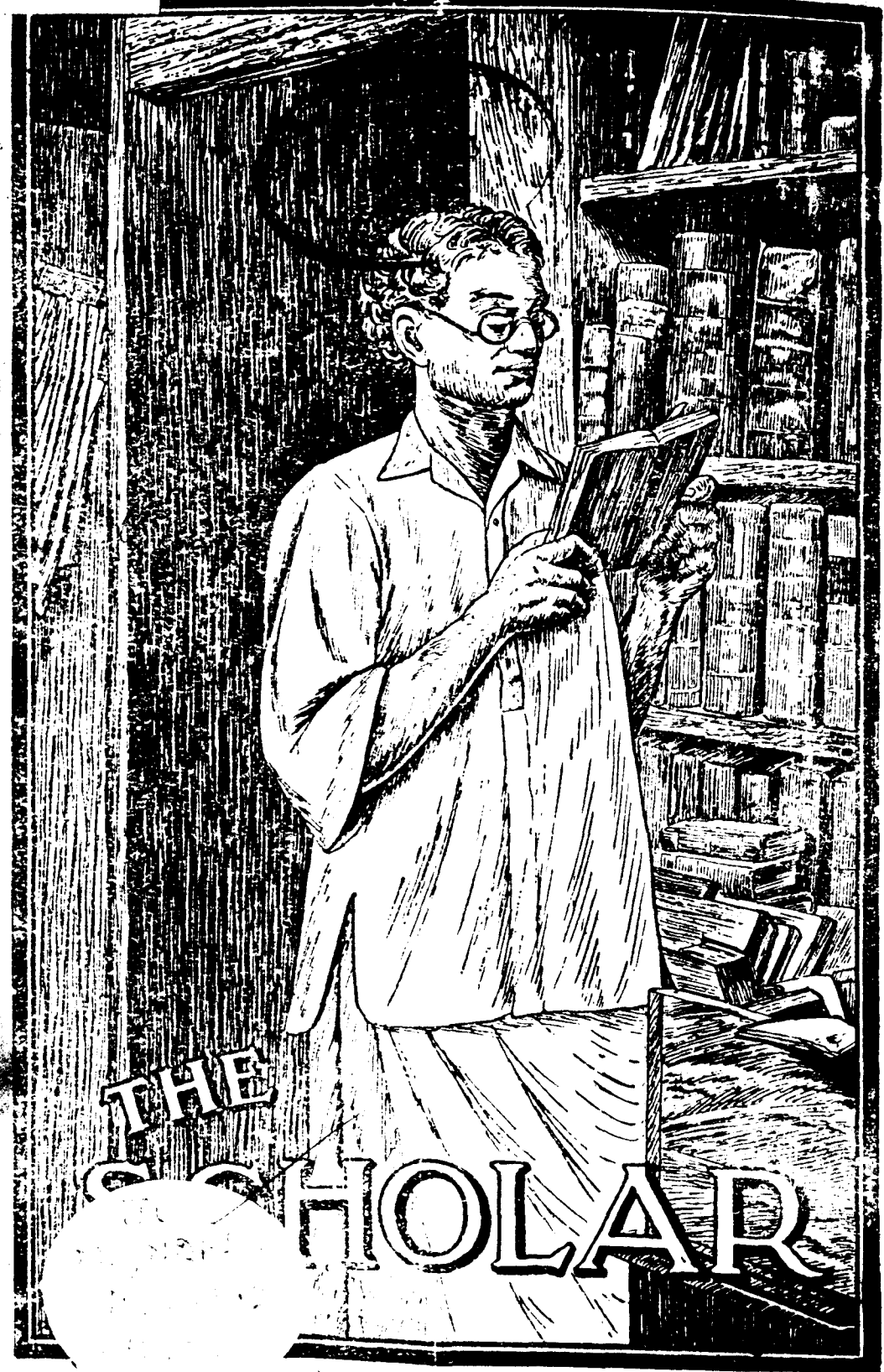


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VOL VIII.

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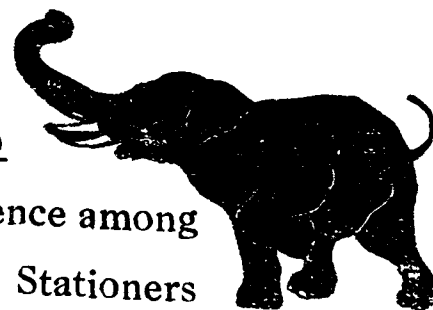
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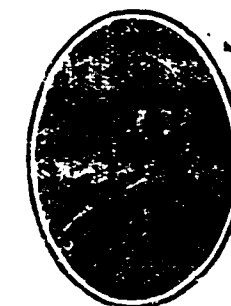
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VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER 1932.

NO. 2.

Intuition & Individuality.

By Krishnamurti.



THROUGH reasoning you think you will have intuition. By the process of reasoning you cannot come to intuition. Reason is based mostly on the centre of self so it does not free thought but rather strengthens that consciousness of self. It leads to logical illusions, because that centre of self is created through the false values of the transcendent. Intuition is ever constant in man, and it can be realized fully when the centre of self is wholly dissolved. Then, instead of strengthening the self and thus covering up intuition, reason becomes intuition's tool. Intuition is not come at by reason, but by freeing the cause of limitation.

If an idea appeals to you, if it is satisfying, consoling, you accept it, and you call that intuition. Take the idea of reincarnation. You hear of it and, because it appeals to you, you cling to it, thinking it is intuition. So it becomes real to you, and you base your actions and whole life on it. To me, this satisfying appeal is not intuition. It is but attraction. It is the prolongation through time of that centre of self, with more opportunities, greater expansion. This "intuition" is personal, gratifying, and you pursue it, calling it a law of nature or the divine plan. Please do not interpret this to mean that I am either for or against reincarnation. I am talking of Truth, which is timeless.

So, through this so-called intuition, you divide life into this world and the other world, universal consciousness and individual consciousness, basing your reasoning on this supposed reality. Intuition has nothing whatsoever to do with the particular, and

it cannot be limited for the use of the individual. In the process of freeing self-consciousness you develop true reason, which then becomes the instrument of intuition. Thus reason no longer perverts intuition. Reason exists only to express intuition, not to realize it.

Love has no incentive. Though inherently the outcome of motive, action has no motive if born of love. But when that love is confined by individuality, then an incentive is necessary to entice self-consciousness to make an effort towards Truth, which becomes but the glory of individuality.

As long as the centre of self exists, you create the universal consciousness, which is but a division of that very centre. Self-consciousness creates duality, and so you have cosmic and individual consciousness, both being false conceptions arising within the limitation of individuality. Hence there is the constant warring of the two parts of the same centre. The personal part asks of the universal part, why did you create misery, injustice, suffering? From this comes endless speculation as to whence, how and whither, which can never be answered because it starts from false reasoning. Only when the centre is dissolved is there peace and the godhead of understanding. Ignorance exists as long as there is individuality, and out of ignorance is born chaos. So do not ask why, but liberate yourself from self-consciousness, and you will know.

[Reprinted by special permission of *The Star Bulletin*]

176603

A Poem.

The world moans and languishes,
Thought is ashamed and made crooked.
Love is a wilderness and a cruel confusion.
The pure blossom of Life is turned to dust.

How they suffer, how they despise !
The anger of contempt breeds hatred,
And affection is smitten in the midst of the street.
The shadow of weariness lies on the face of man.

His ambition is in the dust of decay,
His doubt creates a darkness about him,
His talk is as the sound of many hoofs
On the smooth-paved roads
Filling the silent house.

His glory, his pomp, his rejoicings,
Cover the empty spaces of his loneliness.
The dark fear of death
Snatches away the jewel in his eye.
And as the spider weaves with delicate ease its web
So man weaves the stuff of common events
But is caught up in its exquisite confusion.
His days are spent in the destruction of his handiwork.

The song of the river,
The wandering of the waters
And a dead tree in the full summer.

Ah, in the cruel confusion of purpose,
The pure blossom of Life lies withering !
Who shall nourish it, who shall uphold it,
Who shall awaken it to its sweet fragrance ?

My Beloved calls
And the echo goes aching down the valley.

Krishnamurti.

Fiery Stronghold.

By Nicholas de Roerich.

IN the book *The Heart* an old Chinese fairy-tale tells of a sky-high giant and of a dwarf, making fun of him. The giant is described as standing with his head above the clouds and the dwarf laughing at him because the giant cannot see the world beneath. But the giant is not disturbed by the scoffing and says: "If I wish, I can crawl upon the earth, but you can never see beyond the clouds!"

At a university meeting Crooks made his famous speech on the world-conception from the point of view of a giant and a dwarf. The scientist drew a remarkable parallel of the refraction of laws in the possibilities of these antipodes. Similar opposite notions are formed around the conception of creativeness, under the personal angle of view of different people. But as in everything, only the greatest measures correspond to this highest conception of life. Thinking of creativeness one must evoke the greatest, the most radiant and the most unifying.

Substance is feeling. Thus creativeness is the expression of the energy of the heart. How beautiful is this mighty energy when perceived, educated and applied to action! How many possibilities not yet realized and not applied by humanity are precipitated into the abyss of chaos. People seldom are aware of the fact that creativeness is expressed not only in mechanical manifestations, but something much greater and far more powerful is poured out for the Common Good of the world. Arrows of Benevolence and Beauty are often understood simply as some ancient symbol! Humanity but recently started thinking of the significance and power of thought and science is only beginning to consider the heart and human radiation!

"Children, love each other"—thus ordain the Highest and the Best. For love one must open and educate the heart. But where is the approach except the key of the Beautiful? Do not spirituality, religious feelings, attainment, heroism, well-wishing, valour, patience and all other fires of the heart blossom in the Garden of the Beautiful?

Not for despair and tears, but for the joy of the spirit have all earthly evidences of Beauty been created. But the joy must be perceived, and how can joy set up its light-bringing shelter, if bereft of the language of the heart? Where else, if not in the heart, is the stronghold of joy?

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FIERY STRONGHOLD

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He who has become conscious of the realm of the heart invariably lands at the shore of creativeness. In whatever way the pilgrim of the spirit expresses his creativeness, in its essence it will be the very same precious gem, of which all best legends of humanity speak. The inspired Meistersinger Wolfram von Eschenbach sings of the same precious stone, of which the immemorial wisdom of Tao speaks.

Unavoidably one has to meet somewhere and somehow! Some day we must cast aside all animal habits. The heart is longing for the Beautiful Temple, for the Heavenly Jerusalem, for the Radiant City of Kitej and for all mountain heights of the Realm of Spirit.

Every departure from the Beautiful, from Culture, has always brought about destruction and decay. On the contrary, every striving towards cultural constructiveness created brilliant epochs of renaissance.

"It does not tire me to repeat to you the same over and over again but it is useful to you," wrote Apostle Paul. And this knowledge of the human spirit does not sound like a stern reproach, but as the smile of wisdom. Yes, until it is engraved on the very brain's tissues, one must affirm the necessity of Culture. One must affirm for all ages, under all circumstances, and to all nations.

As long as Culture is luxury and a Sunday repast, it cannot reconstruct our life. Can the consciousness, in the turmoil of every day life, do without books, without creations of beauty, without the whole multiform Museion—the Home of the Muses?

Culture should enter into everyday life, into huts as well as into palaces. This purified thinking will make clear where is the most necessary, the unavoidable, and where are only the alluviums of passing waves. How benevolent is the touch of the wings of Culture, blessing the cradle to attainment and carrying the passing pilgrim to enlightened consciousness. In undescribable, unutterable ways is the spirit ennobled through the touch of Culture. Not a confused, hazy occultism and mysticism, but the Light of the Great Reality shines there, where the enlightenment of Culture has taken roots.

A friend enters singing a song. The artist expresses the quality of his spirit in paintings. Thus we mutually affirm each other and rejoice at all manifestations of creativeness.

If even beasts are subdued by sound, then how much more are sound, colour and form necessary to the heart of man!

Humanity cannot go on continuing to thrust itself along the way of dismembering and hatred, in other words, hasten to savagery. Stop, stop, the abyss is already close!

Let us gather around the conception of Culture, around the Great Service of Light. Realizing the unity of the Highest Light, we shall also find the ability not to reproach, not to belittle, not to slander, but to praise the Beauty, the Supreme.

Destructive criticism has reached its limit. The dictionary of evil slander and humiliation has grown to intolerable dimensions. But the human spirit longs even in its dungeon for joy, constructiveness and creativeness.

I remember how Puvis de Chavannes found always a sincere, benevolent word for the most different creations. But I cannot forget how another famous artist used to go round all exhibitions but with the foam of bitter criticism on his lip. Once I noticed that he took much longer time in looking at exhibits which he defamed. I noticed that he spent about three quarters of an hour on abuse and only a quarter of an hour on rejoicing. Taking leave of the artist, I said: "I know how to make you stay longer! By things which are detestable to you!" And the abuse of this artist was most refined, but his praise very poor and dry. Of course, in his creativeness Puvis de Chavannes was far higher. Did not the benevolent criticisms of Puvis originate because of his greater creative ability?

Why to disintegrate and act maliciously there, where a general enthusiasm and a general joy of creativeness have been ordained?

Since time immemorial innumerable are the commandments about the Beautiful. Whole kingdoms, whole civilizations were built by this great Ordainment.

To beautify, to ennoble, to uplift life means to reside in the good. All-understanding and all-forgiveness and love and self-denial are generated in the attainment of creativeness.

And should not all young hearts strive to creativeness? And so they do! And plenty of ashes of vulgarity are required to choke this sacred flame. How often can one by the single call: "Create, create," open new gates to the Beautiful.

How much decrepitude is expressed in the fossilized programme;—first I shall learn to draw, then I shall go over to colours, and after this I shall try to start composition. Innumerable are the cases when the flame of the heart was extinguished before the pupil reached the forbidden gates of creativeness!

But how much joy, daringness and vigilance is developed in the consciousness of those who from their childhood dared to create. How enticingly attractive can children's compositions be, before their eye and heart become hardened by the all-deadening conditions of standards.

Where are the conditions of creativeness? In the genuineness, in the imperative tremor of the heart, which calls forth constructiveness. The earthly conditions are of no importance for the creator who has been called. Neither time, place or material can limit this impulse of creativeness. "Even if imprisoned, an artist will become artist"—was one of the sayings of my teacher, Kuindji. But also used to say: "If you have to be kept under a glass cover, then the sooner you disappear, the better! Life has no need for such touch-me-nots." He understood well the significance of the battle of life, the battle of Light and darkness.

A small clerk came to the teacher; the latter praised his work, but the clerk complained: "Family and office stand in the way of my work".

"How many hours do you spend in the office?" asked the artist.

"From ten to five"

"And what are you doing from four to ten?"

"What do you mean, from four to ten?"

"Yes, from four in the morning!"

"But I sleep."

"Well, then you will spend your whole life sleeping. When I worked as a retoucher with a photographer, our work was from ten to six, but the whole morning from four to nine I had at my own disposal. And to become an artist even four hours per day are sufficient."

Thus said the venerable master Kuindji, who beginning as a shepherd boy, through labour and unfolding of his talent reached honourable place in the art of Russia. Not harshness, but knowledge of the laws of life suggested him his replies, full of realisation of his responsibility, full of consciousness of labour and creativeness.

The main thing is to avoid everything abstract. It does not exist in actuality, likewise as emptiness does not exist. Every recollection of Kuindji, of his teachership, both in the art of painting and in the art of life, always brings to memory unforgettable details. How necessary are these milestones of experience, when they bear witness of tested valour and of actual constructiveness.

I remember, how after my graduation at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts invited me as assistant editor of their periodical. My colleagues were indignant at such combination of activities and prophesied the end of my art. But Kuindji firmly advised me to accept the appointment, saying: "A busy person succeeds in everything, an open eye perceives everything, but for a blind man to paint is anyhow impossible." I remember how Kuindji once criticised my painting "The March". But half an hour later he returned, short of breath, having run up to the studio and said smilingly: "You must not be grieved; the ways of art are innumerable, the main thing is that the song comes right from the heart."

Another teacher of mine, Puvis de Chavannes, who was full of well-wishing and inexhaustible creativeness, always called with profound wisdom to self-expansion of labour, and to the joy of the heart. Love for humanity and joy of creativeness were not dead in him, but one will remember that his first steps were not encouraged. Eleven years his paintings were not accepted by the Salon. This was a hard testing stone for the greatness of the heart.

My third teacher Cormon, always encouraged me to individual independent work, saying: "We become artists, when we remain alone by ourselves".

Blessed are the Teachers when they lead with a benevolent, experienced hand towards wide horizons. It is a great happiness when one can remember one's Teachers with the full tremor of a loving heart.

The Teachership of old India, the deep conception of Guru—Teacher, is especially touching and inspiring. Yes, it is inspiring to see how a free conscious veneration for the Teacher exists until to-day. Verily, it forms one of the basic beauties of India. No doubt the same conception existed also amongst the old masters of Italy and the Netherlands and among Russian icon-painters. But in these countries it is already a beauty of the past, whereas in India it is living and will not die out, I hope.

Every spiritual impoverishment is shameful. From the subtler worlds the great masters are watching sorrowfully, grieving over the folly of impeded possibilities. In the articles "Spiritual values," "Revaluation" and "Flame—The Transmutor," we spoke sufficiently about everything that should not be lost at the cross-roads. I cannot forget the deep saying of the deceased friend, the poet Alexander Blok about the Ineffable. Blok ceased to frequent the Religious-Philosophical Society because, as he expressed himself, "they speak there of the unspeakable".

Precisely, there is a limit to words, but there is no limit to feelings, to the capacity of the heart. Everywhere is the Beautiful. All pilgrims of the good, all sincere searchers landed at this coast; people may quarrel ever so much and may even become like beasts, but still they will unitedly be silenced at the sound of a mighty symphony and will desist from all quarrels in a Museum or under the dome of Notre Dame in Paris.

The same love of the heart is evoked when we read in all ordainments of the lightnings of beauty.

The Persian apocrypha about Christ is most touching. "When Christ was walking along with his disciples they came across the carcass of a dead dog, lying near the road side. The disciples turned away in disgust from the decaying corpse. But the teacher found beauty also in this instance and pointed out the beautifully white teeth of the dog".

At the hour of passing, Buddha the Lord remembered:

"How beautiful is Rajagriha and the cliff of the vulture! Beautiful are the valleys and the mountains. Veisali! What a beauty!"

Every bodhisattva, besides all his other abilities, has to be perfect in art also.

The Rabbi Gamaliel says: "The study of the law is a noble work if connected with some art. This occupation leads away from sin. But every occupation, which is not accompanied by art, leads nowhere." And the Rabbi Iehuda adds: "He who does not teach his son art, makes of him a high-way robber". Spinoza, who reached considerable perfection in art, answered indeed to this ordainment of harmonization and ennoblement of the spirit.

Of course, the high ordainments of India also affirm the same basic significance of creative art. "In ancient India Art, Religion, Science were synonyms of *Vidya*, viz. Culture". "*Satyam*, *Shivam* and *Sundaram*, or the Eternally Triune manifestation of godhood in man, immutable, Blissful and Beautiful".

Let us remember the Museion—the Home of the Muses of Pythagoras, Plato and all those great ones who understood the corner-stones of the foundations of life and Plotinus—speaking on the Beautiful!

From the depths of hard experiences of life, Dostoevski exclaims: Beauty will save the world! Ruskin, who has glorified the stones of the past, reiterates the same. A well-known Head of the Church, looking at paintings, exclaimed: "A prayer of earth to Heaven!"

The old friend of all creative searchers, Leonardo-da-Vinci, says: "He who despises the art of paintings, despises the philosophical and refined contemplation of the world, for painting is the legitimate daughter, or better to say, grand-daughter of nature. Everything that exists has been born by nature, and has born in its turn the science of painting. That is why I say that the art of painting is the grand-daughter of nature and is akin to God Himself. He, who defames the art of painting, defames nature."

"The painter must be all-embracing. Oh, artist, may thy multiformity be as infinite as the manifestations of nature. Continuing what God has commenced, strive to multiply not the deeds of human hands, but the eternal creations of God. Never imitate anyone. And may every creation of thine be a new manifestation of nature."

The "stubborn sternness" of Leonardo-da-Vinci, was it not strengthened by the clear joy for the far-off-worlds, by the firm prayer of the heart in Infinity?

How many of the best personalities affirmed the prayer of the heart, the prayer of beauty, of the beauty of creativeness, of victories of Light! From all lands, in all ages, everybody affirms the significance of creativeness, as the leading principle of life. Ancient monuments retained glorious images of Egypt, India, Assyria, of Mayas, China; and are not the treasures of Greece, Italy, France, Belgium, Germany living witnesses of the significance of highest creativeness!

How wonderful that even now, amidst all spiritual and material crisis, we can affirm the kingdom of the Beautiful! And we can do this not as abstract idealists, but being armed by the experience of life, and strengthened by all historical examples and by the spiritual ordainments.

Remembering the significance of creativeness, humanity must also remember the language of the heart.

Are not the parables of Solomon, the *Psalms* and the *Bhagavat Gita* and all fiery commandments of the hermits of Sinai written in this language?

How precious it is to realize that all ordainments lead not to division, limitation, not to savagery, but to the ascent, the strengthening and purification of the spirit!

Dr. Brinton reminded me, that when leaving America in 1930, I told him: "Beware of the barbarians!". Since then many barbarians have broken into the domain of Culture. Under the sign of financial depression many irremediable crimes have been committed within the walls of the spirit.

The lists of dark oppressors, like tablets of shame, have indelibly been recorded on charts of education and enlightenment. Uncultural retrogrades hastened to destroy and uproot much in the field of education, science and art!

Shame, shame! Chicago has no funds to pay the municipal teachers. A church in New York has been sold on auction. In Kansas City the Capitol has been sold in the same way. And how many museums and schools have been closed! And how many hard-working men of science and art have been thrown overboard! Yet the horse races were visited by fifty thousand people! Shame! Shame!

The stones of ancient monuments can cry out against all the apostates of Culture, the source of everything blissful and precious. Do not the scorers of Culture trample their own well-being? Even the blind ones see more than these gloomy servants of darkness.

"Beware of the barbarians!"

Still we cannot be reconciled with an unstable valuta. We can unite only upon the steps of Culture, in the name of everything inspiring, creative, beautiful. Still it will always be considered a good and noble deed to support everything creative and educational. Ascending these steps, we become ourselves enlightened.

Assembling around the Sign of Culture, let us remember how we addressed Womanhood: "When there are difficulties in the home, we turn to the woman. When accounts and calculations are no longer of aid, when enmity and mutual destruction reach their limits, we turn to the woman. When evil forces overcome one, then woman is invoked. When the statistical mind becomes helpless, then one remembers the woman's heart."

And thus now, times are difficult for the universal abode of Culture. And again we hope that the heart of the woman will understand the grief for hampered creativeness, for Culture. She will understand the grief for spiritual treasures and will come to aid in all realms of the Beautiful.

The youth should not be educated upon the walls of despair. When we wrote about the pre-ordained Beautiful Gardens, we did not lure into illusionary domains. On the contrary, we called to the strongholds, affirmed by life.

Especially in the days of distress we must affirm the prayer of the heart to the Beautiful. We must remember that the Beautiful is within the reach of everyone.

To rise from a shepherd-boy to venerated masterhood like Kuindji, or for a remote peasant to become a beacon of science,

like Lomonosov, is certainly not easy. Seemingly nothing helped them! Everything was as if against them, and yet—"Light conquers darkness!"

As children we liked the book *Martyrs of Science*. It is really necessary that there should also be published books on "Martyrs of the Spirit," "Martyrs of Art," "Martyrs of Creativeness".

The life dramas of van Gogh, Gauguin, Rider, Vrubel, Mares and many martyrs for the Beautiful make one more unforgettable ordainment which leads the youth.

When turning over the leaves of the book *Men Who Are Making America*, how many beautiful and convincing examples record themselves forever in memory, Edison, Bell, Ford, Armour, Carnegie, Eastman, Dupont, Schiff, Hammond, a whole host of self-made enlightened men. How many earthly calamities they overcame, only by affirming the truth that labour and creativeness were unconquerable. Looking through the history of Art of America, are we not moved by the strong characters of Rider, Sargent, Whistler, Thayer, Belozza, Rockwell Kent, Davis, Melchers, and all those who by their creative achievements raised the walls of the Capitol of Glory of America.

"Gratitude is the virtue of great hearts." Let us not only remember the glorious names with gratitude, but let us arm ourselves with the whole of their experience in order to confront all destructive forces of darkness.

The experience of creativeness forges all these invincible "Armours of Light" of which the Apostle speaks.

Now is an urgent hour, when one must be armed with all the experience of the past, in order not to surrender the stronghold of Culture.

Now is the time to be aware of the whole spiritual treasure of creativeness, in order to repel with this "Armour of Light" the dark forces of ignorance and to move onwards fearlessly! *Per aspera ad astra!*

Is it not joyful, that we can, notwithstanding varied parties, address every sincere artistic group with the hearty greetings, saying: "Still, despite all kinds of dis-unity, the human spirit turns again to positive constructiveness, when every sincere co-operation is appreciated. Do not many kinds of different flowers grow upon the spring meadows, and are they not magnificent in their diversity?" Does not this creative multiformity manifest in its fragrance the Festival of the Spring, which is celebrated by all people since time immemorial.

Nothing can replace the Divine multiformity. So also in the earthly reflection of Divinity, in Art, multiformity means bounty-fulness of the people's spirit. Amongst the disasters of humanity, we feel the more the value of creativeness.

May constructiveness and the beautiful desire for the Good resound, in other words that, which is to be laid at the foundation of all activities of a cultural man. Every thinking man feels oppressed under conventional divisions, terrible in their insignificance; he is suffocated by the stench of ignorance, by the poison of non-cultureness, which decompose and poison all existence.

Everyone to whom human dignity is dear, everyone who strives towards truly pre-ordained perfection, must naturally work together casting off, as shameful rags, the dictionary of malice and lies, remembering that in the dictionary of Good there are many non-abstract, really vitally applicable conceptions. And how undeferrably these conceptions must be applied in life, in order that the word ceases being an empty sound, but becomes the actually strengthening factor of creative thought.

Everyone, striving towards the good, knows how valuable are all so-called obstacles, which for a virile spirit are only measures of strength, and which in their tension work out but a new and transmuted energy.

It is not yesterday that is being affirmed. One can affirm but the tangibility of the Future. As long as we shall not be convinced in our hearts of the radiant constructiveness of the Future, we shall remain in hazy abstractness. For the future trees are being planted along the roadside, and for the future milestones are being erected. The builder would not put up milestones, if in his heart he would not know whither this path leads.

We affirm—the path leads to knowledge, to the Beautiful, but this knowledge will be freed from all prejudices, and will undisturbedly follow the aims of the Good. We affirm—this road leads to Beauty; and not luxury, nor caprice, but everyday's necessity, will impel the striving and the realization of the Beautiful on all paths. We shall not be afraid of the conception of reality. Those who strive in valour know all conditions of the path.

As the wise ones say: "Before leaving one does not pronounce unkind words." The weak ones will say: the heart became weary, but what lives in infinite love, leading towards realization in discipline of the spirit and in Beauty, will not become weary and overfilled. By tension and the burdening of the heart we increase

our experience. Let us be guided by the beautiful words of the Wisdom of the East :

"Tire me now, load Me better, laying upon Me the burden of the world. "But I will multiply the strength."

"Doest thou hear? The load will blossom with roses and the grass will be garbed in the rainbow of the morning.

"Therefore tire Me.

"When I am nearing the garden of beauty, I do not fear burdens." In wisdom everything is real, and the morning is real, and the Beautiful Garden is real and the burden and weariness of the world and transfigured attainment are also real.

One cannot better conclude our contemplation of creativeness, than by the dedication of Count A. Tolstoi "To the Artist": "But strain more zealously thy spiritual ear and spiritual eye. And as if upon flame of a secret writing faint lines emerge suddenly. Thus will the pictures suddenly emerge before thee. And more vivid will become the colours and more perceptible the paints the harmonious correlations of words will interweave in clear meaning. And ye, at this moment, behold, hearkening thy breath. And afterwards, creating, creating,—recall the fleeting vision."

— —

"A. E."

By Rev. F. H. Aldhouse, M. A.



O be a poet, an agricultural organiser, a newspaper Editor and an economist—and eminent in each of these callings—is the lot of AE. Those who desire to study George Russel otherwise than as a poet can do so in back numbers of *The Irish Homestead*, the *Irish Statesman*, or in his book *National Being*. It is AE the visionary who sees the Shee and the gods and tells us of them in luminous verse of whom I write. In *The Candle of Vision* he tells us of his development.

"I was aged about sixteen or seventeen years when I, the slackest and least ideal of boys, with my life already made dark by those desires of body and heart with which we so soon learn to taint our youth, became aware of a mysterious life quickening within my life. The tinted air glowed before me with intelligible significance like a face, a voice. The visible world became like a tapestry blown and stirred by winds behind it. If it would but rise for an instant I knew I would be in Paradise. Every form on that tapestry appeared to be the work of gods. Every flower was a word, a thought. I said of the earth that we and all things were her dreams:

She is wrapt in dreams divine,
As her clouds of beauty pass
On our glowing hearts they shine
Mirrored there as in a glass.
Earth, whose dreams are we and they
With her deep heart's gladness fills
All our human lips can say
Or the dawn-fired singer trills.

By intuition AE learned that what we see is a veil on the real. In fact, this Irish shop-assistant had worked out for himself the Indian teaching of Maya. AE was certainly later to be influenced by the Dublin Theosophical Society, and no doubt its literature had its helpful uses, but this was not for long. One of the numerous crises arose, the Judge secession had its repercussion in Ireland, and the disappointed searcher AE withdrew from the quarrelsome exponents of Universal Brotherhood. He was for a time a member of an Hermetic Society, but clearly his destiny was to make his own journey alone; a pilgrimage in company is sometimes rather trying, if the others are disputing as to the exact route to be followed—and who is to be master of the Caravan.

I will now quote one of his own descriptions of his power as a visionary. "Once I lay on the sand dunes by the Western Sea. The air seemed filled with melody. The motion of the wind made a continuous musical vibration. Now and then the silvery sound of bells broke on my ear, I saw nothing for a time. Then there was an intensity of light before my eyes like the flashing of sunlight through a crystal. It widened like the opening of a gate, and I saw the light was streaming from the heart of a glowing figure. Its body was pervaded with light as if sunfire rather than blood ran through its limbs. Light streamed from it. It moved over me along the winds, carrying a harp, and there was a circling of golden hair that swept across the strings. Birds flew about it, and over the brows was a fiery plumage as of outspread flame. On the face was an ecstasy of beauty and immortal youth."

In fact, AE had had a vision of Angus Oge. Angus-the-Ever-Young, the Irish god of Love, Beauty, Youth. Others have seen the God, AE has a poet's power of describing him. The dull, drab world of drudgery and profiteering, the vapid thoughts and mean deeds of what men in their ignorance call civilization (?) have not cast their spell on Irishmen; we still follow the Vision Splendid. What William Blake called 'these dark satanic mills' have not dazed us by their dwarfed mentality.

Let wage-slaves toil all day and visit vulgar coarse cinemas at night. We have still the trees and the stars for our companions. Neither the sordid slums of big cities nor the more favourable environment of villia-dom are our mental homes.

What is AE's attitude to Religion? He says:—

"We shall never scale the Heavens, and religions, be they ever so holy, will never open the gates to us unless we are able mightily to open them for ourselves and enter as the strong spirit who cannot be denied. This power might cry of itself to us:—

My kinsmen are they, beauty, wisdom, love;
But without me are none may dare to climb
To the Ancestral Light that glows above
Its mirrored lights in Time.

King have I been and foe in ages past
None may escape me. I am foe until
There shall be for the spirit forged at last
The high unshakable will.

Fear I will rend you. Love I make you strong.
Wed with my might the beautiful and wise
We shall go forth at last a Titan throng,
To storm His Paradise.

I particularly recommend to any who would learn what our mythology is, to study the *Candle of Vision* by AE (MacMillan—London) and especially in the chapter Celtic Cosmogony (page 153) he will learn who our gods are, and their attributes. Of God AE says—

No sign is made when empires pass.
The flowers and stars are still His care.
The constellations hid in grass
The golden miracles in air.

Life in an instant will be rent
When death is glittering blind and wild
The Heavenly Brooding is intent
To that last instant on its child.

It breathes the glow in brain and heart
Life is made magical, until
Body and spirit are apart.
The Everlasting works its will.

In that wild orchid that your feet
In their next falling shall destroy.
Minute and passionate, and sweet
The Mighty Master holds His joy.

Though the crushed jewels drop and fade
The Artist's labours will not cease
And from the ruins shall be made
Some yet more lovely master piece.

AE's message is, live, rejoice, the old Fairy world is about you still, and can be seen and known. Be neither a revolutionist or a reactionary. Love, love truth. All who are real themselves shall know REALITY:—

One charge alone we give to youth
Against the sceptred myth to hold
The golden heresy of Truth.

Drama and Life.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.

IT goes without saying that drama is the best relish of public taste in the modern society. The modern mind is governed to-day not by any state or church, university or academy but by the stage. In every part of the world, whether in the East or in the West, drama draws a large house even in these disastrous days of economic depression. Dramas, specially the problem plays of the great modern dramatists, such as Ibsen, Tolstoy, Galsworthy, Shaw and others, are in varied forms deeply influencing modern thought, whether dealing with social, sex or marriage problems or problems connected with religion and changing conceptions of God. They are bringing constructive contributions to modern life and society.

Though life is compared often with drama, all the essentials of drama are taken from life. Drama externalises the dark struggles of life and society in broad daylight for the education of the public mind. "Dramatic art," says Granville Barker, "is the working out not only of the self-realization of the individual but of society itself. A play is a pictured struggle and reconciliation of human wills and ideals, internecine with destiny or with circumstances." "I am convinced," says Bernard Shaw, "that fine art is the subtlest, the most seductive and the most effective means of propagandism in the world, excepting only the example of the personal conduct, and I waive even the exception in favour of the art of the stage, because it works by exhibiting example of personal conduct, made intelligible and moving to the crowd of an observant, unreflecting people to whom real life means nothing."

Drama at its best is being considered here. For we are painfully aware that the stage now generally sets itself, in the words of Carlyle, to pander to the 'pothouse' taste of the theatre-goers. It is nothing more than an appeal to the senses or a mere means to pleasure. The stage to-day has sacrificed its ideal of social education for a mess of pottage, and to serve its commercial purpose has converted this great educational institution into a place of amusement and pleasure, and money-making business. Their motto, Art for Art's sake, is a misnomer. Dramatic art must be subordinated to life. Drama must bring more abundant life to the audience, or it fails in its purpose. The

mission of drama is to raise the standard of public taste which has so much degenerated in the modern age.

As Viscount Morley says: "Drama at its best is a means of bringing the Infinite into our common life, giving us strength, steadfastness and purpose whether to do or endure." As a matter of fact, every great drama is either a problem play or discussion play. It provokes thought in ordinary man and helps to solve the problem of life in the light of the experiment and experience of others. Every play attempts a solution of problems of life and society in the light of contemporary thought. "The drama implies a conscious effort of the Spirit," says T. H. Green the English philosopher, "made for its own sake to recreate human life according to spiritual laws." "The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of drama," says Shelley, "is the teaching the human heart through its sympathies and antipathies the knowledge of itself, in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind." "Every grouping of life and character," says John Galsworthy to the same effect, "has its inherent moral: the business of the dramatist is so to pose the groups as to bring the moral issue poignantly to the light of the day. An active play is a lively microcosm of human life and society. The ideal drama is to evolve by the subtle way of art a finer mind from the sentient mass and to open the gate of understanding to life's mystery."

"Every dramatist" says Ramsden Balmforth in his *Problem Play* "is in a certain sense a prophet. He foresees the movement of ideas, thoughts, feelings, sympathies and antipathies which are slowly moving the hidden forces of life, and he portrays them on the stage." Like prophets great dramatists are ahead of their generation. They breathe new life and spirit into the moribund and lifeless social body by their prophetic delineations of the personalities of the then rising or coming generations.

But men are 'shallow cups' as Oscar Wilde truly said. The uncultured majority are satisfied with the jingle and jazz of the stage-hall. They do not seem to want to be benefited by the art, yet drama strives to drive home to our hearts that life itself is a play, and we mortals are poor players who fret and fume on the stage of this world for sometime and are heard no more. In the words of Ruskin, drama is the work of the whole creature, chiefly of the soul, and it likewise addresses the whole creature. Most men do not know what is in them till they receive their summons from their fellows; the lethargy of the world's *miasma* and sleep settles upon them. The

main function of drama is to rouse the imagination of man from its palsy, like the angel troubling the Bethesda Pool. Drama in the words of Keats, opens our eyes to the purpose of life and experience with all its sorrows and its sufferings. It develops or creates more intelligent, sane and sound souls. It enables us to pierce more deeply into the reality of things. Drama teaches us to gain by and utilise others' experience, for it is too late generally when we learn by our own experience. Life is a failure if we take it for granted as an experimentation. It may be urged that the average theatre-goer has been demoralised more than before. The drama is not to blame for that. The number of mosques, churches and temples are much more in number than the theatres. But the average man has not been able to better himself by them. For that religion is not to blame.

The dramatists are also in some sense true teachers of the social mind. They try to draw men to the infinite realm of the Spirit. Both the stage and the academy were equally helpful in the creation of Greek culture, the ridge pole of the modern civilization. The problem plays and discussion plays deal with social and economic problems also. Ibsen in his *The Pillars of Society*, *An Enemy of the People*, *A Dolls' House* and *Ghosts* shows that the rights of the individuals are as sacred as those of the state or society. His positive gospel is that man must be given freedom of opportunity for the development of personality. Tolstoy in his *Power of Darkness*, *The Fruit of Culture* and *The Light Signs in Darkness* shows how our society and civilization are animated by this spirit of Mammon and Mars and not by that of God. He exposes the insincerities of church and conventional religion, and pleads that realities of religion must be applied in our industrial, social and political life if civilization is to endure. Tolstoy has dealt many sledge-hammer blows on the society to clear away the existing debris of its effete and decaying order to build on some sound and sure foundations. Shaw's *Major Barbara*, and *Skin Game* are full of scalding satire to modern civilization and religion, which have to use his words, converted this earth into a lunatic asylum for other planets.

The best modern dramas are more psychological than realistic. Some of them are full of world-shaking ideas. Shaw and Ibsen also have thrown a world of Rontgen rays into the sex and marriage problems which confuse and darken the social life today. Ibsen in his *Master Builder*, *When We Dead Awaken*, Galsworthy in his *Forest*, Strindberg in his *The Father* show that the institution of marriage may result in spiritual slavery to false ideals and conventions, hypocrisies and insincerities which stunt and deaden the growth of soul. By portraying the tragedies of

married life he wants to tear away the mask of hypocrisy of our civilization and conventional religion. They have lifted a corner of the veil which hides the Godlessness of European civilization. Love is not sex passion, but sex passion is lust or a physical manifestation of love, the master power of life. Love is not sentimentalism or romanticism. The aim of love at its highest is to spiritualise life. But if sex passion is uncontrolled and misdirected it will debase and brutalise life. Goethe, Schopenhauer, Shelley, Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Wagner, Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Havelock Ellis and others differ in their judgment on this problem, but all unanimously opine that sex passion must be subordinated if we would live life at its best. All best modern dramas discuss some or other of the problems of life and society that beset the modern mind. ethical, religious and philosophical problems included. Who-soever wants to grasp the Maya theory of Hinduism should go through Strindberg's *Dream Play*, which is a vivid description of the same. Karl Gjellerup's (Novel Laureate of Literature in 1917) *The Pilgrim Kamanita* is a beautiful pen-picture of heaven and hell which can beat any philosophical dissertation of the same.

(1) *Problem—Play* by Ramsden Balmforth. George, Allen and Unwin Ltd, London, is a masterly introduction indispensable to the study of the Philosophy of Drama.

In the words of Bernard Shaw, if faith, hope, love, heroism, life and creation are the mysteries of religion and not pews and pulpits, prayer books and Sunday bonnets, copes and stoles and dalmatics, then the mission of drama is the mission of religion also. Religion is co-extensive with life, and there cannot be any water-tight compartments of life and religion. The Greek dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, like the Greek philosophers Socrates, Plato and Aristotle give in their dramas a more human conception of the super-personal supreme spirit against the existing conception of the Parent Spirit as an Almighty Despot. In *The Eumenids* Aeschylus points out that the caverned mystery of life is gentleness, reverence, and understanding love which are mightier than any earthly power. How beautifully he depicts that kingdom of Spirit is within us and not without. Shaw deals hard blows when he points out the spiritual bankruptcy of modern religion and church. "Every genuinely religious person," he says, "is either a heretic or a rebel." If we look back upon human history we shall find how religion has suffered in the hands of the churches which always preach the externals of religion as its essentials. There are infinite varieties of man and circumstances. So the ways of the Life-force (which Shaw prefers to use for God) must be infinite manifestations of the spirit in life. There cannot be any cut and dried path to it as theology dictates. In his *The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet*

Shaw tries to solve the problem of grace. Padres tell us that reverence to conventional beliefs and customs is the gateway to Heaven and is the only condition of grace, though divine grace is always unconditional. Life-force is striving through law of evolution and development through trial and error to redeem its apparent failures and to bring to birth ever higher and more perfect types of life. Like the Upanishadic seers, he says that men are the children of the Spirit, *Amritsyaputrah*, and by identifying with it we can live righteously. The compelling interest of the drama brings a man face to face with the moral situation and moral problems which may generally be overlooked in their own life. Drama makes the spectator an unconscious partner of the play, which lifts drama out of the realm of sensationalism to that of the realities of life. To actual work-a-day life drama brings home the real meaning of the problems of the life,—the problems of heredity, religion, sacrifice, idealism etc. "All these without preaching, without moral tags, without any sloppy sentimentalism, but by the sheer, natural appeal or pressure of a moral situation which, as in a glass, is held up before our eyes." (Ramsden Balmforth). So drama in this respect is an educative factor of society. Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean* may be described as the conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Shaw's *Man and Superman*, *Back to Methuselah* are dramas of creative evolution.

The riddle of life presents itself to the dramatist and the theologian alike. But while the theologian answers the riddle with a cut and dried scheme, the dramatist pictures the ever-varying influence on the human soul and leaves the way open for further interpretation of their mystery. So every great drama always ends with an interrogation. The ways of the Infinite are too vast to be virtually summed up in the code of a church. Drama thus helps us to be free from the creed-bound byways and mazes of theological narrowness and bigotry.

Ernest Renan is reported to have said that the last word in philosophy will come from drama. The eternal mystery which surrounds us must be approached in many ways. The way of reason is science and philosophy; the way of art is picture, poetry, music, and drama and the way of religion is symbol, ritual, chant and ceremonial. Art and parable, poetry and symbol must take their proper place in the education of mankind. Until religion learns to ally itself with Art, Science and Philosophy, it will tend to stray into the labyrinth of narrowness. Drama, like poetry and art, must come to the aid of religion to cure this sickness of present day *Dollar civilization*.

The Hindu Dance.

By James H. Cousins.



A little copper figure recovered recently in the excavations at Mohen-jo-daro in Northern India has been tabulated as a dancing girl. The figure was made some time between 3000 and 5000 B. C. The art of the dance in India is, therefore, of very remote origin.

It is also of very high origin. Early exponents of it were the *apsaras*, dancing angels who entertained the Gods.

But the Gods themselves were dancers. Shiva danced destructively when his consort Parvati suffered celestial death by descending into the realm of matter. He also danced creatively, his hands signalling that law reigns, therefore none need fear. His drum gives the rhythm that keeps the cosmos in motion. Hence he is Nataraja, the Lord of the Dance. Krishna's dance to the melody of his own flute guides the feet of the worlds through external beauty to the Beauty of the Spirit.

Every time drum and flute play together in India, the two sides of Hindu culture, the Saivite and the Vaisnavite, which express on the one hand thought and on the other hand emotion, but not exclusively in either case, come together and declare that life is music: a combination of rhythm and melody; and, conversely, that where life is not melodious (creatively articulate and significant) and rhythmical (orderly, designed and disciplined), it is not true life, and therefore is unpeaceful, a thought with challenging applications to-day.

These cosmic ideas and their subsequent elaboration passed into the asthetical tradition of India ages ago, and give to the most spontaneous and to the most recent expressions of her creative genius the atmosphere of significance which interpenetrates their beautiful and distinctive technique, and in a conspiracy of nobility and purity and aspiration, raises the arts of India, and particularly the art of the dance (which is the basis of the Hindu drama) to the level of a Mystery in the classical sense, and in the sense of early Christian art; that is, a simultaneous emotional expression and mental interpretation of some aspect of the deeper realities of the universe and human life.

The performance of Hindu dances in Geneva on October 4 by Madame Nyota-Inyoka was a completely satisfying demonstration of the exalted creative imaginativeness and nobly beautiful technique of the art. A plain list of her personifications says all

that need be said on the difference between the Hindu dance and other versions of the art of motion: an *apsara* dancing in the paradise of Indra; Parvati, the consort of Shiva; Mara, the temptress of the Buddha; the serpent queen; Kali's dance of destruction; a royal dancer; Radha searching for her lord Krishna; and sending a message to him by a disobedient bird.

For her perfect mastery of her art, but still more for her beautiful reserve of personality, Madame Nyota-Inyoka deserves warm thanks. If she did not rise fully to the majesty of Parvati or the terror of Kali (which is humanly impossible) she never fell below the dignity and chastity of the Hindu dance. Even in her personification of the temptress she herself emerged unscathed from the temptation to mere physical exploitation offered by the theme; and the lightness which she gave to the Radha themes was never trivial but always suffused with the nearest human representation of joyous celestial innocence and devotion of one side of life to other.

Montaignesque Element in Literature.

By W. B. Gokhale.



N abracadabra is not literature. Jargons of words or concatenations of alphabetical sounds do sometimes express some meaning, but they partake of the nature of certain catch phrases, understood expressions or shibboleths of a coterie or society. Though all men talk prose, written prose has a fervour of its own. Spoken prose cannot become literature. To become literature a piece of writing must have a glow or warmth to distinguish it from the hum-drum loose talk of the rabble. Why is it that abstracts of great works, newspaper summaries or committee reports do not interest us beyond a type of information we want to gather from them? The reason is that encyclopaedic treatment is of the nature of a coarse meal which can cram the empty maw but cannot satisfy the palate. A lot of printed matter, hot from the press, pours like a flood upon us every day, but, not all of it gratifies our craving for a refined and palatable literature. It is not all printed pages we are in love with, but a piece of writing that is true literature will at once arrest our attention, will awaken the slumbering brain and command close communion. Such writing is invariably marked by a spirit which may elude the ken but cannot escape notice. It throbs with the life-breath of the writer, or in the words of the celebrated Milton, 'in it is embalmed and treasured up for the use of posterity his precious life-blood'. A piece of writing which is merely a gramophone record is cold, and in its turn leaves the reader cold too. It is the writer's personality, therefore, which labels the writing as pure literature and stamps it as of a class by itself. This is often termed as the Montaignesque element in literature, from the fact that the French master Montaigne was the first to reveal his personality most emphatically in his writing. Such writing is not necessarily argumentative or logical—nay, it is far from it. Montaigne runs away from the subject he begins to deal with. The idea of fear would make him report lions in the path, and this would lead him by a strange association of ideas to the administrative points of the Roman Government. Such are his flights, sudden and fantastic, it would seem, but nevertheless interesting. There is a peculiar pleasure we derive from this illogicality. Most casually he will dwell upon his experiences, his likes and dislikes, his tastes and idiosyncrasies. But what is it one may naturally ask that

makes us interest ourselves in such trivialities as the tastes and dislikes of others? Why should we be interested in affairs that are definitely not ours? And yet it is so. The fact is that it is not much the personal experiences, tastes and dislikes of others that interest us but the way or manner they are brought home to us. A writer is a human being after all, and his affairs if described in a slightly uncommon and interesting manner must interest his readers who are also human beings. Behind the writer is the entire human race of which he is a product and by a few careful touches he so lifts the curtain that the writer begins to identify his interests with those of the whole human race. This way a certain harmony is created between the writer and the reader, and the reader enjoys the music that consequently ensues.

Buffon's interesting statement that the style is the man, or more correctly the style is of the man, is closely connected with this. This personal element can appear only in a limited type of literature most distinctly. It cannot be fitted into any strait jacket with the fullest possible force. Lyric, it has been said, is the cry of youth, but the essay is the communicated meditation of middle age and is best fitted, therefore, for the Montaignesque element.

The essay as such did not exist in English literature before Bacon, and with him too it was far different from what we see of it to-day. But the very fact that Bacon conceived it as loose and undigested piece allowed him to reveal his Renaissance worldly spirit in his writing. Milton comes out forcefully sometimes in his various pamphlets, inspired at bottom with personal motives.

If the 'character writers' are a little cold because impersonal, Defoe and other periodical essay writers amuse us by the homely manner they talk to us. Who would not like the company of the gentle Addison and his celebrated friend Sir Roger? But the Montaignesque element is most conspicuous in Lamb—the Prince of Essayists. The gentle Lamb, meek as his name, 'who ever draws his chair by your side, takes you in his confidence and in a gentle, playful homely and humorous manner wins your friendship for ever. His writings were 'ravings of a mad man' for Gifford—but these ravings! What would not one give to preserve them from perishing! How sweet he is—how gentle! In him if anywhere the style is most emphatically the man.

The Montaignesque element is an inevitable characteristic of literature. The presence of it animates the writing and keeps it cheerfully alive. It is a great element, and it is hardly necessary to say that every great writer in proportion as he is great has this element present in him.

What Should Children Inherit from Their Parents?

By N. G. Srinivasa Iyer M. A., L. T.

As the auld cock crows the young cock learns;
Aye tak' care what ye do afore the bairns.

—Scottish Song.



It may be said in the case of a large majority of children—though, of course, the statement may not go unchallenged—that the influence of their parents on their lives counts very little. The shape and contour of their personality, their physical accomplishments and, sometimes, certain unique family traits are transmitted to children and they, no doubt, amount to a coveted inheritance. But it is not true always that children stand to benefit largely by the mental and moral accomplishments of their parents. A real assessment of the values of inheritance of any shape is possible, on a smaller scale though, only after a scientific investigation. The science of *Eugenics* will offer the necessary help and guidance.

Whatever conclusions we may arrive at as a result of such investigations, from a layman's point of view, we may feel that the parental consciousness descends upon the children in two different lines of influence. There is something of the father and something of the mother in all children. The father bequeaths to them in general an intellectual inheritance with a catholicity of outlook upon life. The mother's bequest is the moral vision and the life of the heart. Neither the one nor the other stands exclusively by itself in great men, who could boast of worthy parents. Intellectual greatness has its foundation deeply laid on the moral stamina, and a complete realisation of life has been possible for such great men only by an effectual combination of both. The one influence, in fact, shades into the other. Vivekananda once said, "I owe my intellectual life to my mother."

As it is, it is a serious question whether the twofold influences are properly implemented in the lives of children. No education is worth the name, if it does not make use of these capital circumstances in the destiny of young men and women. The professionals at school do not care, or are not given opportunities, to study the home influences of children. Experts at mass drilling and oftentimes clever in the art of mere instructing, they little reck how many young ones are crushed under the ponderous wheels of the machine they set going. The mechanical boosting

of classroom work and the fetish of examinations strike at the very root of education. The influences of parents operating on the individual pupils are let alone. They do not shine in use, and the result is a catastrophic dearth of greatness in the educated young men. A dull level of uniformity is all that is achieved in the school room.

If the mechanisation of education is true, it is also largely true that the parents themselves are pathetically averse to strengthening their influences on their children. Most of them are sadly unaware of the basic principles of true education. To them education is schooling. With many children are nuisances at home and the effectual method of getting rid of them for a large part of the day is to keep them at school. How many are there among the parents who welcome the holidays of their children? With many others—fond, loving, doting parents—their attention to children is confined to satisfying their physical or material requirements. They take their children to fairs and festivals, keep a generous outlay on toys, trifles and sweetmeats and provide them with all possible comforts. They are, at best, pardonable vanities in over-fond parents! May God save them! There are others too—the intelligentsia of a superior order, the busy prosperous householders, the big officers, and those of their ilk—what do they do for their children? We do not deny that they are possessed of a genuine desire to see that their children turn out to be as great as they are, either by basking in the sunshine of the official world or by securing a position of name and fame in society. But what actually happens is they do not seek either to create such a desire in children or help them to realise it by themselves. They appoint tutors to look after them in their studies. They provide them with luxuries of all kinds. In fact, they lavish money ungrudgingly on their education. But money is not everything. Would that alone conduce to the proper unfoldment of their children's minds?

What really matters, what really tells in the education of the children, is the direct personal contact which they establish with their parents. They may revere them at a distance. They may hold them as giants in intellect and princes among the personalities of the times. That has very little to do with the adjustments they are going to make in life. To make such adjustments efficient they, the children, must be enabled to strike up an intimate relationship with their parents. They must hold a free *tete-a-tete*, oppose ideas with ideas, and thoughts with thoughts, with their parents. It is the parents themselves that must initiate the children in such intellectual combats with them. Many of them are too much obsessed with the world and its

concerns, and they may not find the time to devote themselves to their children. If it is so, they are unaccountably selfish.

In the matter of educating children, the main responsibility lies on the parents. They it is that draw out the intellect of their children. They may hold long conversations with them on topics of varied depth and interest. Allowing free intellectual rein, they may give them an edifying culture in several ways without the superimposition of ideas. They can induce a stimulus to a selfawakening thought. The dull or interesting platitudes of the school room cannot, by any means, prepare the children's way for a great leap in life. The scintillating flashes of genuine experience radiating from the parents do. 'The virtue of parents is a great dowry.'

A great distinction, even among mankind
The most conspicuous, is to spring from sires
Renowned for virtue. Generous souls hence arise
To heights sublimer and ennobled name.

— *Euripides*.

Suicide.

By T. S. Ramanathan, B. A.



HE evening was chill and gloomy. A cold northwind was whistling through the trees. The sky was overcast with dark and ominous clouds. Now and then, there was a roar of thunder and a gleam of lightning. Trichinopoly with its vaunted civilisation and feeble electric lights, with its silent domes and spectre-towers, trembled like a child before the anger of the skies.

The night was fast gaining ground. The storm raged for an hour, and there was a regular downpour of rain. Wrapped in a shawl, Gopu sat gloomily in an arm-chair of his house. The results of the B. A. Examination were to be published on the morrow. Gopu had written the history papers with exceptional brilliance. He had answered four out of five papers in a manner that would fetch him more than seventy per cent. marks in each. But General Economics, ever his bugbear, as Logic used to be in the Intermediate, had failed him. He hardly hoped to get 30 per cent. in that subject. This was what greatly troubled him. He read the history of the morrow in the tragedy of the night.

There was a rap at the door. Gopu looked up and found the door ajar. Some one had entered and left the room. There was a telegram awaiting him at the table. He took it up with trembling hands, tore it open and found that he had failed in the Examination. The hand-writing of his father-in-law stared out upon him in letters of fire. Gopu looked across the dim vista of distance and saw his young wife at Madras turning her face away from him. He flew to Madura on the wings of imagination and found his father and mother blushing to acknowledge their own son. He had come to the highest rung of the ladder with never a slip, with medals and scholarships. Should he now go out and seek consolation at the hands of his professors? But Gopu knew only too well the fraternity of Professors who would laud a student to the skies so long as he tops the list in the Exam. but would decry him if once he slips. He only knew too well what kind of consolation he could expect from those generous-hearted crew.

In a moment his decision is taken. He leaves the room, bolts the door and goes out into the fields. By this time the storm has subsided. The clouds are giving place before the look of the moon, like ignorance at the approach of illumination. The moon is sailing like a swan in the blue expanse amidst starry

lotuses. The stars are sending unintelligible messages to the croaking frogs below. The sweet aroma of leaves, blending with the fragrance of flowers, plays around his wistful countenance. The melodious breeze communicates mysterious whispers into his unlistening ears. The music of far off hamlets, the song of the railway bridge, the romance of sleeping Cauvery, all are out of tune with Gopu's agony.

The storm outside has subsided, but the tempest inside Gopu is raging. He came for consolation in Nature but he found indifference. He found cruelty where he sought sympathy. His whole being rebelled with impotent fury, unable to shatter the sorry scheme of things. The wisdom of God, the beauty of creation, and the good in Man all tell in the scales of his eyes. Surely God was not in the Heaven and all was wrong with the world. How could the stars be chattering merrily unmindful of man's sufferings in the world? How could the moon be making merry over man's disasters? Could it be that they were more cruel and hard-hearted than his college professors?

Gopu is now standing on the railway bridge that spans the river Cauvery. Down below, the waters are singing lullabies to the pebbly stones. A soft breeze is blowing across the river, wafting the fragrance of the fields. The trees on the bank are tossing their heads in sprightly dance. The fairy moon is making overtures to the slumbering waters for an elopement. The cold bare top of Rock Fort looks mockingly at the frail human being on the brink of committing suicide. Mad from Life's history, glad to unravel Death's mystery, Gopu plunges headlong into the maternal bosom of his mother. A few ripples are caused on the surface, and then the waters close over Gopu.

It is 8 o'clock in the morning. The sunbeams creep through the shutters and flood the room with silvery effulgence. Gopu awakes from his arm-chair and stands stupefied at the spectacle that greets his eye. *The Hindu* is laid out on the table and his number stands blushing like a bride in the first class. Oh! Was it a vision or a waking dream? Gopu has to pinch himself twice before he could awake to the reality of the situation. Surely God is in his Heaven and all is right with the world.

The Domestic Forum.

By S. Ganesha Aiyar.



It was Sunday. Mr. Ramachandra Aiyar, after a hearty meal, had just settled down comfortably in his easy chair to enjoy the paper. He gave one preliminary glance and called out "Kamala, here is news for you." Kamala was his wife. She was just going down to her meal, but stopped short at the summons and somewhat testily asked, "What news?". Her face wore an aggrieved look with a touch of temper. Her husband was slightly taken aback and somewhat timidly drawled out, "Well, the Sarda Act has been passed." Kamala let off an inarticulate but expressive noise, indicative of her contempt and impatience and was about to dart back into the dining-room, when Mr. Ramachandra Aiyar put up a deprecatory hand, and asked her in his most apologetic tones, what the matter was. Kamala, without being exactly mollified, clutched at the opportunity of having her say. "Look here, you are simply intolerable on holidays. To begin with, you get up late and then you dawdle about the house doing nothing—absolutely nothing. I have made myself hoarse bawling out a hundred times that the bath was ready and you wouldn't stir although it was past noon. Here I am slaving all day with nothing but a drop of coffee in the morning." She finished, glancing up at the clock on the wall, and there was a hint of moisture in her eyes. Mr. Ramachandra Aiyar was tender-hearted and felt acutely pained. He got up, and laying a hand on her shoulder said, "I am so sorry, dear. Do go and have your meal. Shall I take you in?" Kamala burst into a laugh, in spite of her mood, and said: "I am not a memsahib to be taken in to dinner by my husband, or any other gentleman". "So, that is made up," said her husband. "You see, when one is filled, one hardly realises that others may be hungry. I am so stupid." "You are," and having shot out this parting compliment, Kamala went in, leaving her husband to his paper. A quarter of an hour later, having finished her meal, and after asking her daughter Saradama (and or twelve) to tidy up the dining-room and kitchen, she went to the mirror, touched up her kunkum, and smoothed out all trace of vexation from her face. She then undid her coiffure, still wet from the morning-bath, and after a shake or two let the rich locks hang loose behind. She then took out her pan-box, and having put some spiced areca-nut powder in her mouth, with a small sheaf of betel in her left hand, and a dab of chunam on the tip of her right fore-finger, strolled up to her husband with a leisurely grace, and slightly leaning on a pillar by his side, asked, "what news in the

paper?" Mr. Ramachandra Aiyar, fully aware of his wife's movements, had pretended to be absorbed in his paper. He now put it aside, and leaning back in the easy chair, gave a roguish smile and said, "Never mind the paper. I want to have a good long look at you."

"What for? Is it my transcendent beauty?"

"Whatever good looks you have is enough for poor me."

"It can't be. Else, you wouldn't bore me with a detailed description of every woman you happen to set eyes on."

"Well, it is an inherent vice of all sons of Adam. You needn't suppose that I am a particularly depraved specimen of the human male. Well, that is neither here nor there. I was just going to say that a few minutes ago you looked a perfect fury, and now—shall I say it?—You look a perfect angel." For answer, she gave him a pat on the cheek.

"Won't you give me another?" But Kamala suddenly dropped her voice and said, "Don't be silly. There is Sarada coming." A bit scared, he looked back in the direction of the kitchen, but there was no sign of Sarada yet. Kamala gave a little laugh at the success of her joke, and said, "Now, really, aren't you old enough to put away these fooleries?"

"Old enough, in all conscience; but 'with thee conversing, I forget all time, all seasons, and their change,' as the noble old English poet puts it. Now, to business. I do really want to have a chat with you about this Sarda Act. Sit down, will you?"

Kamala craned her neck in the direction of the street-door, and, finding it open, went and secured it against any possible intrusion upon their privacy, and came back and squatted down by her husband to enjoy a delightful *tete-a-tete*. The Sunday afternoon *tete-a-tete* was dearly prized by Kamala, and she was furious with any of her husband's friends who called unseasonably and deprived her of it. The pair made themselves perfectly comfortable and resumed their conversation. Mr. Ramachandra Aiyar prefaced the discussion by saying: "You see there is a lot of fuss being made about this Act. There is no end of meetings (of women too!) and speeches and writing to the newspapers. I want to get at a few home-truths. I feel I can't do it better than by talking the subject over with an intelligent lady like yourself."

"Intelligent, by God! You forget you have so often teased me with being 'an un-schooled, and unlessoned girl.'"

"That was long ago, when I was a callow youngster. I have since learned to appraise things more justly. At any rate, the

school and the lesson are perfectly irrelevant here. What is wanted is experience, sound common sense, freedom from prejudice and pre-possession and a sweet reasonableness."

"A formidable array, which no mortal ever had together. Assume that I have them and go on. Now, will you tell me what the advocates and the opponents of the reform have to say for themselves?"

"First, let us take the advocates. For one thing, they say that this Act will have the effect (though only to a small extent) of reducing the number of widows in the country—especially child-widows. That is an advantage, so far as it goes, is it not?"

"I quite agree. Childhood is the most precious and the most beautiful period of life, and anything which keeps off this terrible blight from a young child's life, even for a time, is to be welcomed."

"The most important benefit claimed for the Act is that it will check premature motherhood."

"Undoubtedly, but fourteen is too low an age-limit."

"They hope to raise it later. This is only a first step."

"It is a wonder to me that people don't realise the vast importance of this matter. I think a girl should grow up in body and spirit, in the fullest freedom, unsophisticated by any idea of sex or marriage, until she arrives at ripe womanhood."

"Like Wordsworth's Lucy."

"Like whom?"

"Oh, I was just reminded of a little poem, in which the poet draws a picture of a little girl growing up in the bosom of Nature, and gradually unfolding herself into perfect womanhood."

"Now, let us turn to the opponents of the reform."

"Well, their fundamental position is dogmatic. They say that post-puberty marriage is unshastric and that is enough. They don't go into reasons."

"But, the Shastras are based on reason."

"They don't even grant so far. Perhaps, if they set about it in the right way, they can find a reason. Let us start with the fact that we have the institution of pre-puberty marriage among us. How did it arise?"

"After all (I am not talking flippantly), Shastras are but codified custom."

"I think, in its origin, pre-puberty marriage was a purely Brahmin institution, and has been unintelligently copied by a few

of the other classes. Now, we have to go back to a very remote past and consider the function of the Brahmin in the scheme of Society. He was to be the teacher of the human race, and, as befits a teacher, a noble austerity was required of him. He lived for the service of others, and had nothing to do with the demands of the flesh. The end and aim of life was duty, not happiness. Conjugal or family love had no existence for him. His was universal love. But, for the perpetuation of his race, he had to beget children, and to beget children, he married. His marriage was not based on love. He neither loved, nor expected to be loved, by his life-partner. She was only his collaborator in a necessary function. It was essential that his mate should be actuated by the same ideals as himself. Now, let us follow the Brahmin in his quest of a bride. With his uncompromising ideas about sex-love, whom would he choose? Certainly one whose tender age was a perfect guarantee that her heart was uncontaminated. He would bring home such a bride, to grow up in a knowledge of those ideals to which his life was dedicated, to become, in time, his true help-mate."

"It seems such a noble ideal. Why should we give it up?"

"But the ideal is not satisfied by marrying your girls at eight or ten. You have to live the life of the ancient Brahmin,—the life of poverty, simplicity and selflessness, and that is anything but what the modern pleasure-loving, money-grabbing Brahmin is capable of."

"So, it is sheer hypocrisy for the modern Brahmin to talk of the ancient ideal?"

"Emphatically."

"You have spoken of the ideal of non-love. Is there nothing to be said for the opposite ideal, the ideal of free-love?"

"A good deal. It is the love that spurns and scoffs at all human institutions and lives for itself, the love that cries out, 'Annihilate both space and time, and make two lovers happy'. But—"

"But what?"

"But such love is not for all men or for all women."

"Love is a divine spark, but dangerous if uncontrolled."

"Now that brings us to our proper ideal. I may, perhaps, explain myself by a simile. Imagine a river-bed perfectly dry at one season. That is the ideal of non-love. Imagine the same river, at another season, in full flood, overflowing its banks and perhaps making havoc of everything within its reach. That is

the ideal of free-love. Between the two extremes, we may imagine the river flowing peacefully along, brimming, it may be, but still within its banks. That is the proper ideal. 'The Gods approve the depth, but not the tumult of the soul'. It is the opinion of certain shrewd western observers, that some of the best and happiest marriages are to be seen in India. The observation is true enough, but the true significance of the matter has not been understood. Bring back to your mind what I said a little while ago about the ancient Brahmin ideal. Due to centuries of tradition, the Brahmin girl has, in her very blood, certain rare virtues—chastity, self-control and self-denial, together with a rich capacity to love, which, under the ancient ideal, was freely bestowed upon all. Could these virtues die out? They have not and to-day they run in the blood of every Brahmin girl. With the disappearance of the old ascetic ideal, all this hoarded virtue is available for the home and the family. Is it any wonder, then, that the Brahmin girl makes the ideal wife?"

"Right!"

There was a flush of pride and joy on Kamala's face. And, here, we may take leave of the happy pair.

The Tantra of the Great Liberation

HYMN TO SHAKTI

I

O, She that loves great Dionyssos
Is Kama
Because She came
To the secret place
In the Blue Peak of the Great Mountain
For Desire
And because She destroys and restores
The body of Desire.
As play She creates the Universe
Or She destroys the ground
Of the Great Illusion.
She is Kumari
The enjoyer
And not to be enjoyed
As She is One with the Yogi
Who is the enjoyer.

II

She is Kalaratri
Night of Darkness
Because She was born from Darkness
And went to the Blue Mountains
To perform penance.
She is Kalavati
Possessor of all the arts,
And Kala-mala
Garland of the Arts.
I adore the Primeval One
Whose body is the hue of the dark rain cloud!
Upon whose forehead the Moon gleams,
The three-eyed One,
Clad in crimson raiment.....
Whose two hands are raised

One to dispel fear
And the other to bestow blessing.....
Who is seated on a red lotus in full bloom
Her face radiant
Watching Maha-Kala
Who drunk
With the delicious wine of the maduka flower
Is dancing before her !

III

Let me offer
The lotus of my heart for Her seat!
The ambrosia trickling
From the lotus of a thousand petals
For the washing of Her feet
And my mind as Arghya !
Let me offer
The essence of the ether
To be the raiment of the Devi,
The essence of scent to be the perfumes,
My own heart and vital airs,
The essence of fire
And the Ocean of nectar
To be the flowers,
Incense,
Light,
And food offerings of worship !
Let me offer
The sound in the heart-center
For the ringing of the bell,
The essence of the air
For the fan
And the functions of the senses and restlessness
of the Mind
For the dance before the Devi !

IV

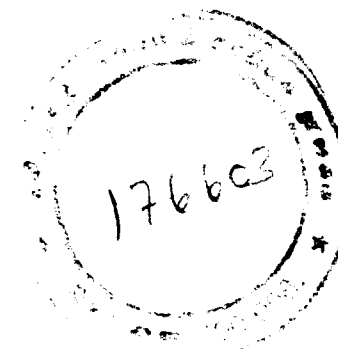
The Goddess, the Guru, and the Mantra Are One.

The letters of the Mantra are the Goddess
The Goddess is in the form of the Guru
Guru above
Devi in my heart
The mala-mantra resplendant on my tongue
Myself united with the glory of the Three!

v

Rosary, my rosary,
You are the thread on which my lives are strung !
You are the Goddess in the flaming Lotus
You are the Highway to Her meeting place !
You are the Power, the occult Venus,
You are the brilliance of the golden petals !
You have kindled the sacrificial fire
And brought as offerings to the sanctuary
The enemies of Truth as mental sacrifices !
You have made my restlessness dance before Her
altar
As the footsteps of the ages pass unheard !

—*Nilla Cram Cook.*



Dawn.

Sky kisses earth in many tender showers,
And shadows chase the light from tree to tree ;
Dew glistens in the heart of swaying flowers,
And swoons away in dreams of purity.

Green parrots shrill a welcome to the morning,
While joyous swallows swoop across the air;
The raucous frogs croak out their noisy warning
To careless flies now darting everywhere.

Bright leaves make music in the dawning breezes,
The little birds are twittering of their love ;
The rainbow light born in the east increases;
Pools mirror forth the radiance from above-

A wave of adoration bends the grasses ;
The raindrops shimmer with the golden sky ;
Amid the boughs a thrill of worship passes
As on the world the dark begins to die.

At early dawn our hearts are over-swelling
With rapture at the vision that we find.
O world! Thy beauty over-passes telling,
God's precious garment, woven of His mind!

Duncan Greenlees.

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