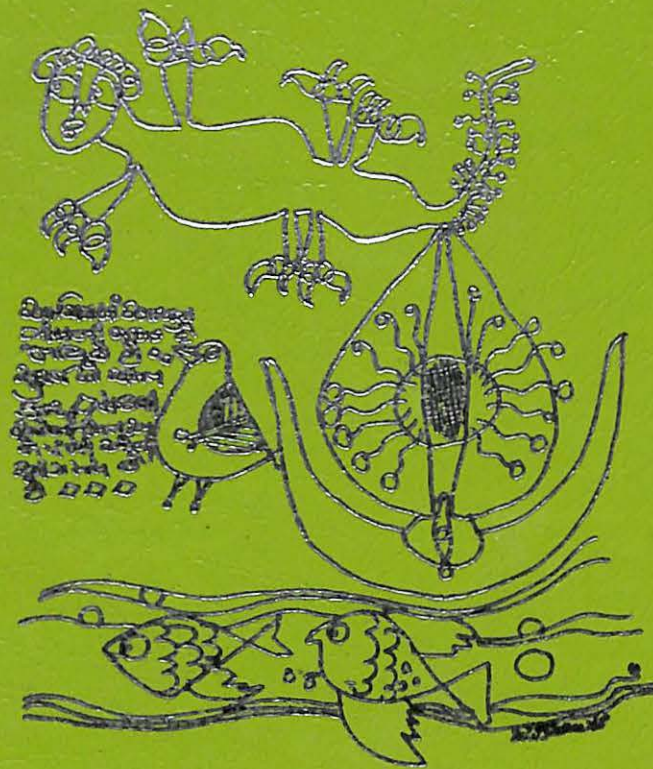
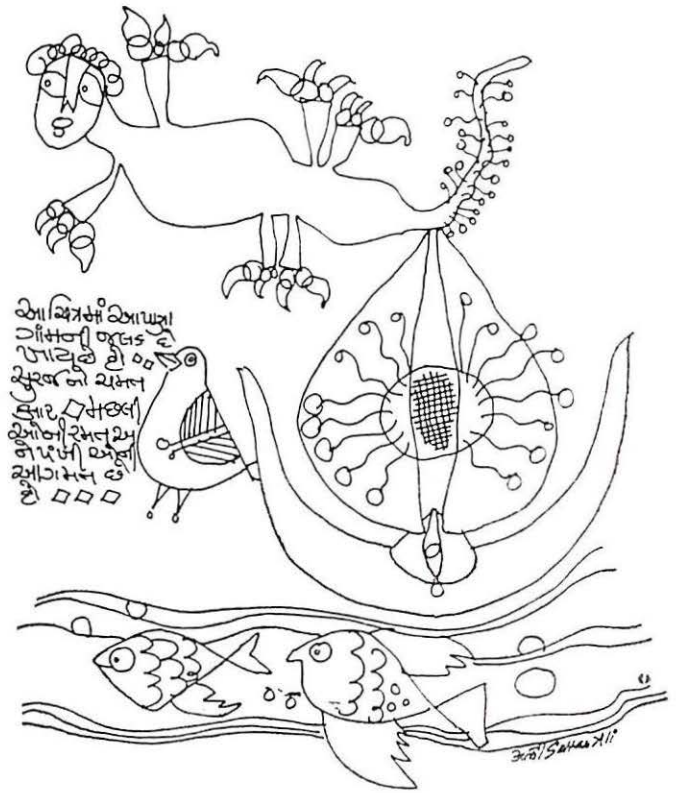


# SULTAN ALI



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## J. SULTAN ALI

Sultan Ali was born in Bombay in 1920. His father was a businessman who moved to Madras when Sultan Ali was fifteen years old. There he started a confectionary factory, and like most fathers he wanted his son to join the family business. Sultan Ali wanted to please his father and began working in the parental business: "But something was brewing inside me", he recollects now.

One day he announced to his father that he had decided to become an artist. Finding little sympathy for this idea with his parents, he simply ran away and attached himself to Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury, who was the principal of Madras School of Arts and Crafts. Chowdhury was Sultan Ali's hero: a man of many accomplishments, who was equally competent as an artist, a flutist and a writer. Sultan Ali was attracted to his personality and his life style. One day Sultan Ali simply announced to him that he was going to live with him; but Chowdhury did not take the young man seriously and told him to go home. The following morning he found Sultan Ali still on his doorstep. "So you haven't gone home?" — "No, I will work for you." — "But you know nothing." — "I can always mix clay for you." Then after lunch Chowdhury said again: "Are you still here? Have you eaten?" — "No, but that doesn't matter." — "All right, I give up."

Sultan Ali still tells this anecdote with some excitement. It was the first important decision of his life. His father did not take kindly to it and soon sent the police to fetch his son from Roy Chowdhury's house. But there was no way he could force or cajole his son to change his mind. And at the end the father and Roy Chowdhury agreed that he should enter the Art School at the beginning of the next session in July 1939.

The rift between father and son was painful. No one would have suspected this sudden 'stubbornness' and determination in the mild mannered obedient boy. How had this passion for art begun to grow secretly in him and become so strong in an environment that hardly encouraged it? For an answer we must turn to two brief unpublished

memoirs by the artist. In "My First Guru" Sultan Ali pays homage to 'the graceful personality of Prof. Samarath' who was his art teacher at St. Andrew's High School in Bombay. Prof. Samarath had obviously taken a liking to the boy and had encouraged him to join the special art class. What we gather from this brief but warm recollection, is that Prof. Samarath was the first person to appreciate the talent in him. When Sultan Ali finally sat for the Government Technical Examination for Art in 1934 he was extremely nervous and worried. But Prof. Samarath expressed his confidence by presenting him, on the eve of the exam "with a brand new box of Windsor & Newton water colours, a set of pencils of different gradations, a new soft eraser and a lovely set of Reeves sable hair brushes."

Sultan Ali thinks of him with reverence: "For behind my accomplishment lay a devoted blessing ... of a slim and lanky figure, with small rimmed glasses at the edge of his nose ... and a personality whose perception was exceedingly clear and Divine ...." In the second memoir, titled "Dance of the Shepherd" Sultan Ali refers to the first painting that ever made an impression on him. At St. Andrew's High School he was given an English Literature text-book in sixth standard called "Reading and Thinking". Among the illustrations was a colour reproduction of Corot's "Dance of the Shepherd". Though the young student could not place this picture in any cultural context, he liked it so much, that "it became an obsession". He looked at the picture daily, and when he was promoted to seventh standard and everybody else sold their textbooks in order to buy new ones, he alone kept "Reading and Thinking" so that he could continue to take delight in "The Dance of the Shepherd".

The anecdote may seem trifling to some, and most people forget such incidents in their lives. It is significant for Sultan Ali that he remembers it and that he attaches importance to it: "When the mind is tranquil, it is exceptionally receptive and is capable of preserving events in it permanently, which may influence one's profession or career in life." But for, this first experience of the impact of art, he

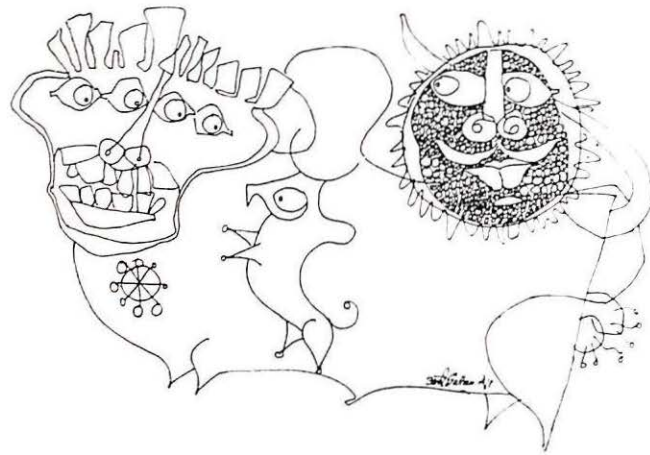
says "perhaps today, I would be in business with my father."

Sultan Ali applied himself meticulously to his work at Madras Art School. He was a serious student, who was side tracked from his chosen profession only once: in 1942 he joined the "Quit India" movement and the Colonial Government suspended him from School for one year, for taking part in anti-British demonstrations. As a result, he graduated a year late in 1945.

We may assume that his teachers were extremely satisfied with his work, because after taking further diplomas in textile design and photography, Sultan Ali was invited to join the staff of the Government School for Arts and Crafts in Madras. He taught there during 1948 and 1949 but soon became dissatisfied. Sultan Ali had chosen to study at Madras rather than Bombay (which his father would have preferred) because he believed that Roy Chowdhury was trying to combine "an Indian content with an European technique". But gradually now he began to realise that the art school routine and discipline was impeding rather than helping him. In retrospect he sees his art school years as a kind of hindrance. "Then you entered the school and there was this rigid discipline; specially in those days — in British times. You must do this or that from such a time to such a time; you must study anatomy; you have to study certain ways of composing a picture; it was *constant!* For six years one had to go about doing all those things; in the end the training obstructs you, it stands between you and your imagination! You may have your ideas and your imagination but still, when it comes to set down things on paper, your anatomy training gets in your way. Because memory is such a subtle thing, it *sticks* you know, for ages and ages".

The art school influence is in fact evident in his earlier work. A kind of academic stiffness persisted into the mid-fifties.

Sultan Ali's life took a new turn, when he was invited to become an art teacher at the famous Rishi Valley School in Andhra Pradesh. When the principal, Mr. Pearce approached him, Sultan Ali said: "But I



cannot teach children". To which the principal replied: "But there is something in you; that I want in my school".

The four years he spent at Rishi Valley (1951-54) turned out to be invaluable. Confronted with a class of small children his academic notions of art soon collapsed. "My first day was miserable", he recalls. "What did I know about small children of five or six years? I was a foolish man and many of the stupid things I had been taught, were in my mind. The children did not copy what I gave them to copy. So I told Mr. Pearce: 'I am disturbed'. And he said: 'It is good that you are disturbed.'

Sultan Ali soon learned a freer approach and began to admire the freshness and spontaneity of children's art. "The children were primarily concerned with their happiness and their sadness; and only afterwards with form. From them I learned to understand what is wrong with most artists: they are less concerned with their heart, and more concerned with their head."

At Rishi Valley Sultan Ali began to question everything he had learned and he spent much time exploring the meaning of art and about the differences between the European and the Indian approach to art. "I learned that if you want to paint a mango tree you have to establish some communication with that tree. Go and spend a day sitting under it. Then go home and paint. But don't copy it. Paint what



you have assimilated of the tree." The traditional Indian artist would paint Ravana, the king of Srilanka, who abducted Sita, as a monstrous giant with ten heads! On the other hand we would paint king Rama *blue* — like a pure blue sky. Contrast that with Michelangelo who used the *same* model to paint Judas and Christ!

Sultan Ali's determination to become more "Indian" in his painting which began in those years, did not arise from any leaning towards "indigenism", but from a deep conviction that much of modern European art was formalistic and cold. The philosophic outlook on art with which we associate him today started to develop in Rishi Valley School. Mondrian says, "These are the basic forms; triangles and squares." But I found them static! In our ancient Indian art we were also concerned with basic forms — but they were not static. A figure of Natraja, the dancing god, is a careful geometric composition. It is a circle. But there is movement in the circle and rhythm. You can in fact see it at two levels: there is a figure there and a story. But when you study it you will see that it is also a geometric composition. In 1954 Sultan Ali left Rishi Valley to work as Exhibition Officer at the Lalit Kala Akademi in New Delhi. His reasons for leaving were two-fold: he felt that in the long run the school was isolating him from other artists and that it did not allow him sufficient time to paint. In Delhi he received plenty of stimulus from artists, exhibitions and libraries, but the new job was even more demanding on his time. "I dealt with art all day but long, had no time for my own work. My day began at six o'clock and I painted for several hours every evening." Exposed to so many visual influences and with insufficient time to digest them in his own work, Sultan Ali's painting took a long time to mature. The paintings we know from the mid-fifties still have a certain stiffness about them: coloured drawings rather than paintings; with hard outlines and motives that are folkloristic in an obvious way, rather like illustrations. But Sultan Ali took his time. He dislikes facile experiments and despises "effects" that are created for their own sake. He takes little notice of what is fashionable or what is "in" at the time and

no form of criticism can make him uncertain. "Creative work should grow methodically", he says, "no jumping about! The mind has to be extremely clear — one phase should give direction to the next. *There is no short cut.*"

True to this maxim, Sultan Ali did not hold a major one man show until 1963. When he finally confronted the public with this exhibition at the Kumar Gallery in New Delhi, he had been painting for nearly twenty years. The moment was well chosen, for it was not until 1963 that Sultan Ali truly discovered his own style. Illustration had finally given way to Symbol and the hard outline of his earlier work began to give way to the 'fading' effect that allowed him to superimpose figures upon figures. The new complexity of structure allowed him to express much more complex meanings than before. The style was not a result of experimentation with form and colour but of a ripening of philosophical ideas. What had helped Sultan Ali to achieve this breakthrough? The artist has no doubt at all in his own mind that it was his discovery of the freshness and directness of Indian "tribal" art. It was not the example of Jamini Roy that led Sultan Ali to discover for himself this new dimension of Indian tradition. Roy's approach was too formalistic, too much concerned with design rather than content. For Sultan Ali the inspiration came through reading the works of Verrier Elwyn. Through Elwyn he became aware of cultures that could use religious symbols in a very fresh way; in contrast to the classical Hindu tradition, which by the nineteenth century had become as stale and overworked as Christian symbolism in Europe. Excited by his reading, Sultan Ali travelled to Bastar to experience 'tribal' cultures at first hand. It was this trip that finally helped him to achieve his major breakthrough.

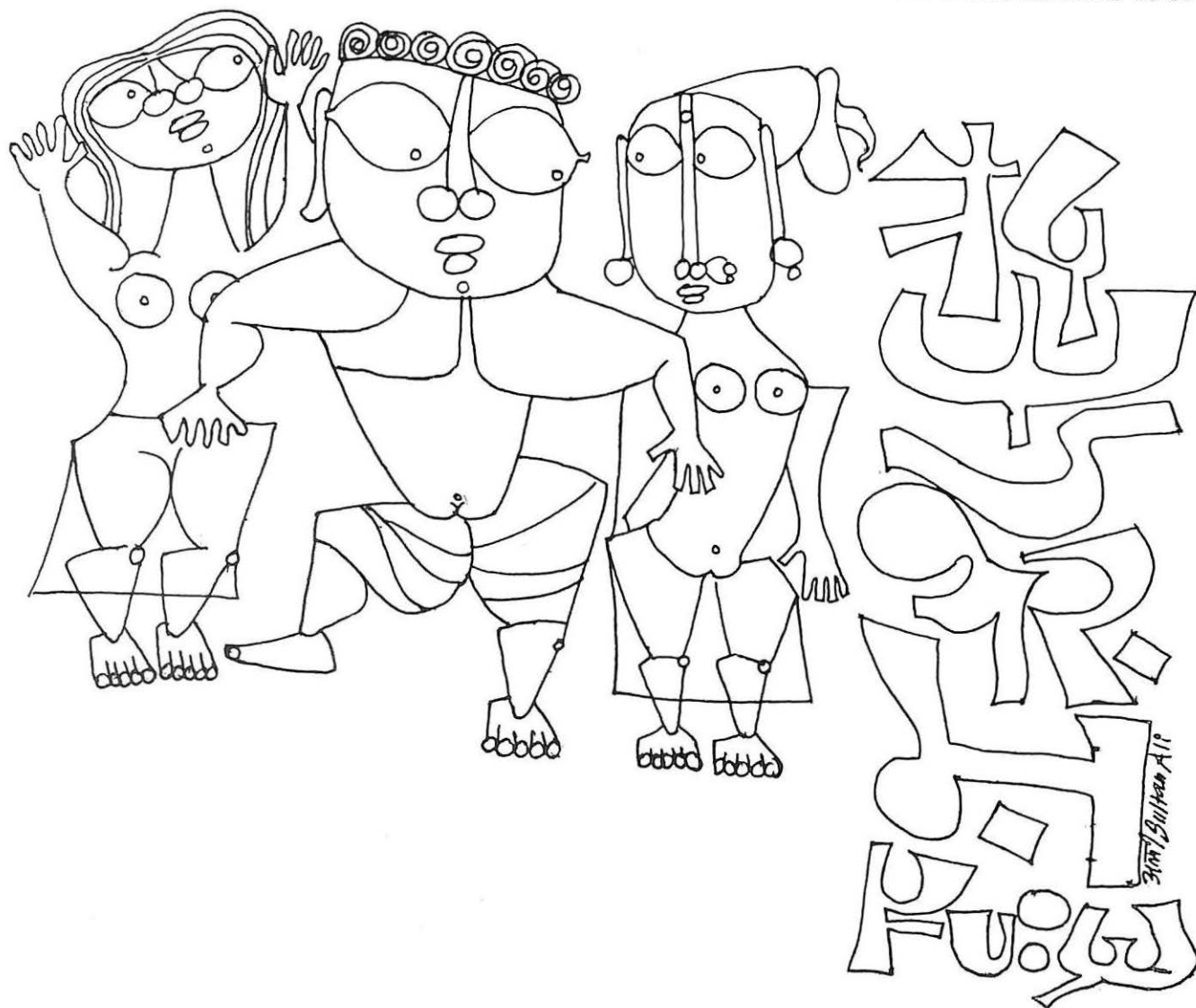
From the 1963 exhibition onwards we find in his work the symbols with which the artist has become associated in our minds: the bull, the snake, the birds, the demons, gods and kings. From then on his work was exhibited regularly in Delhi and Bombay and soon his participation was sought for all major exhibitions presenting modern Indian art abroad.

For the next twelve years Sultan Ali went on perfecting his newly found style. The mythological symbols gave him an immediate set of references that were both Indian and universal; they allowed him to express joys and fears, anxieties and hopes through a pictorial vocabulary that could be understood worldwide.

In 1969 Sultan Ali finally gave up his position at the Lalit Kala Akademi. This decision was as momentous as the decision thirty years earlier to defy his father and become an artist. For now he resolved to give up

all jobs and devote himself entirely to painting. His opportunity came, when his friend, K. C. S. Paniker founded the Cholamandal Artist's Village outside Madras. For Sultan Ali it meant a return to the South and — for the first time — unlimited time to work.

In Cholamandal Sultan Ali leads the quiet, philosophical existence that seems to suit his temperament perfectly. Away from the hustle and bustle of the 'art scene' of Bombay, Delhi or Calcutta, impervious to artistic trends or critical demands he can





devote himself entirely to the pursuit of that state of 'bliss' which, to him, can be achieved only through the act of painting.

Towards 1975 a further change occurred in his paintings. The familiar images suddenly dissolved — much to his own surprise and at times even anxiety — his paintings became more abstract and more contemplative. By 1979 he had reduced all his symbols to one basic image of 'energy', which he varies in infinite sensitive ways. So far, this sums up the artist's life: a life that was outwardly uneventful and that stands in sharp contrast to the lives of many other artists. He has avoided 'society', has done little to promote himself.

In contrast to many other Indian artists, he never believed that exposure to the art Metropolis of London, New York and Paris would benefit him in anyway. He travelled only twice outside India. Both trips he had not actually sought. In 1963 he was made a member of the Indian delegation that went to the exhibition conference in Nepal. In 1968 the Foreign Office of the Federal Republic of Germany sent Sultan Ali on a sight seeing tour of West Germany together with other Indian artists.

The life of Sultan Ali cannot be measured in external events but only in his inner development. Galleries, exhibitions, museums, travel, even success were only distractions to him, that prevented him from devoting all his time to his chosen profession. His life-long devotion has brought him no wealth, and not as much success as he deserves; but it has given him a deep inner satisfaction and an enviable purity of mind.

The isolation of Cholamandal suits his temperament. His house is simple, set in the barren, sandy landscape that supports few trees. The house itself is modest, almost austere. Essential furniture and a few paintings on the walls. The studio: a dark little shed with a thatch roof in the backyard. The artist himself is modest, almost self-effacing; one might walk past him in the street without noticing him. There is nothing ostentatious about his dress to suggest the 'artist'. He could be a teacher, a bank

clerk or a businessman. Only in conversation his personality begins to shine, first very quietly — a mere flicker in his lively eyes. If you can gain his confidence and interest him, he can talk with great warmth and passion.

Throughout the world there is a scattered community of people who admire, or rather "love" Sultan Ali. If one responds to his pictures, one tends to live with them for the rest of one's life. In India, many of the critics have felt uneasy about him and their praise has sometimes been half-hearted. Critics and artists of the Left tend to accuse Sultan Ali of "Indigenism", a term that implies a deliberate dressing up of a painting in an ethnic garb, that provides a superficial Indian identity. But this judgement is in itself superficial, for Sultan Ali's images are uniquely his own, they cannot be traced to any classical or tribal tradition: it is only the ideas behind them that are Indian. Then how, some people have asked, can a Muslim like Sultan Ali feel comfortable with Hindu and tribal symbols? To this the artist's answer is disarmingly straightforward: "We are Muslim by religion and Hindu by culture", and in this he is merely fulfilling and expressing the cultural fusion that had once been dreamt of by the emperor Akbar!

Sultan Ali's sincere — one is tempted to say innocent — approach to the religious symbols he uses, is illustrated in his delightful memoir, "The Dancing Ganesha". Here Sultan Ali tells the story of his friend Raghavachari, who was a great connoisseur and collector of South India bronzes. Raghavachari was a wealthy man who entertained lavishly and enjoyed drink. One evening when Sultan Ali was a guest in his friend's house, and the host was in a high and generous mood, he presented the wife of a foreign ambassador with a bronze figure of the dancing Ganesha. It was a rare piece of great beauty and the lady accepted it gladly. But when she had installed it in her home she began to develop a dislike for it. "Ganesha appeared ugly and hideous to her, with his elephant head, and his stout bulging stomach with a snake coiled around it ... it was impossible for her to stand this monstrous, abnormal deity". On her insistence, the husband returned the gift to

Raghavachari, who accepted it back courteously, though he "raged with fury inside". But when they returned the Ganesha, the Ambassador and his wife were beset with unprecedented difficulties: their son was involved in a serious car accident, in which their daughter-in-law died. Their second son received a head injury in another accident. The ambassador was accused by his government of financial irregularities, was demoted and transferred to another country. The couple "could not attribute these disastrous happenings to the curse of Ganesha". Raghavachari invited Sultan Ali some time later. Commenting on the Ambassador and his wife he said, quoting from the Bhagavad Gita: "The Man who doubts his God goes to ruin". That evening Raghavachari presented the Dancing Ganesha to Sultan Ali. "I know you are a Muslim", he said, "but I also know you are an artist and artists worship beauty — beauty such as this dancing Ganesha". Sultan Ali accepted the gift; but to him it represented more than beauty, for "the dancing Ganesha brought me luck, peace, contentment and prosperity, ever since he entered my house." This simple tale is of considerable interest, for it illuminates the artist's attitude to religion and symbolism. Far from merely exploiting his ethnicity as an attempt to give himself a distinct Indian identity. He emerges from this story as a man so deeply religious that his understanding crosses the artificial boundaries set up by the various confessions. He is able to see the universal truth in all religions and to his mellow, mature mind, religious symbols from many cultures can be interchangeable.

Other critics view Sultan Ali's imagery as "grotesque" or "primitive" or "terrifying". His drawings have been described as "expressionist". Some of the themes depicted in Sultan Ali's pictures could indeed be terrifying, if handled in a different manner. Here are some typical subjects: A black serpent swallows the king of the sun. The monster of sin is engaged in mortal battle with the king of righteousness. Snake the destroyer tries to strangle the earth, but Garuda flies to his rescue. Birds play innocently on the river bank, oblivious of their extreme vulnerability. Only the great bull rests secure. He carries sun and

moon, love and kindness in his belly. The conflict expressed in these pictures is not an arbitrary conflict: it is played out within the larger setting of a cosmic order that cannot be upset by the different struggles that continuously rage within it. The conflict between good and evil is a continuous pre-occupation with Sultan Ali, but his vision of the Universe is not as simplistic as the Christian dualism of God and Devil, Heaven and Hell. In this Universe Good and Evil, Creation and Destruction are intertwined in a complex pattern of manifestations. I have myself experienced this multifaceted complexity in Sultan Ali's work. In 1969 during my first encounter with the artist, I bought the painting "Daitya Kala", which ostensibly portrays the spirit of Evil. Yet, living with it for the last twelve years, I found its presence not disturbing, as one might expect, but rather peaceful. During my last meeting with Sultan Ali I asked him whether he could explain this. His answer is worth reproducing here:

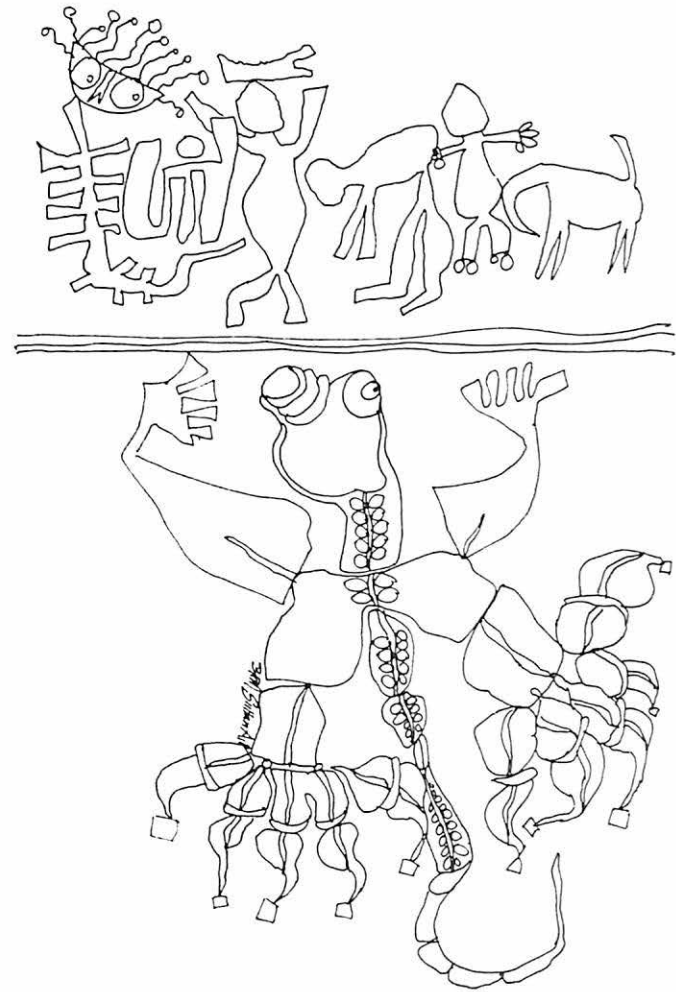
"You see, Daitya Kala is Shiva; the Lord of the Universe. He has a variety of manifestations, just as we human beings have different manifestations too. I may be very peaceful now, but other times I may be very worried. One minute I may be smiling, the next minute I may be gloomy. You see, this is what we are made of, different gradations and varieties. Similarly this Lord Shiva, the Lord of the Universe: he has a number of manifestations and that Daitya Kala is a manifestation of evil: he wants to kill people. But at the same time, when he is in a good mood, he pleases everybody. So the *personality* that is depicted is essentially a *great* personality, but that particular aspect may be destructive. And then you see, this painting is a personification of one's inner self, one's identity; one's personality is definitely reflected in one's pictures. Therefore, whatever one may try to paint, there is that concept; you may paint a man with large horns, and huge eyes and huge teeth and so on — which may immediately give you the impression that it is something fearful — but it is not that, because the personality of the artist is asserting itself."

This complexity of meaning is reflected in a corresponding complexity of technique. From 1963



onwards Sultan Ali has been developing a very elaborate way of representing space: figures are superimposed on figures, colours merge into each other, forming misty and diffuse effects. All images are interdependent, each one is modified in its impact by the others. His pictures could be read as a mass of detail, but essentially Sultan Ali achieves a single impact, a single mood through these technical processes which he has labelled "pictorial unification".

Having developed and perfected such an elaborate technique over a period of twelve years, it surprised not only his critics, but even the artist himself, that he gradually abandoned it. Around 1974 Sultan Ali began to tell me in his letters: "A change is happening in my work. My images are disappearing. I don't really know why and I am not sure where it's going". By 1975 the birds and bulls and snakes had disappeared from Sultan Ali's paintings and been replaced by much more abstract forms; and by 1979 the various pictographs have been reduced to variations of a single stylised image of the *yoni*. In retrospect Sultan Ali can explain the process, which in the initial stages, actually took him by surprise: "It occurred to me from time to time that I had done enough work with these human figures and animal figures and so on ... and I realised that *energy* was something that had always attracted me; and that I attracted energy in a variety of forms; lions as a symbol of life, and things like that. Now *why don't I come directly to the life itself*, why should I superimpose other forms; why must I do that, why not eliminate that form, and take the form that I really want to express; the form I am really concerned with; take it *direct*, instead of superimposing a lion or a bull? That's how these thoughts occurred to me at that time and that's how I gradually gave up these figures. And then I began to depict this *yoni*, which is the symbol of life. It is through this symbol, that the energy comes out. The life that comes from this symbol is energy, but as soon as life comes out *there is an obstacle*, there is an immediate obstacle, which the life begins to face. You must have seen those white lines going across the grey pictures: these white lines symbolise the obstacles to life;



and then these script forms symbolise that there is already wisdom in the world; a wisdom that has been contributed by various lives; a variety of wisdom has been stored in this world. Now when life emerges, it is expected that you don't become mediocre, but that you develop the life in such a way, that you acquire and accumulate as much wisdom as possible; and that you too contribute to the wisdom before you go from this world. So be worthy, make your life worthy of that. Now this symbol of life: there is a variety of ways in which I represent it — just as I used to have a variety of ways of representing the bull. These script forms are not legible. They are merely forms that suggest that there *is* a script."

In this search for the essential, the basic truth, Sultan Ali took one further step: having abandoned his imagery he now began to abandon his colour as well. In 1980 and 1981 he has painted a whole series of pictures in black and grey shades only: "Well, this is also something that went through my mind for a long time, and I said: what is colour ... ? Sometimes it so happens that one gets lost in colour; so this other thing that I want to emphasise is getting lost. These grey paintings are not really repetitive. The basic shape appears in a variety of forms — but there are other things. I want to emphasise a kind of tone; a division of tones. I want to create an atmosphere, so you must stand back and look at it for some time ... instead of getting lost in beautiful colours. You know. This is what I have been watching. A lot of people come and get lost in the beauty of colours: they are not looking at the form, they are not looking at the shape, they are not looking at the arrangement in the paintings — they only admire the beautiful colours."

The elimination of colour was to Sultan Ali the elimination of distraction. The neutrality of black and grey was intended to put the onlooker into an enquiring frame of mind. He wants his public to meditate his paintings. He has no simple, direct message to communicate, but he wishes us to experience the state of mind he experiences himself in the process of painting. There are indications that Sultan Ali is abandoning his grey period. This is not surprising, because he had followed a particular road to its absolute conclusion and there is no further to go in this direction.

Recently Sultan Ali has used water colours for the first time, and already the changes are noticeable in this new series — while the grey mood still persists in the oil paintings. The water colours literally explode with colour and the images are returning as well ... Such changes of form and style may be puzzling to his critics, but to Sultan Ali himself, style, technique and imagery merely serve the ultimate purpose of art which, in his own words, is "the refinement of the soul".

In an age when art tends to be highly rationalised, when artists pursue political, social or even

commercial ends, when art is being manipulated by pundits and by the media Sultan Ali is often regarded as a very old fashioned person. Very few modern artists would consider "the refinement of the soul" to be the function of art. But if we wish to understand this unusual man, we must abandon all attempts to 'classify' him, to fit him into any of the modern art movements. We must abandon many of our preconceptions of what art should be and we must try to get in tune with Sultan Ali's own vision of the universe. Then we may be rewarded with that state of elation that to Sultan Ali is associated with the creative process itself.

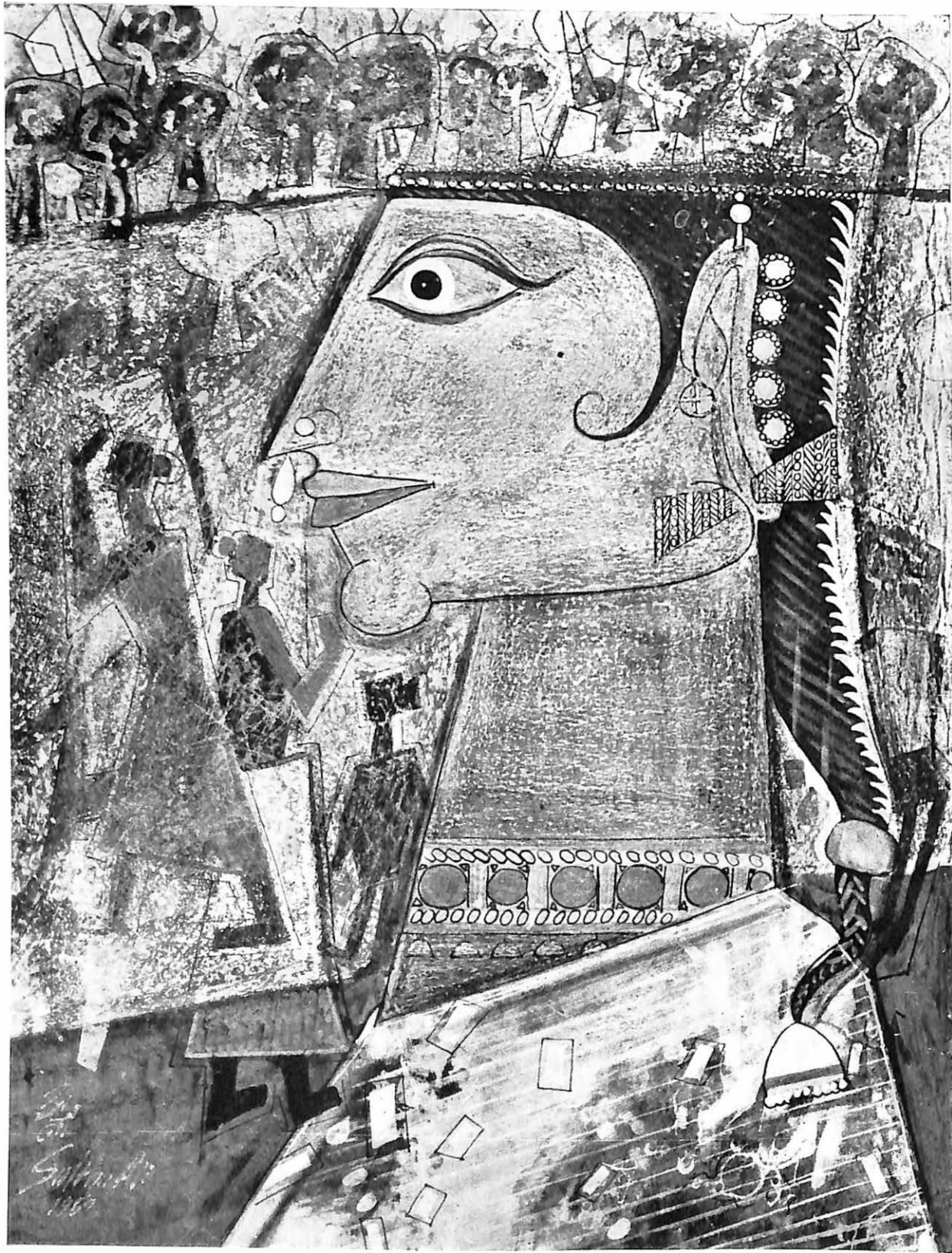
"Painting is *Ananda* — bliss! This is very important, you know, because today there are so many factors disturbing the artist; there is the economic factor; he has to work to make two ends meet; he has to sacrifice all the minor things in life. But one of the most beautiful things in painting is the *process itself*. When you are in the process of painting, you are in a process of meditation. Meditation does not necessarily mean that you sit down with folded hands and legs and with your eyes closed. Meditation means that you are totally involved with the thing you are doing — *deeply* involved. Then a stage comes when you are deeply engrossed; so much engrossed that you don't think of colours and things like that. Your hands automatically reach for the tubes; your hand automatically mixes the shades of paint that you want to apply. *That process is intense meditation*. And when an artist is in that state — there is no difference, between the painter and the painting. Now that state is the state of *Ananda* — bliss. This intense satisfaction and pleasure you get — it happens when the painting begins to unfold itself ... you are working and at the same time you are watching how the things are developing. There is no question of thinking: "there is fault here"; or "I'll have to darken this or lighten that" — that is a very mediocre state; may be at the beginning of the painting. But that state of *Ananda* is a state where you are watching — and it's just coming! With intense ease, it's coming; that is *Ananda*

ULLI BEIER



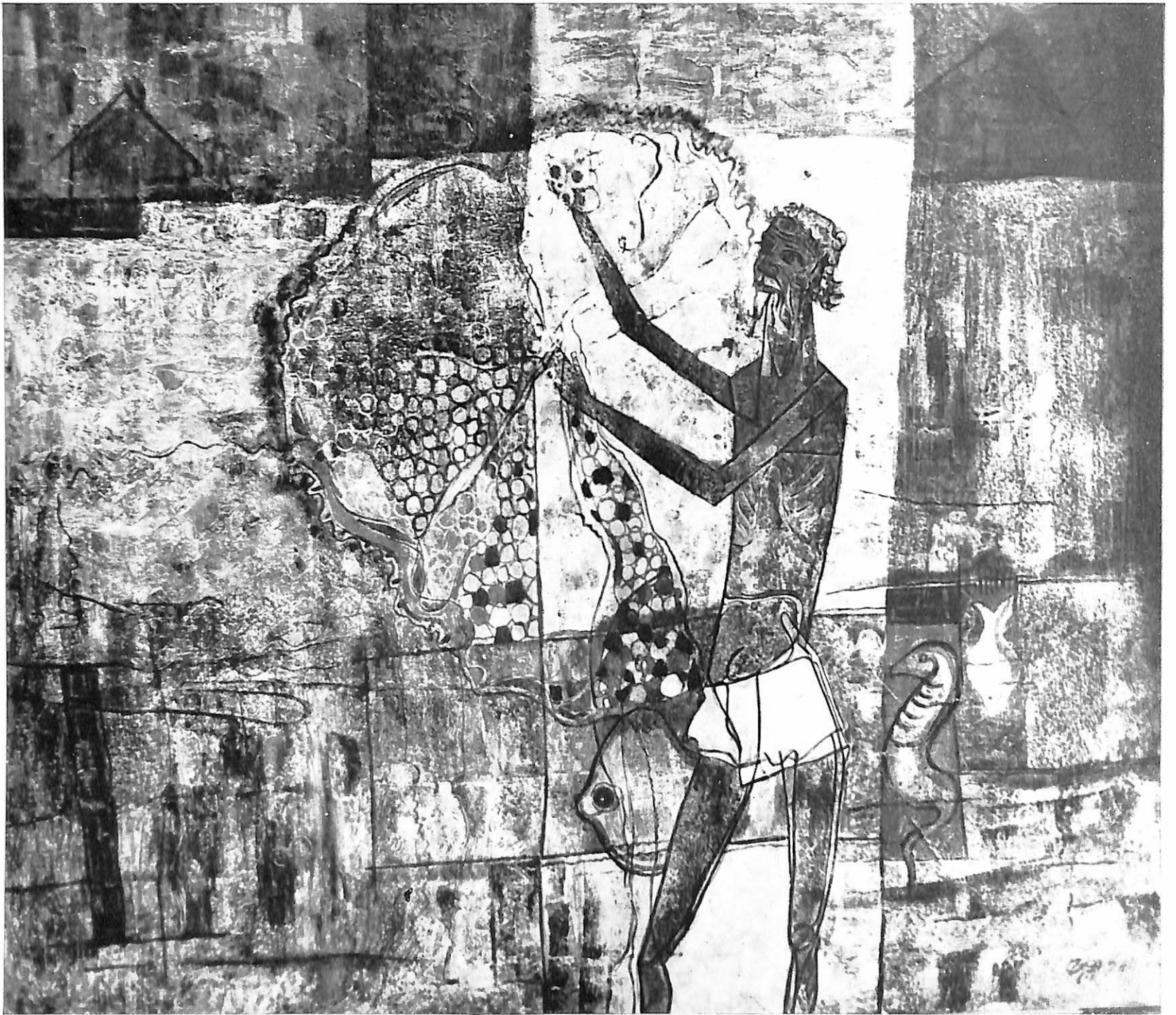




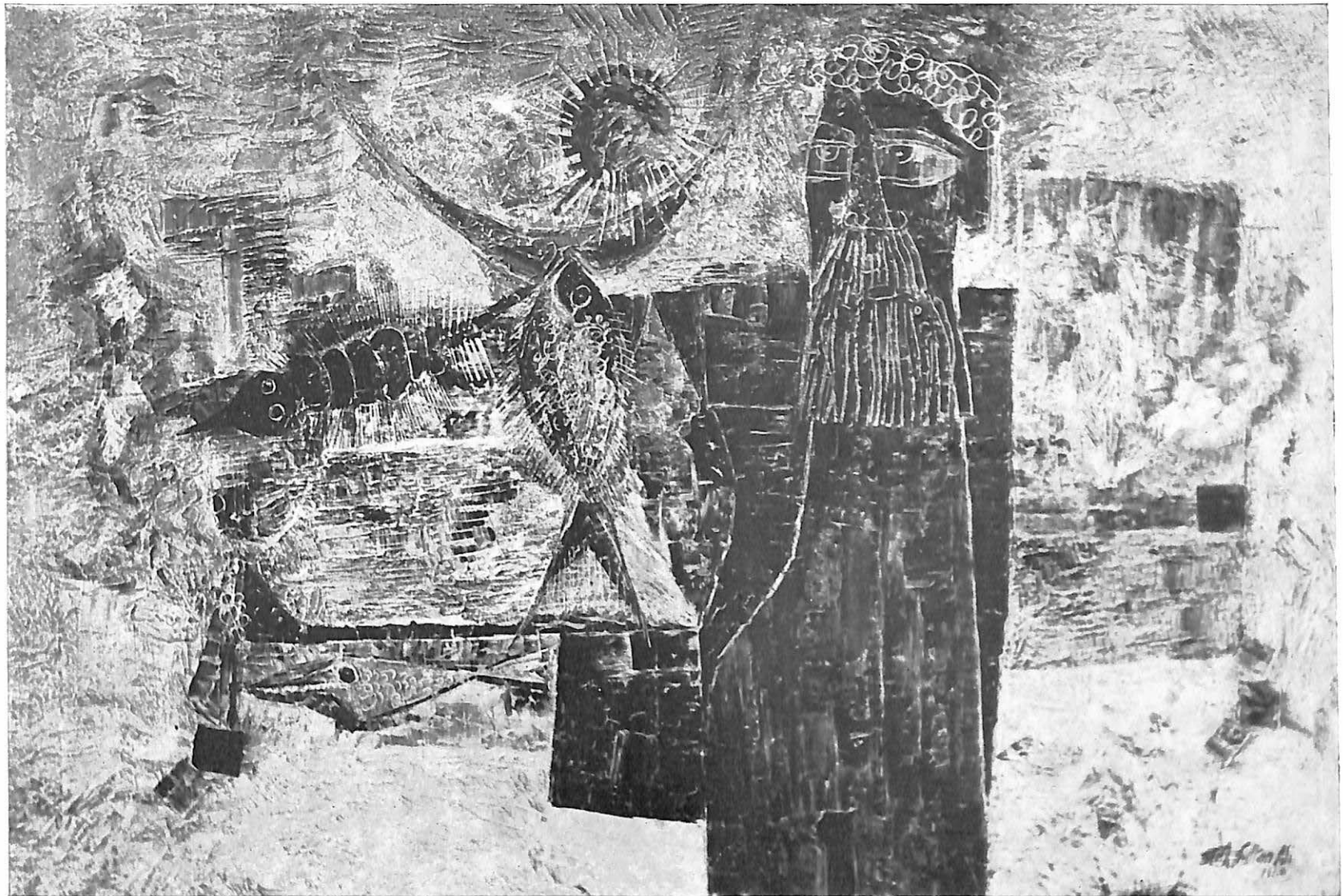


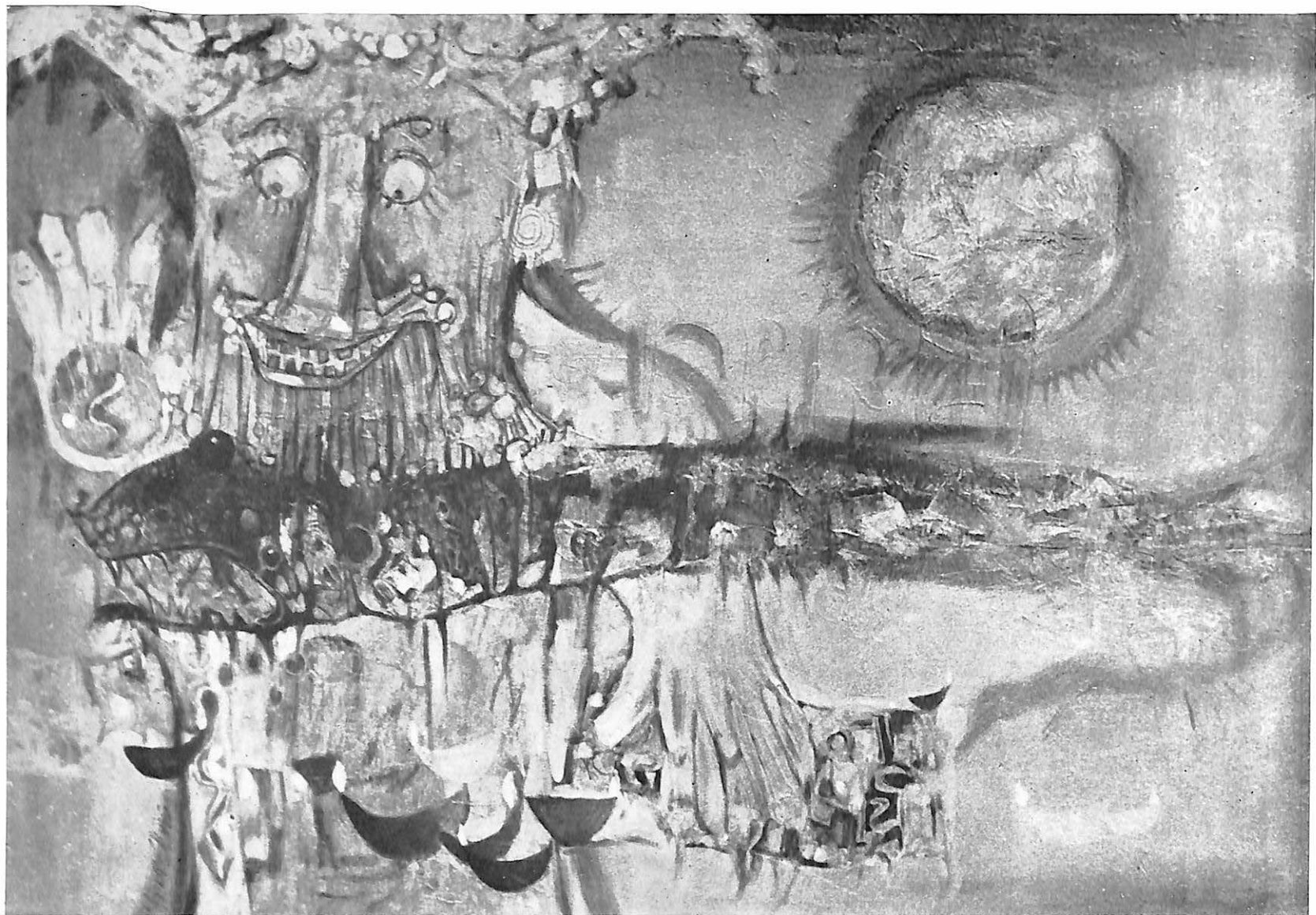




















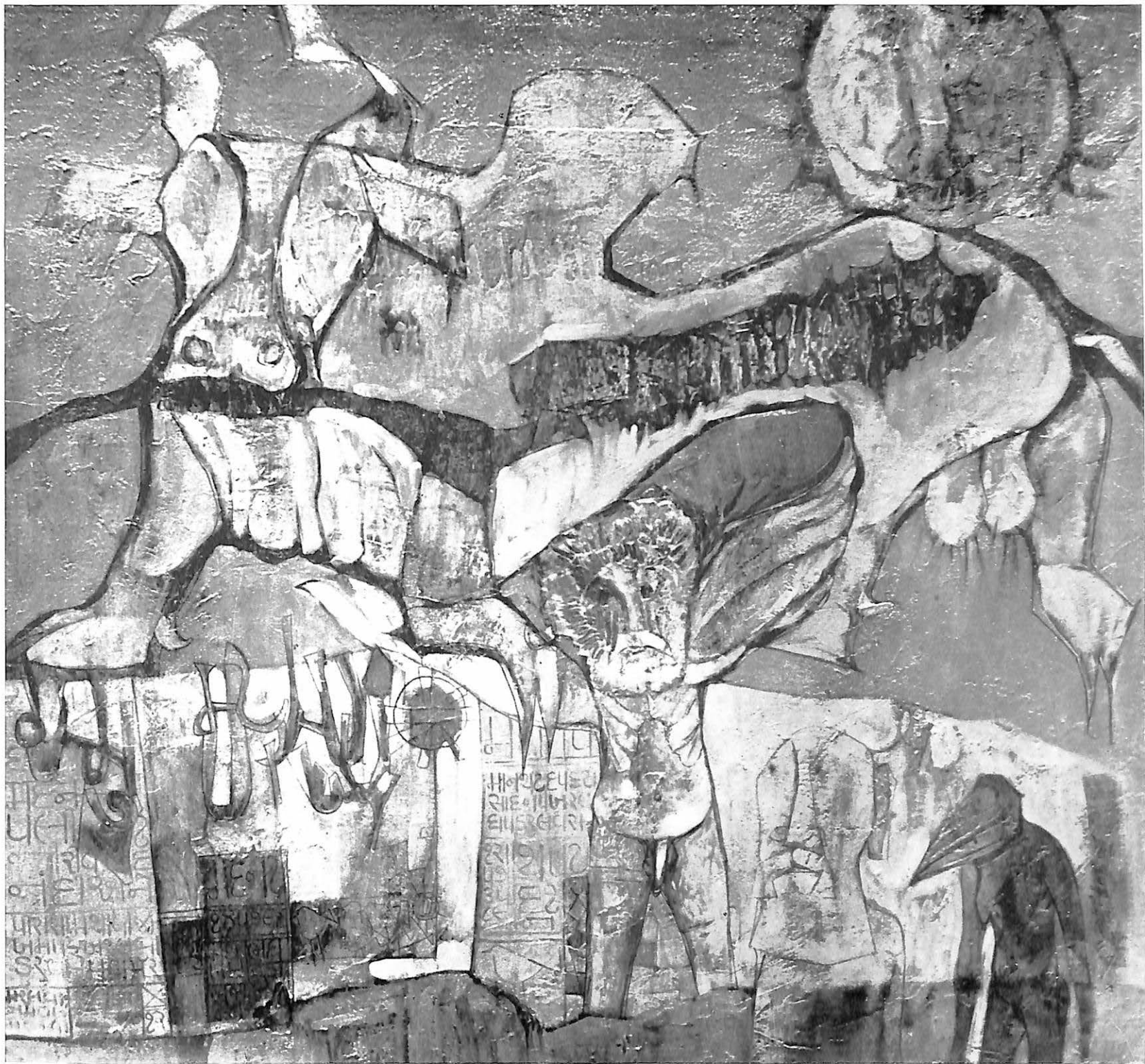








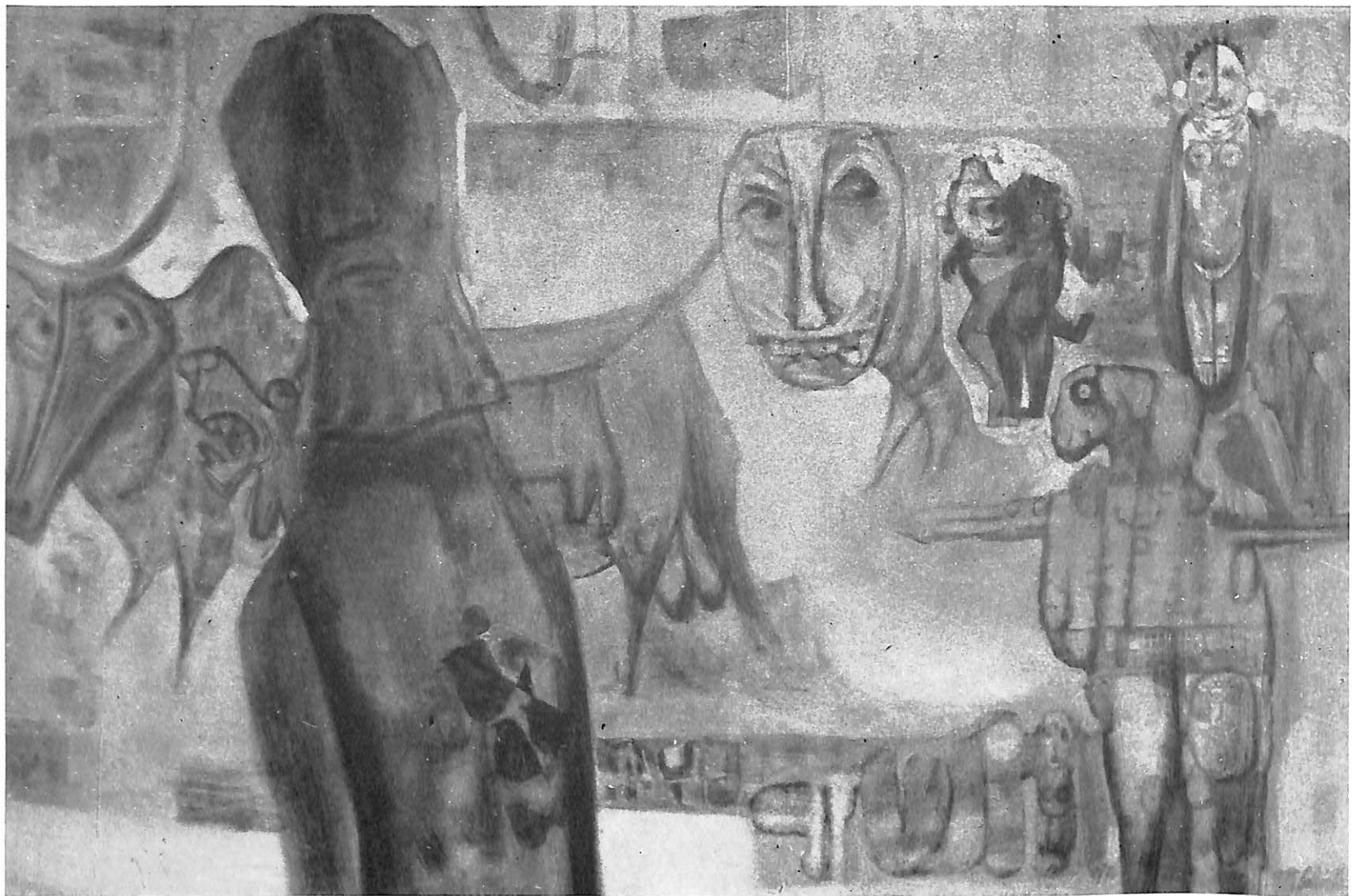




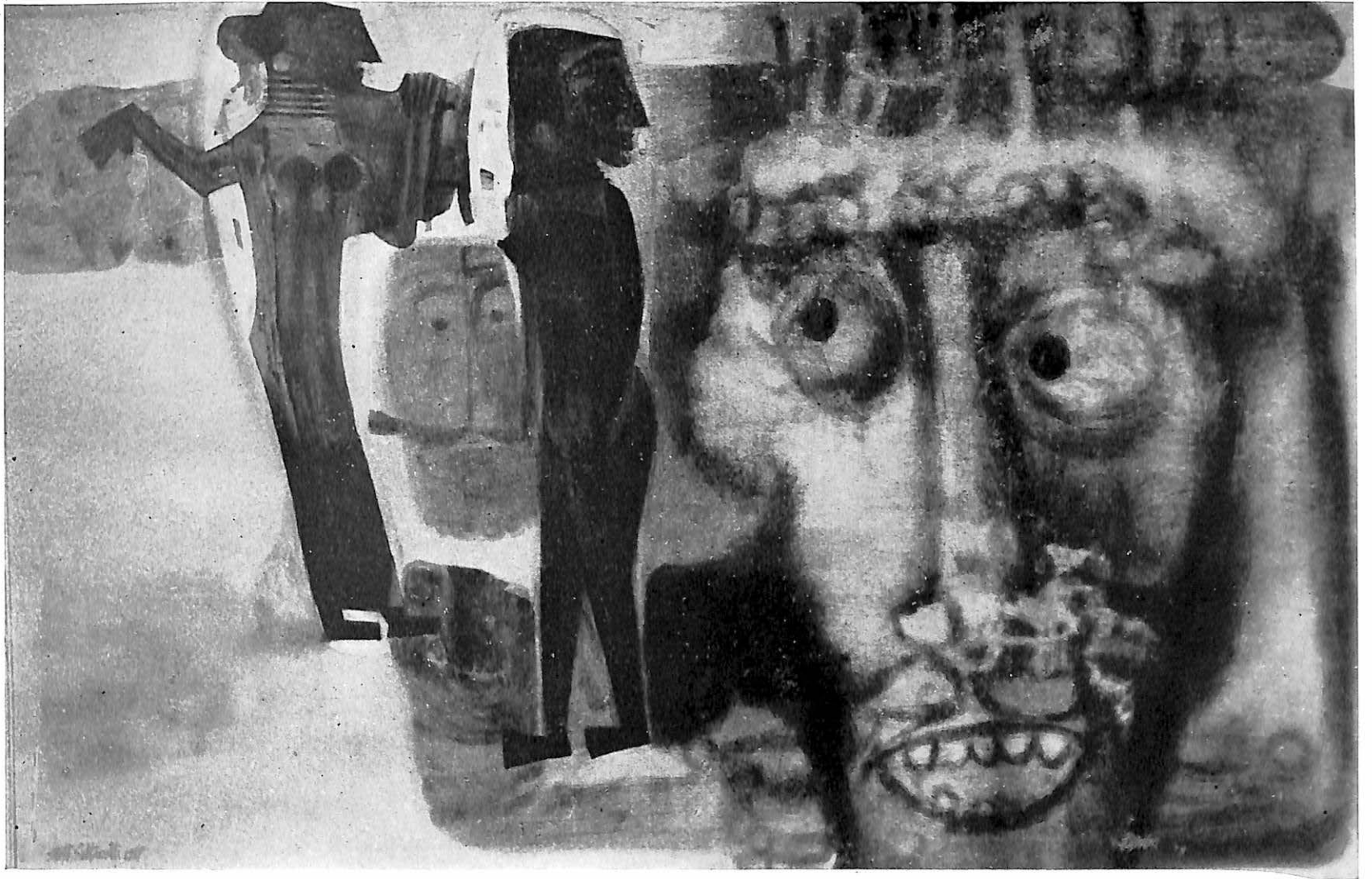
















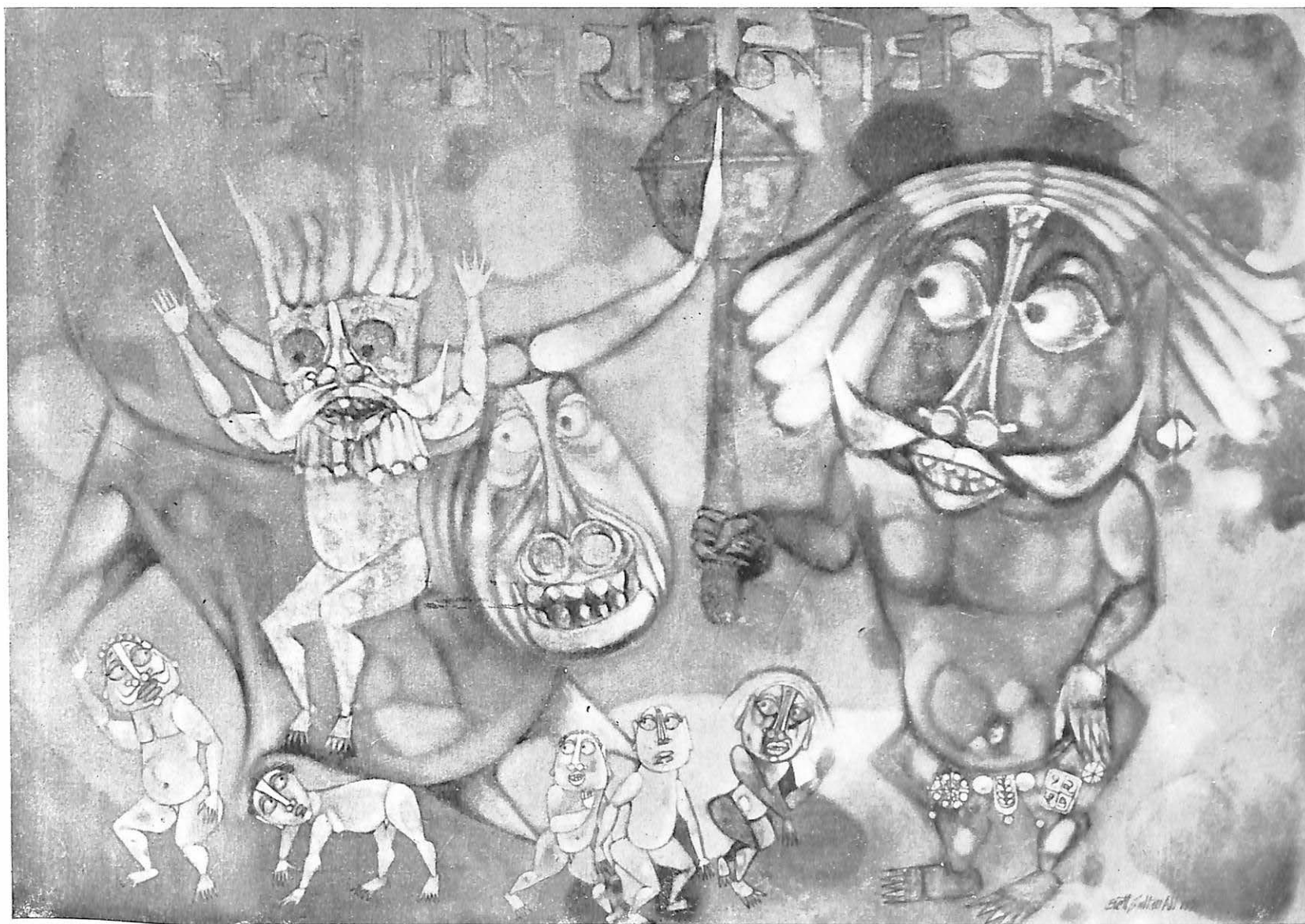


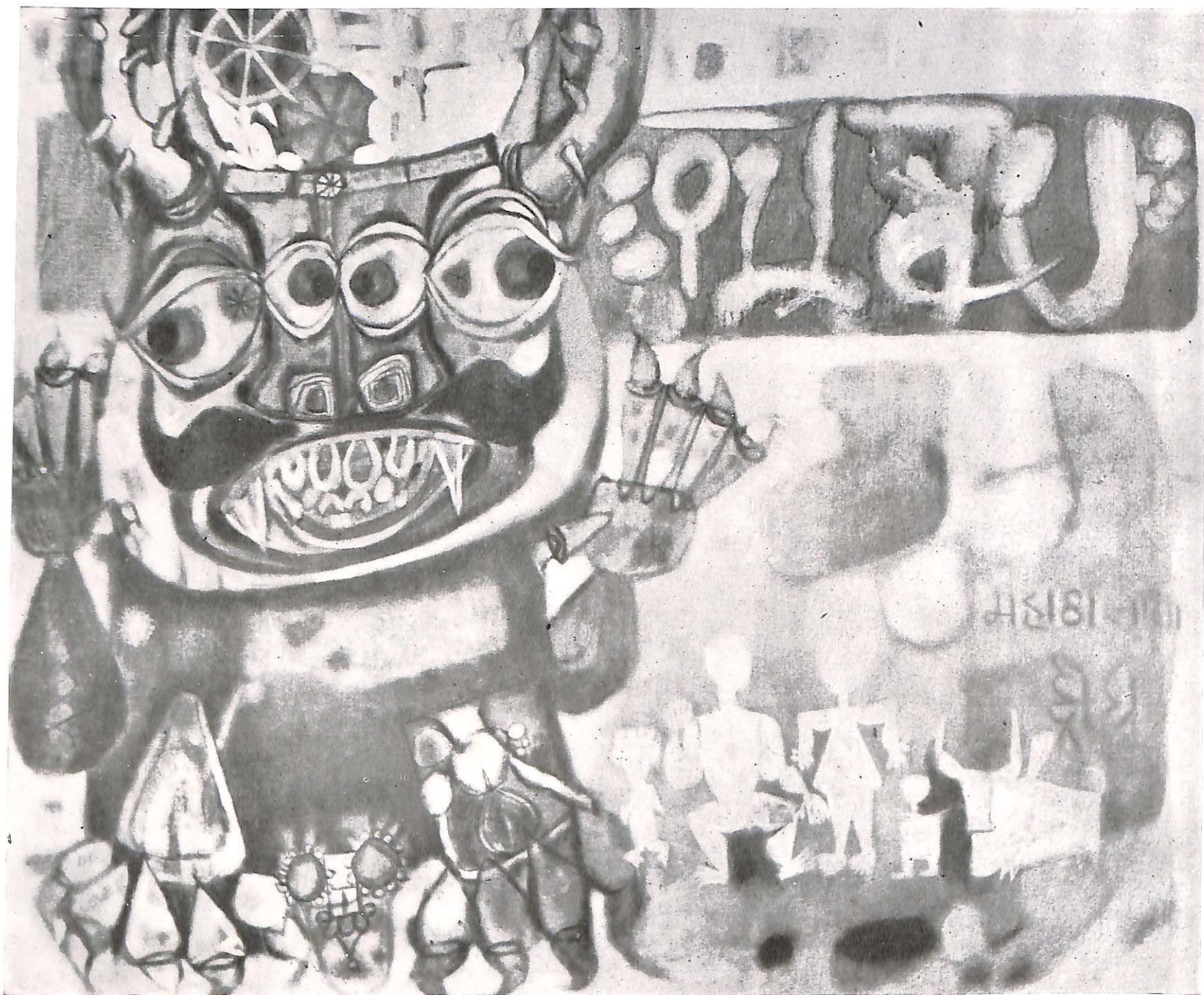






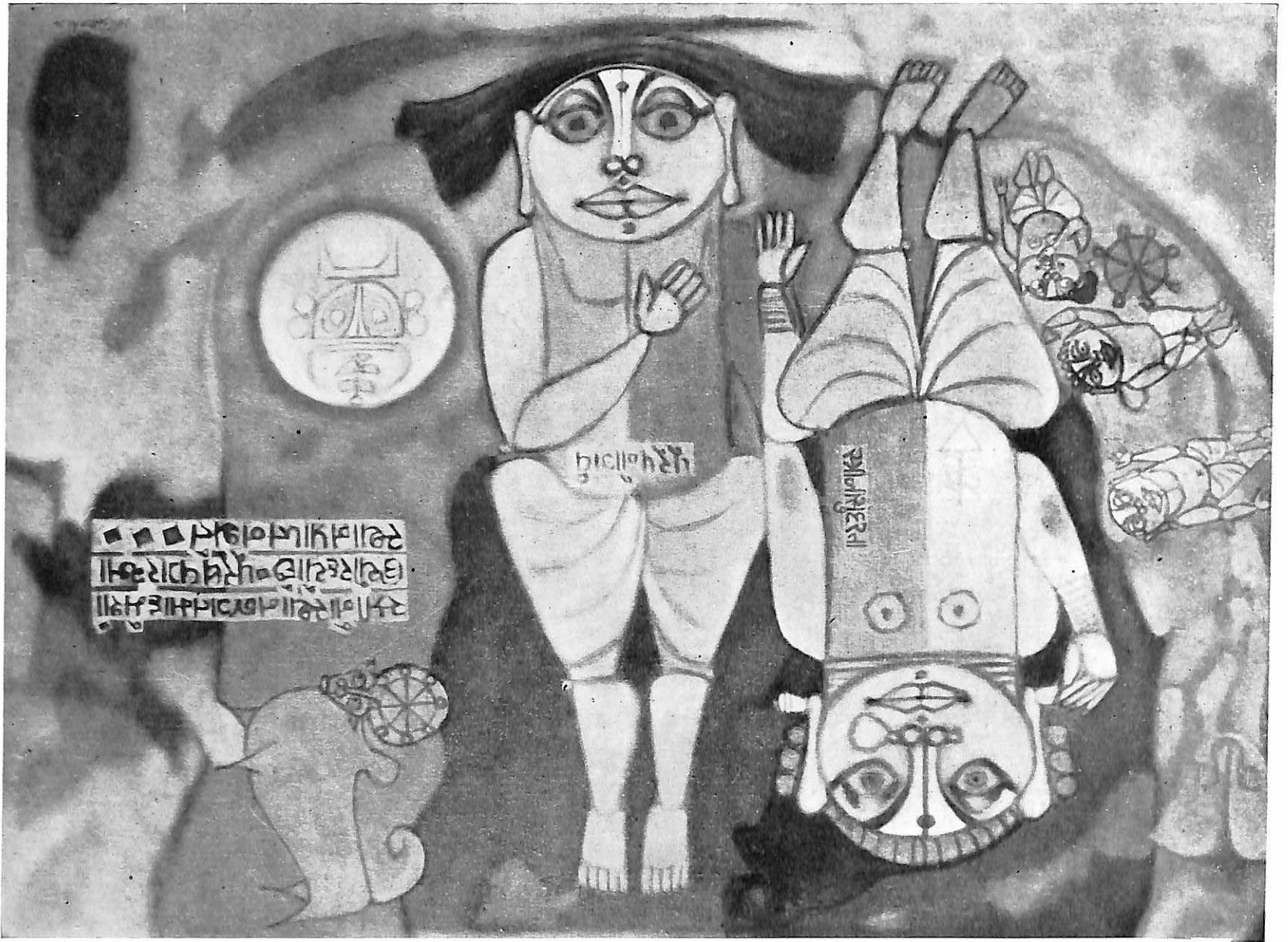




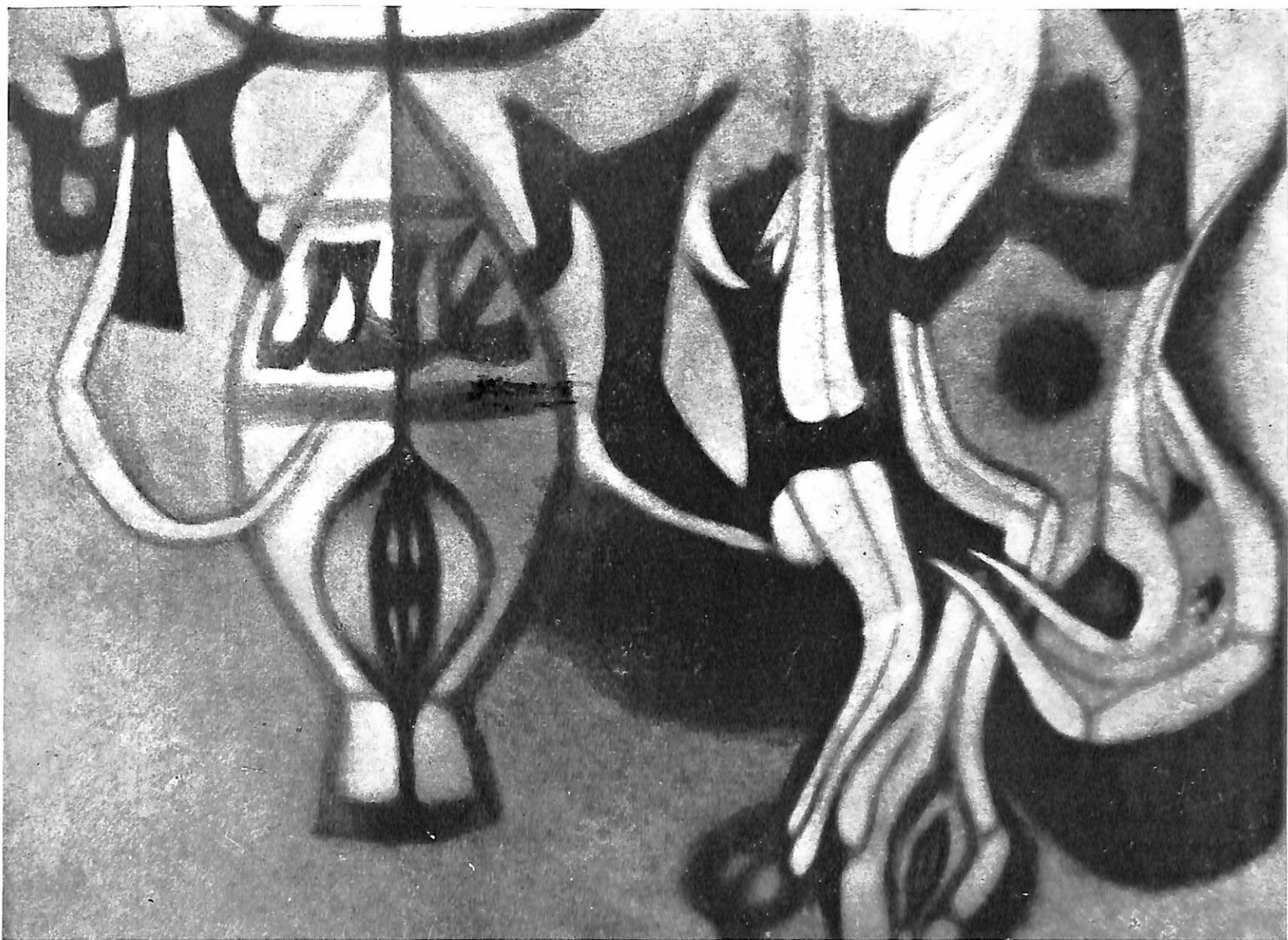








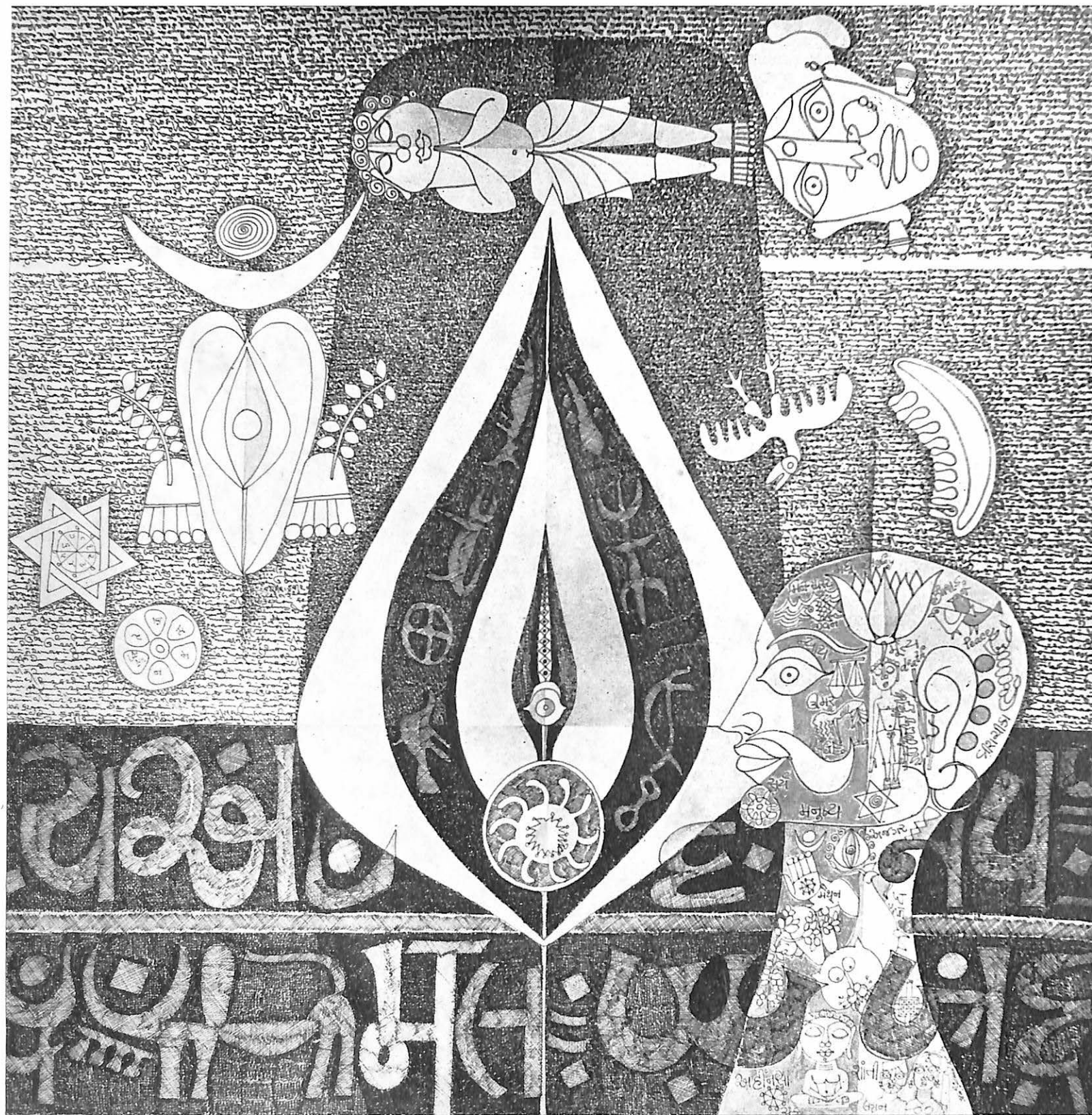




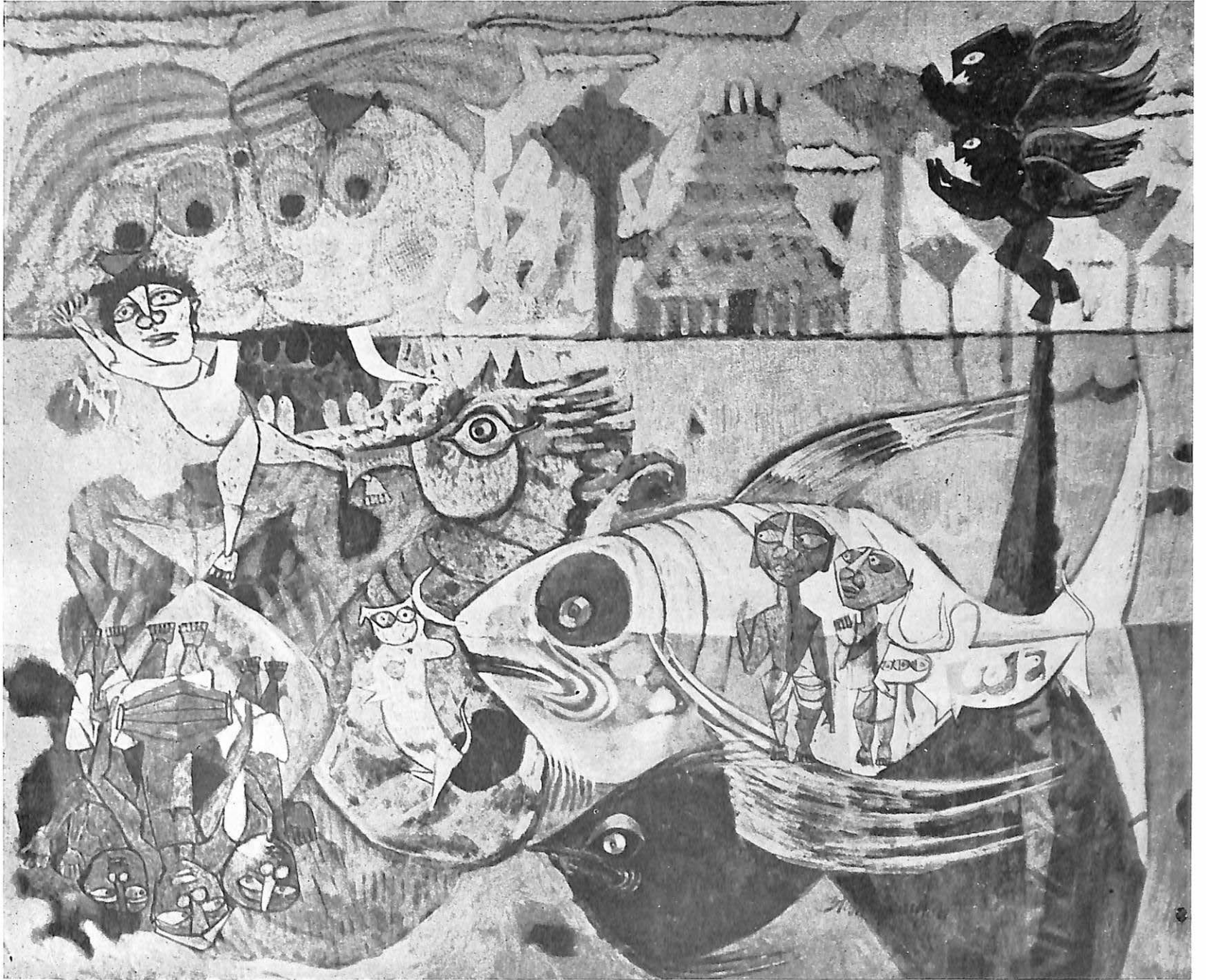


















## LIST OF PLATES

<i>No.</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Medium</i>	<i>Year</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Collection</i>
	Cover: Sanpada-no-krodh	Water colour on paper	1980	33 x 55 cms.	Mrs. Salima Sultan Ali, Madras.
1.	Submission	Water colour and oil pastels on cardboard	1956	56 x 50 cms.	National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi.
2.	Village Maiden	"	1957	55 x 37 cms.	National Art Gallery, Madras.
3.	Lady in the garden	Water colour and oil pastels on paper	1960	70 x 92 cms.	Unknown
4.	Old Fisherman	Oil on canvas	1963	76 x 81 cms.	National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi.
5.	Sea-Life	"	1963	88 x 130 cms.	Punjab Government Museum, Chandigarh.
6.	Nag-Panchami	"	1965	92 x 138 cms.	Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fabri, New Delhi.
7.	Tribal Woman	"	1965	71 x 91 cms.	Mr. Richard E. Schmidt, U.S.A.
8.	Kashmiri Woman	Water colour and oil pastels on paper	1950	62 x 77 cms.	Mr. Noel Elderman, U. S. A.
9.	Pancha Nagini	Water colour on paper	1981	28 x 415 cms.	Dr. G. Dorow, West Germany
10.	Nandi	"	"	91 x 92 cms.	Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thomas, Canada
11.	Drushta-Kala	"	1967	66 x 127 cms.	Dr. Oscar A. Z. Leneman, U.S.A.
12.	Rasa-Sanghathan	"	"	121 x 131 cms.	Mr. Frank Rettenberg, U.S.A.
13.	Adivasi-Bhumimata	"	"	76 x 86 cms.	Ford Foundation, New Delhi.
14.	Ajpali-Gunta	"	1968	81 x 122 cms.	Mr. Ireneo D. Cornista, Phillipines.
15.	Sindhuri-Panchalika	"	"	"	Commonwealth Institute of Australia, Australia
16.	Tribal Dance	Oil on canvas	1974	85 x 115 cms.	Unknown
17.	Camuda	Water colour on paper	1981	35 x 40 cms.	Mr. & Mrs. Jauhar Ali Khan, Madras.
18.	Tathagata	"	1969	118 x 131 cms.	National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi.
19.	Pisachi	"	1971	84 x 114 cms.	Unknown
20.	Daitya-Kala	"	"	95 x 112 cms.	Dr. and Mrs. Ulli Beier, West Germany
21.	Bangaru-Pammi	"	1973	112 x 125 cms.	Unknown
22.	Basant-Roopa	"	1974	34 x 45 cms.	Dhoomi Mal Gallery, New Delhi.
23.	Nirantar	"	1977	85 x 115 cms.	Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi,
24.	Om-Shiva	"	1979	102 x 128 cms.	Artist
25.	Bhairava	"	1980	"	
26.	Surya-Chakra	Ink and Pencil on paper		50 x 49 cms.	Prof. A. Bopp, West Germany
27.	Injambakkam	Water colour on paper	1981	36 x 42 cms.	Mrs. Salima-Sultan Ali, Madras
28.	Visvasah		1981	35 x 49 cms	Mr. and Mrs. Jauhar Ali Khan, Madras.



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