11 - 10 - 1964

THE HINDUSTAN STANDARD

C A L C U T T A

15 - COPIES

DRAFT.

THE REALM OF SVETOSLAV ROERICH

By

VIVEK BHATTACHARYA.

It is always a pleasure to greet the world-famous painter, Svetoslav Roerich. Whenever he comes to Delhi, the connoisseurs of art find it a great opportunity to hear him speak on art and it is indeed a treat to see the magic of his brush on the canvas. Svetoslav is one of those philosopher-painters who have made a deep study of Indian art, culture, literature and philosophy. The contribution of the Roerich's ~~family~~ to the revival of modern art forms an important chapter in the history of art movement ~~in the East.~~

AN INDIAN TO THE CORE

Svetoslav is a great seeker after truth and belongs to the heritage of the old seakers after Truth who found great salace in exploring the Supreme. When Svetoslav paints, he is in communion with infinity. His realm is much above the earthly life, but, at the same time, he is very much in tune with humanity around him. ~~a friend of the masses.~~ // ~~His~~ Svetoslav's feeling for the Indian people has been expressed in many of his portraits of the simple people of India. ~~men from ordinary workers' families.~~ India has been exploring the truth for ages and people who realized it were blessed with heavenly bliss. Their description of this heavenly bliss found expression in "Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram." Even the poor and the down-trodden in India preferred to pursue the path of divine beauty to the life of material pleasure. These are some of the thoughts that inspire the master-painter to combine the spiritual outlook with the everyday life of the people.

Exclamation //

India has been described in many superlatives by many historians. It is because of her spiritual way of life that in the literature of many nations, India has been described with a spirit of reverence. In the domain of art, both the Roerichs, Maharshi Nicholas, and his illustrious son, Svetoslav, have given the most magnificent picture of this land, ~~of the Himalayas~~, Dr. H. Gaitz. His experiences

Although, Svetoslav had his education in London, Russia New York, ~~Boston~~ Harvard and Columbia University, it was the teachings of the ancient Indian Masters ~~that influenced him the most~~ which perhaps attracted him most. Now and then, he quotes parables and ~~anecdotes~~ sayings as described by Sri Ramakrishna Paramhansa or Swami Vivekananda, or Shri Aurobindo or Gurudev Tagore. These thoughts come to him effortlessly. The other day, talking about art he was quoting Swami Vivekananda. Svetoslav asked, "Do you recall Swami Vivekananda's great saying? ~~on art? He says, "That~~, "Man cannot be truly religious who has not the faculty of feeling the beauty and grandeur of art." A man cannot be really religious if he has no sense of appreciation of beauty. Man's life is a synthesis of truth and beauty. To have this realisation one should try to cultivate that spirit of appreciation of beauty without which a man's life becomes really monotonous. ~~Love of the Himalayas~~

Svetoslav knows a number of languages and is a profound student of India's Art Heritage.

LOVE FOR THE HIMALAYAS

He is one of those practical philosophers who were attracted by the call of the Himalayas. The members of the Roerich family, including his late father, Professor Nicholas, Roerich and his brother George, came to India more than forty years ago. His brother, the late Dr. George Roerich, was one of the foremost authorities on Central Asia, and was a great linguist and a learned scholar in Tibetan, Sanskrit and other classical languages.

Svetoslav spent many years in the lap of the Himalayas. Although he has extensively travelled in different parts of the world, from one ocean to another, from one peak of the mountains to another, ~~but~~ his searching ~~restless~~ mind could not find real fulfilment ~~bliss~~ until he came and settled finally in the Himalayas.

He married the first lady of the Indian screen, Madame Devika Rani, who is a great connoisseur of art and beauty. In fact, she is hereself a beauty personified.

At present, the Roerichs live mostly at Bangalore where the artist has painted so many of his inspiring canvas ~~built his new studio~~. They live also in the picturesque settings of the Kulu Valley where they are establishing ~~intend to have a~~ museum in memory of Maharshi Nicholas Roerich. But, Delhi beckons them quite often.

Madame Roerich is fond ~~very proud~~ of their jungle home ~~house~~ in Bangalore. The house is built near ~~under~~ a Banyan tree which is many centuries old. ~~She has a fish pond and many other house decoratives there. It is far from the maddening crowd, and as Madame Roerich hereself describes~~, "You find only jungles, fields and the bluish tinge on the horizons spread over a long distance.", she says

When I asked why the artist liked Bangalore ~~comparing it to Delhi or Kulu Valley~~, she replied, "It is perhaps because of the suitability of climate that is quite unique in Bangalore." ~~With a nod the artist affirmed this view, "That's right. But you see, my heart is in the far off Himalayas."~~

They live also in the Kulu valley

Once I had the privilege of accompanying this great artist to the Himalayas. When we were nearing the foot of the Himalayas, the artist pointed his finger to the mountains and said, "~~Do you see anything?~~ Look well at these great mountains! ~~I only~~

kept quiet. "You see, many great saints have attained their salvation in the lap of these mountains. Only some of them came back to serve mankind, to save them for spiritual stagnation but the rest never returned." In the stillness of the place we could see from a distance the slopes of the Himalayas covered with green vegetation - the deodar, the sal, the pine, and the blossoming rhododendrons. It looked like a green velvety carpet. My heart leapt with joy to see the dark clouds kissing the peaks of the mountains. In his ecstasy the artist would say:-"Himavat the beautiful! Thou hast given us our greatest treasures and for ever thou shalt remain the guardian of the greatest mystery, the holy marriage of heaven and earth."-

There is a definite touch in the brush of Svetoslav. In his paintings there is prominence of the purple and blue which is so unique in his paintings. Art critics give different interpretations to this, but the greatest appreciation has come from the world-famous cosmonaut, Yurin Gagarin, who flew into the higher space some time ago. He compares the higher space with the paintings of Svetoslav. In his description of the space in the famous Russian journal, Pravda, the cosmonaut compared the canvas drawn by Svetoslav's with the space above. This is probably because the painter must have had access to the higher stage through his deep spiritual contemplation. "Roerich's paintings," in the words of Jawaharlal Nehru, "are silent poems in colours."

I have yet to come across a person who has greater respect, confidence and affection for the Himalayas. Svetoslav has learnt the use of Himalayan herbs and he would always come out to help any friend seeking his advice. He is more than convinced that the secret of life lies deep within the Himalayas.

Once I studied 130 of his paintings for over a month at a stretch. Still my eyes longed to see more of them. Every painting had a new message of life for me.

The life of the common man finds expression in the delightful sweep of his brush on the canvas. Whether in oil or in tempera ~~of genre~~, they are vivid and striking. Right from the portrait of the Kulu boy up to the portrait of the first citizen of India, Svetoslav has shown his deep sympathy for all. Even the picture of a nude has not been spared by his brush so much so that one is apt to hang his head in humility; the ~~picture~~ painting "Call Eternal" is so vivid and lovely! Equally brilliant are his paintings which reflect the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, the rising sun on the Kanchenjunga and burning flames of the painting ~~on the canvas depicting fire~~. "Tailing by Night"

It was a moonlit night. The stars were silently twinkling in the sky. Sitting in his exquisitely decorated room he said, "Do you want my opinion on ~~modern~~ art? Why? Do you not remember what Gurudev Tagore said on art? He said:- "In art, the person in us is sending its answer to the Supreme person who reveals himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts." "This also summarises my own feeling" ~~After this what more have we to say on art?"~~

Svetoslav's father, Nicholas, was a great ~~intimate~~ friend of Tagore and with great reverence and affection Svetoslav ~~still preserves~~ cherishes the poet's letters addressed to his illustrious father.

Svetoslav was very much interested by the renaissance of the art movement in India, ~~He is very much fascinated by the styles~~ admires the styles of Abanindranath Tagore, Nand Lal Bose, Jamini Roy and Manishi Dey. Among the younger modern painters, he admires Almelkar, Samant, Raval, Hebbar, Gujaral, Chawda, Ara, Hussain and Bendre have impressed him.

He was a close collaborator of his father and was Vice-President and Director of many Institutions founded by him. He actively participated in the promalgation of the International Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures initiated by Nicholas Roerich which became known as the Roerich Pact and has now been universally adopted.

(In October next, the art world is going to celebrate the diamond jubilee of the artist.) He comes of an aristocratic and distinguished family of Russia, which dates from the beginning of the Russian State. Besides his illustrious father, Svetoslav had the good fortune of having guidance from his equally learned mother, Madam Helena Roerich who had written and translated a large number of books on philosophy and ethics.

Svetoslav is not only an outstanding artist, he has many varied interests in life. He is a distinguished collector of art, also. In his collection, there are many examples of ancient oriental art. Svetoslav is considered an authority on the subject.

He is not an admirer in the true sense of the term of the so-called 'abstract' painting which is unintelligible to the common people. Art must be a reflection of intelligable beauty. It is a mirror of the divine soul. If this art is kept from the people the very purpose of art is defeated. HIs wife, Madame Devika Rani, also holds the same opinion. "You see when we were producing films we wanted to address the masses in particular and see their reactions. They must understand and appreciate these finer things of life. If the art creation is not understood by the public, if it is restricted only to the selected few, then it may be something, but it defeates its greater purpose."

It is indeed interesting to note that whenever Svetoslav paints a picture of India, the pictures strikingly reflects Indian life. ~~The hero of his brush is a simple ordinary Indian and he would paint Indian scenery and landscapes.~~ Svetoslav says: "The artists, the poets open our eyes, they make us see and realise that which we sometimes felt and surmised, but were unable to formulate for ourselves" observes Svetoslav.

"A fitting tribute"

LATE CITY EDITION

The Sunday Hindusthan Standard

Magazine

CALCUTTA OCTOBER 11 1964

25 Pyas BURMA (inc : Air-St

The Realm of Svetoslav Roerich

by VIVEK BHATTACHARYA

A PROFOUND student of India's glorious art heritage Svetoslav Roerich, himself a master artist, has found his second home in India. A Russian by birth and son of a great artist, Nicholas Roerich, he has his own style of painting. Art lovers in different parts of the world in general and India in particular will celebrate the sixtieth birth anniversary of Svetoslav, who is, by the way, husband of the first lady of Indian screen, Devikarani, on October 23. The writer of this article has been intimately known to the artist for the last twelve years.

IT is always a pleasure to greet the world famous painter, Svetoslav Roerich. Whenever he comes to Delhi, the connoisseurs of art take the opportunity to hear him speak on art. It is indeed a treat to see the magic of his brush on the canvas. Svetoslav is one of those philosopher-painters who have made a deep study of Indian art, culture, literature and philosophy. The contribution of the Roerichs to the revival of modern art forms an important chapter in the history of art movement.

Svetoslav is a seeker after truth. When he paints, he is in communion with infinity. His realm is much above the earthly life, but, at the same time, he is very much in tune with humanity and the world around him.

"He is a painter after the grand manner of his father, a painter of mountains and their moods, a revealer in form and colour of the mysteries of nature and a daring explorer from the 'devaic' world, where colours take their birth and have their being in all their pristine purity."

"Great as are his gifts as a technician in the art of painting, who knows all there is to know about building imposing structural masses, suggesting strength and beauty (the "substance of things" of which Cezanne spoke) and of laying contrasting complementary colours in such a subtle way as to bring out their rich pulsating qualities, (the dream of the Impressionists), and which make Svetoslav's pictures such exquisite dreams in colour harmony and pattern..... In the world of Carlyle, "they take you to the brink of a precipice and let you gaze into Infinity".

Thus writes G. Venkatachalam, the well-known art critic, about Roerich.

*

SVETOSLAV's feeling for Indians has been expressed in many of his portraits. India has been exploring the truth for ages. Even the poor and the down-trodden in India preferred to pursue the path of divine beauty to the life of material pleasure. These are some of the thoughts that inspire the master-painter to combine the spiritual outlook with the everyday life of the people.

India has been described in superlatives by many historians. It is because of her spiritual way of life that in the literature of many nations India has been described with reverence. In the domain of art, both the Roerichs, Maharshi Nicholas and his illustrious son, Svetoslav, have given the most magnificent picture of this land.

Writing on Svetoslav Dr. Hermann Goetz, the distinguished German art critic, says:—

"His experience is that East and West are not opponents, but complements; and his message is that—in contradiction to Kipling's dictum—at last the twain will and may create another golden age of human life and human culture."

Although Svetoslav had his education in Russia and in London, New York, Harvard and Columbia Universities, it was the teachings of ancient Indian masters that attracted him most. Now and then he would quote parables and saying from Sri Ramakrishna Paramhansa, Swami Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo or Gurudev Tagore. These thoughts come to him effortlessly. The other day, talking about art, he was quoting Swami Vivekananda. Svetoslav asked, "Do you recall, Swami Vivekananda's great saying?:

"Man cannot be truly religious who has not the faculty of feeling the beauty and grandeur of art."

A man cannot be really religious, if he has no sense to appreciate beauty. Man's life is a synthesis of truth and beauty. To have this realisation one should try to cultivate that spirit of appreciation without which a man's life becomes really monotonous.

*

SVETOSLAV knows a number of languages and is a profound student of India's art heritage.

He is one of those practical philosophers who were attracted by the call of the Himalayas. The members of the Roerich family, including his late father Nicholai Roerich, and his brother George, came to India more than forty years ago. His brother, the late Dr. George Roerich, was one of the foremost authorities on Central Asia and was a great linguist and a scholar in Tibetan, Sanskrit and other classical languages.

Svetoslav spent many years in the lap of the Himalayas. Although he has extensively travelled in different parts of the world from one ocean to another, from one peak of the mountains to another, his searching mind could not find real fulfillment before he came and settled finally in the Himalayas.

He married the first lady of the Indian screen, Madame Devika Rani, who is a great connoisseur of art and beauty. In fact, she is herself beauty personified. At present, the Roerichs live mostly at Bangalore where the artist has painted so many of his inspiring canvases. Madame Roerich is fond of the jungle home in Bangalore. The house is built near a banyan tree which is many centuries old. She says, "You find only jungles, fields and the bluish tinge on the horizon spread over a long distance." When asked why the artist liked Bangalore, she replied, "It is perhaps because of the suitability of climate that is quite unique in Bangalore."

They live also in the picturesque settings of the Kulu Valley where they are establishing a museum in memory of Maharshi Nicholas Roerich. But Delhi beckons them quite often.

Once I had the privilege of accompanying this great artist to the Himalayas. When we were nearing the foot of the Himalayas, the artist pointed his finger to the mountains and said, "Look well at these great mountains. You see, many great saints and teachers have attained salvation in the lap of these mountains. Only some of them came back to serve mankind, to save it from spiritual stagnation, but the rest never returned." In the stillness of the place we could see from a distance the snowy peaks and the slopes of the Himalayas, covered with green vegetation—the deodar, the sal, the pine and the blossoming rhododendrons. It looked like a green velvety carpet. My heart leapt up in joy to see the dark clouds kiss the peaks of the mountains. In his ecstasy the artist would say:—

'Himavat the beautiful! Thou hast given us our greatest treasures and for ever thou shalt remain the guardian of the greatest mystery, the holy marriage of Heaven and Earth."

*

THERE is a definite touch in the brush of Svetoslav. In his paintings there is prominence of the purple and blue which is so unique. Art critics give different interpretations of this, but the greatest and most unique appreciation has come from the world-famous cosmonaut, Yurie Gagarin, who was the first to explore the vastness of the cosmos. He compares the higher space with the paintings of Svetoslav. In his description of the colours in space in the *Pravda*, the cosmonaut compared the colours of Svetoslav's paintings with the colours he saw in the cosmos. This is probably because the painter must have had access to a higher plane through his deep spiritual contemplation. "Roerich's paintings," in the words of Jawaharlal Nehru, "are silent poems in colours."

I have yet to come across a person who has greater respect and love for the Himalayas. Svetoslav has learnt the use of Himalayan herbs and he would always come out to help any friend seeking his advice. He is more than convinced that the secret of life lies deep in the Himalayas.

Once I studied 130 of his paintings for over a month at a stretch. Still my eyes longed to see more of them. Every painting had a new message of life for me.

'MAN BEHOLD' —*Svetoslav Roerich.*

The life of the common man finds expression in the delightful sweep of his brush on the canvas. Whether in oil or in *tempera*, they are vivid and striking. Right from the portrait of the Kulu boy to the portrait of the first citizen of India, Svetoslav has shown his deep sympathy for all. Even the picture of a nude has not been spared by his brush so much so that one is apt to hang one's head in humility; this painting *Call Eternal* is so vivid and lovely! Equally brilliant are his paintings which reflect the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, the rising sun on the Kanchenjunga and burning flames of the painting *Toiling by Night*.

It was a moonlit night. The stars were silently twinkling in the sky. Sitting in his exquisitely decorated room he said, "Do you want my opinion on art? Why? Do you not remember what Gurudev Tagore said of art?" Tagore said:—

'In art, the person in us is sending its answer to the Supreme Person who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts.'

"This also summarises my own feeling."

Svetoslav's father Nicholas was a great friend of Tagore and with great reverence and affection Svetoslav cherishes the poet's letters addressed to his illustrious father.

Svetoslav was very much interested in the art movement in India, the styles of Abanindranath Tagore, Nanda Lal Bose, Jammi Roy and Manishi Dey. Among younger modern painters Almelkar, Samant, Raval, Rebbar, Gujaral, Chavda, Ara, Hussain and Bendre have impressed him.

'SPRING' —*Svetoslav Roerich.*

*

HE comes of an aristocratic and distinguished family of Russia, which dates back to the beginning of the Russian State. Besides his illustrious father, Svetoslav had the good fortune of having guidance from his equally learned mother, Madame Helena Roerich, who had written and translated a large number of books on philosophy and ethics. He was a close collaborator of his father and was Vice-President and Director of many institutions founded by him. He actively participated in the promulgation of the International Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures, initiated by Nicholas Roerich, which became known as the Roerich Pact and has now been universally adopted.

Svetoslav is not only an outstanding artist, but also has so many varied interests in life. He is a distinguished collector

Continued on Page 11

'PIETA' —*Svetoslav Roerich.*

The Sunday Magazine

CALCUTTA, OCTOBER 11, 1964

The Realm of Svetoslav Roerich

by VIVEK BHATTACHARYA

A PROFOUND student of India's glorious art heritage Svetoslav Roerich, himself a master artist, has found his second home in India. A Russian by birth and son of a great artist, Nicholas Roerich, he has his own style of painting. Art lovers in different parts of the world in general and India in particular will celebrate the sixtieth birth anniversary of Svetoslav, who is, by the way, husband of the first lady of Indian screen, Devikarani, on October 23. The writer of this article has been intimately known to the artist for the last twelve years.

It is always a pleasure to greet the world famous painter, Svetoslav Roerich. Whenever he comes to Delhi, the connoisseurs of art take the opportunity to hear him speak on art. It is indeed a treat to see the magic of his brush on the canvas. Svetoslav is one of those philosopher-painters who have made a deep study of Indian art, culture, literature and philosophy. The contribution of the Roerichs to the revival of modern art forms an important chapter in the history of art movement.

Svetoslav is a seeker after truth. When he paints, he is in communion with infinity. His realm is much above the earthly life, but, at the same time, he is very much in tune with humanity and the world around him.

"He is a painter after the grand manner of his father, a painter of mountains and their moods, a revealer in form and colour of the mysteries of nature and a daring explorer from the 'devais' world, where colours take their birth and have their being in all their pristine purity.

"Great as are his gifts as a technician in the art of painting, who knows all there is to know about building imposing structural masses, suggesting strength and beauty (the "substance of things" of which Cezanne spoke) and of laying contrasting complementary colours in such a subtle way as to bring out their rich pulsating qualities, (the dream of the Impressionists), and which make Svetoslav's pictures such exquisite dreams in colour harmony and pattern.... In the words of Carlyle, "they take you to the brink of a precipice and let you gaze into Infinity."

Thus writes G. Venkatachalam, the well-known art critic, about Roerich.

*

SVETOSLAV's feeling for Indians has been expressed in many of his portraits. India has been exploring the truth for ages. Even the poor and the Hobo-tradition in India preferred to pursue the path of divine beauty, not the life of material pleasure. These are the ideals and thoughts that inspire the master-painter to translate the everyday life of the people.

India has been described as "superlatives" by many historians. This is cause of her spiritual way of life, that in the literature of many nations India has been described with reverence. In the domain of art, both the Roerichs, Maharshi Nicholas and his illustrious son, Svetoslav, have given the most magnificent picture of this land.

Writing on Svetoslav Dr. Hermann Goetz, the distinguished German art critic, says:—

"His experience is that East and West are not opposents, but complements; and his message is that—in contradiction to Kipling's dictum—at last the twain will and may create another golden age of human life and human culture."

Although Svetoslav had his education in Russia and in London, New York, Harvard and Columbia Universities, it was the teachings of ancient Indian masters that attracted him most. Now and then he would quote parables and sayings from Sri Ramakrishna Paramhansa, Swami Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo or Gurudev Tagore. These thoughts come to him effortlessly. The other day, talking about art, he was quoting Swami Vivekananda. Suddenly he asked "Do you recall, Swami Vivekananda's great saying?:

"Man cannot be truly religious who has not the faculty of feeling the beauty and grandeur of art."

A man cannot be really religious, if he has no sense to appreciate beauty. Man's life is a synthesis of truth and beauty. To have this realisation one should try to cultivate that spirit of appreciation without which a man's life becomes really monotonous.

*

SVETOSLAV knows a number of languages and is a profound student of India's art heritage.

He is one of those practical philosophers who were attracted by the call of the Himalayas. The members of the Roerich family, including his late father Nicholas Roerich, and his brother George, came to India more than forty years ago. His brother, the late Dr. George Roerich, was one of the foremost authorities on Central Asia and was a great linguist and a scholar in Tibetan, Sanskrit and other classical languages.

Svetoslav spent many years in the lap of the Himalayas. Although he has extensively travelled in different parts of the world from one ocean to another, from one peak of the mountains to another, his searching mind could not find real fulfilment before he came and settled finally in the Himalayas.

He married the first lady of the Indian screen, Madame Devika Rani, who is a great connoisseur of art and beauty. In fact, she is herself beauty personified. At present the Roerichs live mostly at Bangalore where the artist has painted so many of his inspiring canvases. Madame Roerich is fond of the jungle home in Bangalore. The house is built near a banyan tree which is many centuries old. She says, "You find only jungles, fields and the bluish tinge on the horizon spread over a long distance." When asked why the artist liked Bangalore, she replied, "It is perhaps because of the suitability of climate that is quite unique in Bangalore."

They live also in the picturesque settings of the Kulu Valley where they are establishing a museum in memory of Maharshi Nicholas Roerich. But Delhi beckons them quite often.

Once I had the privilege of accompanying this great artist to the Himalayas. When we were nearing the foot of the Himalayas, the artist pointed his finger to the mountains and said, "Look well at these great mountains. You see, many great saints and teachers have attained salvation in the lap of these mountains. Only some of them came back to serve mankind, to save it from spiritual dagination, but the rest never returned." In the stillness of the place we could see from a distance the snowy peaks and the slopes of the Himalayas, covered with green vegetation—the deodar, the sal, the pine and the blossoming rhododendrons. It looked like a green velvety carpet. My heart leapt up in joy to see the dark clouds kiss the peaks of the mountains. In his ecstasy the artist would say:

"Himavat the beautiful! Thou hast given us our greatest treasures and for ever thou shalt remain the guardian of the greatest mystery, the holy marriage of Heaven and Earth."

*

THERE is a definite touch in the brush of Svetoslav. In his paintings there is grandeur of the purple and blue which is so unique. Art critics give different interpretations of this, but the greatest and most unique appreciation has come from the world-famous connoisseur, Yuri Gagarin, who was the first to explore the vastness of the cosmos. He compares the higher space with the paintings of Svetoslav. In his description of the colours in space in the *Pravda*, the cosmonaut compared the colours of Svetoslav's paintings with the colours he saw in the cosmos. This is probably because the painter must have had access to a higher plane through his deep spiritual contemplation. Roerich's paintings, in the words of Jawaharlal Nehru, "are silent poems in colours."

I have yet to come across a person who has greater respect and love for the Himalayas. Svetoslav has learnt the use of Himalayan herbs and he would always come out to help any friend seeking his advice. He is more than convinced that the secret of life lies deep in the Himalayas.

Once I studied 130 of his paintings for over a month at a stretch. Still my eyes longed to see more of them. Every painting had a new message of life for me.

'MAN BEHOLD' —Svetoslav Roerich.

'SPRING' —Svetoslav Roerich.

The life of the common man finds expression in the delightful sweep of his brush on the canvas. Whether in oil or in tempera, they are vivid and striking. Right from the portrait of the Kulu boy to the portrait of the first citizen of India, Svetoslav has shown his deep sympathy for all. Even the picture of a nude has not been spared by his brush so much so that one is apt to hang one's head in humility. The painting *Cold Eternal* is so vivid and lovely! Equally brilliant are his paintings which reflect the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, the rising sun on the Kanchenjunga and burning flames of the painting *Toiling by Night*.

It was a moonlit night. The stars were silently twinkling in the sky. Sitting in his exquisitely decorated room he said, "Do you want my opinion on art? Why? Do you not remember what Gurudev Tagore said of art?" Tagore said :—

"In art, the person in us is sending its answer to the Supreme Person who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless wound of facts."

"This also summarises my own feeling."

Svetoslav's father Nicholas was a great friend of Tagore and with great reverence and affection, Svetoslav cherishes the poet's letters addressed to his illustrious father.

Svetoslav was very much interested in the art movement in India, the style of Abanindranath Tagore, Nanda Lal Bose, Nimmi Roy and Mamata Dey. Among younger modern painters Amrita Sarmani Hawal, Bebbar, Gujarat Chawda, Arab, Hussain and Benitre have impressed him.

*

HE comes of an aristocratic and distinguished family of Russia, which dates back to the beginning of the Russian State. Besides his illustrious father, Svetoslav had the good fortune of having guidance from his equally learned mother, Madame Helena Roerich, who had written and translated a large number of books on philosophy and ethics. He was a close collaborator of his father and was Vice-President and Director of many institutions founded by him. He actively participated in the promulgation of the International Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures, initiated by Nicholas Roerich, which is known as the Roerich Pact and has now been universally adopted.

Svetoslav is not only an outstanding artist, but also has so many varied interests in life. He is a distinguished collector

'PIETA' —Svetoslav Roerich.

Continued on Page II

WELFARE WORK

A V AIDS IN COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT : by S. L. Ahluwala and H. S. Bhola. (Publication Unit, National Council of Educational Research Training, New Delhi.) Rs 1.75.

In the words of UNESCO community development has

New Books

CRIME, THRILL AND SUSPENSE

DEADLY DOWNBEAT : by Jonathan Burke. (John Long, London.) 12s 6d.

BLOOD MONEY : by Peter Malloch. (Same.) 12s 6d.

REPTILES IN RITES

Continued from Page III

and evil, but he is a god of love. He carries the snake on His head and the reptile is hooded. He has a garland of snakes.

The New Bandhani ... they

NIMUM FIVE

GOOD

Talking About Books

Talking About Books, a booksy, desultory, ruminant article was first devised by "Oliver Edwards" which was a pseudonym of Sir William Halley, editor of the "Times" (London). It is partly evocative, partly critical. The criticism consists in a communication of enjoyment. In the words of Helen Gardner the idea is to hold the torch, not the sceptre.

Malcolm Muggeridge once humorously suggested that "Oliver Edwards" was probably the pseudonym of the writer of this article and not that of Sir William Haley. And Sir Compton Mackenzie, the famous novelist, has paid unstinted tribute to the feature and its author.

Othello: Indo-Anglian Writers: Jack London: "Saki"

By SADHAN KUMAR GHOSH

IT is always a pleasure to talk about the Arden editions of Shakespeare, particularly when one of them happens to be edited by Kenneth Muir or M. R. Ridley. The Arden edition of *Othello* is edited by M. R. Ridley and published, of course, by *Methuen* who have made a sort of corner in Shakespeare. Professor Ridley is a humanist rather than a textual critic. If memory serves me aright—I lunched with him, and Kathleen Tillotson at Bedford College a few years ago—he has rather a low opinion of mere textual critics and footling footnote-grubbers. Nonetheless, here he is on an offbeat job, and giving a very learned disquisition on the canonical text of *Othello*.

He does not, however, reach any conclusion about the relative merits of the Folio text, (which in the case of *Othello* has always been regarded as authoritative) and the First Quarto. One falls back on Sir E. K. Chambers who said that Quarto and Folio are equally reliable since they rest substantially upon the same original. Greg suggests that there were two transcripts both made from the "foul papers" (which, in the jargon of textual criticism means the original manuscript) and that they were subsequently collated.

The introduction which includes estimates of the characters and a detailed discussion of the Double-Time scheme is superb. *Othello* is not Shakespeare's greatest work, but it is very much his best play, and it grips the emotions of the audience much more relentlessly than does, for example, *Antony and Cleopatra*. "The crime is" says John Arthos "in the most horrible of ironies, superfluous. *Othello* was returned to chaos before the murder was done."

It seems to me that Professor Ridley overstresses the "domestic tragedy" aspect of *Othello* to explain our sense of involvement in it. In his other tragedies, we are spectators; the spectacle may be in the highest degree terrifying, soul-searching, and in the end uplifting; but do we ever feel that we want to participate in it, to speak to the characters, to advise them or warn them? We watch the action; but in *Othello* we are involved in it." This seems to me mistaken on two counts. We do experience a sense of involvement in *Othello*, but this feeling is visibly less than in *King Lear*. And *Othello* is at no time a private person. He fetches his life and being from men of royal siege. He is not a king himself, but much the mightiest prop of a mighty State, the "safeguard of the West". He has done the State some service and the State knows it. So do we.

It seems a pity that Professor Ridley barely mentions Rymer. The two most famous anti-Bradley critics of *Othello* —E. E. Stoll and F. D. Leavis —have merely produced variations on Rymer. But Ridley shows real insight and perspicacity in showing that Othello is not to be regarded as a "jealous man." He is to be distinguished from those real "jealous men" in Shakespeare —Leontes and Ford. What we witness in *Othello* is the downfall of a man of essential nobility. But what brings about his downfall is credulity, not jealousy. *He is perplexed in the extreme.* The spectacle of Othello's downfall is pitiful, but because of the essential nobility which we never forget, it is also tragic. "And in the brief interval between his belated conviction of the truth and his death he recaptures all our earlier admiration and more than our earlier sympathy." This is finely and superbly said.

*

I FREQUENTLY receive letters urging me to pronounce on the merits and status of various Indo-Anglian writers. What do I think of Nirad Chaudhuri? What do I think of *The Serpent and the Rope*? Who is the most significant Indo-Anglian writer? And so on. I will answer some of these questions.

When I was in the U. K. I was frequently interrogated about Mr. Chaudhuri, and for various reasons I generally parried the question. But when, at the Cafe Royal, the late Mr. Louis Macneice spoke rather disparagingly of him, I took him up on that and said that Mr. Chaudhuri was a much better writer than some of his Indian friends. Subsequently Louis Macneice and I became very close friends and I persuaded him to revise his opinion of Mr. Chaudhuri. I regard Mr. Nirad Chaudhuri as a writer of real consequence and rare integrity. He does give me the impression of having been had by the British Council, but on this point I speak with insufficient data and may be slightly out.

But surely the most significant and the greatest writer among Indians writing in English is Dr. Sudhin N. Ghosh. He is the most significant writer, because he writes of India in immaculate Englishman's English. He has been called an autobiographer rather than a novelist, and there is a certain amount of autobiography and much genuine nostalgia and pathos in his novels. In this respect he resembles Christopher Isherwood. Apart from that his superb prose alone entitles him to more careful attention and study than he has so far received. Although he is too great a gentleman to admit this, I fancy that he is slightly ill at ease in the England of Kingsley Amis and Donald Davie. But in this respect this fine sensitive writer is not singular. He is in the company of Ivor Brown and Frank Swinnerton.

Dr. Ghosh is also a fine scholar and the only living Indian with an adequate knowledge of Greek. He was scuppered out of an Indian university, largely because he wanted to raise the standards of English. He refused to dictate notes from books, as most local lecturers do and he could not reconcile himself to the Babu English of books like "The Art of Bernard Shaw," "The Whirging of Time" and "Tragic Relief." With his equipment, he should have headed the English Department of one of the Provincial Universities in England. That he does not do so, can only be put down to racial prejudice. He is a much greater writer than the Singhs and Iyengars propped up by the Establishment, Norman Jeffares and Stephen Spender.

Of the younger writers, I should certainly mention Ruskin Bond. He is extremely young and the only dedicated full-time writer in India. James Kirkup, the best of the younger English poets and no mean judge of writing thinks highly of Ruskin Bond. He writes mature, controlled prose—and on a great variety of subjects.

*

BODLEY HEAD have been rendering invaluable service by reissuing the works of Georgian and Edwardian writers who have not clicked with the reading public for some time. Their editions of Stephen Leacock, of Scott Fitzgerald and Ford Madox Ford have received an effusive greeting all over the world. I understand Mr. Graham Greene who is a director of Bodley Head is not sympathetic to this project. Which is a pity. I still hope they will overcome the current prejudice against Leonard Marrick and Stacy Aumonier and reissue their works. The reissue of these writers—particularly Stacy Aumonier who is a better short-story writer than anyone writing today.

One welcomes the *Bodley Head Jack London II*, edited and introduced by Arthur Calder-Marshall. The longest work in this volume is "John Barleycorn," often described as a classic of alcoholism. The theme of suicide runs throughout the book, drink being at one moment the alternative to suicide and at another suicide being the alternative to drink. This, however, is only the stated theme. "A theme unstated is the knowledge that John London, a man whom throughout "John Barleycorn" he calls his father, was not his father" (Calder-Marshell). Let it be remembered that "John Barleycorn" is an autobiographical novel like "Of Human Bondage." Let it be remembered, too, that Jack London committed suicide at the age of forty.

London only took to alcohol when he lost his illusions—the whole host of fond illusions that keep the world turning round. "Some" he says "are born to fortune and some have fortune thrust upon them. But in my case I was clubbed into fortune and bitter necessity wielded the club." And at all times, a thin envelope from an editor in the morning's mail was more stimulating to him than half dozen cocktails. In some ways London was a conspicuous victim of W. E. Henley's hybristic fallacy "I am the master of my fate." He was a true forerunner of Ernest Hemingway.

The other two pieces, "The Cruise of the Dazzler" and "The Road" are also autobiographical. The first of these books is an evocation of the Far West, particularly San Francisco. "The Road," which consists of nine unforgettable sketches, conveys something of London's *Wanderbust*. One unconsciously thinks of Masefield's *In The Mill*. The boat-stealing episode in "Road kids partment of one of the Provincial Universities in England. That he does not do so, can only be put down to racial prejudice. He is a much greater writer than the Singhs and Iyengars propped up by the Establishment, Norman Jeffares and Stephen Spender.

Of the younger writers, I should certainly mention Ruskin Bond. He is extremely young and the only dedicated full-time writer in India. James Kirkup, the best of the younger English poets and no mean judge of writing thinks highly of Ruskin Bond. He writes mature, controlled prose—and on a great variety of subjects.

*

BODLEY HEAD have been rendering invaluable service by reissuing the works of Georgian and Edwardian writers who have not clicked with the reading public for some time. Their editions of Stephen Leacock, of Scott Fitzgerald and Ford Madox Ford have received an effusive greeting all over the world. I understand Mr. Graham Greene who is a director of Bodley Head is not sympathetic to this project. Which is a pity. I still hope they will overcome the current prejudice against Leonard Marrick and Stacy Aumonier and reissue their works. The reissue of these writers—particularly Stacy Aumonier who is a better short-story writer than anyone writing today.

One welcomes the *Bodley Head Jack London II*, edited and introduced by Arthur Calder-Marshall. The longest work in this volume is "John Barleycorn," often described as a classic of alcoholism. The theme of suicide runs throughout the book, drink being at one moment the alternative to suicide and at another suicide being the alternative to drink. This, however, is only the stated theme. "A theme unstated is the knowledge that John London, a man whom throughout "John Barleycorn" he calls his father, was not his father" (Calder-Marshell). Let it be remembered that "John Barleycorn" is an autobiographical novel like "Of Human Bondage." Let it be remembered, too, that Jack London committed suicide at the age of forty.

London only took to alcohol when he lost his illusions—the whole host of fond illusions that keep the world turning round. "Some" he says "are born to fortune and some have fortune thrust upon them. But in my case I was clubbed into fortune and bitter necessity wielded the club." And at all times, a thin envelope from an editor in the morning's mail was more stimulating to him than half dozen cocktails. In some ways London was a conspicuous victim of W. E. Henley's hybristic fallacy "I am the master of my fate." He was a true forerunner of Ernest Hemingway.

The other two pieces, "The Cruise of the Dazzler" and "The Road" are also autobiographical. The first of these books is an evocation of the Far West, particularly San Francisco. "The Road," which consists of nine unforgettable sketches, conveys something of London's *Wanderbust*. One unconsciously thinks of Masefield's *In The Mill*. The boat-stealing episode in "Road kids

Svetoslav Roerich

Continued from Page I

of art. In his collection there are many items of ancient oriental art and he is considered an authority on the subject. He is not an admirer in the true sense of the term of so-called 'abstract' painting which is unintelligible to the common people. Art must be a reflection of intelligible beauty. It is a mirror of the divine soul. If this art is kept from the people, the very purpose of art is defeated. His wife, Madame Devika Rani, also holds the same opinion. "You see, when we were producing films we wanted to address the masses in particular and see their reaction. They must understand and appreciate these finer things of life. If the art creation is not understood by the public, if it is restricted only to the selected few, then, it may be something, but it defeats its greater purpose."

It is indeed interesting to note that whenever Svetoslav paints a picture of India, it strikingly reflects Indian life. "The artists, the poets open our eyes, they make us see and realise that which we sometimes felt and surmised, but were unable to formulate for ourselves," observes Svetoslav.

A fitting tribute to this great artist has been paid by G. Venkatachalam when he says : ..... "Just as his art reveals the spiritual stature of his soul, so his deportment and demeanour reflect his taste and culture.

"He is a Western artist after the Eastern ideal : an artist who is pure in life, calm in action and spiritual in aspiration. Such have ever been the true creative geniuses of the world." .....

---

the "New Statesman" was characteristically competent, but he made the mistake of suggesting that 'Saki' was a period piece. The humour of 'Saki,' albeit un-English and exotic will survive many contemporary entertainers. "There is no mystery about the continued popularity of Saki's stories. They make us laugh, they up-end respectability, they provide in broad terms unflagging entertainment. The deftness of their wit, the ingenuity of their anecdotes, are as effective as ever. The satire is still relevant, although its context was the luxurious, not to say bloated world of upper-middle-class Edwardian England" (U. W. Lambert). He is a one-man bridge between the world of the *Mikado* and *H.M.S. Pinafore* and the post-war world of *Cavalcade* which he did not live to see.

"Saki" is the pseudonym of H. H. Munro who was born in Burma in 1870. His father had taken part in the siege of Lucknow. There must have been tensions in his childhood, though he does not record them openly and explicitly. But his aunts, like those of Kipling, come into his stories. In Saki's stories frightful fates befell these women.

There is autobiographical material in the stories and some passages in "The Unbearable Bassington" (which, together with the stories, comprise The Bodley Head Saki) are frankly autobiographical. He was always an animal lover and there is delicious nostalgia about horses in his story, "When William Came." He recalls longingly the dry warm scent of the stable, the nip of the morning air, the moist earthy fragrance of the autumn woods and wet fallows. U. A. Spender, father of Stephen Spender, has left an unforgettable impression of his visit to "Westminster Gazette." "I have a clear recollection of Gould's bringing him to my room at the office somewhere about the year 1900 and starting then and there on a discussion of articles which the one was to write and the other to illustrate. Saki left most of the talking to Gould and at the beginning one had to dig hard to get a word out of him. But the word when it come was pungent and original, and in a few minutes I came to the conclusion that Gould was justified in his find."

Orwell found "Sredni Vashtar" a cruel story, but it is an exploration, not endorsement of cruelty. Sredni Vashtar is the ferret with whom Conradin, a lonely child, has frequent conversation. The ferret is Conradin's only companion. And then Sredni Vashtar is destroyed unceremoniously. No one in the house has the heart to break the news to the child.

The *Unbearable Bassington* is really a morality. Its villain is a grossly materialistic society, its victim a free spirit who, born and bred in the conventional world, can neither conform nor totally cut himself off.

Some of his stories evoke a fairy-tale England, the England of Thomas Hardy, of Kenneth Grahame or Evelyn Waugh. It is the England of tall grasses and meadow-weeds, of cornfields and orchards. It is a land where it seems summer is never-ending, and generally afternoon. The happy settled calm is not disturbed by the dreaming murmur of a trout-stream and the cawing of rooks.

Saki's pseudonym is not the least remarkable thing about him. Why Munro chose to take the name of a middle-eastern Ganymede it is hard to say. It may be he merely plucked a short, easily pronounced name from his memory of a favourite poem. But the choice cannot have been a casual or accidental one. It would be hard to think of any name less obviously suitable than this, with all its hedonistic and elegiac associations, for the mask of a satirist. And now that he has been lying star-scattered on the grass quite some time, we recall that the glasses he filled have never been empty.

The Sunday
Hindusthan Standard
CALCUTTA OCTOBER 11 1964 25 Pyas BURMA Line : Air-Sh

WELFARE WORK

A V AIDS IN COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT : by S. L. Ahluwala and H. S. Bhola. (Publication Unit, National Council of Educational Research and Training, New Delhi.) Rs 1.75.

In the words of UNESCO community development has

New Books

CRIME, THRILL AND SUSPENSE

DEADLY DOWNBEAT : by Jonathan Burke. (John Long, London.) 12s 6d.
BLOOD MONEY : by Peter Malloch. (Same.) 12s 6d.

REPTILES IN RITES

Continued from a Page 11

and evil, but he is not the snake. He carries the snake on His head and the snake is hooded. He has a garland of snakes.

Talking About Books

Talking About Books, a hooksy, desultory, ruminant article was first devised by "Oliver Edwards" which was a pseudonym of Sir William Haley, editor of the "Times" (London). It is partly conversive, partly critical. The criticism consists in a communication of enjoyment. In the words of Helen Gardner the idea is to hold the torch, not the sceptre.

Malcolm Muggeridge once humorously suggested that "Oliver Edwards" was probably the pseudonym of the writer of this article and not that of Sir William Haley. And Sir Compton Mackenzie, the famous novelist, has paid unstinted tribute to the feature and its author.

Othello : Indo-Anglian Writers : Jack London : "Saki"

IT is always a pleasure to talk about the Arden editions of Shakespeare, particularly when one of them happens to be edited by Kenneth Muir or M. R. Ridley. The Arden edition of *Othello* is edited by M. R. Ridley and published, of course, by Methuen who have made a sort of corner in Shakespeare. Professor Ridley is a humanist rather than a textual critic. If anyone serves straight—I lunched with him, and Kathleen Tillotson at Bedford College a few years ago—he serves it low opinion of mere textual critics and footling footnote-grubbers. Nonetheless, here he is an editor's job, and giving a very learned disquisition on the canonical text of *Othello*.

He does not, however, reach any conclusion about the relative merits of the Folio text, (which in the case of *Othello* has always been regarded as authoritative) and the First Quarto. One falls back on Sir E. K. Chambers who said that Quarto and Folio are equally reliable since they rest substantially upon the same manuscript. Greg suggests that there were two transcripts both made from the "foul papers" (which, in the jargon of textual criticism means the original manuscript) and that they were subsequently collated.

The introduction which includes estimates of the characters and a detailed discussion of the Double-Time scheme is superb. *Othello* is not Shakespeare's greatest work, but it is very much his best play, and it grips the emotions of the audience much more relentlessly than does, for example, *Antony and Cleopatra*. "The crime is" says John Arthur, "in the most horrible of ironies, superfluous. *Othello* was returned to Cyprus before the murder was done."

It seems to me that Professor Ridley overstresses the "domestic tragedy" aspect of *Othello* to explain our sense of involvement in it. In his other tragedies, we are spectators; the spectacle may be in the highest degree terrifying, soul-searching, and in the end gladdening but do we ever feel that we want to participate in it, to speak to the characters, to advise them or warn them? We watch the action; but in *Othello* we are involved in it." This seems to me mistaken on two counts. We do experience a sense of involvement in *Othello*, but this feeling is vastly less than in *King Lear*. And *Othello* is at no time a private person. He fetches his life and being from men of royal siege. He is not a king himself. But much the mightiest prop of a mighty State, the "safeguard of the West." He has done the State some service and the State knows it. So do we.

It seems a pity that Professor Ridley barely mentions Rymer. The two most famous anti-Bradley critics of *Othello* —E. E. Stoll and F. D. Leavis —have merely produced variations on Rymer. But Ridley shows real insight and perspicacity in showing that *Othello* is not to be regarded as a "jealous man." He is to be distinguished from those real "jealous men" in Shakespeare —Leontes and Ford. What we witness in *Othello* is the downfall of a man of essential nobility. But what brings about his downfall is credulity, not jealousy. He is perplexed in the extreme. The spectacle of Othello's downfall is pitiful, but because of the essential nobility which we never forget, it is also tragic. "And in the brief interval between his first conviction of the truth and his death he recapitures all our earlier admiration and more than our earlier sympathy." This is finely and superbly said.

*

I FREQUENTLY receive letters from readers to pronounce on the merits and demerits of various Indo-Anglian writers. What do I think of Nirad Chaudhuri? What do I think of *The Serpent and the Rope*? Who is the most significant Indo-Anglian writer? And so on. I will answer some of these questions.

When I was in the U. K. I was frequently interrogated about Mr. Chaudhuri, and for various reasons I generally parried the question. But when, at the Cafe Royal, the late Mr. Louis Macneice spoke rather disparagingly of him, I took him up on that and said that Mr. Chaudhuri was a much better writer than some of his Indian friends. Subsequently Louis Macneice and I became very close friends and I persuaded him to revise his opinion of Mr. Chaudhuri. I regard Mr. Nirad Chaudhuri as a writer of real consequence and rare integrity. He does give me the impression of having been had by the British Council, but on this point I speak with insufficient data and may be slightly out.

But surely the most significant and the greatest writer among Indians writing in English is Dr. Sudhin N. Ghosh. He is the most significant writer, because he writes of India in immaculate Englishman's English. He has been called an autobiographer rather than a novelist, and there is a certain amount of autobiography and much genuine nostalgia and pathos in his novels. In this respect he resembles Christopher Isherwood. Apart from that his supply prose alone entitles him to more careful attention and study than he has so far received. Although he is too great a gentleman to admit this, I fancy that he is slightly ill at ease in the England of Kingsley Amis and Donald Davie. But in this respect this fine sensitive writer is not singular. He is in the company of Ivor Brown and Frank Swinnerton.

Dr. Ghosh is also a fine scholar and the only living Indian with an adequate knowledge of Greek. He was scuppered out of an Indian university, largely because he wanted to raise the standards of English. He refused to dictate notes from books, as most local lecturers do and he could not reconcile himself to the Babu English of books like "The Art of Bernard Shaw," "The Whirpool of Time" and "Tragic Relief." With his equipment, he should have finished the English Department of one of the Provincial Universities in England. That he does not do so, can only be put down to racial prejudice. He is a much greater writer than the Singhs and Iyengars propped up by the Establishment, Norman Jeffares and Stephen Spender.

Of the younger writers, I should certainly mention Rushkin Bond. He is extremely young and the only dedicated full-time writer in India. James Kirkup, the best of the younger English poets and no mean judge of writing thinks highly of Ruskin Bond. He writes mature, controlled prose—and on a great variety of subjects.

*

BODLEY HEAD have been rendering invaluable service by reissuing the works of Georgian and Edwardian writers who have not clicked with the reading public for some time. Their editions of Stephen Leacock, of Scott Fitzgerald and Ford Madox Ford have received an effusive greeting all over the world. I understand Mr. Graham Greene who is a director of Bodley Head is not sympathetic to this project. Which is a pity. I still hope they will overcome the current prejudice against Leonard Merrick and Stacy Aumonier and reissue their works. The reissue of these writers—particularly Stacy Aumonier, who is a better short-story writer than anyone writing today.

One welcomes the Bodley Head *Jack London II*, edited and introduced by Arthur Calder-Marshall. The long-

By SADHAN KUMAR GHOSH

est work in this volume is "John Barleycorn," often described as a classic of alcoholism. The theme of suicide runs throughout the book, drink being at one moment the alternative to suicide and at another suicide being the alternative to drink. This, however, is only the stated theme. A theme unstated is the knowledge that John London, a man whom throughout "John Barleycorn" he calls his father, was not his father" (Calder-Marshall). Let it be remembered that "John Barleycorn" is an autobiographical novel like "Of Human Bondage." Let it be remembered, too, that Jack London committed suicide at the age of forty.

London only took to alcohol when he had established—the whole host of fond illusions that keep the world turning round. "Some" he says "are born to fortune and some have fortune thrust upon them. But in my case I was clubbed into fortune and bitter necessity wielded the club." And at all times, a thin envelope from an editor in the morning's mail was more stimulating to him than half dozen cocktails. In some ways London was a conspicuous victim of W. E. Henley's hybristic fallacy: "I am the master of my fate." He was a true forerunner of Ernest Hemingway.

The other two pieces, "The Cruise of the Dazzler" and "The Road" are also autobiographical. The first of these books is an evocation of the Far West, particularly San Francisco. "The Road," which consists of nine unforgettable sketches, conveys something of London's tiredness. One unconsciously thinks of Masefield's *In The Mill*. The beautiful stealing episode in "Road kids and gay cats" will remind the Bengali reader of a well-known episode in Sarat Chatterjee's "Srikanta." This book is entirely about hobbes, tramps, and the lure—but also the hazards — of the Open Road. But there is nothing Stevensonian or E. V. Lucasish about it. It is a full-blooded book.

*

THE real treasure, however, is the *Bodley Head Saki*. V. S. Pritchett's review in

Svetoslav Roerich

Continued from Page 1

of art. In his collection there are many items of ancient oriental art and he is considerably authority on the subject.

He is not an admirer in the true sense of the term of so-called 'abstract' painting which is unintelligible to the common people. Art must be a reflection of intelligible beauty. It is a mirror of the divine soul. If, this art is meant from the people, the very purpose of art is defeated. His wife, Madame Devika Rani, also holds the same opinion. You see, when we were producing films we wanted to address the masses in particular and see their reaction. They must understand and appreciate these finer things of life. If the art creation is not understood by the public, it is restricted only to the selected few; then, it may be something, but it defeats the greater purpose."

It is indeed interesting to note that whenever Svetoslav paints a picture of India, it strikingly reflects Indian life. "The artists, the poets open our eyes, they make us see and realise that which we sometimes felt and surmised, but were unable to formulate for ourselves," observes Svetoslav. A fitting tribute to this great artist has been paid by C. Venkatachalam when he says : ....."that as his art reveals the spiritual nature of his soul, so his department and cinematour reflect his taste and culture.

"He is a Western artist after the Eastern ideal : an artist who is pure in life, calm in action and spiritual in aspiration. Such have ever been the true creative geniuses of the world." .....

the "New Statesman" was characteristically competent, but he made the mistake of suggesting that 'Saki' was a period piece. The humour of 'Saki' albeit un-English and exotic will survive many contemporary entertainers. "There is no mystery about the continued popularity of Saki's stories. They make us laugh, they up-end respectability, they provide in broad terms unflagging entertainment. The deftness of their wit, the ingenuity of their anecdotes, are as effective as ever. The satire is still relevant, although its context was the luxurious, not to say bloated world of upper-middle-class Edwardian England" (U. W. Lambert). He is a one-man bridge between the world of the *Mikado* and *H.M.S. Pinafore* and the post-war world of *Cavalcade* which he did not live to see.

"Saki" is the pseudonym of H. H. Munro who was born in Burma in 1870. His father had taken part in the siege of Lucknow. There must have been tensions in his childhood, though he does not record them openly and explicitly. But his aunts, like those of Kipling, come into his stories. In Saki's stories fruitful fates befell these women.

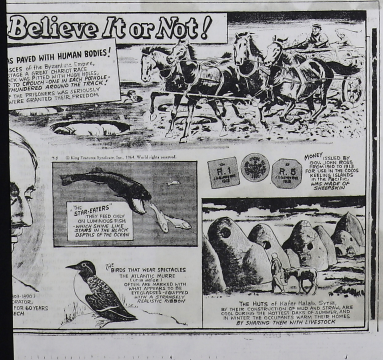
There is autobiographical material in the stories and some pages in "The Unbearable Bassington" (which, together with the stories, comprise The Bodley Head Saki), are frankly autobiographical. He was always an animal lover and there is a delicious nostalgia about horses in his story, "When William Came." He recalls longingly the dry warm scent of the stable, the nip of the morning air, the moist earthy fragrance of the autumn woods and yet follows U. A. Spender, father of Stephen Spender, has left an unforgettable impression of his visit to "Westminster Gazette." "I have a clear recollection of Gould's bringing him into my room at the office somewhere about the year 1900 and starting then and there on a discussion of articles which the one was to write and the other to illustrate. Saki left most of the talking to Gould and at the beginning one had to dig hard to get a word out of him. But the word when it came was pungent and original, and in a few minutes I came to the conclusion that Gould was justified in his find."

Orwell found "Sredni Vashtar" a cruel story, but it is an exploration, not endorsement of cruelty. Sredni Vashtar is the ferret with whom Conradin, a lonely child, has frequent conversation. The ferret is Conradin's only companion. And then Sredni Vashtar is destroyed unceremoniously. No one in the house has the heart to break the news to the child.

The *Unbearable Bassington* is really a morality. Its villain is a grossly materialistic society. Its victim a free spirit who, born and bred in the conventional world, can neither conform nor totally cut himself off.

Some of his stories evoke a fairy-tale England, the England of Thomas Hardy, of Kenneth Grahame or Evelyn Waugh. It is the England of tall grasses and meadow-weeds, of cornfields and orchards. It is a land where it seems summer is never-ending, and generally afternoon. The happy settled calm is not disturbed by the dreaming murmur of a trout-stream and the cawing of rooks.

Saki's pseudonym is not the least remarkable thing about him. Why Munro chose to take the name of a middle-eastern Gaynmede it is hard to say. It may be he merely plucked a short, easily pronounced name from his memory of a favourite poem. But the choice cannot have been a casual or accidental one. It would be hard to think of any name less obviously suitable than this, with all its hedonistic and elegiac associations, for the mask of a satirist. And now that he has been lying star-scattered on the grass quite some time, we recall that the glasses he filled have never been empty.



The Saga of Delhi—XVII

The realm of Svetoslav Roerich

by Dr Vivek Bhattacharya

It is always a pleasure to greet the world famous painter Svetoslav Roerich. When ever he is in Delhi, the connoisseurs of art find it a great opportunity to hear him speak on art, and to see his magic of brush on the canvas.

Svetoslav is one of those philosopher-painters who have made a deep study of Indian art, culture, literature and philosophy. The contribution of the Roerichs to the revival of modern art forms an important chapter in the history of art movement.

Svetoslav is a great seeker after truth and belongs to the heritage of spiritualist who found great solace in exploring the Supreme. When Svetoslav paints, he is in communion with the Infinity His realm is much abone the earthly life, but, at the same time, he does not forsake the love of humanity and the world around him.

....."He is a painter after the grand manner of his father, a painter of mountains and their moods, a revealer in form and colour of the mysteries of nature and a daring explorer from the 'devaic' world, where colours take their birth and have their being in all their pristine purity"

..... "Great as are his gifts, as a technician in the art of painting who knows all there is to building imposing structural masses, suggesting strength and beauty, (the "substance of things" of which Cezanne spoke) and of laying contrasting complementary colours in such a subtle way as to bring out their rich pulsating qualities. (the dream of the Impressionists), and which make Svetoslav's pictures such exquisite dreams in colour harmony and pattern. ....In the words of Carlyle, "they take you to the brink of a precipice and let you gaze into infinity".

Thus writes G. Venkatachalam the well-known art critic.

Spiritual

Svetoslav's feeling for the Indian people has been expressed in many of the portraits of the simple people. India has been exploring the truth for ages and people who realized it were blessed with heavenly bliss. Their description of this heavenly bliss found expression in "SATYAM, SHIVAM, SUNDARAM". Even the poor and the down-trodden in India preferred the realization of divine beauty to the life of material pleasure. These are some of the thoughts that inspire the master-painter to combine the spiritual outlook with the every day life of the people.

India has been described in many superlatives by many historians. It is because of her spiritual way of life that in the literature of many nations, India has been described with a spirit of reverence. In the domain of art, both the Roerichs, Maharshi Nicholas and his illustrious son Svetoslav, have given the most magnificent picture of this land. Writing on Svetoslav, Dr H. Goetz, the distinguished scholar, says:—

"His experience is that East and West are not opponents, but complements; and his message that — in contradiction to Kipling's dictum — at last the twain will meet and may create another Golden Age of human life and human culture".

Although Svetoslav had his education in Russia, London, New York, Harvard and Columbia Universities, it was the teachings of the ancient Indian Masters that perhaps attracted him most. Now and then, he quotes parables and sayings as described by Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa or Swami Vivekananda, or Shri Aurobindo or Gurudev Tagore. These thoughts come to him effortlessly. The other day, talking about art, he was quoting Swami Vivekananda. "Do you recall Swami Vivekananda", Svetoslav asked, "do you recall Vivekananda's great saying?

"Man cannot be truly religious who has not the faculty of feeling the beauty and grandeur of art".

"A man cannot be really religious if he has no sense of appreciation of beauty. Man's life is a synthesis of truth and beauty. To try to cultivate that spirit of appreciation of beauty without have this realization one should which a man's life becomes really monotonous".

Call of Himalayas

Svetoslav knows a number of languages and is a profound student of India's art heritage.

He is one of those practical philosophers who were attracted by the call of the Himalayas. The members of the Roerich family, including his late father Professor Nicholas Roerich and his brother George, came India more than four decades ago. His brother, the late Dr George Roerich, was one of the foremost authorities on Central Asia and was a great linguist and a learned scholar in Tibetan, Sanskrit and other classical languages.

Svetoslav spent many years in the lap of the Himalayas. Although he has extensively travelled in different parts of the world, from one ocean to another, from one peak of the mountains to another, his inquisitive mind could not find real fulfilment until, finally, he came and settled in the Himalayas.

He married the First Lady of the Indian Screen, Madame Devika Rani, who is a great connoisseur of art and beauty. In fact, she is herself beauty personified. At present, the Roerichs live mostly in Bengalore where the artist has painted many inspiring canvas. Madame Roerich is fond of their jungle home in Bangalore The house is built near banyan tree which is many centuries old. She says: "You will find only jungles, fields and the bluish tinge on the horizons spread over a long distance" When I asked why the artist liked Bangalore, she replied: "It is perhaps because of the suitability of climate that is quite unique in Bangalore".

They live partly in the pictures que settings of the Kulu Valley also where they are establishing a museum in memory of Maharshi Nicholas Roerich. But Delhi beckons them quite often.

Once I had the privilege of accompanying this great artist to the Himalayas. When we were nearing the foot of the Himalayas, the artist pointed his finger to the mountains and said: "Look well at these great mountains. You see, many great saints and teachers have attained their salvation in the lap of these mountains. Only some of them came back to serve mankind, to save them from spiritual stagnation but the rest never returned".

In the stillness of the place we could see from a distance the snowy peaks and the slopes of the Himalayas covered with green vegetation — the deodar, the sal, the pine and the blossoming rhododendron. It looked like a green velvety carpet. My heart leapt with joy to see the dark clouds kissing the peaks of the mountains. In his ecstasy the artist would say:

"Himavat the Beautiful! Thou hast given us our greatest treasures
and for ever thou shalt remain the
guardian of the greast mystery, the
holy marriage of Heaven and Earth".

His paintings

There is a definite touch in the brush of Svetoslav. In his paintings there is prominence of the purple and the blue which is so unique in his paintings. Art critics give different interpretations to this, but the greatest and the most unique appreciation came from the world-famous Cosmonaut Yurin Gagarin, who was the first to explore the vastness of the cosmos. He compared the higher space with the paintings of Svetoslav. In his description of the colours in space in the Russian paper 'Pravada', the Cosmonaut compared the colours of Svetoslav's paintings with the colours he saw in the Cosmos. This is probably because the painter must have had access to a higher plane through his deep spiritual contemplation.

I have yet to come across a person who has greater respect and love for the Himalayas. Svetoslav has learnt the use of the Himalayan herbs and he would always come out to help any friend seeking his advice. He is more than convinced that the secret of life lies deep within the Himalayas.

Once I studied 130 of his paintings for over a month at a stretch Still my eyes longed to see more of them. Every painting had a new message of life for me. The life of the common man finds expression in the delightful sweep of his brush on the canvas. Whether in oil or in tempera, they are vivid and striking. Right from the portrait of the Kulu boy to the portrait of the first citizen of India, Svetoslav has shown his deep sympathy for all. Even the picture of a nude has not been spared by his brush, so much so that one is apt to hang one's head in humility this painting "Call Eternal" is so vivid and lovely! Equally brilliant are his paintings which reflect the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, the rising sun on the Kanchenjunga and the burning flames of the painting "Toiling By Night."

It was a moonlit night. The stars were silently twinkling in the sky. Sitting in his exquisitely decorated room he said: "Do you want my opinion on art? Why? Do you not remember what Gurudev Tagore said on art? He said:

"In art, the person in us is sending its answer to the Supreme person who reveals himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts'.

"This also summarises my own feeling"

Svetoslav's father, Nicholas, was a great friend of Tagore and with great reverence and affection Svetoslav cherishes the Poets letters addressed to his illustrious father.

Svetoslav was very much interested by the renaissance of the art movement in India, the styles of Abanindranath Tagore, Nana Lal Bose, Jaimini Roy and Minishi Dey. Among the younger modern painters, he admires Alemelkar, Samant, Raval Hebber, Gujaral, Chawda, Ara, Hussain and Bendre.

Art and people

He comes of an aristocratic and distinguished family of Russia, which dates from the beginnings of the Russian State. Besides his illustrious father, Svetoslav had the good fortune of having guidance from his equally learned mother, Madame Helena Roerich who had written and translated a large number of books on philosophy and ethics. He was a close collaborator of his father and was Vice-President and Director of many institutions of the International Pact for the Protection of Cultural Treasures initiated by Nicholas Roerich which became known as the Roerich

Continued on page III

10

Delhi

schev remarked, "Some
y say that such colours
st but they are real and
en them myself. Only
have the right eye to

the art critics, while ap
his master painting
and tempera advanced
ism that Svetoslav, un-
artists gave too much
e to "blue" But, it was
ted pure blue. It was
ded with a touch of ul-
colour of the mountain
ty at the higher altitu-

v's paintings mirror
tual insight. It is per-
raining of his saintly
harshi Nicholas Roerich
meditation in the Hima
gave Svetoslav a uni-
to portray not only
ings of beauty, out also
his vision into the
he unseen world.

ive vison

clusive interview he ex-
me in brief the extra-
ower of a man's 'intui-
n I asked him, how he
r the world beyond the
osmos, he smiled and
ould science conquer it?
o not the human mind
discovery?

upted and said, would
'imagination' or 'intui-
toslav gave a modest
no reply. While talking
n I was reminded of
c state of mind of Sve-
arents about which
a lot from Sve-
th had intuitive visions
e Bibhuti Bhusan
adhyaya's (author of
'anchali") "Drishti Pra-
no wonder the illustri-
lso inherited the same
portrayed on canvas.
ple might have hesitat
eve that such colours
t but it is wonderful to
t the young cosmonaut
m to be a reality.

back to the origin of
spiritual power I re-
etoslav's description of
powers of the ancient
Hindustan on the lap of
layas where I had the
une to accompany him.
It of the Himalayas insi-
ia for ages to search for
d to that great search
nts dedicated their lives.
spiritual force that is
Indian culture — its
ature and thought—and
nue to do so for years to
bserved Svetoslav in a
e mood.

happy I received a reply
uestion and immediately
picture flashed into my
shall never forget that.
bout six years ago. We
the foothill of the Hi-
at Dehra. The whole
ent in the forests. I had
lete my work and I was
late at night. Before I
he light in my eyes wander-
e next room. There I saw
in full meditation. For
together, I looked at him
as a glow on his face. I
he light and went to bed.
told anybody about it. It
etoslav Nikolaievich Roe-
garin knew that Svetos
intings of the cosmos are
through "Pravada" that
known to the world. But
ny persons know the real
of that intuition which
him to give to the world
iterly poems in colour?
tement of Bacon that
st part of beauty is that
o picture can express" has
hind, been belied by Gaga-
e brave young cosmo
comparison of Svetoslav's
's with the colours he saw
osmos.

week: Devika Rani—
dy of Indian Screen).

operation

T arker.

It is al r use
greet the eated
ter Svetos ds to
ever he is inef-
noisseurs ds to
great o
him speal
his magic
canvas.

Svetoslav
sopher-pain
deep study
literature
contribution
the revival
an importa
tory of art
Svetoslav
truth and
ge of spirit
solace in e
When Svet
communion
realm is m
life, but, ack of
does not fo
manity and
him.
.....“He
grand man
painter of
moods, a
colour of
re and a
the ‘devai
take their
being in al
..... “G
as a techn
ting who
building
masses, su
beauty.
things” of
and of layi
mentary co
way as to
pulsating
of the
which mak
such exqui
harmony a
words of C
to the bri
let you gaz
Thus writ
the well-kn

S
Svetoslav’
dian people
many of the
ple people.
ing the tru
who realized
heavenly bl
of this hea
pression in
SUNDARA
the down-tr
red the reali
ty to the life
These are s
that inspire
to combine
with the ev
people.

India has
many superl
torians. It is
tual way of
ture of man
been describ
reverence. I
both the Ro
cholas and h
toslav, have
nificent pict
ting on Svet
the disingui
“His expe
and West a
complement
that — in
ling’s dictu
will meet a
other Gold
and human

Although S
cation in R
York. Harva
versities, i
the ancient
perhaps attr

ubse-
situa-
inter
s suf-
nalcy
poli-
e the
ne re-
r use
eated
ds to
inef-
ds to
suse”
osing
other
eces-
humi-
licule.
e cre-
story
be an
rganiz
ealing
ation.
ot be
inued
ack of
ound
demo-
ranks
would
ective
turn
al of
s cir-
demo-
pub-
infor-

ity
much
ority
lness
ately
paid
ority.
pla-
clice-
ntion
m of
how
y can
hout
s ob-
can
emen
uni-
every
poli
es is
for

of
has
way
poli-
low.
treet
ingly
calls
vul
o is
and
ed to
ge in
Not
cases
fe in
tro-
it.
plain
poli-

action. The explanation for the low police performance in the country has to be sought not in democracy, which is still weak and in great need of being strengthened, but in the loss of its public charisma on account of its faulty deployment in the last twenty years.

Despondency in police

The continued ineffectiveness of the police has tended to inject a sense of despondency in the police ranks fur ther lowering its efficiency. The force no longer enjoys that self-confidence which is the hallmark of any efficient person or organization. This diffidence prevents the force from being effective to an ex tent which it is always possible for it to be. Thus a vice-chancellor's complaint again st a known criminal can be ignored, an honest citizen's suffering may leave the police indifferent. When such demonstrable failures occur the police image suffers further denigration before the public.

Another point deserves consideration. Many laws of social reform have been passed providing for penal action in cases of failure to conform to those laws. We may refer to the laws relating to the prevention of child marriage, abolition of untouchability, prohibition of dowry etc. And these are very much commendable and needed for the betterment of our social life. Unfortunately nothing has been done to spread the message of these laws to the villages. Surveys undertaken during the 1961 census disclosed startling facts regarding ignorance of social reform laws in the countryside. But some do know of these laws and when they see these laws being disregarded in practice they begin to lose, unconsciously at first, the conviction that laws deserve to be respected. Now in several cases police action may be sought but may prove inadequate or, as is more likely in cases of marriage etc., incapable of correcting a wrong done.

There are many other laws relating to excise and

Continued on Page IV

Trade u

A study of the laws relating to the constitution and ad-

Saga of Delhi

Continued from page II

Pact and has now been universally adopted.

Svetoslav is not only an outstanding artist, he has so many varied interests in life. He is a distinguished collector of art. In his collection, there are many examples of ancient oriental art and he is considered an authority on the subject.

He is not an admirer in the true sense of the term of so-called "abstract" painting which is unintelligible to the common people. Art must be a reflection of intelligible beauty. It is a mirror of the divine soul. If this art is kept from the people the very purpose of art is defeated. His wife, Madame Devika Rani, also holds the same opinion. "You see when we were producing films we wanted to address the masses in particular and see their reactions. They must understand and appreciate these finer things of life. If the art creation is not understood by the public, if it is restricted only to the selected few, then it may be something, but it defeats its greater purpose."

It is indeed interesting to note that whenever Svetoslav paints a picture of India, the pictures sur kingly reflect Indian life. "The artists, the poets open our eyes, they make us see and realise that which we sometimes felt and surmised, but were unable to formulate for ourselves", observes Svetoslav.

A fitting tribute to the great artist are the words of G Venkatachalam, who in a masterly manner brings out the qualities of Svetoslav:

"Just as his art reveals the spiritual stature of his soul, so his deportment and demeanour reflect his taste and culture. He is a Western artist after the Eastern ideal: an artist who is pure in life calm in action and spiritual in aspiration. Such have ever been the true creative geniuses of the world".

Only he can be a truly great artist who has intuitive experience of spiritual reality. For 'the true work of art" says Michaepangelo, "is but a shadow of the divine perfection". A true artist always draws his inspiration from a serene divine source. Goethe says: "The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality" "Art", also says Dante, "as far as it has the ability, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master, so that it must be, as it were, a descendant of God",

One is completely captivated by these thoughts of art when one goes through the description of the cosmos by the first man in the cosmos, Yuri Alekseevich Gagarin comparing them with Svetoslav Roerich's paintings. The Moscow newspaper 'Pravada' (dated April 23, 1961) published a long article on the basis of an interview by N. Denisov and S. Borzenko in which it is said that the State of Weightlessness did not preclude Gagarin from comparing the extraordinary beauty of the colour gradations of the sky over our planet with the harmonies of colour in Svetoslav's canvases. In his exclusive interview to Pravda Gagarin says, "Roerich paintings reflect the beauty of the cosmos" The first cosmonaut compares the wonderful colours he saw in the cosmos to the colours he had seen in the Roerich paintings, exhibited in the USSR

This is a unique tribute to Svetoslav's paintings of which any artist in the world could feel justly proud. There was not yet any cosmic opinion about modern art and except Svetoslav no artist in the world can possess it.

In this connection it is interesting to record that when he visited the Roerich exhibition in Delhi, Mr Khruschev remarked, "Some people may say that such colours do not exist but they are real and I have seen them myself. Only one must have the right eye to see them".

Some of the art critics, while appreciating his master painting both in oil and tempera advanced this criticism that Svetoslav, unlike other artists gave too much importance to "blue" But, it was not unmixed pure blue. It was azure blended with a touch of ultra violet colour of the mountain and the sky at the higher altitudes.

Svetoslav's paintings mirror deep spiritual insight. It is perhaps the training of his saintly father Maharshi Nicholas Roerich and long meditation in the Himalayas that gave Svetoslav a unique power to portray not only the seen things of beauty, out also to project his vision into the realm of the unseen world.

Intuitive vison

In an exclusive interview he explained to me in brief the extraordinary power of a man's 'intuition." When I asked him, how he could draw the world beyond the sky, the cosmos, he smiled and said how could science conquer it? Was it also not the human mind behind the discovery?

I interrupted and said, would you call it 'imagination' or 'intuition'? Svetoslav gave a modest smile but no reply. While talking of intuition I was reminded of this mystic state of mind of Svetosla's parents about which I heard a lot from Svetoslav. Both had intuitive visions just like Bibhuti Bhusan Bandhyopadhyaya's (author of "Pather Panchali") "Drishti Pradep". And no wonder the illustrious son also inherited the same which he portrayed on canvas. Some people might have hesitated to believe that such colours could exist but it is wonderful to think that the young cosmonaut found them to be a reality.

Tracing back to the origin of this great spiritual power I recalled Svetoslav's description of spiritual powers of the ancient saints of Hindustan on the lap of the Himalayas where I had the good fortune to accompany him. "The spirit of the Himalayas inspired India for ages to search for Truth and to that great search many saints dedicated their lives. It is this spiritual force that is enriching Indian culture — its art, literature and thought—and will continue to do so for years to come", observed Svetoslav in a meditative mood.

I was happy I received a reply to my question and immediately a serene picture flashed into my mind. I shall never forget that. It was about six years ago. We were on the foothill of the Himalayas at Dehra. The whole day I spent in the forests. I had to complete my work and I was busy till late at night. Before I put off the light my eyes wandered to the next room. There I saw a figure in full meditation. For minutes together, I looked at him There was a glow on his face. I put off the light and went to bed. I never told anybody about it. It was Svetoslav Nikolaievich Roerich. Gagarin knew that Svetoslav's paintings of the cosmos are real and through "Pravada" that has been known to the world. But how many persons know the real source of that intuition which inspires him to give to the world the masterly poems in colour? The statement of Bacon that "The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express" has to my mind, been belied by Gagarin's, the brave young cosmonaut's comparison of Svetoslav's paintings with the colours he saw in the cosmos.

(Next week: Devika Rani—First Lady of Indian Screen).

THE SUNDAY SEARCH

PATNA: SUNDAY, AUGUS

street
ingly
calls
y vul
o is
and
ed to
ge in
Not
cases
fe in
tro-
it.
plain
poli-

Trade unions

A study of the laws relating to the constitution and ad-

by J