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- My Father -

V-1, Centennial, Wicks, 64, Oct. 1974 (to be included in the Book
Roughly 1/2
Roughly 1/2
New York
on Nether's Rock)

How to describe in mere words, how to define and how to pay tribute to a truly extraordinary Life. When I think of my Father, when I recall my long intimate association with him outside of and above all his remarkable achievements and contributions to our cultural life, stands out his own unique personality. Kind and patient, never wasting even a moment of his time, perfectly balanced in stress and felicity, always helpful and always mindful of the welfare of his associates, his personality stands out as a complete example of the "Superior Man" for whom life has assumed the sublime aspect of greater service.

All his life he gave out freely of his prodigious gifts and it will indeed take a long time to fully appreciate and evaluate the great contributions made by him. When I think of my Father, I am filled with the inexpressible riches of love and regard, for all he gave and continues to give me in an infinite way.

He was a great patriot and he loved his Motherland, yet he belonged to the entire world and the whole world was his field of activity. Every race of men was to him a brotherly race, every country a place of special interest and of special significance. Every religion was a path to the Ultimate and to him life meant the great gates leading into the Future.

His beautiful painting the "Hidden Treasure" is perhaps a profound symbol of his own great contributions and his own unusual life. Every effort of his was directed towards the realisation of the Beautiful and his thoughts found a masterful embodiment in his paintings, writings and public life. The subject matter of his paintings reveals a wonderful pageant of transcendental thought cast in sublime colours and compositions.

The latter half of his life was closely associated with the greatest range of this, our world, the Himalayas. Against this wondrous background he revealed to us the legends and the spiritual aspirations of the countless searchers after Truth who came to these mighty ranges in search of wisdom.

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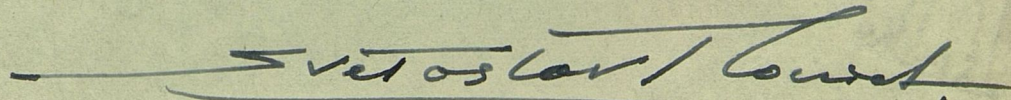
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Though we are now celebrating my Father's first Birth Centenary I know that in the vista of time every Centenary will be marked by ever greater awareness and appreciation. Today we are only kindling the first flame of our tribute to a great Life to be followed by ever brighter flames of gratitude and recognition leading into the distant beconing future.


(SVETOSLAV ROERICH)

29.9.1973

On the occasion of Prof. Nicholas Roerich's Centenary
October 1974.

(to be included in the book brought out by Roerich Museum
New York on Nicholas Roerich.

" M Y F A T H E R "

by

SVETOSLAV ROERICH

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SVETOSLAV ROERICH

(Published by the Roerich Museum, New York 1974
Nicholas Roerich 1874-1974.)

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he said accusingly. Why don't you go to church? I haven't seen you in church for quite sometime. How that? Fr Miranda was asking me about you the other Sunday. That means even he doesn't see you in church. What's happened? Which church do you go to?"

He stared glumly at the floor.

"Go away." His father said.

He felt like a little dog kicked in the rump.

He left the room amidst the tottering walls. His pride was hurt. He wanted to rush up to his room and bury his face in the pillow; but he caught sight of Elizabeth bolting the window near the foot of the staircase. She turned over her shoulders and saw him. He relaxed his face muscles and tried to counterfeit a pleased expression on his face, not like

someone's who had just been scolded by his father.

He washed his face and hands and then repaired to his room. He sat on the bed gloomily determined not to answer the next summons. He was tired of the lectures he received. The lectures in college, the lectures in church, the lectures at home and the lectures in books. Couldn't they leave him alone? He sat on the bed with his face in his hands. He had let down the shutters and the room was in darkness.

Elizabeth had looked at him with sympathy; he saw it in the movement of her head. But her whole figure was cold and aloof like a pillar of marble. She looked at him through her half-closed eyes and he saw only her dark, fine eyebrows and eye-lids. At time he felt he could hate her; and her haughty face disturbed him in his sleep.

Elizabeth went late to bed; and he knew it. And the knowledge disturbed him. To know that she was there down below in the drawing-room listening to the music of Mendelssohn or Liszt or Mozart in her long, sweeping nightgown, elegantly reclining in an arm-chair was disturbing. He crouched alone on his bed naked in the summer heat, annoyed with the darkness and the music which in sweet strains wafted to his room like a woman's hand bidding him to rise and follow. The strains weren't majestic or awesome; but mellifluous as the sounds of evening conch-shells in Hindu homes. She hated Wagner he had once heard her say to Dad. The music of Wagner was the music of hell, she had said. She was of heaven he guessed. He wanted to raise his hand and reach out to her.

(To be Continued)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

NICHOLAS ROERICH : MAN AND ARTIST

(The late Nicholas Roerich, whose birth anniversary falls on October 9 was born a century ago. By all accounts Roerich was a giant of a man, as if in keeping with the Himalayas that he celebrated on his canvases. He was, as some of the excerpts that we reproduce below testify, a versatile, restless personality in line with the monumental figures that the Europe of the last few centuries gave birth to not so infrequently. Tagore is the closest that India has to boast in terms of a similar versatility of genius. Apart from being a painter, Roerich is said to have worked for the stage and the ballet; he was an author and a scholar, a scientist and an explorer; an ethnologist, a cultural leader and much else besides. Three continents, apart from this sub-continent, benefited from his cultural and scientific activities. Certainly then, he may appear forbidding like the Himalayan heights, cold and aloof. But that is a characteristic which goes with outstanding quality. However, as testified to by those who knew him, he was human and warm, and not merely lost to the grand cosmic immensities. This human trait should certainly endear him to younger artists who may not always be able to go along with him in his artistic methods and goals. — Lit. Editor.)

Svetoslav Roerich : How to describe in merely words, how to define and how to pay tribute to a truly extraordinary life. When I think of my father, when I recall my long intimate association with him outside of and above all his remarkable achievements and contributions to our cultural life, stands out his own unique personality. Kind and patient, never wasting even a moment of his time, perfectly balanced in stress and felicity, always helpful and always mindful of the welfare of his associates, his personality stands out as a complete example of the "Superior Man" for whom life has assumed the sublime aspect of greater service.

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P.V. Rajamannar : Roerich's life and achievements were of epic proportions. The range of his creative genius has been equalled only by a few, though he lived in an age of giants, some of whom were world-famous and with whom he formed lasting friendship. They were Tolstoy, the great writer; Nijinsky, the inspired dancer-choreographer; Stanislavsky, the eminent actor-producer and Stravinsky the original composer, besides distinguished sons of India, like Dr S. Radhakrishna and Jawaharlal Nehru, Rabindranath Tagore and other eminent men. Nicholas Roerich's life

and activities radiated from one centre, and in addition to their radial lines, establish concentric relationships with a natural interchange between the main cultural expressions, the devotional, the contemplative and the creative.

Even from his childhood, Nicholas Roerich was interested in archaeology and exploration. Eventually, he became a leading archaeologist in Russia and his archaeological research extended to several countries in Asia as well. He was intensely interested in Science and many of his expeditions in Asia were for scientific purposes. In 1929, he set up the Himalayan Research Institute in Kulu for studies in Botany, indigenous medicine, ethnology and linguistics as well as archaeology.

He was a prolific writer. Apart from his innumerable articles for leading periodicals of the world, his total output of works includes 30 volumes, dealing

with cultural, philosophical and international subjects. Among his better known works are: *Flame in Chalice*, *Beautiful Unity*, *Himalayas — The Abode of Light*, *Altai-Himalayas* and *The Joy of Art*.

An Exalted View

He was a great scholar and educationist. He was made a Fellow and Member of several Academies and many learned bodies throughout the world. Several institutions were founded by Roerich, among which are: The International Society of Artists (Chicago); The Master Institute of United Arts; International Art Centre; Roerich Museum (New York), and Himalayan Research Institute in Kulu (India). He had a very exalted view on education. According to him, education did not consist in mere technical and other information: true education should have the effect of forming a world consciousness and is

attained by a synthesis of perfection and creativeness.

Nicholas Roerich will always live in and by his paintings. His paintings run into thousands (7,000) and deal with a wide range of subjects. His paintings are found in all the leading museums and art collections of the world. Every painting of his is an illustration of the famous poet's words "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." In the words of his illustrious son, Svetoslav, himself a painter of the highest order, his paintings reveal a wonderful pageant of transcendental thought cast in sublime colours and compositions. His paintings are excellent illustrations of the Indian concept of *Ananda*, which is derived from aesthetic experience. This *Ananda* has been described as being *Lokottara* and *Alaukika*. The term *Lokottara* embodies the idea of something transcending world and *Alaukika* may be translated as non-materialistic.

Source of Inspiration

The Himalayas were a source of constant inspiration to Nicholas Roerich. He revealed in his numerous paintings of Himalayan landscapes his ability to convey their variety of colours and moods, soaring heights and vast spaces of cosmic proportions. Verily, he was "Master of the Mountains."

Schopenhauer pointed out that "all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music" and one can discover the truth of this statement in the paintings of Roerich. His colour schemes and compositions are symphonies and sonatas and some of the paintings are variations on a theme.

There is a distinct architectonic quality in his paintings, like the "Island of Rest", "Great Spirit of the Himalayas" and his numerous studies of Tibetan Strongholds and Citadels. This is not surprising, because, architecture is frozen music.

Many of his paintings are symbolic but his symbols are simple and evocative rather than esoteric. They involve one of the basic concepts of Indian aesthetics, the principle of suggestion (*Dhwani*). When one perceives the panorama of his paintings, one is reminded of the lines of Shelley :

*The One remains, the many change
and pass*

*Heaven's light forever shines,
Earth's shadows fly;*

*Life, like a dome of many-coloured
glass,*

Stains the white radiance of Eternity.



A portrait of Prof. Nicholas Roerich by Svetoslav-Roerich.

Roerich's love for India and all that she stands for is expressed in numerous tributes of ecstatic praise, such as "Bharata all beautiful; let me send thee my heartfelt admiration for all the greatness and inspiration which fill thy ancient cities and temples, thy meadows, thy deobans, thy sacred rivers and the Himalayas." It is in his beloved India that he lived in his last days.

The pledge of happiness for humanity lay in beauty, according to him. As Dr K. Das Nag observed, Roerich was the first Russian Ambassador of beauty and brought to India the deathless message of Art and we should be grateful to him for his loyal cooperation in bringing the soul of Russia and of India closer. It is a matter for gratification that the close bonds between the two great countries have also extended to other fields, political and economic.

Nicholas Roerich worked assiduously and continuously for peace and unity among nations. In an attempt to divert attention from competition and conflict, and direct it towards beauty, he was instrumental for the Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace, which became internationally famous. He fully believed that art would unify all humanity and that it was a manifestation of the coming synthesis.

Nicholas Roerich always strove to uphold the cause of beauty even when the world appeared to lapse to barbarism and was filled with envy and jealousy and intimidated by economic insecurity of a social order based upon competition. Nicholas Roerich brings to my mind the famous lines of Goethe:

For beauty they have sought in every age;

He who perceives it is from himself set free.

Roerich attained that freedom from his ego, Mukti, liberation, which is also self-realization. He was a prophet in its most exalted sense, with a mystic vision.

On the memorable occasion of the celebration of his centenary, the best tribute that we can pay to that great soul is to recall to mind his inspired words:

*In Beauty we are united
Through Beauty we pray
With Beauty we conquer.*

It should be the endeavour of every

individual and nation to carry out his ideal.

Some excerpts from Roerich's writings: "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 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 and hospitals, but even prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons." — *Paths of Blessings*, 1921

"Humanity is facing 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 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 everyday 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."

— *Beauty and Wisdom*, 1922

"Art should be protected by all means. Armageddon is roaring. Art and knowledge are the corner-stones of evolution. Art and science are needed always, but in our Armageddonal days they must be especially guarded by all the power of our hearts. It is a great mistake to think that during troubled times culture can be disregarded. On the contrary the need of culture is especially felt in times of war and human misunderstandings. Outside of Art, Religion is

inaccessible. Outside of Art, the spirit of Nationality is lost. Outside of Art, Science is dark. This is not an utopia. The History of Humanity gives innumerable examples of Art being the great Beacon Light in times of calamity."

— *Adamant*, 1924

"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 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."

— *The Beautiful*, 1942

"At this time especially, humanity should concentrate all its efforts for the protection of the treasures of creative power. If the Banner of the Red Cross has not always served as a guarantee of complete security, nevertheless it has introduced into human consciousness a most powerful stimulant. Similarly true with the Banner which we propose for the protection of the treasures of culture; for although it may not always succeed in safeguarding these precious monuments, at least it will always and everywhere call to mind our indispensable duty of caring for the fruits of creative genius. It will give to the human spirit another stimulant — the stimulation of culture, the inspiration of esteem for all that concerns the evolution of humanity." — *Realm of Light*, 1931

**IT PAYS
TO READ
AND
ADVERTISE
IN THOUGHT**

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FOETUS OF ART

A.M. Davierwalla. Contemporary Indian Art Series. Lalit Kala Akademi. Price: Rs 4. 37 Plates.

INEVITABLY, artists begin with complete faith (a kind of animal magnetism) in the works of their peers. Anonymity in the imitations or recreations is a natural corollary. This unavoidable state is, as one knows, transcended by the more robust amongst the artists.

This snap preamble is perhaps in order as we approach the sculptures of Davierwalla, and indeed of many another Indian sculptor of the day. Within a decade and half the artist passes through all the natal stages in his artistic becoming. The evolution has been telescoped into no time at all. And, nevertheless, given the logic of modernity and the tempo of change — whether expressly set in motion or gratuitously so — it all seems unnormal. Like it is in technics and so it is in the plastic arts, although the goal of the two pursuits is so very different. The artist does not of course assist at his own out-dating such as happens to the sciences. The artist is looking for something permanent, despite the instant or do it yourself and therefore, perishable art object or event increasingly practised in the West. The art object which is authentic, or the experience which it connotes does not become passe, as that, it is in competition with newer modes and manners in art. There are parallel and equally valid traditions in art, influencing each other, giving birth to new blends of experience and yet being separate embodiments. Being superceded in art is not the same as being proved wrong, or at being fault as happens in science.

In this light the styles Davierwalla has donned over a course of time seem to fit him unawkwardly. The question is, if he has impressed them with his own stamp, and whether he can go on any longer without a clear unitary identity, despite shifts in sensibility. There is evidence that beginning with the full blooded organic form via a variety of abstraction the sculptor has arrived at an uncompromising symbolism of large concepts, of complex or compound ideas,

which can only be expressed in the formulaic language — each notation to denote details of vital existences. The man of flesh and blood simulating human life or that life's salient but oft repeated litanies turns away towards a more objective, tight lipped mimicking of neutral experiences. The point for the sculptor is to humanize, to integrate and absorb that which the mind knows but which the imagination too must fully respond for it become an inner dimension. Davierwalla's Cosmos is an instance. Certainly there is a large unpredictability involved in such concretization of the conceptual, which of course ultimately arose out of a concrete encounter of the senses with the surrounding reality and yet an artist only popularizes ground notions when he is not quick with wit. Then he appears merely eccentric. But in Davierwalla's hands the craft does not backfire. Each of his later works is precise, concise, to the point. The neatness of form matches its inner intended function. Take Breakthrough is as apt an illustration as there were one. It lights up an idea. The artist cuts away the superfluous weight of unwanted naturalism dexterously till the essential bone beneath alone remains.

Being in the cosmopolitan idiom there is nothing 'original' about Davierwalla's works, but then it would be hard to say that of most of our artists. But Davierwalla has the tenacity of purpose to admit that he has turned his back on the past and so that, he is not speciously indigenous. As we implied at the start plastic art along with technics cannot choose to be other than non-national in essentials. Feeding on the materials and methods which technic provide it adapts itself accordingly. Galaxy, Cosmic Balance, Genesis, Animated Suspension show the dynamic harmony of cosmic physics, the equipoise is delicate. Whereas in Death Came Shrieking and Breakthrough will or life purpose come screaming in violently. In these works the artist works by opposing means; if he sees death like a mechanized bird of destructive force, he sees Mother and Child in purely formal relationships. Thus each distinct reality is regressed, raised or seen in juxtaposition with its suppressed element of possibility.

Davierwalla's later works do not naturally have the smooth lyrical feel of his stone or wood pieces, like Reclining Form or Embryo, but a gestalt is what the metal works do have, being juggled like the pieces of a kaleidoscope, only to form dynamic relationships. Their appeal is more to the mind than to the sensibility. Each hook, protrusion or tentacle checks an easy glideful progress for the eye, as is possible in marble or polished stone. Whereas, as a contrast in Periscope or Linear Analysis of A Striding Figure the formal intelligence engaged coolly. The emotive angle does find an outlet in the metal or wood creations, but mainly as the expression of energy, as in Suryadev. In conclusion, Davierwalla has mastered both the feminine principle of lyrical organic unfolding as well as the constructivist making or putting together of the masculine psyche. In other words he has both gravity and grace, tension and relaxation.

Keshav Malik

VISION AS VISION

Tryst with the Divine. By K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar. Mother's Centre, Visakhapatnam. Price : Rs 5.

READING through the poems in "Tryst with the Divine", one may feel uneasy about being in the present-day world of want, hunger and chaos of all descriptions. The attempt is undoubtedly to create an atmosphere so quite different from the everyday experience, yet the poems do not fail to remind that how difficult it is to escape. The hope, the vision of creating a "global human concord" is strewn here and there in Dr Iyengar's poem — in various ideals: superman, the future city and the Living Flame which is an invisible promise.

Dr Iyengar's poems in this collection are essentially expression of the spiritual experience as a result of his association with Sri Aurobindo Ashram — his tribute to the Mother and the Ashram. It is like a pilgrimage to the Mystic's abode. His depiction of the Ashram atmosphere is very honest, coming from

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1974

Nicholas Roerich

Nicholas Roerich, whose birth centenary falls today, was a many-sided genius. In all his work, he sought the infinite behind the finite, he played with visions and colours, he lived so intimately with creation that he seemed to be one of its moving spirits. He had the insight of a seer and the wisdom of a prophet. Several countries claim him, the Soviet Union, where he was born and spent his early years, the United States, where he was active for some years, Britain, where he lived and worked in 1919 and 1920, and India, where he lived for the rest of his life and with whose unaging spirit he achieved identity. It is not surprising that his birth centenary is being celebrated with enthusiasm in all these countries and more. Maxim Gorky described him as "one of the greatest intuitive minds of the age" and Jawaharlal Nehru said, "I am astounded at the scope and abundance of his activities and creative genius". He was outstanding in everything he did. He belongs to the whole world, and it is no detraction from his universality to say that, among the binding links between India and the Soviet Union, he is among the strongest.

From the beginning till his last days in his mountain retreat in Kulu, not far from the Himalayas, amidst whom his spirit dwelt and whose spirit he expressed in immortal images and colours, in his universality, his closeness to life at all points, and his intimacy with the colours of creation, he was unique. He bridged pre-revolution Russia and post-revolution Russia and could have been chamberlain in the Czar's court or the Soviet Union's first Minister of Fine Arts. But he was dedicated to his art, and to the Indian people, in the last years of his life, he was a maharishi expressing the spiritual heritage of the ancient Indian. He was heir to a great tradition through his parents and was a contemporary of eminent men as different as Tolstoy, who was interested in Roerich's paintings, Nijinsky, with whom Roerich worked in ballet. Igor Stravinsky, with whom Roerich collaborated in the composing of the Rite of Spring, Diaghilev, for whose ballet Roerich designed, Picasso, Matisse, Beecham, Einstein and Nehru. He painted over 7,000 paintings dealing with a wide range of subjects, was an outstanding mural painter, designed many settings for opera and ballet, and was a poet with his pen as with his brush. He was also an archaeologist, scientist, traveller and explorer, collector, enriching everything that he touched. For instance, he excavated the Viking and Slavic burial mounds on his father's estate in Northern Russia and was elected to his country's Archaeological Society before he went to the university; he was commissioned by the U.S. Government to search the Gobi Desert for drought-resisting plants to help the parched land in America's Dust Bowl and set up the Himalayan Research Institute as a base for scientific studies of the Himalayan mountain region; he went with a five-year expedition through the mountain areas of Central Asia. As author, mystic, philosopher and prophet, he is among the great educators and humanitarians the world has known, dear to the Soviet Union and to India, two countries which are so close to each other, and dear to many others. The Roerich centenary is an occasion for rejoicing, for a renewal of the human spirit in all its aspects.

India, Bulgaria

The meeting of the Indo-Bulgarian Joint Commission now going on in Delhi is bound to be fruitful, for the two countries have deep mutual understanding and the economic relations between them have been growing steadily over the years.

The two sides have affirmed their readiness to sign new agreements for cooperation in many new areas. Collaboration in several fields including electronics, food processing, textile machinery, wagons, pharmaceutical machinery and so on has been proposed.

The Bulgarian gesture in extending the period of earlier credit which has not yet been fully utilised is of importance. India has referred to cooperation in agriculture, while the Bulgarians have spoken of protocols in the sphere of science and technology.

There is hope of increase and diversification in trade. As against a modest Rs. 7 crores in 1967, trade turnover in 1973 had reached Rs. 35.3 crores. With diversification, the turnover may be expected to increase at a faster pace.

Apart from the advantages of economic cooperation, the two countries have much in common, and they have been moving steadily closer ever since diplomatic relations were established twenty years back. They have a record of purposeful cooperation in international affairs, apart from the fact that among the developing countries India is now the no. 1 trade partner of Bulgaria. There clearly is vast scope for cooperation, to mutual advantage.

Labour

Addressing the first meeting of the reconstituted state labour reorganisation commission, Chief Minister Bahuguna on Monday urged workers to look beyond wage demands to essential social change. His contention that trade unions have not merely to fight for higher wages but have to be a potent instrument in establishing a new society based on social justice is indisputable. Workers have to see their problems in national perspective, not the other way round. The need to bring agricultural

labourers, who are the most exploited, into the trade union fold is obvious.

Mr. Bahuguna was right in underlining the importance of stepping up production and in deprecating the resort to violence by sections of the working class. But the Government too have the duty of keeping in check the prices of essential commodities, for otherwise unrest cannot be contained easily.

Mr. Arjun Arora, chairman of the commission, while accepting the establishment of harmonious industrial relations as the only viable basis for increasing production and productivity, referred to the inadequate performance of the settlement machinery that has been evolved in the country over nearly three decades.

Whether the present commission will give a better account of itself than its predecessor remains to be seen. It is not easy to produce a formula to ensure industrial harmony, overcome union rivalries, improve production and make labour fully conscious of its role as the torch-bearer of the social revolution.

Firmness Pays

At least in Bombay and a few other cities, prices are falling. The action against smugglers and tax-evaders and the Government's threat to use the MISA against hoarders are largely responsible for the welcome trend. If the Government continue to be firm with these anti-social elements, prices will fall further not only in a few cities but all over the country.

Hoarders and blackmarketeers understand only the language of force. Like smugglers they should be put in jail. Till now few of them have been arrested but the Government's threat that they will be seems to have had some effect on them.

There is no other explanation for the fall in the price of sugar from Rs. 618 to Rs. 480 per quintal and the decline in the wholesale price of wheat by Rs. 25 a quintal. True, the rains have improved the crop prospects but that is not the main reason for the downward trend in prices. The Government are striking at the root cause.

How to describe in mere words, how to define and how to pay tribute to a truly extraordinary life. When I think of my Father, when I recall my long intimate association with him outside of and above all his remarkable achievements and contributions to our cultural life, stands out his own unique personality. Kind and patient, never wasting even a moment of his time, perfectly balanced in stress and felicity, always helpful and always mindful of the welfare of his associates, his personality stands out as a complete example of the "Superior Man" for whom life has assumed the sublime aspect of greater service.

All his life he gave out freely of his prodigious gifts and it will indeed take a long time to fully appreciate and evaluate the great contributions made by him. When I think of my Father, I am filled with the inexpressible riches of love and regard, for all he gave and continues to give me in an infinite way.

He was a great patriot and he loved his Motherland, yet he belonged to the entire world and the whole world was his field of activity. Every race of men was to him a brotherly race, every country a place of special interest and of special significance. Every religion was a path to the Ultimate and to him life meant the great gates leading into the Future.

His beautiful painting the "Hidden Treasure" is perhaps a profound symbol of his own great contributions and his own unusual life. Every effort of his was directed towards the realisation of the Beautiful and his thoughts found a masterful embodiment in his paintings, writings and public life. The subject matter of his paintings reveals a wonderful pageant of transcendental thought cast in sublime colours and compositions.

The latter half of his life was closely associated with the greatest range of this, our world, the Himalayas. Against this wondrous background he revealed to us the legends and the spiritual aspirations of the countless searchers after Truth who came to these mighty ranges in search of wisdom.

The Himalayas were a source of constant creative joy to him and in thousands of studies he revealed to us a matchless, breathtaking panorama of the infinite moods which are such an integral part of these lofty peaks.

No one has ever portrayed mountains like my Father. From his canvasses the Himalayas radiate upon us all their unbelievable wealth of colour, beauty and the inexpressible majesty of the great concept for which the very word Himalayas stands. Truly he earned the name given to him "THE MASTER

My Father

By Svetoslav Roerich

(Published by the Roerich Museum, New York 1974 Nicholas Roerich 1874-1974)

OF THE MOUNTAINS." Through all his paintings and writings runs the continuous thread of a great message, the message of the Teacher calling to the disciples to awaken and strive towards a new life, a better life, a life of Beauty and Fulfilment. He fully exemplified the words of Plato:

From Beautiful images we shall go to Beautiful thoughts, From Beautiful thoughts to a Beautiful life. And from a Beautiful life to absolute Beauty.

Both in my Father and Mother there was the unique balance and harmony of two perfectly synchronised beings who realised the great ideal of life and lived the chosen

path as a perfect example of dedication and fulfilment.

It is rare for an artist to achieve greatness, but for a great artist to be an even greater Man is indeed something which can be found only with the greatest of difficulty. Fortunate indeed I was to have the living example and guidance of my Father and Mother and their radiant image always remains my greatest inspiration, my great source of happiness.

Though we are now celebrating my Father's first Birth Centenary I know that in the vista of time every Centenary will be marked by ever greater awareness and appreciation. Today we are only kindling the first flame of our tribute to a great life to be followed by ever brighter flames of gratitude and recognition leading into the distant beckoning future.



Nehru with Nikolai Roerich in the 40's.

When I Think

When I think of Nicholas 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 so many aspects of human endeavour. The very quantity is stupendous—thousands of paintings and each one of them a great work of art. When you look at these paintings, so many of them of the Himalayas, you seem to catch the spirit of those great mountains which have towered over the Indian plain and been our sentinels for ages past. They remind us of so much in our history, our cultural and spiritual heritage so much not merely of the India of the past but of something that is permanent and eternal about India, that we cannot help feeling a great sense of indebtedness to Nicholas Roerich who has enshrined that spirit in these magnificent canvases.

—JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

(Nicholas Roerich Memorial Exhibition, Dec. 1947.)

Truth is Infinite

"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. When I tried to find words to describe to myself what were the ideas which your pictures suggested, I failed. It was because the language of words can only express a particular aspect of Truth, and the language of pictures finds its domain in Truth where words have no access. Each art achieves its perfection when it opens for our mind the special gate whose key is in its exclusive possession. When a picture is great, we should not be able to say what it is, and yet we should see it and know. It is the same with music. When one art can fully be expressed by another then it is a failure. Your pictures are distinct and yet are not definable by words—your art is jealous of its independence because it is great."

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(In a letter, London, 1920)

CHANDIGARH GIRLS HOCKEY TITLE

important goal of the match in the first-half. Earlier Delhi (Red) beat Goa by 3-1 in the losing semi-finalists match.

The encounter provided attacking and fast game all through the 60 minutes of play and both the finalists matched for each other skills in turns. The Chandigarh XI owe their win to international Baljit Bhatti as she not only scored the match winner but battled the defence with her fine solo dashes to give her team an edge over the rivals.

Baljit Bhatti, though failed to gain the best all-round player award, was the pick of the lot and the PEPSU defence wall of international stars Roopa

Saini and left back Kulwant Bhullar, failed to check the brilliance of Baljit Bhatti.

The Chandigarh could have shot into lead in the seventh minute after the bully-off as outside right Kiran Malhotra slipped a pass out side left Manjit Punia but latter muffed the chance by shooting off the mark. Then came the match winner from that irresistible centre forward Baljit Bhatti who with a fine speedy dash to the PEPSU goal area side stepped her colleagues from World Cup team, Saini and Kulwant Bhullar, before beating the hapless goalkeeper Pritpal Kaur to sound the boards for the trophy.

Baljit Kaur failed to complete a brace barely few minutes from the end as she in her customary burst of speed made another solo dash into the PEPSU circle but her flick from the right flank went abegging as it was wide off the mark.

PEPSU's international centre-half Roop Saini had the distinction of being named the best allround player of the tourney in the inaugural year.

KM boys make last four

By Our Sports Reporter
NEW DELHI, Oct. 8 —Kirorimal College qualified to meet Delhi Police in the last four grade of the men's section of the 13th Royal Club Basketball Tournament defeating Vocational College by 59-54 points in the quarter-final here today.

SCORES:
K. M. College: 59 (Prem Bahadur 24, Kewal Sharma 11, John Mathews 10 Rajinder 8, Kewal Sehgal 6).
Vocational College: 54 (Jagjit Singh 24, Ashok 10, Srinder 14, Anit 6).

'Shotgun' retains crown

TOKYO, Oct. 8 (Reuter)—Champion Oscar "Shotgun" Albarado of the United States comfortably retained his World Junior Middle-weight Boxing Title when the referee stopped his 15 round title match with Japanese challenger Ryu Sorimachi at two minutes 17 seconds of the seventh round tonight.

Sonnet defeat Liberty

By Our Sports Reporter
NEW DELHI, Oct. 8—Sonnet Club defeated Liberty Club by 7-2 in the Senior Hockey Tournament of the Federation of Karol Bagh Sports Association here today.

Ace cyclist dead

CALCUTTA, Oct. 8 (PTI)—Eastern Railway's ace cyclist, Chapal Choudhury succumbed here yesterday to a serious injury sustained during a 40-kms cycle road race at the Calcutta Maldan Course.

The 20-year-old cyclist had collided with a fellow competitor during the race on Sunday last and was rushed to hospital where he died last night.

Chapal who assisted the Eastern

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MEETING OCT 20

for a national hockey team for the International Hockey Federation (FIH) to provisionally admit the IOA as an adherent member in view of the dispute between two factions in the Indian Hockey Federation (IHF).

The executive would also decide about the procedure of selecting and training the national hockey team for the next World Cup and Olympic Games.

Meanwhile, the IOA has accepted the Punjab Government's offer to train the national hockey team for the next World Cup and Olympic entirely the state's expense, according to the IOA president, Mr. Bhalindra Singh.

The Punjab Chief Minister, Mr. Zail Singh, had announced the offer immediately after India's defeat at the hands of Pakistan in the hockey final at the Tcheran Asian Games.

The IOA president, in a letter to the Chief Minister said that he had been delighted to learn about the offer. The announcement, he said, had been received most warmly by all sports lovers.

Dua, Greywal

Satpal get

'Shakti Puraskar'

NEW DELHI, Oct. 8 (PTI)—National table tennis champion Manjit Dua and athlete Kiran Greywal were today presented with the awards for the best sportsman and best sportswomen respectively for the year 1973-74 from Delhi.

At the colourful function, which was held at the conclusion of the All-India invitation Women's Hockey Tournament Manjit Dua and Kiran Greywal received 11 Shakti Puraskar, a blazer and a scroll from Delhi's Chief Executive Councillor, Mr. Radha Raman.

Wrestler Satpal, who was adjudged the best sportsman for the year 1973-74, also received his award today.

TODAY

KRISHWOL blankets

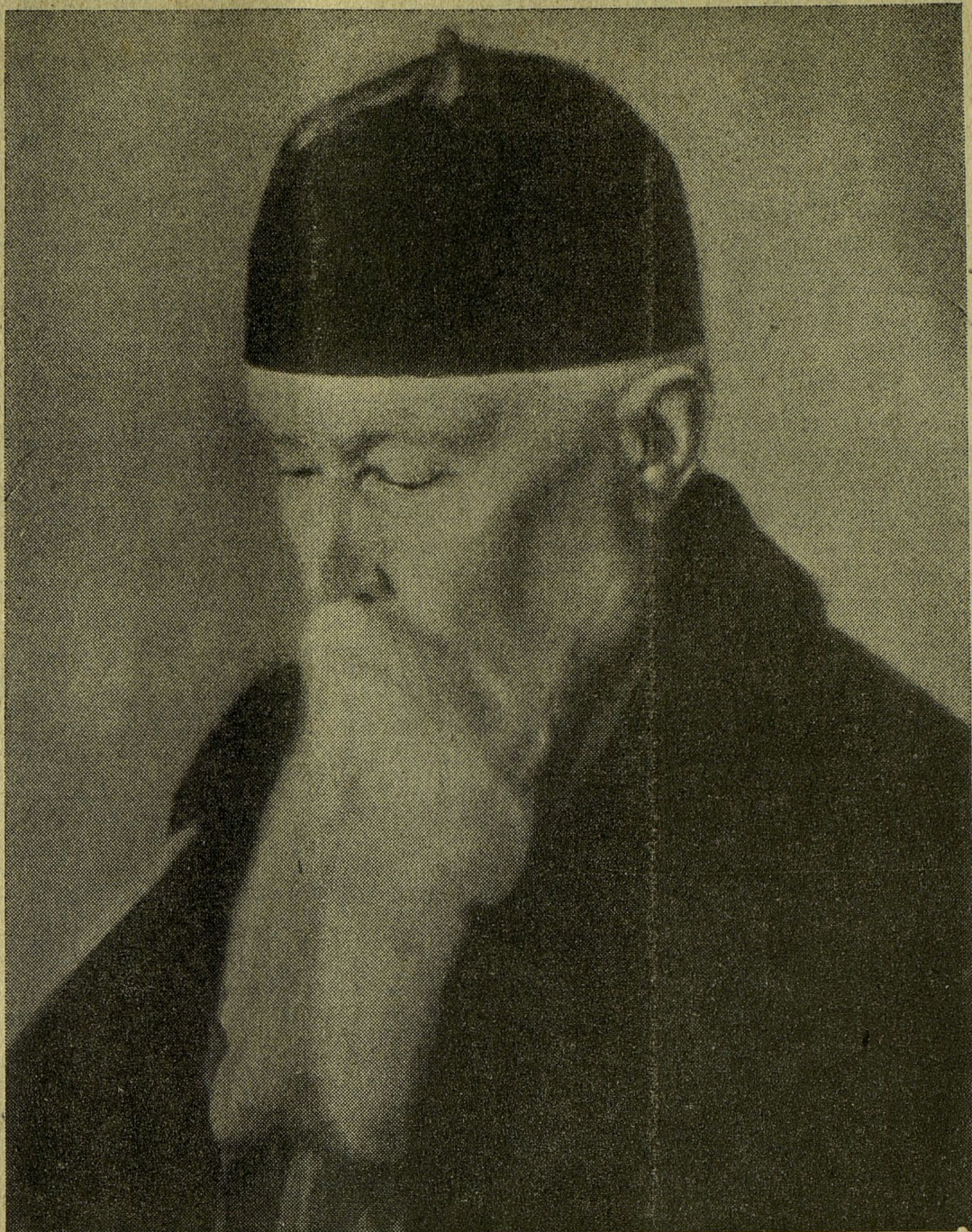
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Prof. Nicholas Roerich, from a Portrait by Svetoslav Roerich. Today, October 9, is the birth centenary of the great artist, author and explorer. (see Page 5).

'Modern savant and ancient rishi'

NEW DELHI, Oct. 8 (PTI)—The Prime Minister, Mrs. Gandhi, today described the Russian-born painter, Nicholas Roerich who made India his home, as a "combination of modern savant and ancient rishi".

In a message on the occasion of the birth centenary of the painter, which falls tomorrow (Wednesday), Mrs. Gandhi says that Nicholas Roerich's work has inspired many new trends among Indian painters.

Mrs. Gandhi's message said: "My father and I were privileged to know Nicholas Roerich. He was one of the most impressive people I have met. He was a combination of modern savant and ancient rishi. He lived in the Himalayas for years and seems to have captured the spirit of the mountains, portraying their ever changing moods and colours. Nicholas Roerich's work has inspired many new trends among our own painters.

"The centenary celebrations provide an occasion for us to pay tribute to this great artist and philosopher who made India his home".

HOW to describe in mere words, how to define and how to pay tribute to a truly extraordinary Life. When I think of my Father, when I recall my long intimate association with him outside of and above all his remarkable achievements and contributions to our cultural life, stands out his own unique personality. Kind and patient never wasting even a moment of his time, perfectly balanced in stress and felicity, always helpful and always mindful of the welfare of his associates, his personality stands out as a complete example of the "Superior Man" for whom life has assumed the sublime aspect of greater service.

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His beautiful painting the "Hidden Treasure" is perhaps a profound symbol of his own great contributions and his own unusual life. Every effort of his was directed towards the realisation of the Beautiful and his thoughts found a masterful embodiment in his paintings, writings and public life. The subject matter of his paintings reveals a wonderful pageant of transcendental thought cast in sublime colours and compositions.

The latter half of his life was closely associated with the greatest range of this our world, the Himalayas. Against this wondrous background he revealed to us the legends and the spiritual aspirations of the coun-

SON SVETOSLAV SEES HIM AS AN EXAMPLE OF

"SUPERIOR MAN"

less searchers after Truth who came to these mighty ranges in search of wisdom.

The Himalayas were a source of constant creative joy to him and in thousands of studies he revealed to us a matchless, breathtaking panorama of the infinite moods which are such an integral part of these lofty peaks.

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ing my Father's first Birth Centenary I know that in the vista of time every Centenary will be marked by ever greater awareness and appreciation. Today we are only kindling the first flame of our tribute to a great life to be followed by ever brighter flames of gratitude and recognition leading into the distant beckoning future.

In December 1969 I went to Sri Lanka, and during the journey found additional evidence that the Lanka of Ravana was really in the far south, and not near Jabalpur. A little before Madras our train passed Anjaneyapur station, which must no doubt have been named after Hanuman who was the son of Anjani.

In Valmiki Ramayana, Hanuman pinpoints Lanka as follows: "Lanka is on the southern coast of the southern sea." He says it twice in the Ramayana, once talking to his followers on return from his reconnaissance trip to Lanka and then when speaking to Rama.

The Ramayana tells us that the distance between Bharat and Lanka is 100 "Yojanas", which has been computed as 800 miles.

Sita is supposed to have been confined by Ravana is still known as Sitavilla. Close by is Ashok Vana, a beautiful orchard, which finds frequent mention in the story of Sita's captivity. Close to Sita villa is a waterfall. The whole area is so desolate and uninhabited that it is quite likely that Ravana kept Sita confined there. Close by is a rest house named after Sita. There are Ruvanvalisa, which may have been derived from Ravana, and Sirigiriva, which could have come from Sugriva.

Even today many eminent people of Sri Lanka agree that Ravana ruled there. Only recently a Buddhist monk claimed he had evidence that Ravana's bones were put in a box and buried on top of a hillock which he could identify. Thus it is clear that the Lanka of Ramayana could not be near Jabalpur but identical with modern Sri Lanka, only that Valmiki mentions Lanka as a city whereas we know it as an island. Possibly Ravana's seat of government was a place called Lanka on the island, and this place must have been near Anuradhapur in northern Sri Lanka according to the evidence available so far.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

(Continued from Page 7)

blind spots, that is **Tout comprendre, tout pardonner** (To understand all is to forgive all.) Forgiveness is God's prerogative; it is enough for man to try and understand his fellowmen.

Somerset Maugham was a man, who, with all his failings, was a man to the tips of his fingers and never posed that he was more than a man or was made in the image of God. "You know," he said, "I do not believe in churches and parsons and all that, but I believe in God, and I do not believe He minds much about what you do so long as you keep your end up and help a lame dog over the stile when you can."

If more people would follow this simple philosophy, the world would be a happier place to live in.

extraordinary. So many varieties of exotic tropical birds—macaws, pelicans, flamingoes, to name just a few—fly about wild in the luxuriant green gardens.

Some birds, of course, are kept in heated tropical glass houses, but a great many—none of them naive of Britain—have become acclimatised and simply roam about at will on the lawns and in the shrubberies.

Birdland is the creation of one very unusual man—Leonard Hill, formerly a local builder. As a poor village boy it had been Mr Hill's dream one day to turn the grounds of this beautiful old English manor house into a paradise of tropical birdlife. His building business prospered mightily. He made a fortune. And seventeen years ago he was ready to transform what had just been just a private hobby into a commercial venture.

He brought the house and started his collection. Today—and he is now an old man—Leonard Hill has become a millionaire. Not only that, he is recognised as a world expert on aviculture, whose help and advice are sought by zoos around the globe.

"I've just sent birds that I've bred from here to East Berlin—mountain witch doves that are getting quite rare in Jamaica, which I've collected, brought back here, bred 26, and you can see them in a lot of the continental zoos," said he in an interview.

Mr Hill regards his birds with an affection that is quite touching. Though there are hundreds of them, he knows most of them by name, and when he calls they will come and alight on his hands and shoulders. "See that little humming bird", he said, pointing to one tiny bird among at least twenty. "Humming birds normally live for only three to four years. That little fellow is fourteen years old."

The secret, Mr Hill says, lies in care and above all in proper feeding. He travels thousands of kilometres each year—to Africa, the Far East, to South America—to find and catch new birds for his collection. He also owns two islands in the Falkland group in the South Atlantic which he keeps as reserves for Antarctic birds. Asked if the birds did not ever fly away from the gardens, he said: "In their first year they sometimes do. But they don't go far and very soon they learn to settle down in their new home."