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The Spirit of Man is the Candle of the Lord

CANDLE LIGHT  
433 Lincoln Place  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mar. 2, 1937.

Mr. Gene Fosdick  
227 Riverside Drive  
New York City

Dear Mr. Fosdick:

Your letter this morning made me very happy indeed. In fact I am having a little difficulty realizing what you say! A copy of Candle Light has travelled to India and to no less a personality than Prof. Roerich? Would I like to see reprints from Indian publications, and some unpublished articles by Prof. Roerich?

Whether we have his consent to publish them in Candle Light or not, certainly I would like to see them. Just let me know how it can be arranged.

Your letter asking to have your full name appear on "Refractions" did not reach me in time, so I compromised by spelling it out in the index; but in the next issue we will have it right. I am glad you like Candle Light, and that you are not merely patronizing Candle Light, but are really with it, in spirit, imagination and individuality.

I have been able to do a little advertizing, which is giving the little magazing a wider scope in the world, but incidentally occasioned a little delay. However, whether sooner or later Candle Light always manages to occupy a psychological moment in the lives of our readers. Thank you for your encouragement.

Sincerely  
(sig.)  
HELEN JOHNSTON.

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The Spirit of Man is the Candle of the Lord

C A N D L E L I G H T.  
433 Lincoln Place  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mar. 4, 1937.

Mr. Gene Fosdick  
227 Riverside Dr.,  
New York City.

Dear Mr. Fosdick:

I feel as though a hand from the unseen had filled my lap with priceless jewels. I had no idea that you could actually send me an article from Prof. Roerich's pen immediately, without waiting to receive them, or his permission, from India. Well I know how long it takes, even by air, to get word from him. But time offers no obstacle, for I can publish one of these articles in the issue now in progress, and before another issue we will have his approval.

I wish something could be written which would be subconsciously connected with his "Holy Guardians", which on the surface would not be connected at all, but would reveal the true desert to be the desert of human consciousness which seems to be disconnected with its subterranean treasures. People are lost in the quicksands of facts--facts that are gone long before they are aware that they ever happened, and the message of the fact then becomes buried in the past. Christian people are still clinging to the birth of a babe 2,000 years ago, and a political crime as the only slender thread which connects them with all that is immortal of the life of the spirit. If they could only unearth the treasure of the life which actually happened between that birth and that death, and which is actually happening today, because of That Life, they would learn that immaculate and all as his conception may be, and wonderful as his resurrection was, they are merely interesting and unimportant details in comparison with the truth of daily death and daily resurrection. If every they connect the desert over which the "Holy Guardians" travel so silently and so swiftly, as the Gobi, they will long to be there instead of expecting the "Holy Guardians" to pass this way.

Let me know if you would like to have a few copies of Candle Light to give to your friends. I can send you a few.

Sincerely

(sig)

HELEN JOHNSON

I have a permit to send advertizing thru mail at one cent and a letter of about 600 words describing Candle Light and its mission. So do not hesitate to send me names, or suggest to me a source of names. I will send you one of the letters when I get a few more off the press.

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Extracts from a letter  
from Mrs. Helen Johnston

Nov. 1, 1937.

Dear Mr. Fosdick:

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Let us always keep the channel of Flamma open in every issue of Candle Light; not necessary in the way of an ad, but more in the way of an article relating to the spirit of Culture. So many people are limited in their own estimation of what has brought culture to them, so that they raise their own achievement as a sort of limiting barrier giving the impression that to be cultured is to manifest a technical appreciation of their personal achievements. What delights me most is the recognition of the Spirit of Culture along the lines that I know nothing about and which I am totally incapable of expressing an intelligent opinion much less an appreciation. Everyone is a genius to me, and if we could but stir the sleeping spirit of culture in the human breast we would be amazed at the human capacity for culture.

Send us another article for the next issue about the aims and visions of Flamma. While I find nothing in common with modern advertizing methods, yet I believe that the modern business man is absolutely right when he contends that the human mind cannot see anything the first time it looks. A series of pictures is more powerful than a startling impression.

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Sincerely

CANDLE LIGHT