is a fine antidote to all this defeatism, skepticism, and negative thinking. I wish your works might have a wider circulation.

I am shopping about among the publishers trying to get better terms for my memoirs than Mr. Knopf seems disposed to give me. The Viking Press has the manuscript now. I sold the serial rights to some of it to an architectural magazine. The best part of the book--the occult part--is the thing that the publishers care least about. I do not believe that this is true of the readers, however. The publishers, like the theatrical producers, misjudge their audience, as has been proved again and again. The bookseller and the publisher stand between the public and what it really wants. This has been demonstrated to me ^{often} ~~again and again~~. "Green Pastures" went the rounds of the producers offices for two years before it got backing from outside sources, and it has since made millions. And who could have ever anticipated--least of all the publisher--that Alex Caryl's book, "Man the Unknown" would ever have become a best seller! Publishers and booksellers push the things on which they think they can get quick returns. This is inevitable, because they must do so in order to survive.

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What we need therefore is a subsidized theatre and a subsidized press-- not by the government, but by some modern equivalent of the Grand Dukes of the Renaissance. To think how much fun some of our millionaires might get out of this sort of patronage! The trouble is that just when their faith and fidelity is most tested they crack under the strain--like Mr. Horch.

Norman-Bel Geddes, whom you remember, for we called on you once together, has a very successful play on, "Dead End," for which he made a superb production. He has a company acting it both here and in New York, and he sold the movie rights for \$165,000. Now on the strength of that he put on another play last night, "Iron Men," a play about steel workers, with scenes high aloft in a steel-framed skyscraper under construction, with giant cranes handling enormous steel girders, riveters at work, and all that. Again, he scored heavily on the production end, but in this case, I judge from the newspaper criticisms, the play itself was not so good. Norman is certainly a genius in his handling of form, color and light in the theatre. He paid \$5000 dollars, I understand, to get the exact sound-effects of that particular portion of New York in which "Dead End" is laid, so that one could even hear the lapping of the waves against the East River pier, and he paid \$2000 in this new play of his, to record the sound of riveting as heard from a distance on a modern skyscraper. I wish he could employ his great talents on plays more worthy of them.

With kindest regards to yourself and your wife,

I am yours always sincerely,

Claude Bragdon

P. S. My health is much improved. Thanks for your suggestions.

SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

June 18, 1937

My dear Rorich;

Thank you for those
 • "Printed Extracts from our Diary
 Leaves." I was particularly
 interested in the one about
 edible weeds, grasses and wild
 vegetables. Do you know your friend
 Helen Ellwanger, a skilled hort.
 culturist - and the granddaughter
 of that Ellwanger who was the
 Buckau of his day - the founder
 of the Ellwanger & Barry nurseries
 and the originator of several new
 species of flowers. In his
 • firm's nurseries were the largest -
 and almost the only - sequoias
 in the East of America. The
 cones were brought from
 California at the time of the
 first Gold Rush in 1849. Un-
 fortunately they were winter
 killed two or three winters
 ago. Miss Ellwanger and her
 sister inherited her grand-
 father's estate and have one
 of the finest gardens in the country

I have just come from Rochester, where I went to lecture and to visit my sister, and from Boston where I went to visit my oldest son and his wife and two grandchildren who live at North Andover Mass. I had lunch with Ralph Adams Graves and his wife, and saw Nicholas Bessaraboff, translator of Copeusky's *Tertium Organum*. I called on Comaracewsky at the Museum but he was absorbed in something and evidently did not take kindly to entreating visitors, so I wandered through the Oriental Section which is the finest in the country, by myself.

I am having difficulty in disposing of my *Ciclobiography* to a publisher. Doubous is now considering it. They have had the ms. for the past two months.

You will be glad to learn that my health is better and that I am taking up my work again.

SHELTON HOTEL

NEW YORK

Just now I am developing
my Projector Ornament to
a higher point of perfection.

● Mauley Hall, I understand,
had to give up his lectures
here — or at least interrupt
them — on account of a heart-
attack. Mrs. Bailey has already
sailed for England. Her Society
is starting a new magazine
"The World Observer" the first
of July. I'll tell them to
send you a copy of the first
number when it comes out for
it has an article by me in it.

It is always pleasant to
get an occasional reminder
of you and Mrs. Rorrich.
I hope that you are both
well, and that your researches
are progressing favorably.

Cordially yours

Claude Bragdon

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The Shelton, New York,
July 3rd. 1937

My dear Röerich:

I was glad to get your letter, the pamphlets, and that photograph of your prophetic picture "Armageddon." I think this should be published in some American magazine as a sort of awful warning, and if you give your consent I will myself try to place it in the hands of some editor, but I shall not move in the matter until I find out how you feel about that.

I think the work you are undertaking in the matter of trying to reduce the number of deaths by cancer, and increasing the potential food supply of the world by the discovery of edible weeds, wild vegetables, etc., is the most important and constructive being done anywhere and I hope that success crowns your efforts

I have decided to rewrite my autobiography, treating each of my activities as a separate "life" instead of being bound by the chronological order of events. And I shall call it

MORE LIVES THAN ONE

which is a quotation from Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol"--

The man who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

It was a kind of a "death" when I was forced to give up architecture, and again I feel that thing, now that my health forbids the strenuous work of the theatre. But for every death there is a birth. You certainly must have experienced the same thing--and many times. I will get the book published somehow, the main thing is to get it written properly. I can improve it, and that is my summer job, and my present business.

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I am going to lecture at International House in August, and in Hartford I give two lectures in the Fall. These, with one appearance before a group of mathematicians, are all of my "dates ahead."

I have asked my publisher to send you a copy of my "Merely Players" which I infer you have not read, even though there is an article about you in it, because you say you never heard of Francis Grierson. In that book I have an article about him too. I am sure it will interest you. He was a real prophet. I read the final pages of his "The Invincible Alliance" when I was in Rochester last, and found there an exact forecast of what has happened, is happening, and what will happen presently, although the book was written long before the world-war. He told me that Mexico and the U. S. A. must come to terms and become friendly, before this continent could march forward to its destiny. This is now happening to a tune of which Grierson could not have dreamed. You will also find other things of interest in this book, particularly in the final section "The World of the Wondrous."

Let me know your wishes in regard to the publication of the photo of your picture, for I think The World Observer would be glad of it. I have an article in the current number which I will send you.

Cordially and sincerely, and with regards to Mrs. Roerich also, I am

Your friend,

Laude Bragdon

SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

December 4
1937

My dear Roerich:

Thank you for your
letter and enclosures.

I regret to say your "Amagadon"
and my commentary has not yet
appeared in The World Observer.
I think they'll publish, but my
experience is that sometimes they
wait a long, long while.

Yats-Brown in his book on
Yoga says he has seen a Yogi
sitting in the water — much
as shown in your picture. I
imagine. That interested me.

I consider this "Yoga Explained"
in many ways a dangerous
book and I have refused to
give it any endorsement, because
it gives directions for the
arousing of the Kundalini, which
is literally "playing with fire."

I am rewriting my Memoirs
now for the third time, but
I have Mr. Knapp's definite
assurance that he will publish
in the ~~Late~~ Early fall of next
year. It seems a long time
ahead, but as one gets older
time passes very fast.

That meeting at the Biographical
Institute at which Mrs. Lichtmann
and I spoke passed off very
well.

I am doing nothing in the theatre
this year, as Mr. Hampden is
not producing. I lecture here
and there, and now and then
but spend most of my time working
on my book and its illustra-
tions and decorations, for I am
anxious to get it off my hands.

With kindest regards to
Mrs. Rorick and yourself I am
yours cordially and sincerely.
Claude Bragdon

SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

January 6. 1938

My dear Berrie:

Thank you for your beautiful Christmas card. Your paintings always delight me. Even in this diminished form. I still treasure your card of last year too.

My youngest son was married two days before Christmas to the sister of his brother Hurray's wife. As both these women are daughters of the boy's mother's dearest friend I feel that these relations are deeply harmonious, and that all is as it must be and should be. Both my sons are teachers. They have found their work. Their place, their mate. and I am grateful for this because it has been different in the past, both for them and for me on account of them. There are 3 generations. Taken on Chandler's wedding day.

My Autobiography, in its 3rd volume is again nearly finished and will be published, as I think I wrote you, in the early fall. I shall send you a copy when it comes out.

I am too near it now to know how
good it is, but it is good in spots.

I have read Bryntons "A
Search in Secret India" with
great pleasure. I wonder if you
met him, and what you think
of him. His book seems very sincere
and fine. I am also reading De Croix's
Journal, translated by Walter
Pach. It is stimulating reading
to any artist.

J. B. Priestley, the novelist,
has written two plays on the
Caususian idea of time. One
of them, "Time and the Conways"
was produced here the
other night and got very favorable
reviews. I went and enjoyed it;
for it was beautifully acted. That
makes 2 successful plays in Broadway
dealing with this new concept
of the simultaneity of time; the
other being "The Star Wagon".

Wishing you and your wife
and son a Happy New Year,
I am as always your devoted
friend and admirer

Sande Bragdon.

SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

Feb 25. 1938

My dear Perich:

I was glad of your letter with its interesting and inspiring enclosures. I read them aloud to a group of friends, and they were greatly appreciated. Your writing somehow reminds me of Lao Tze. It is permeated with that beautiful serenity which I so like in Chinese art also.

I have signed a contract with Mr. Knopf for my autobiography and it will be published in September. I shall send you a copy as soon as it is off the press. There will be 16 or 20 illustrations and Knopf has promised to make a handsome book of it.

I met Mr. Lichtmann at Prof. Rhine's lecture at the Colony Club, and he told me

that they had been put off of their headquarters which seemed to me a despicable thing for Arch to do. I tried hard to like Arch in the old days but never quite succeeded, and now I understood the reason why. The Lichtmanns I never had any difficulty in liking.

My health appears to be getting shaddy better and I may enter upon some new cycle of acting although I doubt if it will be the theatre. That work is too strenuous for a person of my years, no matter how robust; because it demands the endurance which enables one to go without sleep and food, if necessary, whereas for me now there is nothing but an ordered life. With kindest regards
 Claude Bragdon.

SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

May 5. 1938

My dear Mr. Roerich:

I have met two people recently who bear with them the aroma of your part of the world. So to speak, both geographically, and from the standpoint of consciousness. One of them is Paul Brunton, whose "Search in Secret India" you probably know, and the other is Theos Bernard, the only "outsider" ever invited to Phoca and asked to make his home there.

Brunton I shall see again this very afternoon. I was impressed by his sureness, peace, calm, and poise, which "Sallybush" and he would to his association with the saints and sages which he so vividly describes. Bernard is a much younger man, and though he has gone far in Tantric yoga, I feel that he has still much to learn from the standpoint of consciousness. I am confident that he will fulfill the promise the monks saw in him, for they recognized him as a reincarnation of one of their saints. My own idea is that both of these men, sincere, dedicated, are here as emigrants.

to promote a better understanding
between East and East:
So I thought you would like
to hear about them.

I had a pleasant chat the
other afternoon with Mr.
Lichtmann. I cannot under-
stand Arch's indifference
that impresses me very unpleasantly.

I regret to say that the
"World Observer" returned those
photographs of your pictures
unpublished. I sent them to
Cotnam. But they wrote
back that they were out
of their line. I will get
them published, but just
where to send them next, I
haven't quite decided. To me
your paintings are magnificent.

The theatre in New York this
winter has been remarkable in
that all the plays which succeeded
have had a definitely occult or
spiritual content; some of them
markedly so.

With kindest regards to your
wife and son, and to yourself
my constant regard and affection
Chaeede Bragdon



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

June 18. 1938
My dear Mr. Roerich:

I had a call from Mrs. Lichtmann the other day. She seemed in excellent spirits despite the reverses they had all suffered. I do not know how all this complicated affair will finally "come out" but I feel that Narpis' action is so base and vindictive that only sorrow, evil, and a terrible Karma could be his portion. As Balzac says "Money cannot buy a single necessity of the soul."

I am very inactive in any creative way, but there are certain of my friends whom I am doing all in my power to help. I am hoping that things will change after my birthday, the first of August, which is the date of the publication of my book.

I have met two men recently

who have travelled extensively
in the East and absorbed some
of its wisdom. Paul Brunton
author of "A Search in Secret
India" and "The Secret Path"
and Ther Bernald, a youth
of 29 who is the only outsider
I understand, who was ever
invited to come to Lhasa. He
spent some time there and took
the most magnificent photographs
of the place I have ever seen.

He speaks Tibetan, and the
monks gave him permission to
go where he liked and make
report of what he found to the
outside world. He declined
recently before the Explorers Club.
He appears to be an adept at
Hatha Yoga, and has written
a book on Yoga the name of which
I have read. I feel that this
young man has still much to learn,
but that he is likely to be an
important factor in the "marriage
of East and West." Brunton,
through his writings, is already
that. I think highly of him
and his work.

With kindest regards to Mrs.
Roach, your son and yourself
I am
Yours most sincerely
Charles Bradford



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

July 28. 1938

My dear Roerich:

I have received from
Mrs. Lichtmann Zella Gramata
containing some reproductions of
a certain few pictures of yours
which I had never seen. "The Golden
Stroughold" possess an extraordinary
quality and "Brahmaputra" is
beautiful in color and composition.
Indeed, your color schemes are
unfailing right, and all so
different - music written in
different keys.

Today I am having sent
by Alfred A. Knopf, an illustrated
copy of my "Autobiography" "More Lives
Than One." I hope that you
will like what I said about you
in it - and I hope it may do
some good, in correcting false
impressions. But those false
impressions should cause you not
the least worry (Do, here they do not!)

because, after all, a man's
character emerges, it cannot be
falsified by others, or concealed by
himself. You are Rorrich.
The discerning know you,
recognize you for what you
are. They know also your
enemies, who in the very
nature of things are bound to
defeat themselves.

My health is far from sick-
factory, but I seem by no
means in the inviolated class.
I think I still have work
to do in the world, and shall
have the strength to do it.

With warmest regards to
you and Mr. Rorrich, I
remain,

Always sincerely yours
friend and admirer

Claude Bragdon.



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

September 19
3 3 8

My dear Roerich:

Your praise of
my Autobiography pleased me
very much. I value your opinion
as much as anyone I know.
I sent a copy of part of your
letter to Mr. Knapp, and I am
sure that he was pleased and
impressed too. You said all of
the things I would most like to
be said.

About 1200 have been
disposed of already which is
nearly half the edition, and
I do not think the peak has
been reached yet; for the book
came out in midsummer, and
before people come back from
their vacationing. The "press"
has been superlatively good
with the monthlies and the
New York Times "Review of
Books" still to be heard of from.

Mr. Bailey is back from
England and starts a course
of lectures at the Hotel Penn-
sylvania in October. Her
last course of lectures were
noticeably finer than any
she had given before. Her
Creane School seems to me
a fine organization, although I
am not myself a member.
No one objection to it is that
it is so limited in the aesthetic
side. Mr. Bailey is aware
of this, although she herself
appears to have so little sense
of visible beauty.

I hope that what I said
about you in my book,
though so slight a thing
may serve to correct erroneous
ideas spread abroad by Hork.
Though I even doubt that
this is necessary for I have the
comfortable belief that everyone
appears in his true colors
and that lies and slanders
recoil upon the liar and the
slanderer. With kindest regards
to you and yours, Claude Bragdon



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

October 10, 1938

My dear Roerich:

I was reminded of you in two ways. Yesterday I attended the second of Mrs. Bailey's lectures at the Pennsylvania Hotel on The Hierarchy and she said that in these lectures she was going to quote a great deal from the book "Hierarchy" by Nicholas Roerich and she did quote some very fine things from it. I thought you would be pleased to hear this, and to know that your message is reaching audiences in truly independent of the various Roerich "Centers" throughout the world.

The other thing which brought you to my mind was a copy of "Nicholas Roerich. A Master of the Mountains" received from "Flamma" Inc., Liberty, Indiana.

It contained a reproduction of
your son's very fine portrait.
which I have admired in
the original.

You will be pleased to learn
that my Autobiography has
had unanimous praise from
the critics and for so high
priced a book is selling well.
I have had many letters about
it, both from friends and
from strangers.

I am having this week
an exhibition of my Mechanical
Designs at the Architectural
League of New York and
on the 20th I address that
organization on the subject
of "The Mathematics of Beauty".
I find that these things
help to sell my Autobiography
which is now my chief
concern

Hoping that you and your
family are well I remain
Always sincerely your friend
Claude Bragdon

SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

November 23, 1938

My dear Roserich:

At your request I have already started a short-story for "Lemna" along the lines which you suggest, and I hope to enclose it in my next letter to you.

I am pleased to learn that the first part of your monograph is to appear by Christmas. It is sure to be very fine. I do not think you can know my admiration of your work as an artist; it is profound, and I am myself primarily an artist.

"More Lives" is being read and talked about and I am the recipient of many letters

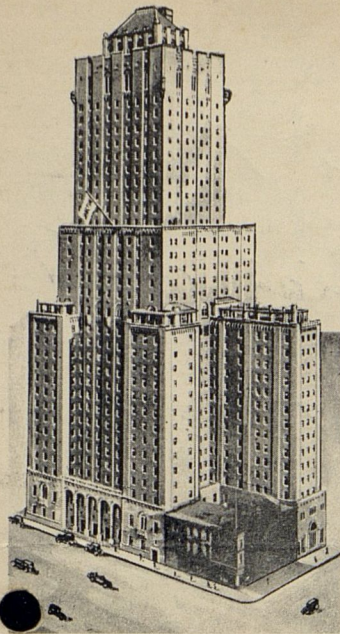
concerning it. The best feature
of the publication of this book
at this time dwells in the
fact that it is creating a
new audience for my other
books — which though not
as amusing are more important;
and it is causing Knopf to
put some of my out-of-print
books back into print again.

I am going to lecture
before the Institute of History
and Art at Albany on Dec. 15th,
and I have also a lecture
engagement in Rochester. On the
way I shall stop and see my
grandchildren. I want them
to know that there is such a thing
as a grandfather in their prospect
as well as airplanes and motor
cars.

Norah, in the midst of his
seeming success, is a defeated
man, and knows it; I can read
it in his eyes. Cordially yours
Claude Bragdon.

SHELTON HOTEL

LEXINGTON AVENUE
48TH TO 49TH STREETS
NEW YORK



UNDER
KNOTT MANAGEMENT

December 4,
1938

My dear Rorich:

I enclose the article
for "Gamma" which you asked for
and I promised. I hope you
will find it to be the sort of thing
you want. I accepted your
suggestion, you see, that it be along the
lines of "Delphic Woman."

My Autobiography is attracting
a class of readers which I have never
had before. From an original purchase of
four copies for the New York Library
and its branches, the number is now
twenty-two. The popularity of this book
has stimulated interest in my other books
and this is most fortunate, because
they are practically unknown to the younger
generation. And to the younger generation
they have a distinct appeal. An architect
friend of mine in Seattle wrote me that
his daughter, sixteen years old, was so
taken with my "Frozen Fountain" that
she took it to her school and reviewed
it for her class.

I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Bailey last Thursday night - and they spoke of you in a way which you would much like. They are trying to make some arrangement with Mr. Lichtmann, I believe, whereby they can issue "Hierarchy" and "Agui Yopa" from their Lucis Press, so as to get for these books which seem to them so important, a wider circulation. The Baileys are sailing for Los Angeles in December - this month - and then they will go to England to stay until next April.

My health is none too good, but I do not let that too much interfere with what I want to do, although, as I told you, I have had to cut out work in the theatre altogether. I can still write; I can still draw, and I can do a limited amount of lecturing. A great many people come to see me on one errand or another, and I spend a great deal of time answering letters.

Cordially yours,
Claude Bragdon



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

January 10
1939

My dear Rorich:

I write to thank you for the beautiful Christmas card. Yours are the only ones I find it impossible to destroy on the reception of a new lot with the procession of the years. I take this opportunity of wishing you and yours a Happy New Year.

Did you receive the article I sent you for "Lammas" on the subject of Schylline (Cousin)? Because if you did not I want to send you the second copy. I hope and believe that it is the sort of thing you want for this magazine.

My health has been better of late. I am glad to be able

to tell you. I am gathering
and conserving my forces for
some new creative effort; but
I do not know yet exactly
what it may be. Just now
I am concentrating on join-
ing currency for my other writings
and in this the Autobiography,
which is being widely read,
and by a new kind of audience,
is a great help.

I was interested and
pleased with all you had
to tell me about the wide
and growing recognition of
your work and the things
you stand for. The world is
indeed rapidly approaching
a condition of "readiness."
I myself see signs of it every-
where.

With kindest regards
to you and Mrs. Rorick I
remain, as always, your
sincere friend and admirer.
Claude Bragdon



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

January 22
1939

My dear Rosset:

Thank you for
your most interesting letter.
It is indeed unfortunate
- that so little of "Agni Yopa"
is available to the English
speaking and reading public.
That is quite an impression
list of books you sent me.

I am glad that you
liked my article for "Flamma".
The subject is one very near
my heart; for I am getting
a great many letters from
Delphic women the world
over. Just now they are
subject to great persecution.
This is but another phase
of the same conflict being
waged now in China, Germany,
and Spain.

I am not actively at-
work on anything now,
but am trying to gather
and conserve my forces for
some new effort. The nature
of which I do not yet
know. My health is still
far from satisfactory, but
I am adjusting myself
to that too.

The theatre is extraordi-
narily fine and vital in
New York this winter. There
is a mystical element which
has entered into all the
big successes: "White Steed,"
"Here Come the Clowns,"
"Fabulous Invalid" and
the revival of Sillou Vanes
great play (written, I was
told, automatically - I do not
know how true this is): "Outward
Bound"

With regards and affection
to you and yours Claude Bragdon.



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

March 27, 1939

My dear Professor Rorrich:

I received the
● Copy of "Flamma" containing so
much interesting text and illustrations
and 2 articles on "Selys-Longchamps
in the Modern World." Also, the
reprints of same. Please accept
my thanks for these.

As I telephoned Mrs. Luchtmann
you may make any further use
of this article you please. but
if it is published in "The Student."
I should like a copy of that.

● I have had to be rather inactive
of late on account of the state
of my health. I was offered
two productions in the theatre—
one a play about the Emperor Nero
by Pearl Buck, a Pulitzer Prize
winner—but that work is
too difficult and strenuous for
me now. It is the task of young
men.

There are excellent things in
the theatre here this winter.

Overrun by parasites so it is,
The American theatre is now the
most vital in the world according
to well-informed opinion. The reason
is, I think, that we are producing
Hazzardites: Paul Green, Clifford
Odets, Lillian Hellman, Philip
Barry who are alive to the true
issues of the times, and who think
in terms of drama, rather than of narrative.
Thornton Wilder is the latest recruit.

Then Bernard has a series of
articles, finely illustrated about
his visit to Liberia which I find
very interesting and he is lecturing
widely throughout the country.
Scribner is about to issue this
book and I understand they are
going to make a fine thing of it—
the illustrative material and
typographically.

Ruth H. Davis has just
come out with Our Acrobats,
published by Harper. The advance
notices and the reviews (which
have been favorable) would indicate
that this contains material which
would be interesting to us both.

Thanking you again for the
copy of Flammarion and the reprints,
and with my best regards to you and
to your family I am as always
Sincerely your friend, Claude Bragdon

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SHELTON HOTEL

LEXINGTON AVENUE
48TH TO 49TH STREETS
NEW YORK

New York, May 12th, 1939

My dear Professor Roerich:

Thank you for the copy of The Scholar containing my article. "Sibylline Women in the Modern World." I found the magazine interesting on other counts.

UNDER
KNOTT MANAGEMENT

The World's Fair is open now, and it appears to be a success. The lighting effects are the finest feature. Bassett Jones, who learned about lighting in the only place it can be learned, the theatre, has developed a "color symphony" of music, moving water, light, color, fireworks and flaming gas which is the most amazingly beautiful thing I ever saw. He is the particular hero of this occasion, and deservedly so. He uses no flood-lights except on the trylon and perisphere, which are drenched with violet-blue, and look so diaphanous that they might be part of the sky itself. Jones makes light precious. It is the opposite of Broadway, for at the Fair the crowd is in darkness, and the buildings in silhouette with the light confined to the porticoes behind the columns, which stand out in often against decorative paintings. ~~sharp relief~~ I am sorry you cannot see this lighting, It is in the highest sense dramatic, and makes the Fair an altogether different thing by night than by day.

On Monday I am going to my home town, Rochester, to visit my sister, who has been ill, and to address a meeting of architects.

I attended the opening reception of the new two million dollar Museum of Art. The building is very uninteresting exteriorly, but inside it has some excellent features, notably the use of glass. The great garden in the rear is separated from the ground floor of the Museum only by a continuous wall of plate glass, so that being indoors, one seems to be outdoors at the same time. The engineers, architects, and all the technicians of every sort have done very well, but the statues and the pictures! Some of them seemed to be like obscene jokes, yet are taken in all seriousness. It is because these millionaires who are behind this enterprise know nothing and care nothing about art as you and I understand it. When I think of all the wealth of beauty you have created which is now hidden away somewhere, and this garbage displayed on dishes of silver I have a sense of the general topsiturviness of the world, and the inversion of values.

My autobiography is scheduled for publication in England this autumn; also my "A Primer of Higher Space." This should gain me a new audience. I am quite inactive now on account of my state of health, but I find that my books are being read more than ever, and I get some very fine letters about them, and from remarkably fine people.

Theos Bernard's book, "The Penthouse of the Gods" has sold well and Scribners have accepted two others by him, one of them on the subject of yoga, about which he certainly knows a lot.

I hope that you and yours are well. I am always glad to hear from you.

Sincerely
Claude Bragdon

Excerpt from Claude Bragdon's letter to Prof. Roerich
dated New York May 12, 1939

"I attended the opening reception of the new two million dollar Museum of Art. The building is very uninteresting exteriorly, but inside it has some excellent features, notably the use of glass. The great garden in the rear is separated from the ground floor of the Museum only by a continuous wall of plate glass. The engineers, architects, and all the technicians of every sort have done very well, but the statues and the pictures! Some of them seemed to be like obscene jokes, yet are taken in all seriousness. It is because these millionaires who are behind this enterprise know nothing and care nothing about art as you and I understand it. When I think of all the wealth of beauty you have created which is now hidden away somewhere, and this garbage displayed on dishes of silver I have a sense of the general topsyturviness of the world, and the inversion of values. "

KANV
MADE



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

June 7, 1939

My dear Friend Roserich:

Thank you for your letter of the 10th of May with Enclosures. I will tell Ruth St Denis of your generous offer to review her book when next I see her.

Young Bernard has gone to the Pacific Coast to deliver some lectures and hold what he calls a seminar - whatever that may be. Whether he himself believes himself to be a reincarnation of Parma Sambhava or not I do not know, but he evidently feels that he has a definite mission to broadcast a certain teaching in this country and he is selling about it in a spirit of sincerity and devotion it seems to me, and such is Mrs. Liekman's impression also, and it appears that she knows far more about him than I do. She had certain reservations about him as you evidently have, and as I have also, but in view of his youth and inexperience he appears to have made an auspicious beginning

for I understood that his lectures
are successful and his book has
sold very well. His path — the
path he has chosen — is best.
With pitfalls the worst of which
I hope he may escape. As you
say "all highest matters require also
highest carefulness and attentive attitude."

I should be delighted to receive
a copy of the English edition of
your Monograph and shall be glad
to write a review of it; though
it is only fair to tell you that
I can give no assurance that
such a review would be accepted
for publication, on account of
unhappy experience of a similar
nature in the past. However, one
can but try. Possibly "Asia"
might publish such a review.
I am skeptical about "The N. Y.
Times or Tribune's" "Review of Books"
because their papers are always
so overburdened. They are the ones
I would try for first.

With cordial regards to you and
your wife and son, I am as
always your devoted friend and admirer
Claude Bragdon



SHELTON HOTEL
NEW YORK

June 29. 1939

My dear Friend Berich:

I was glad to receive your letter and enclosures of June 15th and I hasten to reply.

As regards The World's Fair, the lighting and the color music of the fountains, by Barrett Jones are thrillingly beautiful. The General Motors Building and exhibit by Norman Bel Geddes (whom you remember) are said to be very fine though I cannot speak from personal knowledge. It's significant that both Jones and Geddes are artists of the theatre, just as you and I have been. Do not that the front-training? What I like about your paintings, aside from their inherent nobility is the unity of color and design and a certain breadth and foster like quality which experience in the theatre teaches me. I think. Anyway, it taught me the kind of breadth of treatment which you have, and which I have in mind.

Bernard's proficiency in the physical side of yoga is easily explained. His parents, he told me, were theosophists, and he has practiced yoga since he was nine years old. He is now in the West, teaching and lecturing. He interests me because I seek to discern in him a sense of dedication. He seems sincerely concerned with doing something he is earnest to do.

Jamarajadasa is in the hotel for a few days and I expect to see him at eleven o'clock.

Two people on two successive days told me how disappointed they were not to find your paintings on exhibition. Not being one of the things they came to New York for. There must be thousands of such cases. I take pains to inform everyone of the real facts as I understand them - and I think I understand them pretty well. This affair will take some new and surprising turn some day, I feel sure. After all, "God is not Mocked" in the long run.

Cordially yours, Claude Bragdon

The Shelton, New York

September 20, 1940

My dear Friend Roerich:

It is some time since I have heard from you or since I have written--I do'nt remember which one wrote last, but that does'nt matter. The other day I discovered that the stone in the Thibetan ring you gave me had disappeared--was missing. That set me thinking--yes, I'll confess it--a little apprehensively because so many symbolic and portentous things have happened to me in connection with rings. I entered the theatre on the very day I received a posthumous present from Philip Henry Wynne, and Eugenie told me that it marked a change not only in my life but in my character, as indeed it did.

My health is no worse and I think better. I am trying to paint a little--carrying some of my projective ornament designs out in color. They look to me very handsome, and I hope to do enough of them for an exhibition this winter. I have been speaking every week to a small group who want to found a girls' school of a new type. As I taught for a short time in a fashionable girls' school and know how terrible they are I thought I might be of help here, and I am giving them a great many ideas which seemed to be new to them but are old to you and me. From now on every school should be founded on the essentials of the ancient wisdom--all this materialistic science studied out of books is old hat. We should abandon the fallacy that man is nothing but a superior animal. As an animal he is indeed inferior now, because not having taken his spiritual evolution into his own hands he has become degenerate and self-destructive.

So many people ask me where they can see your paintings and I have to tell them sadly that I do not know--and the reason. Does the fact that that man Wallace is a candidate for Vice-President mean that the dark powers have secured an entering wedge here, as they did in Germany? I hope not, but I would never vote a ticket with that man on it--he is too close to Horch.

Theos Bernard has gone to the Coast, where he has a large Hall following. Manley is giving a course of lectures at the Pythian Temple which are well attended, and are said to be fine. Krishnamurti got no nearer to New York than Eddington. He had a series of meetings at Logan's place, Sarobia, but I didn't go down.

I've seen quite a bit of Natacha Rambova who I know was a friend and admirer of yours. She's interesting in the meetings about this school and has been of help. Now she's in Florida for a short while.

I hope that you and your family are well, and that you are not affected by this conflict any more than everyone must be inevitably.

Always cordially your friend and admirer,