

he young citizen

1-16 NO. 7. to 12.

July. to Dec. 1941.



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Registered M. 4280

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Stand aside in the coming battle and though
thou fightest be not thou the warrior.

Look for the Warrior and let him fight in
thee.

Take his orders for battle and obey them.

Light on the Path

TO SERVE

To Serve is the crown of human life. The fortunate ones, eager to serve, find one to whom they can render service, and joyfully enrol themselves as helpers. To each young citizen I would say -

Look around you for some one who is greater than yourself, who, to some extent, embodies that which you fain would be. Hero-worship is uplifting and inspiring; it purifies the heart, ennobles the character, and stimulates the energy. Serve your Hero in every way you can, and pay him that truest flattery which is imitation. Joyfully will he help you to find one greater than himself, and your practice with him will increase your capacity for service. Work well done with the lower is the passport to higher Service, and each rising presages the one beyond. Happy are they who have found their Master and their work. Happy are they also who are still seeking, for they who seek shall find.

—A.B.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN



Incorporating
THE .YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

July 1941

Vol. XVI, No. 7

It is glorious to live in this critical time and to offer ourselves joyfully as channels for "The Power that makes for Righteousness," by whatever name we may call that Power. Service is the true Greatness, living as we do, in a world in which so many suffer blindly and resentfully, a world which sorely needs the help of all who love.

—ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

"ASALA"

WITH deep reverence and gratitude do we dedicate this issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN to one of the greatest citizens of the world for all time, the Lord Buddha, who exemplified His world citizenship by surrendering to the world itself the fruit of His Liberation. Disenchained though He became from earthly shackles, so great was His love of His fellow-creatures that He resolved to remain with it, but not of it, until every unit of life in it likewise attained its liberation.

On the full-moon day of *Asadha* (July), in the Deer Park, now known as Sarnath, near Benares, the Lord Buddha, after attaining His Liberation and entering into Nirvana, preached His first sermon, the *Dhammachakkappavattana Sutta*, in which He showed the Way to the Kingdom of the Law that He established on an eternal basis of Righteousness, and explained "for the first time the Four Noble Truths

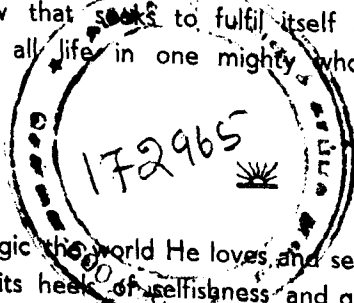
and the Noble Eightfold Path, expounding the great Middle Way—the life of perfect righteousness, which lies midway between the extravagances of asceticism on the one hand and the carelessness of mere worldly life on the other."



The Lord Buddha brought home to man the eternal truth that within his own being lies imbedded the Light he needs to illumine his way and that within him is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He unfolded the vision of the path that leads to the discovery of this Light within even as He had discovered it for Himself through many a life of strenuous endeavour.

But the unique gift that He has bequeathed to the world is "the gift of the Law," that eternal, immutable Law in nature "which moves the sun and the stars as the Law of Evolution, and moves too in the hearts of men as the Law of Love." Many are the ways in which this Law reveals itself in the world of men. It reveals itself as the Wisdom of the East and as the Science of the West, as the Harmony of the Artist and as the Polity of the Statesman. Blessed indeed is he who is able to perceive the working of this great Law without, and seeing its immutability would turn *within* to realize the self-same Law that *seeks* to fulfil itself as Love, that most potent force uniting all life in one mighty whole amidst the diversity of manifestation.

How tragic the world He loves and serves should seem to trample down under its heel of selfishness and greed all that this Law implies and enthrone in its stead cruelty and exploitation, ugliness and untruth!



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If all is not well with it today, it is not because the Law has ceased to operate any more, but because man has sought to prostitute the good, the true and the beautiful to ignoble and selfish ends, thus accentuating the evil of difference that leads directly to greed and competition and the seeming victory of might over Right. It would appear as if the world has gone too long and too far along its self-chosen path of suicide. This accumulation obviously has come to the end of its possibility. Thus, therefore, has the cauldron burst (and well indeed is it that it should be so), for the great good Law admits of transgression by man but to a limit, and the present overwhelming darkness seems the high watermark of the world's distress. And so, the dawn of a bright and happy day is near at hand.

That day will not be what we hope it to be unless man revises his sense of values and throws off his complacency in his self-wrought false security. If the Law is not to break him again, he should base his life on those great principles of the Noble Eightfold Path: Right Belief and Right Thought, Right Speech and Right Action, Right Means of Livelihood and Right Exertion, Right Memory and Right Meditation.



How tragic, too, that India, the spiritual Mother of the world's nations, should lie so low as indeed she does today! Her manifold ills are due to the flagrant denial of the good Law that a Flower of her own humanity vouchsafed first unto her. A house divided against itself, wrong ideas of rights and prerogatives on the part of her children, an utter disregard of their obvious duties to themselves and to a world in distress, and a wilful blindness to perceive the Right,—this is the picture that India presents herself today.

The Noble Eightfold Path, the great Lord Buddha's concept of the Law as the underlying basis of all life and action, not only is a revelation

to His immediate followers and religionists, but has a world-wide meaning to all peoples of the world, particularly to those young citizens whose task it undoubtedly will be to reconstitute the world. The Light the Lord holds out to stricken humanity is not the exclusive possession of any one class or nationality, but is at once the assurance and the hope for all humanity: "The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All will reach the sunlit snows."

—M. S.



RETURN TO RELIGION

It is strange indeed in these days when sacred edifices, sacrosanct ideas are toppling down in confusion and amidst the noise and dust of battle, that within the hearts of many there is a blind clinging to things out-moded and outworn—orthodoxies which have aimed at protecting the few at the expense of the many or of exalting the elect and pushing the already sunken heads of the few deeper into the mires of ignorance. It is with happiness that one reads of the growing idea of a return to religion as the basic cure for wrong education, for in the West we read of Their Graces of Canterbury and York making, at last, real steps towards religious education in the schools as the basis and not merely as an accompaniment of education. In India we have Sir S. Radhakrishnan and other prominent patriots declaring the same thing.

Yet there is a danger that once more the old authorities will be imposed, the old narrownesses will be practised and what should be one of the greatest steps to human freedom will be a fetter—heavier, almost, than war itself. How are we to know what is in the hearts of those who advocate the "return to religion"? How are we to know that it is not a mere snatching at an opportunity caused by the stress of war to re-establish the power and the position of the priest and the organized "churches"—in whatever religion? At present it is perhaps too soon,

and the position too confusing, to judge with clarity, but it is for every young citizen to express himself freely upon this theme, delving deeply into his most ardent nature to see what religion really is and what it means to him and to his world. Youth could not, so it seems, prevent the tragedy of war—let youth at least see that there is not once again a "tragedy of peace."



Can India help? Yes, she can, for in India there are great and wonderful religious traditions which are perhaps the most splendid the world has ever seen. She can show what real religion and its practice means—how it can be joyously incorporated as part of life and education—how it can be free to every man, woman, child and animal. One may well say, "What of orthodoxy?" But because of the stringent orthodoxy of India there has been preserved the true nature of the true religion of Hinduism. There are great abuses of this orthodoxy, there are those who still hold to those senseless privileges of caste without being willing to observe the sensible rules by which the caste is a reasonable and helpful unit to others. There are those who possess money who should not do so as there are those who, able to possess money, abuse its uses and hoard it away for selfish purposes, even being charitable to promote their own good names. There are those who withhold the greatest of privileges from their lowly (?) brethren and prevent them from entering the places of worship.

Yes, there are many, many abuses—but above all these stands the great fact that purified from these, India is the true home of the religious spirit, and it is the duty of all Indian young citizens to see that spirit upheld in freedom, in tolerance, in beauty and refinement, for after this terrible conflict, India must be in a position to spread her many coloured wings and enfold the world in comfort, in blessing, in healing

and in aspiration. India must be the Mother of Compassion to the world. Has a mother choice amongst her children? Does a mother notice the faults of one child and the virtues of another and love only the virtuous? Can a mother promote her own ends at the expense of her children? Is she exclusive, proud, hard or unforgiving? And lastly, is she afraid that her power over her children is waning, that they will love her less as they grow to freedom and manhood? No, a mother is universal in her love, protection and care—and so is it with religion and the true home of religion, which is this Holy Land of India.

—A. E.

The Masters

By A DISCIPLE

LET us this month take for our contemplation that august group of superhuman Men, who are vowed to the Service of the World, to the helping of Humanity. Clothed in bodies of flesh but with the Spirit free, bound in those bodies by physical limitations but using them as houses to dwell in not as prisons to be fettered in, this wonderful group, each in closest touch with all the rest, though living thousands of miles apart, scattered over the world, this group of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion exists for the helping of man.

Guardians of the World, They are sometimes called, because the world is divided into areas, each of which is

under the care of a Master. They set up and pull down the so-called leaders of the people; They select and reject the candidates for great offices: Kings and statesmen, generals and politicians, are the pawns in Their mighty game. The game is Evolution, and its end is the Redemption of Humanity from ignorance into knowledge, from slavery into freedom, from darkness into light, from death into immortality. To Them goes up perpetually the ancient prayer:

From the unreal lead me to the Real.
From darkness lead me to Light.
From death lead me to Immortality.

Wherever that prayer is breathed,
Their ears are open to it. Wherever

man's heart aspires, Their hearts respond.

Elder Brothers are They—it is the title They gave Themselves, when Their disciple and messenger, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, came out into a mocking world to declare once more that They lived and loved. They are 'Brothers' because They have realised the One Self, and know that the Self who lives in Them lives equally in the lowest and the vilest, though wrapped in a thicker and more opaque veil. They are 'Elder' because They have hastened on along the road of evolution more rapidly than we with our feeble steps, and, being thus ahead of us, They, our Elders, can aid our faltering feet.

Masters They are, because some of Them take pupils, whom They train to be Their helpers in the Service of the World. They lead these pupils along the road which They Themselves have trodden, and just because They have trodden it, They are able to guide Their pupils. They know its pitfalls and its difficulties; They have faced and overcome its dangers; They have suffered, so can help the suffering; They have triumphed, so can lead to victory.

Who are the Masters? They are men who have evolved during past ages through hundreds of lives like our own; They, in the past, lived and loved and wrought and toiled as we are living, loving, working, toiling, now. They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; They belong to our own humanity, and differ from us in nothing save that They are older and more advanced than we are. They are not placid Gods in a far-off heaven. They are men on our earth, who have conquered death, who have won Immortality. By treading the Path

of Holiness, They have reached perfection. They have achieved freedom. They live in the Eternal. But being perfect, They remain to help us who are imperfect; being free, They have put on the chains of Love which bind Them to suffering humanity; having realised Eternity, They stay amid the shadows of time until we also realise. They have opened the gateway of Bliss, and They hold it open, standing beside it, that we may all enter in before Them, for They, who were the first to achieve have made Themselves the last to enjoy. O perfect Love!

You might think that men would love Them for Their great love to them. But that is not so. The world loves its own, and hates those who are of Their world. The world scoffs at the idea of Those who are so utterly unlike itself. The world mocks and derides Those who would help it, and calls Them ill names, nay, disbelieves in Their very existence. When one of Them comes out He is persecuted, since the greatest Teacher came as "the Christ," and was murdered by those whom He sought to help. The world gave the hemlock-cup to Socrates. It struck off the head of Paul. It chased Muhammad from home as fugitive. It burned Bruno at the stake. It has slain its prophets, tortured its benefactors, trampled underfoot its teachers. It has ever a crown of thorns for its Christs, and saves its thieves while it crucifies its Saviours. So if any of you, Youths and Maidens, would tread the Path of Holiness to its ending, you must make strong your hearts, you must be ready to

Endure, endure, be faithful to the end.

THE NOBLE EIGHTFOLD PATH

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace
By lower or by upper heights it goes.
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence ;
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate ;
In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath ; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the King within ;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behaviour*. Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow ;
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
May tread them which have done with earthly things,
Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,
Right Rapture. . . .

Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these ;
Make golden stair-ways of your weakness ; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities.

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Entering the Path. . . .

—From *The Light of Asia* (Sir Edwin Arnold)

Think Audaciously

[This article was found among our old files. It was originally intended to be used in the *Advance Australia* and its then Editor, Dr. G. S. Arundale, had jotted this note: "a fascinating article from an American journal the name of which we regret to have mislaid. We shall gladly acknowledge our indebtedness." The theme of the article, we believe, will be fascinating to the young citizens.]

FIRST of all, you've got to form the habit of thinking about problems audaciously, even extravagantly. Let me tell you a couple of stories to illustrate what I mean. One of the companies that make automobiles asked us to look into the problem of painting an automobile.

"How long does it take you to put a car through the paint shops?" we asked.

"Thirty-one days," they answered.

"All right," we said; "let's start by trying to find some way of finishing a car in an hour!"

They threw up their hands in holy horror.

"It can't be done!" they said.

"Why not?"

"The paint won't dry."

"Is there anything you can do to hurry the drying?"

"No."

"All right; then let's get another kind of paint."

So we looked around, and finally we found a certain sort of enamel-like paint which is used on little metal objects—matchboxes and toilet articles and the like. We tried spraying it on to the side of a car with an air brush; and

the only trouble was it dried so fast that if you didn't hold the brush right close to the car, the paint would be hard before it hit the surface! Well, to make a long story short, we actually did finish a car in about an hour. Of course, it wasn't exactly a handsome job; but it laid the foundation for some real results. And the point I want to make is that we never would have obtained those results if we had started to cut the thirty-one days down to thirty days, or to twenty-five days. But by starting extravagantly, by saying, "Let's cut the thirty-one days down to one hour," we did get somewhere.

Or, take another example: I used to be connected with the electric lighting industry, and I attended a good many of the National Electric Light Association's conventions. I can remember the time when the fight between the electric light and the gas lamp was a draw.

The electric light fellows said to the public: "All you have to do is to press a button." Whereupon, the gas fellows came back with a mantle and apparatus you could also work with a button. So for five years they pulled along, neck and neck, and in those five years the efficiency of the incandescent lamp increased only about five per cent.

Well, at a meeting at Chicago, a gentleman sitting in the rear of the room who wanted to project a little frivolity into the discussion, got up and said, "I have a solution of our electric light problem. All we have to do is to make a lamp three hundred per cent better than the one we have. Then

there won't be any gas light competition."

Of course nobody paid any attention to him, because they just knew it couldn't be done. For if, in five years there had been only a five per cent improvement, why, by the time there could be a three-hundred per cent increase in efficiency we would all be where there aren't any artificial lights at all. Besides, what would become of the electric light companies, if the lamps were made three hundred per cent more efficient? People would need only one third of the current to get the same amount of light, and all the electric light companies would go broke. At least, that was the way the argument ran, and the meeting broke up in gloom.

But, within five years of that meeting, the tungsten lamp had arrived and it was three hundred per cent as efficient as the old carbon lamp. But it was commercially impractical. You remember those first tungsten lamps: if you sneezed before you got them into the sockets, the filaments broke. So the old-timers said: 'Well, you've got it, but you can't make it commercially successful.'

Why did they say that? Because metallic tungsten is one of the hardest metals we have. It has about the same ductility as window glass, and to draw it into a filament for a lamp was regarded as a physical impossibility.

But real scientists don't have any word in their language that means 'impossible.' So a group of them got on the job, and in five or six years of very patient work they had done the thing which everybody knew 'couldn't be done.' They drew metallic tungsten

into a wire; and that gave us the modern lamp, which is many times more efficient than the carbon lamp—and the filaments do not break.

As for the electric light companies, instead of going broke they are doing more business than ever; because when people can get three hundred per cent more of a thing for the same price, they are going to use it much more freely than they did before.

We made progress on the paint problem when we started out to cut the time from thirty-one days down to one hour; just as the electric light people made progress when they quit monkeying with five per cent improvements in five years and set out to make a three hundred per cent improvement in one year!

A good illustration of what I'm driving at is the story of the Atlantic cable. Scientists told the cable people that what they needed to make their cable really efficient was some material that would take up more magnetism than iron does. A good many engineers said very positively that such a material could not be found. Within six or seven years, scientists had been able to increase the susceptibility of iron to magnetism by only about seven per cent; and here were people that wanted a several hundred per cent increase—for that's what they really needed. It just 'couldn't be done!' and that was all there was to that.

But someone with an audacious mind attacked the problem by trying different alloys. Of course that was flying directly in the face of all scientific knowledge—everyone knew positively that adding nickel to iron, for example, reduced iron's magnetic powers. But

the experimenter kept on; he started with ninety-nine per cent of iron and one per cent of nickel; and he kept adding one per cent of nickel and reducing the iron by one per cent. For a while, the more nickel he added to the mixture, the less susceptible it was to magnetism; and he had plenty of folks to say to him, "I told you so."

However, he went right ahead; and when he had a mixture of something over sixty per cent nickel, the combination showed a susceptibility to magnetism many times that of iron! The chorus of the scientists stopped short, and a cable built up of this iron-nickel combination is about to be laid across the Atlantic.

You can't think audaciously if you are going to keep on being held down by all your old prejudices and preconceptions. A lot of the things we are absolutely sure about, just aren't true at all. When you are willing to admit that, you have taken the second step in developing the spirit of scientific research.

Here's an example: Suppose ten years ago you had written a letter to all the leading automotive engineers in the

country and asked them: "Why is kerosene a poorer fuel for internal combustion engines than gasoline?" They would have told you the answer right away. They knew all about it. "Kerosene is not as volatile," they would have said: "it has a higher specific gravity," and so on.

Well, we got to experimenting, and we found out two things right away that upset some of the established beliefs: 1. That sulphuric ether, which is the most volatile liquid we have—much more volatile than gasoline—makes an engine knock worse than kerosene does. 2. That, if we used kerosene and mixed it with air, ten degrees below zero, it worked just as well as gasoline.

In other words, after three years of experimenting, we had got far enough to know at least one thing, and that was that everything that had been positively 'known' on the subject before was positively wrong. Specific gravity had nothing to do with the problem. It was a question of the molecular make-up of the fuel used: the whole problem was to get the molecule to break down in just the right way.

A Reincarnated Work

THIS beloved Motherland of ours needs all the help that everyone of her citizens, young and old, boy and girl, man and woman, can give her. It is in this Besant Theosophical School that you are learning to follow in the

footsteps of Dr. Besant, the greatest Indian citizen that India has known for many a century," remarked Dr. George S. Arundale, at the reopening of the Besant Theosophical School and of Kalakshetra, on June 23.

The occasion was marked first by a customary offering of worship to Saraswati.

Congratulating Dr. Arundale on his re-election to the Presidentship of The Theosophical Society, the Headmaster of the School, Sri K. Sankara Menon, said: "I cannot say how happily I congratulate you, Sir, because we are your children and in a sense we owe everything that we have to you. We wish to offer today our most affectionate and loyal devotion here in the School itself, and later on when some of us who are very young reach maturity in the service you would have us do."

Dr. Arundale was in a reminiscent mood when he commenced to respond to the greetings offered to him. Recalling his educational career in India dating from 1903, thirty-eight years ago, under the blessed auspices of Dr. Besant whose memorial this School was designed to be, he recollected how the fresh terms in the Central Hindu College in Benares always used to commence with such worship to Saraswati and what marvellous inspiration such occasions used to offer. "I always say that many of the most happy years of my life were spent in Kashi. I hope I may have more years to spend here in this reincarnation of Dr. Besant's great educational work."

Shrimati Rukmini Devi, offered a very hearty welcome to all present, and especially to "Mr. Jinarajadasa, another great lover of Education and lover of the young and to Dr. Maria Montessori whom we are really very fortunate to have here. Nowhere in the world has any School had such help as the Besant Theosophical School is receiving

from her. Here she is creating many new things and trying out many new methods. She is not here because she wishes to popularize her method, but because she wants to serve India. The Besant Theosophical School is the first institution in India to have received her help."

Welcoming visitors and parents, Rukmini Devi hoped that they would continue to remain friends of this work, for, "We are all working idealistically for a Cause instead of for ourselves. Everyone here is dedicated to the Cause of Education, to the Cause of Youth, to the Cause of the Motherland, and everyone hopes to do his best to bring into being the blessing of her in whose name this School is founded."

Addressing the children, Rukmini Devi affirmed that it was for them that the School existed. It was their home. She hoped that they would be happy in this institution, adding her assurance: "We will do our best to make you happy—not a selfish happiness but a happiness that comes from bringing happiness to others who need it, for that is the best way of finding happiness for ourselves."

Thus, with the blessings of the great Goddess of Wisdom, Saraswati and with the good wishes of all assembled, the Besant Theosophical School and Kalakshetra enter upon another year of activity. THE YOUNG CITIZEN offers its greetings to both these institutions and earnestly hopes that during the year they will receive increasing support of and patronage from those who believe that the future of our Motherland rests with the children under training in these institutions today.

The Course of the War

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

IN 1935 this terrible Armageddon began, for in that year Italy invaded Ethiopia. And then with awful speed the world tumbled into ruins. In 1936 began the fratricidal conflict in Spain from which Spain has never recovered and perhaps never will. In 1937 Japan started her unholy attempt to kill China—the beginning of her own undoing. And so the cauldron of unrighteousness was being brought to the boiling point by the growing fires of evil-doing.

In 1938 Hitler shows that hand which for years he has been fitting with the iron of War. He invades Austria, laughs at Chamberlain in the fine old town of Munich, swallows the Sudetenland, and finally roars with laughter as he signs with France a non-aggression pact!

In 1939 he laughs again as the British Prime Minister declares that Hitler does not want a crisis, and immediately proceeds to recognize the Franco Government in Spain and then to take the remainder of Czecho-Slovakia. Having done this Hitler then goes on to seize Memel and to connive at Italy's occupation of Albania.

All Britain and France are able to do is to pledge their assistance to various countries which seem to be threatened—first to Poland, next to Rumania, and Greece, and end up by telling Germany to be careful.

But Germany is all set for the conquest of the world.

In the same year in which the pledges and the warnings are being given

Hitler first denounces the Anglo-German naval treaty whereby the naval armaments of the two countries are limited, and then his treaty of non-aggression with Poland which was to last for at least ten years. What a joke it must have been to Hitler to make these denunciations just at the same time as he was offering non-aggression treaties to Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark—all of which were rejected except by poor helpless Denmark.

Then comes a pact with Russia,¹ followed by the virtual submission of Estonia and Latvia. So all is set for the fateful September 1st on which day Hitler begins his invasion of Poland. The British and the French again tell Hitler to be careful, but since Hitler pays no attention whatever to the warning, the new World War starts at 11 a.m. on September 3rd with a declaration of war by Britain on Germany, France following suit at 5 p.m. the same day.

On September 29th Poland is divided between Russia and Germany, thus giving the first of many victories to Hitler, the well-prepared.

Danzig has already been taken, and Russia now thinks it is her turn to take advantage of the favourable situation by invading Finland, but only to meet a heroic resistance which preserved Finland's autonomy except for a portion of her territory.

¹ This article was written before the Russo-German conflict and the German-Turkish pact.

Thus is the stage set for the next move—the occupation of Denmark in the beginning of 1940, and the invasion of Norway, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg, to be followed by the usual capitulations.

In the middle of the year, in fateful June, there is the evacuation of Dunkerque, the entry into the war by Italy; the invasion by Russia of Latvia and Estonia and Lithuania, and the surrender of France to Germany and Italy. What a terrible month! So terrible that before the worst actually happens France desperately appeals to the United States of America for aid and Britain offers a solemn act of union with France—the Franco-British Union. The United States rejects the appeal and the British offer is made too late.

A rift in the clouds is to be seen in July in the destruction of the French fleet at Oran—a veritable Churchill move. But again the clouds overshadow the poor world, and Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania become part of Russia, and Britain agrees to the temporary closing of the Burma Road. Russia has also taken advantage of the situation by occupying Rumania's provinces of Bessarabia and northern Bukovina.

But Rumania and Bulgaria are soon roped to the Hitler chariot, and Hungary also becomes to all intents and purposes a German vassal.

In Africa the British enjoy a number of successes over the Italian forces and practically sweep Italy out of all her African possessions. Similarly, when Italy declares war against Greece the Greeks drive the Italians out of Albania. But on the collapse of Yugoslavia—the only country in the Balkans to make even a gesture of defiance towards

Germany—the Greeks are compelled to retire from Albania, and there seems to be little doubt that Greece will soon be added to Germany's vassal States in Eastern Europe. Britain also has a distinct setback in Africa, and Egypt is once again menaced.

All the while both Britain and the United States are giving general assurances of all possible support to every country subject to German influence—the assurances amounting as usual to next to nothing, for one country after another collapses with monotonous regularity.

It is difficult to know what to say about the so-called Axis composed of Italy, Germany and Japan. Italy is, of course, Germany's dependant and slave. Japan already has her hands full with the effects of her gross immorality towards China, and she is afraid of every country.

Of course, what the Axis needed is that of an Indo-British Commonwealth and the United States of America. But America cannot yet rise to the height of declaring war upon Germany and Italy, and Britain cannot yet rise to the height of raising India to completely equal stature with herself in a free Commonwealth of Nations.

All the while Turkey sits on the fence—a truly ostrich nation oblivious to the fate that has befallen other countries which have thought to make themselves safe by sitting self-righteously on their own respective fences.

To make common cause against a common foe is the only way to victory, and victory is delayed, I pray not imperilled, by the fact that each country has sought safety in isolation, and has actually found enslavement.

So the war drags on, and for the most part Hitler is on top, and is likely to remain on top until the United States enters the war and India becomes an equal partner with Britain and the other self-governing Dominions of the present Commonwealth, so that she may freely hurl her own vast resources towards the winning of the war. But the forces inimical to India's great destiny are at work no less in India than they may be in Britain. In India both Mr. Jinnah and Mr. Gandhi are powerful obstacles in the way, and are directly prolonging the war.

America, I think, is rapidly awakening to the course she must adopt. But Britain is still blind, and India no less. Britain still hesitates, under the camouflage of self-righteousness, to extend towards India the hand of equal comradeship. India is still obsessed by Mr. Gandhi on the one hand and by Mr. Jinnah on the other, with quite a number of minor obsessions to obstruct her way. With an awakening America let there be an awakening Britain and an awakening India. Then will the war end. Then will peace and contentment spread throughout the world in a New World Order.

The Way of the Heart

By BETTY RUDER

IN the Beginning, there was Spirit.

Out of that Spirit, Life was born. And when Life had developed sufficiently for individualization, man came upon the earth. Standing on the pinnacle of his soul, he looked out over the distance of his future lives. Other souls stood near him, yet he was alone, and there was space between their standing. Alone he descended into life after life, and alone he arose from each valley to stand once more on the hill-top to perceive a new vision.

At his entrance into existence as a man his consciousness and understanding of life were vague and he was capable of only the narrowest range of thought and feeling. But descending into each life and ascending after it to his mountain top, the shape and proportion of things below and above him

changed, and as his eyes adjusted themselves to new horizons he had a new vision—interpreted by the Mind, or by the Emotions, depending on what type of soul he was. One was not better than the other—they were both but stages through which to pass in the unfolding of the final life-vision—that of the Intuition.

We are all seeking one of these visions, and having made our separated self coherent and strong, we must drop one by one the shackles it has placed about our soul until the soul stands free of duty and acquitted of debt: until, having served mankind purely and self-sacrificingly, it returns to its source, which is God.

We are in the process of becoming less and less the slave of our desiring selves and more and more

the 'servant of humanity, and we are becoming more beautiful because we are developing culture within our minds and hearts—the culture of the Mind, which is knowledge, the culture of the Soul, which is understanding, and the culture of the Heart, which is compassion. These three, combined in terms of form, constitute real beauty. And beauty is a hall-mark of Truth.

We are all essentially seekers after Truth. In our seeking we shape around us the circumstances that will reveal to us other portions of Truth. We do shape our lives—everything happens because we want to know something. Man is only man in the measure in

which he lives for something larger than himself. The truest feelings are those that have in them the spirit of offering. Having been purified by our desires, there dawns for us the vision of love. . . . "the love that sees in every being not merely a personality, not merely a type of physical loveliness, but an example of all that we reverence most in life." We must know the way of the heart and the way of the mind before we can find the way of the spirit underlying them both. And when we do, there will be another valley, other lives to live. We will be truly compassionate, and infinitely understanding. . . .

—From *The American Theosophist*

TO THE WAYFARER

*Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me,
hearken ere you harm me.*

*I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the
friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my
fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you
journey on.*

*I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your
table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds
your boat.*

*I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead,
the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.*

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer: harm me not.

So runs an inscription which in Portugal is displayed wherever, in woods, parks and gardens, timber trees, are to be found.

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Printed and published by C. Subbarayudu, at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

172905
16-7-126

Great elder brothers shall you be, if you will, protecting all younger than yourselves, blessing them with your tender, wise and strong compassion, giving ever more as those to whom your compassion is due are more and more behind you on the pathway of Life. Be very tender to little children, yet more tender still to all who err—knowing little of the wisdom; and tenderer still to animals, that they may pass to their next pathway through the door of love rather than through that of hatred. Cherish, too, the flowers and the trees. You be all of one blood, one source, one goal. *Know this truth and live it.*

—From A MESSAGE FROM AN ELDER BROTHER



DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
 THE YOUNG
 THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

August 1941

Vol. XVI, No. 8

"Not until the great spiritual impulse, now sweeping over the earth, that we call the Divine Wisdom . . . gives birth to a new ideal and conception of beauty, will the Art of the future be seen among us, the Art which shall be the expression of Beauty for our age."

—ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

I MUST not allow this Crow's Nest to begin without first congratulating Madame Montessori on her birthday. I am fortunate enough to know her personally and therefore it makes it so much easier for me to say that without doubt she is a very great lady and it is impossible to know her even a little without feeling attracted to her and inspired by a most charming and magnetic personality. We owe her so much, for she makes the future safe by her dedication to the Young; and may she have every blessing and happiness in this and I hope many years to come.



MY IMMEDIATE STEPS TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

I have often been asked the question as to how I am helping India in this crisis or the world in this great war. I am afraid that my

work is neither obvious nor direct, according to some judgments. The world is not composed entirely of grown-ups, and though millions are suffering, and naturally my heart goes out to them, still there are millions of children who are alive and who are the citizens of the New World; and I feel that in helping them I am directly helping to make sure the future of both India and the world.

My own work in Kalākshetra is increasing beyond all expectations, and I feel life surging through it, so that there is not either a dull or a monotonous moment in it. The education of the young, whose life, when rightly inspired, will become of great moment to India, and the education of the public to see and to feel the very soul of India through her culture, is a great mission.

Some time ago I made a pilgrimage to Kanya Kumari¹ to see the little Child in the Temple, doing tapas for Her marriage to Siva, which symbolized to me the eternal search of Mother India, waiting for Her children to fulfil their dharma. I was inspired by the feeling that I knew not only India the land and India the people, but that now I knew India the Person and India the Woman.

Therefore is it my desire to evoke all that is beautiful, to bring Nature nearer to humanity, to bring the forces of the Devas closer to our hearts. I feel that in the study and the encouragement of the Young I am doing this. For just as Kanya Kumari represents the Mula-dhara chakra of India, I feel that the Muladhara from the point of view of the spirit is Culture. Only Culture will bring Right Freedom to India and to any nation. That is why I am working for education and for culture.

Our young people have made a good name in their tour in South India. In Ootacamund also we had a great success. Our success in Kalākshetra is very rarely due merely to the form, because I feel that when I dance I am not really a better dancer than some others.

¹ Cape Comorin.

although I try to do everything as well as I can. But I think people contact the dedication of my spirit for a Cause.

Youth is more interested in Art, although they may not fully realize its value. They may like to shout in political meetings rather than to have the quiet spiritual beauty of the Arts. It is to radiate this spirit that I have arranged programmes, tours, concerts, etc. For example, there is to be the Vasantotsavam or the Vasanta Festival, which begins on the 20th of September, marking the passing away of Dr. Annie Besant, and finishes on the 1st of October, her birthday. There is a happy coincidence in the fact that Saraswati Puja comes just in between, on the 29th of September. On the 20th I intend to have a full two-hour play on the life of Giordano Bruno. The 1st of October will be celebrated with a dance recital by me. In between there will be one *Harikatha* by a very great specialist who has not been heard much here. On Vijayadasami Day there will be a Vina concert, Vina being the favourite instrument of Saraswati, which will be given, I hope, by our greatest Vina player, Sri Sambasiva Aiyar of Karaikudi. There will also be some lectures on Art. Naturally the whole programme will be combined with the evening's puja to Saraswati during the ten days. In October, I intend making another tour in the North, continuing my life as a crusader, and it will culminate in December when there will again be plays, music, as well as the Theosophical Convention.

How many young people feel with me that this is peace and reconstruction work for the future?

Pukmini Devi.

TO DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

WE are very happy to offer our heartiest congratulations and very best wishes to one of the greatest of the world's educationists, Madame Maria Montessori, whose birthday occurs on the 31st of this month. We are

particularly glad because she has so selflessly offered herself to be associated very actively in the educational work here in Adyar which is carried on in the great and noble spirit of Dr. Annie Besant who was herself so marvellous an educationist. It is, therefore, very appropriate that this issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN should be dedicated to the "Child."

We are glad to publish in this number an article from her closest colleague in her work, Signor Mario Montessori, which gives us glimpses of the life and work of the great pioneer of child education. As with all pioneers in any sphere of life who have dreamt great dreams and who have sought to achieve greatly, trials and disappointments had been the lot of Madame Montessori to no small extent. But, with each such handicap, the fire of her love of chil-

dren seems to have been fanned into greater flames, and today, in the fullest maturity of her experience and wisdom, India should be specially grateful to her for the great love she bears to our young people and for the great work to which she has given herself—namely, the training of India's youth according to her tried and proved method of education. Thanks to Madame Montessori's stay in India and her having trained teachers in her system of education, her method is gradually spreading throughout our country, and if only India takes advantage of a unique opportunity, we shall in due course have a generation of really cultured Indians, who would be the pride of the Nation. We greet her on her happy birthday, and we hope she will be with us for several years and inspire us with her great wisdom and experience.

I have just received information of the passing away of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, one loved everywhere as a most beautiful being and in whose passing away India has lost a great and inspiring leader. To many who are able to do something for India today he was, and will continue to be, a great inspiration. I can never forget the last visit we made to Santiniketan, and the contact with one who, without question, was a great genius. To Kalakshetra and to many other art institutions he will remain as a Father, and our debt of gratitude to him can be repaid only by passing on the same spirit in our work to his and our Motherland.

2 p.m. August 7, 1941

RUKMINI DEVI

The Knight of the Child

By MARIO MONTESSORI

DR. MARIA MONTESSORI was born in Chiaravalle, Italy, on the 31st of August 1870. From the very beginning of her life she showed promise of becoming a woman out of the ordinary. She was the first girl in Italy to attend a public school and because of the narrow ideas of the time she suffered the tortures of criticism, of the cruel jeers of her fellow-students and of general disapproval. She persisted in her studies, however, and entered the University against even the expressed wish of her father, who for several years did not address to her a single word, and although living in the same house behaved as if she did not exist.

In 1896 she obtained in Rome her degree of Doctor in Medicine. She was the first woman of her town and, I believe, in Italy to attain this distinction.

THE MAKINGS OF AN APOSTLE

During her student days she joined the Feminist Movement, and a few days after receiving her degree she was chosen as delegate to represent the Italian women at the Feminists' Conference in Berlin. The newspapers had acclaimed her throughout the whole of Italy on her becoming a doctor, but now she was acclaimed by the press in the whole of Europe for the brilliance of her words, the strength of her arguments and for her personal beauty. With the appellation of "sun-ray," as

the newspapers of Berlin and of Northern Europe called her, she took her place on the platform of the world, which it was her destiny never to leave.

Returning to her country, she took part, under an assumed name, in a contest for a place vacant in the General Hospital of Rome; nobody suspected that the doctor who so brilliantly won the competition was a young lady. She was assigned the place before the fact became known that she was a woman. Thus in 1897 she was the first woman in Europe to be admitted to such a post. In the same year during the Medical Congress at Turin she again created a stir by the accusation she launched against the medical profession in particular and society in general, for their neglect of defectives, who, through being uncared for, were the biggest source of criminality.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria had been killed by a lunatic a few days previously. "It is you," Dr. Montessori challenged the doctors, "who have killed Elizabeth." The speech created an enormous impression; the newspapers of all Europe gave wide publicity to it and as a consequence of it the first institutes for backward children were founded in Italy. Dr. Montessori was assigned a post in the institute created in Rome. In 1899 she was elected to the chair of Hygiene in the Women's University of Rome. In 1900 she visited London for the first time as the delegate of the Italian women at a Feminist

Conference. There she was received by Her Majesty Queen Victoria and met Dr. Annie Besant.

EXPERIMENTS WITH CHILDREN

On her return to Italy, after achieving brilliant cultural results with the deficient children, she left the field of pathological education to dedicate herself to the study of normal children.

In 1904 she was made the Lecturer of Anthropology at the University of Rome, while her success as doctor made her famous in the whole of Rome. Incidentally she introduced Theosophy to Italy by bringing an English woman, a patient of hers in touch with the cultural world in that country, and by collaboration in the translation of the first Theosophical books brought into Italy.

In 1906 the first "House of the Children" was inaugurated. From that moment she left everything to dedicate all her energies to her mission in spite of the pressure that her friends and admirers brought to bear upon her.

Their attitude can be summed up in the words of the Minister for Education of the time who said to her: "Such are women! Nobody has suffered what you suffered in order to become a doctor. You have overcome all the difficulties: you have succeeded in being appointed on the permanent staff of the Hospital, and in becoming a professor of University. A brilliant career awaits you; indeed it has already begun, and now that all the world speaks of you you want to leave everything, and for what! To become a school teacher (the only career open at the time to women); and nothing

less than a teacher of pre-school children, the lowest and the most despised job that there is under me."

"The world will speak of me more than ever," was her answer.

"What was it that made me reply in this fashion?" Dr. Montessori asks herself even nowadays. "I certainly had no idea of what was to come; but the soul of the child was calling me and I had to answer."

A GREAT DISCOVERY

The first "House of the Children" arose in the new buildings for labourers erected in Rome in the slums of San Lorenzo, the worst plague spot of the city. It was the first experiment in tenement-houses made in Italy with the purpose of giving clean, hygienic, independent flats to labourers. There was but one problem: the children.

What would happen when their parents went to their work? The children would spoil the building, soiling the walls and the staircases.

A committee of ladies was organised who decided to ask Miss Montessori, Doctor of Medicine, to help them. Thus was born the first "House of the Children."

The reporters who came to see the buildings went away full of enthusiasm for the children, speaking of a "miracle."

Were these children, sons of illiterate people, the product of the lowest and most criminal slum of Rome? Or were they indisputable proof of a human error that had been eliminated?

Like a flame the renown of "the New Children" swept round the world. Newspapers and magazines in America, in Australia, in China, in Japan, in Africa, carried photographs and articles. From

all sides started the pilgrimage that lasts even today when, after almost forty years, every trace of the school has disappeared.

People belonging to all religions, to all social classes, Queens and Communists, Hindus, Muslims, Catholics and Protestants from every corner of the earth, came to visit those "New Children"—the Messiahs of infancy.

Dr. Montessori found herself famous without realising the greatness of the discovery that she had made: the "laws of psychic development" of man! the "instinct of growth"!

She did not wish now that anyone should speak of her. She asked the newspaper reporters to speak about the tenement-house, whose owners were furious that everyone should be speaking of "that miserable little class" and pay so little heed to the humanitarian monument they had raised.

Relations became so strained that at last she had to abandon the House of the Children. But meanwhile other houses had arisen: one created by the Socialist Party in the Umanitaria of Milan, another founded in Rome by a Convent of Catholic Sisters for the orphans of the earthquakes of Messina.

The Queen Mother of Italy had at the same time granted a sum of money to continue the experiment of that which was already known as the "Montessori Method"; another school had been created in the English Embassy in Rome; and the first manufacturing centre of Montessori material had been started in the Umanitaria.

People who realised the importance of her discovery grouped themselves around her, as apostles around a prophet. Some of them asked her to

write a book; others begged her to prepare teachers. "You could die, and centuries would pass before others could discover what you have discovered," they said.

THE NEW EDUCATION

The book was written in fifteen days. It is known in English as *The Montessori Method*: a scientific work and at the same time a hymn of love. It was translated in more than fifteen languages in the first year of its appearance. Meanwhile the last links that joined her to the old-fashioned pedagogical world were breaking. She had initiated the "New Education"; she had opened a new way to help on development of the child, a path full of light and happiness; and University teaching no longer held attractions for her, who was the first initiator of a new epoch.

In 1909 she gave her first training course. It was intended to be a Provincial Course for Umbria but the fact that she was going to give it became known.

How? Who knows?

Perhaps because one of the young ladies who had gathered round her to dedicate their lives to the new ideal, as Nuns do who enter a Religious Order, gave, in her exultation, news of it to her acquaintances; maybe in another way; but in any case to this first symposium, which was supposed to be almost a secret gathering, people arrived from America and even from South Africa.

Other courses followed; national and international associations were born in many countries, and Dr. Montessori began the long ministry which still

lasts today and which I hope will last for many years to come. The seeds that she had planted all bore fruit: the New Education Fellowship is but an effort to join together the branches of that immense tree which is today New Education.

A curious phenomenon, which shows the vital force of her idea, and demonstrates that it is based upon a fundamental truth, is the following. All who come in intimate contact with the Montessori Method find in it the practical realisation of their ideals. Catholics, Protestants, Hindus, Socialists and Communists have at different times told Dr. Montessori more or less the same thing.

"After all you belong to us. Because no one unless he were of our community would have been capable of doing what you have done, for, as you see, this and this and this in your method is but this and this and this in our ideal (or religion.)" according to the person who speaks.

THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD

A seemingly adverse destiny has pursued Dr. Montessori. But she, with the serenity of soul that is peculiar to her, accepts all the blows of destiny as an indication that her presence is necessary elsewhere. Another person similarly tried would have been crushed. She but doubles her efforts.

During the last World War her institution in Italy was closed. She went to the United States and created in New York a training college that she placed under the direction of Miss Parkhurst. This institution separated itself from her, and she left for Spain. In Barcelona she founded and directed for the whole period of the war the Seminari Labora-

tori De Pedagogia. At the armistice, the Catalan authorities suddenly became nationalistic, also towards her, and noticed that she was Italian and said that the institution had to be directed by Catalans. Dr. Montessori pedagogically emigrated to England. In 1922 she went to Italy, where the Fascist Government wished to valorise "Italian values." In 1926 the Royal School of Montessori Method was created in Rome, only to be closed a few years later when Dr. Montessori once again left Italy to return to Spain. There she created a private institution. "This time," she thought, "the institution is mine and does not lie at the mercy of a Government or of a Municipality. It will flourish and I shall cease to be driven from place to place like a wandering Jew."

The school was but a few months old, when the civil war burst out. Once again she went to England and held there some courses and some International Conferences. She was putting the last touches to the organisation of a permanent institute in that country when the present war broke out. Also she went to Holland and here she again created an institution. A new war, a new voyage, this time to India.

But in every country, in every city, that she visited, she worked and preached. Her ministry has never stopped. Hundreds of teachers followed every course that she gave. Teachers who represented twenty nations at a time, teachers who belonged to the most opposed political, religious or social ideals became (the great majority of them) her apostles, and on returning to their country, created nuclei of work and of philosophy in favour of infancy and in

favour of life. Her kind of life has been like that of a farmer who, having prepared the field, has planted the seeds and seen them sprout, promising rich fruit, and then is taken and forcibly transported to a foreign land where she is given another bit of virgin soil to sow with the seeds of the new wonderful plant that she alone possesses and that no one can wrest from her.

FROM SEED TO FRUIT

Today Dr. Montessori is 71 years of age. Her method has been completed up to the University, but, as she herself says, her work has only begun. The Montessori Method is her contribution to Infancy, but what is it in comparison with the contribution that Infancy can give to Humanity? Nothing but a seed of some giant of the forest; insignificant when compared to the immense tree that results from it.

Such is the child, the great being who produces humanity and whom we must humbly understand. The defects that incomprehension causes in childhood remain fixed in the adult; society organises them and renders possible crimes of barbarity, of exploitation, of cruelty and of slavery in our epoch otherwise so advanced in external civilisation.

In the children of her schools most of these defects have disappeared; this is their contribution. Childhood can show the way in which they can be eliminated from society. "It is necessary," Dr. Montessori says, "to create a Social Party of the Child, to defend its rights and to fight against the adults so that this great Worker be recognised in his importance and be called to take in Society the place which belongs to him."

"The child in his growth incarnates not only flesh, but patriotism, religion and moral ideas. If a man is a Hindu, it is because the child he once was, made him a Hindu; if he is a Christian it is because as a child he was able to grasp the Christian morality from the environment in which he lived. All that we possess, our body, our culture, our way of thinking, we owe to the child who formed us."

"Generous souls were found in the past who created socialism for the worker; others arose who organised the Feminist Movement to defend the women. Will there be no knights to protect the child?"

She, its first Knight, created in 1939 the Social Party of the Child, which was founded in the Great Hall of the Parliament of Copenhagen. Since then she has had to fight against the misunderstanding of everyone. Nevertheless the party exists and she does not desist from her idea. Today, her freedom curtailed, she who has been the greatest upholder of freedom that ever existed, does not lose her illusions, in spite of restrictions that war made it necessary to be adopted against her. Generously housed by The Theosophical Society, whose President, Dr. Arundale, and his wife, Rukmini Devi, invited her to India, Dr. Montessori passes her time writing in the magnificent bungalow which has been placed at her disposal, happy to prepare new instruments which will do more to establish peace in the world than any series of treaties that may be drawn up by adults at the close of the present war, such treaties marking, as they do so often, only an interruption in a perpetual war.

TO "THE YOUNG CITIZEN"

My best wishes and my warmest greetings to
THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

I have a sort of reverence for childhood and for youth : the reverence due to the instruments of God in the construction of evolution.

All progress is due to the new generations : among the children of today are the great men of tomorrow, for the children absorb not only the present but embody the future. They should become aware of their importance and of their mission, which is that of advancing, of ever advancing on the glorious path of civilization.

And also we, the adults, should be aware of their real nature. Tomorrow is wiser than today : the humanity of tomorrow will be judge of our actions and see with clarity what is obscure to us.

This is what we adults must envisage : we are not dealing with thoughtless youths who need our help and our guidance ; we are confronted with savants who will pity us for our ignorance and will make light of the problems that we consider insoluble. We owe them the reverence due to the greater and the wiser.

Maria Montessori

The Coming Race

By ANNIE BESANT

Extracts from *The Changing World*, consisting of lectures delivered in London.

●
WHAT are the special marks of the Coming Race in consciousness and in body? In consciousness, clearly the recognition of unity. That is essential ; for what the intellect divides, the Spirit unites. The recognition of life in each rather than of the separated form, the recognition of the one Self in all rather than the separated selves that are marked out by the separated bodies, that will be the great mark in consciousness, the new unfolding ; and then, side by side with that, growing inevitably out of it, a breadth and liberality of tolerance will mark those in whom the sense of unity is beginning to unfold.

NEW TYPE OF BODY

With that unfolding consciousness will come a type of body of which there are beginning to be many amongst us today. When there is going to be a variation which will start a new evolutionary type, it is always noted that those out of whom the variation grows are what is called unstable. Instability is the mark of progress, or of degeneration. There is the instability of health, but also of disease ; and with the changing type of the nervous system you find this instability present in both its forms.

If you look around you at the present time, what is one of the marks of the bodies in the most advanced races of the earth? Nervous troubles of every kind, and most marked amongst the

most highly developed. Amongst us today are being born children in whom this finer nervous organisation is showing itself already, children of delicate nervous type, but not necessarily at all unhealthy ; often perfectly healthy, but with the nervous system so delicately poised that it is always in danger of jar and injury. One thing that is very necessary for the fathers and mothers of the time to understand is, that as these children come to them for protection, for training, for help, they must remember that they have their organisms which suffer and enjoy more keenly than organisms that are less delicately, less exquisitely balanced. Such children should be guarded as far as possible from all that can jar and trouble.

It is useless to try to make them live in the surroundings that suit those whose nervous systems are not so fine. On the contrary, it is the duty of the parent to try to provide for such children gentler and more harmonious surroundings, realising that without those the delicate instrument would be jarred and thrown out of tune, so that that from which the most lovely melodies might have been drawn will be only an instrument fit to be thrown away, destroyed.

The conditions under which you are living now in London have become almost intolerable to live in, if only for the noise, the continual rattle, the shrieking and hooting that fill the streets ; the shaking of the very earth

itself under the heavy vehicles of all sorts that we place upon it. I would say to any who feel the suffering which grows out of the noise and the rush and the hurry that his place is no longer here, and, above all, it is no place for the children. For the finer the organisation of the father and the mother from the nervous standpoint, the finer will be the nervous organisation of the child; the best policy is to surround themselves and the children of the Coming Race with sweeter and better environments.

It is not only that these vast towns that are deforming and defacing England are an impossible environment for the Coming Race; we must also adapt ourselves to the new conditions by changes of food, by changes of method in ordinary living. The food that the great majority of people now use, flesh, is utterly unsuited to the finer type of nervous organisation. You may notice how people of a finer type shrink from it instinctively. Children of a finer type, when they realise that meat was a living thing, will turn aside from it with disgust, and leave it untouched.

That instinctive dislike is one of the things that will be growing very much amongst the little ones: more and more will they revolt against the use of flesh. But it would be wise not only to notice how that revolt is growing, but deliberately to avoid the use of such articles of diet yourself, if you desire to train your bodies into a preparation for the Coming Race. For the body which is nourished on flesh and on the many forms of alcohol is a body which will be thrown out of health by the opening up of the higher consciousness; and nervous diseases are partly due to the

fact that the higher consciousness is trying to express itself through bodies clogged with flesh-products and poisoned with alcohol.

With those children take care not to try to force them in any way, nor to induce them to take those articles of diet which will injure their growing delicacy of nervous organisation, and destroy that developing organ in the brain by which they will bring their knowledge through into ordinary life.

BUILDERS OF IDEALS

The Coming Race will be that builder of a universal religion, in which sharing what each has of truth will be the only form of missionary effort. That Race will be the builder of a brotherly civilisation, in which the need of every man will be the measure of what he has given to him; in which the power of every man will be the limit of his responsibility. Our hope is mostly in the young, in those who have not yet been hardened in the brutal competition which marks the commercial and class life of today. The young lads and the young girls, still plastic, still easily fired by great ideals with nervous systems finer in many cases than ours and hearts warmer than those that have been chilled in the experience of life—in them lies the hope of the future. For they shall make ideals, they shall create them in the world of thought, and out of the world of thought those ideals shall be sent into the world of matter, and make the Coming Race, which shall build a civilisation happy, glorious, beautiful, and free, but in which it shall be realised that the greatest freedom expresses itself in the greatest service.

A New Era in Education

By C. JINARAJADASA

THE first principle of our new Education is that the child is a soul. For many, the child has a soul, something spiritual but vague, which God created for it at its birth. The idea of the soul is the idea of Plato, that when a soul was attracted to the Good, the True and the Beautiful, it was remembering the spiritual home which it had left, before appearing on earth as a human being. Every child is a soul who has lived in other epochs, and in other civilizations. When therefore the soul appears as a boy or girl, there is already behind the soul a store of experiences. The soul has been a musician; or the soul has had lives of difficulty in the past, with pain and with struggles; each variety of child that we have in our schools tells us of the past of the children, in past lives, of which neither the children nor the teachers have any remembrance.

CHARACTER AND ENVIRONMENT

The work of the teacher is obviously to find out what that past character is as quickly as possible; he must get the co-operation of the best in the character, and aim to starve out whatever may be in the child that is anti-social. It is this principle which is at the root of the Montessori method. Madame Montessori insists that a child must be allowed to express its innate character. The child's character is far more influenced by what is not said to it, and

by what it does not hear, than by what is said, and by what it hears. The child's character is moulded by what it hears from parent and teacher. But far more influential, for good as for evil, are the thoughts of others which surround the child. An unexpressed feeling of anger, an unrevealed thought of pride, or envy or malice, all these affect the child. Everything surrounding the child influences it. The shape of the schoolroom, the colour of the walls, the artistic or inartistic nature of the desks and seats influence the child. It is excellent that there should be clinics of every kind for children—for eye, ear, nose, throat, lungs, etc., but we want in addition a careful consideration of the nature of the buildings, rooms, walls and gardens, so that the child may be made to "remember" the home it has left to come to earth.

For, supremely, the child has come to earth from a happy place, the invisible world. He is born with a purpose, which is, to do a work in life. But it is first necessary to arouse in the child an enthusiasm for the work he is to do. And the best way for arousing that enthusiasm is to make the child's home-life and his school-life as full of happiness as possible, so as to "remind" him of the heaven whence he has come to us. Surround the child with conditions of love, beauty and happiness, and then the soul of the child will begin to respond and co-operate with parent and teacher.

But we must remember that "all children are not alike, because all souls are not alike. The teacher must not force the child to fit into the educational curriculum but guide the soul to express itself, and find out quickly what is the contribution to human welfare which that soul desires to give.

WHO IS A TRUE TEACHER?

It is the teacher's character that is far more important than the training he has had in his normal school. A true teacher is one who has been a teacher in his past lives, and therefore knows by personal sacrifice that to teach children is one of the noblest ways of co-operation with the Will of God. The teacher has always been the priest of religion also, and therefore a person always to be revered.

The teachers must live with the children, and living with the children means playing with them also. Now as matters stand, we ask far too much of a child's memory. Why should a child have to memorise facts which he can easily find in a printed book? It is not the memory of facts which is important, but to know where to find the facts recorded.

A NEW INSTRUMENT OF KNOWLEDGE

In these days, children have far too many subjects to learn. Therefore, in the new era in education, we need to develop in children what I shall call a new "instrument of knowledge." Now we appeal only to the mind of the child. But we must develop a new technique in education, a method of

calling out the latent intuition of the child. This faculty of the intuition, when properly trained, groups facts quickly, and obtains a general survey, as from an aeroplane. How are we to train the intuition? This will be the great science of the future, and to create that science idealists of all types will have to co-operate. Teachers and artists, scientists and philosophers will all need to make discoveries in this new domain of the intuition.

What is the intuition? It is not a process of the mind. Intuition is not some rapid and brilliant synthesis by the mind. It forms unerring judgments, but not by examination of facts presented to it from outside. The intuition is a faculty of the soul that, in some mysterious manner, knows those facts in the case which are not presented to the mind. Therefore it judges with a fuller knowledge of facts than the mind can ever have. How can the intuition be aroused in the character?

There are three possible methods, two of them affecting the emotions, and the third the mind. When we think, our thought is not pure thought, because much emotion is mixed with the thought. This most necessary faculty of pure thought must be taught to the children. We can teach it with mathematics—with arithmetic, geometry and algebra. We can do much for the child, without straining his mind, through science, the process of experiment and observation. According to the method of Induction many scientific discoveries are not due merely to a mental process, but are due in reality to flashes of intuition. A strictly scientific training of the mind brings a great purity and serenity in thought, and that

serene dispassion enables the intuition to flash its truths on to the mind.

CREATIVE PLAY

Children by nature are brothers. What we need to do is to increase in the child his natural sentiment for friendship. 'Children's play, when properly organized, is one way of fostering Brotherhood. Play can be made creative, affecting the imagination of the child profoundly; but for this, a careful organization is necessary. Many children must take part in a common game, or in a dance, or in a drama, or in singing; this common effort of many children playing together can be made a creative offering of joyous sentiments. It is this same creative quality which exists in athletics, where there is a high ideal of sport. For one result of athletics is the development of the idea of "team work." It is Brotherhood, in one of its many aspects.

When therefore, through one of several ways, children learn the joys of comradeship in work and in play, various barriers erected before the mind by the traditions of race, religions and classes are removed. The result is a steadying and purification of the mind, and therefore the intuition can manifest. Children begin to feel long before they begin to analyze and judge. Their feelings can be utilized so as to make the emotional nature, first, calm and steady, and secondly, delicate and sensitive. Therefore, everything that surrounds the child is important, because everything emanates a subtle influence which either helps the child, or hinders him. Nothing but what is aesthetically beautiful should be known by the child, by any one of his senses.

CREATIVE BEAUTY

But not only must the child become sensitive to beauty, he must be taught to create beauty consciously. Drawing, designing, modelling, carving, singing, dancing, acting, making poems, these and other forms of creative beauty must be developed in the child. According to his innate aptitude, each child must learn the subtle joy of creation. The creation of a thing that is fundamentally beautiful can only take place where the emotional nature is serene, at the time of creation. Then the intuition sends down its truths to the imagination. I feel profoundly that in the education of the future, we shall give our greatest attention not to the child's mind, but to his intuition.

EDUCATION AND LIFE'S PURPOSE

There is one great defect in all our modern educational methods, and it is that they devitalize the student. They do not increase our enthusiasm for living. The purpose of education is to teach us to be enthusiastic about life, and how to fashion out of life—out of all of its phases, both from the unpleasant and from the pleasant—noble activities that shall reveal our inmost souls. And since the life of the soul expresses itself not only as thinking and contemplating, but also as loving and sacrificing, as acting and serving, there is a very great reform needed in order to make the educational institutions places where we are taught the main principles of the great science and art of loving.

(Compiled from *Gods in Chains*)

Some Ideals and Ideas of Education.

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

Extracts from an interview with a Press representative.

TO what end are we educating youth?

To aid in the development of the individuality of each, and to help the individuality thus educated to enter into useful and happy citizenship.

All are engaged in such education—parents, youth, teachers and the State. The principal duty of the parents is to establish character, of the teachers to develop character, of the State to utilize character, and of youth to grow in character.

Character is to be unfolded in the home, largely through precept, example, and affectionate understanding.

The school and the college constitute the home enlarged.

The State is the home of all.

As are parents and teachers, as is the State, so will be the youth of the land.

Character means, in two words—harmonious living. Harmony within oneself and harmony with one's surroundings. Harmony means understanding. It by no means implies agreement, still less subordination.

Harmony within oneself means health—healthy bodies, healthy feeling and emotions, healthy minds: free from selfishness and pride.

Should the educational curriculum be directed to the unfoldment of character? Yes entirely; for character is the purpose of life. Character is the

heart of individuality and the very strength of the State.

Doing and Feeling are the subjects of education especially in the earlier stages of education and are deepened as the years pass. As the life of the individual child unfolds, so must the subject of the curriculum unfold too.

Knowing is for the mind, and Becoming is the apotheosis of education. Through every subject of the curriculum the pupil learns to feel himself, to know himself, and gradually to become himself. Thus there must be the most intimate association between each subject and the pupil's life growth.

I have very definite views regarding discipline. I do not believe in what is called punishment. Punishment is always repression, and actively promotes fear, both of which are anti-educational.

The eradication of fear is one of the principal objectives of education, so that courage may be released, just as ignorance has to be eradicated to make room for knowledge, and indifference to make room for eagerness.

But discipline and good order must be maintained, since without these there can be no growth as the study of the subjects of the curriculum should gradually make clear.

All education should be vocational in the sense of leading the pupil to the search for and the discovery of his or her vocation in life.

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In a certain educational institution there was a Memory Room in which all kinds of temperamental inclinations are objectively expressed. The child is as it were let loose in this Memory Room—the teachers in this institution believe in reincarnation—so that he may "remember" the thread-note of himself. Sometimes the scheme might work. Sometimes it might fail. In any case all higher temperamental inclinations must be fostered as early as possible. In this way the vocational bent will be ascertained before the pupil is finally stamped out from the educational machine according to standard pattern.

I hold that apart from general physical health the spirit of service is the first ingredient of a truly national system of education. I should give the following ingredients in the order of their importance:

- (i) Service
- (ii) Simplicity of Life
- (iii) Study
- (iv) Self-control.

As regards service, there are four primary kinds:

- (i) To oneself
- (ii) To the family
- (iii) To school or college and to the immediate surroundings, especially to the poor, to the helpless, to animals, to all that makes for beauty, for order, for understanding
- (iv) To the State.

Do I advocate religious education? It depends upon what you mean by religious education. I certainly advocate education in the life of the religion of

the pupil at school and at college. The broad general principles underlying the faith of the pupil should be carefully explained, leaving to the home the details and the ceremonies. Further I should advocate the sounding of the note of the Unity of Truth underlying all religions so that each pupil, while reverencing his own faith supremely, should learn to have respect for the faiths of others, as being best for them as his is best for him.

I most certainly believe in compulsory defence training as part of the educational curriculum. It is the duty of the citizen to defend the State, though not to foster aggression. The Scout movement I entirely approve of and greatly honour its great founder. But I am of opinion that it must be adapted to the spirit of the country in which it exists, and should sooner or later form part of the educational system.

Examinations I certainly do not approve as they are at present managed. They do much more harm than good in their present forms. But of course there must be tests of progress, much less a matter of luck and of cramming than are the present examinations. A pupil must never fear an examination, but look forward to it eagerly as helping him to know where he is and what he has to do next.

We need a Plan, even though its fulfilment may take many years. In all countries where deliberate constructive work is being done, a Plan is prepared

to be gradually accomplished year after year. There is nothing more devastating to pupils and to the State, than tinkering without regard to fundamental principles as a whole.

What can be done without delay, is to experiment. We can try out a certain scheme under special conditions and

with special teachers. We can establish one or two experimental schools which shall give a sound but nevertheless different type of education. We can also do propaganda among the people. We can always make a beginning when we know what national education should be.

The Unfoldment of the Child

By C. W. LEADBEATER

LIBERTY and love are great factors in the development of the human soul. There are many people who are quite willing to give liberty to others, if they will do exactly what they prescribe! But true liberty means the freedom to try in one's own way. In general there is far too much interference; too much direction from the outside diminishes the very life-activity that it seeks to protect or assist. This is seen in school life, where quantities of unnecessary rules are made, when individual freedom would give more opportunity for growth.

There are cases where you must assert compulsion in the interests of the community; but it is always better, when possible, to have the wills of the people with you than to drive them along. I am afraid that is only very slightly understood with regard to education. Everything is prescribed; all the time it is: "Do this; do not do that." Even in teaching the child his interest is not usually engaged, but he is told: "This is a lesson and it must be learned."

In the newer methods, such as that of Mme. Montessori, the lesson is made interesting, so that the child's mind opens like a flower. There is only one way in which you can really and usefully teach a child anything, and that is by making him love you to begin with. You exercise a certain amount of moral suasion afterwards, because you look injured and pained if he does wrong. That is quite legitimate, because you really do feel the pain. If you start ruling by love you call out the love of the pupil, and get something done. To teach children one must have a clever mind, a heart full of love, and patience as wide as the sea; one must understand the mistakes that children make, and be able to show them how to do things properly, but in their own way. If you start with force and brutality, you call out nothing but hostility, and then you do not get anything worth while done. Boys and girls are human beings, too, and you can get more out of them if you have them on your side than if you set them against you to start with. No teacher,

however skilful, however learned, is worthy of that highly honourable name unless he can interest the children and get them to love him. It is an absolute prerequisite. That is the way in which the Masters teach: never by force, never by issuing commands, but by showing the right way and encouraging us to try to imitate Them.

THE CHILD: AN EGO

The teacher should realize that each child is an ego; and should give all the help possible to the development of its character. He naturally has a vast opportunity, because the children are in his care to learn, and he can make of them very much what he will. As to the strength of this influence, a well-known Jesuit once said: "Let me have a child up to the age of eleven, and after that he can go where he pleases." The teacher's influence upon the young operates quite as much by what he is and the way in which he acts, as by anything directly said to them. He who is what he ought to be radiates love in a strong and powerful influence. His position is also one of great responsibility, for if instead of rousing love and good qualities in his charges he awakens fear and deceit, he is hampering the progress of those egos, and thus doing serious positive harm.

THE CHILD'S POINT OF VIEW

Small children do all sorts of things that we cannot understand. Boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen have a set of motives which are somewhat nearer to ours, but still we do not know why they do what they do. We have to go back to our own youth before we

can realize at all what they are doing and how things will strike them. It is always difficult; I know that well, because I have had very much to do at one time and another with boys and young people. If you put an idea before them in a certain way in the hope that they may perhaps take it as you take it, sometimes they do, but often they approach it from quite another point of view, and decide upon it for reasons which would never have occurred to you. Sometimes you can make out what they are aiming at, but sometimes you cannot. Schoolmasters and other people who have much to do with boys and girls ought to make it part of their business to try to understand their bizarre lines of thought and feeling, because then they are more likely to avoid offending the young people.

Many people commit this crime against themselves as well as against their children. They do not give the higher part of themselves an opportunity to grow. Children are often able to see nature-spirits and other beautiful things which older people cannot see. There is no reason why the older people should not see them also, if their sensitiveness had not been destroyed by the sort of life into which they have so often been plunged. Sometimes later on in life with great difficulty they begin to recover the power, not only of clairvoyance, but also the power to appreciate all that is artistic and beautiful, all the subtle shades of feeling and perception that mean culture and real education.

(Compiled from Talks on the
Path of Occultism)

Thoughts on a Montessori Festival Day

16 SEP 1941

By EDITH F. PINCHIN

DR. MONTESSORI'S arrival in India on November 4th, 1939, after a long aeroplane journey from a Europe already at war, was truly a wonderful event for India. Many great Indian people interested in educational work had been hoping for her coming for some years, but the Indian Citizen she really came to see and to honour and work for was the Indian Child.

In all countries in both hemispheres the only important person—we might say Personage—for Dr. Montessori is that one whom she sometimes calls The Forgotten Citizen—the Child. For so long has he been forgotten; today we are beginning to remember him and provide organisations to work for his welfare and his needs; even so there is yet much unwisdom in the doing of it.

Dr. Montessori knows the Child as he is—a being of glory and potentiality undreamed of, and it is as such that she honours him, recognising him truly as a citizen of no unworthy city, his true heavenly home. That is the be-all and end-all of her principles of education and of her method, and it should not be difficult for readers of this magazine, who are young and therefore remember their own childhood, to understand Dr. Montessori's vision of the Child.

Throughout the year there are many days of puja and festival, when the Gods are remembered with all their

divine attributes; we know that Their blessings are being poured on us unceasingly; yet as Their special festivals are celebrated, we seek to reach nearer to an understanding of Them in our inmost beings and to make our ceremonies a better expression for their beauty and power. So also should we approach the Child.

For Dr. Montessori every day in the year is as much a day of festival for the Child; every day she enters into loving communion with the innermost secret and sacred child-nature, and it is through this communion that she has found the way to provide an environment which allows the beauty and power of the Child also to bless the world, and has gained the inspiration to plan for the Child the material we know as the Montessori Apparatus.

The tiny child fitting cylinders of different dimensions into a block exactly cut to receive them, finds his baby fingers satisfied and, as the work is completed, his eyes are satisfied also; therefore, (and far more important), his soul is satisfied, for he has found a clue of Truth which he may use to guide him through this world of new impressions which seems at first so confusing to him. All the early Montessori apparatus—the cylinders, the tower, the long rods, the prisms, sound boxes and weight tablets, are constructed with mathematical exactness and precision based on formulae

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of which the little one using them knows nothing as yet; but he recognises immediately and rejoices in the exactness and truth that his hands can feel, his eyes see and his ears hear, and is it not the same truth that he will later prove mathematically for himself as now he proves it with his five senses? And so from his earliest days he walks straight and fearlessly among the facts of this interesting but ever-changing world, because Truth is given him in this exactness and order, and it never fails him in any of his experiments with the material. If you came to the Besant Theosophical School at Adyar today, you could see children of seven years working with square and cube roots, and at eight years they will work easily and joyously with powers of numbers to the *n*th degree—work which some of us found boring or difficult at 12 years of age; this is only possible because the foundations were well and truly laid in these early expressions of truth which sensorially the children could prove.

So we may say that the fundamental educational principle of Dr. Montessori is to give the child Truth always from the beginning, for in Truth is Beauty, Love and Joy as well.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty...that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

For this reason also the tiny child can take his first steps into the realms of music, geography, history, botany, biology, zoology, in fact all the sciences and arts because he can know, and has an insatiable thirst to know, the true and correct designation of what he can see, and that is the beginning of any branch

of knowledge. Dr. Montessori has noticed that, provided there is sufficiently objective and concrete material for making detailed classifications of animal and plant life, using the accepted scientific terms, the child of seven and eight years can do this work more easily than the University student for whom it is usually reserved, because at 7—8 years the pure detail of classification is natural to the child; he does not speculate on his classification when made, he only makes it as a completed piece of work with enthusiastic joy in its accuracy, not yet knowing that it is a preparation for a greater work in future years when classification is a boring task for a student who is ready for abstract thought and reasoning on this necessary data.

Yesterday I watched Venkatesh, aged four, completely absorbed in waiting for the last drop of water to fall from the jug into the basin which he was filling in order to wash his hands. In two years time or thereabouts, he will be equally absorbed in demonstrating that he knows the exact meaning of the terms concave and convex. An attractive slip of paper will instruct him to prepare a convex and a concave surface; there is already interest for him in thus obeying an instruction without the voice of the adult at all; it is dynamic reading with a purpose, not unintelligent conning of so many lessons in a book. With the same happy concentration he will manipulate the pipette until the drop has fallen which completes to perfection the convex surface of a liquid.

At what age were you allowed to use a pipette? Were you absorbed or were you impatient when waiting for

that last drop? Probably you were impatient because your interest was (rightly at your later age) on the completion of the experiment, but if you were absorbed were you allowed to repeat the experiment as often as you wished? Venkatesh will not wish to repeat exercises with a pipette in the Middle or High School; he will have done that long before and attained an automatic skill which will allow his fingers and mind to be free to work rapidly with the main interest of his experiments. And more important still, the whole series of activities from his water-pouring to his delicate experiments in the laboratory will be associated for ever with the joyous dignity of work perfectly and happily accomplished. His emotional education will have proceeded steadily with his growing physical and mental skill. Adults of our time do not readily accept these facts because they seem to be against all previous ideas of education, but "in all the world there are only two kinds of people, those who know and those who do not know, and this knowledge is the thing that matters." Dr. Montessori went to "those who know," the *spiritual man* who is each child. Much of that which she noted with her scientific accuracy, honesty and precision ran counter to all her previous views of education also, but she had the love and courage to follow the path indicated in the natural reactions of "those who know."

Perhaps having read so far, you will think that Dr. Montessori gives everything to the little child at the earliest age possible. No, she does not make that mistake, as many other grown up people do. She knows that the baby,

who at first needed only his mother, later became happy with just the circle of his family, and then wanted the wider circle of school, but still needs it to be restricted environment, the comfort of whose sheltering walls he can see and where his activities are limited to those he can understand and perform freely. To put him into a large unwallled space with many entirely different distractions is to abandon him to confusion, not to liberate him; and then guardians are necessary, and admonitions not to go too far and not to touch this or that impose restrictions on his so-called liberty without aiding him to master his environment. He wants to be able to stand in the centre of his little circle and be friends with everything within it—people, furniture and apparatus; so will he become master in it and then himself enlarge the circumference, till at 9 or 10 years of age he will step fearlessly outside to a world of exploration in company or alone. In his own time too he will experiment with pageantry and the theatre, not as a spectator but as an actor with all the joy of emotional expression. Later the more intellectual debate will claim his attention and all the time his previously gained skills will be serving him in his immediate environment.

Thus joyously and naturally he will complete his general education at an earlier age than usual, because he is a prodigious worker when he sees his work and its means of accomplishment, so that even in his early teens he can serve the environment in which he has previously learned so much, not leaving it as he found it when he goes on his quests, but leaving it

enriched. With his sensorial, emotional and laboratory skill he can sow and reap his small crops intelligently, tend animals not only with love but with the wisdom of science, and not only prepare and serve meals but cater for his immediate community in a profitable and satisfying manner. There will be time for this communal service (again within certain limits) *as part of his education* and before he specialises in the University on one particular line.

Last of all before he begins his adult life of service in the world, there will still be time for him to experience for one year the joys of being a "Man of the Forest," as Dr. Montessori so beautifully expresses it. His education for entry into manhood complete, there can be a pause wherein he may withdraw into the silences of himself, (he who has enjoyed the sensory, emotional and intellectual silences as part of his

(Concluded on page 147)

AFTER SEEING "SNOW WHITE"

Be very careful
With the little ones,
Gently bear with them now,
Musing eyes and misty brow
As in a sunrise ship they have been
tossed
Into and out of a world
Our hearts have lost.
They know not what they do or say,
So chide them not this way.
For theirs has been a sudden revelation
Of things life calls them from.
They watched and wondered there
Spell-gripped and dumb.
Now tears are very near
As that wild draught is losing
Enchantment, and again
Reality suffusing
With cold and poignant start
Each dream-stirred brain.
Murmur gently
In the dim lamp glow
Words that caress,
Words half heard,

For we may not know
What fate their drowsiness
Be building now,
Dream-tendrils, shadows of thought
In far-off days to be
Stronger than iron will
Has yet devised.

Go very quietly
Into the rest of the lonely house
As they so strongly silent go,
And pray that even they,
Softly as touch of moth upon the brow
Of innocence, may whisper
Tales that may heal the sorrows of a
world
Not ours to see, grave legends to
restore
The trust of heroes, raising from this
dark
And troubled earth a vision, beyond all
war,
Of soul's supreme ascension.

E. E. SPEIGHT

(A friend of children is Professor Speight, whom our Editor met recently at Ooty, where he lives and works. He is very learned, knows much about words—has helped to make a dictionary—and about art, and has lived in many countries. Much of his life he has spent in Universities, at Tokyo and at Hyderabad.)

Buddhi in Babyhood

By KATE SMITH

MME. BLAVATSKY'S anticipations of the valuable part of twentieth century discoveries are, if possible, more profound and remarkable in psychology than in other departments of science. There was a fearful outcry when she first wrote, in the *London Spiritualist* of February, 1878 (see *A Modern Panarion*, page 137):

"In infantile life the higher faculties are not developed, but, as everyone knows, are only in the germ, or rudimentary. The babe is an animal, however 'angelic' he may, and naturally enough ought to, appear to his parents. Be it ever so beautifully modelled, the infant body is but the jewel-casket preparing for the jewel. It is bestial, selfish, and, as a babe, nothing more. Little of even the soul, Psyche, can be perceived, except so far as vitality is concerned; hunger, terror, pain and pleasure appear to be the principal of its conceptions. A kitten is its superior in everything but possibilities. The grey neurine of the brain is equally unformed. After a time mental qualities begin to appear, but they relate chiefly to external matters."

Conventional people said then, as they say now: "Even if it be true, why is it necessary to say it, since it is such a disagreeable truth?"

It is necessary to say these things, because it is only by understanding natural conditions that we can turn them to good account. The supposition that "it can't be helped," belongs to ignor-

ance. When we know with what we have to work, we can give a great deal of help.

CAUSES OF INFANTILE . ODDITIES

We see the reason for the existence of infantile animality in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. III, p. 511:

"For while that portion of the Divine which goes to animate the personality, consciously separating itself, like a dense but pure shadow, from the Divine Ego, wedges itself into the brain and senses of the foetus, at the completion of its seventh month, the Higher Manas does not unite itself with the child before the completion of the first seven years of its life."

Again, (p. 593):

"Until the age of seven the astral atavic germ forms and moulds the body; after that the body forms the Astral."

It is this astral atavic germ, the karmic elemental, and the permanent atoms of the lower personality, with which we have to reckon in the first seven years of life. The permanent atoms account for the manifold psychological oddities of infancy, because they contain the record of the lower personalities of all our previous lives in earlier races. The infant bodies in their innocent purity are linked with the age-long experience of permanent atoms which have witnessed everything normal and abnormal,

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fruits and perversities, of an uncounted series of rebirths among primitive, civilized and degenerate nations and tribes of the past. There is scarcely an impulse of the lower nature to which the permanent atoms cannot vibrate while the Higher Mind is not yet there to restrain them, if they receive the appropriate stimulus to throw them into activity.

It is the enormous and incalculable variety of experience lying behind the permanent atoms which accounts for the extreme sensitiveness, the extreme responsiveness, of the baby and young child. There is hardly a mood of human life, present in your own aura, that will not be taken up and reproduced in your child, and emotionally developed to its logical conclusion. It is tragically futile to suppose that any baby is "too young to understand" any word, or event, that occurs in its neighbourhood from the hour of its birth. For the instinctive and emotional infant aura will reproduce, more faithfully than adult understanding can do, anything it may encounter.

MAN IN THE BECOMING

The child of an angry parent may fall into a passion of rage which reproduces by way of the aroused permanent atoms the berserk fighting fury of savage tribes. The frightened child may suffer so severely as to injure him for life, if the terrors of past lives are awakened in his permanent atoms. A child who meets with love too passionate, too little cherishing tenderness, may be so warped as to lose all possibility of adult joy in love when he grows older. Pride, vanity, obstinacy, self-satisfaction, love of power, may be

caught like a contagion from the grown-ups who surround a tiny child. Exciting sensations are to be avoided. The father, or big brother, who tosses a baby girl towards the ceiling, may grieve in uncomprehended sorrow when she shews herself too excitable and impulsive in her affections in her later teens. He will not want her to enjoy "being carried away" by her emotions when that time comes.

None of these things should be. They are all distortions of the growing form. Let the little one be kept apart from those who generate strong emotions. The immature organism has no means of coping with the uncontrolled emotions of adults. The memories of ancient struggles stored in the atoms should lie quiescent in the child. When he is grown to manhood they will be roused by worldly contacts often enough; but by that time he will be in possession of the higher spiritual powers of will and soul and mind with which to meet them. It is for us, meanwhile, to guard his jewel-casket.

When we come, not merely to know, but to realise for ourselves the exquisite sensitiveness and responsiveness of the child nature, it is only just that we should treat it with reverent care, if we ourselves have reached emotional maturity—if we are capable of tenderness at all.

When we do this, when we live near a child who has been treated with reverence and tenderness from the moment of conception, we discover a new and finer aspect of the baby's responsiveness. The permanent atoms retain the vibrations of all high moods as well as low ones. The child whose body we are tending may have lived in

the presence of the Christ in a former life. His eyes may have gazed upon the face of Shri Krishna, or the Lord Buddha, or any of the glorious early Rishis. The impressions made on his permanent atoms are not obscured by conscious mind. The child comes to us as a messenger from the great days of old, if we can make ourselves receptive of such messages.

The early races looked on wonders denied to us, in the Iron Age. As it is said in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 231):

"During the early beginnings of this Race, psychic and physical intellect being dormant and consciousness still undeveloped, its spiritual conceptions were quite unconnected with its physical surroundings; . . . divine man dwelt in his animal—though externally human—form. . . . When the Lords of Wisdom, moved by the law of evolution, infused into him the spark of consciousness, the first feeling it awoke to life and activity was a sense of solidarity, a oneness with his spiritual creators. As the child's first feeling is for its mother and nurse, so the first aspirations of the awakening consciousness in primitive man were for those whose element he felt within himself, and who were yet outside, and independent of him. Devotion arose out of that feeling, and became the first and foremost motor in his nature; for it is the only one which is natural in his heart, which is innate in him, and which we find alike in the human baby and in the young of the animal."

This passage sounds the key-note for all our behaviour to babies and young children. Knowing the absence of the

Higher Mind in children under seven, knowing also that

"The flesh is a thing of habit; it will repeat mechanically a good impulse as well as a bad one" (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. III, p. 559), we see the unity underlying the teachings of modern psychology and those of the great mystic poet Wordsworth: " . . . Trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;
The Youth who daily further from the East

Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

The lack of Higher Mind in the child means that his contacts are established through actions and through the emotions. Gentleness in action must be our watchword. If we fulfil our trust to him, no child will ever need to whimper for tugged hair, or careless washing. Instant cleanliness for every child with reverent gentleness in every movement will prevent half the nervous troubles of later years. Devotion in our hearts will hold his emotions in a happy security that prevents the other half of such ills. For are not all emotions—the Kâmic elements—a reflection, on a lower plane, of Buddhi?

There are seven sub-planes in the Emotional Plane, the highest but one of these is the Astral-Buddhic sub-plane. By cultivating the purest *unemotional*

compassion and devotion of the Buddhist Astral in our feelings towards our babies, and towards all the world while our babies live with us, we shall save them from all unwholesome vagaries and nervous ailments then or later. We shall give them at last a fair chance in life and make the world a better place. Theosophists have always carried out the first law of modern psychology by abstaining from coercion, intimidation, or even guidance of their children. There is something of the still, restrained dispassion of a yogi in Theosophical devotion. Dr. E. Graham Howe has invented a good simile for the attitude of a Theosophist to his loved ones: If you let your light shine before them as a lighthouse, you will find there is no need to take action as a lifeboat.

By acting on the Kâmic elements through Buddhi, the Christ-spirit, as nearly as we can conceive of it, we are restoring the original unity of nature. For see what Mme. Blavatsky says of

(From page 143)

education since babyhood) before plunging with full vigour into the full exercise of his mature faculties.

Do not the Laws of Manu state that man in his life should experience the stages of infancy, studentship, that of the householder, then that of the man free to serve his larger community of province and country, and finally reach the rest and withdrawal of such a "Man of the Forest" between one life well lived and another approaching?

What inspiration led Dr. Montessori, a Westerner, to declare the intrinsic rightness of a plan of education for the young which is an epitome of the

of Kâma, in her *Theosophical Glossary*:

"As the *Erôs* of Hesiod, degraded into Cupid by exoteric law, and still more degraded by a later popular sense attributed to the term, so is Kâma a most mysterious and metaphysical subject. The earlier Vedic description of Kâma alone gives the key-note to what he emblemizes. Kâma is the first conscious, all-embracing desire for universal good, love, and for all that lives and feels, needs help and kindness, the first feeling of infinite tender compassion and mercy that arose in the consciousness of the creative One Force, as soon as it came into life and being as a ray from the ABSOLUTE. Says the *Rig Veda*, 'Desire first arose in IT, which was the primal germ of mind, and which Sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects Entity with non-Entity, or Manas with pure *Âtmâ-Buddhi*.'"

Manu's Laws for a man's whole life, so that in his education itself he should tread the steps he will tread in the larger cycle of one incarnation? The Eastern Scriptures give the words of Him Who knows and plans; Dr. Montessori went in a spirit of dedication and festival to His children fresh from their spiritual home, and holding back the "shades of the prison house" of the world of materiality learnt also from "those who know" this knowledge which matters.

If on her birthday we too can reach towards a festival communion with her and her vision, we too may learn of the Child-Messiah she so wonderfully and beautifully serves.

The Order of the Round Table

THE Order of the Round Table is a league of young people banded together for service. The name is taken from that glorious and ancient Order founded by King Arthur, who gathered round him a galaxy of splendid Knights who kept as their motto, "Live Pure, Speak True, Right Wrong, Follow the King."

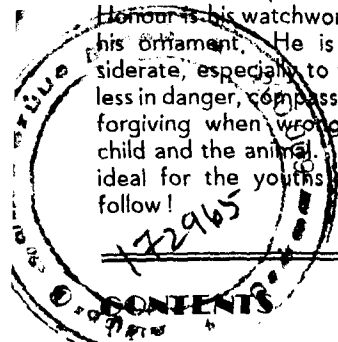
The world needs today, more than ever before, youths inspired with the same knightly ideal, an ideal that spurs one on to constant deeds of heroism, service and sacrifice. "The ideal Knight is strong, brave, truthful, tender, courteous, self-controlled; he never raises his hand against one weaker than himself, nor takes an unfair advantage of another, nor is unfaithful to a friend, nor speaks ill of the absent. Honour is his watchword and gentleness his ornament. He is helpful and considerate, especially to the weak, is fearless in danger, compassionate in triumph, forgiving when wronged, kind to the child and the animal. What a glorious ideal for the youths of all countries to follow!

The Round Table is a symbolic Order and has its great place in the building up of the life and character of youth. It has beautiful ceremonies which bring inspiration and through which great things are achieved. The idea of those who take part in them is to form channels through which streams of spiritual force may be poured out upon the world.

Those who join the Order are asked to think every day of the Great King, and to perform every day some act of service for Him. In His Kingdom Love prevails, for He is the King of Love, and only those can enter His Kingdom who love Him and try to serve Him.

The Order was founded in England by George Herbert Whyte in 1908, and is now established in over 30 countries, including India. Dr. George S. Arundale is the Protector of the Order and Sri-mati Rukmini Devi, the Senior Knight.

All young people who wish to join the Order, or to know more about it are requested to write to Miss Tehmina K. Wadia, the Chief Knight for India, The Theosophical Colony, Juhu, Bombay.



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Printed and published by C. Subbarayudu, at the Vāsanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

JK
Q14 m2115 H267C- N41-16.7-12

THE
YOUNG
CITIZEN

Registered M. 4280

SEPTEMBER 1941



THE POET

Watchman ! What of the Night ?

"The Night is near to the Dawning."

How know you the Sun is near ?

"The Morning Star, the Star in the East,

Is shining above the horizon."

Brothers ! Prepare ! Lift up your heads,

Your ELDER BROTHER draws near.

—ANNIE BESANT. (1921)

THE YOUNG CITIZEN



Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

September 1941

Vol. XVI, No. 9

THE CROW'S NEST

THE CALL TO WOMANHOOD

CREATIVE expressions attain their perfectness through emotions modulated. Woman has that expression natural to her, the cadence of restraint in her behaviour, producing poetry of life. This has been an inspiration to man, guiding, most often unconsciously, his restless energy into an immense variety of creations in literature, art, music and religion. This is why in India woman has been described as the symbol of Shakti, the Creative Power . . . From the beginning of our society, women have naturally accepted the training which imparts to their life and to their home a spirit of harmony. It is their instinct to perform their services in such a manner that these, through beauty, might be raised from the domain of slavery to the realm of grace. The women have tried to prove that in the building up of social life they are artists and not artisans. But all expressions of beauty lose their truth when compelled to accept the patronage of the gross and the indifferent. Therefore, when necessity drives women to fashion their life to the taste of the insensitive or the sensual, then the whole thing becomes a tragedy of desecration. Society is full of such tragedies. A great part of the laws

and social regulations guiding the relationship of man and woman are relics of a barbaric age when the brutal pride of exclusiveness of possession had predominance in human relations . . . The vulgarity of it still persists in the social bond between the sexes because of the economic helplessness of woman. Nothing makes us so stupidly mean as the sense of superiority which the power of the purse confers upon us . . . At last the present age has sent its cry to woman, asking her to come out from her segregation, to restore the spiritual supremacy of all that is human in the world of humanity. She has been aroused to remember that womanliness is not chiefly decorative, but is like vital health which not only imparts beauty's bloom to the body but joy to the mind and perfection of life.

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE,
in *The Mentor*, New York.

THE POET

Out of the deep and the dark,
A sparkling mystery, a shape,
Something perfect,
Comes like the stir of the day :
One whose breath is an odour,
Whose eyes show the road to stars,
The breeze in his face,
The glory of Heaven on his back.
He steps like a vision hung in air,
Diffusing the passion of Eternity.
His abode is in the sunlight of morn,
The music of eve his speech :
In his sight,
One shall turn from the dust of the grave,
And move upward to the woodland.

—YONE NOGUCHI

The Great Sing Alone

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

It was a wonderful sight to see Dr. Besant and Dr. Tagore strolling through the grounds in earnest converse—two venerable, white-haired figures, each revered throughout the world, each a great servant of India, each a great messenger from the Future calling upon the Present to move onwards to its destiny. Dr. Besant has gone onwards. Dr. Tagore is still with us. But both belong to that great company of elder brethren who are Fire-Pillars in the darkness of our growing world. That each must fail to receive from the world the fullness of recognition is inevitable, or the world would not be where it is, nor they where they are. Each has lived magnificently, and the world has seen but partially. If either could be disappointed, there has indeed been cause for disappointment—in the case of Dr. Besant because India did not realize her intensely practical wisdom, in the case of Dr. Tagore because India does not understand either Santiniketan or his own exquisite artistry.

But the great must ever be far away from the small; and their joy and satisfaction must needs lie not in the appreciation of the small, not in the receptivity of the small, but in their own consciousness of the truth and beauty of the pictures they paint and of the ideals they disclose. Applause is hardly for them, save now and then, and when it comes it is generally for that part of the picture, for that aspect of the ideal, which merits least approval. It

is enough for them to sing alone to-day that which the whole world will sing when its voice is more attuned to the Song of Life, and when they themselves will be making one music as before, but vaster.—(*The Theosophist*, 1934)

RIGHT MEMORIAL

I read in the press that while on the one hand George Bernard Shaw wants a de luxe edition of the Poet's works distributed among the various national libraries, H. G. Wells on the other hand wants a memorial more in the shape of a wider study of Indian history. In India we want an intensification of the Tagore spirit especially among the young, and the continuing of his Santiniketan as a cherished memorial to his selfless services to India.¹ Let busts and statues come when they can. But let plans be devised for the encouragement in young India of the Tagore spirit in all its beautiful culture and fervent patriotism. I am always afraid lest we run after forms and forget the life when we devise memorials to greatness. This certainly has been the case in regard to Dr. Besant. She has been quickly forgotten save in all the things that do not matter at all, though there are constant protestations as to the unique services she rendered to India for almost the whole of her public life both in England and in India too.

¹ A few days ago Gandhiji has suggested that true homage to Dr. Tagore can be paid only by maintaining Santiniketan.

India's memory is short where it should be vivid, and we must take care lest the fate which has overtaken so many of India's noblest sons of comparatively recent times does not gradually insinuate itself round about the beloved Gurudev and Poet. Who hears of Andrews nowadays? Who hears of Jawaharlal Nehru? Who hears of Gokhale, the Great, of Tilak, of India's Grand Old Man—Dadabhai Naoroji? Who hears of Besant nowadays? Soon, when all the fever of his passing has subsided, who will hear of Rabindra-

nath Tagore? Perhaps the best memorials to these great souls would be Societies to keep alive their memories, not the little insignificant activities which are dotted about the country and go by the name of one or another of them, but great All-India movements within a still greater all-inclusive All-India movement to commemorate, to remember, the lives of all those who have been universally acclaimed as notable servants of the Motherland.

India must remember her Great, or she will lose her own greatness.

The Master Dramatist

By ALEX. ELMORE

AND so the Poet has passed. India and the world are not the poorer for such a passing, for when the great and the beautiful of life pass on it brings a glorious sunset diffusion of their spirits' light, which, while fettered within the one small cage of the body, is not wing-free and universal in its light-shedding.

For now his name is ours and his incarnation is in the hearts and lives of every Indian and every civilized man and woman—and of course child—in the world.

In those slim, blue volumes with the dignified gold lettering, spelling titles of simplicity and depth, how often have we touched the true soul of the Poet's Mother-India? He had the real winging breeze of that poetic breathing which a child has. It is this quality which as writer of drama appeals almost in spite of the barrier of the

brain. There is a genuine lyric beauty not only in the word or even idea, but in the dramatic tension and line. His dramas are never taut—never strained or burdened, however deeply true the spiritual truth expressed. It is pure poetry in every dimension. In this he has surely brought to the world the essence of his Motherland. No less, to his Motherland has he brought a song of sheer beauty—at times beauty with a stringent teaching or with a prophetic cry of uncovered shame. It is all this, and something of that strong but winged spirit of the lovely Pegasus which makes of India's Poet a Master Dramatist.

Rabindranath Tagore will ever mean for us that exquisite simplicity of spiritual depth which is Indian and which is not of temporary stuff or fashioning. It belongs to all times and all men—for it is of the Devas, and the Gods,

The Poet Son of India

SPEAKING to a gathering of children a few years ago he¹ said: "I know I look rather formidable, with my great beard and white hair, and flowing Indian robe, and people who know me by my exterior, make the absurd mistake that I am an old man, and give me a higher seat, and pay me deference by keeping at a distance from me. But if I could show you my heart, you would find it green and young—perhaps younger than some of you who are standing before me." In his face one sees a great calm—the impress of that wonderful peace which is seldom found in western lands of hurry and strain. But it is not a peace gained from inactivity. Rather it is the peace which comes only to those who live in that higher realm where great ideals are their daily thoughts.

A MYSTIC

"One morning, I happened to be standing on the verandah, looking at the trees on the ground opposite. The sun was just rising through the leafy tops of those trees. As I continued to gaze, all of a sudden a covering seemed to fall away from my eyes, and I found the world bathed in a wonderful radiance, with waves of beauty and joy swelling on every side. This radiance pierced in a moment through the folds of sadness and despondency which had accumulated over my heart, and flooded it with this universal light. That very day the poem, *The Awakening of the Waterfall*, gushed forth, and coursed on like a veritable cascade. The poem

¹ Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

came to an end, but the curtain did not fall upon the joy aspect of the Universe. And it came to be so that no person or things in the world seemed to me trivial or unpleasing. Thus I gained this further insight which has lasted all my life."—Tagore.

AN ARTIST

To those who have read his works, but have not known him personally, Tagore will only be an exquisite writer of English, an idealist, a mystic. There is an artistic versatility, however, in his nature, which is unsuspected by the literary public, but which evokes a great admiration in those who know him. He is a sweet singer, and has written many beautiful songs, many of which are sung through the length and breadth of India. He is a delightful actor, and I myself have seen him perform, to a select audience in his own house at Calcutta, the charming little play, *The Post Office*. Old as he is, yet life overflowed in him as he danced gracefully, and sang wistful, delicate melodies to the joy of all present. Deep though he is by nature, he has a very keen sense of humour, and in *My Reminiscences* he displays an abundance of this happy gift.

AN EDUCATIONIST

I think that Tagore is little known to the world as a teacher. But he has chosen teaching to be his avocation and has made a new departure in the education of Indian children. He is

imbued with the spirit of the ancient system of learning in India. During the last few centuries Indian education has been in a deplorable condition. The ancient ideals are largely forgotten, and the profession of the teacher carries with it no honour now. Tagore has founded a school in Bolpur, near Calcutta, with a view to bring back into the life of the Indian student something of the power and energy which the old method stimulated, something of a true conception of life and its purpose, and in addition to help to assimilate the best that the West has to teach.

A CELEBRATED INDIAN

On one occasion in London after the reading of the poet's play *Chitra*, Mr. Montagu¹ describes how, when riding through an Indian forest at night, he came upon a clearing where two or three men sat round a fire. Not being certain of his road, he was glad to dismount and rest his tired horse. Shortly after he had joined the group, a poor-looking, ill-clothed lad came out of the forest, and sat down also at the fire. First, one of the men sang a song and then another. The boy's turn came, and he sang a song more beautiful both in words and music than the rest. When asked who had made the song, he said that he did not know—"they were singing this song everywhere." A while after, Mr. Montagu heard the words and music again, this time in a very different place, and when he asked for the name of the maker of the song, he heard for the first time

¹ Late Secretary of State for India.

the name Rabindranath Tagore. Ernest Rhys in his book on Tagore.

A TRUE PATRIOT

Tagore loves his Motherland India with an intense devotion that is as real as it is beautiful; but he is not patriotic in the way in which people commonly are. His is a nature which rises above the narrow conceptions of local patriotism. The love he has for his own people does not blind him to the worth of others. Tagore, belongs in a real sense to all the countries which have access to his writings. He is a believer in humanity as a whole, and not only in isolated portions of it. He has travelled in many lands and met with peoples of different types; and because of his innate spiritual perceptions he has the power to appreciate the greatness in foreign Nations.

A great mind like that of Tagore greatly quickened the possibility of a close friendship between the western countries and India. He has prepared the way for a sympathetic linking of the ideals of the East and the West. Hitherto it has been the West that has moved to the East. Of the life and thought of the East little was known in the West.

A SEER

But in recent years, the culture of the East has been making its way in western lands. Tagore says: "It is the culture that enjoins man to look for his true wealth and power in his inner soul, the culture that gives self-possession in the face of loss and danger, self-sacrifice without counting the cost or hoping for gain, defiance of death, acceptance

of countless social obligations that we owe to men as social beings." "This culture of the East", he continues, "will change the aspects of modern civilisation, infusing life in it where it is a machine, substituting the human heart for cold expediency, not caring so much for power and success as for harmonious and living growth, for truth and beauty." Like all rare thinkers who see

clearly into the future, he believes that the world's peace and happiness lie not in fostering the sense of division among the various peoples, but most certainly in promoting mutual understanding among them, which alone can lead to a rational and true civilisation.

(The above is adapted from an article by Mr. D. Rajagopalacharya in *The Young Citizen*, 1923.)

The Celestial Veena-Player

September 29, is this year the Saraswati Puja Day. This Puja always marks the conclusion of the Navarathri festival which is a worship dedicated to the Mother, in Her three-fold aspect of Durga, Lakshmi and Saraswati—the Shakti manifestations of the Trinity. It is the day on which we offer our tools of daily labour to be consecrated by the Wisdom-Goddess, that we may go out into the New Year with the Light of Her Blessing. In these dark days such festivals, when rightly celebrated, release spiritual force for the benefit of the world. The following was written by a devotee of Art on the day after Saraswati Puja.

EVERY artist, every true citizen, loves the instruments and vehicles which make his life full, useful and happy. There is a sense of companionship and intimacy with those things we use in daily life or by which we can express ourselves or gain further experience and knowledge. It is, therefore, a wonderful and true act that every year we worship and address our aspirations towards Saraswati—She who is Wisdom, Knowledge and Divine Grace, the Player on the Celestial Veena. It is a perfect act of dedication that we lay before Her those things which are Hers inasmuch that they allow Her Wis-

dom and Grace to manifest themselves through us. On this day it is in our hearts to re-dedicate our bodies, feelings and thoughts that throughout the coming year we may be worthy instruments in Her hands—perfectly tuned to be played as perfect Veenas by Her hands.

That She comes to every place where we prepare a place for Her on this festival is true. The day following, Vijayadasami, is always fragrant with Her presence. It is as though a Lotus has blossomed on every object dedicated and worshipped and when we take our books to learn, our tools to work with or our daily household utensils, they shine in our hands with a new light and feel as though made of purest substance.

Then it is that we can pour out our devotion and gratitude to Her with purer hearts, cleaner hands and go to our work in Her Name. We perform Saraswati Puja and start our new year with a new work—scintillating with happy creative joy which only true dedication to Saraswati can bring.

Signpost of Ancient India

By RUKMINI DEVI

IN India today, Art has taken a very definite hold on the imagination of the people, for the whole of India is interested in every art, and particularly in the art of dancing. In different waves of civilization a nation's thoughts turn first into one channel and then into another, and consequently the life in each waxes and wanes. Today we view an approaching flood-tide of artistic life.

My own interest in the arts has always been a part of me. I have never cared for any other education but the artistic and the spiritual, but does not that include all other education? In whatever country I have travelled, I have tried not to waste my time but have endeavoured to learn something of the arts of the nation, particularly music, painting and drama.

Later when I saw for the first time two well-known Bharata Nāṭya exponents, I was surprised by their technique, their grace, and the essential spirituality of the dance-form though I discovered that all such professionals had a certain element in their dance which I knew was not part of Bharata Nāṭya but was part of their own interpretation of the dance. I have always felt and have since known for myself that the dance is a philosophy of life and a spiritual expression.

Many dancers take their forms from sculpture but I feel that ancient Indian sculpture has taken its form from the dance. In India the very soul of the dance is spirituality. All the arts have

derived their inspiration from our great Teachers and they produce an atmosphere of uniqueness which, devoid of devotion, becomes dull and uninteresting. It has been quoted by many learned scholars that the dance is a philosophy in itself, that through the dance may be given to the world true life and understanding of life and that through the dance can come Moksha or salvation both to the audience and to the dancer if they are properly attuned to it. Though this may sound very exaggerated to many who know only the modern dance, it is my own experience that during the moment of dance can come a spiritual Light as great as through any worship in a Temple or Church.

But I feel that in India art has always been impersonal, and that it has never been for the onlooker either to praise or to criticize, but merely to feel. In modern days unfortunately art has become merely a matter of fame. There are many true and great artists who are old-fashioned, who belong to the village, and who are still unconscious of publicity or fame and there is something very spiritual and simple in that one-pointed devotion to art—a devotion which is not concerned with the outside world.

A DANGER TO INDIA

It is also sad that combined with the revival of interest in the arts has come a very grave danger to India—the danger of ugliness masquerading as

Beauty. Perhaps people do not know enough about art, particularly the dance, to be able to distinguish the real from the unreal; for anyone with even a few months' learning and with very little knowledge, by the aid of costumes and orchestra, is able to win an audience.

Besides real knowledge of the dance, belief is a most essential requisite for the dancer. It is no use to dance on the themes of Gods and Goddesses unless one believes in those Gods and Goddesses. I know that this is an opinion with which many people will not agree, but there is a certain something a dancer can produce when he or she believes, which is never possible otherwise.

Bharata Nāṭya in South India has been degraded not only by the professional dancer but mostly by the audiences who were willing to encourage vulgarity. But the dance itself is such, and its form is such, that in the hands of the right person, it can easily assume its rightful and original place.

I have seen practically all types of dances throughout India, but the classic style, the beauty, the dignity, and the obvious grandeur of Bharata Nāṭya, in my opinion, cannot be equalled by what I might call, her daughters. While every form of dance, whether it be folk, semi-classical, or classical, must have a place in the nation, just as there must be a place for all types of people, Bharata Nāṭya is satisfying to every type of person, for to the untutored it may be enjoyable; to the learned, it may be beautiful and to the intuitive, it reveals oceans and oceans of happiness. Yet it must be emphasized that its technique is so difficult, that I feel Bharata Nāṭya is meant only for the

few to learn, as it needs many qualifications before the dancer can really be called an artist and not a mere technician.

Few dancers either know the true meaning of the mudras, the mandalas, etc. but learn the poses for the sake of effect. Like everything in ancient Indian art and science, every detail is thought out, every detail is well conceived, every detail has a place and meaning. Just as the ancient South Indian bronzes were made to the correct proportion according to the Shāstras, given for the helping of those who wished to attain the best results, so were rules and regulations made for the position of the body and the mudras in Bharata Nāṭya.

THE DEVA OF THE MOVEMENT

In modern days sculptors are copying these bronzes, and attempting to follow the Shāstras, but they are not able to produce the beauty that was achieved by the artists of ancient days, because though they follow the rules, they have lost the spirit. Rules in themselves are not enough. Words are not enough. Knowledge is not enough. There must be a spirit which one might almost call "a Deva of Movement." This spirit is intangible and can never be described, as nothing great in the world can be described. But this spirit is most easily and profoundly available through the art of Bharata Nāṭya when it is properly mastered and understood.

Bharata Nāṭya is obviously an art meant for the Temple. It is surprising to feel the perfect harmony between

Temple architecture, bronze sculpture, the Temple dance—Bharata Nāṭya, Temple music and Temple musical instruments like the Nagaswaram.

India was never a land where the arts were separated from life. The arts were taken from life and life was given by the arts. This is a very important principle that should always be remembered by the artistes who desire a renaissance of the arts. In my own School and Art Centre, Kalākshetra, at Adyar, I very specially emphasize this Indian spirit in which the daily life and mind of the dancer or artist is consecrated to the Highest, in which the artist will think of no reward of public opinion, for public opinion changes from time to time while true art never changes. I am more interested in making artists than in creating technicians, though it can never be possible to produce many great geniuses. In this same spirit in Kalākshetra we have classes in literature, in drama, in music, in sculpture, in painting, in Kathakali and Bharata Nāṭya for I feel that no artist can ever be a fine one unless he learns more than the one art in which he is most deeply interested. A back ground in which the emotions and the mind expand and become cultured will directly affect the art. Therefore, there is needed a profound knowledge of literature in the students' mother-tongue, in English, and particularly in Sanskrit, for Sanskrit gives an atmosphere which is unique and essential for all arts. So our dance pupils must have a general education, as well as a knowledge of the stage, of costume, of colour, etc.

How sad is it that in these modern days people treat the dance so lightly

that they think anyone can learn to dance in a few months. If a chemist is not allowed to compound medicines without full knowledge and experience, how can a dancer manage with a mere smattering of knowledge? While no scientist will be respected unless he has a minimum knowledge of his subject, it seems as if any dancer can acquire a reputation purely by showmanship and advertisement. There are many fields of art by which India can be very strongly influenced—surely the cinema is one—but we do not look upon Indian art with the eyes of the westerner. It is really strange that we cannot see beauty for ourselves.

SHOULD DANCE FORMS BE BLENDED?

I find that many people ask me whether I believe in the proper blending of many forms of the Indian dance. I am myself on principle opposed to it. I do not say that this is impossible, but I do say that those who have attempted to blend the various types of dance have, so far as I have seen, blended them more because they know much of all. Each dance-form has its own special and unique emphasis. For example, though Kathakali greatly resembles Bharata Nāṭya in the mudras, Kathakali is Nāṭya or the dance drama in which various dancers take the different characters in the drama. It emphasizes *Abhinaya*, but its emotions are portrayed in conventional facial expressions achieved through very clever muscular training. In Bharata Nāṭya, it is the story-teller who portrays the many characters, and the emotions are expressed by a spontaneous and natural

feeling without much technicality of facial expression. Therefore, were the Bharata Nāṭya dancer to have little feeling, it would be most difficult for her to be expert at *Abhinaya* and if she has no feeling there can be no *Abhinaya* at all. So even with so many likenesses, it is difficult to blend the arts of Bharata Nāṭya and Kathakali.

I know definitely, so far as these two dance forms are concerned, many modern dancers, after seeing one or two performances, carry away an impression of one or two movements that they like and then they incorporate them in their own dances without fully learning the best way of expressing those movements. To those who have specialized in any of the arts, the result comes as a shock. Manipuri teachers of the dance have expressed the same opinion for each exponent of a dance-form discovers a mutilation of his own

art, introduced for the sake of building up what is called the "modern dance."

Is the modern dance to be a creation purely from lack of knowledge and a blending of the ugly, or is it to be the result of a deep and life-long study and experience, with a wise-blending if there is to be a blending at all? In my own dancing there are certain expressions which I have changed—I have attempted to create a costume and stage-setting which is both simple and direct; I have introduced many great and beautiful songs of South India which had never in the past been used as themes for the dance. But I have tried to do this in the spirit of India and her glorious traditions, so that I could go further along that road towards which the great signpost of ancient India has ever pointed.

(From *Art and Culture*)

Tagore at Adyar

Two Young Citizens, Mr. Felix Layton and Miss Dorothy McBrayer, both from U.S.A., interviewed Dr. Rabindranath Tagore on his last visit to Adyar in 1934.

It was our privilege to interview Dr. Rabindranath Tagore at Adyar. We could not help feeling that we had caught a glimpse of the true greatness of the man which is not possible to obtain without close contact.

The Poet has been Adyar's guest for more than a week, and is staying in the Blavatsky Gardens with the beautiful banyan tree just in front of the big white house. He prefers to stay at

Adyar when he is in Madras because Adyar is so lovely, and comfortable for him. His secretary told us that he likes to recollect the times he used to come here when Dr. Besant was alive and together they would sit under the banyan tree and have informal talks; and the old artist missed his hostess of former years.

We found him sitting at a window table dressed in a reddish-brown dhoti and kurta, engaged in making crayon drawings. Upon our entrance he put these away, and afterwards referred to them as his "child's play", for he has only recently taken up this line of artistic

expression and feels that he has not yet mastered its technique. There is an atmosphere about some people which makes one realize at once that one is in the presence of greatness. Dr. Tagore has this atmosphere—perhaps because he is one of the most original thinkers and artists in the world. As soon as you hear the Poet speak you realize that you are not listening to other people's thought at second hand, but are hearing words which represent the result of active thinking by a great mind. Both of us felt the power of his personality as the old man raised his snow-white head and gazed at us for a moment before asking us to be seated.

When we asked him in a friendly way if he were feeling better he at once answered in a way that made one realize that he was telling the truth. He said that he was feeling better, but that was not an easy task which he had undertaken. He said he was going about the country as a beggar, a thing he dislikes to do, and at times he and his troupe have been forced to bring their art and culture to the level of those who are unresponsive and not artistic by nature, in order to make money for his Institution at Santiniketan. This should not be so, he said. The people should come to them. After all, the spirit of the Institution is much more important than the material side, and though he is proud of it at present, it has not reached his ideal and probably never will. Yet this does not discourage him, for he thinks it is worth while for the Institution to strive and work towards this ideal.

In discussing the question of Home Rule for India, the Poet said with conviction that Home Rule could never be

"established upon the negative basis of hatred against an alien Government, but it must be upon a perfect spirit of sympathy and co-operation among the different provinces of India and sections of its people. So long as we remain separate, and ignorant of each other's life, and apathetic to its needs, the superstructure of our political freedom will be raised upon a quicksand of unreality."

Before we left we asked him for his autograph, and he told us of his experience with autograph seekers in other parts of the world. They are most numerous in Japan, he said, for there he could not go along the street without having some of them tearing out their sleeves and offering them for autographs. Nearly always after he had signed, they would present him with the pen, and so he had quite a collection of fountain-pens after his visit to Japan. As he said that he laughed so heartily we knew he was fully enjoying the delightful recollection of an amusing experience.

We believe we gained an impression of the Poet different from that which most people get who see him in public. His face was alive, and gave us the sense that he must somehow have found the secret of eternal youth. His eyes shone and sparkled and looked right at us with the earnestness of a young man who has just found a new ideal and wants to give it to the whole world, and his smile and laugh are the happiest things to see and hear.

We carried with us the impression that we had met a man who could think for himself, who said what he thought, and who was alive to the humour of life.

Home of Peace

By C. F. ANDREWS

SHANTI-NIKETAN ASHRAMA has been the dearest home on earth to me for many years. What is in my inmost heart, hidden deep down, is an inextinguishable longing to be away from the tumult and the strife of tongues, in which, for months past, my life seems to have become involved and to be back again once more beneath the Sal trees and the mango groves of Shanti-Niketan, where the children sing their songs, and play their games, and do their work; where the spirit of peace and beauty reigns supreme; where the open sky is spread out overhead, in all its infinite mystery, with its sun-rises and its sun-sets, with its full moon-lit beauty at night, and those wonderful dark, purple evenings, when the stars come out one by one, and seem to stoop down to earth to whisper their secrets into the ears of mortal men. Our own Poet and Teacher, whom we call Gurudeva, has named it in his song, "The Darling of Our Hearts"; and it is worthy of the name. All who have visited the Ashrama, old and young alike, have felt its inner beauty growing more and more upon them.

* * *

I feel sure, in my own mind, that the presence of the Spirits of such saintly lives as those of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, the father of the Poet, who lived in the Ashrama during most of the closing years of his life, and of the Poet's eldest brother, the philosopher and sage, Dwijendranath Tagore, who is living there still in his old age—

I feel sure that the spiritual presence of these lives pervades our Ashrama, even when the bodily form departs.

There are stories already told about Shanti-Niketan, how Maharshi, long years ago, came to the spot just as the sun was setting; how he sat beneath the two Chhattim trees which were covered with white-flowering creepers, and meditated upon God, while night came down over the open plain. When the moon appeared in all her splendour, he was still rapt in prayer. At the time of the golden morning sun-rise, Maharshi was still seater—his heart, all through the wakeful night, filled to overflowing with the joy of the love of God. He said to himself: "This is my place of rest, the end of my pilgrimage." And he remained there year after year. He gave to the spot its present name, Shanti-Niketan, the Home of Peace.

Another story runs, how the captain of a robber-band came to the place, thinking that some Sadhu had secretly buried there a hidden treasure; and when he saw the peace and heavenly radiance of Maharshi's face, he fell at his feet and asked forgiveness, and became Maharshi's disciple.

* * *

If I were to describe to you one day in the Ashrama with the boys, that would perhaps best bring home to you its inner beauty. Long before sunrise, like birds in our own Amlaki groves, our boys are awake. The choristers are the first to rise, and they go round

the Ashrama, singing their morning hymn. You can hear the voices in the distance, drawing nearer and nearer; and then the sound dies away, as the choir passes on to another part of the Ashrama.

After an interval, each boy takes his asan, his square of carpet, into the fields, and sits down on it to meditate, in his own place, alone. Later on, before the school work begins, the boys all stand together in the shade of the trees, and sing their hymn to God.

Till about half-past ten, the work of the school goes on. We have no class rooms. The boys sit with their teachers in the open air, under the trees. There are no large classes. A group of eight or ten boys will be seated round the teacher asking him questions. Very few books are used. Like the education, which Plato loved in Athens, the greater part is carried on through conversation. The boys soon learn to open out all the difficulties to their teachers; and the teachers get keenly interested in the boys' questions and answers. Such living education can never be dull.

When the morning work is over, the boys bathe and go to their meal. About two o'clock in the afternoon the school classes begin again; but at this time the work is chiefly with the hands as well as with the mind. Handiwork is practised, and a boy's own natural tastes are very soon discovered. Some prefer carpentering; others prefer mechanical work; others become skilled draftsmen or painters; others are musicians. There is very little book work in the afternoon. School is over about four o'clock, and then there is a rush to get first into the great open fields for football. Our Shanti-Niketan boys

are famous everywhere for their sports and games.

In the evening, at sun-set, they return from the fields and sit down once more, for a short time, to meditate in silence.

As night comes on, fairy stories are told; short dramas are recited; our Gurudeva's songs are sung; and the different school gatherings are held.

By nine o'clock, all are glad to retire to rest; and again the choristers go round the Ashrama singing their last evening hymn. There can be no question as to the happiness of the life of our boys. Their faces tell the story of their joy and their freedom. There is no freer life in India, than the life of our children at Shanti-Niketan.

* * *

Who can explain the children's love for their Gurudeva, their Poet, their teacher! It is a well-known sight, to see them running up to him the moment he appears from his upper room and comes down among them. Equally wonderful is it to see him taking the little boys in his Bengali and English classes, or singing to them some song which has been recently composed. The children are his inspiration. They are also his audience and his critics. That is why his greatest songs are ever young.

The Poet has taught us that the true life is not touched by death at all; that the change we call Death, is not a terror, but a joy, a freedom, a deliverance. Though, therefore, we have our natural, human daily cares, yet we never allow these anxieties and cares of the world to overcome the inner joy in our hearts.

"God manifests Himself in immortal forms of Joy." We have had that Joy given to us, and nothing can take it away. For it is the immortal Joy of God Himself:

He is the repose of our minds.
He is the joy of our hearts.
He is the peace of our souls.

(Compiled from an address given in Central Africa)

East and West

IN the midst of siren calls, din of air-raids and the darkness of war, the second Congress of the European Federations of the National Societies of Theosophical Society was held at Cardiff, Wales very successfully and it is reported that 120 delegates, representing 9 countries, attended. Dr. G.S. Arundale, the President of The Theosophical Society, sent his "heartiest congratulations for their courage in holding the Congress" and assured that "every such gathering brings appreciably nearer the certain victory of good over evil." The Young Theosophists organized a meeting during the Congress and the following is a report of the proceedings of that meeting:

Various representatives of social welfare organizations in the Cardiff District spoke upon their ideas of a better world. Mr. D. T. Guy, of the Workers' Educational Association, admitting that the present world was very far from that desired by young people to-day, believed one of our great needs to be that of an educational system which would give opportunities to all and which would not cease when the individual left school.

Miss Gladys Cowles, Headmistress of the Girls' School, Bargoed, took a strong view that young people should be clear eyed and level headed and see their duty

to humanity, not merely their duty to the state.

The Rev. Myrddin Davies, a Baptist Minister, looking back over the failure to fulfil the hopes that existed at the end of the last war, put this down to a lack at that time both of economic design and of suitable material, since so many promising young people had then been killed. He considered the ultimate factor in all reorganization work to be personal character: this is the only mortar that will hold nations and groups together under great strain.

Mrs. Betsan Coats was the last speaker, and stated the war must cease and want be banished. In education it is man's spiritual nature that is important: his social relationships need to be a means, not an end. The East and the West need each other and have much to give to each other. No creature should suffer from cruelty, but all mankind learn to serve one another with loving tolerance, from which not even the smallest creature should be excluded.

THE VASANTA YOUTH LODGE, Adyar, of the Young Theosophists' Federation has elected the following office-bearers for the year 1941-42:

President: Srimati S. Radha
Vice-President: Sri S. Vasant Nilakanta
Secretary: Sri M. S. Nagaraj
Treasurer: Sri Naranji K. Kevat

THE OATEN LOAF

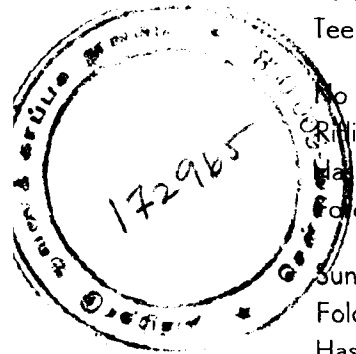
Throned on a woven chair
His mother kneels beside
Sits the crown of all her care,
Hugely satisfied.

A loaf of oaten bread
His fingers excavate,
As though some city ages dead
Teeming with Golden freight.

No archaeologist
Digging a piteous tomb
Has such an apprehensive fist
Forestalling Day of Doom.

Sun-crumbled, rain-drenched earth,
Folding a stubborn grain,
Has filled this room with sudden mirth,
Building a baby's brain.

—E. E. SPEIGHT



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Printed and published by C. Subbarayudu, at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

THE
YOUNG
CITIZEN

Registered M. 4280

O C T O B E R

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BESANT COMMEMORATION



O People, O perfect Nation,
O India that shall be,
We dreamers, we derided,
We mad blind fools who see,
We beseech ye witness, ere ye
come, that ye shall be.

Annie Besant.

•

**"OUR REPRESENTATIVE"—ANNIE
BESANT**

We lend you again for further inspiration and wise leadership your valiant President. Our consecrated representative in the outer world, Our cherished, dearly loved brother For many years she will remain among you and she will guide you—if you will—along the pathway We have chosen for Our Society. You too love her dearly, and not many centuries ago you might have followed her to death. Today you can follow her, not to death but to the larger life. Follow her, brothers. You can have no better guide than she, who for lives has lived but to serve her fellowmen; who has suffered heroic martyrdom, who has endured all the agony the world can sometimes in its frenzies inflict upon those who love it even against its will. Be loyal to her, for so are you loyal to those great ideals which she so magnificently embodies.

—AN ELDER BROTHER in His "Message to the Members of
The Theosophical Society" (1925)

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

October 1941

Vol. XVI, No. 10

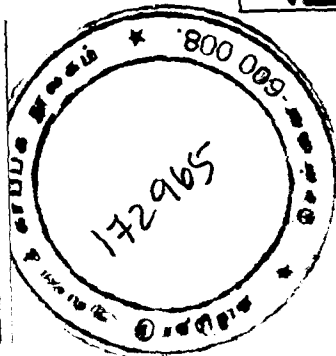
The Crow's Nest

THIS issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN is dedicated to Dr. Annie Besant, who was the real founder of this magazine. She started it with the hope that through it might pour forth inspiration and beauty to the young. I was then 17 years of age, and I need hardly say that I at least was one who never missed a single word of her writings and I waited with impatience for the next numbers. She filled the pages with inspired writings, especially on the lines of the great and of those Indians who have made this land the abode of golden messages that will burn across centuries and centuries.

Now since I have revived THE YOUNG CITIZEN I can add to its pages the name of another great Indian who has stretched her golden aura still further into Eternity and her name is Annie Besant. I cannot and do not desire to think of her as other than an Indian, for having watched her in her daily life and lived with her for years, I know as few can know the perfect life of a Raja Yogi she lived. She was a warrior—a great commander who fought for Right, who fought for the happiness of the downtrodden, and could any King possess a weapon more powerful or golden than that of her voice? She did not care for



"EVER-LOVING MOTHER"



the comforts of her body or her pleasures, but only for the work—the work which meant the Brotherhood of all creatures and the happiness of all. I have known her walk a mile even with a painful knee in order to keep her promise of appointment. I have known her travel to Bombay and preside over meetings with temperatures of 104 which persisted for days, and this when she was 80 years of age. There are thousands of instances which I could give of her most perfect character.

In her political life she was equally selfless, and her vision was great and wise. So much that she prophesied has now come to pass. Perhaps Indians forget India's great children. But the soul of India will treasure in her innermost being the utter surrender and love of Dr. Annie Besant, and may I as Editor offer the homage and gratitude of THE YOUNG CITIZEN.



With this, her birthday, closes the Vasantotsavam Festival.¹ Very few could imagine the difficulties and obstacles that prevented this festival from being as perfect as I intended it to be. But I was not going to give way, and we carried on the work, beginning on the 20th September, the day of Dr. Besant's passing away, then a dance recital with new compositions by me on the 21st, and the vina concert of the most wonderful vina player, Sri Sambasiva Iyer, on the 30th. The 30th morning was Vidyarambham, and all our pupils² began their new lessons, Sambasiva Iyer inaugurating the music, vocal and vina. It was a specially inspiring function, and I felt glad that I had continued the Vasantotsava.

¹ The Vasantotsavam, or Besant Festival, was celebrated by Kalakshetra from September 20, the date of Dr. Besant's passing, to October 1st, her birthday.

² Kalakshetra and the Besant Theosophical School, Rukmini Devi being the head of both.

On the 28th was to have been a Natya-Brindam, a variety but classical programme of dances and music. But we dropped it, and this was due to a most tragic incident (see page 181) which took place on the 25th.

Mr. Conrad Woldringh, the Art Editor of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, was a young and dear friend of mine who came to India to help me in my work in 1936. He was most charming in character and won the heart of everyone who came near him. His talents were many and whatever he did was so perfect that no correction was ever necessary. His designs for publications, for the Crafts departments, leaflets, plans for buildings, and hundreds of other things were so unusual and beautiful that he is unreplaceable. He also had great talent for architecture, and we together were planning the building of Kalakshetra, if and when funds came, and we dreamt of such a centre of beauty. Primarily he was a musician and his soul was yearning for great compositions. We will all miss him. We must not grieve, for we know he can only grow nearer to happiness—but we cannot help missing him. May all blessing be with him.

Rukmini Devi.

Art should express the beauty of the truths of Compassion, of Kindness, of Understanding. Any other art will not outlive a civilization. In order that we may have art that will live for all time, we must express Truth, Reality, the very Soul and essential Being of India.

—RUKMINI DEVI

The Cultural Renaissance

SHRIMATI RUKMINI DEVI and Dr. Arundale are in the midst of a two-months' tour of North India. They left Adyar on October 5, and after a single day in Poona arrived in Bombay on the 7th.

Among Dr. Arundale's engagements was a lecture on "National Education" before a packed audience of teachers in the Besant Hall, the Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, Mr. R. P. Masani, presiding. Dr. Arundale presided over a celebration of Akbar's 400th birthday on October 15, and stressed the need to foster today the highest ideals of national unity which actuated the great Moghul Emperor. Principal M. B. Rehman described the rich cultural elements which Akbar contributed to the unity of the Motherland.

DANCE RECITALS

Rukmini Devi's programme included two Bharata Natya recitals and one Natya Brindam entertainment. *The Times of India* wrote of her first Bhārata Natya recital at the Capitol, October 10: "Every credit must be given to Rukmini Devi for the scrupulous way in which she has studied this ancient art in its pure form. The precision of her technique, the dexterous agility with

which she executes clear-cut movements, the fluency with which she depicts the varied code of gesture bear testimony to her ability. To all this are added the grace of a statuesque figure, the geniality of a charming personality, and beautiful costumes. We wish her every success in the tour she is undertaking."

The Natya Brindam gave a fine and informal opportunity to see the work of Rukmini Devi and her colleagues of Kalakshetra, her Arts Centre at Adyar, in the field of dancing, dramatic art and music, in addition to Bharata Natya. *The Bombay Chronicle* of October 16 wrote most appreciatively of the Natya Brindam entertainment, which, it said, "provided a rare opportunity to become acquainted in a single programme with the traditions and interpreters of Karnatic music and South Indian dance forms and drama."

After Bombay the party planned to visit Baroda, Bhavnagar (where His Highness the Maharajah attends Rukmini Devi's dance recitals and Dr. Arundale's lecture on Education), Allahabad, Patna, Calcutta.

Dr. Arundale and Shrimati Rukmini Devi arrive home in Adyar on November 30, the eve of Dr. Arundale's birthday.

The Times of India, 9-10-41, reporting Rukmini Devi's talk on "Indian Art and Culture" at a public meeting in Bombay the day before, writes: "India, she said, was really a land of spirituality, and religion in its broad sense had always been the source of artistic inspiration. . . . She thought that if a right type of cultural and educational background was provided for every citizen, India was capable of producing a great civilization peculiar to her genius which would one day influence the world."

Ever-Loving Mother

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

[The Vasantotsavam or Besant Festival arranged by Shrimati Rukmini Devi in homage to Dr. Annie Besant, was inaugurated by Dr. Arundale on September 20, the anniversary day of Dr. Besant's passing away. The celebration took place in the Besant Gardens and the pupils and staff of the Besant Theosophical School and Kalakshetra participated].

It is nearly forty years since I first met our beloved Mother. I met her at a great meeting in the Queen's Hall, London, a hall which holds several thousands of people. I was on one of the top balconies of that hall and she was speaking from the platform. I had never spoken to her before in this incarnation, but the moment I looked at her, I knew that my destiny had reached me once more, I knew that there I had come face to face again with my leader from long ago, and I wondered how I might come into touch with her, to be her child, to be her faithful follower and humble helper, when she was so stupendous on the platform and I was so microscopic right in the heights.

A THRILLING MESSAGE

I do not know whether she, looking over her audience, as she always did even when delivering a great oration, saw some little fellow up in that remote part of the hall, but just after the end of her address, somebody came up to where I had been engaged in ushering people into their seats and in seeing that everything was in order in my part of the hall, and said: "Mrs. Besant would like to see you in her

room." Of course I was thrilled beyond words and flew downstairs, impatiently waiting about while she was seeing other people, thinking how much better it would be if she would see me. Eventually she called me, and I had nothing to say, for I was tongue-tied. She in her greatness was infinitely gracious and asked me to call upon her if I could find the time! To call upon her was all I wanted to do, and everything else might well give way to the visits I wanted to pay to her.

I called upon her when she was staying with Mrs. Bright, the widow of that great politician, Jacob Bright, the brother of John Bright. She asked me what I was doing and I told her I was doing Theosophical work. Mr. Bertram Keightley had made me Assistant Secretary in the London office of The Society. She wanted to know if I might not feel inclined to come to India.

Then she invited me to lunch with her. You know it is a beautiful thing to visit a beautiful personage, but to take food with such a person is very marvellous indeed. Now, though you will hardly believe it, I was not then a vegetarian. This my hostess knew and provided me with meat and fish and all

those foods that non-vegetarians use. From her manner you would never have known that I was not eating what she was eating, because she was tremendously gracious. I was quite at home, for I did not realize I was doing anything unusual from her point of view.

Ever since, from that time I have tried to be her son. I think I may say that there has been an unwavering effort on my part. Whatever I may have been able to do, whatever help I may have been able to give anywhere is, of course, due to her, and whatever may be the small fruits of it I place at her feet. I hope I ever shall place all fruits at her feet.

I want all of you young people to think and to realize that to you just as much as to us who knew her physically she is an ever-loving Mother. And I feel very well assured, and therefore most happy, that her blessing will be with you during these next few days in a very special measure. This coming week¹ will be especially dedicated to her in a Vasantotsavam which I hope will be an annual event at Adyar. And I know that she will be specially with us during this wonderful period. Already as I sit here, sensitive as I am to her because I have her guidance as much as ever I had it when she was on the physical plane, I feel her presence, I feel that great glow which comes from proximity to her magnificent fire.

HER CHILDREN

You have become her children, and remember this—that whatever happens, even though you may leave this School and go to some other school,

¹ September 20 to October 1.

she will never desert you. Once you are taken to her heart as you are taken when you join this School, be you a teacher or be you a pupil, you will always be in her heart. And that will be a wonderful protection for you. It will be a wonderful help to you. It will be a wonderful inspiration to you when the time comes for you to go into the outer world and to try to help to do her great work.

Nearly forty years ago I remembered her again in my new incarnation, and my memory of her today is even more vivid than it was during her life on earth because she is so much more SHE than ever she could be confined within a particular incarnation. Freed from the imprisonment of a particular incarnation she soars into her own eternal freedom.

DEATH—A FRIEND

She will come back again for imprisonment in the service of the world. But when, for the time being, she is released from this duty, she becomes her own free and Eternal Self, and those of us who are able can know her face to face. And I want all of you who are older to try to remember that death makes no difference to life, to realize that no one goes away because he or she is, as we say, in our ignorance, dead. On the contrary, death is a friend, death releases, death gives opportunities that one did not have during one's previous incarnation.

More than ever can we love her, can we reverence her, can we worship and follow her because we see how much more wonderful she is even than as we knew her, and she was wonderful enough then.

I am so happy to be able to bear testimony to my own abiding reverence and devotion to her. It may not be possible for all of you to have the same devotion to her, but if only you can have devotion to someone who is an elder who loves you, you will find your pathway happier and easier, you will be able to serve more beautifully because of the inspiration of someone who is in advance of you on the pathway of life.

I hope as the time goes on that this work, which is the most beautiful memorial that could possibly be to her, that The Besant Theosophical School and Kalakshetra will grow in strength and

in power and in service to India, so that when she comes amongst us again she may be able to use a great educational and cultural work to further the work for India which is so near and dear to her heart.

My prayer today as I open this festival is that more and more there may be those in this land who recognize her splendour, who recognize her work as the greatest work that has ever been done for India and the world in recent times, and who, therefore, strive to follow her and so to help India to her freedom, to her happiness, and the whole world to its peace.

"Her Blessing Rests On Us"

■ N commemoration of the passing of Dr. Annie Besant on 20 September 1933, Shrimati Rukmini Devi on the same date in 1941 opened the Vasantotsavam Week, Adyar, addressing the Besant Theosophical School and Kalakshetra and the visitors assembled, first in Tamil, and then in English, offering her homage to Dr. Besant as founder of the School:

SHRIMATI RUKMINI DEVI:

I really spoke for the children, but when I say "children," I take it for granted that even the oldest person in the audience considers himself a child of hers.

Her greatness of character was something that was not merely well-known to me by hearsay, for I knew personally

its perfection. She was one of the greatest persons the world or India has ever produced. All her life she has given herself for the sake of the poor people, of the animals who suffer, and of the children and all whom she loved. Deep love and compassion was the keynote of Dr. Besant's life.

She never thought of herself but always of everyone else. Even in the smallest ways she gave herself. If a poor person came for help, he was never refused. She would rather be cheated many times than refuse help to a person who asked for it.

So much of the good work being done in India today was due to her. So many great causes, as, for example, the desire for Swaraj, the love of a national education, consideration for the

position and place of the Indian woman, the Scout movement for Indian boys and girls, and many others, had their origin in Dr. Besant.

This school was founded not merely in her name but by her, and because of her wish, her ardent desire, that young people should be trained to love India, to feel for the poor and for all who suffer, and to learn to become great and fine citizens.

She asked us to remember her every year on this day, and to tell her children to look at her picture and remem-

ber that she is an old Mother who looks at them with affection and love, and from whom comes all blessing to her children, and, as I have said, we all consider ourselves to be her children.

The best way to receive that blessing, to be really her children, is to forge ourselves, to remember only others to help all who suffer, who are in need and to give ourselves heart and soul in the service of India. In this way her children will receive her blessing, and am sure that on this day her blessing rests on us.

GOD'S THOUGHT OF HIMSELF

By Annie Besant

Never yet has been broken
The Silence eternal :
Never yet has been spoken
In accents supernal,
God's Thought of Himself.

We are groping in blindness,
Who yearn to behold Him ;
But in wisdom and kindness
In Darkness He folds Him,
Till the Soul learns to see.

So the veil is unripen
That hides the all-Holy :
So no token is given
That satisfies wholly
The cravings of man.

But, unhasting, advances
The march of the ages :
To Truth-seekers' glances
Unrolling the pages
Of God's revelation.

Impatience unheeding,
Time, slowly revolving,
Unresting, unspeeding,
Is ever evolving
Fresh truths about God.

Human speech has not broken
The stillness supernal.
Yet ever is spoken
Through Silence eternal,
With growing distinctness,
God's Thought of Himself.

At the Garden of Remembrance

THE Puja at the Garden of Remembrance on the anniversary of Dr. Besant's passing, September 20, opened with a Samskrit chant from the Bhagavad Gita by the students and teachers of our Adyar Schools. After all assembled had offered flowers at the star-shaped flower bed in which are enshrined the ashes of Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater, the President said :

Now I have the privilege of placing this garland before the shrine of both of our beloved leaders¹ in the name of The Theosophical Society throughout the world. It is indeed a very great privilege to perform this act in such a place as this.

I hope that you are all of you happy that you are able to be here at Adyar on the 20th of September.

¹ Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater, whose ashes are deposited side by side and mingled also in the double shrine.

I had the additional privilege today of being exactly in the place in which she passed away at four o'clock, and I felt the blessing intensified that came to us in the morning and has been with us ever since.

During these coming days and especially on October 1st, let us all endeavour to know more about the beauty of her character, and the grandeur of her work. She was a messenger from our Elders and served Them most faithfully unto death.

In the name of The Theosophical Society, and with the homage, the reverence, and the affection of the members of The Theosophical Society, I place this garland for both of them, for they loved each other deeply, have been comrades from long ago, and will be even closer comrades forever.

ANNIE BESANT STILL CALLS

"In 1912 a great Rishi said that the hope for the future of India lay largely with the young. Despite the deadness of the youth of India today, the result of prolonged misguidance as well as of the pall of continuous disappointment that has overshadowed India for many a decade, that hope of which the Rishi spoke still, I believe, I hope, survives. India is not dead, and therefore her youth cannot be dead, for her youth are the future calling to the present. I know well that Dr. Besant calls to the youth of India as she used to call them when she had a physical voice. I know well she cherishes India as ever she has cherished her not only

in her last incarnation but in many before. Under India's Pantheon of the Mighty, of every Faith and all communities, Annie Besant, however she may be called in the inner worlds, is India's greatest hope. And on this first day of October, when thousands throughout the world will be thinking of her with special reverence and gratitude and affection, she will send forth a tremendous surge of her own loyalty to this ancient Motherland of hers, by the aid of which may be surmounted the obstacles which stand between India and her light."—DR. ARUNDALE in the October "Watch-Tower."

A Voice of Truth and Beauty

Imagine yourself in the Gokhale Hall, Madras—the famous hall which Dr. Besant built and donated to the Young Men's Indian Association, and the scene of some of her great political triumphs. It is the 1st of October 1941. The place is crowded, floor and galleries, with people gathered to commemorate Dr. Besant on her birthday. Three others have spoken, and then Rukmini Devi rises, the only lady on the platform, and thrills the house with this address:

SHRIMATI RUKMINI DEVI

THE Chairman¹ referred to the fact that the younger generation may not have known her. I happen to be one who not only knew her but saw her in her daily life for many years, and her personal life was such that it was possible only to one who knew her to imagine a life more full of beauty, and more perfect in its everyday activity. Her compassion for the suffering, for those who are poor, her deep love for children, her love for animals, her great tenderness for all living things, and her constant desire and active help to right wrongs—these were some of her most wonderful characteristics which she put into practice every single moment of her life. As she walked about, to everyone she met she gave a gracious smile that came not merely from her lips but from her heart, because her heart was so great.

No one was more Indian than she was. She believed in India in the true ways and she felt a great reverence for the spirit of India. Some might think a person of foreign birth was not fit to speak for India. She was more fit to speak for India than are most Indians. She knew India from the moment she came to India. She gave her heart and soul to India and studied

¹ Sir S. Varadachariar, Judge of the Federal Court, presided.

all she could about India. She studied the Hindu religion. She established the Central Hindu College, so that Indians might know the beauty of the traditions of their own country. India needed a voice of knowledge, a voice of beauty, a voice of truth, and her voice came to speak to Indians to show them what India has been and will be. She learned Sanskrit and she translated the *Bhagavad Gita* into such beautiful English that when you read it you feel as if you were reading rhythmic Sanskrit and not English. If you read the many books she wrote for little children, they will give you a deeper understanding of what India really is.

Dr. Besant gave her heart to India. Even in her political work she was not unhappy because she was not recognized. She only worked for the good of the nation, and was unhappy because people were arguing over minor differences and forgetting the real work—the building of the Indian Nation. I think that spirit still persists. When she wrote the Commonwealth of India Bill, she did not say, "Please adopt it." She said, "Write your own Bill. Or modify this one. Change it in any way you please. But do it together, all of you working together in a friendly spirit. Only then will India be a nation and not a place where argument and dispute

ruin the nation." She made so much sacrifice for that principle.

To Gandhiji, Dr. Besant said, "If you feel my acceptance of the charka will bring harmony, I will do it for a year." So she who was meant to stand on a platform and speak to millions of people, patiently wound the charka. She said, "I am willing to give way in small things, but in the big things I must hold steadfast to truth, to principle." So she sacrificed her very life to those principles which she followed.

THE SOUL OF INDIA

Indians are still swayed by arguments about so many little things that do not matter. If only we could work together and sacrifice our personalities. But it is so much easier to sacrifice money than to sacrifice our personal pride or opinion. That is the sacrifice Indians must make if we are really to follow the Besant tradition. When one follows that tradition, one is following not only a personality but the very Soul of India. It is a tradition of one who would sacrifice all for Truth, a tradition of a love so deep that for the sake of that love she could give all. That is really serving India.

We do not know India as well as she did. How much of the true India are we expressing? Even the habits of many of us are foreign. Do we believe in the Indian religion and the religious spirit? Do we believe in Indian culture? We let foreign people recognize the greatness of something Indian before we ourselves recognize it. People sometimes ask me, "Have you danced in the West?" I am proud to answer, "Not yet." For I preferred not to have the praise of the West precede the

praise of my own Motherland. What we need is to live sincerely, to see the great beauty of the Motherland, to see in the children, in the women, in our arts and institutions the future of our Motherland.

We must not have an ungrateful heart. We have a tendency to forget the greatness of those who have served India. Among all those who have served India we cannot offer our gratitude more deeply, more truly than to Dr. Besant. Let us remember that in her soul shone Beauty, Truth, and complete Self-Sacrifice. She gave her life for India, and if she should come back, she would give her life again. I feel that spirit of herself as I speak to you at this moment, and I offer on your behalf this homage to one of the greatest servants India has ever had.

"MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN"

Annie Besant was the greatest orator in England, perhaps the greatest in Europe. . . . The most wonderful woman in the world.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

For us Indians, it is difficult to think of her as anything but an Indian, so completely had she identified herself with Indian life, Indian thought and Indian aspirations.

SIR TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU

Dr. Besant has been a splendid, unparalleled triumph of human effort. Not in small or mean causes, but in great, glorious causes, which might lead, who knows, to one vast comprehensive synthesis of our countries, in which man shall embrace man truly as Brother, in which all distinctions shall be forgotten.

RT. HON. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

LORD VAIVASVATA MANU

[In our June issue, we published "The Hierarchy," describing the different Departments of the world's work under their presiding Officials.]

THIS month we turn to the Ruling Department of the world, the Department in which serve the Officers of the great KING, who is the Monarch of our globe. He is the Head of the Occult Hierarchy, and His Will is Law to all its Members. Mighty and wise and great are all; but He is mightiest, wisest, and greatest. Seismic¹ changes and the Evolution of Mankind is the special work of this Ruling Department. Under its direction continents rise out of the oceans or sink out of sight beneath them; nations grow, mature and decay; types of men are shaped; races and sub-races are evolved, each according to its own model; governments are raised up and cast down; wars and invasions, victories and defeats are made to serve high purposes in the evolution of humanity. As the Teaching Department shapes man's spiritual destiny, so does the Ruling Department shape the material destiny of man and his earth.

THE TYPE OF A RACE

Among the High Officers of the KING in this splendid work are Those who are called Manus. Man, in Sanskrit, is the root of the verb to think. From this comes our English word Man, so that when we say Man, we say

¹ Seismic = pertaining to earthquakes.

Thinker. The Dutch Man, the German Mann, come from the same root. The Manu is the typical man, and each great race—a Root Race—has its own Manu. Each such Race has a particular type. Compare the appearance of a Chinaman and an Englishman, and you will see how different they look. Notice the shape of their eyes in the head; notice the cheek-bones, and the shape of the whole face, one squarish and the other oval; notice the general build of the body; and you will at once realise what is meant by the type of a Race. A sub-race is a modification of the Race-type; it shows the chief characteristics of the Root Race to which it belongs, but modifies them in a way peculiar to itself. Compare a German with an Italian; both belong to the fifth, or Aryan, Root Race, but the German belongs to its fifth sub-race, the Teutonic, while the Italian belongs to its fourth sub-race, the Keltic. The Japanese, the best type of Red American Indian, and the Kabyle are all fourth Root Race people; but the Japanese belongs to its seventh sub-race, the Mongolian; the Red American Indian to its third sub-race, the Toltec; the Kabyle to its sixth sub-race, the Accadian—but none are quite pure.

Now the work of a Manu is to build a Root Race; He is given a model by

the KING, and He works hard to build the type; He takes birth in it Himself, and His children are a little nearer to the type; they are taken as a new starting point, and so on and on, with tireless patience, ever approaching the model. Vaivasvata Manu is our own Manu, the Manu of the Aryan Root Race, and we are all His descendants. A million years ago, He began the slow process of selection, choosing one here, one there, as possible materials for His far-off Race. At last, about B.C. 100,000, He drafted these into a tribe, and separated it off to start His work definitely; in B.C. 79,797, He led off His people from an island in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, and took them across Africa to Arabia, and settled them there for a time. Later on, He led them north to the shores of the shallow sea which stretched to the Arctic Ocean, and then to the south-east of this settlement, to the shores of the Gobi Sea—now a vast desert in Asia. Along these shores He settled His infant Race, and, after many troubles and massacres, a type was reached which was fairly satisfactory, and from B.C. 60,000 it grew and flourished exceedingly, and became a mighty nation.

Vaivasvata Manu sent off great emigrations from time to time, and often led them Himself. He built up Empires in Arabia and South Africa with one of these; in Persia with another; one spread over Europe, making Greece and Rome, and another, more to the north of Europe, shaped the Germans and the English. He took down into India the dwellers in the Gobi Sea settlement, and they conquered India, settled down and reared a fine civilisa-

tion. The Hindus still call themselves "the children of Manu," and look up to Him as their Law-giver.

THE NEW SUB-RACE

He is beginning to build a new sub-race, the sixth, over in America, and we can already recognise the very fine type which He is there evolving. Out of that the next Manu, who is called by Theosophists the Master M., will choose the materials for His Sixth Root Race, and later on He will settle them in a colony and shape them into a new type given to Him by the KING. The Master K. H., who was Pythagoras, will be the Teacher of that new Race, and will succeed the Lord Maitreya as Bodhisattva, thousands of years hence.

Our Manu is living in the Himalayas, not far from the house of Lord Maitreya, and He comes sometimes to His great Brother's house. He is a magnificent looking man, with a great beard rolling down over his chest in glowing waves of brown shot with gold, and masses of glorious hair, mane-like, a lion-head of unsurpassable force and power. Tall is He, and of King-like majesty, with eyes piercing as an eagle's, tawny and brilliant with golden lights.

When we see war raging, and Governments tottering, when great changes are impending, and civilisation seems outworn, then we should raise our eyes to our Manu, and face calmly all that comes, for He knows and guides. Presently He will be shaping another mighty World-Empire; England, India, Germany, America, should all be builded into it. The young men and maidens of today will see it rising. Of its later splendour and its power who may tell?

One of His Servants

What Is The Besant Spirit?

Dr. Arundale paid a splendid tribute to the memory of Dr. Besant, his spiritual mother and guru, at a birthday commemoration in the Gokhale Hall, Madras, on 1st October. He said:

IN a local newspaper about ten days ago, it was set forth by a very good writer that the Besant Spirit is only a curiosity. I very much wondered at that statement, for from my conception of the tradition, if it is a curiosity, so much the worse for India.

What is the Besant Spirit? Not in the opinions she expressed, however true and valuable they may be, not in her actions, not in her speeches, not even in her work. The Besant tradition was in Annie Besant herself. Annie Besant was one, and I should say still is one of those great personages of the world who are measured not by the appreciation or depreciation they may receive at the hands of a fickle public, but whose worth depends on their fineness of character which must ever be behind worth of any value.

I who have known Dr. Besant for forty or more years am in a position to testify that, apart from her political opinions, and the service she may have rendered in one or another department of life, she was great in her truthfulness, she was great in her simplicity, her generosity, her chivalry to all without exception, and great in her faithfulness to her cause. To her friends, and even to her so-called "enemies," no matter how much they might abuse her, she was marvellously faithful and generous, and that was, to me, her supreme value. I might or might not agree with her, with my feeble capacities. She always remained

my friend, one whom I could revere, one whom I could trust, and one whom I could certainly follow in the heights of the beauty, the truth of her nature. That, to me, is the Besant Tradition: her greatness, her self-sacrifice, her loyalty and devotion to a Cause, her splendid attachment to the Truth she was able to see. India needs that type of person today. Even though there may already be many such, India needs many more.

PASSIONATE LOVER OF INDIA

Hence, the value, the object, of such a gathering as this, the observance of such a festival as this is not only because there lived a great woman some years ago in our midst, foreign with regard to her body, but Indian as regards her soul, but also to remind us that we must have something of her nature, our love for India must become greater than it is at the present time, our devotion to our Motherland more intense, we must be able to make sacrifices for our country, we must help to lift her people, our people, out of their present imprisonment into freedom. Surely as Indians that is our work.

We need not do more than follow our inner nature. If there are no leaders to whom we can owe allegiance, we can always owe allegiance to ourselves, and follow the dictates of our own conscience. Eventually we shall have to do this, for we cannot continue to follow others all the time. Humanity

is meant for evolution, for growth. Only the few can remain in a comparatively uncivilized stage. The many will have to make progress sooner or later.

I do not think of her political opinions, of the work she did so splendidly, of those many years of service in which she spent herself for the world, but I think of that fine friend, that beautiful person who loved India passionately, and was willing to serve her Motherland to any extent—not an adopted Motherland but her real Motherland, because, though she was of Irish descent, India was truly her Motherland. Sometimes she would be mentioned as being an "Englishwoman" and she would draw herself up and say, "I am an Irishwoman—it makes a lot of difference." I cannot say "I am an Irishman," for I am an Englishman. But in spite of being an Englishman, or perhaps rather because I am an Englishman, I have always loved India passionately in my own humble, yet strong and definite, irrevocable way.

I am so glad to be here, so happy to bear testimony for one who for years and years and years was my real Mother, my spiritual Mother, but also one who was able to arouse in me fire to help in whatever way I could possibly serve.

TO HONOUR GREATNESS

I am happy to be the only foreigner on this platform. I am rather proud of representing the whole of Europe, Australia, and all white-skinned peoples. I wish more of my particular colour would stand up for India and assert India's rights. This is not a political meeting, it is a meeting to honour

greatness, to honour the wonderful founder of the Young Men's Indian Association and of this Gokhale Hall. If you are to carry away anything from this meeting, it is a determination to love your India more deeply, to be more Indian than ever you have been in every part of you, to set an example of that eternal greatness of India which no foreign country can dissipate, and which waits for its turn in order to give true culture and beauty and peace to the whole world.

When we think of Dr. Besant we remember her because of her love for India, because of her sincerity, as one of the greatest messengers from the West who has ever come from the West to awaken the East to its own inherent splendours and strength. So because we have these meetings, India will benefit. That would be my testimony and the testimony of others no less.

"YOU MUST BE HAPPY"

Another quality of the Besant tradition—you must be happy. Dr. Besant was one of the happiest of people. After her hard work in the *New India* Office, we would often sit together in the evening and eat ice-cream and she would say, "Tell me a few jokes, something to make me laugh—I have been serious and solemn all day." I used to have to prepare beforehand from this and that magazine, from this and that journal, that her demand might be met by an adequate supply. I laughed and she laughed, and so we went to bed happily, we woke up happily in the morning, and enjoyed ourselves happily. As memories crowd in on me, I cannot help but feel her spirit of happiness.

Let me sacrifice and love India as passionately as I can. Let me serve India as ardently as I am able. But let me be able to laugh while I am doing it and be happy while I am doing it.

Lightheartedness is part of the Besant Tradition. To follow the Besant Tradition, I say to you, be as happy, as happy, as happy, as you possibly can.

Fifty Years Hence

Vivid memories of his schooldays as a small boy in London came to Dr. G. S. Arundale at a birthday celebration arranged for Mr. K. Shankara Menon, headmaster of the Besant Theosophical School, at Adyar on September 22, in the midst of the Besant Festival. Shrimati Rukmini Devi, director of the School and head also of Kalakshetra, voiced in Tamil her appreciation of his work. Dr. Montessori gave her greetings in Italian, saying it was appropriate to use many languages to greet one so beloved by his friends. Others spoke in English, and then Dr. Arundale, who said:

FIFTY years ago, before any of you young people were born or were wanted at all, I went to school in London and then in Germany. I have rather forgotten my German experiences, because they were in a military school where we were all very severely disciplined. But I have always remembered my London School. I can see in my mind's eye the very School itself with its rooms and furniture and playground, and I have even remembered the name of the Headmaster, Mr. James Hardie, and the name of the School—the Linton House School. Why have I these vivid memories? Because the Headmaster was wonderfully kind to me, and because I was so very happy in that school. I do not think I have ever since that time been more happy than I was in the Linton House School under Mr. James Hardie, M.A., Edinburgh University.

I hope fifty years hence, when your Headmaster is still alive, on his 80th

birthday, you will enthrone him in a beautiful bower with a kind of frame of flowers around him.

You will all, perhaps, be alive and will remember how wonderful it was to have been a student of The Besant Theosophical School or Kalakshetra, and will say to yourselves, "As a little fellow I did not know how wonderful an opportunity I had in attending these schools. But now I do know."

When the Headmaster has finally passed away in the complete fulness of time, some day you will be saying at a commemoration of this kind: "Fifty years ago, before most of you young people were born or were even wanted, I remember being in The Besant Theosophical School, and not only do I remember being in that School, but I even remember the name of the Headmaster—Mr. K. Shankara Menon, M.A.; Madras University." And then you will speak of the good old days, and perhaps

compare all subsequent Headmasters with Mr. Shankara Menon to their disadvantage.

Older people are always a nuisance because they feel they must give younger people a "little piece of advice." I want you to work enthusiastically, to play your games enthusiastically, and to enjoy yourselves enthusiastically. Work, play, do everything else with the fire,

the joy, of enthusiasm.

The Headmaster: It is wonderful to do work given by Dr. Besant and so essentially for our own country and the rest of the world. We must build up a future of happiness not only for ourselves but for the whole world, so that from this institution founded by her, there will go forth Right Education, Real Religion, and True Brotherhood.

Mr. Conrad Woldringh

THE tragic end of Mr. Conrad Woldringh, to which our Editor refers in the Crow's Nest of this issue, took place on the morning of September 25 in the Adyar Theatre. Mr. Woldringh touched a live electric wire which was about to be insulated and was staying near it to warn people off. How he came to touch the wire is not known. Every care is taken to ensure the protection of everyone who visits or works in the Theatre, and this is the first accident that has happened during many years of play-producing and of dance recitals. Perhaps Karma became so imperative as to be resistless.

Mr. Woldringh was attended by Adyar doctors and then taken to the Royapettah Hospital and placed in the "iron lung," but it was impossible to revive him. After a coronor's inquest his body was next morning cremated on the Adyar burning-ground.

Everyone at Adyar shares the great loss occasioned by his death. Not only was he friendly to all, young and old alike, not only did he live happily,

lightheartedly, but he worked incessantly in the cultural life of Adyar, specially with Shrimati Rukmini Devi in Kalakshetra, her Arts Centre, in which he was Director of Studies, the artistic designer of Kalakshetra (and T.P.H.) publications, and all posters and other propaganda material for Rukmini Devi's dance recital tours. It was he who laid out this journal—*The Young Citizen*—in its present form and he helped every month to produce it. He was a talented musician and composer, and entertained us with modern masters and with his own compositions, and occasionally went on the air, playing for the All-India Radio, Madras. The Madras Radio broadcast an appreciation on the night of his death.

Mr. Woldringh joined The Theosophical Society in 1935, and in 1936 came to Adyar with Mr. and Mrs. Elmore at the request of Rukmini Devi, and had lived most of the time in a cottage next to theirs in the Besant Gardens. His parents are probably residing in Brussels and to them the whole Adyar community sends its deepest sympathy.

DR. ARUNDALE'S VALEDICTION

When the body of our dear friend Woldringh was brought to the burning-ground Dr. Arundale delivered the following address :

This loss of Conrad Woldringh has been very grievous to us all. The loss is naturally to us and not to our beloved brother there, because he enters into a happier life and never loses touch with those whom he appears to have left behind him.

If only we knew a little more, we should realize that he and all of us are ever together. Unfortunately we are not able to realize this, and naturally we feel the loss on the physical plane.

I think probably we feel it a little less, because Conrad was, and is, so happy, so light-hearted, so full of delightful playfulness. He was a wonderful influence wherever he went. And I know myself how he lightened all burdens and made all people happy, because of his own beautiful and simple outlook upon life. He is the same now that he was yesterday and the days before, precisely the same. And when he sees our inevitable and natural solemnity and feeling of loss, there is just a little playful tendency in him to smile at us, almost to laugh at us, because we are as near to one another as ever we have been or could be. From his point of view that nearness is very very real, far more real than it can be to us who live in this body of imprisonment.

We have not to bid him farewell, save as to the physical body. I feel

myself very sure that he has only left us to return with far greater facilities even than those he has had for doing the work he loved so much.

I woke up this morning feeling he was very near and happy. What has happened which is so terrible to us all seemed from one point of view as a blessing from his Masters, from the Lords of his Destiny who help him on his way, so deserving was he, so deserving is he.

Therefore, this is an occasion for being happy with him, knowing he is in the good hands of his Elder Brothers, and that he is looking forward to returning to the world and helping even more beautifully, more happily, more playfully than he has helped before.

* * *

My dear Conrad, you know what very deep affection we all have for you, and you know now, as you perhaps did not know in physical incarnation, how much everyone loved you and appreciated you, how much you meant to us all, even though there you can see there is no real occasion for unhappiness on our part.

As you have left us physically all the happier for your having lived in our midst, you will have happy memories and you will have no less happy thoughts as to the future. We are all together and we shall meet together again on the physical plane when the time comes.

[With hand outstretched] I add my own very loving blessing to a very dear younger brother who has left us only that he may return the better to do the Masters' work.

* * *

Prayers were chanted from the Sanskrit and the Christian scriptures, flowers were offered, and what was left of Conrad Woldringh was consumed. The fire was started by a very dear friend of his.

MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE

Rukmini Devi received a number of condolatory messages from friends, including Dr. James H. Cousins (Vice-President of Kalakshetra), Harindranath Chattopadhyaya and Professor Ernest E. Speight, all poets and men of letters. "So gentle and accomplished and so devoted a helper in your much needed work for the Masters and for the world" —Dr. Cousins used these beautiful words referring to Conrad.

Dr. Arundale also received numerous telegrams from friends in various parts of India.

SCOUTS' APPRECIATION

While a Patrol Leaders' Training Camp was in progress at the Besant Scout Camping Centre, Adyar, the following resolution was adopted on September 28 :

"This morning after physical exercises and Flag Hoisting, the Flag was lowered to half mast as a homage to the late Conrad Woldringh, who has done so much for the Hindustan Scout Association and had, in fact, done all the designing and drawings for the Movement. After a short speech by the District Scout Commissioner, Mr. C. V. Nagaraja Sastri, in honour of Mr. Conrad Woldringh and a minute's silence, it was resolved to communicate the condolences of the camp to the Provincial Chief Commissioner, Dr. G.S. Arundale, to be communicated to the bereaved family."

1933-1941

Dr. Arundale related a vivid experience of Dr. Besant while he was inaugurating the Besant Festival at Adyar on September 20. Said he :

"I was today eight years ago she passed away at four o'clock in the afternoon. Rukmini Devi and I were not here. We were in the United States in Hollywood. We had a cable to the effect that she had passed away. For a moment it was a terrible shock to think we should not see that beautiful physical form again. But the moment she left her body, she immediately started to minimize, so far as she could, the sorrow and suffering

which thousands all over the world felt because she was physically, but only physically, no more with us. She came to Hollywood and made us all quite happy with her presence. I have written a little booklet of conversations I had with her during the few days that elapsed after her passing. The book is very auspiciously published today. I hope some parts of it may be interesting even to our young people here.

If You Slay an Animal...

DR. BESANT made a good point in addressing the Madras S.P.C.A. in 1910. It is, as she said, "going outside the line of ordinary thinking." She told her audience she did not suppose most of them would believe it, but they would remember it, and sometimes think of it. This is what she said:

"Every man has around him a certain protective covering that keeps him safe from the lives around, which might be hostile to himself. He walks as it were angel-guarded as long as he breathes the life of love, the love that

is divine and makes all creatures friendly. But if you do a cruel thing to an animal, or slay an animal, you attach that animal to yourself by the link of fear and hatred. . . You have done more by that act of cruelty: you have broken through the covering which keeps you safe from the evils around you. You have opened the door by your cruel act, and through that door all the animal suffering in the world can pierce you; the one becomes a channel through which the whole can pour into you and affect you for evil."

WHY NOT I?

Plenty of people wish well to any good cause, but very few care to exert themselves to help it, and still fewer to risk anything in its support. "Some one ought to do it, but why should I?" is the ever re-echoed phrase of weak-kneed amiability. "Some one ought to do it, so why not I?" is the cry of some earnest servant of man, eagerly forward springing to face some perilous duty. Between these two sentences lie whole centuries of moral evolution.

—ANNIE BESANT (Autobiography)

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Printed and published by C. Subbarayudu, at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

THE
YOUNG
CITIZEN

Registered M. 4280

NOVEMBER 1941

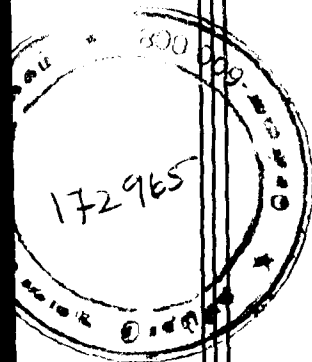


Perfect Art Is Perfect Sacrifice

WHAT ART MEANS

The artist is the priest of the beautiful, whose eyes see more of God than ours do. He is able under the form of nature to see the beauty that that form is veiling, and the duty of the artist is to show to our blinded eyes that which without his genius we cannot see, anything else than that is a profanation of art not worthy the name. Colour is more to the artist than it is to us; melody is more to the artist than to our untrained ears. And every form of beauty hidden in nature, it is for the artist to bring out and place before the eyes of men; he has to see the ideal under every form, the perfect under every imperfection, and his splendid mission is to show the perfect beauty to the eyes of men, so that seeing it, they may remodel themselves after it, and their lives may be beautiful as nature which is the life of God. That is what art means.

ANNIE BESANT



RUKMINI DEVI IN BHARATA NATYA

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

November 1941

Vol. XVI, No. 11

Learn to bring beauty into the home and the common life, and do not think it is practical to be ugly, and that all that is of beauty is simply dreamy and superfluous . . . Beauty is the mark of divine manifestation.

ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

(By the Acting Editor)

NOVEMBER 17

THE greatest day in the Theosophical Calendar is the 17th of November, the date on which The Theosophical Society was born in New York in 1875. No one can appraise the tremendous influence which The Society has exerted on the world's thought and life during the two-thirds of a century which has since passed. These imponderable factors cannot be weighed in a scale or measured with a yardstick. But the evidence is all around us—the World War with all its horrible concomitants notwithstanding—of the permeating influence of the ideal

of Brotherhood for which The Theosophical Society fundamentally stands—in the world as a whole and in every individual department of its life. Theosophy has had numerous presentations, the occult, the scientific, the intellectual, the educational, the political. The artistic presentation has been given in principle, but not as a practical visible message until Rukmini Devi began to permeate India with the cultural spirit. It is a happy augury for the future that she is infusing India's renaissance with the age-old spirit of India's eternal culture, and in the second place that she will be the herald of a world culture which will be the means of drawing the nations together transcending all the ordinary lines of communication, political and economic.

Dr. Arundale has told us that the spirit of Kalakshetra embodied in Rukmini Devi concerns itself largely with the future of Theosophy and The Theosophical Society. Concerning the new period of life which The Society is entering he has said :

"Richer and fuller will be Theosophy because of this new unfoldment. My relation to Rukmini Devi has nothing to do with what I am saying. We are concerned with what is true. We are concerned to advance that which will give more glory to The Theosophical Society and give a deeper realization of the nature of Theosophy.

"All that she is doing is Theosophy, though not perhaps the orthodox Theosophy to which we are accustomed. But we must, all of us, and all members throughout the Theosophical world, open ourselves to the new Light, that we may be filled with it, and draw nearer and nearer to the Eternal Wisdom, and so become more effective servants of the Masters and members of The Theosophical Society.

"When we went on tour some months ago [1939] and gave in various cities in Southern India the Bharata Natya dance recitals, it was a revelation to me how the people responded to them. Southern India at least is athirst for all these realities. We have the Truth of Theosophy not spoken in terms of Science, in terms of Philosophy, or

in terms of Religion, but spoken in terms of Form, of Poise, of Rhythm. We can learn as much about the world by attending these dance recitals as we are learning through our studies and researches.

"There is, as it were, a direct entry into the Spirit of Life through the medium, in this particular case, of Bharata Natya."

Rukmini Devi's present work was foreshadowed by Dr. Besant at a European congress in 1925. She spoke of Rukmini Devi as "one whom I have called my daughter". . . . "This Indian girl of a glorious past . . . who, hearing the call of her Master very very early in life, will be the Rishi Agastya's messenger to the women and young ones of India, taking up a large part of the work there I have been carrying on for years. Young in body, yet she is old with wisdom and will-power; 'child of the indomitable will' is her welcome in the higher worlds."



AMERICAN APPRECIATION

How gratifying it is to find Rukmini Devi's cultural work appreciated in other countries besides India, where it is for the present concentrated.

"Whatever work I am doing I consider to be my act of homage to the Masters and to The Theosophical Society, and therefore the friendship of our members is indeed very valuable to my work." So Rukmini Devi replied to the National President of The Society in America in acknowledgment of a resolution adopted by the 55th Annual Convention sending her affectionate greetings and expressing its "appreciation for her splendid work on behalf of The Society."

Rukmini Devi added that she was "grateful for the words of affection and appreciation which the members have expressed."

Was it not a similar occasion three years ago when Rukmini Devi, attending the American Convention, gave a talk on the Indian dance, illustrating it with details of costume, posture, gesture and movement which make up so important a part of its religious significance and magic.

A university man present wrote of it: "No American present had ever seen anything so indescribably expressive and beautiful."



STILL ON TOUR

Dr. Arundale and Shrimati Rukmini were in Bombay when our last issue appeared. They have since visited Baroda and Bhavnagar (as State guests), Delhi, Allahabad, Patna. The final stage is Calcutta, from November 15 till near the end of the month, when they return to Adyar.

Both Dr. Arundale and Rukmini Devi have been very much pre-occupied, first with her dance recitals and cultural talks, and with his lectures on education to University audiences and groups of teachers, besides Theosophical activities, and secondly with the raising of an endowment fund to carry on the educational and cultural work at Adyar. The tour has done much to spread those vital refining influences which emanate from Adyar and of which both Rukmini Devi and Dr. Arundale are living embodiments.

The Indian press is most appreciative of the dance programmes and the public lectures. Mrs. Hansa Mehta, after praising Rukmini Devi as an artist before an audience in the Capitol, Bombay, said that such a Centre as Kalakshetra "deserves not only great encouragement but our support also, and we should appreciate this effort of reviving the ancient Indian art by encouraging Kalakshetra, the training ground of such beautiful artists."



CONVENTION ON WORLD RECONSTRUCTION

What kind of world will emerge after the present war? There will of course be no sudden change-over, but a gradual progress into a new social order which is already being shaped. Statesmen are already planning a new society, not on the lines of Hitler's old tyranny, which

he claims is a new order for Europe, but a world in which every individual and every nation shall enjoy a larger freedom and more ideal conditions of living than those existing today. Some attempt has been made to envisage the new world in a series of eight points known as the Atlantic Charter, but the difficulty with this Declaration is that Clause 3, declaring the right of all peoples to self-government, does not apply to India—so Mr. Churchill has announced—a most grievous omission which is causing no little anxiety not only in India but in other countries where there is a genuine desire for India's self-government.

The general principles of World Reconstruction are the theme of the International Convention of The Theosophical Society to be held at Adyar December 24—January 1. It is hoped that Theosophists will be able to make some definite and helpful contribution to the shaping of the new order. At a Youth Session on December 28 Shrimati Rukmini Devi will preside over a symposium by Young Theosophists of India entitled "Youth Creates the New World." On December 30 she will conduct a discussion on "The Cultural Renaissance and New Education." In addition, she will give a Dance Recital on the 26th, and Kalakshetra will arrange three evening programmes on December 29, 31 and January 1. These are called "Art Evenings" and will comprise dancing, drama and music. Kalakshetra artists are being deeply appreciated during their present tour of the northern cities; they will surely be on the crest of the wave of inspiration and expression in the atmosphere of a great Convention.

Dr. Cousins is arranging an Indian Home Exhibition combining the ideal home with an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and bronzes by Indian artists and craftsmen.

The "grown-up" speakers on Reconstruction will be Mr. Hirendra-nath Datta, Vice-President of The Society; Dr. Radhakumud Mukerjee, Professor of History of Lucknow University; Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, who will present the Theosophical point of view; and Dr. Maria Montessori, who will advance the educational ideals of the new era.

DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

All the speakers at the opening of Dr. Montessori's Third Training Course at Adyar on November 1 agreed that the Gods were good to bring her to India and to intern her at Adyar. The work which she and Signor Mario Montessori, her adopted son, are doing in the Besant Theosophical School is a revelation as to the efficiency of her method. She makes it clear that it is not a method of education for small children but for everybody "from zero to a hundred." The one regret that most of us have, seeing her method of work, is that we were not born into it as children. Montessori kindergarteners are certainly years ahead of other students.

Speaking at the opening of the course of the individuality of the child, stressed by Froebel and Pestalozzi, an Indian Professor of Education credited Dr. Montessori with having made this idea "gripping" in the world today. Said he: "She is pre-eminent among the educators who stand for the self-expression of the child." That is the spirit of our Besant Theosophical School, which is essentially a centre for leadership, and Dr. Montessori is happily intensifying this element of individual uniqueness in every child.

An interesting point was made by Dr. G. Srinivasa Murthi, Director of the Adyar Library and a high official in the Government Medical Service, who remarked that the idea of the child as a God (Dr. Montessori's "Messiah") is an ancient Indian teaching, but it was only while listening to Dr. Montessori that he realized how living and vital that age-old teaching might be. Everybody was highly amused by his reference to her as the "Prophetess of the Bambino."

**A PANDIT PASSES**

Kalakshetra is growing subject to shocks, as naturally it must as it develops. On September 25 Mr. Woldringh suddenly gave up his

physical plane work. On October 25 Pandit S. Subrahmanya Sastri passed away, a profound scholar in Sanskrit literature and in music, who directed the Sanskrit studies of Kalakshetra and was of invaluable help to Rukmini Devi in her cultural work. He would compose Sanskrit verse as easily as he could read it, and wrote many of the Sanskrit hymns and prayers which are now used for special observances at Adyar.

Many years ago Mr. Sastri was a Pandit in the Kalyanasundaram High School, Tanjore, and it was here that Rukmini Devi met him several years ago and invited him to come to Adyar. He has edited many rare works of great value for the Adyar Library and for the Theosophical Publishing House, and at the time of his death was reading proofs of a new edition of a book on Music—*Sangita Ratnakara*. At 11 p.m. he complained of slight discomfort in the head, asked his wife to burn incense to relieve it, and by midnight he had gone.

It was wonderful to see him going about Adyar, strong and hearty at 76, fulfilling his regular duties up to the last. He realized the two-fold blessing given in a Sanskrit verse of right living—without bending to might or insolence, and of quitting the body without pain or suffering.

Sarada, his granddaughter, who is accomplished in Sanskrit and music, was touring with Rukmini Devi in the north of India when he was called off duty.

**RUKMINI DEVI'S PORTRAIT**

The picture of Rukmini Devi which we have presented with this issue was taken by Mr. Conrad Woldringh for a programme folder for her dance recitals. The folder was his last work. The portrait is most appropriate to this issue of *The Young Citizen* which is devoted to Art and Culture as Rukmini Devi interprets it against the spiritual background of India's renaissance.

J. L. DAVIDGE

The Rebirth of Indian Culture

By RUKMINI DEVI

TO India culture is not new, for India is the home of true culture, a land where art is an expression of the innate spirituality of the people. Wherever a nation is civilized, there the character and the teaching are great and the arts become living symbols of life, for life and form must go together. Life expresses itself to us as form, and therefore every part of that expression must be beautiful, for Beauty is the result of the aspirations of a nation. According to the age and the development of the race, Beauty in form reaches higher and higher levels. So one discovers that the highest expression of beauty of a young nation lacks the full development and richness of a nation which has age-old experience. Many thousands of years ago India discovered what the world has yet to discover. Through a spiritual dedication to Truth and an understanding of the place of creation, Indians were able to build a civilization which was a perfect blending of life and form. Even today one is able to see reflections of that culture.

Are there not writings, monuments and frescoes that stand today as living witnesses of the highest pinnacle of culture reached by the Indian mind? Are there not examples in the lives of great women and men of India, whose words shall bring happiness and salvation to the world for all times? Akbar, the great Emperor who tried to bring the philosophies of all religions together; Bhishma, the great Hero who gave codes of chivalry which, if followed today, could make the world

really great; women like Maitreyi and Queen Mirabai, who were examples of perfect womanhood; the wonderful poetry of all the languages; and of the great Saints of the Tamil land—these and the traditions that they left prove to any student that India reached not only great but Eternal Heights.

BEAUTY IN THE VILLAGE

But even in the smallest things of life has India left a mark of beauty and simplicity, which is to be found particularly among the poor people and in the villages. Every so-called "uneducated" villager can produce works of art in the form of pottery, embroidery, and utensils and vessels of all kinds, and this ability is the result of the unconscious and simple minds of these poor people who, unknown to themselves, have the power to attune themselves to God.

There is beauty in the life of the village. Every artist is inspired by that beauty. While we often see lovely paintings of country scenes and the peasants, how seldom is an artist inspired to paint a picture showing the setting of modern city life? Unconsciously we pay tribute to the unpretentious villagers, because we derive our inspiration from them.

There can be no culture which separates art from daily life, which separates daily life from great philosophies. This truth was so well understood in the olden times, for every Indian home, including the architecture and the arrangement of the house, was an example of our deepest ideals of life.

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Culture is more than art. It is Beauty and a direct manifestation of Beauty. It is impossible for a nation to be cultured without the manifest expression of Beauty, and it is the very fine thread of culture that weaves all the activities of a nation, whether in the political, the educational, the artistic, the religious, the philosophic, or any other field of life, into one splendid whole.

INDIA'S SPIRITUAL GENIUS

Yet it is not the mere form that determines culture. It is not the beauty of the printed letter that makes a work of literature a fine example of art. It is the inspiration of the artist that expresses itself in the form of the printed letter. Even without the expression it would be literature if only we could see and hear. Unfortunately without the form we cannot see nor hear.

In modern India there can be reborn the same spirit. We can leave for our children and for future generations something equally splendid, for which they may be grateful. But in order to do this, it is necessary to realize that we must know India and feel her heart. The whole of India is calling for freedom. But what kind of a freedom is it that she demands? Does she call for a freedom that will express her own genius, or does she merely want a freedom for making herself into a complete replica of some other nation?

Unfortunately today there is prevalent everywhere this gross lack of understanding of our own culture, and nearly every modern Indian seeks to spoil India by this modernization which is devoid of soul, and is expressive only of the mind. Unless we are true to ourselves we can never be great.

In Nature, which is eternally cultured, we find a silent beauty that uplifts humanity and is a constant inspiration to all. The tree does not seek to become the mountain, nor the mountain the ocean. Even among the millions of leaves in a forest of trees, no one leaf is exactly like another. Every single aspect of nature is unique, is separate, is individual. And it is that individual uniqueness which we must express in our nation. As each nation represents the highest of her being, so shall nations come together. Only when our magnificent culture is born again can India fulfil her true mission.

The genius of India is Spirituality, for I hold that all art is inextricably linked with spiritual ideas. To me, religion is above narrowness, religion is the power to lift the heart and mind to great things, and to bring down that inspiration into the plains of everyday life. The true religious spirit is the attunement of the lower with the higher, and if we can attune ourselves with beauty, and give ourselves wholeheartedly, and sacrifice our beings to that ideal, we shall once more make art spiritual and spiritual teachings beautiful.

It is obvious that every phase of Indian life, every form of Indian art, even in the simplest things of everyday use, are influenced by religious ideals. This has been true in the past of nearly every nation in the world.

CHARACTER IS CULTURE

The next important quality is Reverence to life—the power to see Divinity in all things, and to see in every form of creation the Divine Artist at work. A human artist creates in the arts, while the Divine Artist creates

in all the forms of life. While we may not ever equal the river or the dawn in our creations, we can at least derive our inspiration from them and hope to equal the Chidambaram Temple or the Parthenon of Greece.

When the greatness or spirituality of heaven has touched the earth of everyday life, that is culture. It is not enough to read spiritual and wonderful books, but to be cultured we must express what we read. Nothing ugly, vulgar or cruel can ever be an expression of culture. Cruelty in any form is the sign of the savage, the uncultured man. The spirit of refinement is the true heritage of every Indian.

This proves how character is culture, and how, for the rebirth of the Indian nation, to bring into being all that is beautiful and inspiring, to bring the young to appreciate beauty, and therefore to live it, is one of the great tasks of all of us who are Indian. With the rebirth of culture will be born not only great masterpieces of art for future generations to admire, but masterpieces of character, the birth into the present day of great geniuses who alone can lift the world from the ordinary to the extraordinary, from the uncivilized to the civilized, and so will help to lift the entire nation to a standard of life which, even at its worst, can never be ugly, vulgar, or cruel. Only with the rebirth of this culture will there ever be lasting peace and happiness, and beauty shall become the bridge that will bring all nations together, for it is a universal language which has no barrier.

Beauty can be the watchword for a future League of Nations. Every Indian should learn to pronounce this word by building into modern India such won-

derful foundations of great living and expression that the future may build the superstructure which is Universal Brotherhood, which is Kindness, which is Truth. So India, the Mother of Nations, shall have helped to bring the Nations together. (A Delhi Radio Talk).

ART UNITES PEOPLES

Art should be able to take you to great heights, to inspire you, to thrill you, so that you feel you can do many great things you yourself wanted to do.

No great man can be a copy of another. A great musician, a great dancer, a great artist, did not become great by copying, only by being himself. I do not say that we should not understand. The more there is understanding and appreciation between nations, the better. Here and there we may even take and use that which is best from another nation. The West borrowed from us a far more beautiful instrument than the harmonium—the flute. What we should do is to give such wonderful presents to all countries. Beautiful things bring together great nations and make people understand each other.

—RUKMINI DEVI

THE YOGA OF BEAUTY

The very essence of spirituality is Beauty. To realize only Beauty in our life, the Ideal Being in ourselves; to get rid of everything in us and around us that is not resplendent; such is the Yoga of Beauty, which contains all other Yogas. Beauty in thought, in sentiment, in action; Beauty, Splendour, Glory, of Life, Light, Love.—PAUL RICHARD.

A Vision of World Culture

RUKMINI DEVI has a vision not only of an Indian Culture but also the larger vision of a World Culture. The existing Indian Cultures she is endeavouring to unify through the influence of Kalakshetra, her International Arts Centre at Adyar, hence her frequent tour programmes in which she is building up a structure of art on the foundation of Bharata Natya. On the present tour Dr. Arundale has spoken of her work on several occasions.

"Through Rukmini Devi," he said at Baroda, "we are endeavouring gradually and by small degrees to bring about a National system of Culture; first, the South Indian contribution, to which must be added the great contributions of every part of the country, to which, as you know, our beloved Gurudeva, Rabindranath Tagore, made such wonderful and sacred gifts. It was beautiful to see Rukmini Devi dancing before Rabindranath Tagore in his house at Santiniketan, and to see those two great artists appreciating each other, and to see how Tagore felt that in this comparatively young lady there was someone who might carry on the traditions for which he worked and lived and died, and which must become the great traditions of India's future."

Dr. Arundale considers Rukmini Devi's greatest contribution now is her identification of Education and Culture. "She makes no distinction between the two, and I think she is perfectly right. Education and Culture must be realized to be one, and we shall never have a system of National Education in this country until it is a cultural system, with all

the various meanings we may apply to the word 'Culture.'

"Then she is looking into the distance towards a unification of the Cultures of the World. Her work, as I see it intimately, consists first in the drawing together of the Cultures of India for the foundation of the New World."

This conception of a World Culture has inspired Rukmini Devi with the ideal of a World University. Dr. Besant had a similar conception. Today, says Dr. Arundale, "It becomes clearer and clearer that at Adyar there must be the nucleus of a World University, a beginning in the shape of a school which gives Theosophical education to those who attend it. And that Besant Theosophical School which we founded with great difficulty some years ago, has now the inestimable benefit of two great advantages. First, of Rukmini Devi's International Arts Centre, called Kalakshetra, where emphasis is laid on the handicrafts, the arts, all that is beautiful to be done—singing, music, sculpture—everything one can think of which is Indian and creative. Kalakshetra works hand in hand with, dovetails in with, the Besant Theosophical School, so that it becomes one great educational and cultural centre. That indeed is the real nucleus of the World University."

Dr. Arundale summed up Rukmini Devi's mission in a few striking words: "There will be an Indian-wide Culture for which she will stand in due course, but one must begin at the beginning and go forward in ever-widening circles."

National Education for India

Dr. George S. Arundale in a talk at Baroda said :

THERE are three great pillars for India's educational Reconstruction. The first is the individual himself—he must become Indian. The second is the home—the home must be exalted. The third is the Nation—the Nation must be revered. I coordinate those three great pillars—the individual, the home, the Nation, with the conception of Service as the key-note of the Indian Education of the future, of Education throughout the world.

Every subject, every teaching in every class, every examination, the whole purport of a truly National system of Education must be directed toward the refinement of Social Service, so that when a young man or a young woman has left school, has left college, he or she is more or less of an expert in

Social Service, knows how to exercise self-control, knows how to be a useful asset in the home, knows how to be a good citizen of his Motherland.

Just as politicians, members of many political parties have decided that there must be established an Indian Constitution setting forth Indian rights and liberties, so must there be a Charter of Liberties of the Indian child. It may take us long to achieve, to reach it, make it real, but we ought to have for our own sakes and for the sake of the world a Charter of India's Educational Liberties, so that the world shall see what a country India is and what she can give to the advancement of Education and Culture in every part of this distracted universe.

IF I WERE IN CHARGE OF INDIA--

"I should introduce reforms," says Rukmini Devi :

1. No one should have a foreign house, and everyone must have an Indian home.
2. I would take away vulgar music from the concert houses and cinemas because it has a demoralizing effect upon the people.
3. As a third reform I would insist that all temples, mosques and shrines of India should become great centres of culture, radiating their influence as they used to in the ancient days,

when dancers gave their first recitals in the temples and great poets their first readings.

4. I would make every Indian wear Indian clothes instead of western clothes.

These are points from a talk which Rukmini Devi gave in Madras, concluding with the words: "We will have Home Rule not because the British or those in Delhi say so, but because the physical India has become the great spiritual India that we have all seen: a wonderful vision."

Education and Culture

Dr. Annie Besant distinguishes between Education and Culture in her Kamala Lecture on "Indian Ideals of Education" to the Calcutta University.

EDUCATION is the drawing out and training of inborn capacities and powers—brought over from former lives and developed in the Svargic or Deva world—which lie as germs in the Vijnanamayakosha, the intellectual aspect of the re-incarnating Self, the triple-faced Jivatma, or Atma-Buddhi-Manas.

Culture is the result on the mind of certain forms of Knowledge, and is based on these; but it differs from Education in that it is not the drawing out and training of faculty, but is the result of the exercise of faculties on subjects which arouse sympathetic emotion and imagination, broadening the mind, eliminating personal, local and racial prejudices, acquiring an understanding of human nature in its many aspects, and contacting the life-side rather than the form-side of creatures; hence the quick internal response to other lives, and the intuition of the unity of life beneath the diversity of life-expressions. The difference between Education and Culture is symbolized by the condition of entry into the School of Pythagoras, acquaintance with "Mathematics and Music"—the capacity to use the Intellect, Higher Manas, or Manas in the Vijnanamayakosha—by synthesizing the products of the mind and discovering the laws producing them, and by the purifying of the emotions by Beauty. Literature and Art are the instruments of Culture. Science and the "clear cold light" of

reason are the area and the guide of Education. The Life in Nature and the intellectual intuition, which recognizes truth by its harmony with his own nature—"whose nature is Knowledge"—are the area and the guide of Culture. If these are completely separated during the plastic period of youth, Science tends to hardness, and, in over-specialization, to narrow-mindedness and intolerance; Culture tends, when exaggerated, to false sentiment and fastidiousness in non-essentials. The training of the instruments of knowledge and the storing of the memory with facts is the work of Education by others in youth, and their application to new facts and conditions is the self-education which continues during life.

Culture in youth consists in the unconscious development and refinement of passions into emotions amid beautiful surroundings, for the contact with beautiful objects and the evoking and the control of the emotions in response to them, and the moulding of these by Literature and the Arts, develop the discrimination which is an element in self-culture, the critical faculty which manifests as a balanced judgment, not as mere fault-finding, and lends poise, dignity and gentleness to the attitude towards life. . . . Beauty was an essential feature of the Indian Ideal of Education and Culture, and the necessity [has arisen] for the revival of this Ideal in modern life.

ANNIE BESANT

"WHEN THE DEVAS DESCEND"

CULTURE is the only force that will bring civilizations together. One of the favourite themes of a Muhammadan musician is the story of Radha and Krishna. When one is thrilled by a beautiful picture, a wonderful song or dance, one does not ask whether the artist is Chinese, Hindu, or Muslim. Culture is the one keynote that will give us understanding of different nationalities and make us see the beauties of every civilization. If I read Shakespeare or Shelley I am thrilled by the greatness of England. Let Westerners read the lives of our great Indians and they too will be thrilled by the greatness of India. Sadly enough Westerners in India are ignorant of the great inspiration they can derive from a sincere study of this land. These great people will bring our civilizations together, for culture is the very soil of union.

India is a land where you can find inspiration in every subject. India is a land which gives you great ideas, and makes you see that without spirituality everything is negative. There will ever be war, cruelty, vulgarity, and ugliness, without the only influence that purifies—the spiritual influence. Everything we say or do will become great and beautiful like the deeds of the great teachers of old if there is this background of spirituality. You and I and all of us must try to bring this background of Indian life into the foreground.

Through art and beauty, earth will come near to heaven. When the Devas descend to earth they come with music, with colour, with light, with flowers, and

with incense. We must bring to earth something of the spirit, the atmosphere of the Devas. Without the essential culture which is the background and spirit of this land there can never be happiness anywhere.

—RUKMINI DEVI

BEAUTY AND REALITY

It is a happiness to find, amid the falsehoods and griefs of the human race, a soul at intervals born to behold and create only beauty. In proportion as man rises above the servitude to wealth and a pursuit of mean pleasures, he perceives that what is most real is most beautiful, and that, by contemplation of such objects, he is taught, elevated and exalted. This truth, that perfect goodness and perfect beauty are one, is made known to the artist.

—EMERSON

GOD OF THE DANCE

"The dancer who can identify himself with the spirit of Nataraja identifies himself with the pure essence of art."
—Rukmini Devi.

"The genius of the Lord Nataraja is alive in her (Rukmini Devi), more literally perhaps than we imagine, and His life, His power, His cosmic rhythm vibrates through her so that we see Him in our mind's eye dancing before us."—J.L.D. at Benares, 1940.

The Living Tradition in Indian Art

BEAUTY, says the Indian philosopher, is subjective, not objective. It is not inherent in form or matter; it belongs only to spirit, and can only be apprehended by spiritual vision. The true aim of the artist is not to extract beauty from nature, but to reveal the Life within life, the Reality within un-reality, and the Soul within matter. When that is revealed, beauty reveals itself.

Therefore it is, as the sage Sukracharya says, that in making images of the gods the artist should depend upon spiritual vision only, and not upon the appearance of objects perceived by human senses.

To cultivate this faculty of spiritual vision, the power of intuitive perception, was therefore the main endeavour of the Indian artist in the golden age of Indian art and literature, when Buddhism was transformed by the philosophical schools from a simple code of ethics into a world religion; when the immortal Hindu epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, were moulded into their present form; when the poet Kalidasa sang at the court of King Vikrama; and when the sculptors of Elephanta and Ellora hewed out of stupendous masses of living rock their visions of the gods throned in their Himalayan paradise.

But the interest of Indian art must always lie not so much in the magnificence of its ancient monuments as in the fact that such exquisite art as that of the Rajarani temple represents a living tradition still practised by large numbers of Indian craftsmen.

E. B. HAVELL, *Ideals of Indian Art*

India need not cease to take delight in Beauty, and to have faith in the inspiration of Nature which her ancient Rishis taught, because she has become poor. It is far worse to be poor in spirit than to be poor in worldly goods. Modern science and English education are not sufficient substitutes for Art. It will not profit India to gain the whole world and to lose her own soul.

E. B. HAVELL, *Artistic and Industrial Revival in India*

THE ELEMENTS OF BEAUTY

There is one thing common to Greece and India in the way of Art, on which for the moment I would like to lay stress; and that is, that the life of the people, the things used by the people, the common household utensils, the surroundings of the ordinary life, have all the elements of beauty, and therefore of Culture in them. Take Greece and you will find that all the household instruments are beautifully shaped. You find that the dress is shaped into very beautiful lines. You find that everything that surrounded the people in their cities, the most splendid works of their artists were made common property by being out in the open streets, by being used in public buildings, so that the life of the people as a community, as well as at home, might be continually under the influence of beauty. The result of that was a beautiful Nation, the men and women reproducing in themselves the beauty which continually surrounded them outside.

ANNIE BESANT

A. Spirited Call to the Youth of India

(From an Elder Brother to His "Brothers and Comrades")

It is good to be young in body. Still better to be young in heart. It is good to be an Indian—inheritor of India's mighty past; yet still better to be a citizen of the world, pledged to the service of the world-brotherhood. It is good to have ideals, ambitions, hopes, aspirations; still better to be working wisely to bring them to fruition. It is good to feel passionate love for your Motherland; still more patriotic to be full of helpful service to all in the small things of everyday life. It is good to speak your dreams that others may dream with you; still better to work and act that others may work and act with you.

Do not be content with the easy things. Seek the difficult ones. Some beautiful things are worth doing, though it may cost you little or nothing to do them. But those things alone are generally worth doing which mean sacrifice, which take time and trouble and often hardship. India is well served by those who suffer for her and endure to the end, regardless of all things, patient yet strong in face of opposition, never deaf to advice from whomsoever it may come, gentle yet valiant, uncompromising yet ever courteous.

IN THE FRONT LINE

The Path of Service is hard, difficult, often discouraging, ever and anon lonely. If it were not so, it would not be the glory it is. Strong must you be who would tread it. Wise must you be. Reverent must you be and compassionate. It is nothing, if you would tread this

Path, to think and feel and act as does the crowd. We ask from all wise lovers of India that they shall lead India, not drift with her as must the many. You must learn, my young brothers, to think for yourselves individually, to judge for yourselves, to act according to your conscience. Beware, you who would lead, of being like others. It is in your dissimilarity that much of your value to India lies. You are needed in the front, on the pathways that few as yet have trodden. The Indian people must see you as lights in the distant darkness, guiding them from the known to the unknown. And your light must ever shine, as shines the lighthouse lamp on the dark and lonely seas. It matters not that the ignorant despise your light, seek perchance to extinguish it, would destroy that which uproots them from the hard unfructifying soil of orthodoxy and convention, of superstition and prejudice. Loving wisdom the link between you and them, see to it that the light in your hearts burns steadily and strong. No hurricane of popular disfavour or persecution can ever extinguish a light Divine, a light undimmed by self-seeking of whatever kind. To this end, let your watchwords be Discipline, Self-Control, Courage, Wisdom, all tempered by the most beautiful quality in the world—that Aryan gentleness which is so strong, because so tender, which is so compelling, because so understanding. The Rishis of all faiths and of all Nations turn Their eyes to you, O Youth of Aryavarta, to regenerate the world.

DIFFICULTIES ON THE ROAD

They know well, however, the difficulties in your path. A cold, unidealistic efficiency in the non-Indian government of India, efficient in form but not in life; an education subversive of Indian traditions, ideals and life; professors and teachers for the most part devoid of that Indian soul with which they should be filled; more ardent, indeed should the guru be for India's freedom and her uplift even than the shishya; the Indian woman only beginning to send forth the light which burns in her heart, and therefore, the home too often narrow, sordid and commonplace; the ancient simplicity and generosity of Indian life dangerously assailed by Western artificiality and separative individuality; all these obstacles stand in your way, my brothers, and hardly a single so-called leader has had the courage to strive to strengthen you to meet these difficulties. Rather have they for the most part painted the goal before you in lurid, extravagant colours, telling you naught of the wisdom, restraint, and patience needed to achieve it. They have pandered to your emotions, kindling these into aimless flame, while they have left uncared for that Divine Spark within the heart from which alone may safely be lighted the fires of the mind, of the emotions, of the body.

Sad is your condition, my brothers, for with the soul of India once again reincarnating in her splendid body, not one of you but feels that soul within you—a longing to serve her because you feel one with her, a longing to see the outer form worthy of the inner greatness you so truly sense. Is it not tragic that the wicked irresponsibility of numbers of ignorant demagogues, after

years of unprofitable, and often dangerous, talk, should have left you where you are today—still eager, still hearing the voice of India calling you to her service; yet the way of service as obscure as ever, and yourselves perforce constrained to make your reply to the Mother's call mere noise, the outlet of nervous strain caused by the unsatisfied urge to go forth and serve; yet no safe pathway upon which stand leaders ready to travel with you and guide you, finding an unhappy expression in a craving for excitement at any cost, too often at the cost of your Aryan honour, for gentleness, reverence and courtesy are still rare where youth crowds together in public places. Why lose when you are part of a crowd that which you can so well show when individually by yourselves?

Here and there a leader has served you well, but the bark of wisdom has too often been submerged by the floods and storms of reckless and foolish extravagance; and we have watched with sadness the terrible sight of how flattery and vain utterances tempt you away from the hard road of true service to which a few have beckoned you.

SERVE INDIA!

Brothers, enough of profitless excitement and idle noise. Is India to wait while you pander to your lower selves, striving yet not advancing, or will you prepare yourselves in all earnestness and self-sacrifice to serve her nobly in your daily lives, taking your circumstances as they are, and as they unfold themselves, making each one an offering upon the altar of the Motherland? There is nothing, not the slightest detail, in your ordinary, everyday lives,

which is unworthy to be offered, so be it you make it worthy. Be true to India in the little things, and the larger life of service shall be opened to you; but India's Guardians will not allow entry into the larger life to those who have not yet learned to live in the smaller. Serve India in the little things of life, for these make up the big things; and you are helping India to her rebirth in greatness when you live the details of your daily lives in her name and for her.

As you strive to serve humbly and in the little things, so do you draw near

to India's mighty Guardians, Those who have guarded her throughout the ages, who have preserved her soul inviolate as her body has been torn by internal dissensions and external aggression, as the form has had to be moulded to express the growing needs of that world of which India is the heart. Simple-hearted be ye, my brothers, and generous to all. Live simply—think, feel, act, speak simply to all. So shall you help India to prove strong for that spiritual leadership of the world to which she is destined.

SHRINES OF GREATNESS

Dr. George S. Arundale, as a student and emulator of Greatness, has in view a glorious temple of Indian Greatness in which India's heroes, saints and geniuses will be immortalized in pictures and sculptures. At the Akbar commemoration in Bombay on October 15 he said: "It is unfortunate that in existing circumstances the great Indian heroes, while indeed as much alive today as ever they were in the past, have had to suffer a most undeserved obscuration. But a time will come when in every school and in every college the names of the great of India, of those who have lived lives of value not only to India, but no less to the whole world, will be honoured by every Indian young citizen. And I am hoping," he went on to say, "that in every school and in every college there will be a shrine of greatness, the nucleus of which will be the majestic pantheon of Indian greatness. But in that pantheon there should be the greatness of every country, for greatness can never know distinction of race, of nationality, of faith."

Wherever he travels Dr. Arundale talks and incites interest in greatness. He set up the Nara Ratna Mandir at Indore, where he was Minister of Education, and there is a shrine of greatness at Adyar, where he envisages a temple in which homage will be paid to all the world's greater workers for Brotherhood, for Religion, for Truth, throughout the ages.

LIVE GREATLY!

"The President calls us to 'live greatly,' not in pettiness or narrowness, not in self-conceit or aloofness, but, being self-controlled, always masters of mind, emotions and body, helping others through example, and understanding themselves to gain that self-mastery upon the achievement of which the happiness of the world depends. 'Live greatly'—not merely on occasion and in emergency, but in the daily details of life. So she lived, so shall we honour and serve her."—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE in *Conversations with Dr. Besant*.

The Keynote of India

THE keynote of India has been for all times spiritual. Spiritual ideals thrill the Indian people. . . . Everywhere in India art has been dedicated to the Highest. Wherever, for example, you go to a South Indian Temple, you will find places in the Temple historically famous, because there some great composer read his first composition, some great writer recited his first piece of poetry, some great dancer first danced. The Temple was the centre of culture, as it should be. We offer flowers and incense in a Temple. Why should we not offer poetry, dancing, and music? They are also great creations. Flowers are the creations of God, while music, dancing, and poetry are the creations of ourselves, but with a Divine inspiration. . . . In olden days every Temple had a theatre attached, because these great musical concerts, dance performances, and other forms of art were given free to the public in the name of the Divine One, the Deity of the Temple. That spirit even today pervades India, and my feeling is that only if that spirit pervades India can India become great. Even if you only believe in one or no religion, you must have the spirit of dedication, the spirit of identification with your ideal, that spirit of devotion without which you cannot do great things. All the greatest things have been done because the artist was inspired by great ideals. The Greek Temples belonged to the Gods. The magnificent architecture and statues of ancient Egypt were dedicated to the Gods. The Ajanta frescoes were inspired by the life of the Lord Buddha.

If an art is to help civilization it has to be a great and inspiring art.

THE BEST BEAUTY SECRET

Though the people who can create are few, the people who can appreciate are many. In all our schools and colleges, there should be art-appreciation classes, so that people may know how to understand beauty. . . . If we can see what is beautiful we can become beautiful. That is the best beauty secret, because it affects character and without character there cannot be beauty. Wherever there is great character, there we see beauty.

Beauty is not merely our own analysis of form. Beauty is an expression of the soul. If we are to express the soul of India, we must express our genius in our own way. In order to do that we must become Indian and appreciate all that is in India. Only then can we appreciate all that is beautiful everywhere else. There is something in each nation that determines its own genius.

WOMEN MUST EXPRESS BEAUTY

The real spirit of India, the culture that is so deeply suppressed in India, the ancient culture of India, is expressed very much by the women of India. I think we are all of us responsible to see that the young people, our children and our brothers and sisters, are brought up to appreciate our land, our soil, our poor people, our old Indian simple costumes and simple Indian life that is so beautiful.

Simplicity is the essence of art, and every home should become, as it was in ancient days in India, a centre of art and culture. Every home should become a studio of art, an art school, as it used to be.

If we can do that we shall save India, and not only shall we save India, but because we have saved all that is beautiful in India, we shall have brought to modern India something the whole world will respect. . . . Thousands of years hence people will come to see what we have created today, as we today are inspired by the creations of thousands of years ago.

The women of India have the capacity and great spirit to express such beauty. They can help India to relive her very great and magnificent past, but adding new splendour, new beauty, so that India will fulfil her mission of helpfulness to the whole of the world.

HOW TO CHANGE THE WORLD

The highest attribute of culture, of refinement, is kindness, is graciousness to life, is reverence to life, is chivalry in life, is tenderness to all who are young, whether young in age or young in development. Such tenderness is the most precious and the most wonderful aspect of culture.

We should try to remove unhappiness in our everyday lives if we are to bring peace to the world. If we change our homes we change the whole world.

There will come lasting peace and true reconstruction only when we have realized our responsibility to those younger than ourselves, and among those younger I particularly emphasize the animal kingdom, because this kingdom we human beings tend to forget.

REAL HOME RULE

The real Swarāj is the rule of our souls over our bodies. If we have the spiritual quality of the heart, the power to appreciate, to understand, and to create great and beautiful things, that real Home Rule will have been achieved. I hope to see a permanent Swarāj where the Soul of our country shall express herself once more in beautiful forms, so that we can be like nature. Everything the man who is an artist creates is an expression of the creation of nature which itself is the creation of God as the Divine Artist.

— RUKMINI DEVI

THE BEAUTY OF INDIA

The beauty of India does not belong to the museum. . . . Our beauty belongs to everyday life.

India is the soul of a magnificent culture. All religions have shown that culture. This is the home of a wonderful beauty, not only of form but of life and of character. We have standing before our eyes even today the lives of our great men and women to remind us that our country is great. Believe in it. Let these monuments of the past inspire us today to build such homes, such lives, such a civilization, that the whole world will bow before India.

We can make ourselves respectable by understanding the soul of India, by appreciating the genius of India, and by believing that you and I together can so express this genius that India shall be for all times loved and worshipped by the world.

— RUKMINI DEVI

Art Must Unite India

The following Introductory words were spoken by Dr. Arundale at a Bharata Natya Recital by Rukmini Devi at Baroda on their present tour :

I AM very sorry I cannot speak in Gujarati, but I just wanted on behalf of Rukmini Devi to explain the reasons why she has for the last two or three years been touring India. She feels herself to be dedicated to a great mission of reviving Indian Culture in all its most pure aspects. She feels that unless there is a revival of Indian Culture throughout the land, India can never become the great country, the Motherland of Nations, which is her destiny.

And so she is showing you today a very old form of dance-culture, Bharata Natya, which as to form you may have difficulty in understanding. But she wants you to think not of the language, not of the singing, but to think of the spirit which is behind this South Indian dance : just as when dance experts come from North India to the South where all kinds of dancing are so much appreciated, they think of the spirit of the dance, of the message of the dance, and not of the form, not of the actual music itself.

By degrees there will come about one great Indian Culture which will be enriched by innumerable forms, forms from all parts of the country.

In South India Rukmini Devi has established an Arts Centre called Kalakshetra and some of her pupils will be showing you the work that is being done there. Her principal pupil will be dancing here this evening. Other pupils, also expert, will be dancing on October 23rd.

She asks for all your kind appreciation as regards this great mission. And I also ask specially for your appreciation of the musicians, whose music you may not understand, but who in the south part of this great country are regarded with great reverence and appreciation as splendid exponents of their art.

We have to remember in divided India that there can be and must be a united India. Those of us who belong to one part of the country must learn in patriotism to appreciate that which belongs to other parts. So, if you find the form difficult, do not think of the form, think of the spirit which is pure Indian without any admixture from foreign countries, but pure Indian dancing the like of which, perhaps, you have not seen for many a year. Rukmini Devi is trying, first from South India, and then from various other parts of the country to revive and to weld it into one beautiful whole.

Rukmini Devi thought a little explanation might have its value. She gives this Recital not for fame, not for money, but as a religious exercise. It is as if she were dancing in a Temple, though I am afraid a cinema house is very, very, far removed from a temple. But that is the spirit, so we begin with an invocation from behind the curtain, and then proceed with the Recital as you have it in the programme, and in part translated into Gujarati for your better understanding.

THE TRUE ARTIST

NO artist can give to his creation, to his art, that which he does not himself possess.

No one can paint or sculpture or dance or sing or play greatly who has not greatness in him.

Without greatness he can produce a shade. Only with greatness can he give forth the Light.

Even the shadow may have its value, but to those with eyes to see or with ears to hear the very shadow itself is a void where there ought to be a power.

To paint a mountain the true artist must have ascended one, either physically or really.

To dance divinely a dancer must have been lifted up into the Divine Dance of the Gods.

To play divinely or to sing divinely the musician or the singer must have heard a glory in Heaven and have brought the soul of it down to earth.

The true artist is he who has stood before a vision splendid and ever remains under its consecrating spell.

Only the true artist can create. All others can but copy.

The true artist is seeing God. All others have yet to see Him.

The true artist is a devotee of Life. For him the beginning and the end and all that lies between are Life. His forms are but the messengers and servants of Life.

All others begin and end with form, and in between is form. The form

may be beautiful, but it is beautiful for its form's sake, not for its Life's sake.

"How splendid a Life," we say of the creation of a true artist.

"How faithful the form," we say of others who may be wonderful as they copy forms, but who have yet to learn how to capture Life.

*Summa ars est celare artem*¹ is the motto for the true artist, for while he uses forms, in his hands they seem to disappear as they disclose the glory of the Life within them.

In the true artist the Life is free and worships God. In all others forms are caught and are imprisoned, be the forms themselves beautiful and their prison-houses infinitely pleasing to the eye.

The true artist has access to the soul. All others have but access to the body.

The true artist is a messenger of God. All others can but try to hear something of what He says.

The true artist is the tyrant of forms, but the deep devotee of Life. He may drive forms to their undoing. He may be false to them. They may become wrong because of him. But he is never false to Life. His Life must ever be right—be his forms what they may.

All others must strive that their forms shall be right, be the Life what it may.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

¹ The highest art is to conceal art.

Everyone can be an artist. There is no expression without appreciation. To appreciate art truly, you must appreciate life. If you desire to create, appreciate the creation around you. To be a true artist, you must first appreciate, then live, and then express or create.

A Voice for the Animals!

(By Rukmini Devi in an Adyar Talk)

REMEMBER that we do not have to join a humanitarian league to help animals. Remember that there are animals in your very street. Remember that your jutka is drawn by horses. Remember that to the cow that gives you milk, you can give protection.

Who will help the animals? Of all the creatures that need our help, animals need it most. People are beginning to do village work, because they realize that to help the poor people is important. In fact village work is becoming fashionable. But people as a whole have yet to realize that they must help the animals. If I had to choose, I should rather be elected to Parliament by a large group of animals than by a large group of people. They could not speak, but perhaps the elephant would wave his trunk and say, "I elect you as a member of the Indian Parliament." Some day when we have Home Rule for India, there will be, there must be a representative in the Indian Government who will look after the protection of the animals and will see there is no cruelty to animals in India. I should like to be the chosen representative of the tiger, the lion, the dog, and the deer. That is the highest honour of all—to be the chosen representative of all those who are helpless, of those who are voiceless; to become the voice for the animals is the highest honour anybody can ever look forward to.

Let us not forget that the most wonderful thing in life is that kindness, that gentleness, that tenderness. Let

us not wait to join organizations but help individually in every possible way. There is such a thing as karma, or the law of justice. If we are unkind to animals we are bound to have war, we cannot help having war. If we are unkind to others, why should karma not be unkind to us? Why should not karma teach us to understand what suffering is? We ignorant human beings can only understand when suffering comes to us, but if we could understand before it comes, we need not have war or unhappiness at all.

When we have attained such high culture, then India shall be a free country. If you and I are firm enough at all times to stand up against the world and to say, no matter how clever the world may be with its M.A.'s and B.A.'s, "I am a real Indian, I am a cultured person, my life is full of compassion, my life is full of spirituality," then we can achieve and express the culture of India, for this is the soul of India, this is the message that India must give to the whole world.

If we worship our Motherland, if we are devoted to our Motherland, let us show that devotion by serving those who are poor, those who are gripped by suffering, those who need our help. As we are most beautiful, most cultured, most splendid and chivalrous Indians, so will India be respected by the whole world, and whether we have the whole world, and whether we have political freedom or not, the world will say, "India is our Motherland, and from India shall come the highest emotion of all, the emotion of real culture and compassion."

TAGORE'S COMMUNION WITH NATURE TINGES HIS METAPHORS

"Life is but the dewdrop on the lotus."

"In the world's audience hall, the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeam and the stars of midnight."

"Dawn sleeps on the shadowy hills. The stars hold their breath, counting the hours."

"My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes."

"As the mission of the rose lies in the unfoldment of the petals, which implies distinctness, so the rose of humanity is perfect only when the diverse races and the nations have evolved their perfected distinct characteristics, but all attached to the stem of humanity by the bond of love."

Beauty and Character

Rukmini Devi says:

Beauty is the vehicle, the vahan of great character. Character and Beauty are one.

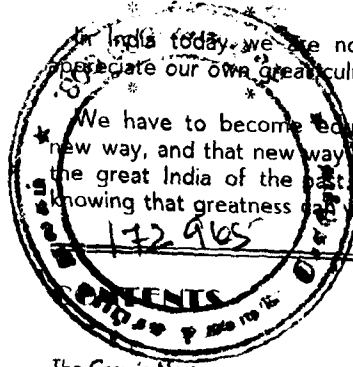
"In India today, we are not able to appreciate our own great culture."

"We have to become educated in a new way, and that new way is to know the great India of the past. Only by knowing that greatness can we become

part of the beauty of Indian culture, can character in India be changed.

Culture being civilization, being beauty, being refinement, it cannot be divorced from Character. . . . Culture is character.

Great people are born into great civilizations, civilizations ready to receive them.



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Printed and published by C. Subbarayudu, at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

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D E C E M B E R 1 9 4 1



LET THE FUTURE ENTER INTO THE PRESENT

OUR OPPORTUNITY

Could there be any more stirring opportunity for anyone at any time than to find himself in the midst of a whole world infinitely stricken and with the power to help to heal the world to a new virility, to a new life, to a happiness it has never known before?

Such opportunity is ours today. It is priceless, and we reject it at peril to ourselves and to the dedication to the world's service to which we have been called.

Not only must we give all possible help to the forces of Light, we must also begin to prepare for the Peace of Victory which shall follow the war. We must begin the planning of the new world. We must have ready for a stricken humanity and for stricken creatures in every kingdom of nature a great world-wide Convalescent Home in which as far as may be to repair all injuries and to restore all health. And out of that Convalescent Home must slowly but surely emerge a world-wide Order of prosperity and peace, a World Order in which shall be recognized, as the *sine qua non* of an enduring Peace, the active and practical recognition of a Brotherhood of Nations, of Faiths, of human and sub-human Life.

Reconstruction for Peace must begin without delay while we are still in the midst of the innumerable experiences of the war. The more strenuously we work for a righteous Peace even now, the more will be fortified the forces which work for Righteousness against the hordes of evil.

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

December 1941

Vol. XVI, No. 12

The Crow's Nest

WITH the exception of Bombay and Delhi where the response was excellent during both our tours—this year as well as last year—this year's visit was my first to the other cities—Baroda, Bhavnagar, Allahabad, Patna, and Calcutta. In Gujerat and Kathiawar, where there is more the simple folk-art, the audiences were most interested in the meaning of the dance. I was advised not to go to Patna as many professional dancers had found a lack of response there. But I was amazed to receive a most enthusiastic appreciation of the Bharata Natya recital, and was told afterwards, that though they did not understand, it did not matter, because they could and did feel the spirituality of the dance. They were not only receptive but actually moved. In Calcutta, the tour reached its climax. The Bengalis not only feel intensely responsive to art, but the atmosphere has been made vital throughout many years by the work of such artists as Rabindranath Tagore and Abanindranath Tagore and by the galaxy of greatness which preceded them. With such deep appreciation, I think, I also did my best. Hundreds were turned away from the New Empire and the Globe Theatres, and our friends told me I could have given seven or eight recitals; so

great was the demand. It seems that the recitals almost eclipsed other news off the front page, because for the Bengali, art is not merely recreation but a matter of personal life, and anything that stirs him artistically moves him to his depths.



What I did notice as a contrast between the two tours is that this time many more important and worthwhile people became most definitely interested in helping the work of Kalakshetra and indicated their interest by desiring to become members, to send pupils to Kalakshetra, and in other ways to support its ideals. On the last tour I noticed only an interest in my work as an artistic performance, but on this tour, more of a belief in Kalakshetra and its mission.

One wishes there were more of the same spirit in South India where the artistic work is appreciated but not so much substantial help given.

Everywhere, there is a tremendous interest in the Dance. But most audiences that had never seen Bharata Natya were greatly surprised. They did not know that such an art lived in modern times. The most enthusiastic were those of the best families—not necessarily the richest people, but people of cultured Indian families.

Yet there is much that needs to be done. North India is not able to understand the South Indian music and its simplicity and I had even the suggestion that orchestral effects would be appreciated. Music for the dance should be simple. Many instruments making a great deal of noise can never effect a great atmosphere such as can be produced by one or two voices with appropriate accompaniment of violin, flute and

mridangam. Though many South Indian musicians feel it is beneath their dignity to accompany the dance, we have been fortunate in having the co-operation of such great artists as Brahmasri Papanasam Sivan, the famous composer.

I want to help ignored artists of real genius. I want to help the Devadasi class. They have kept alive the tradition of Bharata Natya. If some of the art they produce at times is not real art, they produce it because the public demands it. Then, there are many great musicians who are not appreciated, because nobody really wants to hear great music. Concerts are arranged rather for those who attract audiences than for those who give real music.

I am thinking of having some kind of a campaign to help great artists who are unrecognized—that is partly Kalakshetra's work.



Is there any prospect of synthesizing the cultures of India and later the world?, asked an interviewer. I do not know what is meant by the word 'synthesizing'. There can be divisions in cultures only when there is unreality. When each artist gives of his sincere best, all begin to respect one another. I noticed especially the sympathy that was accorded my work by other artists. Madame Menaka, for example, garlanded me in Bombay, and Mrs. Sadhana Bose in Calcutta. There is no division among the arts, so long as they are real. It does not matter what the art is, so long as it is Indian and real, and this evokes Reality. If I dance before a musician, it evokes in him his music; if before a sculptor, it evokes in him his art. The dance is not for the dancer only. In Calcutta, I met many artists of all kinds, and we all felt mutually appreciative.



I must first build up the Centre. When my work has been builded in India strongly enough, I will then consider going abroad. The world may not be in a condition after the war to appreciate it; on the other hand people may be seeking for something new and real.

In art there is already war. We see the terrible tragedy of ugliness, and the whole spirit of the dance, of art itself, is in danger of being obscured. There is no longer to be found today the patience even to master the technical aspects of an art, much less to become a vehicle for the outshining of the true spirit of art. The outer war is an expression of this inner ugliness.

Of course, the work may have to be suspended, but I feel we must carry on as long as we can, for we have to guard the future. We do not expect India to be destroyed. We must guard the embers of her cultural life, so that, after the war, we can again fan them into splendid flame.

In this period of destruction, I hope we can kill out all that is ugly, all that is superficial, that is undesirable, in art as well as in other aspects of life. When we have a New World, we must not only have a new political and industrial world, but a new artistic world as well. The world is like a man in a terrible temper. After the rage has spent itself, perhaps there will come a calm, a peace in which we can bring Light into every department of life. But we cannot build until the ugly has been wiped away.

Rukmini Devi.

The New World has begun, is beginning while we are talking about it, and we should consider what we are building, what we are doing today.—RUKMINI DEVI.

Dr. Arundale and Rukmini Devi

The following is an address by Mr. K. P. Khaitan, an eminent lawyer of Calcutta at the Reception given to Dr. George S. Arundale and Shrimati Rukmini Devi at the Marwari Students' Union, Calcutta, on the 21st November, 1941. Dr. Arundale and Rukmini Devi were very generously entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Khaitan in their house during the entire stay at Calcutta.

DR. ARUNDALE was telling me yesterday that whatever one has to say can and ought to be said in a few short sharp sentences. If I were to follow this noble maxim, it would be the end of my profession which derives its earthly reward from long drawn-out litigation. But I shall deal with Dr. Arundale summarily, although, I hope, respectfully.

Let us begin at the beginning. Dr. Arundale was a brilliant young man of great promise. We could wish we had a few young men of that type in our Union. He was a distinguished product of English University life, and an honourable member of the Honourable Society of Inner Temple. Had he not deviated from the path of justice, he might have been, today, the Right Honourable Lord Justice Arundale P.C., K.C.B., K.C. M.G., famous for sparkling judgments.

Instead, he chose the barren path of religion and education, and has spent the best part of his life wandering all over the world, sorrowing, preaching, doing good to everybody except himself.

As President of The Theosophical Society, he is the head of an organisation which, though comparatively small, in numbers has branches all over the world

and wields an influence which is out of all proportion to its size. As an educationist, he loses no opportunity to point out to India what she has lost—a loss which makes many of her children crave for poison as food and drink and neglect the nectar which was won for her by sages in the course of thousands of years of churning of the ocean of knowledge.

In the family circle, into which he and Rukmini Devi have adopted me as a brother—an honour which I cannot describe how much I appreciate—he is always full of fun and frolic. I can certify that no wasps or mosquitoes can disturb his temper. When he retires for repose, a void is felt by those whom he leaves behind.

His greatness of soul discovered the genius of Rukmini Devi. Others saw in her a beautiful and wise lady. He knew, perhaps even he did not fully know, with what mission Rukmini Devi came to this world and in these times. He is a most loving husband to her, and her greatest helpmate. Ever first in the ranks of them that serve: in the spirit of the Vedichymn: "Let me help thee to attain immortality, and let me, through thee, attain immortality."

Rukmini Devi's name will live in history. It has been one of the greatest tragedies of our age that, although less valueable products of our culture have only diminished in value, our best has suffered an almost total eclipse. The Vedas few can understand. Our paintings have either been quite lost or are fading out. Our sculpture has been mostly disfigured beyond repair. In our magnificent temples—cockroaches

and ants and monkeys compete with beggars and superstitions to keep true devotees out. Classical dance has suffered the greatest eclipse.

There are various ways of approaching God. If one is like a bullock-cart, and another, like a horse-drawn carriage, the true dance is like an aeroplane which makes one soar towards the Divine with a thrill and upward urge which takes one's breath away. Before you know where you are, you are in heaven.

The noblest and most beautiful dance in the world, Bharata Natya, fell into disrepute. Darkness and dust was in the air: our eyes were blinded, our ears were choked. In the temples, Devadasis just kept the sacred art alive like a diamond in the mud. All honour to them.

Others made efforts at revival, but with compromises: the policy of appeasement, which in such cases does no good in the long run. The higher and lower instincts of man do not mix well together. That way leads to a parody of what is good and true, of what insists on being alone in its Snow-white purity and grandeur, the Shantam, Shivam, Advaitam.

Metaphorically, it needed human sacrifice. A great soul born and nur-

tured in a noble family, *Suchinam Shrimatam* gehe, had to atone for the sin of a *Yogabhrista* Land and to brave criticism like poison, difficulties like arrows, disappointments like rocks.

Thus has Rukmini Devi come to regenerate the Art of Bharata Natya. She is inflexible in her purpose. Those with chronic irritation in their blood may crave for a little wine in her art, but the divine nectar *Soma* is in her. As she dances, all the elements come into play, the clouds pass by, the amphitheatre of hills open out, rivers flow and the *Yamas* and *Niyamas* appear in all their beauty and the beholders can see the serene majesty of the Eternally Beautiful.

But we do not miss her. Spicy bits here and there softly reveal the woman that she is: the one and inimitable Rukmini Devi.

She is, I believe, the closest parallel to Mira Bai in modern history. Seven cities claimed Homer when he died. But then, Homer had in his old age got into the habit of nodding. Many cities and many countries claim Rukmini Devi while she lives. Young and vivacious, she too nods: but when she nods with her *Nataraj* an electric force pervades the atmosphere, and I dream that the moon and stars light up and also nod in their places and feel that it is good to be alive.

Idea and Ideal

MAN is created by thought," says an Eastern Scripture, "that which he thinks, that he becomes."

These words are entirely in accord with the psychological science of our

time, which recognises that ideas are the bases of action. In the triplicity of man, the Will impels, the Mind directs, the Activity accomplishes, and action is but the manifestation of an idea. The

destiny of a man, of a nation, depends on the ideas which dominate the individual or collective mind. The artist, rapt by a vision of Beauty, seizes brush and achieves a masterpiece. Always the idea precedes the action. The idea is the creator; the action is the creature.

But among ideas there are differences. The ideas which are vague, drifting, indefinite, frivolous, leave but a passing trace on character; fixed ideas dominate it. A fixed idea is an idea which rules the mind, remains therein despite all arguments, all temptations, all the forces to which a man normally succumbs. If such an idea be true, beautiful, in harmony with the laws of nature, it guides the man dominated by it to the lofty summits of the most splendid virtues; if it be false, it plunges its victim into the mire of fanaticism or madness.

Now an Ideal is a fixed idea of an ethical nature, apt for the formation of character and for the guidance of conduct. He who has no ideal drifts rudderless on the ocean of life, floating hither and thither, carried away by the currents of circumstances, of attractions and repulsions, without a foreseen goal, without deliberately chosen direction. He who has an Ideal goes straight forward, only recoils to spring forward with more energy, compels circumstances to yield before his will; his ship obeys the helm.

In the education of the young, the most important feature should be the placing before their eyes of a living and lofty Ideal, incorporated as much as possible in the great men and women of the Motherland, models of religious and civic virtues. The ardent imagination of the child will vivify these pic-

tures, and he will draw from them the characteristics out of which he will construct a Hero, embodying his aspirations and his hopes. Whatever he may aspire to become—statesman, priest, soldier, merchant, artist, or simply good citizen—he will find in the Ideal offered to him the materials which answer to his aspirations, and he will build out of these his own Ideal, an Ideal which shall be to him as a Guardian Angel, protecting him against all that is ignoble.

When we have chosen our Ideal, we should contemplate it for a few moments every morning, with strong purpose and with ardent love. This morning thought, repeated day by day, will soon begin to implant in the character the germs of the qualities contemplated in the ideal; without even consciousness of effort, the beauties of the Ideal will shine forth in the character, for thought is fertile and brings forth qualities.

It must be admitted that false, base and evil thoughts also bring forth vices of their own types, and that when unwholesome ideas are sown in a country, they will germinate in the character of its citizens and produce a harvest of vices and crimes. Books, journals, songs, dramas, pictures, sow ideas in all directions, and these generate good or bad citizens. If we can elevate others by a noble Ideal, we can also abase them by corrupting thoughts. And, above all, it is the minds of the young that are most plastic under the influence of thought.

To present to the public noble, true, fraternal ideas, vibrant with love and justice, is to help in the building of a nation great, peaceful and happy. To present coarse, vulgar, frivolous ideas

is to help in the degradation of the Motherland. For thought, the one creative power in the universe, creates either good or evil actions, and they

who poison the source of human activity are enemies of mankind.

—ANNIE BESANT

The Noble Army of Martyrs

By A VOICE FROM THE PAST

WHEREVER the sky is reddening to the dawn of a new Day, there appear on the world's stage the men and women whom history crowns as Martyrs, those who see a truth to which others are blind, who see it with such clarity of vision and such passion of inner response to it, that they are impelled to proclaim it even at the risk of happiness, liberty or life. Without such men and women progress cannot be made, for the mass is ever slow-moving, and its inertia has to be overcome. A truth of the past becomes an orthodoxy of the present, and blocks the advance of the race. That which in its day was a stimulus becomes later a clog, and the discovery which was made from within becomes a dogma imposed from without. When its use is over, when its nutriment is exhausted and only the dry husk remains, then a new truth begins to emerge. One man sees and proclaims it—"Athanasius against the world"; a roar of execration meets him and drowns his voice, but others have caught his words ere he goes down, and it echoes out again from them. They, in their turn perish, but the truth has spread from them to a

wider circle, and so it goes on until all men accept it, and, wondering at the blindness of their predecessors, they raise a statue to the dead martyr, while using some of the stones with which they are building his pedestal to fling at his successors in their own time. And so the world moves on.

THE MARTYR'S CHARACTERISTICS

What are the characteristics of the martyr, which mark him out for his glorious role? First, an eager intellect; second, a passionate heart. He must see a truth to which others are blind, and this demands clarity of vision. It is true that when this has been seen by one, others may catch it from him who do not, at first sight, seem to be above their fellows in intelligence. Yet have they some new quality of mind in them which make them recognise the new truth as soon as it is proclaimed in their hearing; their intelligence has the characteristic which will mark the intelligence of the future, even if it be not eminent in dealing with the matters environing them. Moreover, the first martyr may arouse

in them an intense personal devotion which will drive them to follow him even into danger and death. But for the martyr who is blazing the path through the dense forest an eager intellect is a prime necessity, for how else shall he see?

But he needs also a passionate heart. For a man may see a truth in the clear dry light of intellect, and yet may feel no impulse to sacrifice to it everything that men hold dear. Copernicus saw that the earth moved round the sun, not the sun round the earth, but he did not publish his book till he lay on his death-bed, and therefore ran no risk of martyrdom for proclaiming the truth he saw.

BRUNO—A MARTYR

Bruno saw the same truth, and rushed through Europe proclaiming it; hunted out of one country, he fled to the next and proclaimed it. Why? What was there in the relative stability of the sun and the fact of the earth revolving round it to make a man renounce home and country, face the wrath of Kings, lie for six years in prison, bear the tortures of Inquisition, and walk calmly to a fiery death amid the howls of an infuriated mob? Why did he think it worthwhile? Because his passionate heart fired his imagination, and he saw what this bare fact contained of infinite possibilities of progress for mankind. It meant an illimitable universe, throughout which was pulsing an illimitable and single Life. It meant that man was part of that Life, and that the body he wore was but a passing vehicle which might perish without marring the eternity of the Life. It meant that the spirit in man

was unborn and undying, with a past and a future of unimaginable splendour. It meant that each little life was only worth as it was consciously part of the Life Immortal, and was transfigured by the deathless glory of the whole, of which, it was a part. It meant that man was no creature of a day, trembling at the wrath of a God, cowering beneath the threats of a Church, holding his existence at the mercy of another. He was an emanation of Life Eternal, he was a portion of God Himself, no Church could crush him, no priest could fetter him, no death could slay him, he held his existence by birthright not by favour, he was Self-dependent in the radiance of an Eternal Youth. Not for a moving earth and a stationary sun on the physical plane did Bruno suffer and die, but for the splendid conception of the One Eternal Life and its illimitable manifestations in space and time.

ADVANCING CHARIOT

As we seek to place ourselves within the consciousness of such martyrs, we shall ever find them inspired by some vast vision of the future which transports them out of the trivialities of the present, and makes all that the world calls precious but as the dust on the wheels of an advancing chariot. Rapt in that vision, they see not the gauds of earth; its prizes are valueless, its praise and its blame are but an empty air. They may have their hours of depression, their agonies of loneliness, their nights of almost despair. But they have but to open their eyes to behold the Vision Glorious, and ever in the depths of their Spirit there is peace untroubled and an unchanging joy. For

they abide in the Eternal, and their feet stand unshaken on that Rock.

In these modern days the Young Citizen need scarcely prepare himself for physical martyrdom, for the times have changed, racks are mouldering, fires are quenched. But if he would be a leader, none the less must he cultivate within himself the heroic qualities which make the martyr. Martyrdom is now on a higher plane, the plane of the emotions and the mind. He must live, not die, a martyr. There are still

Ideals which are worth martyrdom; there is still a Service which demands the sacrifice of all the world holds dear. Fortune, fame, honour in the world's eyes, affection of family and friends, respect of those we love, good reputation—all that makes earthly life fair and sweet: these, these are the gifts they may pour out as libations in the Service of the Masters to the Progress of Man.

—From *The Young Citizen* (1913)

What Is Great?

By JULIA WHITE

We offer our congratulations to the Editor of *The American Young Theosophist* on the fine production of the September-October issue. We are happy to reproduce the following from that journal.

TO be great is to be in some way beyond the usual limits of human capacity—beyond, rather than above or below. And strangely enough, greatness of destruction has often been more awe-inspiring than greatness of construction.

But as we use the word "great," it has a kind of moral judgment. We use it to describe a person who comes nearer a goal we have set for ourselves—the perfect man, the god. For the savage, the greatest good is physical prowess. Their gods are circus strong men with no necessary sense of fair play. Their great men are those who kill the most other men in battle.

But as our conception of what constitutes godhood grows with the gradual

evolution of ideas, so does our evaluation of greatness. For one could say that greatness is always relative to the average to which it is compared. That we have few men today whom we call great with conviction is a good sign that our standards are rising. We expect a little more of prowess with ideas and less with brass knuckles. We still admire Caesar and Alexander because our ancestors so wholeheartedly admired them. That we are a little uneasy about the record of Cortez and Balboa shows that in their time a sort of public conscience was developing. In one way, at least, we have come to understand that the greater strength is the strength of individuals co-operating, rather than individuals conquering.

Greatness is harder for us to define than it would be for the savage. The very fact that we are Theosophists shows that we must act under two sets of standards—one which we have inherited from ourselves as savages, and the other

which we are trying to find within us. It is an uneasy situation, this having two conflicting ideas of right action and two codes of honor: the traditional and the eternal. In weighing values we have to discriminate between the traditionally great and the eternally great to the best of our groping abilities.

The world of history, at which we have been looking with the eyes of our ancestors, is a strange place when we open our own. What we have been taught to see as mountains show themselves to be molehills sometimes, and history's sheep turn out to be wolves. The materially great of history dwindle and others take their places. But these others are people mostly unknown to their contemporaries and to us. For while material glory cannot exist without an audience, greatness of the soul needs no fanfare. It is always hidden and the place to look for it is not among those riding the wave.

The Master K. H. says in *At the Feet of the Master*: "In all the world there are only two kinds of people—those who know, and those who do not know," or, as we might say, those who are working for brotherhood and those who work to dominate man. Let us compare some of these examples of the two kinds of greatness, the traditional and the eternal.

There is Phillip II of Spain, for example—the sincerest kind of man. He earnestly believed that it was better for the souls of his subjects to die than that they lived in sin—outside the Catholic Church. He was the force behind the most terrible mass cruelty the world has seen until now—and yet he thought that he was serving as best he could his God and his people. Tradition calls Phillip

great, for he was the most powerful and the most imitated ruler in Europe. And yet he was not great—even though he gave his entire life to his convictions, the ideals of his time; for those ideals were not based on brotherhood.

In England at the same time there was a man named Peter Wentworth. He was not prominent, but he was great. He spent his life defending the rights of the common man against the traditionally absolute power of the throne. Again and again the country yeoman stood up in Parliament to defy the great Elizabeth. He was sent to the Tower five times in his twelve years of public life, and finally died there in 1590. Elizabeth thought she had won—but sixty years later Parliament beheaded King Charles for treason.

Another group of people whom tradition calls great were the puritans. They were as absolute as Elizabeth ever dared to be in enforcing as ugly and as arid a creed as the world has ever seen. They came to escape religious persecution, yet how they persecuted and fought religious freedom! The Quakers came with their doctrine of brotherhood, and preached democracy to the autocrats, and loving-kindness to the puritans, but whipped and exiled, they returned to be hanged. Their steadfast courage roused the people against their puritan governors and gave us religious freedom in America. From this we can see that the truly great in history are those who work for what is to be. That kind of work lives, though the workers may die.

Very few people are great both as men and as souls. Sir Thomas More was one. The eyes of the material see him as the great scholar, the friend and adviser of Henry VIII, the great

judge and chancellor of England. The eyes of the eternal see the martyr for religion and the dreamer for mankind. In the days of Machiavelli, when war was "the amusement of princes," he wrote his *Utopia*, containing such subversive ideas as that no man should be poor, that public office should not bring private wealth, that there might be universal education and freedom of thought and speech, that there might be no war. These were his dreams; and even as dreams, and great as he was, he published them as the tale of a stranger, so visionary and so dangerous were they. For the man who works for brotherhood is always feared and hated by

those whose security depends upon the exploitation of mankind.

What can I say is great? I can say that the measure of material, of traditional, greatness is power over men, but that the measure of spiritual (eternal) greatness is the will to help men: That greatness in history goes to him who can hurt the most, for the power of death is more easily seen and respected than the power of life: That because a blind man can more easily understand darkness than light, life's greatest good is fought as its greatest evil. To judge a word or a world we have only to look at its motive. If its motive is brotherhood, it is great.

My Role in the Work

The following is an excerpt from the speech of Dr. George S. Arundale, in response to the many loyal and warm greetings tendered to him on the occasion of his recent birthday celebration on December 1st.

IF I look back, as one tends to look back on a day like this, I find that on a very small scale, not comparable with the great predecessor two thousand years ago, that I have been a kind of John, the Baptist, my duty being to be the precursor and forerunner to many activities that have taken a great place in the work of The Theosophical movement.

I think of that great movement—Co-Masonry—in which I had associations with Dr. Besant as far back as 1902. There I was a little John the Baptist, for we were among the forerunners of that movement not only in India but in many

parts of the world—it is a wonderfully beautiful and inspiring movement.

Then there was the work under her guidance in the Central Hindu College. The School was established some years before 1903 when I came out at Dr. Besant's invitation to help. I was hard at work for many years in helping her to make The Central Hindu College, afterwards the Benares Hindu University, one of the most wonderfully national institutions throughout the whole of the country.

I think of a very remarkable movement unknown today—the Sons and Daughters of India. Dr. Besant fashioned an Order which had a meteoric career throughout India. There were not enough people to join it to strengthen it and to enable it to do what it might have done had it received the response and support that certainly was its due.

I think also of the privilege of helping to prepare a number of young workers who later became very useful to Dr. Besant, and a little group of workers, some of whom we were able to send to England, and some of whom rendered splendid service. The young people had no financial resources to pay their expenses in an English university and so we had to raise money for that purpose.

Then I think of that famous year of 1910 when I met Krishnaji and Nitya, and found them both very very wonderful people. I was able to help again in a small John-the-Baptist manner in the preliminary spreading of Krishnaji's activity. I only wish that Nitya had been spared for helping Krishnaji, since he might have been a tremendous support to Krishnaji in the difficult times that were and still are in front of him.

Then there was Dr. Besant's great political activity and the excitement of establishing a Home Rule League at the same time as Mr. Tilak established his Home Rule movement. It was a very hectic period and led us to internment. It was a very strange thing that we were interned by a vegetarian Governor. Unless he wished an exclusive right to vegetarianism, one would not have thought he would have interned three fellow-vegetarians. But it was not very long before we were released, because, amongst other circumstances Gandhiji threatened that he would march to Ootacamund or Coimbatore, wherever we might be, gathering crowds as he marched. So they thought they had better release us. Thus for many months we had sleepless nights whenever we travelled about the country, for at every station we were besieged by crowds and had

to show ourselves in all kinds of sleeping garments. I was a little John-the-Baptist so far as that activity was concerned.

As far back as 1917 I was told by Dr. Besant that I should be the next President. I told her that she would go on for years and years and years and that I knew I should be very old before I should come to take her place. As a matter of fact I had to take her place rather earlier than anticipated.

In 1920 I had the privilege and pleasure of meeting Shrimati Rukmini Devi, who is now called by everybody the "celebrated dancer." I do not think I have been able to be much of a small John the Baptist for that particular aspect of the new Theosophy that is so splendid. I am afraid my function has been usurped by Rukmini Devi who is her own John-the-Baptist. Still I am happy to have been in at the beginning of that work and I am sure I shall see it grow and grow and grow and see it become strong in the Theosophy of the future, being a new facet of the diamond of Theosophical Truth. Rukmini Devi had a tremendous triumph during her recent tour which culminated at Calcutta in three crowded houses. It was a great happiness to me and I felt inclined to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes" are seeing another instalment—only an instalment for there is still more to come—of the Lord's Salvation. Though that is the way I feel, some of my friends feel that I shall still have to go on and in a way I am happy to do so. In 1920 when I first met Rukmini Devi she did not know what laurels were waiting in store for her, not only in India but throughout the world.

In 1926 I went to Australia to vivify the political activities as Bishop Leadbeater was vivifying the inner activities. It was a wonderful success. Whether you believe it or not I composed a number of songs, both the words and music which were sung by the school-children and other patriotic organizations in choruses. We had a broadcasting station, and our work affected the life of Australia substantially.

I am happy to welcome a number of students of our revered and beloved Madame Montessori and her son and colleague Signor Montessori. Her presence here is a veritable benediction. You do not know all the service rendered to The Besant Theosophical School as well as all the other work in

which they are engaged for the helping of the whole world. Madame Montessori is the greatest educationist we have living in the world at the present time. The more we come near to her, the more we admire her genius and love her for herself.

I think of the Hindustan Scout Association of which I happen to be the Provincial Chief Commissioner for Madras Presidency. I have fine hope for the future so far as the Hindustan Scout Association is concerned. I hope there are many many Hindustan Scouts in this Hall.

I hope we shall have a very happy year and I trust when the year is over we shall be able to look back on a year of good work done.

Touring

By ALEX. ELMORE

■ THINK that by now the readers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN will be conversant with the methods and proceedings of those tours undertaken as cultural and educational crusades by Dr. George S. Arundale and Shrimati Rukmini Devi. There have been from time to time descriptions and impressions given in these pages; it is therefore redundant once more to give a detailed account of the recent tour in Northern India which proved to be as successful in every way as the previous tours. But what perhaps is interesting to readers is not so much the doings of the "tourers" as the reaction and the impression of the "tourees", if I may coin a word.

The most outstanding impression I have brought back from this tour is one of a readiness to wish to understand all that Shrimati Rukmini Devi and Dr. Arundale are doing and saying. I put it this way purposely, for in these days of superficialities one cannot usually speak of "a readiness to understand" for that would be too far from the truth. It is, alas, almost non-existent in the majority of cities one visits—especially may it be to our eternal shame, amongst the young people of the Universities. But "a readiness to wish to understand" is growing and with it, naturally, a closer attention is given in every way to the words and actions of those who are the messengers of the new.

The fact is that so many people of all walks of life came forward so willingly, so "joyfully" if I may use that word, to help and offer their services. There was almost a pathetic eagerness to be "with us" so as to be in the swing of something refreshing, something which brought relief to the troubled, ordinary lives of many. It was like watching beacon fires springing into life from hilltop announcing some victory. Among the younger people, there is quite definitely an awakening taking place. Slowly, slowly there is a slight movement in the politically and educationally drugged body of youth. There is a feeling of discomfort expressed by individual units of the youth population. One may come from among thousands and ask the meaning of the work that Rukmini Devi is doing. Another may come—all enthusiastic, and say that he also wishes to "learn dancing" or to take part in some similar activity. Almost always these desires are accompanied with some expression—usually cautiously given as though an unofficial Gestapo was on the prowl—of discontent with the present lot of young Indians. At last there is a feeling, brought about by the insistent reminder both by Rukmini Devi and Dr. Arundale of the real foundations of the true India, that they have been duped and sold to the profit-makers of the country. There is still a regrettable amount of that college hooliganism, mostly good-natured, but certainly crude. But that in itself may be but the feeling of general discontent expressing itself in a mass display of conduct brought about by the mistreating of bodies, emotions, minds, by the present dangerous system of education and the morass of

strange uncertainties perpetrated by modern "leaders" of the Nation. But where Dr. Arundale has spoken or Shrimati Rukmini Devi, or where she has danced, there is a definite sense of the awakening once more of the enthusiastic spirit of former times.

The impression left after the various Bharata Natya recitals of Shrimati Rukmini Devi has been one of a fresh breeze across an arid desert. An almost audible sigh of relief has gone up from the more cultured few, as though to say "at last—at last, we have seen the real soul of Indian culture". Amongst the mass of people it has been as though they have entered a quiet and sheltered place after the scream and fury of the storm and have found it beautiful. And yet it has in no way been a negative effect—in no way a passive thing. This has been unconsciously expressed by the many who have come forward with suggestions, offers of help in many forms, hints and plans for future developments and so many other matters. They have come forward as though the work was their own, as though it was a vital thing to their own well-being or the well-being of their community, city or province. It is surely thus that one can best judge the effect of such a tour.

Doors have been open everywhere not only to the persons on tour, but to deals, plans, hopes and to the main structure of reform as visualised by the two principals of the tour. Within those of us privileged to accompany them, a sense of mission has been born—a sense of the serious business we are about and sense of greater eagerness to see things succeed.

An impression received is the surprise and, sometimes almost the incredulity expressed by those who, having to deal with the arrangements of one or other of the various departments of the tour, when they realise that things are actually being looked at and acted upon from a standpoint of other values than the ordinary. It has been wonderful that when the realisation has come, that this standpoint is actually more real, more genuine, more honest, more reasonable from a spiritual and not merely a material standpoint, how there has been a great and eager desire to do things along this line of thought without the least regret for hitherto pet ideas or theories, or worn-in-the-rut routines of method. Only those with a truly great message and truly great personalities can perform this miracle. I can almost say it has sometimes been humorous to witness those who unwittingly labouring under, shall we say, a Western viewpoint inculcated by Western-type education, have come to a realisation that the Indian viewpoint, the Indian method is "just as good" if not better—and certainly always more suitable to themselves and their own real inner convictions!

Perhaps the readers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN will begin to see a little what an influence for a National spirit to incarnate again in India these Cultural-Educational tours have been. It is by constantly presenting before the people the real values as opposed to the false that gradually the ground is tilled, the seed is sown and even now, the first green shoots are appearing here and there.

These are personal impressions of my own—they bear no "official" seal of approval and as such I write them here for your consideration. I know for myself that I have been witnessing something near the miraculous—something that is becoming more and more full of impetus and life, something genuine and spiritual performed as a mission but not in the missionary spirit. Because of this, I believe in India and its message and its future and I cannot help suspecting that those who have seen Rukmini Devi dance, have heard her and Dr. Arundale lecture, who have met them or in some way contacted their work, have felt something of the same. I only wish that all the readers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN could experience this as we have, who have been with them on tour.

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YOUTH SERVICE CORPS

Throughout England, countries and county boroughs have now active Youth Service Corps in which small squads of boys and girls in villages and towns are rendering manifold forms of service to their neighbours. In East Suffolk alone there are nearly 200 squads in addition to 100 school service squads. Among the services given are civil defence activities, the care of evacuees and homeless, first-aid and salvage, forestry, gardening, and agriculture.

It would be fatal, said Mr. Herwald Ramsbotham, President of the Board of Education, to make any attempt to imitate the so-called youth movements of Germany or Italy. "The squads are under the supervision of the Local Youth Committee but are not directed by that committee. The boys and girls choose their own leaders, make their own plans, and run their own show. Each squad elects its own leader, who makes regular written reports to the Local Youth Committee. In short, the scheme gives these young people a chance of organizing themselves without the leadership or interference of grown-ups. They receive guidance but not direction."

All of the above makes thrilling reading. But does it take a war? Cannot our Indian Young Citizens organize themselves for service in those ever-present wars against disease, ugliness, poverty, cruelty, ignorance?

Single copy : 3 ms.

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