

THE YOUTHS' ART & CULTURE CIRCLE

172, PRINCESS STREET, BOMBAY.

Prof. NICHOLAS ROERICH'S MESSAGE TO OUR MEMBERS

Dear Friend,

More knowledge! More art! There are not enough of these bases in life, which alone can lead us to the golden age of unity.

The more we know, the more clearly we see our ignorance. But if we know nothing at all, then we cannot even know we are ignorant. And that being so, we have no means of advancement and nothing to strive for. And the dark reign of vulgarity is inevitable. The young generations are not prepared to look boldly, with a bright smile, on the blinding radiance of knowledge and beauty. Whence then is the knowledge of the reality of the things to come? Whence then are wise mutual relations to arise? Whence is unity to come, that unity which is the true guarantee of steady forward movement? Only on the base of true beauty and of true knowledge can a sincere understanding between the nations be achieved. And the real guide would be the universal language of knowledge and of the beauty of art. Only these guides can establish that kindly outlook which is so necessary for future creative work.

Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram.

5th June, 1947.

Prof. Nicholas Roerich greets the Inter Asian Relations Conference

Venerable President of I. A. R. C.,

Please convey to the Conference my heartiest greetings and ardent wishes to accomplish its noble unifying work.

Peace to all! Great Asia the majestic cradle of all Religions and Philosophies will proceed gloriously and victoriously under the Banner of Peace. Let the incalculable Treasures of Asia be protected by Cultural Unity.

All people dream of Peace. Evolution is based on Art and Science. These humanitarian Foundations should be vigilantly guarded that a fresh and shameful vandalism should not again destroy them. Humanity is tired of destructions.

In the name of Banner of Peace, this Protector of Cultural Treasures, I invoke, I pray and greet the Cultural Unity of All Asia.

24th February, 1947.

ARTIST AND SCIENTIST

By S. Sanjiva Dev

Art emanates out of the heart which is the abode of feeling; Science springs forth from the head which is the source of thought. Artist's path is of synthesis whereas the scientist's is of analysis. Artist relies upon his aesthetic vision; the scientist depends upon his scrutinising reason. Artist's is the subjective view while that of the scientist is objective view,

The Autumn moon ascending the eastern horizon is an object of delight—an orb of nectar—in the view of the artist. But the same moon is nothing more than a freezing planet full of dreadful ruins in the view of the scientist. The artist's approach is idealistic while the scientist's is realistic. But the truth is none of those views is false!

Artist gives form to the amorphous or the formless while the scientist destroys the form in order to observe the hidden properties beneath the form. Artist sees unity in diversity whereas the scientist notices diversity in unity.

The two paths of the artist and the scientist are inconsistent on y apparently, but intrinsically, they are one and the same. Both of the paths would lead to the same goal—the goal of the ultimate truth. The goal is one but the paths are different. The artist's is the emotional approach whereas the scientist's is the intellectual approach. The artist flies to the goal while the scientist walks to the same!

Art is born out of the urge for self-expression through some material medium either of form or of sound, word or movement. Science is born out of the thirst for knowing the truth. Thus beauty and truth have been the eternal guides of humanity, Art and science are like two lines running parallel to each other.

Art has the power to construct as well as to destroy the Society and similarly has the science too. Both have

got the power of becoming a boon or a curse to the Society; all this lies in the proper or improper method of manipulating these powerful weapons. It would be beneficent for the world if the destructive aspect of them be eliminated and the constructive aspect be revealed.

When the artistic aspect, that is the emotional experience, decreases and the scientific aspect, that is the intellectual scrutiny, increases in a person then he or she turns to be a dry thinking machine devoid of aesthetic feeling, having no sensitive reaction to the rhythm of the surrounding phenomena vibrant with colour and movement. The person becomes a philistine.

When the scientific aspect decreases and the artistic one increases in a person, the person becomes a sentimental dreamer bereft of intellectual clarity, having no discriminating reason between what is true and what is false.

There should be a balance between emotion and intellect feeling and thought rapture and reason. This does not imply that everybody should have been a scientist and an artist simultaneously. At least it is desirable that everybody should try to acquire both the artistic vision and the scientific reason.

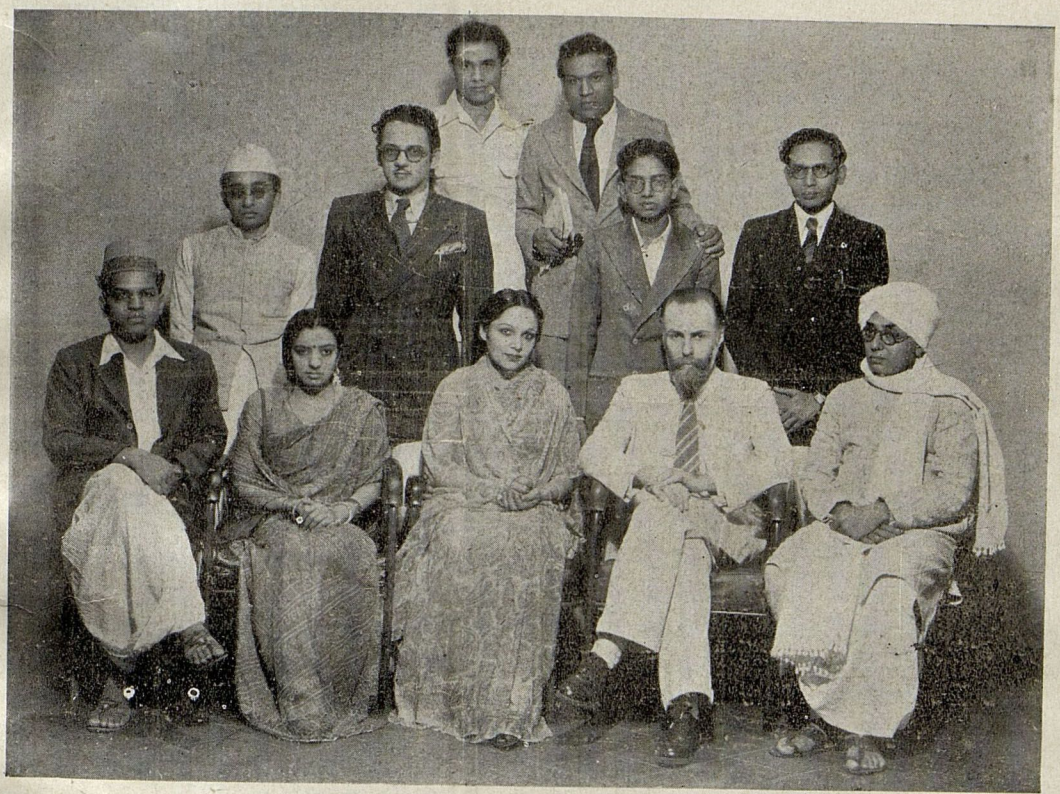
Scientist seeks delight in the utility of object while the artist seeks the same in the beauty of the objects. To say 'whatever is useful is not beautiful and whatever is beautiful is not useful' is a false adage. The innumerable objects of utility created by ancient Chinese and Indian craftsmen prove that whatever is useful might be also beautiful and vice versa.

(Continued to page 8)

Mr. & Mrs. S. Roerich,

with the members of the Council of

The Youths' Art & Culture Circle BOMBAY.



*Sitting from left to right: Mr. R. M. Sekaria (Treasurer). Mrs. Prabha Panchal
Mme. Devika Roerich, Mon. Svetoslav Roerich. Sri J. M. Ahivasi (President).
Standing from left to right: Mr. Dinesh Vora (Art Secretary), Mr. I. R. Panchal
(Secretary), Mr. Mahesh Gupta (Counsellor), Mr. R. C. Gupta (Gen. Secretary)
Standing 2nd Row left to right: Mr. Bachoo Ve'ji (Propaganda Secretary)
Mr. B. D. Garga (Counsellor).*

BEAUTIFUL UNITY.

By Prof. NICHOLAS ROERICH.

A Book For The Youth

"Contains many beautiful thoughts and expressions which should be inspirations for the youth of to-day."

"The Illustrated Weekly of India", Bombay.

"There is indeed a rich view of humanity in 'Beautiful Unity', a feeling for life."

"The Visva Bharati Quarterly", Santiniketan.

"There is much that one can learn from these beautiful fragments."

'The Hindusthan Quarterly', Calcutta.

"This is an artist and educationist's *Utopia*

'Forum', Bombay.

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THE APPREHENSION

By Kul Bhushan

When Dattaram alighted from the tram at Null Bazar, it was nearing noon. The sun was high and the sky clear despite the monsoon season.

Dattaram looked cautiously around him. He would never have come to this part of the city—the centre of trouble whenever the riots started—and that too, today, when nerves were strung to the highest and trouble expected any minute. No one could tell where the rumour started, but since Calcutta had been the scene of riot and rape on the 16th people in Bombay were apprehensive the 29th being the *Id* day may also become a day of blood bath for the city of Bombay.

But the *Id* day was one day behind now and still the tautness and the anxiety did not leave the obsessed minds of the people. Dattaram was specially careful lest he be caught in this senseless orgy of killing and lose his life at the point of a knife, and he would never have risked it coming here but for a being closer to his heart than even his own skin. His child was in a high fever these last few days and today it had assumed more serious proportions. Radhabai, his wife, had taken their son to the herb-doctor who lived nearby. He had examined the pulse of the listless child with its feverish languid eyes fixed on his old wrinkled face. He looked at his tongue and felt the little stomach with his fingers. And then he had straightened his glasses upon his nose and written down a prescription on a piece of paper. Dattaram had taken that piece of paper to the medicine shop, and was weighed out quantities of herbs and mineral salts needed to make the brew. But one particular herb could

not be had and where could Dattaram get it? The man said he could get it at Null Bazar which was the centre of country medicines.

It was a dangerous area and in the ordinary circumstances Dattaram would not have thought of going that way in these days of silence and determination. The two communities seemed to be every-day preparing themselves to face an eventuality which they did not take to be so. It was a certainty that could reveal itself any moment.

Today however he had to come this way whatever the consequences. His child was lying inert and hot on his little bed and Dattaram could not leave him there in the stifling little room without any treatment whatsoever. Moreover, the herb-doctor had told Radhabai the brew would certainly bring down the fever and cure the child.

Now Dattaram saw the tram go ahead with the clatter of its wheels receding into the distance and then suddenly he was aware of something around him. At first he could not say what it was, but then slowly it dawned upon him that it was the silence around him that was so frightening. People in the shops around him and the customers also had suddenly ceased talking and when they did talk they seemed to whisper softly.

Dattaram knew something was wrong. He knew something was coming, but when it would come, and in what form he did not know. Meanwhile he must be careful, very careful in this home of hooligans who did not care for other people's lives. What they wanted was some fun out of

the whole thing. They loved to kill and to rob and this was the most propitious moment. Just nearby was the lair of of Hindu Mawalees, and they too robbed and killed for the sport of it all. And in this fight between two religious sections of peaceful people who suffered the most? Not those who rode cars that never entered the lanes full of grim lurking shadows! Not the men and women and children—related to the hooligans of the two sides either! The people who suffered were those simple middle and lower class ignorants who were surprised and cornered in the darkness of the night or fixed with a steel point in the middle of the street, not knowing what had happened.

Dattaram knew a medicine shop around the corner and he bent his steps toward it, meantime glancing around him with caution. He saw a heavy tall person talking to a boy of ten, and his eyes and his mouth made Dattaram suspicious. His striped waist-cloth showed but one thing—that he was a Muslim and therefore dangerous for Dattaram, a Hindu. His inside quailed at the thought that any moment he might whip out a knife and rush at him with murderous eyes.

His eyes nervously travelled further and saw two thick set persons sitting on stools outside a Muslim Hotel. Their heads were shaved and their right wrists had leather-bands around them. At once Dattaram sensed in them a smell of trouble. They were not conversing with each other as is usual. They sat silent and glared around them carefully. What would Dattaram do if he should be suddenly attacked? He was not sure what he would do, or whether he could do anything at all. He looked on his right—he could run into that lane—into safety. But who knew what safety it would be—of life or of

death. For dark lanes are much more dangerous than open wide roads.

Yes, there was a Hindu shop over there and it was open. He would duck straight for it and ask for asylum. Dattaram was sure he would not be refused.

He passed the two men on stools and turned into the road that had the shop he was going to. Across the street he saw four more suspicious characters. Surely they were upto something. But then he saw a few persons walking beside him and they too looked to be straight and haughty and their eyes too spoke murder. But their behaviour and their movements were reassuring. They were most probably Hindus by the way they were dressed and Dattaram took a deep breath of relief. The shop was just on his right and before entering it Dattaram's eyes darted around and then he stepped briskly into the herb-medicine shop.

While making his purchases, Dattaram's mind was full of fear lest he be attacked when stepping out of the shop. However much he tried to assure himself that there was nothing wrong, that all his dread was the result of a figment of his own imagination, something in him kept on telling him all was not well. His imagination had a better grip on himself than the reality itself and it turned him into a coward. Him Dattaram—who was a son of the valiant Shivaji.

What if he was wounded and carried away to the hospital? Raahabai would wait for him to come and the child would wait with her in the small ten-by-ten room which they called their home.

Dattaram's mind feverishly working, trying to picture the future in its entirety. His small provision shop would remain closed for as long as he would be in hospi-

tal recovering from his wound and his customers would wonder where he was gone. Well.

What nonsense he was thinking. Dattaram paid for the bundle of herbs that the shopkeeper put into his hands. And surreptitiously running his eyes along the road and assuring himself that everything was peaceful he stepped down to the pavement.

At once silence pierced him to the quick. No loud-talking persons passed the road. No customers haggling with the shopkeepers. No porters running around anxious to pick a load. Everything all around was silent. The silence seemed to have descended from heavens themselves.

Dattaram crossed the road. The tram-stop was just opposite and he wanted to catch a tram and be off from this unholy fear. The earlier he was out of this beastly place the better.

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. Still no tram was in view. What had happened to these infernal trams today! Dattaram thought of the child lying feverish at home and then he thought of himself in this lion's den and he shuddered in spite of everything reassuring he could say to calm himself.

Suddenly he saw four persons rushing towards where he stood and the blood congealed in his veins at the sight of them. He was taken completely unawares and they were running so fast Dattaram could scarcely move from his place. His quick eyes noted the frantic run of their legs and the position of their hands chilled him to the bone. The man nearest him had his hands on the upper edge of his waistcloth where Dattaram knew they hid their heinous knives. Any moment now he would see knife whipped out and its shining blade plunged into his body—the body of

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one Dattaram, proprietor of a small provision store in the north of Bombay.

Could he duck to evade the blow? Or should he run? But where could he run? If he ran ahead of them, surely they would overtake him, the way they were running. If he tried to run past them into the shop opposite, he could not very well escape all the four of them.

Dattaram stood his ground because he could do nothing else. His limbs were paralysed and his eyes were hypnotised by the running figures of four persons rushing like dark waves to engulf him. Dattaram could not duck, nor shout out aloud to the people around. The words that came from his inside froze in his throat, and his heart began to beat fast and faster and faster still and his breath came heavy and quick, like that of a drowned person just rescued. His arms hung limp on his sides and the package of herbs fell from his hands rolled on the ground.

An elderly Muslim gentleman holding an umbrella in his hands and wearing a Turkish cap over his silk Sherwani bent down and picked up the package. Dattaram mumbled his hardly audible thanks and clutched the package between his trembling fingers. The pallor of his face produced a strange kind of sympathy in the spectator. And seeing this sympathy, Dattaram was heartened a little.

A few minutes later he was aboard a tram on his way home and every now and then he would chuckle over the panic he had been thrown into by those four chasing one another across the road. What a fool he was to imagine all those dreadful things! Thank God all the same, he was after all going home with the medicine-herbs for his son, who, he was sure, would get well in a day or two.

THIS FATE—FORGED BOND

By Rabindranath Tagore.

(By courtesy of 'The Visva-Bharati Quarterly.)

Shalt thou cut asunder this Fate-forged bond ?

Art thou indeed so mighty ?

Art thou so mighty ?

To break us and build, shall thy hand avail ?

Art thou indeed so haughty ?

Art thou so haughty ?

Shalt thou for ever chain us back ?

Shalt thou for ever hold us down ?

Nay, so much strength you have not !

Nay, that chain shall not hold !

Howsoever your edicts bind,

Even in the weak, is power.

Howsoever your greatness swells,

God over-rules.

When you have struck down over strength.

You too shall surely die—

Grown heavy and overladen, your boat shall sink.

This song—*Bidhir bandhan Kathe tumi emn saktiman*—was originally composed in 1905 in the heat of the Anti Partition agitation in Bengal. The Poet himself sang it through the streets of Calcutta, heading a huge procession. This song has gained an added significance in the present politics.

ARTIST AND SCIENTIST (Cont. From page 2)

The modern movement of Art in Industry is a great boon in harmonising the scientist's utility and the artist's beauty into something that is both useful and beautiful. A thing of utility is thrice blessed if it happens to be beautiful in rhythm, balance and proportion. For the production of this utilitarian beauty and beautiful utility

are needed the combined services of the artist and the scientist.

Let the light of the scientist and the warmth of the artist keep the iridescent flame of Culture ever-ablaze for the real benefit of the aspiring youth who are progressing in tune with the new dawn of the world !

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24th February, 1947.
Naggar. Kulu. Punjab.
India.