

# Aesthetics



Sobha Singh

AESTHETICS

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CONTENTS

*With Best-Compliments  
R. C. Gupta.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

ALWAYS OF THE ... Painting by ...  
... ..  
... ..

PUBLISHED BY

THE YOUTH'S ART & CULTURE CIRCLE  
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## CONTENTS

1. LIBERATION .. .. *Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.*
2. BEAUTIFUL UNITY .. .. *Nicholas Roerich.*
3. ART OF DANCE .. .. *D. G. Vyas.*
4. SPARROW'S NEST .. .. *Krishan Chandar.*
5. THROUGH THE PINEWOOD .. .. *Bakwant Gargi.*
6. ON SADNESS .. .. *O. C. Gangoly.*
7. ART & PSYCHOLOGY .. .. *Paritosh Kumar.*
8. WORD & IMAGE .. .. *'Our Art Critic'*
9. WHAT IS CREATIVE ART? .. .. *N. M. Kelkar.*
10. PERSONALITY .. .. *Bhadra Gupta.*
11. THEY SAY 'CREATION' .. .. *Shanti Mittra.*

## ILLUSTRATIONS

1. MESSAGE OF THE GURU .. .. *Painting by Nicholas Roerich.*
2. 'ASOKA' IN HIS BOW DANCE .. .. *Lino Cut by Sudhir Khastgir.*
3. TORSOS .. .. *Lino Cut by Sudhir Khastgir.*

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THE YOUTHS' ART & CULTURE CIRCLE  
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## *Our Contributors*

NICHOLAS ROERICH: Russian. Artist, Poet and Philosopher of international repute. One of the prime initiators of the 'Russian Renaissance'. His cultural institutions throughout the world are propagating the cause of Beauty and greater understanding of Art. He has settled in Himalayas.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA: Bengali. Poet and Playwright. His poetry has been applauded both in East and West. He is a poet of the proletariat. His revolutionary outlook can be distinctly felt in his poems.

SUDHIR KHASTGIR: Bengali. Painter and Sculptor. Highly individualistic. He has exhibited his works in India and abroad. At present in 'Doon School' Dehra Dun.

O. C. GANGOLY: Bengali. Poet, Painter and Art Critic.

D. G. VYAS: Gujarati. Artist and Musician. Art Editor of 'The Bombay Chronicle Weekly'. He is one of the foremost authorities on Oriental Arts.

N. M. KELKAR: Maharastrian. Painter and Writer. Chairman of 'Art Society of India'. He has a distinguished professional career.

BALWANT GARGI: Punjabi. Playwright. One of the foremost writers of the Punjab. Author of several books in Punjabi and English. His latest is the 'Vulture.' At present employed in 'All India Radio' Lahore.

KRISHAN CHANDAR: Punjabi. Writer of great merit and repute. He is one of the foremost Urdu story writers of our country. He has to his credit several

books in Urdu. Recently translation of one of his books in English "I cannot die" has created quite a stir.

BHADRA GUPTA: Writer of great merit. Besides being a professor, he is editing a Hindi Journal.

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## OURSELVES

Our nostrils still full of the pungent odour of the Atomic Bomb and our backs bent with the burden of slavery, it may seem rather ridiculous to talk of Art. But let it not be forgotten that Art for us—the younger generation is not something devoid of life, its miseries and happinesses. War or no war, Art must guide the life. To us, that art which does not help in feeding the hungry and cheering up the life of the downtrodden is no art. The artist who does not respond to the cry of the time is merely a burden on the rest of the people. Art changes itself according to the political, social and economic conditions of a country. India lying prostrate before the Imperialist Britain, cannot think of 'Art for Art.' The artist of today has to be more realistic and practical in facing the problems of his country. It is with this view that we have decided to bring out 'AESTHETICS.'

'AESTHETICS' will be coming out from time to time and we invite articles, poems and illustrations from all those conscious writers who share our views. All the contributions intended for publication in 'AESTHETICS' should be clearly written or typed. Rejected material shall only be returned, if accompanied by necessary postage.

We are grateful to the Editor, 'The Bombay Chronicle' who has kindly allowed us to publish Harindranath Chattopadhyaya's poem 'Liberation.'

We may add that we do not necessarily share the views of our contributors.

EDITOR

# LIBERATION

By

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

O to be liberated from trammels, once and forever  
To know the ego pass like the dark when the lights are lit.  
To be drunk with eternal salvation O Lord! that shall never  
Bend to the blowing wind of the world which follows it.

To be freed from the wrangle of life with its pleasure and  
sorrow,  
From the shadow of death which keeps haunting it, grain  
by grain,  
Unbound of the narrowing sense of today and tomorrow  
In the heart of the lotused eternal to dwell and remain.

And yet, above all, to be liberated from liberation,  
To be freed from the lonely desire, O Love! to be freed:  
To surpass the dim need of birth and yet put on creation,  
To be god, yet continue to flower and fruit out of seed.

Beloved, thou knowest I would not be chained to a chainless  
State of unbondaging floated alone through the spheres,  
Though existence for me become dreamless and joyless  
and painless,  
I would yet share the laughters of men and their dreams  
and their tears.

Nay, Lover of Life! thou shalt free me from bonds to a  
burden

Of mysterious, strange, evanescent of earth and of sky,  
Commanding my light to distribute its voiceless guerdon  
From immobile summits to the worlds that are passing by.

Liberated from death and decay, in austerest humility,  
I shall be a neighbour to sights which torment and disgust,  
A presence of beautiful calm whose responsibility  
Is to make thee, O light of blue heavens! the bridegroom  
of dust.



By Nicholas Roerich.

Message of the Guru.

# BEAUTIFUL UNITY

By

NICHOLAS ROERICH

Colour, sound and fragrance are corner-stones of great synthesis. From times immemorial people have felt the great inner meaning of these expressions of the human soul. Quite recently people have again begun to remember how close are colour and sound and that the three are the basic remedies against human diseases. Thus he who thinks about the conception of colour does not at all associate it with paint as such, but he has in mind one of the greatest concepts of our existence.

The colour value of a painting, indeed, does not mean mere value of paint, but of its harmonic co-relation, as the French say "valeur". What does such co-relation mean? Again, we must say, that for him who is ignorant of the concepts of synthesis and symphony such co-relation will be an empty word.

Let us not dwell here on the deep significance of art for human life—this axiom should be clear to everyone. But nowadays we must especially stress the meaning of synthesis and symphony of life. Synthesis will be understood by everyone to whom is close the concept of Culture. If human thinking were to remain but on the level of elementary civilization, then it would be too early to mention sacred synthesis, but where the human spirit has travelled towards Culture—that is to say, the Cult of Light—there one may already find co-operation and understanding on the basis of synthesis.

If civilization has not saved humanity from disunity and mutual hatred, then Culture has opened the beneficial gates of synthesis, behind which we can find a true co-operation.

The artists do not rest on primitive considerations of paint, but the very understanding of sonority of colour leads them to such beautiful gardens from where may be seen superb vistas of the glorious future. When we speak of synthesis and of the symphony of life, we shall not avoid powerful and enthusiastic expressions. All these domains of synthesis and symphony are uplifting and lead to the summits. Often the human eye can hardly stand the radiance of snowy peaks and it is not for the human eye to judge the splendour of these summits. But we have not been called into this world to criticize, but to labour, to admire and to follow these leading summits in continuous creation.

Create, create and create! Create in daytime, create in night; for creation in thought is as essential as our physical expression. In this creativeness you shall overcome the most hideous habits of vulgarity, triviality and quarrelling. People sometimes think that creators are very selfish and conceited. But these ugly properties belong to the domain of darkness. When a person "climbs" to the Light, then such an abhorrent husk drops off by itself and man becomes enlightened. His "I", is changed into the conception of "We".

On the same path towards the summits, man will understand the true meaning of *Guruship*. From the depth of darkness one can hear at present disgusting cries: "Down with culture," "Down with heroes," "Down with teachers." It is a shame on humanity, but such outcries of crass ignorance one witnesses even nowadays. But he who thinks of such a refined conception as colour and sound, culture and harmony, he will understand the infinite Hierarchy of Beauty and Knowledge and having ascended the majestic stairs of achievement, he will lead also the pilgrims of life following behind.

It is splendid that you all are young. Some in age, and some in spirit. Around creativeness there must be this perpetual feeling of youth, which gives incessant

striving towards heroism. Countries measure their glory not by captains of industry, but by artists and scientists. Such a requirement of history places upon us the duty of incessant perfecting. He who never ceases in this ascension, never becomes old.

I send you my heartiest greetings on this path towards the radiant summits and I trust that you, forgetting all petty divisions and small human moods, will progress in continuous creation cherishing the glorious tradition of your great Motherland, India!

Nolini Kanta Gupta writes in the *Triveni*, in the course of his article on the "Beautiful in the Upanishads:"

"Art at its highest tends to become also the simplest and the most unconventional; and it is then the highest art, precisely because it does not aim at being artistic. The aesthetic motive is totally absent in the *Upanishads*; the sense of beauty is there, but it is attendant upon and involved in a deeper strand of consciousness.

Verily art at its highest does not tolerate any conventionality, nor violence. In the very foundations of Be-ness lives the Concept of Beauty, in all its convincingness.

We, as builders, do not deny nor rest.

"In Beauty we united!

Through Beauty we pray!

With Beauty we conquer!"

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\*A book of the same name has been published by us. It is a collection of Prof. Nicolas Roerich's valuable articles. It can be had from our office.