

S. Kowalsky

*The Artist lives in his work -*

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Like all great artists Rembrandt knew well that in order to convey a living message, convey the powerful truth of an experience, an artist must indentify himself completely with the inner soul of the matter he was treating or expressing.

There, where our words come from our heart, our inner being, where we stand a complete personification, so to say, of our emotions and thoughts, our message will have the greatest power, carry the greatest conviction., in other words it will be truth itself.

Why are we moved by the early primitives, their simple often clumsy lines and forms, all far from the perfection of technique attained at later periods? Yet the faith which animated these artists, the directness and sincerity of their feelings, radiate upon us from their early works and convey the message with the same vibrant intensity as it was experienced by the Artists themselves.

Thus the inner surge and labour of the Artist becomes the creative impression of all those who receive his creations. His intutions and his enlightenment become the intuition and enlightenment of others. Men partake of his vision, happiness or sorrows, but only on condition that their attunement to the inner life of Art be complete. In other words, that with all

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Have you ever felt a thrill when beholding a beautiful painting, listening to a music or to the words of an inspired poet? Have you ever felt moved or elevated contemplating a beautiful statue, a great work of Art? Work of Genius are the crustalizations of Artist's thoughts and emotions, his aspirations and trials. They are the living record left to us by these inspired souls. These works of Art have a subjective force concealed in their outward aspect, and by tuning ourselves to them we respond to the vibrations that have originally called forth these particular images. We must consciously make an effort to rouse our mind to a receptive state, to draw inwards and let ourselves become aware of the influences emanating from a work of Art.

It is not an accident that people like to keep some little keepsake of a beloved hero or leader. Take, for instance, some handwriting, even an autograph. The character of the writer can be read from the signature by an experienced graphologist. In other words, it lives imprisoned in those lines and curves and speaks eloquently to him who can decipher them. As far those who cannot consciously do so it remains there still concealed and radiates its influence still but it will be felt subconsciously. This unseen energy, this inner life, is ready to emerge for anyone who can attune himself to its influence.

Thus in a way, works of art are endowed with a measure of life. They are living records of the Artist's emotions, accumulated thoughts and influences. They are powerful storehouses of manifold energies and we must respect and value them, the same as we would any sincere and great emotions in a living person.

But would not this, in some way, lead us to hero-worship, it may be asked. Hero worship, as such, is only the natural, I should say, evolutionary urge to aspire towards something beyond the manifestations of everyday life. It may degenerate only when it is misplaced, as ~~any~~ almost any misplaced devotion is apt to, but otherwise it is essentially a most worthy feeling...recognition of merit and achievement. Only by aspiring to something better can we raise ourselves; and in this light, how paramount becomes the need to guard and preserve all the innumerable manifestations of human genius, entrusted to our safe keeping by generations already past.

Let us then safeguard jealously and lovingly the living records of all great men. These great souls, who left us their enduring records, will ever radiate their influence on those, who can attune themselves to them. Let us strive and find a worthy purpose in life, not only to improve our material existence. Let us look beyond it and life will assume a new aspect full of meaning, full of significance.

New and beautiful concepts regenerate our every day life., world widening lessons will grow our interests and tolerance, The aspirations of our brother will assume a greater meaning through the spirit of understanding and co-operation. Let us beautify our life, let us carry the message of Beauty into every heart and every home. Let us make the pursuit of the Beautiful our daily prayer.

Violence hesitates under the vaults of lofty cathedral while it will thrive in an ugly den. Beautiful surroundings will radiate their influence upon us, upon our children and repay us a thousandfold.

We know of the influence colours have on the mood of people. Extensive experiments have been carried out and have clearly demonstrated this reaction on the mentality of men.

Those countries which encourage all the Arts most had the greatest Artists as if to compensate for their strivings towards Beauty, the souls of great Artists were born in brilliant galaxies, there where they were appreciated, where conditions

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And whenever we behold a great work of Art, let us remember the full meaning of the process that underlies its creation, and without prejudice try to read into its innermost meaning and attune ourselves to the influence both of the Artist's inner life and those complex higher forces that flowed through the artist at the time of his realisation and creation.

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THE ARTIST LIVES IN HIS WORK.

SVETOSLAV ROERICH 1942

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TRUTH ITSELF

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Why are we moved by the early primitives, their simple often clumsy lines and forms, all far from the perfection of technique attained at later period<sup>50</sup>? The faith which animated those artists, the directness and sincerity of their feelings, radiate upon us from these early works and convey the message with the same vibrant intensity as it was

experienced by the artists themselves.

*creative contemplation*

Thus the inner ~~surge~~ and labour of the Artist becomes the creative impression of all those who receive his creations. His intuitions and his enlightenment become the intuition and enlightenment of others. Men <sup>can</sup> partake of his vision, ~~happiness of sorrows~~, <sup>and innermost feelings his</sup> but only on condition that their attunement to the ~~inner life~~ <sup>work of</sup> of Art be complete. In other words, that with all the completeness of their <sup>inner</sup> being they identify themselves with the Artists <sup>work</sup> gifts, be it a painting, a poem, a song or music. Not only through the ears and eyes ~~(with some perchance destructive, preconceived, distorting thoughts)~~ but through the innermost channels of <sup>their</sup> our heart.

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MESSAGE OF BEAUTY

New and beautiful concepts regenerate our every day life, with widening horizons will grow our interests and tolerance, the aspirations of our brother will assume a greater meaning through the spirit of understanding and co-operation. Let us beautify our life, let us carry the message of Beauty into every heart and every home. Let us make the <sup>u</sup> pursuit of the Beautiful our daily prayer.

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We know of the influence colours have on the mood of people. Extensive experiments have been carried out and have clearly demonstrated this reaction on the mentality of men.

Those countries which encouraged the Arts most had the greatest Artists, as if to compensate for their striving towards Beauty, the souls of great Artists were born in brilliant galaxies, where conditions were ready to receive them.

Let us remember the great popular enthusiasm aroused by great works of Art, enthusiasm which marked the performance of the Greek Tragedies by Eschillus and Euripidies, the great influence exerted by the great poets of classical periods and middle ages, the great upsurges of popular emotions in response to great works of Art. There are moments when the people, the masses, suddenly recognise the influence of Art within the very heart of their lives and they respond to the inner call of a great genius. They, the people, feel the truth, the

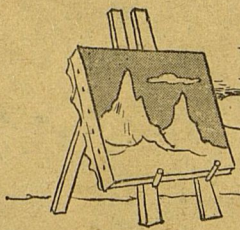


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BY - S. Roerich

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SOUVENIR d'ITALIE

by Corot.

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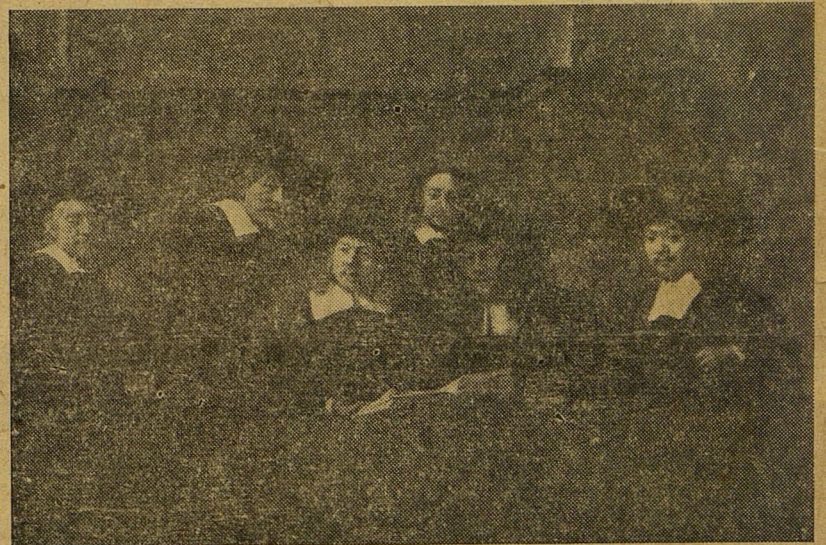
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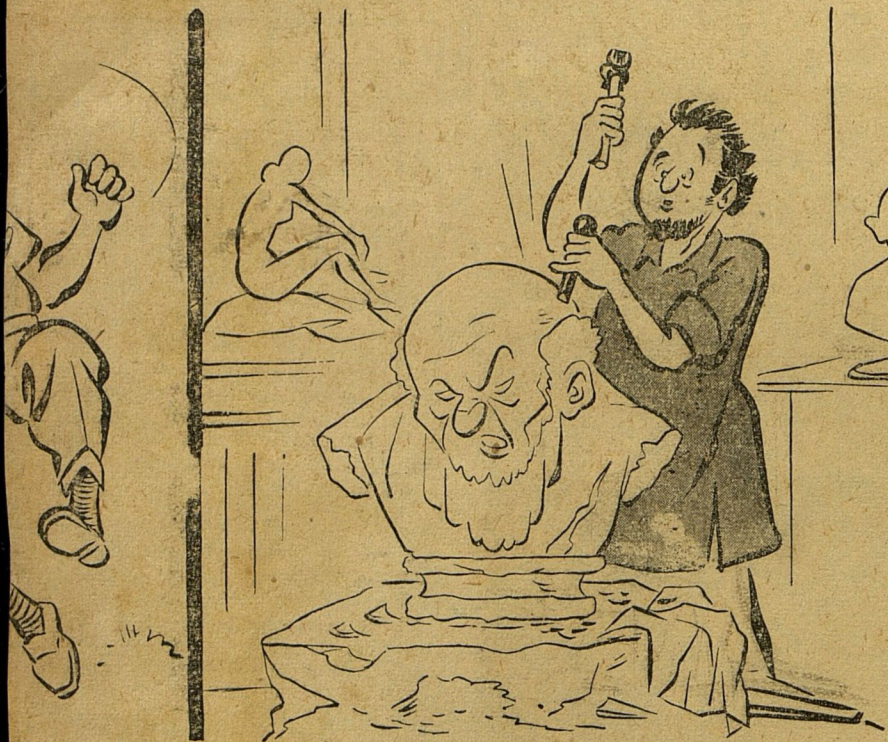
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"THE SYNDICS"

by REMBRANDT.



Who is he?

s hands.



—“You stay and see that he doesn't run away. I'll go and get my gun.”

## STRAWS IN THE WIND?

“DELHI: In provinces of the Indian Union job-hunting has become a creed with the Congressmen. The Congress Committees have been—and rightly so—labelled as ‘Trading Agencies’,” said Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Education Minister, at the Congress Workers' Convention.

“CAPETOWN: Capetown's suburban railways have introduced special carriages for ‘Europeans Only.’ First steps indicated that the segregation, which affected first-class compartments only, was working smoothly.....”

In the three months that these fifty young Hindus and Sikhs spent in the Jamia Millia. Suffice it to say that when the ‘refresher course’ came to an end, the refugee teachers departed with tears in their eyes. And here was a sad vacuum in the life of the Jamia. At a function held to bid them farewell, a woman teacher declared that when they had come their hearts were bruised and lacerated, but the friendly atmosphere of the Jamia had helped to heal the wounds of their spirit, and they were leaving with their faith in humanity fully restored.

This was not to be a solitary episode. The second batch of fifty Hindu and Sikh refugee teachers has already arrived in the Jamia. And several hundred Hindu and Sikh boys are now studying with Muslims in the several schools and educational centres run by the Jamia in the city of Delhi.

## Hindustan Hamara

“BANARAS: A deputation on behalf of the orthodox Hindu population of Banaras is leaving for Delhi to wait for the Government to urge upon him

## A Short Story

# GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

THE LABEL on the bottle was clear, final. It spoke, as medicine bottle labels generally do, with the voice of authority.

George Marsh, on the edge of his bed, leaning into the light from the Kerosene lamp, read the label again. Outside, the sound of rain on the palms was a blunt, harsh whispering like a low voice monotonously repeating an ugly phrase. The label said that under no circumstances should two capsules be taken within a 12-hour period. One capsule was the night's dose; there was something in the fine print about toxic effect, and so on.

He had swallowed one capsule at 9 o'clock, with a half glass of water from the chipped carafe. Then he had turned in and slept for an hour, uneasily. Now, at 10, he was—well, not wide awake. No. His mind was clouded and clogged, his head felt heavy, the weariness of his body was bone-deep, a dragging physical pain. He put the bottle of sleeping capsules on the table beside his bed, stood it in the spear of yellow light where already a dozen moths dipped and wheeled, looked at it uncertainly for a minute; then he got up and walked across the room to the wide window. Rain. He listened to the rain.

In the next room Paterson was sleeping heavily. Marsh could hear, above the sound of rain, his rasping breath. Paterson had taken a capsule too at 9 o'clock, from his own bottle on the bathroom shelf. For two weeks it had been his way. Paterson slept; Marsh did not.

It was infuriating, maddening, and he knew it was a thing of nerves. Nerves! It was this hot, windless country. He should have stayed in the north; he hated the fierce sun and the persistent rains. The words shaped in his mind: He hated the rains and he hated Paterson. Certainly Paterson hated him. “It's thing of nerves,” he said aloud.

Or was he afraid of Paterson? Afraid of the quick savage strength of Paterson? He turned away from

nothing's been decided. It'll depend on your work, on how well you hold up under the strain of the work, and of this climate—”

Paterson made it instantly clear that he wanted the job badly and intended to have it. He drove himself—and his labour gangs—with a relentless fury. Marsh buckled down hard, too, and at the start there was something of the spirit of a game in this thing, a fair and open competition. Later, with the coming of the rains, Paterson grew surly. He rarely spoke. Marsh figured the rains were getting on Paterson's nerves.

Then as the tension built and they both were sleeping rather badly, Marsh slogged over the mountains and down to the seacoast town, bring-

... IT WOULD BE A WELCOME RELEASE FROM THE MADDENING MERRY-GO-ROUND IN HIS TORMENTED MIND.

By William Krauss

ing back with him two bottles of sleeping capsules, one for each of them. It seemed like the answer.

For Paterson, the capsules were the answer. He slept. Seven, eight, nine hours a night. It gave him the upper hand, mentally and physically. He continued sullen, dark in temper, but his eyes were bright and his muscles hard, and there was strength in him for work beyond the endurance of Marsh. He was by every evidence proving himself the better man for the job. Because he sleeps and I can't sleep, Marsh told himself.

Game Of

were set in pans of kerosene.

It was strange to see, this insect frenzy. It seemed to sound a note, to ring a bell. Suddenly Marsh tightened his hands into fists. He bent lower and reached under the bed for the capsule. Upright, he broke it fully open, wet a fingertip with his tongue and tasted the powder. With heavy steps he strode into the bathroom. Paterson's bottle of sleeping capsules stood on the shelf, and he opened it and snapped a capsule in two. He tasted that powder...Then he grinned.

He put a match to Paterson's lamp and jerked the sheet off Paterson's long body. “Get up”, he said, loud. Paterson opened his eyes slowly. “What?”

“Get up!”  
“What's the matter?”  
Marsh leaned and caught an arm and pulled Paterson upright. “Get out of bed,” he said. “Stand up. I'm going to beat the life out of you.”

“Are you crazy?” Paterson demanded. His mouth pressed into a hard line. His eyes searched Marsh's face and some kind of comprehension broke upon him. With a furious movement he twisted his legs and flung himself from the bed. He was on Marsh then in an instant—like a tiger.

## Final Settlement

MARSH took the first blow almost without interference, as if he described it. Then his fists crashed through Paterson's guard and found Paterson's mouth struck Paterson's jaw, smashed his throat. A little blood spilled over Paterson's lower lip. Marsh shouted aloud, closed in, brought up a short, stone-hammer punch with all the dangerous force of his back and shoulders behind it. Paterson slumped.

It was the work of several minutes to revive him. Marsh flung a basinful of water in his face. Then Paterson stirred. His eyes came open. He stared