

555

621

The young citizen
pl-17 No-7. to. 12.
July to Dec - 1942.

100-100000

56
Q11 M211, N10 YC.
N42.17.7-12-
172905

555 (5)

THE

YOUNG

CITIZEN

99

JULY

1942

353 309



The Noble Eightfold Path which leads to the ending of misery: Right Belief, Right Thought, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Means of Livelihood, Right Energy, Right Contemplation, and Right Realisation.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN



Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

July 1942

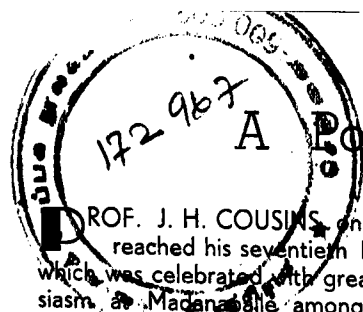
Vol. XVII, No. 7

Goodwill

THE keynote of the world should be one of Goodwill, and even when we speak of a "War for Righteousness," it is only righteousness for the time being, for the ultimate Righteousness will be fulfilled when there is no necessity for war. I cannot imagine, however, anyone for the sake of a principle being able to say, "I believe in no war. Therefore, let my mother, my friends, suffer tortures even before my very eyes." Though war is wrong, the refusal to help the suffering is also apt to be one-sided and self-centred. "Do I think myself so good that I will not even kill a tiger to save a child? Such is a form of indirect killing."

It is an excellent ideal to make an enemy a friend, but who will declare himself as the person who will convert Hitler?

But through the contribution of goodwill to the world, we can help to make the war end sooner, we can make the war less horrible. We should concentrate upon the ideals of such Great Teachers as the Lord Buddha and think of Their Spirit brooding upon the world. With real peace, understanding, and goodwill, such beauty comes into the world that it makes us live as decent human beings, so that the most ordinary man can have only one thought—to help his fellow-man. There should be such understanding towards one another that we will not fight, either in terms of War by killing each other, or in the smaller ways which bring suffering in times of apparent peace. So will we help the world to come nearer to the Truth, to the spirit of the Great Teacher who broods over the world. So will we bring the world nearer to salvation.—RUKMINI DEVI, in a talk at Adyar.



PROF. J. H. COUSINS, on July 22 reached his seventieth birthday, which was celebrated with great enthusiasm at Madanapalle among his old friends and students of the Theosophical College of which for many years he was Principal, and Mrs. Cousins the "Mother." Prof. Cousins is a Vice-President of Kalākshetra, which sent him best wishes and greetings: "We are fortunate to have you in our midst and to have all the wonderful help that you are giving to our work. You have helped to bring India closer to other countries by your enthusiastic presentation of Indian Art to the world." THE YOUNG CITIZEN very happily associates itself with all the good words that have been said and will be said about the Professor. We felicitate him on his attainment of the allotted span and wish him many more years of useful life.

Professor Cousins' name, like that of his wife, is a household word in India for his outstanding leadership in matters cultural. For fifty years he has been writing poetry, and for lesser periods spreading Theosophy and encouraging both here and in oversea countries the revival of pure Indian art and literature. As a poet and dramatist of the Irish renaissance (1897) his works are regarded as ranking second only to those of the great leaders of the movement, W. B. Yeats, and AE, all Prof. Cousins' work being tinged with spiritual idealism, and it is this quality which gives it permanent and positive value.

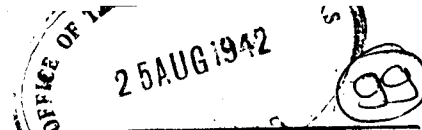
Prof. Cousins was born at Belfast, Ireland, 22 July 1873. He began to

write poetry early and his first book of poems was published when he was twenty. Some of his earliest dramas were presented in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in the height of the literary revival, and would have been published had not the MSS. been lost.

Through association with AE both Mr. and Mrs. Cousins became interested in Theosophy and they were co-founders of the first Irish Lodge in Dublin. Around 1904 he was appointed Presidential Agent in Ireland, and after a visit by Dr. Besant, who stayed in their house, they formed another Lodge more in sympathy with Dr. Besant's ideals; other Lodges followed, and eventually an Irish Section. Later Mr. and Mrs. Cousins removed to England, and from 1913 to 1915 they helped in the restoration and expansion of the Liverpool Lodge and lectured through Britain on Theosophical topics.

In 1915 began their venture in India. By invitation of Dr. Besant they came to Madras and Mr. Cousins joined the staff of *New India*, and with a flair for indigenous art began to advocate it. This has placed him in the forefront of India's culture, and he has lectured in most parts of the country and made two world tours with slides and original examples of Indian painting. As Art Adviser to the Government of Travancore he has organized the State Gallery of Asian paintings in Trivandrum and is at present preoccupied with the proper classification and display of the State's art and archaeological treasures.

In 1916 Dr. Besant appointed Mr. Cousins lecturer in English in the



Theosophical College, Madanapalle, one hundred miles west of Madras, and he was its Principal when it was a constituent of the National University, Madras. Not only did he give the College a high reputation for scholarship, but he raised a great amount of money in its support. In 1919-20 he was lent for a year as Professor of English Poetry to the Keiogijuku University, Tokyo. His work attracted much attention not only in the University but in China and the U.S.A. also, and the University rewarded him with the degree of Doctor of Literature. It is this degree which he publicly renounced for patriotic reasons when Japan declared war on Great Britain.

Those who feel that he must have a handle to his name may call him Professor, a designation which he earned not only in Tokyo, but also as Professor of Poetry in New York. Many Indians affectionately call him Kulapati (teacher of multitudes), an honorific title bestowed on him by the South Indian Teachers' Association some years ago. During his stay in Japan Prof. Cousins founded the first Theosophical Lodge in Tokyo.

Returning to Adyar in 1921 Prof. Cousins was transferred to the National University and then for six years from 1922 was Principal of the Brahma-vidyashrama and under Dr. Besant's inspiration planned its synthetical studies. In 1928 he was given leave to accept invitations to lecture abroad on education, philosophy, poetry, and Indian culture, and after five years of such work in Europe, U.S.A., and Japan, he returned to Madanapalle as Principal of the College once more.

Prof. Cousins has put out a continuous stream of literary work, amounting to twenty volumes of poetry and twenty volumes of prose. The prose is summarized in *A Study in Synthesis*, and the poetry in his *Collected Poems, 1894-1940*, the latter published by Kalākshetra. The Poet has a great partiality for Kalākshetra, not merely because he is its Vice-President, but also for the cultural tone which both the institution and its name carry with it. His first representative collection was *A Wandering Harp* (1932); and *A Bardic Pilgrimage* (1934) completed the presentation designed to meet a popular demand created by his visit to America. The *Collected Poems* (1940) by no means exhausts the Poet's product; he has now in the press a drama founded on the Celtic Mythos and entitled *The Hound of Uladh* (Ulster), and in the same book an Indian drama centred on Queen Mirabai and called *The King's Wife*. Prof. and Mr. Cousins have prepared also a biographical story of highlights in their double career to be published under the delightful title *We Two Together*, a phrase from Walt Whitman. There seems to be no end to Prof. Cousins' productivity, he is incessantly working.

Nobody can read Prof. Cousins' poetry or hear him lecture without realizing that he lives among immortal themes, that his emphasis is on the spiritual side of life. Master of technique he is of course, but he is a spiritual philosopher of a rare order. Theosophy it is which gives clarity and philosophic pattern and depth to his verse, which shines in a war-clouded world by its own sweetness and sanity.

—J. L. DAVIDGE

The Wisdom of China

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

THERE are two countries in the world which have from time immemorial rejoiced in what may be called the Greater Wisdom. All other wisdom—the lesser wisdom—is derived from this Greater Wisdom. These two countries are, of course, India and China. Just as the wise men came from the East to recognize and adore the Christ, so did the Greater Wisdom come from the East to illumine the West. Direct inheritor of this Greater Wisdom was the ancient land of Egypt, indirect inheritors were Greece and Rome and the great Islamic civilization to which the West owes so much.

Each of the two Greater Wisdoms of China and of India sounds its own note of Truth, and mighty have been the Teachers who have spoken it. On the whole, however, the memory of the West has not been able to go farther back than Rome and Greece, with an occasional incursion into the wisdom of Islam. Today, the glory of the West, such as it is, is largely in what is called Science, a type of practical wisdom—shall we call it experimental wisdom—which is sometimes thought to be an exclusively western product, though in fact the Greater Wisdom of both China and India had this practical wisdom at a very high level of scientific expression.

In talking of "The Wisdom of China" I am in fact talking of part of the essential background of western civilization, far away though the latter may seem to have strayed from the Chinese spirit of right living. This background

is, I need hardly say, as much Indian as it is Chinese, but I am to concern myself in this talk exclusively with China.

CHINA'S DHARMA

As in the case of the Wisdom of India, the family life is the foundation-stone, both of individual and of collective living. Also, as in the case of the Wisdom of India, the duty of a son is not merely towards the living members of his family but equally to his ancestors. But the family life is not to be lived alone without reference to the surroundings. On the contrary, it is declared that man attains his full being only by subordinating himself to harmonious social relationships. The whole philosophy of the Chinese is directed towards the building of character both through individual living within the family and through individual living in connection with the larger life to which the individual belongs.

The key-note of character is declared to be simplicity. The natural and intimate joys of life are regarded to be the most potent builders of character. And true simplicity is said to be found in the home, in friendships, in intercourse with the outer world, and with Nature. The appreciation of Nature in all its beauties and simplicities is held to be an essential ingredient in the development of character. So is it that simple industry, frugality and simple living are considered to be the basic principles of character.

To be wise in the Chinese way is to seek for and reverence the life within all forms. It is interesting to note that even in the case of buildings their outer forms matter little. Their purposes and even inner meaning matter very much more. In music, in painting, in poetry, and in all other arts, the Wisdom of China sets forth a great fundamental simplicity, and each art has its own dedication to the truth and beauty of life. Thousands of years ago this beautiful Wisdom reigned supreme in the heart of every Chinese, from the humblest to the greatest. The result has been a civilization rather than a nation, as in the case of the Wisdom of India no less.

It is said that there was a time in China when the greater number of the people were simple-minded artists. All the objects surrounding them were beautiful, the small as well as the great, from temples and gardens to tables, censers and exquisitely delicate tea-cups. The Chinese artisan was always an artist because he could give only that which was his best and entirely independent of all commercial considerations. But here again simplicity ruled and a great idea, or ideal, was portrayed by the simplest of forms—a line, a curve, a colour, and, in the case of sound, a simple note.

CHINA'S MIGHTY CONTRIBUTION

The Wisdom of China is indeed a mighty contribution to the Wisdom of the world, and its power is perceived in the way in which the Chinese people of today have been able to hold and repel the lower material wisdom which the Japanese have launched against

them. The Greater Wisdom is prevailing against the lesser, as it must always. Naught can destroy it, for it is of the very essence of man's pathway to God, and it is upon this Greater Wisdom of China, as no less upon the Greater Wisdom of India, that the world must learn to rely for salvation from the foes of Wisdom, from those who prostitute its glory to imprisonment within a wisdom which from some points of view has no right to be so called, though it remains an aspect of Truth enslaved to evil. As has India, so has China still to permeate the world with her Wisdom, and the more the world realizes the Wisdom of India and the Wisdom of China, the more will come into existence a Great Brotherhood of Truth in which every wisdom—religion, philosophy or science—will live in splendour and in equality.

—Extracts from a talk broadcast through the AIR, Madras.

WINNING BY PRAYER

A Cardiff City Councillor was returning from some school sports. One race had been won by a dark-skinned boy, and the Councillor had been very interested in the fact that all the time the boy was running his lips were moving rapidly. Approaching the boy to congratulate him, the Councillor asked why he had moved his lips while running. "I was praying," said the boy. "What were you saying?" the Councillor asked. "I was saying," said the boy, "O Lord, pick up my feet as fast as you can, and I will put them down again." Anyway, he won the race!

—Theosophical News and Notes

The Dance Art

By RUKMINI DEVI

(With the kind permission of the AIR, Madras.)

THE Dance is a unique Art which has always had a great place in the history of almost every country. Many questions arise in one's mind when one thinks of the Dance. Is it an art meant for entertainment? Is it meant to give joy to the onlookers? Is it a hobby? Is it a study and an aspect of learning? Or, is it meant only as an outlet for the dancer's desire for rhythmic expression?

In every nation these questions are answered differently. First of all one has to realize that the very rhythm and grace of bodily movement which so subtly co-ordinates with music, is a natural expression for all humanity. There are many who can enjoy witnessing such expressions of rhythm and joy, but most would say that, granted the necessary natural gifts, it would be far preferable to be a creative artist oneself. This desire to express the rhythmic sense that humanity possesses takes the form of the dance, which is divinity trying to find release even through the coarsest vehicle—the physical body. This divine life changes its purpose and its expression according to the development of the individual and the nation.

In ancient India, as can be perceived through a study of the classic books, the dance has the highest conception of beauty. It has its place in every happy occasion of life and it is the greatest and most beautiful gift through which the message of the highest spiritual life is expressed. The great Being, Lord Nataraja, Himself is a dancer and so is Parvati, and the Lord Sri Krishna,

who danced in Brindaban. Nowhere except in India is there so perfect a system of dancing and it is marvellous to see how no detail of expression was left out. In fact it will take many years of research and work before we can achieve even a portion of the achievements laid down in *Bharata Natya Shastra*, for the more one studies the more one realizes what an ocean of learning it is. The dance gestures or *abhinaya* with the *mudras* or the language of the hands, dancing to songs and the meaning of the words contained therein, are yet undiscovered everywhere else while in India they are already many thousands of years old. One also sees how in olden days the accomplishments of the average family were of a very high order.

In ancient Greece, the dance was an inherent part of every mystic ritual. In Java, it is not merely an expression of the cultural background of the Nation but a great accomplishment and an ornament to the individual. In Western countries, the classical dance, such as the ballet, was and is still, among the best people, not only an accomplishment, not merely a national achievement but a mission. The entire lives of dancers of the ballet revolve round the perfecting of themselves not only in the technique, which is most difficult indeed, but in improving their art and its message day by day. Great dancers like Taglioni and Anna Pavlova were obviously messengers of beauty. Their rigorous work, the complete subjugation of all other personal desires and

pleasures, the abandonment of one's being to the cause are very similar to that of the great learned artists, musicians and pandits of India. They lived only for their Art and everything else took second place.

In all countries this attitude belongs to the few, and to the majority it is either a matter of great learning and study or an expression of their simple joys of life through folk dancing, as one finds particularly amongst the peasant people both in the West and in India. This can also be a great contribution to the Nation, for though the dancers may not be individually great, the collective atmosphere created adds to the grace of a country and the helping of individuals to express the hidden God. Every one is not blessed by the Gods in having all the gifts that a dancer must possess, and therefore collective dancing, which can be simple, beautiful, classical and inspiring is bound to bring new life and expression of joy particularly in these days of gloom. A human being is composed of the body, the emotions, intellect, and the cosmic Self. The dance can contribute both to the positive and to the negative, to the beautiful and the ugly side of human beings.

BHAVA—THE HEART OF THE DANCE

As I have already said, the dance is an expression by the physical body. Because it is a physical expression it is both a dangerous and a magnificent instrument. The weakness of the physical body is its coarseness and vulgarity. For those who in their minds and emotions are unable to transcend the physical, the dance can become an

instrument of sensuality and coarseness. But on the other hand for those who have a higher knowledge, the body can fulfil its highest Dharma not only by giving to the world expression of physical grace and beauty, but through the very Cosmic Being itself.

Therefore is it that emotion has a very high place in the Dance—for emotion directs the message of grace and rhythm. In *Bharata Natya*, *bhava* is considered the heart of the Dance Art. Many consider this *bhava* to be the ability to portray emotions. This is true, but *bhava* is more. It is the essence of intellect as well, and there is *bhava* as much in *Nritta* as in *Abhinaya*. People often think that the *Tillanas*, or *Thirumanams* with *adavus* and intricate footwork are an aspect of *laya* or *thala*—and therefore bear no relation to *bhava*. In reality there is the *bhava* of the body as much as of the face, the expression of music as well as of the emotion. In order to accomplish this perfect blending of the body, the emotions and the intellect, there yet is needed knowledge—a knowledge not only of the books which in India are unique—but also a knowledge of the great philosophies, literature, poetry, music, and religion, a knowledge by which the mind transcends itself in the World of Wisdom. When this is achieved *Bharata Natya* is justified by the dancer and it becomes a perfect expression of the Will of the Divine, and the dance becomes a Veda and the dancer a Yogi. Of course, the essential principle of the Dance is joy—the inner bliss which is a deep experience, not an outer happiness. This is where the conception of the dance differs in the West. Great ballet dancers have the one-pointed

devotion to Art, good taste, imagination, perfect technique and a sense of subtle and pure beauty—but their ideas of *bhava* are developed only to the extent of the *bhava* of the body. The higher emotion and intellect are not known. In every plane of consciousness the dance can bring joy, but from the great Indian point of view it involves the complete control of the mind, the emotions and the body, each fulfilling its dharma of serenity, joy and grace, and transcending its lower counterparts.

ITS HIGH PURPOSE

The dance is also an art which, like the Drama or *Natya*, can be a centre and unifier of all arts, for learning, sense of colour, line, music with its subdivisions of *bhava*, *raga* and *tala*, the art of the stage, make-up, etc., are all necessary to the dancer. When one enters into this world of the dance, one comes to realize that there is no place in it for vulgarity, cruelty, which unfortunately find their place in the world of art everywhere. There is a misconception on the part of those who are great exponents to desire to force their knowledge on others, particularly children who are cruelly treated for the sake of learning something which has not become an experience to them. This vice is bound to have its repercussions in the art completely dying out, as has happened in all civilizations. The sensual and vulgar expressions introduced into life are always signs of the deterioration of civilization.

The dance being an expression of the body has been particularly exploited, and it is unfortunate that in India, the very home of the great and the spiritual, it should have descended to the

lowest level. Still the marks of the ancient spirit persist and there is a vast majority who cannot respond to such exploitations of the physical as the West can. Except among the purest classical dancers, the body is the chief instrument of ugliness masquerading as beauty. In the music halls, night clubs and in entertainments, not only is the dance degraded but womanhood as well. Where this happens there is bound to be a general decay of civilization. Hence the present War. Unfortunately except for what one hears and what one reads in the many books, dance is an Art which cannot leave living memorials as other more permanent expressions of Art such as painting, sculpture, architecture. But through the figures in Temples one can get a glimpse of the spirit of the dance as it was, unless savages in war-time destroy those magnificent messengers of ancient Culture.

The Dance, as I have tried to point out, may be an accomplishment, a hobby or an entertainment, but wherever it is, it has its high purpose as was so wonderfully understood by the great Rishis of India. I hold that only India can teach to the World that it is an Art which like the white light of the Sun draws into itself the rainbow of other arts, and which as an art can be one of the greatest achievements of humanity. For it transcends the physical with the body as a vehicle and lifts humanity into a world of the higher emotion of Joy and the pure intellect of Wisdom. It is therefore an art for the musician, the poet and the philosopher alike. For those who understand this principle it becomes a great inspiration which will lift humanity into wondrous heights.

The Problems of Democracy

By ROHIT MEHTA

II

EVERY social organization contains within itself the germs of its own disruption. Capitalism, once a progressive force, has now reached a stage when disruptive tendencies have already started operating in the shape of clashes between rival imperialisms. Political democracy as it exists today was designed to serve as an instrument aiding the growth of this economic organization known to us as Capitalism. With the beginning of the disruption and disintegration of the Capitalist system, political democracy in its present form seems to have outlived its purpose. We can see threats to its existence coming from various quarters.

DEFENSIVE CAPITALISM

Capitalism having developed into Imperialism has naturally lost its old prosperity. It is on its defence, it has to guard itself against rival imperialisms of other countries. And so it cannot lavishly distribute crumbs from its table to the hungry masses as it used to do in its young and very prosperous days. It has now to care for its dwindling profits, prices have to be kept up, competitions from other countries have to be eliminated, markets have to be cornered, if necessary goods have to be destroyed in order to create scarcity thus enabling a rise in prices, tariff walls have to be raised higher and higher and armaments have to be piled up in order to give "crushing blows"

to other imperialist Powers. This is where we stand today when political democracy has become a handmaid to Imperialism struggling to prop up Capitalism against the forces that threaten to give a blow to its very existence.

Political democracy has no doubt given franchise to large masses of people. Universal adult franchise is a reality in many countries. The "People" have a "voice" in the government of their own country. Once in four or five years they can send "their own representatives" to legislative bodies where laws in the "interest of the country" are enacted. They can read the speeches of their representatives in the newspapers of their country. Now and then, they may attend political meetings participating in the "up" and "down" slogans. And with this they ought to feel satisfied for this is "government by the people, for the people and of the people" as we see it today in various democratic countries!

BREAD vs. BALLOT BOX

But of what use is political franchise to a starving person? Will he not give his vote to a person who employs him? To him bread is of far more importance than the ballot box. Between the two he will naturally prefer the bread. And the employer who gets his vote is interested in keeping his employee in economic want and in threat of unemployment, for then only can he be sure of getting his vote. And so the "people" through sheer

economic necessity are forced to send as their representatives in legislatures persons whose interests are diametrically opposed to theirs! It is a government by the people in the sense that the people have been forced to vote for it but it certainly is not a government of or for the people. Political democracy with economic slavery is a mockery! It is democracy only so far as the number of slips in the ballot box is concerned. In practice it has resulted in the government of the few and for the few installed into power by the votes of the many!

Political democracy if it is to continue must solve this problem of economic necessity so far as the people are concerned. It cannot keep them eternally in bondage. It cannot force them always to send representatives to legislative bodies who would perpetuate their economic slavery. It has either to change its colours or force the uprising of the people against this state of affairs. The Labour movements throughout the world are but so many warnings to political democracy. Where about movements have been sup-

pressed there either bloody revolutions have appeared, as in Russia, or democracy itself has been overthrown and brutal dictatorship has been installed in its place.

THE TEARS OF THE POOR

The great problem facing political democracy today is the solution of the economic tangle. There is a saying that "the tears of the poor undermine the thrones of kings." It is the same thing today. The tears of the poor are undermining the foundations of democracy.

Poverty of the people is the biggest rock on which the ship of democracy is likely to wreck. Political franchise without economic freedom is meaningless. Abraham Lincoln said: "A Nation half free and half slave cannot prosper." We can very well say: "A Society politically free but economically enslaved cannot continue." A balance between the two is necessary if human civilization is to march onwards. And poverty has created many other problems which political democracy will have to solve. What are these problems and what is the way out?

YOUTH

The following is reproduced from a recent issue of *The American Young Theosophist*. This is one of the virile and well-edited youth journals. Though it is 'roneed', the format is very attractive. We congratulate the Editor and those responsible on their fine production.

YOUTH is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigour of

the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of adventure over love of ease. This often

exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the

unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

—Author Unknown

Some Things to Wonder At

SOME of Science's most breathtaking conclusions are given quietly to the world and do not come to the layman's notice. Such seem to me the conclusions of three scientists, W. J. Arrol, P. B. Jacobi and F. A. Paneth, on the ages of meteorites found on our earth from measurements of the amount in them of certain radio-active elements and the resulting helium—conclusions which have been quite unostentatiously announced in the 28th February issue of *Nature*, recently received in this country.

More than one method of analysis, with many a refinement introduced since the problem was first attacked in 1928-31, converge on to new conclusions which do not leave much room for doubts—though so stupendous are the figures that one may well be excused if one wanted at least to pause and enquire before accepting them.

And what are these conclusions?

They are that some 57 meteorites from widely scattered places representing almost every portion of our earth, when examined as above, were found to be of ages varying between 60 million and 7000 million years!

And therefore our solar system, in which these meteorites rove, cannot be less than 7000 million years old.

"A few years ago there seemed to be reasons to believe that the highest age found by radio-active methods for rocks and minerals in the earth's crust, about 2000 million years, coincided with the age found by entirely different methods for the solar system or the universe."

a result that was then considered surprising! And now those 2000 million years are nowhere near being enough!

But the solar system could, of course, be more than 7000 million years old.

There is no definite reason why even some meteorites cannot be more too. If any containing more helium than in those examined do exist, they could be older. But even twice as much helium as the maximum amounts so far found would not indicate an age greater than 8500 million years, the calculations show; and since no such meteorite has been found, though so many have been examined, it is rather unlikely that there are meteorites more than 7000 million years old.

On the other hand various astronomical lines of evidence show that the universe itself must be less than 10,000 million years old.

If this conclusion is as reliable as those of the radio-activity investigations, then it is no small achievement for the little speck in this tremendously vast universe, Man, brought about in the still smaller speck, the human brain, that the almost inconceivably remote time when our solar system came into being is known to such a fair degree of certainty!

Inconceivably remote? Yes. For can anyone even imagine in faintest outline what must have happened in the 7,000 or 8,500 million years? Even a thousand years are not clearly imaginable except by a student of history; the geologist is able to think of and deal with at the most a very few million years. But 8,500 millions!...

And does that mean that our Earth also is nearly as old? Perhaps; perhaps not. The *material* of the earth may be as old as the oldest meteorite, or older, but that material may have formed another planet, and perhaps other planets before that!—each of

which, when their aeonian lives were over, disintegrated and left its material free to wander, or to be drawn in particular directions to form the planets that were to succeed them. For, as has been said above, the material that constitutes the body proper of our Mother Earth seems to be only about a fourth as old as the oldest of these visitors from the vast spaces of the solar system, who have come to rest on the Earth.

And what is the significance of the fact that we have come across no meteorite that is less than about 60 million years in age? Is it perhaps that whatever the process in our solar system that brought these meteorites into being, it stopped 60 or so million years ago? Science has, as yet, not produced an answer.

The next time you are in a Museum and see the large or small metallic lumps labelled meteorites, do not pass by lightly; try and think what changes, albeit of the slowest, they must have seen in those millions of years they have spent in space and then on our earth. Touch them, and you will be touching something perhaps much older than our earth. . . . And yet not older than yourself, who are touching it! For the real you, who have now been evolving to your present condition millions of years already in the human kingdom and many times more millions of years in the animal and, before that, the vegetable and, before that, the mineral kingdoms—yes, even in the mineral, dimly perceiving and awaiting changes, as that meteorite is doing—*you . . . are almost infinitely older.*

—K. J. KABRAJI

The Besant Theosophical School Adyar.

The following is an extract from the annual report presented by the Headmaster of the School, Mr. K. Sankara Menon, M.A., on the occasion of its reopening on the 27th of June, Dr. G. S. Arundale presiding.

WE can look back upon this period (of seven years) as one of steady endeavour to make ourselves worthy of the illustrious name of Dr. Annie Besant with which we are associated. It is impossible to over-estimate the splendid work she did for the cause of Indian Education. If in this country today there is a desire for an educational system that will keep Indians Indian while giving them every opportunity to acquire knowledge it is due to Dr. Besant who, in establishing the Central Hindu College and, later, several other institutions, fanned the sparks of national education into a flame that spread all over the country.

During this period we have had safe and sure anchorage in the bosom of The Theosophical Society and have enjoyed all the privileges of that great body's international and cultural associations. We have the inspiration and the leadership of Dr. G. S. Arundale to whom the School owes its existence for he established it in 1934 in memory of his great leader and guru. His vast educational experience has always been at our disposal, and his advice and help, both material and spiritual, have been of immense value and benefit to us.

During the year Rukmini Devi has continued as Director. There is no

department in the School the work of which has not been directed by her. The insistence she lays upon attention to detail, her enthusiasm, her wonderful creative spirit, all these have been an education to the teacher no less than to the student. Art and culture have become real and live influences in the School. Through her we come into touch with the real spirit of India—a spirit which inspires us with its beauty and its message.

In curricular study we have made great advances. Dr. Montessori and Signor Montessori have taken the utmost interest in our work and have actively directed work in all classes up to Form IV. Day after day and every day Signor Montessori has come to the School, taken classes himself, trained the teachers, supervised the making of materials, and has in every way directed the introduction of the Montessori system into the middle school. There is no teacher in the School who does not feel personally grateful to Dr. Montessori and to Signor Montessori for the very vital training given to them, for a new vision of teaching, and a new presentation of the world of the child in which he creates himself into a man and creates a world for himself. Under the direction of the Montessoris much new material has been prepared. This

preparation has been a revelation to the teacher because it has meant acquiring a knowledge of things that previously had been no concern of his. Thus, those who have never had to wield a brush in their lives have had to become painters, those who had specialized in teaching history have had to acquire a knowledge of mathematics, and scientists have had to learn to appreciate the beauties and subtleties of language and the intricacies of grammar. All this has indeed been a new experience and under the wise guidance and enthusiasm of Dr. Montessori our teachers have laboured with a will and done much original work. For the student also the introduction of the Montessori system has done wonders. The acquiring of knowledge has become a thing of intense interest and a creative activity. Many things that would ordinarily be learnt in the high school classes have been brought down to the middle school and the students have tackled them with great ease and interest. We feel that the introduction of this system into the middle school is something that is of great importance to the educational future of this country and deserves to be watched with sympathetic interest by everyone whether directly connected with the School or not.

Religious education is one of the main objects of our programme. We feel that in order to develop that spirit of dedication which is primarily the religious spirit a wise observance of religious festivals is of great help. We have made plans for this year, in conjunction with Kalākshetra, to make religious education a still more vital factor. We have devised ways and

means of correlating the study of religion with the study of different subjects of the curriculum. The teachers of Kalākshetra and the School have carefully compiled a comprehensive list of the great people of the world so that days dedicated to them may be observed in our institutions, thus bringing the young people into contact with that greatness which is humanity reaching to the divine. By such contact and through the appreciation of greatness there will be a stimulation of the same principle in each individual.

The war is teaching us all a terrible lesson. It is unbelievable that in a world of sensible, friendly men and women such a fierce expression of savage inhumanity could be tolerated. This shows how much the world stands in need of right education. It is not enough for people to be instinctively good-natured. Their minds and hearts should be consciously regimented towards peace and goodwill so that men will not follow wrong leaders. Education for right citizenship is the only thing that will save the world, and India needs the salvation that right education will bring almost more than any other country. It is education for right citizenship that Dr. Besant strove so hard to establish for India. She worked with passionate devotion for a great and free future for this country. Shall we not, then, do our best to establish soundly this Memorial to the greatest figure of modern times and by perpetuating the work that was so dear to her heart give our Motherland the service she needs most, the service of providing her with sons and daughters who will be deeply patriotic and wise in their devotion?

NOTE BY DR. ARUNDALE

I must add that the success the School has achieved is very largely due to the vision, efficiency and devotion bestowed upon it by the Director, Srimati Rukmini Devi, and by the Headmaster himself, who has paid a very deserved tribute to Rukmini Devi but could not very well express his appreciation of himself, the more so as he is a retiring person, prone to give others credit when it is so often his.

Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that the School owes to its Headmaster the reputation it has gained for all-round excellence among the general public and the educational authorities. His spiritual influence, his efficiency and his happy comradeship with his pupils, have combined to make our School as ideal as it is possible for any School to be under existing conditions. And while no one is absolutely indispensable, our Headmaster is certainly almost indispensable, as we realize on the rare occasions he has to be away.

I should like to add also that the School's unblemished success as a co-educational institution is very largely due to his own example of reverence and chivalry.

The most ardent care has been bestowed upon the School by its two Heads. They are the heart of the School, and the Executive Committee of the controlling Trust is thankful that it had the good sense to place the School in the hands of Rukmini Devi a couple of years ago, trusting to her driving power and educational insight to give life to the School at a time when the outlook for the future was indeed dark.

I ask from all friends and admirers of Dr. Besant the utmost possible support of her School, as I know I may call it. We are working under very great difficulties, and our financial position is not a little precarious despite the utmost economy and the fact that most of our staff accept but the barest subsistence allowances. The School urgently needs more financial help, and I do hope that all who agree that Dr. Besant deserves the highest tribute India can pay to her, and that any memorial which she has indicated as most acceptable to her must receive the most substantial gratitude, will remember that only a year or two before she passed away, and when she was on the very threshold of passing, she emphatically expressed her desire to see a School flourishing at Adyar in the spirit of her educational teachings—for the service of India and for the happy growth of the Motherland's young citizens, girls and boys.

THE NEW WAY

O remember

That in the general doom of nations, there
Is but one certain immortality,

and that is not the thrust

Of courage against the world, nor the
beating down

Of all the barriers of a continent

However bravely—but the searching out
Of the new way that a new country

makes,

From all the blind impulses of its life,

A vision of the universal heart

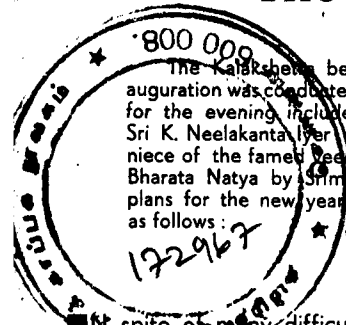
That recreates the living form of man

In the unique and individual way

That is the shape and spirit of that land.

—PAUL ENGLE, a young American poet

The New Education



The Kalakshetra began its work for the year on the 5th July 1942. The inauguration was conducted by the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar. The programme for the evening included three items of art—Vocal music by Sangeetha Vidwan Sri K. Neelakanta Iyer of Kalakshetra; Veena music by Srimati Sankari Ammal, niece of the famed Veena-player of South India, Sri Karaikudi Sambasiva Iyer; and Bharata Natya by Srimati A. Sarada (aged 13), a pupil of Kalakshetra. The plans for the new year were announced by its Director, Srimati Rukmini Devi, as follows:

In spite of many difficulties and the fact that not many young people feel brave enough at present to live in Adyar, I feel extremely optimistic to carry on the work to the best of our power for the service of the Motherland.

I have tried during the summer while there was the war scare in Madras to plan the work for Kalakshetra and the Besant Theosophical School, the two institutions for which I am responsible, and, according to my ideas, I think I have tried to plan as practically as possible.

Generally the teachers give their pupils a grounding first in technique and then gradually try to teach them to be creative. But once you get into such a routine, it is difficult to find a way out. So I asked the question: Why not start by doing interesting things? The moment that interest comes, capacity comes, and the moment that capacity comes, intelligence comes.

I have tried to plan out a scheme in which the essential spirit is religious work. I believe in the religious spirit as being one of the most vital forces in the educational life. That means understanding all religions, not following

the orthodoxies of all religions but their essential spirit. It means reverence, a sense of dedication, and aspiration towards high ideals; these only will help us to be better citizens of our country.

Art must be combined with Education and Education with Art. There must be a cultural background in schools and art institutions, there must be the right kind of education. The two must be perfectly blended together. But today what is the situation? Those who are artists do not realize the need for learning, and the learned people do not realize the importance of culture and the artistic background.

I have tried to arrange a programme for the whole year in which there will be dance recitals, radio broadcasts, and many other activities. In these difficult times I hope these activities will bring new life and a new sense of the beauty of life, not only to the young people but also to the public as well, because so much of our work is linked up with the public. I feel the need of more of such gatherings to cheer the public; in times when there is so much an atmosphere of moroseness we need to forget our political difficulties and unite in an artistic interest and appreciation.

THE NEW CIVILIZATION

Now humanity is indeed at the crossways today. Humanity has to work out a new form of civilization, as it has worked out so many in the past. And there is every reason for hope and no reason for despair ; for man has rebuilt many shattered civilizations in the past on a better basis and can rebuild the civilization that lies shattered behind us by the War into a nobler, a more lasting civilization. The tendencies of the coming civilization are already appearing around us. It will be formative rather than competitive, communal rather than individualistic, orderly rather than anarchic. Hence obligations will be more insisted on than rights, the general good more than the individual gain ; the claims of the larger self will preponderate over those of the smaller. Brotherhood will be recognised as a law of Nature, and the fulfilment of its requirements will be the basis of society. There will be international laws as binding as national laws, and international as well as the national morality. Crime will not cease to be crime because committed by one nation on another, and war will be regarded as the brutal argument of savages, unworthy of civilized men.

— ANNIE BESANT

From Evolution and Man's Destiny

CONTENTS

AUGUST 1942

	PAGE		PAGE
The Crow's Nest. By Rukmini Devi	129	"Poland will Rise Again" (Review)	138
Home—The Centre of Art. By Rukmini Devi	132	A Heroic Queen	140
Last Words of Poets. By James H. Cousins	135	Great Effort. By Wilma Vermilyea	142
		"Youth and Age"	143
		News	144

THE YOUNG CITIZEN



Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

August 1942

Vol. XVII, No. 8

The Crow's Nest

FOR the last two numbers I have been unable to write for The Crow's Nest. So much has happened and the world seems to grow into greater and greater darkness. The other day I was conversing with a well-known lady about the present situation, and she was asking me whether I felt that all this Art work was as useful as politics at this present juncture, and whether I really believed that Culture had a fundamental place in life. I was of course positive in my reply. I surely believe that if human beings were cultured there would be no cruelty, which is the fundamental cause of misery, for culture in essence is the antithesis of savagery. While political work has its immediate value I feel that cultural work has its eternal value. Because politicians are fighting, must artistic, cultural, educational and other work cease to exist?

She said that she did not agree with me because Germany was so cultured with her music and philosophy, yet showed no signs of being kindly and understanding of other nations, and that India's downfall must be due to her over-enthusiasm for Culture and Spirituality.



If I did not think the exact opposite I could not work for Kalākshetra. No country in the world has possessed as wonderful a heritage as India has; her greatest ideals and practical examples of kingship, education, political science,

learning in all sciences, literature, art, are unequalled. I believe that India became poor and her greatness was destroyed, outwardly because of the British, but inwardly because of the gradual disruption of her spiritual life which became a dogma rather than a power. Many people say that India would be prosperous but for Britain. Yet the unimaginative West has taught us much. First, to wake us up to realize our own individuality, for India was sleeping; and second, I believe, to remember the essential truth of the Spiritual life which is the heart of Truth, more enduring, and the only way to permanent happiness. Surely the Crucifixion of the Christ was not necessary. If He had been welcomed there would have been a wonderful blessing to the world, but He was rejected. Yet that very Crucifixion became a great inspiration. So if India had had not even justice done to her, she might yet have been the leading inspiration to the world. But India is still going to be the leading inspiration of the world, for her resurrection will come through her present crucifixion. No suffering can last long. But India will reach lasting happiness when she has learnt that the Spiritual and Cultural life is far more precious than all this materialism which is producing chaos.

I am afraid I did not satisfy my friend, but I am deeply convinced as to the superiority of the Spiritual and Cultural life. It may be because I have never been anything but a devotee, whatever forms of expression my devotion may discover. What I find so sad is that even though there are thousands of patriots, so many of them are foreign-educated, foreign-dressed and foreign psychologically. Whatever slogans they may shout for India, I cannot help feeling unmoved when I know they speak for India with foreign minds. They cannot talk as ordinary Indians nor lead simple Indian lives. Even if India attains Swarāj she will still have two classes: the intelligentsia who will have a western background of education, and the ordinary people who will try to adapt themselves to the intelligentsia.

In the present situation particularly, I feel personally that I can hardly be of much use to the country except in the social, economic, educational and one or two other fields. I belong to no party, and I cannot accept any point of view wholesale, and unless I do so I certainly will be wanted nowhere and therefore will be of no great help in the political field. But one of the things that I and a vast number of others like me and our ordinary people can do is to

go to the Temple more often and pray to God not merely for Swarāj but that our poor people shall not suffer and that there will not be the terrible tragedies inflicted on millions of people who do not know what is right or wrong.



In our School at Adyar the musicians, teachers and children are nervous even of going into Madras but our work goes on with steady progress. The students are fewer this year, but the quality of the work is improving. We have already done so much work in Kalākshetra. We have given many radio programmes, celebrated many great days and festivals. "Karaikal Ammayar" was my first radio play in Tamil. According to my judgment it went off well, though it was most difficult to produce by sound alone. I tried many new ideas and the fact that there were no adverse remarks on the play made me realize the naturalness of the new ideas. I had a most difficult part, but I like this story so much that I put my whole being into it, and as Punithavati (the heroine) prayed to Lord Nataraja, not only as the heroine, but out of my heartfelt devotion to Him.

His Highness the Maharaja of Bikaner was our distinguished visitor this month and we arranged some dances and music for this occasion. It was a successful function and he was very friendly and interested.



May I add that I truly hope and pray for India's unity and strength. Whatever party Indians may belong to, they all wish in their own way for India's Freedom and Happiness. Is this not enough of a basis for understanding and wise leadership?

Rukmini Devi.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty nor failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had. — The Dawn

Home—the Centre of Art

By RUKMINI DEVI

I THINK it is very important to realize that civilization depends upon the individual, and the individual depends upon the environment for the enriching of national life and for the unfolding of the inherent greatness of a country.

There is no doubt that being civilized can mean only one thing: it is being cultured. Culture is not merely an outward expression of the arts but an inner realization and an at-one-ment of one's own being with all that is beautiful. One who reacts beautifully to the highest learning, to the deepest emotions, and to all the manifold expressions of spiritual life in terms of form is a cultured human being. According to the increasing at-one-ment, the spiritual greatness in the individual is more and more positive, and a definite influence towards the upliftment of the country.

Many judge a nation by the outstanding arts expressed in it by outstanding artists. Although it is true that it is a very high honour indeed for a nation where the greatest artists and geniuses have expressed themselves in one or another line of art, yet the general culture, as expressed by the ordinary people, by the masses, by all the little expressions of their daily lives, has a supremely important place in the progress of humanity.

In India this particular keynote of what may be called mass-culture has been very highly developed, as it has been in all other great civilizations such as the Chinese. When a nation has

been able to express her genius in the very people themselves, then one finds not only the existence of individual great artists like painters, musicians, dancers, but the arts and crafts and all other aspects of everyday life become lifted to a higher plane of universal beauty.

HOME—THE UNIT OF A NATION

The great Rishis have emphasized and have most beautifully described the family and the home as the primary unit in a nation. In fact the home is the nation, and the best expression of the culture of a country is shown in its homes everywhere. Every art, every craft has its place in the home.

In olden India there was a perfect sense of harmony between the arts. The psychology of a nation has much to do with landscape. The landscape has also much to do with architecture, and architecture is interwoven with music, dance, beautiful craftsmanship, exquisite manners and wonderful customs. All these together make the home, and such homes make the perfect village, the perfect town, the perfect city.

There never, so far as I know, have existed in India museums and exhibitions, and the same may be said of China. The life of the people was not for show or even for record. It was for living. The clothes people wore were masterpieces of beautiful colour-scheme and design. And these were

132

133

AUG.
1942

wonderfully blended with simplicity of life and cleanliness.

DEGRADATION OF THE HOME

But for the fact that we are born on this soil, and thus are of Indian birth, we must indeed say it is inexpressibly sad that we live in Indian homes that have become a very cheap imitation of the West. The old simplicity and beauty has almost disappeared, and our eyes have changed so that we do not see any more the old pure colours and designs.

It is marvellous for one who studies culture in its expression through the ages to realize how much more healthy and beautiful were the olden cooking vessels, whether they were the puja spoons, or serving spoons, or the vessels by the fireside. What remarkable designs were to be found even in the little brass pots used in the bathroom or the kitchen, and the brass lamps and vessels of all varieties and materials, used not in the drawing room, for in the Indian homes there were no such things as "drawing rooms," but in the home everywhere, though nowadays our beautiful cooking vessels, discarded for the aluminium saucepans, find places of honour in Western drawing rooms. The drawing room, which usually means the museum of the home, is a Western importation, for it is usually a room where everything which is the best is displayed and the rest of the house is sadly neglected, while in reality the orthodox kitchen is more beautiful than the drawing room. How beautiful the clean simple floors which can be washed every day and were never crowded with carpets and

2

furniture which harbour mosquitoes and other insects. The simple mats on which the poor person sleeps are far more beautiful than any modern spring mattress. One can give illustrations without end, but it is a miracle to realize how there seems to have been no exception to this artistic expression. The people, so long accustomed to such beauty, became unconscious of it, and so superficiality has gradually taken a permanent place in modern life, the taste has changed, tinsel has taken the place of gold for saris, and cheap pastel shades have taken the place of those warm pure vegetable dyes. This is true of every part of India. Wherever one travels in India, as one enters the villages, it is surprising to realize how the people have a natural instinct for beauty. Even today the villagers and peasants have better taste. Showmanship has no place in Indian art, but the highest and most compelling showmanship is unconsciously there even though no one thinks about it.

One wonders why the West holds such a glamour for the East, and the remarkable fact is that what the West no more wants, such as the Victorian or the Edwardian furniture, sofas curtains, etc., has taken such a permanent abode in the Indian homes. Lately the ultra-modern house and furniture have taken the fancy of our people. The dentist's waiting-room furniture has come into our Indian homes, and the modern architecture minus any of its beauty and its environment has come to make our streets showplaces of ugliness. I cannot see how such homes can ever be centres of Indian culture, where there should be a perpetual atmosphere of deep meditation,

chanting and music. I cannot see such a home as a place in which Thyagarajas and Mirabais could find peace to express their high devotions.

WAKE UP, THE HOME!

It is essential for the home to become once again the centre of culture. Everyone cannot attain to the high stature of a genius in such arts as music, dance, and painting, but where there is a high standard of talent in the home, where the brother sings, the sister paints, and all take part in the great joy of creative beauty, this is bound to produce a very high level of civilization.

So many parents desire their children to have drawing and other cultural facilities in the schools. However great the schools may be, and I am sorry to say there are very few great ones, still the school alone can do very little without the home environment, for the teacher has one long fight to counteract whatever harm has been done in the home. On the other hand, however inefficient the teaching may be, it can never undo the good established in the child by the beautiful home.

In South India there has always been a very high level of appreciation of the arts, particularly of music. I am quite sure every South Indian feels his home is happier for the gift of a song that pleases the family, though it might not necessarily be effective in the concert or on the stage. If only, instead of merely an appreciation of such talents as music, painting, dancing, there could be the additional joy of making a home beautiful, simple, and with such an atmosphere produced in it that it can surely be an abode of Lakshmi, as every Hindu desires his home to be!

Nowadays the demand made by the average individual for beautiful things is so little that even the workmen and craftsmen have less skill. They are not able to copy even a small lamp. The little images of gods and goddesses which are worshipped in a puja are no longer beautiful. I consider this a national tragedy for which the future generations will suffer.

AND BLESS THE NATION

My ideal is that the arts, pure and spiritual as they should be, may have such a natural influence over the minds and emotions of the family that the family in itself will be the source of the highest form of education and a blessing to the country.

Every single thing which is being used in the home should be perfect and beautiful, and certainly in India, very Indian, though we might very carefully adapt a few modern conveniences. In this particular respect many Westerners are far more advanced than we are. One sees many more beautiful homes according to the Western ideas in the West than one sees in India according to our own ideas.

My idea of a highly developed civilization is one in which the standard of life is beauty. Even today museums contain mostly what people once used in their homes. But the home itself should be such a centre of beauty that wherever we go our eyes will meet nothing but the beautiful, our ears will hear nothing but true harmony, and our beings can express only that which is the highest joy of creative work in terms of beauty.

• (Concluded on page 139)

Last Words of Poets

(ESPECIALLY RABINDRANATH TAGORE)

By JAMES H. COUSINS

On August 7, last year one of the revered and illustrious sons of India passed away from our midst, seeking 'The Great Unknown.' Of him our Editor wrote: "Dr. Rabindranath Tagore is loved everywhere as a most beautiful being. . . . To many who are able to do something for India today, he was and will continue to be a great inspiration." The following is an appreciation of Rabindranath Tagore by a living poet.—Jt. Ed.

FOR last words on life it would be natural to turn to the poets, whose avocation as expressors would appear to give them a special fitness to throw the experience of a lifetime into a memorable stanza or phrase. But such fitness is not confined to technique. In the conjoint exercise of emotion and thought they reach the creative imagination from which all things cosmic and individual proceed; and the utterances of poets of the creative imagination are charged with an intuitive significance that the language of science or philosophy cannot reach save when it forgets to be scientific or philosophical and rises into poetry. This emphasis on the creative imagination may perhaps be regarded as a prejudice of poets, as, in fact, unscientific. Yet it was a scientist (Sir James Jeans in *The Mysterious Universe*) who wrote: "The laws which nature obeys are less suggestive of those which a machine obeys in its motion than of those which a musician obeys in writing a fugue, or a poet in composing a sonnet." Poets, therefore, are not only "the unacknowledged legislators of the world" (as Shelley claimed), but are, by virtue of their intimate participation in the crea-

tive operation that is the basis of life, its unacknowledged exponents. In all the arts at their highest the exposition of life is present to some degree, but inarticulate save in drama and vocal music. Poetry is not only a synthesis of the other arts, but to their qualities adds the capacity of interpretation and communication through speech.

ENGLISH POETS

Yet the terminal summarization of life-experience by poets in the English language is not as general as might be expected. Those of them in whom the creative imagination is operative are frustrated in their expression of authentic experience either by dogmatic religion (as was Francis Thompson) or by equally dogmatic anti-religion (as were James Thompson and William Watson). Among the free-minded, those open to direct intimations from the hinterland of life, extraneous circumstances sometimes debarred last words. Shelley could not be expected to give his full verdict on the edge of thirty. That he was approaching it is indicated in the last words of the poem, *The Triumph of Life*, on which he was working when he died: "Then, what is Life? I cried:"

and a storm on the bay of Spezzia off the north-west of Italy took him through sudden death to the answer.

Browning and Tennyson reached the legitimate age of last words, and possessed the clarity of mind and skill to utter them. Browning's *Epilogue*, in his last volume, *Asolando*, put his attitude to life in brief, and with it his final conviction as to its meaning. He spoke of himself as

One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better,
Sleep to wake.

To him life was a continuous experience "there as here." Tennyson, less vigorous and assertive, wrote:

... For though from out this bourne
of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Between religious dogma that had become suspect by science and science that was so uncertain of itself that it took to dogma, there was something in him that denied the negation of the materialism of his time, yet had not the assurance of deep thought or vivid interior experience to do more than "faintly trust the larger hope."

IRISH POETS

In his last poem, *Under Ben Bulbin*, W. B. Yeats, to whom Theosophical thought and experience had been familiar, wrote:

Many times man lives and dies
Between his two eternities,
That of race and that of soul,
And ancient Ireland knew it all.
Whether man die in his bed,
Or the rifle knocks him dead,
A brief parting from those dear
Is the worst man has to fear.

His brother-poet of the Irish renaissance in literature, AE, one of the founders, with Yeats, of the first Theosophical Lodge in Ireland, whose entire poetry is in a sense his last word, wrote in *A Farewell* in his own selection of his life-work:

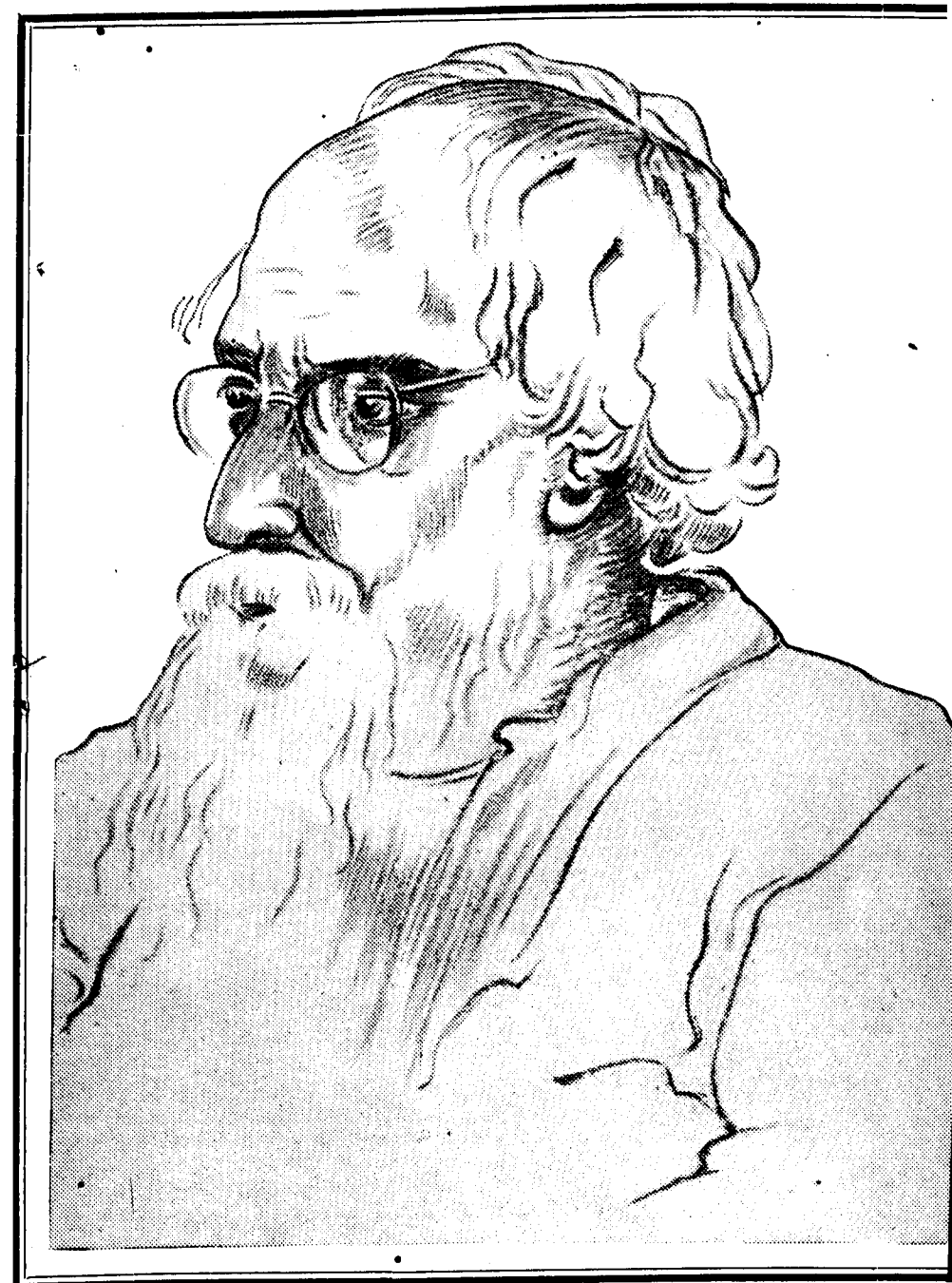
So many times my spirit went
This dark transfiguring way,
Nor ever knew what dying meant
Deep night or a new day:

So many times it went and came,
Deeper than thought it knows
Unto what majesty of flame
In what wide heaven it goes.

Into a single word ("transfiguring") he puts his reading of the office of life: that it transfigures the individual from form to form in its evolution through embodiments and dis embodiments.

THE INDIAN POET

The last word of the last of the immortals to give his verdict on life just prior to his departure comes to us in *Poems by Rabindranath Tagore* recently published by Visva-Bharati, a deeply moving collection of sheaves after the harvesting of one of the greatest lives in all literature. Just before his death he had composed a song which a friend translated from Bengali into English.



POET RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN 1940

By

The poet had departed before the translation could be revised by him. In this he emphasized the "wiles," "snares," "deceits" of the outer life compared with the lucidity and straightness of the inner life. From the hands of the "Guileful One," whose wile he has "easefully borne," he receives "the unwasting right to peace." But his deliberate last word, that over which humanity will brood for a long time to come, was composed two years before his passing, and was, as he desired, sung at the memorial service at Santiniketan on August 7, 1942. The translation, by Dr. A. Chakravorthy, is as follows (the words *Dhruva-tara* are the name of the Pole-star and in the thought of Bengal mean unfailing guidance):

In front lies the ocean of peace.
Launch the boat, Helmsman.
You will be the comrade ever.
Take O take him in your lap.
In the path of the Infinite
will shine the *Dhruva-tara*.
Giver of freedom, your forgiveness,
your mercy
will be wealth inexhaustible
in the eternal journey.
May the mortal bonds perish.
May the vast universe take him in
its arms.
And may he know in his fearless heart
The Great Unknown.

It is interesting to note that the first figure of speech of this last word of Rabindranath (the departure of consciousness from its bounds into illimitable life) is similar to that of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*. To one the future beyond death was a sea, to the other an ocean. But the call to the Helmsman to launch the boat is the

antithesis of the English poet's hope that he would see his Pilot face to face after he had crossed the bar. In Rabindranath's song the Helmsman (his individual fragment of the Life of the universe) and himself are phases of the One Life, co-voyagers in the boat of incarnation, conscious of one another, though the term "one another" calls up a sense of separateness that is not true to the relationship of the whole and its parts: it is an inevitable limitation of language.

TRUTH IN PARADOX

In the understanding of a poet's utterances it is always essential to keep the limitations of language (especially of a foreign language such as these translations are in) before one's mind. Dramatization and figurativeness were inherent in Rabindranath's genius, and even in his native Bengali would create an objectiveness that would make for a separation of images untrue to his fundamental conception of life. We see this in the lines.

Giver of freedom, your forgiveness,
your mercy
will be wealth inexhaustible
in the eternal journey.

Superficially read the lines might be taken to express a weakness, derivative-ness and nonentity similar to the Christian idea of a "hell-deserving sinner" who can only be saved by external intervention. But this is not Rabindranath's idea. To him (as we understand from others of his poems) the Giver of freedom and the receiver of it are phases of the one being: their separation would be as unreal as a separation between the outer eye and the inner

sight. The forgiveness and mercy that he asked for are not arbitrary gifts, as they are in the western sense of the words, but the condition by which the union of the outer and inner aspects of the one being is attained. And, speaking in the language of limitation the desire for the illimitable, which is the sign of the divinity in the apparently undivine, he ends his "last word" (probably the profoundest that any

poet has uttered) with the "contradiction of terms,"

And may he know in his fearless heart
The Great Unknown,

thus making knowledge and feeling one process, and, seeking to know the Unknown, fulfilling the dictum of his immortal brother-seer, Lao-Tze, that the deepest of truths can only be uttered in paradox.

Reviews

"Poland Will Rise Again"

THE 1st of September 1939 would go down in the history of mankind as a fateful day, for on that day did the Nazi hordes pour into Poland thus causing the mighty conflagration which envelops the whole world to-day, changing the destiny of nations and races. As for Poland herself, she was once again to experience the horrors of foreign domination and tyranny. Once again was there an attempt to stamp out her age-old and unique culture. Her menfolk were either killed or thrown into concentration camps or exported to Germany to labour under conditions of slavery, her womenfolk subjected to horrors that could be devised only by nazified German minds. Her scientists, poets and dramatists, the cream of her intellect, art and civilization, were methodically eliminated, and her libraries, museums, ancient monuments, and shrines were pillaged, destroyed, polluted or removed to the homeland of the conqueror.

But the fierce love of freedom in the people of Poland lived on, and though starved, tortured and oppressed by the brutality of the Nazis, they stood with their heads held high, breathing defiance at the conqueror—even the children, like those seven-score youngsters of Bydgoszcz, who refused to shout "Heil Hitler" under the severest threat, and were shot one after another, "not one afraid, not one bursting into tears on seeing the dreadful spectacle of their companions falling, not a shudder of awe, nor a desire, even in this last moment, to obey the order and save their lives." Thus Poland fights on, to emerge once again,

"Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now
teem'd,
Ravives, reflourishes. . . ."

What is this fierce love of liberty that the Poles have? Liberty is too often sought, especially in this our Motherland, as an end in itself. "Liberty, indeed, is the indispensable condition of any noble function of the soul—a condition so seldom realized, to be won in the first instance only by such determined and painful warfare, and retained only by a constant watch on our conduct and motives, that it is no wonder that we make the error of supposing it to be the end of life. Yet it is not the end but the means." National liberty to the people of Poland is what they believe to be her mission, "of proclaiming through her life the Gospel of Freedom, by bridging the gulf between the fallen plane of political life and the original plane of life divine". It is but a part of Universal Freedom. "That is why Kosciuszko fought and Pulaski died for the freedom of America; that is why the insurgents of 1830 wrote on their banner: 'For our freedom and yours'."

This characteristic of the Polish people, along with their ideal of "dreaming through action," their mysticism, their political genius and their part in European and world history are vividly brought out in *The Theosophist* of August 1942, which is dedicated to this great and vibrant country. There are several interesting and thought-provoking articles like "The Dharma and Ideals of Poland," on her music and her culture, the part played by her seas and mountains in her national life. The contributions are all by Poles, and they thus reflect the thought and culture of their country. Especially the article on "The Future" by Zofia Torwid, where, speaking of the future mission of Poland, the writer says that "in the immediate future she will have once again—to forgive" and will have "to create such a tremendous faith in the nation's inner mission that no deviation may be possible." This strikes one as being typically heroic Polish.

—G. SWAMINATHAN

(The *Theosophist* is a journal edited by Dr. George S. Arundale and published by the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras. Annual Subscription Rs. 9/- for India. It specializes in Brotherhood, the Eternal Wisdom and Occult Research.)

(From page 134)

In this way the nation will benefit from the individual citizen, for he in turn benefits from the home where people live and still more know how to live beautifully.

(This is from a broadcast talk on Aug. 8, and is published with the kind permission of the AIR, Madras.)

POET TAGORE

We are indebted to Mr. K. Madhava Warriar for the original and beautiful life sketch of the Poet. The artist is the art teacher of the Besant Theosophical School and Kalākshetra and hails from Santiniketan, where he had studied at the feet of the Poet.

—Jt. Ed.

A Heroic Queen

EVERY Indian remembers to have heard as a child, with eyes full of tears, the heroic story of the famous Queen Padmini of Chittor, depicting her magnificent sacrifice unsurpassed in the history of Rajputana. It is the story of a beautiful and loving woman who faced terrible dangers in order to save her husband from the evil plans of a Muslim Emperor. The dignity and prestige of her husband were dearer to her than her own self. It is the story of a woman who, fired with a deep heroism, enthused all the brave Rajputs to fight against the attacks of a fierce enemy for the maintenance of their country's freedom. She inspired the Rajput soldiers to protect their country against the invading armies and to guard the purity of their womanhood and the dignity of their race against the vile designs of their enemies.

Padmini is indeed a true representative of Indian culture and tradition for she preferred the path of self-sacrifice to passion, lust and worldly pleasures in order to preserve the sanctity of her womanhood. If she had desired she could easily have gone over to the Emperor Allauddin and could have become a toy and an ornament in his palace. But to her, love and loyalty to her husband, devotion to the country, and honour and dignity as a woman were more precious than palatial enjoyments as a mistress of the Emperor. The story of this exquisitely beautiful and brave woman is truly an inspiration

to the sons and daughters of India for all times to come.

Padmini was the Queen of Bhimsi, the Regent of Chittor, a state in Rajputana. As a beautiful, intelligent and brave woman her name was known and respected in every nook and corner of the country. The story of her exquisite beauty reached the ears of Allauddin, the Emperor of Delhi, who determined to win her for himself. Unaware of the heroism and chivalry of the Rajputs and ignorant of their indomitable courage, he came to Chittor with an army and sent an ultimatum to Bhimsi saying: "Give me your fair wife Padmini or be ready to fight." Stirred deeply by this insult to the honour of the Rajput race, king Bhimsi and his brave soldiers preferred to fight and sent away Allauddin defeated and dishonoured.

Much upset by this defeat and moved by an evil desire to win this lovely queen, Allauddin played a trick. He sent a message to king Bhimsi saying his desire was only to see the beautiful Padmini. In order to save the destruction of brave Rajputs in another battle, Bhimsi and Padmini granted his request. Allauddin knowing the honour of the Rajputs came to Chittor as a friend, utterly weaponless. He saw the image of the beautiful Padmini in a mirror and was fascinated by her lovely figure. Bhimsi accompanied Allauddin to his camp, treating him as a friend—but Allauddin betrayed him. He ordered his men to arrest him. A message was

sent to Padmini saying that the freedom of Bhimsi depended upon her decision to be the wife of the Emperor.

The shrewd and intelligent Padmini replied that she would go to the Emperor the next day along with her maids. Seven hundred palanquins were ready the next day with disguised Rajput soldiers inside instead of her maids. Padmini went with them and requested Allauddin to let her have a last and a parting meeting with her husband. Allauddin granted her request and soon after their meeting Bhimsi and Padmini marched away from the Muslim army according to prearranged plans. Out came Rajput soldiers from the palanquins, fully armed and pounced upon the army of the Emperor. Allauddin was once again defeated and he returned to Delhi with a sad face.

But again he came to Chittor with a vast army. This time very few Rajputs remained with Bhimsi to fight. But the few that remained were determined not to surrender to the evil designs of

Allauddin. Resolutely they went out of Chittor to meet their enemy. They were all killed after fighting valiantly against the forces that were superior in number.

While this severe fighting was going on, another great event was taking place within the city gates. One of the most magnificent sacrifices in the annals of humanity to save the honour of womanhood was enacted in that historic city of Rajputana. With unprecedented courage and heroism, Padmini gathered together all the women of Chittor and ordered the erection of a big funeral pyre. The brave women with their heroic leader, Padmini, mounted the pyre, singing and rejoicing in their honour and tradition, afire with devotion for their country and full of intense love for their husbands.

Thus ended the life of a heroic soul. She died by her sacrifice, but she lives in the hearts of all men and women who love India, for she embodied the spirit of Indian womanhood.

—SHRI DEVI MEHTA

AT WHAT STAGE OF EVOLUTION ARE WE?

1. There is first self-seeking, with a small "s."
2. Then there is self-expression, still small but "bold-faced" "s."
3. Then the "S" becomes somewhat larger and begins to incarnate something of the capital letter in the third stage, *Self-sacrifice*.
4. Then the "S" begins to take on the appearance of the capital "S" in the fourth stage, *Self-surrender*.
5. Finally the large "S" is complete with no admixture of the small "s" in the fifth stage, *SELF-Realization*.

—DR. G. S. ARUNDALE in
The Theosophical Worker

Great Effort

By WILMA VERMILYEA

Synopsis of a talk on "Greatness" given at the Young Theosophists' Summer School Symposium at Wheaton, Illinois, U.S.A.

WHEN people think of great creative effort, they usually think of the wonderful effort that produces masterpieces of painting and sculpture, beautiful buildings, roads, bridges, and other triumphs of engineering and art. It is my purpose, however, to remind you of another aspect of creative endeavour in which we all take active part, whether we are aware of it or not. We are each and every one of us evolving centres in the consciousness of a living, Creative God, and are therefore destined to achieve full use and expression of His powers because they are inherent in us. We cannot exist without somehow making use of the Godhood that is ours. That much is natural to us, but we must learn to employ our Godhood consciously and willingly, to control our expressions of the God we are.

People are constantly creative. Every process of thought, of emotion, or of action creates some form, liberates and directs some force which can either contribute to the growth and development of humanity and the universe, or be detrimental to that evolutionary progress. It is the business of the individual to see that his creations are as perfect as he can make them in order that they may be worthwhile contributions to the great creative Work in which the whole of humanity is primarily engaged—the Perfecting of Man.

The Perfect Man is man's own most wonderful creation, and all his other attempts to create express elements of his striving toward that perfection. A completely developed humanity is humanity's creative contribution to the greater work of universal evolution. Mankind, as a whole, is but dimly aware of this truth and its implications, but we as Theosophists know a little more about it. That knowledge should awaken within us a sense of responsibility and a resolve to make our share in the work match the ideal as nearly as may be possible to us.

Conventions, Summer Schools, and Theosophical gatherings of all sorts should inspire us to an inner determination to make our own thoughts, our own feelings, words and actions worthy of our essential divinity. It is a full time job for any human person to attempt to do this. On the other hand, it is the most thrilling and fascinating work he can do, because he is creating, not a dead, soulless object, but a glorious, living, beautiful and inspiring creature, a very image of God. He is creating the Perfect Man who is himself at his human best. This, then, is the grand Creative Effort at which all Humanity is engaged either knowingly or unknowingly.

—The American Young Theosophist

"Youth and Age"

ENTERING a picture gallery I saw a varied collection of a modern painter's work. There was one entitled "Youth and Age." I looked at the clean shaven, clear-cut face of the young man. His eyes are frank, his shoulders broad, and he seems to have no fear and no burdens. The Youth is giving his hand courteously to the old man, whose shoulders are bent as if they found it difficult to bear the weight of the slender form, his face is lined with worries, his eyes are sunken. Life has sapped all his strength; he is only the waste matter, the debris of the human race. Life has grabbed voraciously what she wanted of him and left his mangled body to wait for the peace that only death can give him.

It is the youth of a nation that will form the governments during the next generation as "the youth of today are the citizens of tomorrow." The vitality, energy and the progress of a country are embodied in its youth. The youth of England today embodies the spirit of fortitude and courage, the qualities that have brought her so far in her war against the forces of Nazism and brutality.

Youth is innocent as to the wiles of life, and it is this innocence which enables him to enjoy the first years of life without getting severely hit. In youth it seems impossible that anything can thwart our ambitions from coming true, it seems impossible that we should die young.

Youth brings us the joys of life, physical as well as mental, not having seen any of the terrors of life. Every atom of knowledge is eagerly devoured

and stored up. Physically healthy, youth has power to enjoy the beauties of nature, to be able to enjoy a full game of tennis or any other sport in the companionship of other young people. Mentally, the youth's brain is developed, he has the power to choose whatever walk of life he wants to follow. The arms of life are open to all. Some get there by dint of hard work, others are born there.

Youth leads the fashion and it seems impossible that "crabbed age and joyful youth" can live together. Grandmas gossip together and say, "Well in my days . . ." and start again to criticize the path of life that the "young moderns" have chosen. The first years are the years of laughter because they are carefree. They have no family responsibilities, but with the coming of marriage, youth takes a more mature turn. Life becomes something to fight, something to overcome, if they are to keep alive.

"Crabbed age!" How different from the mocking laughter of youth. The aged have suffered. Life's blows, the wrinkles in their aged faces, show what life has dealt them, but they have overcome it. The sunken eyes show that the body has seen for many years the struggles of life. The body wearied with its task as the bread-earner now tries to relax and find solace with mother nature. It is pitiful to see that life cannot have these people die in peace but gives them one more blow, perhaps the death of a warrior son, leaving behind him fatherless children and a young mother.

—KHORSHED M. DINSHAW

172967

NEWS

WE heartily welcome the publication of the monthly Y. T. News, from the Youth Centre, 50 Gloucester Place, London, W.1, as an informal news-sheet for Young Theosophists in Great Britain. It is hoped that the news-sheet would bring together, in thought, the Young Theosophists of Great Britain. The news-sheet announces the publication by the exclusive efforts of the Young Theosophists of a new book on Theosophy, which will present the understanding by Youth of the Divine Wisdom. They have already started collecting materials for the first section on "Evolution."

A HAPPY GATHERING

A Conference of the Madras Districts Theosophical Lodges was held at Triplicane, Madras, on Sunday, the 2nd August 1942—the birthday of Col. H. S. Olcott, the President-Founder of The Theosophical Society. Srimati Rukmini Devi presiding. Dr. G. S. Arundale, who presided over the celebration of the Colonel's birthday, stressed the need for humour and steadfast devotion in service. An outline programme of activities for Madras Lodges was also discussed and adopted. The programme of the day included the celebration of the Ritual of the Mystic Star, a ritual emphasizing the essential unity of the religions and bringing together the essence of their teachings. Especially was there an opportunity afforded to the Young Theosophists to come together, and they were quick to grasp it. They had a happy and useful time, making friends

and talking and playing together. And in the evening the delegates tried their hands—rather, their voices—at music, old and young Theosophists alike.

STUDY OF THEOSOPHY

The Vasanta Youth Lodge, Adyar, has organized a well-planned series of classes to study Theosophy and to discover new methods of presenting it. An interesting feature of the method of study is the distribution of the subjects to different members so that they may expound, after making a thorough study, of not only Theosophical books but also books treated by non-Theosophists. The object of the study is to endeavour to produce qualified speakers and organizers and thus give an impetus to Theosophical work in India.

THE PALM TO BARODA!

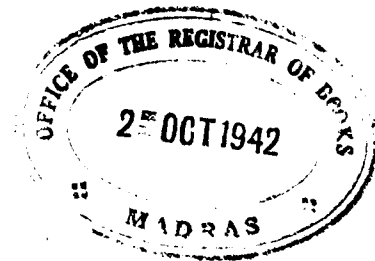
In response to the request in our June number to enrol new subscribers Baroda has enlisted more than 35 subscribers, through the very kind help of Mr. D. H. Hora. We are very grateful to him. Karachi, we understand, is making efforts to contact many libraries and youth organizations. We are sure that other friends are making similar efforts and will be reporting their results. Baroda has secured Palm No. 1. Which place will win Palm No. 2?

"THE LIGHT SHALL PREVAIL—
LET THE LIGHT SHINE."

24

24
**THE
YOUNG
CITIZEN**

S E P T E M B E R 1 9 4 2



"The Fuel of Understanding
Feeds the Fire of Goodwill."

A STONE FIT FOR THE BUILDER

The growth and development of a strong individuality is essential for the Young Citizen who would play a useful part in the building of the new civilization, of the future Commonwealth of Nations. But let us develop strong individualities in order that we may render strong Service, rather than in order that we may ourselves be strong. Let each regard himself as a block of marble, to be hewn into the most beautiful form, to be chased with the most delicate lines, to be polished to the last possibility of brilliance, not in order that it may be an isolated though beautiful fragment, a separate perfection, but that it may be a stone fit to build into the Temple of Humanity, its beauty heightened, not diminished, because it is an exquisite part of a perfect whole

— ANNIE BESANT

THESE ARE THE TIMES
THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 1942

	PAGE		PAGE
The Crow's Nest . . . By Rukmini Devi	145	Goodwill or Cruelty—Culture or War	153
To A Young Citizen	150	A Mystic Queen	156
What Do I Want to Happen?	151	News	158



THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

September 1942

Vol. XVII, No. 9.

To make a united Nation, we must win all the religions in it to live side by side, with mutual respect and toleration. Religions now divide neighbours, and throw them into bitter antagonisms. Let it be the work of every Young Citizen to live his own religion, and to love the religions of all the peoples of the world. For all true religion has two great truths: the Immanence of God and the Solidarity of Man. The Immanence of God means that God is living in everyone and every thing; and the Solidarity of Man means that we are all one family, and that our interests are the same.

--ANNIE BESANT

The Crow's Nest

THIS is a most interesting month from almost every point of view. For India it is historical. From the standpoint of the work with which I am personally connected, it is a key month. Kalākshetra and the Besant Theosophical School have so few people that one naturally expected very little to happen. But on the other hand, so much has taken place in spite of difficulties—a radio play, a feature programme, talks, celebrations of many festivals, and much improvement in the standard of the work itself. One wonders how all this happened for there are many of our chief workers who are absent. But the will to go on and not to accept defeat has given such enthusiasm that everyone has doubled his efforts to be useful and effective in every way possible.



This month, in spite of the full programme of activity to carry out our new schemes, the usual work goes on smoothly. Important Festivals have taken place and many are yet to come. On Krishna Jayanti Day and Ganesha Chaturthi Day our pupils and the elders recited slokas and performed the pujas with finish and sincerity. The birthday of the Lord Zarathushtra was celebrated by our Parsi pupils. Church Services, all simple and short, have definitely made this a month of many religious radio programmes, Karaikal Ammayar and Varalakshmi Puja, according to my opinion, were new, unusual, and real, though not perfect, for we do not possess finished and perfect actors. There were many letters of congratulation, but one wonders whether people realize what tremendous work goes into these productions, and under what difficult conditions we work, with a small staff, with a few and almost untrained pupils, for sadly enough most of the pupils are new and many are too young to take part.

On the 20th of this month comes the passing away Day of Dr. Annie Besant. We have tried to plan a new way of celebration, for I feel that celebrations must be not merely matters of form but of reality, and in these very difficult times what we can do most is to intensify our spirit of dedication, both to our work and to our Motherland. Dr. Besant, though born in an Irish body, even according to the greatest Indians was an ideal Indian. She has always given herself, even before coming to India, to the cause of the poor, the suffering, and to the cause of freedom. In India there is hardly any organization, any reform of importance which can say it has not originated from her helping hand. India may not remember her, but she can never forget India. So on this day, the residents of Adyar and the teachers and pupils of the Besant Theosophical School will go to the Garden of Remembrance where her ashes are buried and, after offering flowers, will visit on their way back the Muslim, the Christian, the Parsi, the Hindu, and the Buddhist Shrines. At each Shrine there will be chanting or recitation, first the prayer of the particular religion, then a dedication to India and a song in praise of Dr. Besant, altogether lasting at each Shrine three to five minutes. Bhajana and feeding of the poor are also part of the Day's programme. This month culminates on the 1st of October in the birthday of Dr. Besant.

I cannot help feeling this year when I see the young people of the School and Kalākshetra what an exceptionally fine type of young persons have come here, though few in number. There is always an atmosphere of extreme joy, and it is most gratifying to see so many of the students who prefer being here in the holidays to going back home.



I am also hoping to arrange during the coming months small private programmes of dance and music recitals and dramatic sketches by our own staff, as well as very simple students' art evenings. To these we hope to invite people from outside Adyar, particularly young people from local colleges, so that we can continue the good work and build up a truly cultural atmosphere for the beginning, I hope, of a great Art Centre of the World.

There is so much to be done that one works under the utmost difficulties, not only because of the present situation, but also because of the terrible financial burden. Some people are bound to think that this is not good work to be undertaken at this particular moment. I cannot see how the right kind of educational and cultural work is not good work. And although I am only mentioning these two lines of activity, I personally am so tremendously interested in many problems that exist. Surely, even if principally engaged in educational and cultural work, one can find some little time for other lines of activity, which I am trying to do.

No land has greater teachings than India. There was a time when India included Iran and Burma and Malaya. India has been a great Empire. Today there is a tendency to go backwards not only to restrict India's progress by chopping up the land but also by dividing our cultural unity. I personally dislike the spirit which attempts to divide Indian culture into North and South Indian cultures. India is unique in being so varied and yet being one, and I feel we must preserve that uniqueness, and particularly those who work in cultural, religious and other fields besides the political, should make a determined effort that at all costs the political mentality should not invade other fields so that we narrow our activities and lose our realization of India's integral unity.



CONRAD WOLDRINGH

September 25th is the anniversary of the passing away of Conrad Woldringh whose photograph we are publishing in this issue as frontispiece. Against the wish of his people, sacrificing worldly advantages, he came to India in 1936 to work in India and to help in the work of Kalākshetra. He was a genius and many were his talents. Music was his primary passion and he has composed many beautiful pieces for the piano. He was excellent in designing, drawing, etc. Besides these, he was a most cultured and charming individual, and he won the heart of everyone. He knew no barriers of nationality and was at home in every kind of home and amongst young and old. I can easily say he was one of the most popular people who has ever been here and everyone misses him. For me it is more than an ordinary loss, for he helped me in every line of activity and was one of my best friends in this life. He surely would have made a mark on the world if he had lived, but he still remains an outstanding personality.



BABU HIRENDRANATH DATTA

As we go to Press we learn with deep regret the passing away on the 16th of this month, of the Vice-President of The Theosophical Society and of Kalākshetra, Babu Hirendranath Datta, a most learned, revered and loved person—loved by many all over the world, by many in Bengal, his home, and certainly by me. He was beautiful in many ways—beautiful to look at, beautiful to hear, for when he spoke his voice sounded like music, and when he quoted Samskrit, one did not mind whether one understood or not, it was so beautiful just to listen to his voice.

It is very rare for a solicitor to be a learned man as well as a poet. Though, so far as I know, he never wrote poetry, he was essentially a poet, because his speeches were the speeches of a poet—very imaginative, beautiful, and expressive in language. He was a master of the English language, and certainly of Samskrit, and I am told his Bengali was very beautiful.

I do not know how many people really knew him. He led a very quiet, apparently aloof life. He spoke so little socially; but on the rare occasions when he spoke he was always very brilliant and wise. He was a Vice-President of Kalākshetra and so many cultural institutions. I thought I had a very special Vice-President.

because he embodied the spirit of Indian culture. More than most human beings he understood culture. Read his book *Indian Culture*, being the Kamala Lectures, of 1941 at the Calcutta University and you will know what an extraordinary understanding he had of Indian culture.

His learning was not merely shown in quoting from books, but by his own deep experience which gave to his quotations a truer and inner life. His learning, his Vice-Presidentships, and even his work as a solicitor, everything was an expression of this inner life which was spiritual and deep and expressed a profound Theosophist.

I have often wished that I could consult him on a matter of law, so that I could hear him speak "solicitor's poetry" (if there is such poetry), for he could not help but be poetic at all times.

There is no doubt in the minds of every one of us who had any contact with him that we will miss him immensely. It is very sad in India that that type of person is gradually disappearing. I hope they will come again to the world, that the great ones of old will be replaced by younger ones who will not only be new and outstanding in their work but will bring back the magnificent culture of ancient India. I have a weakness for old people, and a personal weakness for Babu Hirendranath Datta.

I am absolutely sure that he is happy. He would have gone at once to Dr. Besant, his Guru. Let us be happy in that knowledge, though on the physical plane we will all miss him very much indeed.

Rukmini Devi.

WHY SHOULD WE EXERT OURSELVES TO STOP CRUELTY?

Because on the more evolved lies the burden of guiding evolution in his own sphere, and society goes upward, or begins to descend in evolution as cruelty is, or is not, inflicted or tolerated. Where indifference to cruelty is found it means the decay of society, its entrance on the down-

ward grade; where acquiescence in cruelty is found—under whatever name the cruelty may shelter itself—that society is decadent and has no future, unless it changes its ways; the bodies born into it will become coarser, generation after generation, until it has sunk into savagery. —ANNIE BESANT

To A Young Citizen

A YEAR ago, on September 25th at about 9.15 in the morning, a young citizen passed from this world to another. Known to many friends personally, known to some through hearsay and to some by the gift of music borne over the air.

This friend, Conrad Woldringh, has meant much to all the people he knew and loved. A tall refined figure, he was welcome in all households and in every society. Half Dutch and half English, he never allowed his nationality to come between his friendships. An artist of supreme workmanship and with a great capacity for taking pains—a humourist with his pen and pencil. A lover of nature in all its moods—especially of the various tempers of the sea and waters—of light and shade and the beautiful asymmetry of the rhythm of nature's design. A sensitive ear which recorded perfectly with a clear and analytical brain and fingers and hands of the utmost pliability which enabled a person who expressed his highest in music to be a happy and useful and gifted individual.

To the young he was an especial friend—all children were alive to his youth and humour and he was ever patient with their ways. A keen student and lover of all that meant something bigger and more spiritual in life, he was invariably happy, and sometimes humorously envious of all people and movements which seemed to him to bring a little more happiness and beauty into the world. He was unconscious of the affection in which he was held by his friends—in fact, as, alas, is so often the case, no one knew the

extent of his influence and kindliness until he had passed over.

It is through such as he that the young and the old are made happier and the world is brought a little further on its way to a dignity of living for all. This, in Conrad's life, was the background of his existence, and it expressed itself in many ways. He left in this world three cats. His devotion, and at times even his worry, with regard to these cats, was most sincere and touching. He left them as creatures of note in their world—not the usual disdainful feline type, but with an affection for humans and their haunts and an intelligent life of interest in human affairs! They were "different" because of the care and devotion given to their well-being.

To the readers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN and earlier *The Young Theosophist* he has given much. Every layout and every proof was closely scrutinized by him. To our Editor he had been a close and untiring helper and friend—and, in fact, it was to help her in her work, especially in Kalā-kshetra, that he came to India and devoted the last six years of his life. He was a genius at design and even architecture was not ignored. His caricatures of his friends are treasures of humour and affection. Musical compositions are amongst the best of his works, including as they do a full length ballet on the *Little Mermaid* of Hans Anderson, a delightful piece called *Bambino* dedicated to Dr. Maria Montessori, a suite of dances for the piano, and many others. His use of the small cine-camera was of extraordinary originality

and he has to his credit two or three amateur films of great merit. The last of these he completed last year; it is called *Forest Falls* and was taken in the beautiful surroundings of Courtallam, the great healing and sacred centre of South India, of which he was very fond.

We must say we miss him, but we can also say that we cannot do otherwise than wish him well in the free and new life he has entered. The imagination can see him in the real realms of music and beauty, can see

him working for the happiness of his fellows in even greater measure than he could in this physical world. He is a servant of progressive evolution and he will reach his goal through serving the world through refinement and beauty. Such a one, then, was and is our friend, to whom all of us, whether we knew him or not, have every cause to be thankful, and to those who were nearest to him it has been a gift of Heaven to have had him in their lives.

—ALEX. ELMORE

What Do I Want to Happen?

I SHOULD in the first place be most careful to urge that the war effort must not be in the least degree obstructed, for the winning of the World War matters immensely more to India at the present time than her own domestic affairs, even though it is tremendously true that if these could be put in good order her contribution to the war effort would be substantially increased.

Then I should try to urge the planning of a terrific campaign to further Swadeshism so as to give employment to the largest possible number of workers, and I should make the wearing of Swadeshi clothes and the general living of a Swadeshi life *de rigueur* for everyone who regards himself or herself as a patriot. I should avoid attending all functions at which Swadeshi dress is only optional. I should ask all the more well-to-do people who are prepared to be Swadeshi to the utmost possible extent—in the kitchen and in the dining-

room, in the bedroom, in the living-room, in the street, in business, in correspondence, and so forth—to give away to the poor people all their foreign articles of whatever kind. The poor must live before they can afford to have Swadeshi principles of living.

I should urge the carrying on of a vigorous campaign to Indianize Indian education to the utmost possible extent—the Mother-Tongue, Indian ideals, Indian arts and crafts, Indian defence, Indian culture and refinement, and to this end I would make part of this campaign the recasting of all the courses for the training of teachers and, for I would include these, of professors.

I would urge the drenching of the whole of India in a renaissance of appreciation of the beautiful and noble in the Arts, in Music, in Singing, in the greater Handicrafts, in Dancing, so that India's ancient pre-eminence in all these expressions of man's Godlikeness might be reborn. And where I could I would

help to stir every responsive citizen to creative activity, for there can be neither national vigour nor greatness save where there are some citizens greatly to create and very many citizens greatly to appreciate.

I should try to urge the inauguration where non-existent of Village Welfare Groups, and to help existing Welfare Groups.

All this I should do in the hope that India will have an Indian Constitution and not a mere badly-fitting copy of some so-called democratic Constitution in the West. I should urge the familiarization of India with Dr. Besant's Government of India Bill after arranging to be introduced into it the necessary modifications consequent upon the change in conditions which the passage of time may have caused.

I should do my utmost to urge the popularization of Indian systems of medicine side by side with the foreign system so that in every department of Indian life the Indian people may become more national.

All this I should do as part of the need for restoring to the Indian people delight in, reverence for, insistence upon, all that is most Indian, from whatever culture it may emanate, for India is rich in cultures.

"BE INDIAN" should be our Call to every citizen of India without distinction of creed or caste or community.

And while I am thus trying to help to build up, I should urge the conducting of a campaign to bring more and more very firm and inexorable, but dignified and courteous, pressure to bear upon the British authorities to co-operate with the leaders of India in establishing India in absolute freedom without delay.

I should help to organize public meetings everywhere, in every village and town and city, not to advance the political programme of some party or communal organization, but to advance the UNITY OF INDIA in every possible way. I should help to establish Committees throughout the country to constitute nuclei for common service of the locality, a common political platform, a common resolution of all differences and matters of dispute, and generally a common direction for all the affairs of the locality. These Committees would be composed of all castes and creeds, and of people of every social status. As far as possible education and industry and local celebrations and festivals, at all events in all smaller localities, would be under these Unity Committees. In this way I should hope that politics would begin from the bottom and not from the top as now.

My principle in all this would be that if we want to make the best use of India's Freedom when she assumes it, we must work now for India's rebirth in as many departments of her life as possible, especially the educational and cultural departments, which must be fused into one since there is no essential difference between the two.

The scheme I have outlined must be very active from the bottom upwards. The Unity must begin below far more than above, for the citizens of India in the villages are probably more Indian, and probably know more what India wants, than the western-educated citizens in the towns and cities.

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE
(Extracts from *New India Survey*)

Goodwill or Cruelty—Culture or War

(The following is an interesting catechism. We will be glad to receive any comment or criticism on it from our readers.—Jt. Ed.)

1. What is a human being?

A spiritually, and therefore also, a physically, emotionally, and mentally evolving entity.

2. What is a nation?

A group of human beings, developing certain characteristics through the interactions of these human beings, through contacts with human beings of neighbouring nations, and through geographical and climatic conditions.

3. What is a civilization?

A continuity of nations and closely interlinked groupings of human societies; in other words, a family of nations, evolving as each constituent member adds its own specific note to the life of the civilization. It is the keeper of the accumulated culture gained by these human groupings which have spent some of their incarnations within its orbit.

4. What is culture? Its antithesis?

The essence of all experience gained by humanity during its process of evolution towards the unfoldment of its innate greatness—the amount of spiritual growth so far attained.

The infliction of cruelty in whatever form to any creature in whatever state of development or evolution leads away from spiritual growth and is therefore the antithesis of culture.

5. Is a human being subject to final extinction?

No; he himself being divine is eternal, though he does not function continuously on all planes of consciousness and is therefore not always in physical manifestation.

6. Is a nation subject to final extinction?

Yes; as soon as such a grouping of circumstances and human beings ceases to be useful for the further development of humanity, there is no need for its continuation and the nation gradually decays, dwindles, and becomes fossilized; it then becomes engulfed by other surrounding nations.

7. Is civilization subject to final extinction?

No; it is a continuous process of growth to ever greater expression of the divine majesty of God's creation; a part of the civilizing, growing process may temporarily be kept in abeyance when certain nations fail to add anything constructive to the whole, but other nations soon come up to take over the task.

8. Is culture subject to final extinction?

No; no achievement can ever be lost, but we do see that certain aspects of culture are more prominent during certain periods than others; but seen as the sum total of all human achievements towards the expression of its divinity, culture is everlasting.

9. What is the impelling force leading to growth?

A desire for increased SELF-expression; for more-ness.

10. What is the principal medium of growth?

Interaction, from which result understanding and appreciation.

11. How does the desire for more-ness find expression on the physical plane?

In two main principles and their numerous intensities and shadings: the selfishly taking for oneself, or the happily giving up all for the benefit of others.

12. What are the real assets of a nation?

The sum total of the creative ability of its citizens to add to the growth of civilization.

13. What is meant by creating?

The giving of something of one's SELF whereby a more-ness results, benefiting the entire civilization.

Cruelty does not produce a more-ness but a less-ness; its origin is in the lower self of man, not in the SELF.

14. To which standard ought all actions, of man or nation, measure?

To the standard of goodwill, which evokes trust from the other party. Just as the goodwill of a trading company is the amount of trust it inspires in its relations, so is the goodwill of a nation the trust other nations know they can safely place in it; a nation is also a company, a greater company, and all the nations together form the COMPANY OF HUMANITY; but the standard remains the same for all, big or small.

Why do I accept your cheque?

Because I trust you, knowing that your bank will give me cash on presentation.

Why do we accept Treasury notes?

Because we know that we can, at any time, exchange them for goods or services to the value of the figure printed on the notes.

Why do we in the submerged countries only accept certain money tokens under duress?

Because we know that these money tokens are not backed up by the goodwill of the issuing country.

15. What happens when actions do not come up to the standard of goodwill?

Resentment, distrust, and finally war (intentional or unintentional), result.

16. What is unintentional war?

Any state of relationship between human beings and their surroundings, be they humans, animals, plants or minerals, in which harmfulness and cruelty dominate.

17. What is intentional war?

A state of human relationships in which one party, after carefully premeditated preparations, seeks to take something—rights or properties or both—which the other party possesses.

18. What is the general background of all wars?

Cruelty, intentional or unintentional.

19. What is the background of modern war?

In religious war, as fought before 1650 A.D., the background is the desire for freedom of thought and religion.

In economic and national wars it is the refusal of one party to share

material wealth with others to their satisfaction and the ensuing desire of the latter to obtain more than the first party is willing to permit.

20. What is the paramount war-aim?

Freedom. Freedom to live happily according to our own standards and conceptions thereof (which includes freedom of thought and expression, freedom from fear and want, freedom of movement, freedom of leisure and of vocation).

21. Does war serve any useful purpose?

Yes, it helps to restore unbalanced relationships; it acts to the parties as a challenge, obliging them to reconsider their own activities; it wakens them up out of a lethargic condition into which they fall through over-indulgence; it then acts as a cold shower and arouses a nation to a renewed cultural effort.

(Note: this should not be interpreted that the 'Frischer, froher Krieg' of 1914 reputation is desirable.)

22. Which are the principal elements in nations at war?

Those who have, keep and share-not, versus those who have-not and therefore take.

23. What is the use of taking from another nation?

None whatever, as the mere taking does not add to the taker's own

creativity and contribution to civilization.

24. What is the use of accumulating and non-sharing?

None whatever, for it tends to over-saturation and resulting self-satisfaction which paralyze the creative power, so that again nothing is added to the general culture.

25. What then is the logical deduction?

The necessity to share the results of one's creative activity with the environment, and by this giving to others to maintain the interest and wish to continue creating—succinctly put, TO SERVE, but any gift or service must be offered freely and unconditionally because the slightest qualification will nullify the effort to show goodwill and only distrust will be called forth from the other party.

26. Can all the above points be applied to human beings as well as to nations?

Not only can they thus be applied, but it is most essential that they are applied—primarily to man in his individual relations to all his environment, animals, plants and minerals included, because a nation is composed of human beings, and where man fails there also the nation will fail.

—H. J. VAN DE POLL

An Apologia

I regret the publication in our August issue of a picture of the Poet Tagore which did not at all do him the justice that THE YOUNG CITIZEN would always wish to do. The original was a fine

drawing by Mr. Madhava Warriar, an art teacher in the Besant Theosophical School, and the block was equally unjust to Mr. Warriar's sketch.

—M. Subramaniam, Manager

A Mystic Queen

IN this month of September, made sacred by the birth of Lord Krishna, the heart of every Hindu is spontaneously filled with the Divine Life and the wonderful message of that Teacher of Teachers. To us Sri Krishna is not merely a high religious Personage who inspires us to love our fellow beings, or to think about God and aspire to be like Him or to serve the world. For us Sri Krishna is not seated in the distant heaven away from the turmoil of man, but He is in our very hearts and His life flows through our beings. Every devout Hindu looks at Him as his or her beloved. He stands as a Supreme Being to be worshipped, adored and loved. Every Hindu in his imagination perceives himself as playing with his Lord of Love, singing songs in praise of Him and loving Him with all his heart and soul.

In the galaxy of saints and mystics of India, Mirabai shines as one of the greatest devotees of Sri Krishna, typifying the devotion so common to the Indian heart. She was indeed a great mystic in tune with the life of Sri Krishna. From childhood to death she lived a life of complete dedication to Him. To her there was nothing more precious than the affection of her Lord. Being Queen of one of the Kings of Rajputana, she could have rolled in luxuries and wealth if she had wished. But she was a born ascetic. Precious jewels and beautiful costumes were of no value to her. She preferred a *tulsi-mala* and white simple clothes to all the riches of the world. In the

palace of her kingly husband there were servants and maids to obey her orders and to slave for her. But she was ill at ease among the perfumes of the palace and the flattering attendance of her maids.

Unlike many queens she had no ambition to control the affairs of the State. She liked the company of those who loved and worshipped Sri Krishna, be they high or lowly, rich or poor. Her association with these common worshippers aroused suspicion in the minds of her husband and other relatives. But she had no concern with this; for she had utter faith in her Lord and the purity of her own life. In order to turn her mind from this madness, as the worldly-wise thought, the King and other relatives placed all the earthly temptations before her, but nothing could deter her from her one-pointed devotion.

They resorted to such means as would kill her and sent a snake to frighten her, but the snake became a garland of flowers or, as some people believe, an image of Sri Krishna. They sent her a cup of poison which became *amrit*, the nectar, when she drank it. These measures, instead of turning her mind from her Lord, confirmed her faith in Him.

To her Sri Krishna was indeed the only relative. The affection of her blood relations was unimportant. Her intense devotion and love can easily be seen from all her poems and songs which have sprung from her very heart. Everywhere she saw nothing but Sri

Krishna. He was her eternal companion with whom she played and talked and roamed about in the realms of her imagination. He was her friend before whom she opened her heart and narrated all the difficulties and obstacles confronting her in her life. She played with Him, wept before Him, adored Him, and worshipped Him with the whole of her being. Her heart went to Him like a river rushing to the ocean. Her only desire in life was to become at-one with His Divine Life, just as the dew-drop slips into the mighty sea.

A powerful imagination, an intensely emotional nature, an unsurpassed and one-pointed devotion and a mystical attitude towards life seem to be the characteristics of the life of Mirabai. It is these very characteristics that one finds reflected in her poems, where she describes Sri Krishna as with His yellow silk dhoti and with the peacock crown, with His conch and discus, with His necklace and Flute. In many of her poems she has narrated how Sri Krishna went into the forests of Brindaban and wandered on the banks of the river Yamuna to play with the Gopis and how He shepherded the cows. Some of the poems are full of such beautiful incidents, giving us profound mystical teachings.

There is a very interesting poem in which she describes the forgetfulness of one Gopi when in Vrajā, where Sri Krishna lived as a child, she went about selling curds. Mirabai writes as fol-

lows: "Look at the surprising event which is happening in Vrajā. One Gopi with a pot on her head is moving about in the market. But in the ecstasy caused by the sight of her beloved Krishna, she forgets to sell curds and repeats 'Shyam, Shyam.'"

There is another poem which reveals her mystical attitude to life: "I long to reach the feet of my Guru; there is no other desire in my life but to reach His feet; this world is unreal like a dream. Though the ocean of my life is dried up, I am not worried about crossing the stream and reaching the other shore. Mira's Lord is Giridhar: His Vision has opened my eyes."

Her one-pointed devotion and dedication can be seen very easily in one of her very well-known songs which reads as follows: "To me Giridhar Gopal is the Supreme Relative; there is no one else dearer to me than He. The affection of father, mother, son and brother does not concern me; for the hollow dignity of my family I do not care." The whole poem is written in the same spirit of one-pointed devotion.

Such and many are the beautiful songs composed and sung by Mirabai. They have become immortal and are sung by devotees of many faiths. Indian history is fragrant with the lives of many great saints and it is these who have preserved the soul of our Ancient Land.

—SHRI DEVI MEHTA

"Thanksgiving for the armed seers
And heroes called to mortal years,
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran."

A ROYAL HONOUR

A 22-year old American soldier was walking along a road in London, as reported in *The Hindu* (3-9-42), when a car pulled up and the owner offered him a lift. He jumped in and had a long conversation with the owner. She gave him a disc on a chain. On one side of the disc was the inscription "For Luck" and on the other "M.R." (Mary Regina). Imagine the feelings of the soldier-youth when the lady who had befriended him told him who she was—none other than Her Majesty Queen Mary.

A FRUITFUL HOLIDAY

"We want a new epoch where every member, young and old, of The Theosophical Society gives lavishly his own independent Theosophy for the services of his country, for the drawing together in India of all the discordant elements, so that we may have a united, free India, an India respected and regarded as the Spiritual Mother, as India truly is." Thus Dr. George S. Arundale addressed a delightful informal gathering of Young Theosophists of the Adyar and Madras Lodges on 16-8-42.

Srimati Rukmini Devi welcomed the visitors and pointed out that such meetings opened fresh points of view by which new activities could be inaugurated. She invited the young people to visit Adyar oftener on their holidays so that they could combine their holidays with work.

WILL YOUR RECTITUDE!

Dr. Arundale then spoke and the following is the gist of his talk :

"I feel extremely strongly these days about the need for Young Theosophists to make sure of their Theosophy and their membership of The Theosophical Society. We have to think Theosophically for ourselves and to illumine our thoughts with the splendid Divine Wisdom we have. We are members in order to have the advantage of contributing some light in the present darkness of the world.

"We have to lead whether or not we are heard, whether or not anyone pays any attention to us. The test of real leadership is the wisdom of the leader and sooner or later that wisdom must prevail.

"This is not a time for argument. Our business is to spread the truth. We have in our beloved President-Mother (Dr. Besant) a splendid example of giving, and giving, whether the reception was friendly, hostile or indifferent; she went on giving her truth, because she knew it was truth, at least truth for her. We must give of our Theosophical best in the best way we can.

"Suppose that a Young Theosophist has activities and views not in accord with the majority of his fellow young people. Supposing it does not seem useful for him to stand up and express his discord. He can at least will his own sense of rectitude. He can be an independent person even in the midst of all the surging surroundings.

"I want to be ardent in the service of India because I feel tremendously about the work we have to do. Let us have the spirit of Theosophy in us so that we make the passage of India quicker to her great goal."

WHAT WE CAN DO

In the discussions that followed, these are some of the ideas brought forward :

We must keep our heads cool and not let our feelings get the better of us.

The individual approach will be more successful than the approach through attempting to hold meetings for public expression of our views.

We must first know what to do.

We can help those who are in distress. We can do some definite humanitarian work.

A VOLUNTEER CORPS

Mr. Rohit Mehta made the following useful suggestion :

In the midst of the rioting and hooliganism that we have witnessed during the last few weeks, causing harm to innocent lives, and paralyzing the essential services of the country, it is necessary to organize a Volunteer Corps, non-political and non-official, to help those who are affected by the disturbances.

The task of this service should be :

1. To render all possible help to the victims of disorder.
2. To help civic and other authorities in protecting essential services and the life and property of the people.
3. To dissuade people from taking part in violent and riotous activities.
4. To contradict alarming rumours likely to cause panic.
5. To warn people regarding impending dangers.
6. To prevent communal clashes and to promote friendly feeling among the different classes and creeds.
7. To report promptly to the proper authorities any case of harshness, oppression, or unnecessary roughness,

on the part of soldiers, police, or subordinate officers, so as to prevent popular irritation and resentment, and to give to the people the sense of security arising from the presence of trusted citizens, ready to listen to complaints and to redress wrongs in an orderly way.

DR. MONTESSORI'S BIRTHDAY

was celebrated in Adyar on the 31st of last month with great enthusiasm and joy by the pupils of the Besant Theosophical School. The students of the School, besides sending an autographed greetings letter, produced an informal lively art evening consisting of songs by the Montessori class children, recitations, a Samskrit conversation (which was of a very high standard), two items of Chinese mimes, and two items of Bharata Natya. The whole programme, though informal, kept up a high level and was full of joy and happiness, befitting Dr. Montessori, a Messenger of the Child-world.

AT KARACHI

Rukmini Devi Youth Lodge, Karachi, is one of the most active Young Theosophists' Lodges in India. Besides conducting members' meetings, study classes, celebrations of the Ritual of the Mystic Star, it enables the Young Theosophists to come together by means of games and 'At Homes.' An important aspect of their work is regular visits to the Civil Hospital, the Indian Military Hospital (on cycles), visits to nearby villages, as part of the work under the Theosophical Order of Service. In August the Lodge celebrated the anniversary of the passing away of Poet Rabindranath Tagore and at another meeting had the pleasure of receiving the Mayor of Karachi.

Early in September, the Youth Lodge arranged a programme of music, dance and drama, at the Indian Military Hospital. It is reported that more than 1700 patients from overseas and a staff of 250 doctors and nurses attended the entertainment.

Let our experience be full and rich, so that every step may clear and widen our vision, not only that we ourselves may keep in sight the path which leads to that distant horizon, but that we may the better share with our comrades the strength and confidence which comes from certainty of purpose.

WHAT IS THE END?

Mr. H. Farrow writes in *Theosophical News and Notes*, London, to the Young Theosophists:

Each succeeding generation of Young Theosophists finds in its path increasing quantities of "aids to progress"—the gifts of present and previous travellers. These aids may be books, study courses, perhaps groups of students or schools of thought. Some have served their purpose nobly and well, but their value now is not what it was. Others are still useful and welcome, and as Theosophists who are young and yet would be wise, we should most certainly use them as additional means to attain the end we have in view.

And what is that end? It can be expressed in a thousand ways; yet it is in essence the same—the realization (that is, the bringing into being, or actual existence) of Universal Brotherhood.

Out of the refining fire of the present war we know that sooner or later must flow the pure gold of that Universal Brotherhood. Meanwhile the fire is uncomfortable and dangerous, and we have to sacrifice much and adapt ourselves to ways of life and to situations in which the experience and wisdom of our predecessors may not always be sufficient to light up the roadway ahead.

A FRIEND OF ANIMALS

According to *The Chicago Sun*, Sally Kiemele (aged 17) and Frank Kiemele (aged 14) of Chicago are already famous as editors of *The Pet Magazine*, with a circulation of 2500 copies a month, covering the United States and 14 other countries. Frank is a student of the eighth grade and Sally is a student in a High School. The story is told that one day Frank lost his dog, and when later recovered, it was found to have been neglected so badly that it died shortly after. Frank resolved this should not happen to other people's pets, and he felt so strongly about this that he at once wrote a five-page pamphlet condemning cruelty to animals. The pamphlet, illustrated by Sally, caught the attention of the Anti-Cruelty Society, which invited them to continue their work, using the mimeograph at the Society's offices. Thus the magazine was built up. The subscription price is whatever contribution the reader desires to make. Frank and Sally have as their motto: "Be Kind to Animals," which has brought them a profession. We wish that here in India too there were many young citizens fired with enthusiasm to root out cruelty to animals.

—M.S.



THE YOUNG CITIZEN

OCTOBER

1942

255



TO ANNIE BESANT

BIRTHDAY MESSAGE

1st October 1924

Think of the one that is dearest to you on earth; one for whom sacrifice is joy. Then lift up your eyes to the Ideal, and remember that such debt of limitless love, such joyful sacrifice are what we each owe to all human brothers. Nor let us forget, in our relations with the sub-human kingdoms, that helpfulness, tenderness and protection which the higher owe to the lower, since all share with us the One Life, in which we all live, and move and have our being.

ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S., D.L.

CONTENTS

OCTOBER 1942

	PAGE		PAGE
The Crow's Nest. By Rukmini Devi	161	Dr. Besant's Writings. By J. L. Davidge	173
Our Editorial Title	162	"Phoenix" Revived as "New India"	
Dr. Besant—The Ideal Soldier. A Talk		By Rao Sahib G. Sobbbiah Chetty	176
by Dr. George S. Arundale	163	Story Of A Kite	178
Dr. Besant As Orator. By C. W.		Mrs. Besant as a Fabian Socialist. By	
Leadbeater	164	George Bernard Shaw	179
Indian Genius in Art	166	"All That Makes A Man." By Dr. Besant	184
"Surya-Datta". By Dr. Bhagavan Das	167	Annie Besant: An Example. By A.	
Dr. Besant's Wit	169	Rangaswami Iyengar	167
Dr. Besant—The Mother. By Shri Devi		News	189
Mehta	171	Reviews	191



Annie Besant

THE YOUNG CITIZEN



Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

October 1942

Vol. XVII, No. 10

The Crow's Nest

THIS issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN is dedicated to Dr. Besant, as the founder of THE YOUNG CITIZEN and its original Editor. No one could more sincerely pay homage to her than myself, for from the age of 16 (in this incarnation) she has been my spiritual Mother and Guru. I worshipped and loved her, and until her passing away in this life in 1933 remained close to her attending to her personal needs, cooking for her, looking after her clothes and nursing her when she was ill. When I first met her I spoke very little English and she spoke carefully, selecting her words, and with her arms round me asked me whether I was brave and whether I minded what people said about me. I told her that I was very brave and she smiled, hugged me more tightly and said: "Then you are assured of a useful future." She asked me more questions, but then my eldest brother, Sri Ram, had to be called, for my English petered out. At the end of my visit she gave me her blessing which I received with a full heart, and as I bent my head to her, I dedicated myself to her and all that she stood for whatever it was.

Now I again bow my head to her and dedicate myself to what is the highest and noblest service—the service of India and all that is

India which can never be described, but felt and realized. I can never imagine a greater life than Dr. Besant's. Her everyday life from moment to moment was a blessing not only to me but to thousands all over India and the World. Her shining courage, her thundering oratory, her gentleness to all, her overwhelming pity for all who suffer, her tender love for the animals and children, her piercing intellect, wise statesmanship, and deep knowledge along every phase of life, her simplicity in everyday life, her trust in all and her generosity, her utter dedication to the Great Ones and to Great Causes, her personal and deep attachment to India, her brilliant sense of humour and wit—all these qualities and many more showed themselves in all ways and in her personal presence, for she was beautiful to look at, and with the softest hands and the most exquisite smile. When she smiled at anyone it was as if she paid homage to the divinity within.

Perhaps people who did not know her will think I am sentimental and have exaggerated her qualities. I might plead guilty of the former, for no one arouses my sentiment more than she does. But I can honestly say that I can find no words however superlative which are an exaggeration of her qualities. My one prayer is that some day India will fully recognize her and follow in the footsteps of one who will always be one of the brightest stars in the Indian firmament.

Rukmini Devi.

Our Editorial Title

MANY of our readers may like to know why we call our Editorial "The Crow's Nest." This was the name that Dr. Besant used in her *Central Hindu College Magazine*, and she wrote as the first paragraph in the first number of the first volume of that journal in January 1901:

"In the Crow's Nest—what a queer title," say some boys as they read the above heading; "what can it mean?" Well, this is what it means. In a ship, as it crosses the pathless ocean there is always one sailor who is on the look-out, so that the ship may not run against another ship, so that any distant ship

making a signal to it may be observed, so that when land is in sight word of it may be given. This sailor, "the look-out man," is posted on the tall mast of the ship, at the top of the mast, so that being high up he may be able to see a long way. The sort of basket in which he sits, aloft on the mast, is

called "the Crow's Nest," because it looks like the nest of a crow when you look up at it from the deck. The writer [of the Editorial] is like the look-out man in the crow's nest of a ship, and that is why these pages bear the title, "In the Crow's Nest."

Dr. Besant—The Ideal Soldier

A TALK BY DR. GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

DR. BESANT has been described in innumerable ways. I regard her, above all else, as the Ideal Soldier, a senior officer in the Army of our Leaders. However much she indeed was the Mother, however much she indeed was compassionate and tremendously tender, I at least as a small and microscopic soldier myself can never think of her otherwise than as pre-eminently a Soldier. And that is a different interpretation of her from the interpretation we use when we call her the Warrior or Knight.

As a Soldier she was intently ready for orders from her Superiors. I regard that as infinitely splendid in her, and I should like all our young people and all of us to be intently ready for orders from loved Elders. That was and is her first great quality as a Soldier.

Her second quality was that she was intently ready to shoulder responsibility. She was never afraid of responsibility. If she had to do the best she could without advice, direction, guidance, from her Elders, she did it. She did not wait for orders if they did not come. Intently ready was she to

shoulder responsibility, happily ready, gladly ready, never fearful, as if she did not know what might happen if orders were not there. If things went wrong, they went wrong. She always had the power, the eagerness to shoulder responsibility—that was her second great quality.

Her third great quality was her instant readiness for perfect sacrifice and for self-surrender. It did not matter to her how much she gave herself, even to fulfil orders she perhaps did not understand. But in India's service and in the service of her Elders—it was the same service—lay her perfect sacrifice, and therefore, as she always felt, her perfect freedom.

I think of her today not only along the lines which have been so rightly emphasized for us this morning, but also as the Ideal Soldier with that instant readiness for orders, to shoulder responsibility, for sacrifice and complete self-surrender which caused her to tower above the rest of her fellow-workers, who so often were holding something back, which vitiated their work.

So as the Ideal Soldier I see her in my heart's eye—not so much in my mind's eye but, as I say, in the eye of my heart, and the heart has an eye as much as the mind—I see her as a Fire with innumerable mighty flames constituting her fire. In perfect self-control, in conformity with the directions of her Generals, that mighty fire not only served her Generals, but burned through all opposition, burned through all difficulties, and had already burned away so far as she was concerned, all obstructive personality, all indecision, and all distrust either of herself or of the work she had to do.

How wonderful was that dear and beloved person, and how wonderful is she still. And if I am to conclude my little talk by summing it up in one word which comes, I think, to me from her, the word is UNITY. I cannot help feeling that her intentness in our present difficulties, and her key to the resolution of our difficulties in India especially, and everywhere else, is through UNITY. There must be no compromise with UNITY. There must be all loyalty to UNITY, to Brotherhood, to Oneness, to Comradeship, and to everything that causes us to draw closer together in beautiful Friendship.

Dr. Besant As Orator

By C. W. LEADBEATER

IT is the good fortune of The Theosophical Society to have for its President the most eloquent speaker of the World. She once said of herself that as she had been practising public speaking for at least 12,000 years, she felt that she ought to be able to do it with facility! This is true, for as long ago as that we find her, as a priest in China, already renowned as a powerful preacher. Again and again since then she has held the priestly office; again and again she has moved by her eloquence vast crowds of people. This same quality of eloquence was one of her leading characteristics in the lives both as the philosopher Hypatia and as the monk Giordano Bruno. She herself tells us in her *Autobiography* how while still a young girl she felt this mighty

power working within her, and how she tried the experiment of speaking from the pulpit in an empty church to convince herself of its existence.

I remember very well the first occasion in this incarnation on which I had the pleasure of hearing her. It was perhaps a somewhat modified pleasure, because I was at that time a priest of the Church of England while she was devoting her energies to a vigorous attack upon Christianity, for it was long before the time when I joined The Theosophical Society. She was speaking at a place called "The Hall of Science" in a quite unfashionable part of London, known as the City Road. The clear, full voice with its trumpet tones was just as it is today, but I think that our members would hardly have

recognized the manner and method of her speech; for our President, who is now so gentle and considerate in her words, lest by chance she should unawares wound the feelings of an opponent, was then occupied in a most vigorous denunciation of the creed which she so sternly condemned. I remember that an unfortunate member of the Christian Evidence Society rose and attempted to debate with her—a fabulous-looking young man with a stutter and a vacuous smile—certainly the feeblest and most incompetent champion of the Christian cause that I have ever encountered. His position was pitiable, but our President had no mercy upon him; she broke down all his arguments one by one, and reduced him to a state of helpless and stammering confusion; and then when he was effectually silenced, she turned to the audience with a magnificent gesture, crying: "And this is the kind of person whom Christianity sends to debate with a rational student! This is the best which the Church can do for itself after two thousand years of its shameful existence!"

Well, it is many a long year now since our President has treated an opponent in such cavalier fashion; but the marvellous eloquence was hers then, as it is hers now, and I, who was a priest of the religion which she was attacking could not but admit to myself that her arguments were sound and her presentation of them unanswerable, even though I should myself have put upon many of her quotations an interpretation different from hers.

Even now, when her splendid talents are devoted to the service of Theosophy, she yet makes occasional ex-

cursions into other fields, and shows thereby the marvellous versatility of her powers. She has spoken against vivisection, against cruelty to animals, and only a few months ago she delivered in the largest hall in London a wonderfully stirring speech on the subject of female suffrage. You may well be proud of your leader when you hear what laurels she has added to her fame during the months which have lapsed since you last saw her. In the great capital of the Empire, week after week three thousand people hung in rapt admiration upon the words which fell from her lips. When she visited the splendid city of Paris, for so many centuries the centre of art and of learning, the authorities of the University paid her the compliment of inviting her to lecture in the historic amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. Five thousand people on that occasion were enchanted by her magnificent discourse on "The Message of Giordano Bruno to Modern Times"—speaking under the aegis of the very same University before which Giordano himself had spoken hundreds of years before—the same ego delivering the same message in the same spot and in the same language, though through a different body.

We who have heard her often know well that custom cannot stale her infinite variety, and that however often we may have listened, there is yet always something new and something beautiful to charm us again as we have been charmed before. Perhaps just because we are so accustomed to this graciously-flowing speech, we are sometimes apt to forget how grand and how rare a power it is, and so some of our members hardly realize how great is their good fortune in having such a President

as this. I have heard frequently some of the most illustrious of modern English orators; the distinguished preachers of the Anglican Church and all the eminent political leaders, such as Mr. Gladstone and others; yet never have I heard eloquence which at all approaches that of our noble President. Perhaps many of you who read this have had no opportunity of comparing her with these shining lights of public life, and so it may be some satisfaction

to you to know how far she surpasses them. It is a wonderful thing, this power of eloquence, depending not only upon the powerful yet silvery voice, not only on the unerring choice of exactly the apt word to express a thought, but also very much upon what is called "personal magnetism"—the capacity to seize the audience, to hold its attention, to play upon it as a musician plays upon an instrument. . . .
—*Sons of India*, October 1911

Indian Genius in Art

EVERY sub-race has its own type of civilization. You have yours, and because you are the root-stock, all the others share a little of the same type. The Keltic race went after the line of beauty of form. You see it in Greece, in France, Spain, and Ireland. . . . If you compare your own painting in its splendid modern form in the Tagore school of Calcutta, you will find that your type of painting is very different from the type of painting in the West. Wonderful in colour, in delicacy, and above all things, wonderful in its spiritual interpretation of natural facts. If you look at those marvellous paintings that are now being produced by the members of the Tagore family, and others of the same school, you will find that a new school of Indian Art has arisen. Not a hybrid school, like your Schools of Art, where the Indian genius is stifled by insistence upon western methods. A lota, say, is put in front of the students and they are asked to make a copy, to produce a

lota on canvas instead of a lota in brass. It is reproduction, but it is not creation. But when you find a true Indian painter, what is it that he does? He goes and studies the natural object he is going to paint. He goes away and meditates on it. He is able to bring through more of the Divine thought embodied in it than you and I can see in that natural object, and so to add to our knowledge of God by showing the powers of the Self shining out through the forms He has created. Now that is the Indian genius and the Indian way. He paints by memory, and not by copying. In the western way they produce admirable pictures, but they do not produce Indian pictures. There is all the difference in the world between the East and the West. The East creates, while the West reproduces. . . . Indian pictures . . . enable you to look on nature with eyes that see more.

—ANNIE BESANT •
New India, 12 January 1918.

"Surya-Datta"

By. DR. BHAGAVAN DAS

"HELIODORE"

IN earlier days she (Dr. Besant) often wrote over the pen-name of "Heliodore." The word means "Given by the Sun," Surya-Dattâ. Appropriately she named herself so, by subconscious memory. The old books say that "the messengers, the orderly officers, the envoys and ambassadors of the high gods who have their abode in the Solar Sphere, are always flashing along the pathways constituted by the sun-beams, to all parts of the Solar System, adjusting the affairs of the Jivas, the living beings, that make up the kingdoms of Animate Nature everywhere; and that human souls which, by their virtuous deeds, have won the right, are also led, with sweet songs of invitation and of welcome, by those same deeds of sacrifice in visible shape, along these rays to their appointed places of reward and rest in the Solar heavens."

To those of us who have been nurtured in such traditions, it is easy to believe that her soul of fiery light was such a servant of those who brood over humanity as parents over their children, and came to and dwelt on the earth for a few decades for the awakening of men to higher things, and has now gone back for a while to come again, as she has promised.

SARASWATI

Her aesthetic dress and distinguished presence corresponded with her noble soul and her magnificent eloquence.

Some thirty-two years ago, after her Benares home, Shanti-Kunja, had been built, in proximity to the Central Hindu College and the Indian Section of The Theosophical Society, she desired to renovate an old temple standing on the grounds, which had gone out of repair. Though her religion was the Universal and Scientific Religion of Theosophy, which embraces all creeds alike, being the parent of them all, yet, having adopted India as her Motherland and made Benares her home, she desired to Indianize herself in ways of living and in appearance also as much as possible, to get into living touch with the heart of the Indian People. And since the then workers of the Indian Section of the T.S. were mostly Hindus, she, by force of circumstance, adopted a few outward forms of the current Hindu religion, and also the Hindu sari-dress (which, by the way, has become the very becoming dress now of Indian women of all creeds—though the men of the different creeds, being much less refined by nature than the women and much more quarrelsome, continue to insist upon communal differences of dress also). Hence her desire to renovate the temple. This was done; and in connection therewith, a small *sabha* of the then leading Pandits of "the sacred town," therefore of the whole of India, was invited. They very kindly came. Among them was the renowned Mahamahopādhyāya Pandit Gangadhara Shastri. As soon as he beheld her, as she stood offering welcome to the

learned guests the words broke forth irresistibly from his lips :

Sarva-Shukla Saraswati
(All-White Saraswati)

The goddess of learning and eloquence is imaged, in the Puranas, as white in complexion, in dress, in ornaments.

Undoubtedly the blessing of Saraswati rested upon her, and she was given her marvellous gift of speech by that great Goddess to help in lifting up the head of Mother India from the mud and mire in which it has lain, fainting and trampled on, for centuries.

FRIEND OF ANIMALS

Before she went over to Adyar, as President of The Theosophical Society in 1907, her one physical exercise to keep herself in health was riding. A very pretty mare was once purchased by her. We called it "Fairy." With the proverbial 'cuteness of the horse-dealer, the vendor, a good horseman, did not tell her that the animal showed at times without warning a very distinct will of its own. This was discovered afterwards when even the experienced coachman, then in her service, who had been a professional horse-trainer in his younger days, found difficulty in managing it. But, most curiously, with Annie Besant the animal was always docile. Only once did it cause her some trouble. After a round of seven or eight miles one evening, when we were within about a mile of Shanti-Kunja on the way back, she called out that her saddle seemed to be slipping sideways. So we stopped, and, hitching my horse to a way-side plant, I helped her to alight, and then we walked back

with the reins on our arms. We could not make sure whether the fault was the animal's, or the groom's who had put the saddle on and fastened the girths. But she had the impression that somehow the animal got dissatisfied and misbehaved, for the thing occurred after seven or eight miles had been got through without any trouble, and the girths had been fixed at the usual holes. It is known that some horses, rarely, have the trick of contracting their chest.

Squirrels were very fond of her and always came to the veranda at tea-time, for the many morsels she used to give to them. Such little personal incidents are mentioned here to illustrate the way in which her personality acquired its great influence over even animals.

I once asked her why she did not keep pet dogs, when she was so fond of animals and animals took to her so kindly, and the psycho-spiritual science of Theosophy told us that the progress of animal-souls towards the human stage was quickened, they developed intelligence and "individuality" more rapidly, if domesticated and petted by human beings. She said that it was so, and she had kept pet dogs in England, but found that they pined greatly in her absence, so she had given up pets as her life became more and more one of perpetual wanderings. The "pining" for a loved friend was, of course, part of the means of individualization, but she could not bear the thought of it.

"SHE MADE MEN"

Her pets, after her coming to India, were human children and young men

and women. She had the true mother-nature, and felt unsatisfied unless she was caring for and helping the younger generation, collectively as well as particular individuals, to grow. Many young men and women have developed remarkable qualities and powers, and matured into strong individuals, who might have been very different, if she had not brooded over them with maternal as well as wise anxiety. She helped them in every way, and when they became at all able to undertake work, entrusted them with responsible tasks, and placed burdens on them, compelling them to go through that best way of education, learning by doing, and thus to acquire self-confidence and stand on their own feet. In this respect she was outstandingly different from those leaders who, either because

of excessive anxiety lest the work be spoiled, or excessive distrust of colleagues and subordinates, or excessive belief in their own capacity to do everything, retain too much work in their own hands, do not divide labour properly, or, having done so, continue to interfere too frequently, and thereby bring about just what they would avoid, hindrances, delays, repetitions, waste, confusion, and the radical weakness of the one-man-show. She always divided labour freely between the younger workers, keeping only the final threads in her hands, and was always inviting suggestions. Thereby she made all her own and others' work easier and more successful, and created the best condition for its continuation in her absence. —Extracts from *Theosophy in India*, November 1933.

Dr. Besant's Wit

WHEN I was saying goodbye to Dr. Annie Besant, on my departure in 1919 for a year's work or more in a Japanese University (by permission of the National University of India, of which she was the presiding genius), I put the question to her, with the quizzicality that was our usual approach as Irish to Irish: "What about that thing called Theosophy?" She thought for a moment, then said: "That thing called Theosophy is all right—in its own place—which is all over the place."

This did not seem to get us (or, at any rate, me) anywhere in particular. But taking advantage of the traditional privilege of the Irish to answer a question by asking another, she asked: "What

are you going to Japan as?" (Strong emphasis on *as*.)

"Special Professor of Modern English Poetry in the Keiogijuku . . ."

("Spell it," she broke in. I spelt it.)

" . . . Keiogijuku University, Tokyo," I finished.

"Then" (no quizzicality now, but deep seriousness) "be the best Professor of Modern English Poetry they have ever had—and that will be as much Theosophy as you need bother about." (Pause, . . . a tricky smile.) "Of course if anybody asks you if you know anything about that thing called Theosophy" (pause) "you needn't say you don't." Some months later, when I had found my place in "Keio," and an

unanticipated series of public lectures was drawing a weekly crowd from other Universities, Colleges and Schools (and a few foreigners including a schoolmate of Ralph Waldo Emerson), I was asked by the University authorities to let them have some printed matter concerning the educational principles that I had begun to be suspected of holding. I handed them a small packet of booklets. A few days later they were returned with appreciation, and the remark: "The pamphlet entitled *Principles of Education* by Mrs. Annie Besant is one of the most important documents we have ever seen on the subject."

And sometimes her humour (which has never been sufficiently recognized) was wholly humorous. During my nine months on the editorial staff of *New India* (1915-1916) she called me frequently to her desk to talk over some problem or idea. On one occasion she asked me where it was that Luther had thrown his ink-pot at the Devil. "At the Diet of Worms," I answered, with unintentional inaccuracy. She pondered my information for a moment, solemnly ejaculated: "Funny diet!" and went on with her writing. In her leading article that afternoon Luther turned up all right; but there was no mention of the "funny diet," and I got an uneasy feeling that I had fallen down a crevasse in her estimation of my knowledge of history.

—JAMES H. COUSINS

She was of course intensely Irish with her turn of wit. In talk over coffee or tea-cups, this wit would particularly flash out. There is one thing which she said about a year ago which made a deep impression upon me, and per-

haps has a very great message here for India, where our servants are overburdened with the tasks which their masters give them. Almost as well known a figure as Dr. Besant in the many places which she has visited is her servant Lakshman who has been with her over 30 years. One night when she had been weak but seemed a little better, he showed particular delight. She looked at him with a smile and said to me: "He is very faithful. . . He has been with me over 30 years. Speaks well for us both, doesn't it?" What other person but Dr. Besant would think that this relation of master and servant was so mutual that if a servant was faithful it was because the master on his side had been faithful to the servant.

I remember one afternoon, when for some reason her foot was slightly congested with blood and looked darker than usual, and my foot was next to hers, she looked at mine and looked at hers and then said: "Next time I shall be brown all over." I think she always resented the one-quarter of English blood in her, and always preferred to call herself an Irishwoman, though she was born within the sound of Bow Bells in the City of London.

—C. JINARĀJADĀSA

From *Theosophy in India*, October and December 1933

And when the banner of a truly self-governing India comes to be unfurled, one of the names prominently inscribed on it will undoubtedly be that of Annie Besant.

—Rajadharma Pravinā
K. S. Chandrasekhara Iyer

Dr. Besant—The Mother

By SHRI DEVI MEHTA

CAN anyone imagine that the woman who was so independent to the extent of casting aside the fetters of religion and the chains of marriage and family life, the woman who made the people forget themselves by the magic of her powerful words, who worked with tremendous vigour in the political field, who laid down her life in the struggle for India's freedom, had a heart as soft as a flower and as tender as that of a mother? Very rarely do we find such a beautiful harmony in a single human character. Mostly we find in the world men possessing manly qualities, such as strength, hardness, intellectual brilliance, and women embodying love, tenderness, delicacy and beauty. The happy and beautiful blending of the two, mutually contradictory qualities, indicates a perfection of human personality. Dr. Besant's was indeed such a perfect human life and hence we find the strength and love so beautifully harmonized.

Young people like us, who have not been privileged to come into closer and intimate contact with this most wonderful personality the world has ever seen, can have but a little glimpse of that marvellous union of love and strength, compassion and power, on reading her *Autobiography*. She was the leader of leaders and a warrior among warriors, but she was above everything else an exquisite and a tender mother. "Amma," as she was known to most people in India, was the most proper expression concerning her. She was a mother to everyone who came in con-

tact with her as colleagues or devotees, friends or followers. She loved them all as her own children.

A spirit of sacrifice, a forgiveness for the weaknesses of those who worked with her, a beautiful understanding of human finenesses as well as human frailties, a spontaneous readiness to help everyone according to his need—these qualities characterized her as a mother. She could be approached even by the meanest of the servants at Adyar. It is said, by people who knew her very well, that even gardeners and coolies could approach her without any fear. People used to go to her in order to sit in her most motherly radiance. Naturally as she was very busy, she could not talk to them, but people would go to her room and sit there for some time bathing in her spiritual motherhood.

Those who have read of her life know very well how she was a mother of the poor even in the early days of her youth. She helped and nursed them in the slums of London and fought for their social and economic rights. We know very well how she helped the match factory girls and other labouring classes. Wherever she went, her splendid motherhood responded at once to the cry of the suffering, the poor, the weak and the downtrodden. She worked for them, consoled them, made them happy physically through her wonderful nursing power, but more through the warmth of her heart and through her fight with the powers-that-be for the establishment of the rights of the poor.

When she came to India, she took up the cause of the people of this country, who were suffering from religious dogmatism and narrownesses, political enslavement, social evils and foreign education. Her heart was pained to see the miserable condition of Indians in all the fields of life. She travelled throughout the length and breadth of India to awaken the Soul of this ancient land, making India conscious of her great religious and philosophical treasures. She started many educational institutions to train Young India to be worthy sons and daughters of this great land. She initiated the Stalwarts' Pledge Movement to free Indian society from outworn social customs. There was not a single work for the upliftment of India in which she

was not the moving spirit. When she entered the Indian political life, hundreds and thousands of people of India flocked to her, worshipped her, adored and loved her as the embodiment of Mother India. But even greater than this did her Motherhood shine when she was no longer a "popular" figure in the country, for although Indian leaders rejected her wise guidance, she worked and toiled night and day for India's emancipation. As the Samskrit saying goes: "The son may be false to his mother, but how can a mother be false to her child?"

She followed faithfully and truly the old occult precept: "Inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin." And it was that which made her the mother of the world, the queen of mercy.

Oh! be tender and compassionate to these younger souls encased in animal bodies, and let your superiority be the measure of your gentleness. Then shall the whole atmosphere of your surroundings change, and cruelty, ill-treatment, indifference, will give place to mercy, gentleness, and tenderness. Animals have their rights, and we have duties towards them, for rights belong to the weak, and duties to the strong.

Take up as your personal duty the protection of every animal that comes in your way; see to it that no avoidable suffering is inflicted upon any. So shall you deserve and win the noblest of all titles: "The friend of all creatures."—ANNIE BESANT.

LIGHT CENTRES

We are happy to announce the formation of Youth Lodges at Rawalpindi, Hyderabad (Sindh), Agra, Sitapur, Mettupalayam, Bangalore and Vellore. Youth Lodges are Centres for active and practical Brotherhood. We wish these Lodges success and years of useful work.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

It is proposed to publish our issues from January 1943 on the 1st of the month instead of at the end of the month. So the November issue will combine in itself the December issue also and will be published at the end of November. The 1943 January issue will be issued on the 1st of January.

Dr. Besant's Writings

By J. L. DAVIDGE

IN the Besant Library the other day we discovered in one of Dr. Besant's own books, *Indian Ideals*, a slip of paper with her notes on it for a lecture on "Ideals of Education in Ancient India." The book is an Adyar edition of the Kamala Lectures which she initiated at the Calcutta University in 1924-25, treating of education, religion and philosophy, and art. The reproduction on the next page is an exact facsimile. It is rare to find Dr. Besant's lecture notes, and we do not even know that this lecture was delivered. Note the references to authors—Sir Thomas Munro, Tagore, Ruskin and Comte—and passages for quotation, also her meticulous attention to detail.

With her letters she was no less punctilious: her way with her heavy correspondence was to write her own replies, though she might occasionally direct a secretary to answer a letter in a certain way. All her thousands of articles for the press also were written by her own hand, the only exceptions being reporters' write-ups of her addresses which she would revise for publication.

What this means in strenuous activity over a period of nearly sixty years—she began to write at 26 while still "the wife of a beneficed clergyman," as she signed her first two pamphlets—is beyond computation. In the following year—1874—she met Charles Bradlaugh, and the two giants shook England in their fight for freedom of thought. Annie Besant has always been associated with some great man, on

the shakti principle, no doubt, which strengthened both: Bradlaugh, W. T. Stead, George Bernard Shaw, H. S. Olcott, C.W. Leadbeater.

Her first journalistic ventures were these:

The National Reformer: For ten years she wrote regularly for this paper, being Joint Editor from 1881 to 1887, when she resigned because of a divergence with Bradlaugh on editorial policy;

Our Corner: A weekly paper which she founded and edited from 1883 to 1888. Some famous men were among the contributors, G. B. Shaw, Sidney Webb (now Lord Passfield), Charles and Hypatia Bradlaugh, J. M. Robertson, and many others;

The Link: A weekly paper devoted to Socialism which she founded jointly with W. T. Stead in 1888. It lasted from February to December of that year. (It was in 1889 that he asked her to review *The Secret Doctrine* for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the famous incident which brought her into Theosophy).

Then followed her Theosophical journals: *Lucifer*, *The Theosophist*, *The Adyar Bulletin*, *The Young Citizen*, (that of 1913 and its reincarnation in 1923), *United India*, and her political newspapers, *The Commonweal* (1914) and *New India* (1919).

Add to this journalistic product her hundreds of books and pamphlets, and what an amazing output! Besterman's *Bibliography of Annie Besant* lists

Ideals of Education
in Ancient India
Presiding part in civilisation of Ancient
India is its extreme orderliness.
well thought-out. Ideal first conceived.
define & illustrate.
Ideal marks a fundamental difference
occurring in within a long life. 23.
Matter & life, which originates & functions
evolution & special creation or organ?
evolution implies specialisation. time periods
Sir Thomas Munro (Madras) 1813 p. 1. read
18.11.12.
Japan educated her people in 100 years (how)
in India foreign Government differing religion
object of education to make good citizens
a Nation is an individual. an organism
a body politic with definite organs
arab & man.
Ed. free note p 20 no money note p 21
not caste = vocations. Ruskin & Combs
p 23 read
forest & town. Tagore p. 27 results
ancient Nations & India
forest
Translate old methods into modern language?
Oxford & Cambridge civic Universities
pp 30 & 31.

(See Letterpress, pp. 173, 175)

448 publications, but his list is by no means exhaustive: many of her smaller works he had not seen, and others, large books and small books, have been published since. Amongst her works are also books which she translated from foreign languages, and books which she wrote in collaboration with others, specially in clairvoyant investigation with Bishop Leadbeater.

Dr. Besant's writing falls into wide sweeps consonant with the progress of her life—the free thought, the social, the political, the theosophical, and the work for India, and the last may be summed up in three phases: the religious revival from 1893, to restore India's nationality; the educational renaissance from 1898, which reached its climax in the Benares Hindu University; the political stage from 1914, which led up from the Wake Up! India campaign to her election as President of the Indian National Congress in 1917, the reforms of 1919, and the Commonwealth of Indian Bill of 1925-26, until with the shift to London and the Round Table Conferences the Home Rule fight passed to other hands.

What a magnificent personage she was—truly a divine messenger revealing God's plan to the world down here, popularizing H. P. Blavatsky's pioneer version of Theosophy, as Huxley was doing a similar service for Darwin's conception of evolution at a lower level. Who has plumbed the depths of being, individual or cosmic, as profoundly and realistically as she has done? Was there ever such a builder—of individual character, of a nation, of humanity? Look into her writings and discover for yourself how

amazing is the range of her knowledge and the depth of her wisdom. She seems to be well nigh omniscient, and well she might be as the channel, the mouthpiece of those great Elders who inspired her work in the outer world.

When you read Dr. Besant, dwell on the depth and sublimity of her thought, the stateliness and beauty of her diction—all flowers on the tree of her spiritual philosophy. Through all her wonderful speaking and writing buddhi blends with manas in a warm glow which is a quality of all great and lasting literature. All her work is great literature in the sense that it is produced by the creative as distinguished from the imitative intelligence.

How well I remember sitting down with *The Evolution of Life and Form*, and being thrilled as I read page after page, and transported to the heavens by the chapter on "The Functions of the Gods." How my eyes were opened by her article on "The Relativity of Hindu Ethics." Her master passages read and sound like fragments of a great cosmic epic—the building of the Kosmos, the story of the human race in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* (what a jewel is the Epilogue!), the stories of the great religions, the future of India in a splendid Aryan Commonwealth, the real meaning of the war, the principles of reconstruction for the new world order. So sure is her touch, so clear her vision, we cannot fault her facts or her deductions. Indeed is she an unerring guide through the intricate mazes of the world around us into that better world which the Rishis and the Saints and the Saviours are preparing for us.

"Phoenix" Revived as "New India"

By RAO SAHIB G. SOOBIAH CHETTY

Rao Sahib G. Soobiah Chetty is one of the oldest members of The Theosophical Society, having joined it in 1882, in the time of Mme Blavatsky. It was he who was instrumental in the purchase of Adyar site. It is said that he, together with his two old friends, A. K. Sitarama Shastriar and B. Ranga Reddiar, used to visit Dr. Besant every morning and offered her flowers. Such was and is his and their devotion to their Guru.—JT. ED.

IN the early Eighties of the last century, a Member of the Inner Government of the World, composed of men made perfect, who can see past, present and future as on a screen, wrote :

"India—as one of the first and most powerful off-shoots of the Mother Race and composed of a number of sub-races, lasting to these times, . . . (is) . . . struggling once more to take her place in history some day."¹

This was a very prophetic suggestion, and it ought to have made every thinking Indian work towards attaining this position for his country, but owing to political conditions then existing, no one appears to have had the courage to work openly towards this end; anyhow, an attempt was considered necessary. With this end in view, the establishment of a new journal was found ". . . desirable—and very feasible." Efforts were made to get together a few Hindus, preferably Theosophists, who had the good of their country at heart and were not too much afraid to spend energy and time, and also to risk a portion of their savings. It was also considered necessary, to begin with, to put the proposed *Phoenix* in charge of

¹ *The Mahatma Letters*, p. 152.

an experienced English journalist, and Mr. A. P. Sinnett was offered the assignment. He accepted, but this scheme was only partly successful, and it eventually failed for want of sufficient help and co-operation, and the then political conditions in the country. Consequently, this attempt for the political uplift of India had to wait for fruition, until a really competent person could be found, in the outer world, to undertake this big project—and also, until the Indians themselves became sufficiently awake to India's needs.

Soon after the Theosophical Society's Convention in December 1884 was over, a private meeting was held, composed of Colonel H. S. Olcott, Messrs. A. O. Hume, G. Subrahmanya Iyer, then Editor of *The Hindu*, Babu Norendra Nath Sen, Editor of *The Indian Mirror*, and one or two others. The meeting was at Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Row's house in Mylapore, Madras, and its purpose was to organize measures for gaining for India its true position in history. It may be said that this was the beginning of the Indian National Congress.

Meanwhile Dr. Besant was gaining experience as a public worker, speaker, and politician. During that period she, with her colleague, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, earned a name for efficient and

successful work in the field of Socialism, Politics and Free Thought, all of these helping to lift humanity in general, and the downtrodden and oppressed in particular.

In 1889, *The Secret Doctrine*, by H.P.B.¹, was published. Mr. W. T. Stead, to whom a copy was sent for review, "gave into Dr. Besant's hands two large volumes, saying: 'Can you review these? My young men all fight shy of them, but you are quite mad enough on these subjects to make something of them.'" She received the two big volumes with pleasure and undertook the task of reading them for review, with eagerness and delight. She writes in her *Autobiography* :

"Home I carried my burden, and sat me down to read. As I turned over page after page the interest became absorbing; but how familiar it seemed; how my mind leapt forward to presage the conclusions, how natural it was, how coherent, how subtle, and yet how intelligible."

Dr. Besant wrote the review and, with a note of introduction from Mr. Stead, went to see H.P.B., fixing a time for a call. She was received most cordially. The very first visit convinced her that she was not in the presence of a stranger but in that of a former friend. Soon thereafter, she joined the T.S.², and felt so happy that she ". . . could at last find the very Truth." Then she asked H.P.B. : "Will you accept me as your pupil and give me the honour of proclaiming you my teacher, in the face

¹ Madame H. P. Blavatsky, one of the two founders of The Theosophical Society, is generally known among Theosophists as H.P.B.

² The Theosophical Society.

of the world?" Thereafter she lived with H.P.B., under the same roof, until H.P.B. passed away in 1891.

In 1893 Annie Besant came to India, made Benares her headquarters, gathered round her a few intelligent and useful friends, formed a good and influential Board of Management and opened the Central Hindu College, with the object of training Indian youth, the future workers, in the field of public work for the uplift of their Motherland, and wrote appropriate textbooks, both for the School and College sections, and started a College magazine.

Thus was laid the foundation for the Hindu University now at Benares, the Central Hindu College becoming the nucleus for it. In 1907 Dr. Besant became President of The Theosophical Society after Colonel Olcott. Before her first period of the presidentship was over, she improved the organization considerably, extended the properties of The Society nearly tenfold, and created facilities for members to live within the compound at Adyar.

In 1914 Dr. Besant purchased the old *Madras Standard*, with the object of undertaking the work left undone in the early eighties of the last century. She changed the name of the paper to *New India*; thus it may be said the proposed, but still-born, *Phoenix* was revived as *New India*. She found the necessary help, both financial and personnel, for successfully conducting the journal. It soon became very popular, the circulation going up to over 10,000. This journal fulfilled the object for which it was started, namely, exposing official high-handedness and bringing about redress of some of the grievances under which India was suffering.

In her attempt to better the Indian political position, Dr. Besant had the moral support of some Indian advanced occultists (yogins). This was a source of help and strength for her. Within a very short time *New India* aroused a spirit of national consciousness in the sons of the soil, and enabled them to go forward with courage and endurance towards obtaining freedom for the Motherland.

Many organizations other than the Indian National Congress came to be started, with the same end in view though with conflicting opinions and ideas. She stopped the paper, after

some years when it had accomplished its mission.

In 1917 she was President of the Indian National Congress, and worked with it until she found the leaders drifting into ways not entirely helpful to the country. It was her *Commonwealth of India Bill* which passed its first reading in the British Parliament in 1925-6.

Finally she had the satisfaction of having done her best for the country of her adoption. Behind her she has left an immortal name and fame for efficient and honest work for humanity in general, and in particular for Indians.

Story Of A Kite

ARE you interested? In what? Of course, animals. Are you interested in animals? If you are, you will also be interested in this story.

One day I was walking alone by the silent river side of Adyar. "Kee—Kik—Keeo—" burst out clearly breaking into the silence. Do you know what it was? It was the old kite—Brownie.

Now I will tell you the complete story of it. I think all of you know Mrs. M. . . E. . . , don't you? Well she, I don't know how, got a baby brown-fluffy feathered sweet kite and when it grew up it was a female one. She grew up and became strong and was able to fly. The E . . . s knew she could fly, so they let her free.

Now with a "Keeeee . . ." away into the bare sky she flew. Gaining freedom she flew far far away.

Now we come to the second part of her life. She soon learned how to fish and catch crabs, frogs and snakes. She built her nest with the help of her mate whom she found on the river bank near my house. Their nest was on a mango tree by my house. I liked their idea of building their house there, but soon I found it was a nuisance, because they left frogs, crabs and horrid smelling snakes on the roof of my house.

Now we come to the third part of the story. One day I was cycling and I heard a horrid murderous scream and a streak of brown flashed from the air and I went and saw what had happened. It was a shock to me; there lay the Queen of the Air, like a lion robbed of all its strength, like a deer which has lost its swiftness. She was dead.

—By S. VAJRA, Form III (From *Vasanta*)

Mrs. Besant As A Fabian Socialist

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

MY personal feeling towards Mrs. Besant remains as cordial after a long period of years during which I have hardly seen her half a dozen times as it was when her association with the Fabian Society brought me into daily intercourse with her.

Mrs. Besant is a woman of swift decisions. She sampled many movements and societies before she finally found herself; and her transitions were not gradual; she always came into a movement with a bound, and was preaching the new faith before the astonished spectators had the least suspicion that the old one was shaken. People said "She will die a Roman Catholic," which was their way of expressing the extreme of mutability for an Englishwoman. They were right to the extent that she was seeking a Catholic faith: but she grasped that great idea sufficiently to know that Roman Catholicism is a contradiction in terms: real Catholicism cannot be bounded by the walls of Rome. Her steps were rapid: she began as a clergyman's wife putting difficulties to Pusey, who missed this most momentous chance so completely that she was presently actively attacking the curious combination of Bible fetishism with a bigoted determination to see nothing in the Bible that was really there which then stood in the way of all real religion in England. Then came a swift transition to the scientific side of the Free-thought movement, excited as it then was by Darwin's discovery of that

simulation of evolution by "natural selection" which seemed to atheistic freethinkers a conclusive explanation of the evidences of design in biological structure. My first recollection of Mrs. Besant on the platform is a meeting in South Place, at which nobody seemed incredulous when hopes were held out by her chairman that the production of what would now be called synthetic protoplasm might shortly be expected from an Edinburgh laboratory.

TWIN HEROES

At this moment the Freethought movement until then unchallenged as the most advanced battalion of modern thought, found itself jostled by a revival of Socialism. The older freethinkers, to whom Socialism was only an exploded delusion by which Robert Owen and his son had sidetracked and discredited freethought in the first half of the century, opposed the new movement with contemptuous vehemence under the formidable leadership of Bradlaugh. But the scientific wing of freethought, knowing nothing of the Owenite episode and having been led to seek economic solutions of social problems by Mill, Marx, and Henry George, found a life and hope in the new movement which was somehow lacking in promises of synthetic protoplasm, survival of the fittest, and demonstrations that the throat of a whale was too small to pass Jonah down.

Mrs. Besant swept ahead with her accustomed suddenness and impetuosity; but it must have been a tragic moment for her, as it involved opposing Bradlaugh, side by side with whom she had fought all England in the cause of liberty of conscience. Of Bradlaugh history has so far given every description except the only one that fits him. He was quite simply a hero: a single champion of Anti-Christendom against the seventy-seven champions of Christendom. He was not a leader: he was a wonder whom men followed and obeyed. He was a terrific opponent, making his way by an overwhelming personal force which reduced his most formidable rivals to pigmies.

Now at this time Mrs. Besant was the greatest orator in England, and possibly in Europe. Whether it is possible for her to be still that at seventy I do not know; but I have never heard her excelled; and she was then unapproached. Certainly the combination of Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant was one so extraordinary that its dissolution was felt as a calamity, as if someone had blown up Niagara, or an earthquake had swallowed a cathedral. Socialism had many colleagues to offer her who were more accomplished than Bradlaugh. One of them, William Morris, was a far greater man. But there was no platform warrior so mighty: no man who could dominate an audience with such an air of dominating his own destiny. Unhappily for him, she was right and he was wrong on the point that divided them; and, when they parted, his sun set in a rosy glow of parliamentary acceptance, even by Lord George Hamilton, whilst hers was still stormily rising.

PASSAGE THROUGH SOCIALISM

In selecting the Fabian Society for her passage through Socialism Mrs. Besant made a very sound choice; for it was the only one of the three Socialist Societies then competing with one another in which there was anything to be learnt that she did not already know. It was managed by a small group of men who were not only very clever individually, but broken in to team work with one another so effectually that they had raised the value of the Society's output far above that of the individual output of any one of them. They had not only reduced Socialism to a practical political programme on quite constitutional lines; but they had devised an administrative machinery for it in the light of a practical knowledge of how government works (some of them being government officials of the upper division) in which the other societies were hopelessly deficient. This was exactly what Mrs. Besant needed at that moment to complete her equipment. But it could not hold her when once she had rapidly learnt what she could from it. To begin with, it was unheroic; and the secret of her collaboration with Bradlaugh had been that she too was essentially heroic in her methods as in her power, courage, and oratorical genius. Fabianism was a reaction against the heroics by which Socialism had suffered so much in 1871: its mission was to make Socialism as possible as Liberalism or Conservatism for the pottering suburban voter who desired to go to church because his neighbours did, and to live always on the side of the police. It recognized the truth for political

purposes of Mark Twain's saying: "The average man is a coward." And Mrs. Besant, with her heroic courage and energy, was wasted on work that had not some element of danger and extreme arduousness in it.

Besides, considering the world from Shakespeare's point of view as a stage on which all the men and women are merely players; Mrs. Besant, a player of genius, was a tragedian. Comedy was not her clue to life: she had a healthy sense of fun; but no truth came to her first as a joke. Injustice, waste, and the defeat of noble aspirations did not revolt her by way of irony and paradox: they stirred her to direct and powerful indignation and to active resistance. Now the Fabian vein was largely the vein of comedy, and its conscience a sense of irony. We laughed at Socialism and laughed at ourselves a good deal. In me especially, as events have proved, there was latent a vocation for the theatre which was to give to tragedy itself the tactics of comedy. I attracted and amused Mrs. Besant for a time; and I conceived an affection for her in which I have never since wavered; but in the end the apparently heartless levity with which I spoke and acted in matters which were deeply serious, before I had achieved enough to shew that I had a perspective in which they really lost their importance, and before she had realized that her own destiny was to be one which would also dwarf them, must have made it very hard for her to work with me at times.

A TERRIFIC WORKER

"There were less subtle difficulties also in the way. The direction of the

Fabian Society was done so efficiently by the little group of men already in possession, that Mrs. Besant must have found, as other women found later on, that as far as what may be called its indoor work was concerned, she was wasting her time as fifth wheel to the coach. The Fabians were never tired of saying that you should do nothing that somebody else was doing well enough already; and Mrs. Besant had too much practical sense not to have made this rule for herself already. She therefore became a sort of expeditionary force, always to the front when there was trouble and danger, carrying away audiences for us when the dissensions in the movement brought our policy into conflict with that of the other societies, founding branches for us throughout the country, dashing into the great strikes and free speech agitations of that time (the eighteen eighties), forming on her own initiative such *ad hoc* organizations as were necessary to make them effective, and generally leaving the routine to us and taking the fighting on herself. Her powers of continuous work were prodigious. Her displays of personal courage and resolution, as when she would march into a police court, make her way to the witness stand, and compel the magistrate to listen to her by sheer force of style and character, were trifles compared to the way in which she worked day and night to pull through the strike of the over-exploited match girls who had walked into her office one day and asked her to help them somehow, anyhow. An attempt to keep pace with her on the part of a mere man generally wrecked the man: those who were unselfish enough to hold out to

the end usually collapsed and added the burden of nursing them to her already superhuman labours.

I have somewhere said of Mrs. Besant that she was an incorrigible benefactor, whereas the Fabians were inclined to regard ill luck as a crime in the manner of Butler and Maeterlinck. The chief fault of her extraordinary qualities was that she was fiercely proud. I tried, by means of elaborate little comedies, to disgust her with beneficence and to make her laugh at her pride; but the treatment was not, as far as I know, very successful. I would complain loudly that I wanted something that I could not afford. She would give it to me. I would pretend that my pride was deeply wounded, and ask her how she dared insult me. In a transport of generous indignation, she would throw her present away, or destroy it. I would then come and ask for it, barefacedly denying that I had ever repudiated it, and exhibiting myself as a monster of frivolous ingratitude and callousness. But though I succeeded sometimes in making her laugh at me, I never succeeded in making her laugh at herself, or check her inveterate largesse. I ought to have done much more for her, and she much less for me, than we did. But I was at that time what came in 1889 to be called an Ibsenite. My *Quintessence of Ibsenism* is an expansion of a paper which I read to the Fabian Society with Mrs. Besant in the chair. Those who have read this book and followed Mrs. Besant's subsequent career will understand at once that she must have felt as she listened to it that this was not her path. She had at that time neither lost faith in the idealism which Ibsen

handled so pitilessly, nor had she taken her own measure boldly enough to know that she too was to be one of the master builders who have to learn that for them at least there are no such small luxuries as "homes for happy people." The only permanent interest the Fabian Society or any other society could have for her personally lay in such advance as it was capable of towards a religious philosophy; and when I led this advance into a channel repugnant to her, her spiritual interest in the Society died.

PLUNGES INTO THEOSOPHY

The end came as suddenly as the beginning. The years had been so full and passed so rapidly that it seemed only a short time since I had gone to a meeting of the Dialectical Society to deliver an address advocating Socialism, and had found the members perturbed and excited by the appearance of Mrs. Besant, who had long ceased to attend the Dialectical meetings, and who was still counted as the most redoubtable champion of the old individualist free-thought of which Bradlaugh was the exponent. I was warned on all hands that she had come down to destroy me, and that from the moment she rose to speak my cause was lost. I resigned myself to my fate, and pleaded my case as best I could. When the discussion began everyone waited for Mrs. Besant to lead the opposition. She did not rise; and at last the opposition was undertaken by another member. When he had finished, Mrs. Besant, to the amazement of the meeting, got up and utterly demolished him. There was nothing left for me to do but gasp and triumph under her shield. At the end

she asked me to nominate her for election to the Fabian Society, and invited me to dine with her.

The end was quite as startling. One day I was speaking to Mr. H. W. Massingham, then editor of *The Star*, at the office of that paper in Stonecutter Street. I glanced at the proofs which were lying scattered about the table. One of them was headed "Why I Became a Theosophist." I immediately looked down to the foot of the slip for the signature, and saw that it was Annie Besant. Staggered by this unprepared blow, which meant to me the loss of a powerful colleague and of a friendship which had become part of my daily life, I rushed round to her office in Fleet Street, and there delivered myself of an unbounded denunciation of Theosophy in general, of female inconstancy, and in particular of H. P. Blavatsky, one of whose books—I forget whether it was *The Secret Doctrine* or *Isis Unveiled*—had done all the mischief. The worst of it was that I had given her this book myself as one that she might like to review. I played all the tricks by which I could usually puzzle her, or move her to a wounded indignation which, though it never elicited a reproach from her (her forbearance with me was really beyond description), at least compelled her to put on herself the restraint of silence. But this time I met my match. She listened to me with complete kindness and genuine amusement, and then said that she had become a vegetarian (as I was) and that perhaps it had enfeebled her mind. In short, she was for the first time able to

play with me: she was no longer in the grip of her pride: she had after many explorations found her path and come to see the universe and herself in their real perspective.

This, as far as I know, is the history of Mrs. Besant's last unsuccessful exploration in search of her appointed place in the world. It had many striking incidents: chief among them the match girls' strike, "Bloody Sunday" in Trafalgar Square and its sequel, and her election to the London School Board after such election meetings as, thanks to her eloquence, are unique and luminous in the squalid record of London electioneering. In such experiences she lost her illusions, if she had any, as to the impudent idolatry of the voter which we call democracy. It has seemed to me, too, that the diplomacy and knowledge of men and affairs in the governing class which characterized the Fabians played its part afterwards in her educational work in India. But here I am only guessing. After the inauguration of her career as a Theosophist, I dropped out of her saga. But I have not forgotten my part in it. My affections have two excellent qualities: extreme levity and extreme tenacity. I do not like the proverb "Love me little: love me long"; but whoever invented it had a very narrow escape from finding its true form, which is, "Love me lightly; love me long." And that is how I loved, and still love, Annie Besant.

—From *The Theosophist*,
October 1917.

"All That Makes A Man"

This is the editorial message of Dr. Besant entitled "From the Front" in the second number of Vol. I (1913) of our journal. In the first editorial, she wrote about the Ideal of the State, which should not be to the Young Citizens "a cold abstraction, but a pulsing throbbing life, to be loved and served with enthusiasm, with passion, with uttermost self-sacrifice. When this spirit is embodied in the coming generation, the future of the Aryan Empire will be secure. Such is the first message 'From the Front.'"

THE hope of the coming years is in the hands of those who are the "Young Citizens" of today; and every time that a boy or girl, a young man or maiden, thinks a noble thought, feels a loving wish, does a kindly action, he or she is putting one brick into the house—the character—in which the citizen of tomorrow will live. We all create our own future. Each wrong or mean thought, word, or act puts on us a limitation in the future, fetters round our legs, manacles round our wrists. Some of our faults are mere deficiencies, due to the youth of our souls; these we shall outgrow. Others are self-created clogs, which we must break away, as we have made them, by thoughts, desires, and acts. If this work be actively carried on in youth, manhood and womanhood grow easily into greatness. To labour in our youth is to achieve in our maturity.

This Empire which, hereafter, will pass into the hands of our Young Citizens is a wondrous heritage. Not only is it wondrous in its extent, so that it is true that on it "the sun never sets," but it is wondrous in the variety of its component parts. It is made up of many nations, many types, many tongues. We sometimes call it "British," but Britain is only its capital. Our George V is Emperor of India as much

as he is King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Sovereign of all the self-governing and other Colonies. We must never forget that our Indian and Colonial brethren are not subjects of the English people; we are all, English, Indians and Colonials equally, subjects of the one Royal and Imperial Crown, to which alone we all owe allegiance. Gradually, each nation will become self-governing within its own limits, and manage its own affairs; and presently we shall see a great Imperial Council, the best men from every nation, gathered round our Monarch, and helping him to guide the destinies of the whole huge Federation, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Burma, South Africa, Egypt—each sending a few of its best and its wisest to bring to that Imperial Council the needs, the hopes, and the varied experiences of the peoples who send them. There is a noble ambition for you, readers mine. Already men in advance of their time have begun to talk of such a Council; it will be yours to make it. And yours also to help in building up each free nation, each in his or her own land; for we must have free nations before we can link them together into an Empire of the Free.

But think! If we cannot have a free Empire without free nations as its

component parts, neither can we have free nations without free individuals to compose them. And what is a free individual? It is a man who rules himself. A man is not free who is the slave of his body, who is made irritable by hunger, or thirst, or discomfort of any kind. The man who is king of his body does not allow it to upset him by its fancies and freaks: if it is hungry, he bids it quietly await his convenience for its feeding; if it is uncomfortable, he bids it practise patience and learn indifference to small annoyances.

A man is not free who is the slave of his desires and passions, who is angry when people blame him or proud when they praise him, who does things he is ashamed of when temptations allure him, who is thrown off his balance by pleasure or pain. A man is not free who is the slave of his mind, who lets anxieties worry him, fears harass him, ill thoughts befoul him, frivolities distract him. Only free men and women can be citizens in a free State: the self-controlled, the pure, the wise, they alone are free. The first thing then is to free ourselves, and to be lords in our own houses—in the bodies, feelings and minds that we have constructed out of the materials gathered in the past. The next is to help other free men and women to build up a free nation; and lastly, to federate these free nations into a free Empire. But let no slave dare to lay his hands on the Ark of Empire, lest the lightning which plays round it should destroy that unworthy serf.

For freedom and slavery are of the soul more than of the body. A free

soul may dwell in a prisoned body, but no freedom of body can enfranchise a prisoned soul. The best time for the Inner Man to assert his supremacy, to assume his sceptre, is the time of youth, when the body is plastic, and the passion-nature but half-awake, and the mind fresh and unsoiled by contact with the world. Before the chains of bad habits are wound round the youth, let him assert his inborn right to rule the high-spirited animal which is to carry him through his life in the three worlds. Like a splendid horse, it will come to his hand, if he hold the bridle lightly and firmly. Self-conquest should be a game of enthralling interest, like the gentling of a mettlesome steed, and the secret of such interest lies in this:

Identify yourself with the Spirit, not with the animal. For you are Spirit, and you are riding this animal that kicks, and plunges, and runs away with you. Gain a good seat; train your hands to be at once light as a silk thread, strong as tempered steel. Master your animal, and it will carry you far.

Self-mastery; then Freedom. Freedom is a glorious Being, an Angel of Light, and her beauty sometimes dazzles human eyes, so that men would fain possess her, and think not of the home to which they would bring her. She cannot dwell in the same house with ignorance, with vice, with weakness. "Be wise. Be pure. Be strong." Such is the demand she makes of her lovers. Of old, in days of chivalry, a young knight would beg of his Lady a knot of ribbon or a glove, and, binding it on his helmet, would ride out to do doughty deeds in her name. When he had conquered

in many a hard-fought fight, he returned to wed her. Let our Young Citizens thus love our Lady of Liberty; let them do as Arthur bade.

And worship her by years of noble deeds

Until they won her. [So shall her quest avail]

To teach high thoughts, and amiable words,

And courtesy, and the desire for fame,

And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

"THE GREATEST INDIAN OF THEM ALL"

I have been associated with Mrs. Besant in two or three spheres of her activities. It is not for me to recall her old career, a career of work among the labouring population of England, foreshadowing the present struggle in India, but it is necessary to remind the audiences in India that in 1897, prominent long before the Home Rule movement was started, hers was one of the very few voices raised to plead the cause of the brown race as against the white. If one contribution has been made by her more noteworthy and more important than another, it is that assertion of the equality of human rights, the rousing of the self-respect of our race, and constant reiteration of the principle, not for the purpose of elevating us temporarily to a sense of false security or false arrogance, but to evolve political evolution in this country. It has come most markedly and characteristically during the last two or three years.

I am not one of those who are unaware of the services done by the

Congress and by the Congress leaders, but consider what has been done in the last few years—the wave of activity, galvanic activity that has run through the country and aroused the self-respect, aspirations, and ideals of the people. To whom is all that due? It is due to Mrs. Besant who, scorning leisure and ease and travails and turmoils and position, has transcended the difficulties of race that is not ours, of a breeding that is not ours, of a culture that has become hers. She is one of us, she is Indian more than any of us, and it is to that Indian quality in her you owe the galvanic activity you see around you whether in politics, social service or educational work. I lay my tribute to her on that account.

—SIR C. P. RAMASWAMY AIYAR
upon the unveiling of Dr. Besant's
statue, 14 December 1918, in
Gokhale Hall, Madras.

THE STORY OF A DROP OF WATER

One morning when it was raining I was sitting by a window. I put out my hand, and a drop of water fell on my hand. The drop of water began to shake, and speak: I was a part of the Indian Ocean. Due to the heat of the sun, I became water vapour and floated across the sky. I crossed over many places and lastly over Ceylon. And then over this place here a cold wind blew over me. I became chilled and fell down and now I am in your hand. Thus ends the story of the drop of water.

—By A. GIRIJA, Form I, Age Nine
(From *Vasanta*)

Annie Besant: An Example

By A. RANGASWAMI IYENGAR

(Formerly Editor, *The Hindu*, Madras)

A GENEROUS LADY

ONE fine day she [Dr. Besant] came to the Cosmopolitan Club where Mr. Kasturiranga Iyengar¹, as was well-known, invariably spent his evenings, at his own favourite corner; and when he came down to meet her in the Strangers' Room, she immediately told him that she had decided definitely to drop all the civil and criminal proceedings that then subsisted between herself and *The Hindu* and that had involved personally Mr. Kasturiranga Iyengar, Dr. Nanjunda Rao, myself, Dr. Rama Rau and others, and that thenceforth he should agree to treat her as a friend. Mr. Kasturiranga Iyengar was, of course, deeply impressed by this frankly generous and warm move on her part, and without even consulting other friends like Dr. Nanjunda Rao, Dr. Nair, myself and others, he immediately agreed, and not only was the litigation taken off the courts and off the public mind, but Mrs. Besant definitely got away from the Theosophical controversies that developed out of it all, and started that great political movement of Home Rule for India in which she gave not only a lead to the publicists, but harnessed the support of a most devoted band of followers who showed enormous courage and sacrifice in participating in that agitation.

It was this insight into her generous and emotional temperament that attracted me to keep much closer and

¹ Then proprietor of *The Hindu*.

more intimate touch with her during the next few years. Years ago when I was but a student, I was content to worship her at a distance—not blindly, but with a discriminating perception of the great contribution she was making to rally the intellectual classes of the Hindus as of other communities also, from their growing materialism and agnosticism, which the pursuit of a too scientific and literary type of education had developed in the country. The rolling periods which like the waves of Atlanta swept the Central Hall of the Theosophical Society Headquarters at the annual Conventions, have to my knowledge redeemed not a few of those unbelievers, and if some of them have become too credulous or too devoted to dogma and dictation, the general effect of that great work, speaking as a non-Theosophist, was to my mind immense in those days.

It was my privilege to undertake with Mrs. Besant and many other Congressmen and Theosophists extensive journeys all over the country during the days of the Home Rule agitation and subsequently; and I have never known an occasion when Mrs. Besant departed from the meticulous care with which she looked after the comforts and needs of a sickly man like me. She invited me on all occasions to her famous coffee table, whether in the railway carriages or in the places where she may have stayed. As a confirmed connoisseur in coffee drinking I shall let the world know that the only coffee which in my

mind was ever worth drinking was, first of all, the coffee that used to be prepared and served by two famous cooks at the Cosmopolitan Club in days gone by, and the coffee that I had the rare privilege of having whenever I travelled or stayed with Mrs. Besant. The preparation of this coffee was in itself a work of art, which Mrs. Besant executed with all the refinery of a practised hand with the assistance of a famous old servant, Lakshman; and when he brought all the necessary things and the coffee was prepared, Mrs. Besant made it a point of seeing that everybody round the table was served with a cup before she took any herself. The good cheer and pleasant conversations which enlivened us all on these occasions will form some of the pleasantest memories of my life.

RIGHT HABITS

Perhaps the most remarkable and the most useful thing that young men in India should learn are the habits and the methods which Mrs. Besant had adopted right through her life. I have always found her get ready in the twilight hours of the mornings and be in her seat punctually at 6 a.m., quite fresh and dressed for her coffee, and from that moment until she went to bed, every hour of her life was definitely planned out. The regularity and rigidity of her time-table was often the despair of many of her private secretaries to conform to and carry out. Even during the interminable and by no means controllable proceedings of the all-night sittings of the Congress Committees and the like, she for herself never deviated from the rigidity of her time-table, the regularity of her every-

day life, the simplicity of her repast and the steady output of her work. The extent to which she was thus able to conserve her mental resources for the huge amount of physical and mental strain that her work involved, was a study worthy of many much younger than she was. Let those young men who desire to serve India know that these regular and active habits and the steady and persistent devotion to the cause and the unflinching regularity with which she carried out her engagements have been in no small measure responsible not only for the long span of life during which she worked for India, but also for the very great and remarkable measure of success achieved by her in so many fields of activity.

—From *Theosophy in India*,
October 1933

ANSWER PLEASE!

One of our readers desires to know in a few lines, the duties of the following Theosophists in spreading Theosophy in their areas:

Ladies—Gentlemen
Young Women—Young Men
School Girls—School Boys
School Mistresses—School Masters
Officials—Non-officials

We will be glad to publish contributions on the above topic. —M. S.

JOURNALS RECEIVED

The Theosophist, the Besant number (October); *The Teachers' Journal* (August); *The Theosophical Worker* (October); *Kalki* (October 2 issues); *The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin* (October); *Juventud Teosofica* (May and June).

News

20TH SEPTEMBER

THE day on which Dr. Annie Besant suspended her physical plane work in this incarnation at the ripe age of 87 was a very joyous day for the young people here at Adyar—and, I hope, for many young people all over India. As mentioned by our Editor in our last number, the pupils and teachers of the Besant Theosophical School and Kalākshetra and other residents in Adyar paid homage to her by visiting the Garden of Remembrance, and the other religious shrines in The Theosophical Society compound. At each shrine with the appropriate religious prayer, were included a prayer to India and a special homage to Dr. Besant written for the purpose:

"Today, September 20th, being the anniversary of her passing, homage and honour are being offered to Dr. Annie Besant throughout the world.

"In India, her spiritual Motherland, the homage and the honour are specially intimate, for she loved and served India beyond all other lands and at last laid down her life in India's service.

"Here at Adyar, her loved home, we who have been, and still are, her daughters and her sons cherish deeply her memory, and bow before her in utmost reverence and gratitude, praying that we may grow more and more worthy humbly to reflect the spirit of her life and boldly to speak her message whereby India shall renew the glory of her soul.

"Vasant Māta Ki Jai! Vande
Mātaram!"

The pilgrimage ended at the Headquarters Hall of The Theosophical Society, which is surcharged with her magnificent influence and royal presence, and those assembled recited in unison the prayer for Brotherhood written by her:

○ Hidden Life, vibrant in every atom,
○ Hidden Light, shining in every creature,
○ Hidden Love, embracing all in oneness,
May each who feels himself as one with Thee,
Know he is therefore one with every other.

In the evening there was an enthusiastic gathering of Young Theosophists, attended by many young friends from Madras, who listened to an inspiring address from Dr. Arundale (summary published on cover page 3). Later the young people had interesting games.

THE DAY OF HONOUR

Yet another happy day for us here was the 1st October, on which date in 1847 started this time the mighty career of Annie Besant. The celebrations here at Adyar began with a visit to the Garden of Remembrance by the pupils and teachers of the Besant Theosophical School, which later held a special meeting to honour her, at which young people paid their tributes. There was also a public meeting at the Gokhale Hall, Madras, founded and built by her. One of the High Court Judges of Madras, Mr. N. Chandrasekhara Iyer,

who presided, described her as a "bridge between races and countries" and said: "Such individuals with far-reaching visions and ideals are very much in need at the present day when there is so much of misunderstanding, mistrust and suspicion stalking abroad and when every right-minded Englishman and Indian should earnestly seek to find out as many common points of agreement as possible and strive earnestly and ceaselessly to promote goodwill between the two countries and races."

Of course, tributes were paid to Dr. Besant at the Headquarters of The Theosophical Society and Dr. Arundale pictured her as an "Ideal Soldier." (See page 163). The Adyar Young Theosophists visited five of the neighbouring villages and talked to the villagers about Dr. Besant and her work.

Although all over India this day was observed to honour that Person, who was "like a terrific storm that blew over India," yet one concurs with our Editor, who said at the Gokhale Hall meeting, that "if Indians were to be really impersonal and recognize the great work done by her, irrespective of agreements and disagreements, we would celebrate Besant Day in every school, every college, and every institution, every organization in India, even including the High Court and Government offices. I think this ought to be a Besant Day and a National Day, because she was one of the greatest servants of India."

ANOTHER OF INDIA'S GREATEST

Another great and passionate patriot, whose memory was cherished on the

1st October was Sri S. Subramania Iyer, D.L., a renowned High Court Judge of Madras, a profoundly learned Vice-President of The Theosophical Society, a distinguished and respected co-worker of Dr. Besant especially in Home Rule work, and a generous benefactor who set many young lawyers on their feet. He was born in 1842 and his centenary was celebrated on the 4th October at Mylapore, Madras, where he spent a good portion of his life. Affectionate and reverent tributes were paid by distinguished members of the Bar and Bench. It was he who had the courage of the pioneer to send a personal letter to President Wilson on the British connection—a method which is much talked about these days. One of the late Governors of Madras, Lord Ampthill, wrote about him:

"I regarded him as the soul of honour, as a man who had absolutely no personal ends to serve and who devoted his great abilities solely to the public good. It seemed to me that in his life and conduct he effected an ideal compromise between adherence to Indian ways and the requirements of European methods. Neither too conservative nor too progressive, he remains the perfect model of an Indian gentleman, and is broad-minded enough to adapt himself gracefully to the political and social requirements of the British connection with India. His life is an example to all, for the virtues of piety, modesty, industry and patriotism are equally essential to all classes and conditions of men. I shall never forget his demeanour when His Majesty the King, at that time Prince of Wales, visited Madras, for it was a picture of that respectful dignity and dignified respect which are among the

true characteristics and most forceful qualities of Indians."

To honour and praise great men and women is part of the building of the character of the Young Citizens, for "Lives of great men all remind us."

We can make our lives sublime."

WORLD DAY FOR ANIMALS

In our country, where the very word "Ahimsa" was born, it has, unfortunately, become necessary to set apart a day in the year, such as October 4, to remind us that we should be kind towards animals and to know of the several varieties of cruelties that exist in the world. At a meeting held in Madras, under the chairmanship of our Editor, it was brought out that more than helping the S.P.C.A. and similar organizations in stopping cruelty we must feel and think and become conscious of kindness to animals.

Some of the useful points that were discussed were:

1. Encourage children to take pledges that they will be kind to animals and all living creatures.

2. Young people should go into villages, conduct bhajanas and talk about kindness to animals.

3. Report all cases of ill-treatment of animals to the S.P.C.A.

4. Refuse to take milk from a milkman who starves the calves.

5. Prevent animal sacrifices in Temples, in the name of religion.

6. Promote vegetarianism.

7. Animals should not be used in the circus, and actors should emulate the famous actor, George Arliss, who refused to play in any bill which has also an animal act.

8. The use of feathers and wearing of ermine coats, especially in the West, are outstanding cruelties.

9. It is far better to put suffering animals out of pain by resorting to euthanasia.

10. Stray animals can be sterilized to prevent the increase of such animals.

11. The animals need Swaraj as much as human beings.

Our Editor summed up the talk:

What can we do to help? We can cooperate, by reporting cruelties. If we started making a list of cruelties, it would be a never-ending one. We have had this meeting to see that such cruelties exist. We must all help in every possible way. In our daily lives, we must try not only to have a positive consciousness of kindness, but we must endeavour to spread that positive consciousness to every part of India.

Reviews

THE INDIA THAT SHALL BE

THIS is a collection of the signed articles by Annie Besant from *New India*, published by The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras,

Price: Re. 1-12-0. During the last Great War, *New India* wielded a widespread influence in shaping the political aspirations of our countrymen unparalleled in the annals of India. It is not an exaggeration to hold that the advance

which India has been able to make so far is in a great measure due to the efforts of Dr. Besant, who gave the best part of her life, learning and philosophy to the country of her adoption. Says Dr. Arundale in the foreword: "Some of them (the articles) deal with the burning questions of the time but all of them are of definitely historical interest and disclose the active workings of one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries."

Even a cursory perusal of the book is enough to show the range as well as the depth of these articles. From the making of a Constitution for India, the biggest question of the day even now, to the smallest detail in the working of the rules, all subjects of topical interest find place. Her Commonwealth of India Bill is a document of perennial interest and the course of Indian history would have been altered materially if good sense had prevailed in time to secure its enactment. It has been the basis for all later attempts at Constitution-making for India. The book is a work of permanent value and interest to our country.—S. Santanam.

THE BESANT COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

The Theosophist (October 1942) contains 600 number of excerpts from the writings of Dr. Besant on various subjects ranging from Politics to Philosophy, Scouting to Reconstruction. Dr. Besant toiled for many causes and started many institutions. Politics, Science, Religion, Art and Education and many another department of life received her attention.

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

She achieved crowning success in every direction. Of her it might truly be said that she touched nothing which she did not adorn.

In introducing this special Besant number, Dr. Arundale, writes: "I hope this issue will be treasured by every subscriber for the great value of its record of the principles and activities of one of the world's most splendid figures. . . I am sure that all who work in the political field, in reconstruction, and in every other department of life, will find that Dr. Besant has given principles which give to every sincere worker a sense of courage and steadfastness."

To Theosophists who are constantly faced with the problem of applying Theosophy to life, Dr. Besant in her last Address offers an effective solution thus: "It is not our words that influence people so much as our lives; our lives, if they are unselfish, pure, loving, and helpful, are the best propaganda of Theosophical ideas; for it is no good to talk Theosophy unless we live what we talk."—R. Nityanandan.

"VASANTA"

We hail the October issue of the attractive mimeographed journal *Vasanta* published by the Besant Theosophical School, Adyar, which "is a sincere effort of the students quite unaided by the teachers." It consists of little stories and articles in English, Tamil, Samskrit and Malayalam. The cover has a picture of Dr. Besant with her words: "Let the Young learn of me and of my love for them." We cannot resist the temptation to reprint two articles from the journal.—M.S.

172967

TUE

402

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
1942



"LET THE LIGHT SHINE"

THE SOUL OF INDIA

WE must remember our genius, the soul and essence of Indian culture. The soul and essence of Indian culture is simplicity, spirituality, beauty. These three things must combine. Those of you who are engaged in or working for art must make it your ideal to contribute to the nation—not for mere enjoyment of yourselves or of other people—and let the contribution be one which can be enjoyed by all.

Art is a great philosophy of life. It teaches what life is; it teaches the truth of life, perhaps far more—according to me—than any other philosophy. Artists have a very great responsibility because they have to show to the world in small ways what the great Creator has created in the greatest possible way in the world. We cannot copy Nature, no one can equal Nature. But every artist derives inspiration from Nature, and through sound, form, rhythm, drama, painting, and so many other things, he can show to the world what is the beauty of India, what is India itself. And we can never show what is India unless we know India, unless we believe in India, unless we feel for India.

It is not merely a matter of ordinary patriotism. I do not even feel that it has anything to do with politics. Patriotism does not exist only in politics. It exists in everything. Patriotism is not a narrow thing; it is not sectarian. It

is a very great and very magnificent conception of the soul of a country. If you know what is India, then you are a real patriot, whether you say so to the world or not. It does not matter what we teach, it does not matter what kind of education we give. But what matters is what we believe in, what we are working for. This is the great ideal. If we can work with that ideal, if we can learn to see all that is wonderful and all that is true, all that is great in life, in Nature, and if we can translate all that in terms of existing arts, gradually they will become more and more beautiful till the whole world will say: this is India, this is Indian Art. Whether we get Swaraj or not, the whole world will respect India and will love India.

I feel that is what art is from my point of view. In my own way I am contributing to the future happiness of the world, if I can help even a few people who will have this cultural background and who will bring to India once more the great heights of culture not only as great as in the past but far greater than ever, so that India will stand before the world as a bright star. That is my idea of patriotism. That is my idea of India. That is my ideal of culture. That is my ideal of art. If these things are put together, then I say there is beauty, there is art. This is what we shall all work for.

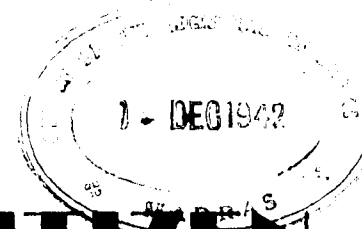
—From a talk of RUKMINI DEVI

CONTENTS

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1942

	PAGE		PAGE
The Soul of India	Cover ii	A Young Man and His Library. By	202
The Crow's Nest	193	Dr. George S. Arundale	•
A Clarion Call to Young India. By		Advance of World Womanhood. By	205
Dr. Besant	197	Margaret E. Cousins	Cover iv
The Cuckoo and the Falcon	201	Front Line Animals	

THE YOUNG CITIZEN



Incorporating
THE YOUNG
THEOSOPHIST

Editor: RUKMINI DEVI

November-December 1942

Vol. XVII, Nos. 11-12

The Crow's Nest

OUR Editor and Dr. Arundale with a little party have left Adyar for Bikaner, where they will stay for about a fortnight as the guests of His Highness the Maharaja. Thence they may make a brief visit to Udaipur and then proceed to holy Benares a while before the annual Convention of The Theosophical Society. Thus they will once again contact the virile atmosphere of Rajputana—hallowed by many heroes and heroines of India.



The party arrived at Bikaner on the 17th November—a most happy day for Theosophists and Young Theosophists all over the world, for in 1875 on that date the world-wide Theosophical Society, proclaiming Universal Brotherhood, was founded. It is a happy birthday to all, and there is cause enough to congratulate each other on this day. In

a message sent to a gathering at Adyar, Dr. Arundale said:

“We shall congratulate each other most heartily, and maybe we shall be planning how we can live through the coming year in a spirit of greater dedication to our Society-Mother.

“How buoyant we shall all be! How reverent we shall all feel towards the Society-Mother and to those elder sons and daughters of hers who have inspired us so deeply. How thankful we shall all be that in these critical times, in the midst of the harassments of the foes of Good, we are pledged soldiers of Theosophy and of our beloved Society, taking part in the release of the whole world for a new life of peace and brotherhood! And how full of hope we shall all be as we look forward into the future and see The Society and Theosophy famous and wonderful throughout the new world—the bulwark of Brotherhood and the Light of Truth.

"The past is ours. The present is ours. The future is ours. How happy is this birthday of ours—happy in retrospect, happy today, and happy in prospect.

"Are we not bubbling over with good karma, be our difficulties and troubles what they may? Today let us once again marshal the forces of good karma that they may carry us triumphantly forward through sunshine and through storm and help to vitalize all around us with the radiant and unceasing confidence with which we ourselves are ever blessed."

Towards the end of last month our Editor and Dr. Arundale made pilgrimage to the Sacred Shrine at Palni, dedicated to Lord Subramanya, and then visited Kutralam, a beautiful place in South India, with a health-giving waterfall. Of this visit Dr. Arundale writes in *The Theosophist*:

"This month's Watch-Tower is partly written at the foot of the Palni Hills where abides one of the greatest Temples in the world, dedicated to the worship of Sri Subramanya, the first aspect of the Deity, but still more a mighty channel for the pouring down of His influence upon the whole world. One of the special, indeed unique, features of this Temple is that Muslims as well as Hindus participate in different ways in the worship so that a great link is thus formed between the two Faiths. . . . It is said that the Rishi Agastya, Guardian of India, was concerned with the foundation of this Temple some thousands of years ago, as also of many other

Temples in Southern India where His power is particularly marked. . . . The magnetism playing about this Temple and its far-reaching rays of First Ray power are indeed wonderful. . . . With such Centres the world is safe, however unrecognized they may be, unheeded, looked upon as relics of a bygone (?) barbarism. . . . The Image of Sri Subramanya is to me a formula of His variegated splendours. To gaze upon it is to cause to burst upon my consciousness a veritable rainbow of His gorgeousnesses. Because He is One, therefore am I able to discern more clearly His manyness. Idol-worship, I proudly confess, means much to me, whatever it may mean to others, for an Idol of whatever nature—earth or stone or flower or creature or rain or lightning or storm or sunshine—is an image of the universal Glory of God, and in it I perceive Him as otherwise would be impossible to me. . . ."

"Essentially, (Kutralam) is a Deva Centre of what we should call the First Ray kind. . . . Both Palni and Kutralam are in a special measure healing centres—the one working at the higher spiritual levels and the other more physically with strong radiations streaming through the great waterfall there where the Deva himself has his abode. . . . This waterfall, sending down a fine torrent of health-giving and highly magnetized water, comes from the higher hills and gives its healing throughout the year except, I am told, in May, when it tends to dry up. Of its healing power there is no doubt whatever, but it is a healing which does not minister to the desires of human beings but rather to the needs of those who know how to approach it. It effects its healing through

actual contact with the devotee. He bathes in it at such strength as he may be able to stand, for there are various strengths available at the bottom of its fall. But while he will be helped even if he only approaches it as the ignorant approach it—wanting some physical advantage from it—he will be really helped if he bathes in it free from desire but only with the intent of abandoning himself to the Will of God and thus to his true benefit."

It is an immemorial and beautiful Indian practice, in homes as well as in centres of learning, for pupils to commence any course of study on "Vijaya-dasami" day, the last day of Dasara, after duly worshipping the Goddess of Learning and after paying due homage to one's preceptors. Kalākshetra, since the inception of its educational work, has been following this practice of initiating new pupils into their respective courses of study and also of commencing fresh lessons for those who are already pupils. On the morning of the 19th October last there was a puja, after which a new term of studies was inaugurated. In the afternoon on that day there was an informal gathering in the Pavlova Theatre, Adyar, designed to provide an opportunity to friends and members of Kalākshetra and to the public to come together and bless the rededicating of the artists and pupils of Kalākshetra to the cause to which they are devoted. Srimati Rukmini Devi aptly chose this occasion for her own annual rededication to the service of art and culture by herself

symbolically performing some items of Bharata Natya.



Hearty felicitations to Dr. George S. Arundale, President of The Theosophical Society, on the first of December, his birthday! Friends everywhere will celebrate the happy day, but it is the special privilege of those in Bikaner to have him in their midst this year, and so their joy, we are sure, will be doubled. The young people in the Besant Theosophical School, Adyar, and in Kalākshetra are planning to celebrate the day with an interesting programme of events including an Art Evening. It is also the Founder's Day in the School; and so amongst other activities some young journalists-in-the-making are bringing out a special number of their School magazine, *Vasanta*, which will be published on the 1st of December.

In a special contribution to this number of the School magazine Srimati Rukmini Devi speaks of Dr. Arundale as "Teacher and Friend of the Young," as indeed he has been all his life. A life dedicated to the cause represented by his great leaders, Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, and in a unique sense Dr. Annie Besant and Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, he has been specially a friend of youth all over the world and of India in particular for well over a quarter of a century. How very gratefully do those sons and daughters of India who passed through the Central Hindu College in Benares in those days when he was associated with it as its Principal recall their days of preparation for service! How vividly do they

picture even unto this day the tremendous fire and enthusiasm, joyous light-heartedness and purposeful striving after the attainment of India's age-old ideals, that he then inculcated in the young citizens!

THE YOUNG CITIZEN rejoices that the young people in the Besant Theosophical School and Kalākshetra in Adyar often receive the blessing of his per-

sonal inspiration, living as he does so close to this centre. May he live many more years to see India take her rightful place amongst the nations of the world—a task to which he set himself unswervingly since he first landed in India—and may the young citizens whom he seeks to serve prove themselves worthy of his great leadership!

JOINT EDITOR

A Pointer

.... Woman must not be looked upon as only an appanage of man, since she was not made for his mere benefit or pleasure any more than he for hers; but the two must be realised as equal powers though unlike individualities.

Until the age of 7 the skeletons of girls do not differ in any way from those of boys, and the osteologist would be puzzled to discriminate them.

Woman's mission is to become the mother of future occultists—of those who will be born without sin. On the elevation of woman the world's redemption and salvation hinge. And not till woman bursts the bonds of her sexual slavery, to which she has ever been subjected, will the world obtain an inkling of what she really is and of her proper place in the economy of nature.

—The Comment of "E.O." on certain portions of
Paradoxes of the Highest Science by ELIPHAS LEVI.

NOTE

As announced in our last issue, this number concludes Vol. XVII and the next issue, commencing the new volume, will appear on the 1st of January. Although there has been a slow but

steady increase in the number of subscribers, yet there must be more support from young citizens all over India. May we hope for this during the next year?

A Clarion Call to Young India

The following extract—which we reproduce with the very kind permission of Dr. Arundale—sums up the Clarion Call of Dr. Annie Besant to India. The Call itself is "an epitome" and a part of a splendid 600-page book, *Annie Besant—Builder of New India*, just published. This book "sets forth in her own incomparable words—only published before in her *New India*—the details of the fundamental principles she has discovered through long experience to be the root of right individual citizenship, right nationhood, and right world citizenship. . . . She is applying these principles in their specific reference to that rebuilding of India which she had it in command from her Superiors to undertake." The book affords a "rich mine of information and guidance for politicians, statesmen, teachers, religious workers, artists, young people and old people, and the everyday citizen, alike." The figures at the end of the paragraphs refer to page in the book.—Jt. Ed.

YOUNG India means the youth of the Nation, rising above all divisions, forgetting all ancient animosities, with its watchword, *United India*, with its banner on which is inscribed: *Worship the Motherland, Vande Mātaram*. (464)

India gave you birth, she is your Mother; yet you shall recreate her as your daughter, in the years to come. In the great chain of life, in which each generation is a golden link, every link is supported by those that are before it, every link supports those that are after it.

The Destiny of a Nation is folded within its youth, as is the flower within the close embrace of the sepals that sheathe the bud. That which you are thinking today, the Nation will think tomorrow. (463)

You, the students of today, boys in school, young men in college, are to go out into a New India, an India that is rising out of Other-Rule, into Self-Rule, like Lakshmi out of the ocean churned by the Suras and Asuras. That New India will be shaped, guided, developed by you, and by thousands like you, all over the land. (465)

In the maturity of your manhood, you will be responsible for India's peace, India's Order, India's progress; with the glory you must take also the responsibility of Freedom. And Freedom is a Goddess beautiful but austere; she is the armed Warrior, strong and unstained. The Heroes who follow her are mighty men, not weaklings, and she needs for her service men, and not drones. (466)

To you, dear sons and grandsons, I have a word to say: You love me, I know, and you will listen to me. I earnestly pray you not to rush into political action which is not your duty. India's good must come first, with you as with

197

us. Help us by not thus playing into the hands of those who are opposed to India's freedom. I know you will do this, for this struggle is for the Motherland, and you, the sons of India, will make her cause your own.

Study, think, prepare yourselves for your future as citizens of an India that will be free. But do not plunge now into a struggle for which you are unready, and, by your condition, unfit. (297)

No durable things are built on violent passion. Nature grows her plants in silence and in darkness, and only when they have become strong do they put their heads above the ground. Help in every way that you can, save by ways that are wrong, for remember that the Devas are behind all national policies, and therefore that the wrong way is always the long way and useless. (433)

* *

Does it chill your enthusiasm when you are told that National Service begins with rigorous training? If so, your enthusiasm is only like a fire of twigs that blazes up furiously with much crackling and then dies down. The only enthusiasm worthy of a patriot is that which remains white-hot under difficulties, under drudgery, under discipline. Do not venture to profane the Altar of the Motherland with a fire that dies down under the breath of disciplined training. (464)

The only enthusiasm useful in the cause of Liberty is like tempered steel: it has been purified in the furnace of discipline, hammered on the anvil of knowledge, poured red-hot into the ice-cold water of drudgery, until it has a strength that naught can break, a resilience that naught can over-strain, a keenness that naught can resist, a flexibility that naught can escape. Only when your characters are like tempered steel will you be worthy to go on active service. (465)

A man who is not a patriot, unless he be a great Rishi or Sage, will be no true lover of Humanity. Never let a man fear that love to his Motherland will prevent him from loving Humanity. It is the road thereto; the heart expands as it is exercised. Ungrudging love of the Motherland is, then, the thing needed. (377, 378)

But let it be remembered that while patriotism is the flower, service is the fruit, and patriotism must grow into service. To make knowledge fruitful, it must be lived, not only studied. Organize yourselves for Social Service. (470)

* *

Play well the great game of life. For the Mother's sake, dedication of all to Her, of all as the preparation for Her Service, shall make all drudgery fascinating, and gild the dullest study with the promise of future use. Body, emotions, mind, are all consecrate to Her, are held in trust for Her Service. (467-8)

Aim at progress, my sons. Strive to make India's future worthy of her ancient greatness. Outgrow your fathers in knowledge, outstrip your elders in devotion. (490)

Your destiny lies in your own hands. Your future is to be of your creating. You must build the basis of noble character, and of the public spirit which shows itself in true citizenship. You can only make yourselves free by becoming noble and upright, brave and true. Nations made of such men *must* be free. It is no light thing to be a citizen of a country that is free. Many of you think of the joy and the glory of it. It is well to remember the burden and the responsibility. (445-6)

I can think of no young generation happier than the present. It is the leaders today who are battling for the freedom of the Motherland, and it is the younger men who will inherit the power and the responsibility that the victory of the leaders will secure to India. So it is on the young men of today the country looks with eyes of hope and eagerness. To that great end there lies on the younger generation that supreme duty of service. (447)

Spiritual nature is innate in Indians, and what they want are manly, virile qualities, initiative, quick judgment, prompt determination, and, above all, courage to face opposition, to endure, strive, and persevere. (436)

You will only prove yourselves true-born if you live again as your sires did. (399)

Boys who wish to have a healthy, vigorous manhood and a healthy old age, must be Brahmacharins during their student-life. And this does not mean only that they must not marry, but also that they must be pure in thought and act. For your own sake, and for India's sake, my young brothers, be pure! (335)

* *

Your dharma as Indians, is to spread Beauty around you, and not allow yourselves to be distorted into ugliness. Let us wear the graceful and suitable raiment of the East, not the ugly and inartistic raiment of the West. Let each of us be a messenger of Beauty, in our language, our manners, our courtesy. (390)

* Away with all apologies for India, with all deprecatory explanations of India's ways, and customs, and traditions. India is herself, and needs not to be

justified, for verily God has evolved no greater, no more exquisite Nationality than India's among all the broken reflections of His own Perfect Beauty. (442)

It is on the young men of India that I place my hope for the redemption of the masses of India from ignorance and degradation. (316)

Go out as messengers of mercy, as messengers of love. Check every act of cruelty you see, explain the wickedness of it and the harm it carries with it. Then you will feel that you are leading the higher life and are channels of mercy and not of suffering to the animal world. (349-50)

The essence of Religion is Unity, the realization of the One God, within and without, flowering into the Brotherhood of all that lives. (468)

You must act truth, you must feel truth, you must think truth, in one phrase, you must LIVE TRUTH. (371-2)

Would that every Aryan boy would make a vow in his heart to keep truth unstained, for he would by keeping truth do more to serve the Nation than if he shone out as a brilliant light in the scholastic, legal, or political worlds. (42)

Let everyone follow Truth at all hazards, no matter whither she may lead them. Let Truth be our spear and sword, Truth our shield and armour. Though she slay us, yet let us trust in her. She will crown us with victory in the end. (372)

* * *

Now is the hour for sacrifice to the Motherland. Let those who love her respond. When there is a call to the defence of the Motherland, all grievances must be thrown aside, and it is the test of Indian patriotism how many will come forward to enrol. Many are needed, brave and gallant men out of which stuff the Nation is made. I would ask you to put aside all discouragement and think of the Mother. (479-81)

Young men, lay down your youth, your strong muscles, your brave hearts. Go to her great altar and vow your lives to her.

Give her everything you have to give, she will take it up and bless it, and your poor gift shall be turned into gold and jewel, for the touch of the Motherland makes all sacred. (481)

I have no son, no grandson to give, but I give my life to India, and if persons give all they have, they cannot give anything more.

What is suffering worth if it finds India's freedom? What is life worth except for India's sake? (481)

Do not let the world say that India's children are unworthy of their past, that India's sons are today cowards where once they were heroes.

To Arms! then, young men of India, for the Motherland and Britain, united in a partnership of Empire. To Arms! for the sake of the undimmed glory of India in the old heroic days. To Arms! for the safety of your homes, the honour of your mothers, wives and daughters. To Arms! to win Liberty for yourselves and for your children. Never shall History tell of India, that, at a supreme crisis, she stood aside and saw the World's Liberty trampled out in blood and fire, that she added a page of shame as the last record of her splendid story, only to fall, herself a victim, amid the ruins of a dying world. (481)

Rarely in the long history of the world has youth opening before it a manhood so full of noblest possibilities of achievement. (471) May Ishwara help you to be worthy of it. May the Motherland have cause to be proud of you. Take as the motto for the coming years:

Be God-loving and Man-serving;

Be Pure, be Brave, be Strong!

THE CUCKOO AND THE FALCON

A cuckoo one day was very wrath and discontented when a falcon flew past her. She called after him, and when he was seated beside her she began by saying: "My friend, it is a pity, the world is so foolish, and knows not what to prize. Look here. I am the prettiest of all birds; the most beautiful singer of them, at least; but the world does not recognize my worth. But you, my friend, are not handsome to look at, nor a tolerably good singer. But yet even a king feels proud to seat you upon his royal hand. How is that?" The falcon was mightily amazed at her

folly and thought her very self-conceited. He replied: "My dear little friend, 'tis true that you are pretty and sing marvellously. But you forget I do a lot of self-sacrifice. I prey upon the birds of the air, and then do not eat them up myself but give them over to those that 'are not ashamed' as you say to perch my unhandsome person upon their royal hands. My friend, it is not so much my beauty that commends me to them as my self-sacrifice. 'Handsome is that handsome does.'" —The Central Hindu College Magazine, Sept. 1902.

Save a man, you save one person; save a boy and you save a whole multiplication table.

—J. Wanamaker

A Young Man and His Library

This article by George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B., appeared in *New India*, 19-10-1918. Asked whether he would still recommend these books or add others, Dr. Arundale said that he would still recommend all these as much as ever, and that there must be others, many. But he has no time at present to make a selection.—M.S.

IN that wonderful autobiography, *Up from Slavery*, Booker T. Washington, America's great negro leader and prophet, says: "The older I grow, the more I am convinced there is no education which one can get from books and costly apparatus that is equal to that which can be gotten from contact with great men and women. Instead of studying books so constantly, how I wish that our schools and colleges might learn to study men and things."

FROM THE SMALL INTO THE BIG WORLD

With this sentiment I am in hearty agreement, and specially is it applicable to India in the time of her Renaissance, when there are so many great men and women making in their daily lives an imperishable history. But the principles of greatness must be understood, if greatness is to be recognized, and if profit is to be derived from association with the great. Doubtless those who are privileged to live among great men and women unconsciously assimilate these principles; but only a few are able to enjoy such a privilege, and the majority must adopt other means of understanding greatness, so that they may recognize and appreciate it, when it comes their way or when they happily cross its path.

Fortunately, owing to the circumstances of the time, a spirit of reverence for greatness is abroad. It may take the form of hero-worship or of principle-worship. With most it is a

passionate love for India, the Motherland, the expression of devotion differing according to type and temperament. In any case, almost every one of us is on the threshold of that larger life into which India is being led by those great men and women who are the heralds of her mighty future. To step over that threshold, to contact the larger life, and not only to enter the world of the great but also to render truer service to India, is the duty of every patriot. And one of the ways of taking the steps which leads from a small world into a big world is to read inspiring books—books saturated with the spirit of greatness in all its ranging forms, books written by the great, and full of the spirit of their greatness.

WATCH THE RISE OF THE GREAT

I am well aware that most young men in India have been blessed by Providence with exceedingly meagre resources, so, in recommending a few books the reading of which will be helpful in the taking of the steps, I am forced to consider the price as well as to limit the list to a few volumes with which to make a start. Had the book been cheap, and had it been still in print, I should have placed *An Autobiography*¹ by Annie Besant first on the list, as fulfilling all conditions which, in my judgment, make a book inspiring and stimulate the reader to take the

¹ Now in print.

steps over the threshold which separates the smaller from the larger world. Being compelled to omit it, I start with Booker T. Washington's autobiography, *Up from Slavery*. Here is a book which describes a life beginning with no advantages whatever and involving in quite early youth bitter struggles against apparently overwhelming obstacles, including deep-seated race-prejudices on the part of the dominant race of the country. However an Indian youth may be circumstanced, he cannot be more adversely situated than was Booker T. Washington, who was not only born a slave but had not even a name of his own! To watch Booker Washington dominate adversity and make stepping-stones of the obstacles—the bigger the obstacle the bigger the stepping-stone—is indeed a tremendous inspiration, and should give courage to many an Indian youth who feels hopeless amidst the overwhelming barriers which seem to bar his way to success.

The next book I place upon the list is Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*, of which a cheap edition is also available. It is crammed full of inspiring and helpful hints for practical use, one of the most significant being: "Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be 'noticed' by noisy crowds of people? God, his maker, already had noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make him other than he already was." True greatness draws its strength from within, not from without. To this book may be added Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* in the Dent edition (3 vols.), and the student will have a magnificent insight into the nature of a great man who was, as Lord Rosebery

has said, at once a mystic and a man of action.

ENTER INTO NOBLE THOUGHTS

We will next put upon our little shelf Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Treasure of the Humble* (Allen and Unwin). "To every man," says Maeterlinck, "there come noble thoughts that pass across his heart like great white birds." Many such thoughts are to be found in *The Treasure of the Humble*, and the students who drink reverently of this particular fountain will gain a refinement sorely lacking among most under the existing methods of education. *The Household of Sir Thomas More* by Anne Manning, (Dent), is another little book no aspiring student should be without. It is a charming exposition of greatness amidst simplicity, and is eloquent evidence of the fact that true greatness is great and loving in the little things of life and reverences truth in a guilelessness through which runs a golden thread of inflexible purpose.

Ruskin must by no means go unrepresented, but it is difficult to select a couple of volumes or so from among the many gems he has given to the world. Still, let the student begin with *Sesame and Lilies* and then go on to the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, both in Dent's edition—striving, especially in the case of the latter, to get at those underlying principles which apply as much to daily life as to architecture. I must also find space for Mazzini's *The Duties of Man*—a book mirroring the loftiness of its author's soul. I think there are very few books which show so clearly the value of the truly religious spirit as applied to political and social life.

The Hindu student must, of course, place upon his shelves the Elementary and Advanced Text Books of Hindu Religion in the "Sanatana Dharma" Series of religious textbooks published by the Board of Trustees of the Central Hindu College, Benares. For myself, I can say that these two books have helped me almost more than any others to grip the realities of life and to hold fast to them amidst the seductive appeals of falsehearted illusion. I do not know what cheap books there are for the Musalman or Christian student. Were *Esoteric Christianity* (Annie Besant) cheap,¹ I should insist upon the Christian student buying it. Super-classics such as the *Bhagavat Gita*, *Al Quran*, and the *Bible* should, it goes without saying, be represented either in the original or in translation by one who possessed the heart to understand, e.g., in the case of the first the translation by Mrs. Besant. I omit the works of Sir Rabindranath Tagore and of Srimati Sarojini Devi, for the simple reason that there are no cheap editions available. Otherwise, two geniuses of the Indian Renaissance should under no circumstances go unrepresented.

As regards poetry, I am in much difficulty. On the whole, I would recommend Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth, if cheap editions of their works be published, as interpreters of that spirit of Freedom which found so distorted a form in the French Revolution. These three poets are, I think, *par excellence* the representatives of National feeling as awakened in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and no singer has since out-sung them. I would have included Swinburne for the many

¹ There is now a cheap edition.

exquisite efforts of his genius, but for the fact that I am assuming the student's purse to be very limited and Swinburne stands more for a Renaissance of Classicism than for the heartbeats of a people.

Wake Up! India (Annie Besant) must be squeezed on to the modest shelf by hook or by crook, as also the Home Rule Series of Political Pamphlets, especially and particularly, and, if the student likes, exclusively, the last half dozen issues.

FAN YOUR GREATNESS

With this list I will for the present close. When the student has digested all these, more or less satisfactorily, he can, like *Oliver Twist*, come and ask for more, which more he shall receive—the Editor of *New India* being willing. Of course, I have left out numbers of books many might think indispensable. I have, moreover, included no novels in the present list, nor any representatives of vernacular literature (for obvious reason). My aim has been to draw a few student readers into close touch with the spirit and circumstance of greatness, so that his own greatness—who among us has not a latent greatness—might at least stir in its sleep. "A man," says Carlyle, "perfects himself by work much more than by reading," as Booker T. Washington has also told us. But reading helps us to set about our work, and my hope is that among the truths to be found in the books I have suggested every one who reads this article may find at least one truth which shall make him pause, take stock of himself, and strengthen him to a deeper purposefulness of life and to a nobler citizenship.

The Advance of World Womanhood

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, B.Mus.

THE above title might lead one to think that women throughout the world are advanced in consciousness in a straight line from their lowest point to their present point. Certainly the cultural history of mankind is interlinked with the history of womanhood. But looking back to the status of women in the various past eras and places it seems as if womanhood had rather moved in circles or perhaps spirals.

Culture is defined as growth, improvement, refinement. The word is also derived from a root meaning "to worship." No movement to civilize the world, to create a New Order of Peace and Culture out of the present chaos of this World War and international slaughter can afford to ignore or be indifferent to the status of world womanhood in the present or in the immediate future. Sir S. Radhakrishnan wrote to the All-Asian Women's Conference in Lahore in 1931: "I hope that the Conference will realize that the blessings of the scientific spirit and the social idealism of the West with the cultural life and religious values of the East can be achieved by the women of Asia."

Rabindranath Tagore's sage advice on that same occasion was: "The consolidation of the cultural consciousness of the Orient is the preliminary step for the enrichment of world culture, and as women are the fundamental custodians of the cultural life it will be most valuable for them to meet and strengthen the understanding of the gifts that Asia has to offer to the world."

TESTIMONY OF SCRIPTURES AND EPICS

The Vedas are the oldest known literature of the world. They clearly prove that in the early Vedic ages of India women and men were mutual in their service to the society and the needs of the times. The women enjoyed equal freedom with men in all social and religious matters. They shared with men the highest achievements in poetry and philosophy. They had a very proud position, and it has been written of them that "women were the very axis on which the wheel of the household life in ancient India turned."

Nowhere has there been a higher conception of the fundamental Personality of Life in manifestation than that of *Ardhanarishwara* (Half-Lord, Half Lady), its equality of divided physical and qualitative halves being displayed minutely in the arts of sculpture, painting and literature from the earliest days. That ideal remains embedded in the term *Ardhangini*, the name for a wife being "a man's half." Its spiritual reality was carried into the days of caste division and still remains in the religious rule that a Brahmin may not perform his ceremonial duties unless his wife is present, and the death of his wife deprives him of his right to perform religious rituals.

But both legend and history show that later times witnessed an increasing decline in status of Indian women. True, the *Mahabharata* says that "by respecting women man is sure to acquire the fruition of all his objects." Also it lays

down that woman's first and foremost duty is to keep the sacred fires burning. The stories of the Pauranic times, however, show the status of women quickly deteriorating, and the instance of Draupadi shows wives being treated as property, pawns and slaves. Woman's position by the time of Manu had decreased in honour, education, respect and status. It is written in the *Laws of Manu* that "where women are honoured the gods are pleased." As the centuries passed the Indian woman became a mere dependent, always subordinate to the male members of the family, even to the present day having "to ask permission" of her husband for leave to do this, that and the other, as if she were a child and not an adult, intelligent partner. The Buddhist era much improved women's status and freedom, as can be observed in Burma, for instance.

Though Greece and Rome gave honour to the feminine by having goddesses in their Pantheons—some of the highest qualities and powers—yet Roman history shows that the father under the Roman law of *paterfamilias* had power over life and death as regards his wife and son, and no daughter could marry without his consent.

The Scripture of the Hebrews started badly by labelling Eve, the mother of all living, a temptress. True, the Jews had accepted one woman, Deborah, a mother in Israel, as one of their Judges. Such exceptional women characters are found in all lands, but they rarely are able to lift the inferiority of status from their sisters. The great propagandist of Early Christianity, Paul, thundered forth a New Dispensation of spiritual equality in his doctrine

"there is neither male nor female, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Greek nor barbarian, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Christians were told to work out their own salvation. But the older idea of woman as an evil influence persisted and increased. It seems incredible nowadays that at the Christian Council of Trent (1545-1563) the high clerical Church dignitaries decreed that there was no need of any religion for women as they had no soul! Probably the darkest night for womanhood was the middle of the Dark Ages in Christian Europe, during the era of the Inquisition, and when thousands and thousands of women were burned as witches.

The custom of binding the feet continued for centuries in China and was an effective barrier to Chinese women's freedom. The system of veiling and the separation of women from men, known as the *Purdah* or *Gosha* system, prevented the progress of the women of Muhammadan countries.

SOME GREAT WOMEN

Yet right through the ages women in all countries were inspirers and appreciators of beauty and refinement. They were the spinners, designers, embroiderers, dancers, singers, fosterers of all household arts, lovers of story-telling and poetry.

Also every age was enlightened by a few exceptionally brilliant women from Sappho to Madame Curie whose powers and fame kept the light of hope burning in the minds of the women leaders throughout the centuries that some day their sex would be freed into the unrestricted opportunities of complete human self-expression.

What an advance there is today in courage from the days when the sight of a mouse caused girls to shriek and jump on chairs! The bicycle was one of the first liberators of the masses of women. Now they are brave as lions in all sports, driving motor cars and aeroplanes, the women of Russia having led the way in parachute jumping. Are we not still thrilled at the memory of the solo aeroplane flights of Amelia Earhart and Amy Johnston? What freedom there is from the old-fashioned clothing of women—the crinolines, long, wide, heavy skirts, tight-lacing of whale-boned corsets, veils, burkhas!

As for education, it was not considered proper until recently for European women to be able to spell correctly. It was considered a drawback in the matrimonial market for a woman to have brains. But now women have the entrance to all colleges. A girl student of the Theosophical College, Madanapalle, has taken first place in philosophy in the Madras University B.A. examination. Mrs. Fawcett, the leader of the early Woman Suffrage cause in Britain, was a Senior Wrangler (Mathematics) of Cambridge. The Swedish novelist, Ellen Keyes, won the Nobel Prize for Literature one year. Dr. Maude Royden is a preacher in a London Church. Madame Blavatsky was one of the Founders, Dr. Annie Besant was one of the Presidents of The Theosophical Society, and Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi was the first woman Deputy Speaker of a Legislative Council.

ADVANCE TO EQUAL STATUS

The advent of the modern industrial era has created circumstances which have entirely changed women's lives.

The industries which they carried on in their individual homes such as bread-making, tailoring, etc., have been turned into factory products, and women have followed their work into those factories and become organized wage-earners.

This has given them an entirely new economic independence. Millions of women are now able to go through life without getting an anna from any man for their upkeep. With this monetary freedom and with good education in most countries (alas only three per cent of India's women are as yet literate) other steps towards equality with men in status and opportunity of self-expression have been won by the world's women, such as political citizenship with its right and weapon of the democratic vote. Their rights of inheritance, of possessing money earned by themselves when married women, of securing divorce, of retaining their own nationality after marriage (in America), of obtaining guardianship of their children under certain conditions, of choosing their own religion, have been struggled for and won in different countries by legislative measures. Women have become judges, lawyers, doctors, engineers, scientists, educationists, Cabinet Ministers.

Probably America is the only country in the West where women live on terms of equal status and comradeship with men. Russia may be even ahead. Next to these two, India has the largest number of women legislators. The women of China have come before the world during the last five years as most outstanding all-round organizers of the social and commercial life of their war-devastated country,

and their leader, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, is generally considered the greatest woman of today.

THE FUTURE

And what of the future? It is hard to say, for since women became voters, wage-earners, even a necessary part of the war-machine from 1914 to 1918, the space of time between two World Wars, has been too short for woman to realize herself. She has not had time to get to grips as free womanhood with problems of the world which are not of her making, nor to her mind. The present Armageddon has shown her still made in the image and likeness of man. Women are but hand-maidens in a man-made world. But their inherent flair for culture will not let them be content with merely first aid service to men in the future. The Young Women Citizens after this World War, encouraged and understood by the new chivalry of the Young Men Citizens, will create a great World Women's Party to formulate a People's Charter of Freedom as thought out by the women of Russia, America, Britain, China, India, and particularly by the union of these with the spirit and principles underlying and expressing themselves in the Matriarchal system of Western India.

No New World Order will be fundamentally an advance on the present World Disorder unless it affirms and implements the equality of the sexes as the basis of an improved future for humanity. Then will the circle come to a full close with the idea expressed in the 5th Book of the Rig Veda, hymn

61, verse 8, which is thus explained by a commentator: "The husband and wife, being the equal halves of one substance, are equal in every respect; therefore both should join and take equal parts in all work, religious and secular."

THE DEVIL'S ARMOURY

It was once announced that the Devil was going out of business and would offer all his tools for sale to anyone who would pay the price. On the night of the sale the tools were all attractively displayed, and a bad-looking lot they were. Malice, hatred, envy, jealousy, sensuality, deceit, and all other implements of evil were spread out, each marked with its price. Apart from the rest lay a harmless-looking wedge-shaped tool much worn and priced higher than any of them.

Someone asked the Devil what it was. "That's Discouragement," was the reply.

"Why have you priced it so high?"

"Because," replied the Devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with that, when I could not get near him with any of the others, and when once inside I can use him in whatever way suits me best. It is much worn because I use it with nearly everybody, as very few people yet know it belongs to me."

The Devil's price for Discouragement was so high that it was never sold.

He is still using it!

—Conscience

PERFECT SERVICE

For when the ear heard me then it blessed me ;
And when the eye saw me, it gave witness unto me ;
Because I delivered the poor that cried,
The fatherless also, that had none to help him.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me ;
And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.
I put on righteousness, and it clothed me ;
My justice was a robe and a diadem.
I was eyes to the blind,
And feet was I to the lame.
I was father to the needy ;
And the cause of him I knew not I searched out.

—The Spirit of Freedom

(From last cover page)

where a dog is as well known as his owner, there is little chance of a lost animal's being unidentified, but the decoration is highly popular and is being worn by Postman's rooster and Mrs. Yeats's two nanny-goats, as well as by the whole canine population and three babies as well.

Yes, we are well prepared to face whatever injury bombs or bullets can do, and we have the knowledge that if the damage should be more than we can cope with, "Narpac" has a mobile

unit ready in the country town twenty miles off which will hurry to our assistance if we call for it. We shall take good care of our animals, if only to prove the veracity of the Frenchman, who said that "in England it is lovely to be a dog." C.M.

—Taken from a foreign journal.

(Would that measures were taken in India to give training in animal A.R.P. We have in Adyar a special department under the direction of Rukmini Devi to treat animals during air-raids.—M.S.)

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Editor : Rukmini Devi

Joint Editor and Manager : M. Subramaniam

Published monthly at Adyar, Madras, India. A Journal for youth as well as elders.

Annual Subscription (post free), payable in advance :

India and Ceylon Rs. 2 ; other countries 5 sh., \$ 1.25, Rs. 3/4

Single copy : 3 annas

FRONT LINE ANIMALS

TBOMB over at Pyewipe Pasture killed two good plough horses, and farmer's proper down about it." We hear this kind of report too often these days, for the farmers of the Fen Country have found that home-ward-bound German bombers like to jettison any remains of their cargo before they reach the sea, and we have had more than our share of casualties amongst the stock. For this reason we are thankful for the far-flung net of "Narpac" which covers the rural areas and ensures quick attention and, if necessary, quick dispatch for an injured animal. The National A. R. P. Animals' Committee (Narpac) see to it that our Vet has given gas and raid instructions to all the cowmen and stablemen of the neighbourhood that we have a parish animal steward.

The village also has had instructions by Vet on animal care in raids, with the result that Chemist has been besieged, for the powders recommended as a sedative for noise-frightened dogs and cats, and that the transformation of packing-cases into gas-proofed dog-boxes has become a favourite weekend job for those handy with a hammer and nails. Blacksmith's wife is a great canary fancier (it was their son who brought back three canaries from Belgium, through all the inferno of Dunkirk, ransacking abandoned shops for bird-seed to feed them with), and acting on instructions from Vet has performed elaborate dipping operations of an old blanket in hypochlorite, the blanket being now wrapped away in a drawer prominently labelled to avoid its appearing on someone's bed in error.

I fancy she has secret doubts as to the efficacy of the method, for there has been much head-shaking over it, & many remarks that "the little duck-bill be proper scairt if I muffle it in daylight"; whilst the box into the cage must be lowered before the whole is blanket-draped is kept out of the canaries' line of vision. Seeing that the nerves of Blitz, Gort Victory have already been so much tested, and have emerged unscathed these precautions seem unnecessary, there it is. Blacksmith's wife is care

"Narpac" has given us instructions for remedies, and bleach paste lies on the farm medicine shelf in addition to more usual medicaments, in many kitchens you will find pinned to the wall one of the leaflets issued on war-time feeding for domestic animals. It is badly needed now that dog biscuits are romping into the class of luxury food and table scraps are consumed and no longer discarded. I fancy the leaflets, with their excellent charts and quantities of protein and carbohydrate for different breeds, will do something towards reducing the waist of those unlucky animals whose owners think of a dog as an ever-open receptacle for titbits, and it is to be hoped their good effect will outlast the Gas precautions cannot be thought of as anything but a horror, but there is a lighter side to our precautions. For instance, the identity disc issued by the Rector's daughter gave out to be in with animal's name and address. In so small a com-

(Please see inside cover page)

Registered M.

[illegible]