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S V E T O S L A V

by

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We received photographs of the latest paintings of Svetoslav. Some are in colour and they remind us still more of the brilliant/sparkling colours which permeate his paintings. If we compare his achievements during the last few years one can see how ceaselessly perfects itself the basic of his colours. The form was always clear and expressive. Colours were powerful, but now with every year one is astounded at the translucency and refinement of these colour combinations.

Whether it is a portrait, or study of the face or landscape, everything is surrounded by an atmosphere and persuasiveness/truthfulness and quite a special, so typical for him, realism. This realism may be better expressed/described as "Reality", but not the conventional realism, as it was understood in the recent past.

Every painting of Svetoslav possesses what we call composition. In other words that which expresses the individuality of the master. Sometimes (people of little knowledge) ignorant people think that a portrait is not a composition and a literary work may be an agglomeration of Historical Data. But a born composer will express this particular quality of his in everything.

He will "see" the portrait. He will take the human face in a way which expresses the best expression of his features and as it is in the great masterly portraits you ~~will~~ cannot shift the image by a single line. Someone brought his son to Van Dyck and asked him to admit him to his studio and assured him that his son knows how to paint the background of a portrait. The great Master justly remarked: "If your son knows how to paint the background of a portrait, there is nothing that I can teach him (It is not necessary for him to learn from me).

This story emphasises the fact how inseparable every part of a painting is. In the painting of Svetoslav we precisely notice the harmonious essentiality of every part

of the painting. A great quality of work of art is when there are no indifferent passages.

Just as in life itself only a dead eye can assume an indifference even if in the smallest details, so also in art, in the work of a Master. Everything will be full of life. In these interlinked vibrations resides the power of the great works of art.

Bryullov remarked: "Art is essentially simple, one must only take a needed quantity of colour and place it in the right place." In this joke of a great artist contain an unusually penetrating observation. Precisely one must have the proper colour and place it upon the right place on the canvas. That is all. And truly a great master will not be able to express in words why he needs this or that particular mixture of colours and why he introduces this combination of colours into the adjoining harmony.

The Master is creating. In the creative process every earthly language appears inapplicable and inexpressive. But the movements of the Master are faultless. He must do it precisely like that and not otherwise. The very assimilation of the foundations of every creation in a small consciousness will be only an imitation, but in real art it remains as a noble assimilation. Just as Hierarchy is unavoidable just as unavoidable is the assimilation of the best foundations of being. "Everything is pure with the pure" says the apostle Paul. This maxim is especially applicable to art which is the synthesis of life. But one must reach this consonance/harmony. One must receive it from the hidden places of the past and taking firm root in it, create the radiant future.

When we see a beautiful creation it evokes in us everything that is best. Under the vaults of a lofty cathedral all quarrels are brushed aside and in the harmonies of a powerful symphony swear words are not appropriate. But in order that an individual painting would evoke the synthesis of transformation it must be profoundly/deeply harmonious, it must be strained in this profound symphony of all its parts. Either all these qualities will pour themselves out in the work of art and it will become a happiness bearing on their miraculous quality will not enter into the arrangement of colours and lines and it will be only a formal filling up of the canvas.

That is why I am so happy mentally to examine the mentioned paintings - in them is forged the symphony and the harmony, all that is of a routine and indifferent has not dared to enter

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this fiery creative expression precisely it did not dare. Precisely the common place can crawl into every crevice if by some carelessness some crevice has been permitted.

It is always tiresome to remember some formalistic paintings. Neither the commonplace subject nor their intellectual purpose can never cover up this formalism. But how happy one feels when one sees the beautiful young flowers scattered by the lavish hand of the creator. One will never tire to admire, the colourful precious stones. Thus also in the great creations of art this colourfulness and individuality gives one more luminous creation into the multifacetedness of being/life. How carefully we must treat everything that brings joy and light. Who will break a lamp to plunge a house into darkness. Precisely every lofty work of art is such a God given Light. In the joy of admiring such a creation we once more love everything that is highest, we once more repeat the beautiful prayer of the spirit. It is wonderful if one can admire colourful creations, it is wonderful if this highest gift is given in life which transmutes all the darkness and the painful into the joy of the spirit. And how joyfully we must welcome those who by the decrees of Fate can carry the beautiful into life.