A MONTHLY REVIEW AND MISCELLANY
EDITED BY
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OUR people need to follow very closely the anti-Indian moves that are at present being made in Ceylon. They are being engineered—openly or otherwise—by some of the most prominent politicians in the Island. Included among them are some of the leaders of the Ceylon National Congress and other associations of a political or quasi-political character and Members of the Ceylon Legislative Council. In view of the powerful backing that the anti-Indian agitation is receiving from these influential persons, it would be the height of folly for stay-at-home Indians to ignore this hostile movement.

The object behind the agitation is quite obvious. It aims not so much to secure the restriction of immigration from India into Ceylon as to keep the bulk of Indians in the Island in a condition of political helplessness.

The cry “keep out the Indians” has, of course, been raised. A motion designed to secure the restriction of immigration from India into Ceylon as to keep the bulk of Indians in the Island in a condition of political helplessness.

The Ceylonese who are crying themselves hoarse, shouting “keep out the Indians”, are not, as a rule, regarded as responsible persons. Some of them are, on the contrary, the laughing-stock of their own people. They can do harm, therefore, only if they are permitted to inflame the passions of the mob, which is highly excitable by nature. Racial animosities—the legacy of conflicts in ancient and mediaeval times—

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had never been politicians with armed soldiers behind them. These Indians of yore over-leaped the strong walls of the Himalayas with all the wealth of their mighty spiritual realisations in response to the most human call of finding and founding cultural connections of abiding interest and value.

"I saw caves at many places in your country, and these caves the great Chinese sages spent their days in meditation and spiritual exercise. There it seemed just as if the memories of my past lives came back to me—just as if these very sages and recollected very well and natural welcome accorded to me. I shall ever remember the spontaneous and urged me on to my mission as a poet—ambassador to your vast and ancient land.

Dr. Hsu was deeply impressed by the work I am doing in this Ashram, the life that is led by us all. On behalf of the whole Ashram I welcome you most cordially. In this Ashram where I live, I try to create straight, peaceful, sage appearance. I felt as if I had regained a dear relative of my own. I called you my grand-father which you showed to me. But you in our midst. You are here now with your people might some day be shown to your country when you return from India."
same period, one at once ascertains Roerich’s belief in woman as the ally, the confidante if one will, of nature. All of these works have within them something of the pristine clearness of the East, and the women seem akin to oriental women. The women seem like no one woman, but are the symbol of all women. One is reminded of the legends of Krishna and the Gopis—woman as the dedicated and joyous worshipper. In the “Song of the Waterfall,” a woman stands at the foot of a waterfall and beneath her feet are a cluster of water-lilies from which she has plucked one in “Song of the Morning” she is caressing a gazelle, while in the “Language of the Birds” she seems to catch the whispers of the parrot at her shoulder. In these works, is the feeling of woman merging with nature; there is a one-ness and a harmony between them, an understanding which translates itself in the emotions of the woman and the tenderness of her gestures toward the things of nature.

Another painting completed about the same time as the series is the “Daughters of Earth.” Here Roerich has made incarnate those lines of Genesis which suggest the tremendous and heroic generative forebears of the earth and the spirit. This picture—called by critics the “Black Opal” because in colour and design it suggests the ever changing, elusive and radiant quality of the opal—seems of a world new-born, before it was sombered by the conceptions of too-human man. Before a rocky cave which looms up in crystal green splendour, sit the four Daughters of Earth. They quietly await, because they know that within them dwells all the future race; earth is their field of glory because they have chosen it, they willingly have sought this portion to be the mothers to men and to bear the brunt of human burdens in upward trend of life.

And the “Sons of Heavens”—they who will father these sons of earth? At first one does not see them, but gradually within the agitated movement of the heavens suddenly emerge the forms looking out and downwards; heroic radiant brothers of compassion. It is a painting universal—this cosmic union of the earth and heaven.

It is singular that America should have produced from Roerich’s creation also “The Messenger.” Here is the annunciation, re-lived. But this is an annunciation that will come to all women. The painting is of an interior. Purple figured hangings envelop the house as in a veil. A woman, softly, quietly, expectantly stands at a door which she has opened to the knock of the Messenger. And He is standing upon the threshold without. Behind him through the door lies the dawning landscape, white and flooded in silence. Life is not yet astir, and only his steps leading, one marks, far off into those realms whence he came. He is a floating sea of mist are roseate in the glow of the first sun-light, the ritual of nature. Before the curtain of this moving pageantry, setting for the play of men, two figures stand out in relief. A light-robed woman—she who stands for all woman-kind—poises lightly upon the crest of a precipice. Her radiant beauty recalls Kuan Yen that beloved deity of the East, goddess of Mercy. Caustically making his way over the impending glacier, a man, a pilgrim, feels his trails upon the narrow ledge, touching the garment of Her, as if in want of help. The woman reclines towards him, in a gesture combining at once benignity and tenderness, it is the helping gesture of the attendant guide.

In beauty of colour, of design, the painting again is evidence of the creative mastery of Roerich, as artist. In its philosophy, it bears witness to Roerich’s all-containment as personality, as philosopher. If one may translate his work into their suggested word, may one not say that Roerich sees here woman as the constant helper of the evolutionary forces of life?

Another of these Himalayan paintings, which in its new way, hails victory to woman, is his “Serpent.” A sea is here, leaping upward waves on waves which meet the surging sky as in a great rhythmic agitation of the world. From out the depths of the sea emerges the mother of mysteries with her attending daughters. The forms evoke the memory of the world. Behind them spread over the sky is the wisdom dragon of the East. Here is a merging world, where elements and men link in a harmonious symphony. Is this Lakshmi or is it Aphrodite who emerges, wisdom-wise? It may be either, it may be both, for they are one; and East and West become no longer divided, they are linked through the power of womanhood.

In the same series is his “Remember.” Again we see Everest no longer roseate, but blue—the blue of full morning, sullit. The plateaux give way to gorges, which rise.
THE SPIRIT OF WOMANHOOD IN ROERICH'S ART

again into the higher terrestrial summit. And in the foreground is a rider setting out upon his white horse, mission bound. He has paused and looked back toward the starting point. There, two women stand bidding him god-speed, perchance, but in their glance he spells the remembering challenge to victory.

Again in "Star of the Mother of the World"—Roerich indicates his belief in the leading star of womanhood. Here is deep green night upon the desert, full-starred. Over the picture lies the silence of an approaching revelation. Upon the trails, across those sandy dunes ride four in a cameled caravan. The night of the Magi repeats itself, as it will ever repeat itself—but now it is the Star of the Mother which beckons the pilgrims on their way. Shall that Star of the Mother—for so the East calls Venus which is now hastening earth-wards, be the lodestar beckoning onward to a new night of joyous tiding?

As a final, as the most convincing word, one may say, which Roerich imparts upon the belief in womankind—must be mentioned the two paintings "Mother of Tourfan" and "Mother of the World." The former is the Mother and child from perhaps the earliest conception known, found in the frescoes of Tourfan. In this conception of the Holy Mother sprung on the soil of the East, one may go back centuries, even eons: here is the Holy Mother as early man of all nationalities conceived her—all-beneficent, all-giving.

Of Roerich's "Mother of the World" one may say as had been said of Roerich's paintings before—its beauty can hardly be transmuted into words. Here is the Mother of all living men; here is the mother of a world's spirit. In a world-beyond world, canopied by heaven and the stars, sits she whose image has been worshipped as Isis, as Ishtar and come down the ages, the Holy Mother of all religions. Roerich has enveloped the entire painting in a blue as of the Eastern night. Infinite eternity are in the depths of this creation; boundlessness of earth is here. This figure of Benevolence broods over the cosmos, ever-compassioned, ever-watchful—mother of all the Sons of men.

To those who have seen this in the Roerich Museum, it is a revelation how this painting summons the deepest spirit of women. Many stand long and silently before it; many even weep before its vista, held by its suggestion of the silences which intone their symphony to the ear and the spirit of the one who hearkens.

And, so, Roerich—as perhaps the outstanding figure in the artistic and cultural world of today—pronounces unequivocally his belief in the life of womankind, and in her mission. He reiterates in his work that dedicated belief of the East—which beholds the rising star of the Mother of the World approaching the world and enveloping it in her embrace of benevolence.

In the history of culture, Roerich is a unique figure—and his championship of womanhood comes from a voice which has long led the educational cohorts of a score of countries. There is in his art a ceaseless flood of activity. A surging of creative power which endlessly seems to inspire and to invoke, a feeling of a coming apotheosis of spirit.

"When we speak of brotherhood, of love of harmony", says Roerich, "we are not repeating absurd, unbelief, old-fashioned words, but words pertaining to the immediate practice of life. A miracle is being performed in the midst of life, in the midst of action, amidst intense harmony. The visions of night are being transformed not into fables but into the phenomena of happy communication with the paths of the Blessed.

"The window open into the darkness will bring us the voices of the night, but the call of love will bring the answer of the Beloved. A new world is coming."

Several years ago when Roerich exhibited his works in London, the critics of England and Scandinavia entitled him the prophetic painter, because in his pre-war paintings, completed when the world still basked in a silence of satisfaction, Roerich saw conflagration ahead, doom was over the grey world.

But now Roerich perceives a miracle. He is not frightened by the agitation of life, by the unrest, by the chaos—he sees victory. His call is loud and clear—on to the coming...
ENAMELLING IN ANCIENT INDIA

BY KEDARNATH CHATTERJI

ENAMELLING is the master art-craft of the world, and enamels of Jaipur in Rajputana rank before all others, and are of matchless perfection.*

So wrote G. C. M. Birdwood (later, Sir George Birdwood) in 1890. Today, although like a whole host of other Indian art-crafts, it is almost extinct, enamelling can yet rank with the very first in a world competition.

There can be no doubt about the fact that this art attained a very high standard of perfection in this country and that, until very recently, the methods of technique followed was very much Indian in nature. Latterly western methods and materials have been introduced and, as is usual in this country, the master craftsmen not being taught to improve on their time-honoured methods in the light of modern science, the new-comers are wiping out the established houses. The traditional art and skill of the Indian enameller is thus perishing for ever.

"We may therefore, justly conclude that enamelling, which is only a branch of the art of vitrification, was known at an early period, if it did not originate, in Syria, the home of the Turanians. In the Boukisk Museum, at Cairo, some of the jewels of the Queen Ashhtotep (wife of Aahmes I, of the 18th dynasty) who lived about B.C. 1700, are ornamented with blue glass and a species of cloisonne enamel. These facts seem to indicate a Turanian origin of the art, and there are many poets and composers in India who would appear to confirm the theory. It is remarkable that the best enamellers in Europe have been the Etruscan Florentines, and in modern India the Sikhs, both, it is thought, of Turanian descent."—T. H. Hendley in the Journal of Indian Art, No. 2 (1883) article on "Enamal-Minakari".

Birdwood is of the same opinion, although he does not give any reasons beyond the following:

"It is probably a Turanian art. It was introduced into China, according to the Chinese, by the Yoseeki, and was carried, as early as 422 to 451, into India by the Sikhs, both, it is thought, of Turanian descent."—G. C. M. Birdwood in "The Industrial Arts of India" (1880).

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Apart from the above, so far as I know, no opinion has been given on the ancient history of this art in India.

Today, in Jaipur, the capital of the Sawai-Maharajah of Jaipur, the interesting and valuable history of this art is kept alive. One of the most remarkable pieces of this art is the "Great Mural" in the Sawai-Maharajah's palace, which is said to have been made for the wife of the Emperor Akbar. Another interesting piece is the "Great Mural" in the Jantar Mantar, which is said to have been made for the Emperor Aurangzeb. These two murals are said to have been made by the famous artist, G. C. M. Birdwood.

"Enamelling, originated in Persia, and then spread its way into Persia where it was known to the Sassafras (A.D. 531 to 579). The Persians and Indians in their turn, think, acquired the art from the Persians. He, however, mentions that Mons Pauli in his "Historia de la Chine" quotes a document in which it is stated that a merchant of Yonchis, or Syrthia, introduced into China, in the reign of Yungching (A.D. 422 to 451) the art of making glass of different colours.

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