



THE ARYAN PATH  
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY  
THE STUDY OF  
OCCULT SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY  
AND  
ARYAN LITERATURE

Vol. IX No. 6

April 17, 1939

A solitary pearl is soon outshone in the midst of a heap of false diamonds, when there's no jeweller to point out its worth. The pathway through earth-life leads through many conflicts and trials, but he who does naught to conquer them can expect no triumph.

—MASTER M.

## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

**THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT :** Established November, 1930. Published monthly by Theosophy Company (India), Ltd., 51, Esplanade Road, Bombay, India.

This Magazine is an Independent Journal, unconnected with any theosophical society or other organization. The Publishers assume full responsibility for all unsigned articles herein.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS :** No subscriptions are accepted for less than one year of 12 numbers, each beginning with the November issue. All subscriptions should be accompanied by the necessary remittance. Price, 50 cents, 2s., Re. 1, per annum, post free.

**COMMUNICATIONS :** Contributions submitted for publication should be typewritten, on one side of the paper only, with wide margins, and copies should be in all cases retained by the writers, as no manuscripts are returned.

**CORRESPONDENCE :** Letters from subscribers and readers are welcomed, with criticisms, comments or questions on any subject treated in the Magazine. Questions on Theosophical philosophy and history will be replied to direct, or, if of sufficient general interest, in the pages of the Magazine.

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- (b) The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study ; and
- (c) The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ।



*There is no Religion Higher than Truth*

BOMBAY, 17th April, 1939

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# THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

BOMBAY, 17th April 1939.

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## WHITE LOTUS DAY

On the 8th of May next all students of Theosophy will celebrate the forty-eighth anniversary of the passing of H. P. Blavatsky. There are those who, calling themselves Theosophists, look upon Mme. Blavatsky as one of the founders of the original society (there are now in existence in the West several Theosophical Societies) and as one of their leaders. Associates of the United Lodge of Theosophists revere her as their Guru or Teacher. This distinction is not without a difference, nor is it drawn to belittle those who do not adopt the way of the United Lodge of Theosophists. The foundation of our work is study of the philosophy which H.P.B. recorded, application of her Teachings in self-discipline and for self-improvement, and promulgation of the ageless Theosophy of which she was the Messenger. Because we are students H.P.B. is our Teacher, but not of the ordinary kind; our study is not prosecuted in blind faith but very intelligently, so that we are able to test the primary ideas at any rate and find them to be true in experience; in an increasing measure, reading and reflection on her writings unfold that higher sense of intuition which clarifies the vision. Such a study compels application, that is, an honest endeavour to purify the carnal nature, to weaken the citadel of the Personal Ego and to use it as a shrine which holds within itself the light of Buddhi, the Spiritual Soul. This, of course, is a very long and arduous task, but the practitioner is sustained in his hard labour by the opportunities which he makes to love humanity and to serve it—to love not some particular members of humanity but the whole of it as an impersonal unit. We say this particularly because without a perception of this principle the policy of the United Lodge of Theosophists is not understood, and no person, however ardent, can participate correctly in the carrying out of its programme. The basis of the promulgation of Theosophy and therefore the method employed are impersonal, as the heart-warming Declaration of the Lodge shows.

The study of the metaphysical, cosmical and philosophical ideas of Theosophy aid the aspirant in his task of self-purification. They become the impersonal soul of his personal conduct. Their intimate relation to ethics makes them powerful engines which propel the car of real human progress. Often rules of conduct are but another name for our personal manners, communal customs and national habits. Rules of conduct should spring from universal principles whose operations are called by sages Laws of Nature. H.P.B. gives such principles and so the ethics of Theosophy are as different from and as superior to ordinary ethics as the One Wisdom-Religion is superior to all the creeds of the world.

If the study of metaphysics shows us what our ethics should be, the ethics of Theosophy lead naturally to the promulgation of the ideas without which humanity must remain weak, narrow-minded and mean-hearted. The study of Theosophy brings courage by unveiling the strength of the Soul and leads to the practice of the Theosophical Teachings, which clear the mind, broadening as well as deepening it. The Soul so energized proceeds to participate in the spiritual service of the race, which removes every vestige of meanness from the heart and makes it throb with love and generosity.

This triple duty which every earnest and sincere Associate of the United Lodge of Theosophists performs convinces him of the greatness of the Teachings of Theosophy and increases his devotion to their Recorder, H.P.B. What better preparation for the real celebration of White Lotus Day can there be than the remembering of these facts of our experience? It should bring us further strength to labour more strenuously and more methodically so that a larger number of our fellow men may join the army of Fortune's Favoured Soldiers who are battling against the darkness of ignorance and the lure of personal aggrandisement.

## THEOSOPHY AND CURRENT THOUGHT

The attention of students of Theosophy may be drawn to an interesting compilation carefully prepared with a disinterested motive by Mr. Leslie J. Belton under the caption *Creeds in Conflict* and published by J. M. Dent and Sons. In some respects it resembles an American volume noticed in our issue of November 1937—*I Went to Church in New York* by W. M. Bomar, Ph.D.

Mr. Leslie J. Belton is the Editor of *The Inquirer*, organ of Unitarian Christianity and Free Religious Fellowship; he has been rendering useful service in his endeavours to establish a friendly relationship between the followers of differing creeds. The underlying theme of this book is the Fellowship of Religions.

*Creeds in Conflict* by Leslie J. Belton "is in part a conspectus of contemporary 'creeds'; it notes their history, their distinctive doctrines, their rivalries, and their aims; its accent, in respect to time, is on the word 'contemporary', in respect to place, on the British Isles, and more particularly England".

Mr. Belton defines Theosophy as "one of the most notable of all the movements falling within our survey", and he bears witness to the service it has rendered in our day.

Promulgated anew in the nineteenth century, Theosophy revived the ancient knowledge which India had known but had begun to neglect and of which the Western peoples had scarcely heard. It rescued from the danger of oblivion the twin doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma and proclaimed them as universal truths.

H. P. B. he calls "one of the most remarkable women of all time". Her *Secret Doctrine* he refers to as

the richest of all the student's quarries. A veritable compendium of occult knowledge.... It is the fullest and ablest presentation the 'Ancient Wisdom' has ever achieved in the printed word.

The United Lodge of Theosophists also receives attention. The policy of the Lodge as set forth in its Declaration is mentioned, with special reference to its Impersonality, commenting on which "remarkable" feature Mr. Belton very rightly says that it "seems effectually to guard against a tendency to exalt the messenger above the message, a weakness which has caused the ruin of so many societies". (In Dr. Bomar's book the U. L. T. alone is mentioned among Theosophical bodies, all others being conspicuous by their absence.)

The labours of the few faithful student-servers are beginning to bear fruit. Thinking minds have

already responded in some measure to the vitalizing current of the living Philosophy, as witness books such as these two, which may be said to aim at a Fellowship of Faiths, and other literature. The broadcasting centre of true Theosophy at the present day, the U. L. T., is coming to ever wider notice and is occupying an increasingly dignified position. To recognise the Lodge as an organ of pure Theosophy is a step in the right direction. The future will find an increasing number of men and women who, like Dr. Bomar and Mr. Belton, in their search for Truth will turn their gaze to the Wisdom Religion.

But unless they have some clear-cut definition of Truth, what gauge will they use for the acceptance or the rejection of any doctrine? Truth is to be known by its Universal and Impersonal Nature. It is That which is the common property of all mankind and does not alter with changing personalities. In the words of Mr. Belton, Theosophy "claims to be the fountain-head of all the historic religions and philosophies; for religions are expressions of the Divine Wisdom which manifests in various forms the immortality of the Spirit". This claim, be it noted, is made not for any Theosophical organization but for the Impersonal Philosophy.

The Theosophist, then, if he so pleases, may regard himself as a member of all religions, for all religions derive from the same source.

If the "detached but sympathetic observer.... bewildered by the claims and counter-claims of contending groups", instead of leaving "Theosophy severely alone", were to go to the Source and to study for himself the recorded writings of H. P. B. he would, provided he was honest and sincere in his inquiry, find evidence ample to satisfy any sceptic.

Mr. Belton successfully shows that in London creeds are in conflict; Dr. Bomar showed that conflict was apparent in New York. In the West, people are looking to India, the fountain-head of religious thought; inquiring minds are in search of—Something. What that "Something" is they have not formulated even to themselves. This search has led many Westerners to Indian shores. But the country of India, like man's own constitution, has several aspects. It is important to bear in mind that her invisible nature is not all Spiritual—it is also Psychic. The latter aspect is dangerous and if pursued and practised without the Light of true Philosophy will lead men farther and ever farther away from the Spirit.

Below we reprint an article from Los Angeles *Theosophy* for September 1928, "India—Body and Soul", which deals with this subject.



What shall the earnest Theosophical student do who has, because of his own good Karma, found his place in the ranks of those who are pledged to the spiritual service of the race? Let him remember the lines of true Theosophical endeavour as laid down by Mr. Judge in an important passage in *Letters That Have Helped Me* :—

The masters have said this is a transition age, and he who has ears to hear will hear what has thus been said. We are working for the new cycles and centuries. What we do now in this transition age will be like what the great Dhyani Chohans did in the transition point—the midway point—in evolution at the time when all matter and all types were in a transition and fluid state. They then gave the new impulse for the types, which resulted later in the vast varieties of nature. In the mental development we are now at the same point and what we now do in faith and hope for others and for ourselves will result similarly on the plane to which it is all directed.

### INDIA—BODY AND SOUL

Travellers are affected more by this civilization of speed than are even newspaper reporters. The rush of life overtakes the stay-at-homes, however, in many ways : they take in more than one concert of an evening in the company of their radios and more than one sermon of a Sunday morning ; they do not read books but reviews of books, and now, for thousands, a look-in at "the movies" takes the place of the slow action of reading novels.

Such an age cannot beget a Marco Polo. To-day we make a tour ; we do not travel. So many thousands of miles in so many weeks ! An entertaining volume on his eastern tour by Aldous Huxley recently—shallow, superficial and sketchy—showed what the speedy twentieth century had done to Mr. Huxley—himself with all the makings of a Marco Polo.

India has been receiving uproarious attention these days because of the melodrama which the clever pen of Miss Mayo has discharged. That is a sign of the age, too. There are in existence some lyric volumes on Hindu life and Hindu homes by another Western woman, who made India her home for several years, and refusing to fall prey to speed, wrote with understanding born of the heart. American newspapers and the public did not talk about those books of Margaret Noble, better known by her pen-name—Sister Nivedita. This is not the fault of the books, but of the age which prefers the revues in melodrama to lyrics.

Some highly interesting things have been happening in India, but scant notice is taken of them—for real things lack sensational flare. For example, a strongly entrenched Conservative Government of Britain makes Parliament appoint two years ahead of time a Statutory Commission so that steps be

suitably taken to advance the cause of Indian Home Rule ; at the head of this Commission the Tories put a Liberal of note—Sir John Simon ; but the commotion and uproar it causes in India because no Indian is included among its members, drowns even the country's anger against Miss Mayo's volume. For all that, the American public is not stirred—though it, too, is beginning to forget Miss Mayo ! Or take what to the student of history and philosophy is a giant event—the archæological discoveries at Harappa in the Punjab and Mohenjo-Daro in Sindh. These uncover a very ancient civilization of high industrial and artistic culture, but the popular mind is more thrilled by the sordid finds of an indiscriminating tourist-author.

An ancient Chinese sage remarked of some one, who, though his contemporary, really belonged to our era—"He sees an egg and expects to hear it cackle." And so the popular demand brings forth the hasty writers and the conscienceless critics. By no means is America only guilty of this ; and perhaps more than any other country, the United States has suffered from such tourist-authors from Europe. But in the case of such an ancient land as India, with layers and strata of cultures, tourists are apt not only to miss much but to misunderstand what they see ; and when some among them dip pen in ink supplied by the ship which brings them home, ludicrous tales and cruel injustice result.

Hundreds of Americans nowadays go to India ; however regrettable it may be that their tourist-methods do not permit of their being given a real opportunity to assimilate the facts of Indian history, religion, etc., from the short circuit caused by the commercial promoters of these tours, something is being achieved. Misunderstanding of India's traditional views is bound to result, but a contact is being established between Hindusthan and America—and that in itself is of supreme value. Even "a short time tour" can do something, however little, towards building a correct estimate ; it is in the method of approach rather than on anything else that a tourist gains from or misses the beauty, the meaning, the message of India. As reverence enables one not merely to tolerate but to appreciate another's point of view ; and especially when that other happens to be an aged one of innumerable experiences, whose wisdom is garnered through good and evil alike, so with India ; approach her reverently as a person of many-sided character, complex in her very simplicity.

A veritable continent is India—a continent of many peoples and many languages and a very, very old continent indeed. Therefore, Hindu chronology will continue to baffle alike the philologist and

the archæologist. The Native Records are at present passed by as mere tradition and therefore of little historical value ; while ancient books are studied more from the linguistic than from the philosophical point of view. Thus Vedic words have received more attention than Vedic ideas, the language more than the philosophy ; the grand monuments and rock-cut caves and temples are examined more for their craftsmanship than for the message they express through the language of symbol and glyph ; and so on and so forth.

There are three Indias.

First, the India of the Railway system, which alone the sightseer contacts. Starting from Bombay, passing through Rajputana, and the United Provinces, the tourist arrives in Calcutta, rushes to Darjeeling just to set his eyes for once on the Himalayas, and returns to catch his boat in Bombay again. Or, landing at Colombo in Ceylon, and crossing over to India, he sees Madura, Trichinopoly, Tanjore, catches a glimpse of the Nilgiris and arrives at Madras. The former has "done India" ! The latter has "done Southern India" ! Our tourist has very little idea of how modern is the reclaimed part of Bombay compared to Mumbadevi Temple, and how old the latter compared to the Elephanta Caves of hoary antiquity. He who takes the northern route sees the magnificence of Benares, but very likely misses the adjoining Sarnath and old Kashi. He who goes from Colombo to Madras does not visit the Seven Pagodas ; or, calling at the Government House at Ootacamund, he suspects not that at its very door there still exists the age-old tribe of Todas who flourished when the race of Britons was not yet born.

The sightseer forgets that to see is not necessarily to understand. Between seeing and understanding is a gulf as great as that between book-knowledge and soul culture. The tourist, even when he brings book-knowledge, does not suspect at all that the writers of many of the books he has read were themselves but hasty observers, and not men of deep insight to understand and explain what they saw. Therefore in their hurried visits to India's caves and temples the tourists see but the grotesque and the bizarre—strange achievements of "a primitive race". "See, they did not know how the proportions of human anatomy should be maintained", said one visitor looking at the abnormally large ears of a Buddha figure ; he never suspected that the sculptor-devotee had deliberately used the language of symbol to depict the clairaudient powers of his Lord. Another was shocked at Krishna's "carrying on" when she saw several pictorial representations of the famous Radha stories ; she shook her head dubiously when it was explained to her that here was an

artistic effort to convey the message about the individual human souls all seeking their one Divine Source ; it meant nothing to her when she was told that the milkmaids of the story represented human souls all engaged in the Lila-Play of the Lord Krishna, hidden by the maya they could not pierce. A man of the world whose eyelashes flickered not at the nudity of life and art of his own Paris was "embarrassed" at the "close proximity" of Shiva and his Consort. "The same Shiva whom you described as the Lord of Death?—can't be!"—he said. Still another, seeing the magnificent Trinity Figure at Elephanta, said "How they have distorted our Blessed Trinity !" and never did it occur to her missionary mind that the Hindu Trimurti antedated the Christian by millennia. At Benares, a young Lieutenant of the pre-war Prussian army, a lover of ancient Sanskrit lore, was taken a boat-drift at dawn on the Sacred Gunga—veritably a mystic experience for any man of soul feeling ; he only saw—corpses floating, priests quarrelling, and he enquired what the municipality was doing to permit such things. What each of these persons *saw* was correct—the Buddha's ear *was* disproportionate and there were corpses floating in the Gunga, but the inwardness of these facts ? One American lady said when she left Benares after a three-days' stay, "Nothing here but germs ! Thank God I am not dead of cholera !" Perhaps till the day of her death, she will not realise what she missed of soul-touch.

And the second India ?

The fakirs, the yogis, the snake-charmers, and the miracle-workers constitute the Second India—the psychic India. Modern Science recognises that the imponderable Ether pervades all bodies—atoms and universes alike. In the ocean of Ether miracles take place, which the experimenter senses but as yet has not understood because he has not studied these hidden processes. The psychic atmosphere of India is a fact ; like the imponderable ether it pervades the objective and visible India, unseen but felt by many. The religious India is saturated with this psychic atmosphere : the animal-sacrifices and other strange practising of rites and ceremonials which the West disposes of in one word—superstition ; the mass-hypnotization of the rope-trick, or the use of unsuspected vitalism which staggers the beholder when he sees a tree grow out of a mere seed within a few minutes ; a hundred and one phenomena of second-sight, of apportionment, of materialization etc., etc., yogis who torture their bodies, sleep on a bed of spikes, or stand on their heads for a series of years, or on one leg, or hang suspended by one toe from a tree—all these are products of this psychic atmosphere and contribute to its perpetuation.

Let us not be misunderstood—there are in India

many handtricksters, for every street corner has its Houdini. We are not speaking of those. We refer to men who possess real psychic powers. These are becoming scarce for the public eye during the last half century, but they do exist and flourish in their own way in places not visited by strange travellers. Those who would understand the power India exerts over the human minds which contact her civilization must make themselves clear on this point. This psychism which they possess is not spirituality, though alas ! it is often mistakenly regarded as such. Rarely pure, very often it is maleficent. Wrong beliefs and dubious practices by large masses of people produce a foul magnetic envelope and Westerners feeling it, sometimes revel in it and call it "the soul of India". Never was greater error made. Far from being spiritual, this aspect of the Great Mother is one which instead of revealing, hides the true India. Ages of experience have taught Indians to perform a thousand psychic tricks which to the Westerners seem miraculous. The Oriental has gone far, far along the path the Occidental peoples are just beginning to chalk out for themselves in their foolish efforts to develop automatic writing, table-tapping, materialization and a hundred other forms of psychism. Capacity along these lines fascinates the tourist and in his inexperience he calls it spirituality. The writer knows many Western men and women who have fallen prey to the glamour of psychic India and through it serious damage has been caused to their intelligent conscious souls as well as brains. The shocking things in religious and social India, Hindu and Muslim alike, which no social reform, religious revival or political emancipation will remedy, are rooted in the invisible and almost universally unsuspected soil of the psyche-shakti which hides the true India.

For there is the real India—the India which has held the imagination not of the frivolous tourist or the seeker after marvels, but of the real mystics who from time to time arise among the people of the western hemisphere. It is this India also which exerts her silent influence over the thousands who wonder how it is that in spite of everything they dislike and disapprove in what they see in India—the germs, the dust, the smells, the superstitions, the hideous poverty and a thousand other things—how in spite of all this, it is true that they also hear "the East-a-calling".

The eruptions of the emotional nature hinder soul-expression in all of us. Thus also the age-old Soul, Mother India, is hindered in disclosing herself. The veil of religious maya hides her Face. The purdah which covers and confines hundreds of Indian women (by no means the great majority), is but symbolic of this Mystery Veil of their Great Mother. But her power still prevails, like that of

her millions of daughters, who rule supreme in their millions of homes—hovels, huts, and palaces alike. Perhaps the women of no other race exert such a silent and for that very reason such a stupendous influence and control over their own and their men's destinies. It is this Soul of India which breathes forth a silent, beneficent and inspiring influence which almost everybody touches and feels. But we repeat—Beware of the psychic veil.

The hidden Self of India, this Third India, is the real Mother. It is this Soul of India which has kept that ancient civilization alive to this day. We have to study old Egypt through her mummies, but older India can be studied in living villages and busy marts. The Assyrian tiles speak of a dead people, not so the *Vedas* of the Hindus, older than those tiles : the *Gita* and the *Brahmasutras* have moulded and shaped that Soul through the centuries. But not till we quiet our senses, fascinated by the beauty of form, and control our psychic minds, glamourised by the 33 crores of Hindu gods and goddesses, can we catch a real glimpse of that Soul. Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Sankara embodied that Soul. Innumerable men and women have been influenced by It and in turn have passed on that influence. Masses of her own people, in every centre, have felt Its power and even against their will, as it were, have succumbed to it ; and fortunate their country because of this. For that has kept India alive and throbbing. So far, the havoc caused by temples and mosques, priests and moulvis, has not seriously touched the Soul, though damage has been done. This injury caused by priestcraft is more subtle in this Oriental subcontinent than in the newer civilizations of the Occident—for, in the East, priestcraft is rooted in knowledge. There the priests make adroit use of true philosophical ideas to produce a whole ritual of life, thus linking up the normal to the abnormal. Thus they gain a power over the people which is debasing to the Soul, for it engenders dependence on those priests and weakens the moral fibre of the masses of the people.

When our Aryan forefathers immigrated into India, they found a civilisation of a high order flourishing there, just exactly as thousands of years later the European trader-immigrants found themselves in the midst of an existing culture. The ancient Aryans brought their own current of life as did the Europeans. The immense difference between the two invaders is this : the Aryans were Soul-sustainers, while the European force is a builder of the material world, for the most part unrelated to that Soul. The Aryan conquerors became sons of the soil, unlike the British, so far. The Aryans of that long past era made a fatal error, the consequences of which are felt to the present day. In subduing the aborigines, with the non-understanding of a con-

quering race, they broke the law which binds man to man and brought on themselves the Nemesis of being subdued in their turn by the White race in like manner. Even now the governing Aryans of to-day are blundering in a similar fashion, perpetuating the arrogance of their forebears in their attitude to the depressed classes—those down-trodden millions who are the descendants of the original owners of the land.\* What will a just Fate bring in the future? It is true that a Nation garners Wisdom like the human being even through errors, even through experience gained by disregarding the voice of conscience and of the Soul. But when that disregard goes beyond a certain point, separation between soul and body results and the nation perishes. That is how Babylonia, Egypt, and Greece died. India lives because her millions do still regard, however gropingly, the silent voice of the Great Mother—the real India. May they attune themselves more and more to its life-giving Energy as the tide of spirituality rises once again!

How shall the West catch a glimpse of the Great Mother? By tracing her through the labyrinth of illusions produced by India's commerce, feuds, castes, religions, even art and verbose philosophic speculations. An eclectic life-current is the common feeder of communities and creeds, philosophic schools and social castes. However divergent in their outer beliefs, the Hindus of many castes, Buddhists and Parsis and Jains and Sikhs and Muslims and Christians—all are silently influenced by the unit-soul of India. The source of creeds like the root of the tree lies hidden and the many branches alone are visible. But the root feeds, energises, and sustains the whole tree of many creeds.

The power of symbol, and not only the wonderful technique and fine esthetics, has to be grasped when India's art treasures are contacted. And the same is true even to a greater extent of the ancient literature—her myths truer than history, her fables conveying cosmological and anthropological facts. The study of Sanskrit, of Zend, of Pali, is entrancing to a philologist, but words embody ideas and they cannot be properly understood when their soul is neglected. Modern science has a wide field of research and investigation in the psychical phenomena of faquirs and temple-priests, but there are grave dangers ahead for those who would study true phenomena—dangers which can be avoided to some extent if a thorough *theoretical* knowledge of Yoga-Vidya is first obtained.

Western Economists speculate about the gold absorbed by modern India and hidden there, and endeavour to trace that gold. They may or may not be right in their suppositions, but this is certain: there is another kind of gold stored away in India, entombed in the lives of the half-naked, half-starved,

superstitious and religiously frenzied millions. If Western Scholars would lay it bare they will need the pick and shovel of great soul ideas, those master-statements which the ignorant masses of India, unconsciously to themselves, are guarding for the World until its hour strikes again. The West can find these through the study of ancient philosophy and ethics as presented in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, and thus open their own natures to the influence of *true* spirituality. In so doing they may aid India's twentieth century children to find her in their hearts; but what is more—such students will render spiritual service to their own race which is struggling to avert its impending doom. The hoary Wisdom-Religion of Bharata-varsha, the soul-satisfying philosophy of the Aryans, alone is capable of enlightening the darkened souls of men, alone is dynamic enough to usher in the reign of high thinking and right living for collective humanity.

## EGOISM'S INTERPOSING VEIL

"He who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind, has to reach it through the *whole of humanity* without the distinction of race, complexion, religion or social status."

Upon reading that statement in "Seed Ideas from H. P. B." (THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, April 1938) the question arose in the writer's\* mind: Is the portion of the Western world known as the United States regaining, although perhaps as yet unrealized, the Theosophical Teaching?

I refer to what in the States is known as the Federal Works Projects which are in force from the Atlantic Coast of the Pilgrims to the Pacific Coast of the Padres.

Because too many people are inclined to think of "relief" in terms of the physical alone, and because there are few great truths with which the writer is more wholly agreed than that found farther on in "Seed Ideas from H. P. B."—namely: "More mischief has been done by emotional charity than sentimentalists care to face", she hastens to remind any readers there may be of that certain Hunger, stark and gnawing, which has nothing whatsoever to do with what is technically known as "an uneasy sensation occasioned normally by the want of food".

Is the Western world, through its recent *added* attention to the inner groping self of man, reaching out to "the whole of Humanity" or, in the limited sense of the word, to the whole of man?

The mental and spiritual rebirth of certain people with whom we have become acquainted through social service work, club and neighbourhood

\* The writer is a citizen of the U. S. A.



activities, would lead us to answer in the affirmative.

"Square Pegs in Round Holes" was our silent summary of these people in the beginning. That was before their wills were rejuvenated, their souls re-awakened, through their being given employment on some one of the many interesting Federal Works Projects.

Marie LaFayette, spinster, given Federal aid through the position of school librarian is a case in point. A square hole fitted for a square peg if ever there was one, books to her always having been friends, dear and intimate.

Up until a short time previous to "going on relief" when she suddenly found herself thrown out of the only type of employment she knew, office work—this woman of French birth had supported as well as educated herself.

As her years of office work begun by sitting on a high stool sorting sales checks for little a week advanced in wages to a high degree, she had enrolled in University Extension classes which she attended evenings; spare dollars going always toward the study of books or the purchase of them.

Then, at the age of thirty-five, Marie LaFayette, experienced finder and holder of office positions since the age of fourteen, found herself with neither work nor funds nor hope.

When her visitor from the local State Emergency Relief office told her she was to have a chance, not only to earn her living again, but to earn it working with *books*, her face suddenly shone, as though inside a lamp had just been lighted.

Her knowledge of books soon inspired the teacher's interest which in time deepened to personal friendship. With so much regard paid to her natural aptitudes it wasn't long before she felt her limitations break, whereupon she discovered that she was the possessor of marked administrative ability.

H. G. Wells says, "Beauty does not make happiness—it only comes to the happy." The form Beauty took with Marie LaFayette was to reawaken her inner sense of spiritual awareness, her creative self, which in turn lifted her into the realm of the divine.

Another square peg was ebony coloured Demsey Jones, student, whose classmates nicknamed him "Dust-Speck", then shortened it to "Speck", not realizing of course that the size of the black boy who excelled them only in the class room, was due largely to malnutrition.

Due to the National Youth Administration, one of the purposes of which is to extend part-time employment to needy college students, talented Demsey Jones of brilliant promise, is now earning, while at the same time completing his higher education which some day will better enable him to express the inner

meaning of life.

Parentless Ruth Nolan, a "problem child" from kindergarten age to adolescence, is growing to realize that life does not consist of the things outside ourselves, but within ourselves. This through the help of the National Youth Administration camp where girls are trained in home management, cooking, music, dramatics, handicrafts and business courses.

Whether or not the Western powers behind these Federal Projects realize the deep significance of their external phenomena upon the inner spirit of their people is problematical. The fact remains, however, that in the United States to-day millions of "square pegs" who knew only "Time the Destroyer" are now knowing "Time the Renovator".

Particularly is this true of the artists and professionals who have been helped to *find the truth in themselves* through employment in that group of Federal Projects concerned with art, drama, music and writing.

Employed in the theatre project are actors and actresses of practically "every race, complexion, religion and social status".

This is likewise so in the music project composed of units which include symphonies, concert orchestras, dance bands, and, on the choral side, units of both grand and light opera.

And again, though in a lesser degree, in the writer's project.

The arts project shows H. P. Blavatsky's rule, as quoted in the beginning of this essay, strongly manifested. Artists employed on this project work in their own homes. Their completed work after being authoritatively passed upon and approved, is given out from the Project's County Headquarters as a permanent loan to public buildings such as schools and hospitals. It is said (*The Aryan Path*, October 1936) :

"Nothing interposes between man and his inner God except the veil of egoism which he himself has made and which is thinned and weakened by each unselfish act of giving."

Substituting the name "United States" for "Man", is it not probable that that portion of the Western world known as the States is regaining the Theosophical teaching?

Too often the giving of mere food and shelter is but a salute to the giver's egoism, a return meal to his vanity. Too often acts of charity are but acts of strategy in disguise.

But helping millions of hungry-minded and soul-starved "square pegs" to find A TRUER REALIZATION OF THE SELF—surely *that* is the kind of "unselfish giving" (is it not?) that "thins and weakens the veil of egoism that interposes between the giver and his inner God?"

## A WORD TO INDIAN YOUTHS

Great Christian nations seek to outvie each other in the discovery of better means for destroying human life. Few are those who would confess or even deign to see, that beneath the brilliant surface of our civilization and culture lurks... all the inner filth of the evils created by Ahriman... Truly saith Theosophy unto you—it is *the Devil's Own*.—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

“Has the Western world made so great a success of the art of living that we should blindly copy it?”

Such was the question that Sir S. Radhakrishnan put in the course of his address at the annual meeting of the Indian Students' Union in London. The tendency to imitate the Occident, especially in its questionable habits, is great in India and the young men and women who return to their country after spending several years in foreign lands contribute substantially to that tendency. Their hatred of the Occidental, and especially of the British, is a streak in their lower subconscious mind and it perversely impels them towards the cheap imitation of Western modes; for there is such a psychological phenomenon as attachment through hatred. Such young people, who lack knowledge of India's real basically spiritual culture, parade their smattering of knowledge of economic socialism of the West, with the result pointed out by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, who said :—

Our fathers had sworn by Liberalism and studied Morley and Gladstone. To-day every one was Socialist and devoured Marx and Engels....

At the present time youth was strongly 'anti-Fascist'. It was necessary to see that this did not lead to a Fascism of the mind which was really more dangerous than political Fascism.

Thinking their fathers fools and their elders old-fashioned, the Indian youths are missing a splendid opportunity of serving not only the Motherland but humanity at large as well, a service which they could render, not by copying the modes and the methods, the policies and the institutions of the West, from Russia to the U.S.A., but by carefully studying the doctrines which are native to India and adapting them to our present needs. Most of those who shout socialistic slogans know next to nothing about the Communism of Stalin or the Socialism of Hitler. These shouts but indirectly express the desire to live the life of the senses. Too many Indian youths, without any instruction in the spiritual verities of their ancient culture, which was ever Theosophical, run after sensuous attractions: to gratify their sense-urge they take to bad habits and indulge in more than one type of evil. This is the real feeder of their

Eurasian mentality, ugly and enervating. No wonder then that speaking to Indian youths in London Sir S. Radhakrishnan pointed out that

There was a great deal of dissatisfaction among intelligent people in Europe with the fashionable cults of the day, the cult of patriotism and the cult of race superiority that were typical of modern Europe.

These principles on which the modern world was run made for an *immoral civilization*. [Italics ours.—Eds.] Supposing we won our freedom to-morrow, were we to adopt these principles? Were we to imitate Britain or Germany or Russia? Each country had its own soul and when its soul was controlled that constituted a mental invasion which was as serious as a physical one. The most serious defeat for China would take place if she imitated Japan.

India had a tradition that was more ancient than that of Greece and Rome. We should preserve its essential values and be truly loyal to its traditions.

The greatest enemy of India at the present hour is neither illiteracy nor communalism; it is the ignorance of the “educated” Indian youths about the tradition and the culture of Aryavarta. These “educated” youths of the Westernized cities who join the National Congress and are vociferous in different keys, are builders of the India of to-morrow. Their education in Gandhiji's philosophy, which is but an interpretation of India's spiritual science, is pressingly necessary. Through such a study they will come to see the goal which India should attain. The same truths they will find in the pure Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge.

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Students of Theosophy will be interested in the following report published in the local papers (information having been supplied by the *Associated Press of India*):—

Six Jain ascetics sat in meditation in a temple in a village in Shahabad, all as quiet as statues, in a room dimly lit by a hanging lantern. The lantern fell down and a small tongue of flame lit up a corner of the straw bed on which the ascetics sat at the place.

The fire crept up the straw bed, but the ascetics did not move. The crackling of the straw burning was the only sound heard. It spread and came closer to them and burnt them. The ascetics, forbidden by their religion to move or talk during meditation, sat there whilst the flames shot all round. Three died of burns. The other three are at present in a precarious condition in the Arrah hospital.

## GANDHIJI'S RITE OF FAST

Fasting, meditation, chastity of thought, word and deed ; silence for certain periods of time to enable nature herself to speak to him who comes to her for information ; government of the animal passions and impulses ; utter unselfishness of intention...have been published as the means of attaining illumination since the days of Plato and Iamblicus in the West, and since the far earlier times of our Indian *Rishis*.—MASTER K. H.

Humanity is a great Brotherhood by virtue of the sameness of the material from which it is formed physically and morally. Unless, however, it becomes a Brotherhood also intellectually, it is no better than a superior genus of animals.—H.P.B.

...I recognise no God except the God that is to be found in the hearts of the dumb millions. They do not recognise His presence ; I do. —M. K. GANDHIJI.

The world's attention has once more been drawn to India because of Gandhiji's fast in Rajkot, whose Ruler refused to keep his pledged word and to redeem his promise which would eventually bring about the political regeneration of his subjects. For the benefit of our many foreign readers let us state briefly the circumstances which led to this event.

The Indian people have adopted the method of *Satyagraha* or non-violence as the means to attain political emancipation and have accepted as their leader M. K. Gandhiji. In British India the people have already achieved political liberty in proportion as they have succeeded in following the programme and policy of their chosen leader, who is more a prophet than a statesman ; his methods are most difficult to evaluate, and the results are as strange as they are astoundingly unexpected. As a result of Gandhiji's work a real awakening has taken place in the Indian States, that is, in areas governed not by the British but by the Rajas and Maharajas who mostly rule autocratically ; some of these areas, like the famous State of Mysore, have achieved splendid progress, putting to shame, so to speak, the adjoining British territories. But barring the Rulers of the very few well governed and efficiently administered kingdoms like Mysore, most of the Princes exploit their kingdoms and their subjects for personal ends. At long last their subjects have awakened, are demanding justice for themselves and desire to acquire political freedom and the social welfare which will naturally follow. The people of one very small State, Rajkot in Kathiawad, have been carrying on a fight by the methods of non-violence. The relationship of Gandhiji's family with the Thakore, *i.e.*, the Ruler of Rajkot, has been intimate ; as students of Theosophy would say, there has been Family-Karma between Gandhiji's family and the house of the Thakore of Rajkot. Therefore (see W. Q. Judge's "Living the Higher Life", *U. L. T. Pamphlet No. 34*, pp. 4 and 6) Gandhiji interested himself personally in this particular State. He

went there to request the Ruler to keep his promises and to redeem his pledge publicly given some time ago. Political manœuvring had led the Ruler to give a different interpretation to his promise, and he refused to abide by it. In passing, it might be stated that all has not been well in the State of Rajkot for a long time ; the character of the Ruler is weak and his advisers are ill chosen. As a result of this decision, Gandhiji began a fast unto death, unless a change of heart should lead the Thakore of Rajkot to abide by his promise.

These are the circumstances under which the leader of India commenced a fast which, as he himself has pointed out, must appear strange, to say the least, to the Occidental mind. Fancy Chamberlain or Lord Halifax going on a fast unto death because Hitler has torn up the Munich agreement as a scrap of paper ! But in India people have been developing a *Satyagraha mentality*, and Gandhiji's fast was puzzling only to those devoid of spiritual perception. Some of the "educated" people saw no connection between fasting and a broken promise and thought the fast quixotic ; others saw in it ugly coercion by which Gandhiji was trying to terrorize the Ruler of Rajkot—a false view which only men without spiritual insight could hold. Students of Theosophy, *i.e.*, of the Esoteric Philosophy or the Wisdom-Religion recorded by H. P. Blavatsky, found no difficulty whatever in comprehending the meaning of Gandhiji's Rite of Fast.

Already numerous beneficial effects have resulted from Gandhiji's action—a real expression of Soul Force. The fast was brought to a close by the wise intervention of the Viceroy who undertook to see that the Thakore's promise should be accurately interpreted by the highest judicial authority and that he should be made to observe his pledge. Among the beneficial results of Gandhiji's purely sacrificial soul-action, is one which is not much talked about but which is very real. A feeling of regard for the British Viceroy has been awakened and the feeling of inimical resentment on the part

of millions of Indians against the British, which does still prevail in spite of Gandhiji's non-violent philosophy, has been weakened. The hostility which the folly of the preceding Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, had aroused has been considerably weakened by Lord Linlithgow, especially by this act.

Under Gandhiji's lead politics in India has become a very different kind of struggle—a contest of psychic forces; Gandhiji has the faculty of putting his finger on moral principles at every turn. It is necessary to understand this in some measure at least in order to appreciate his spiritual action of fasting during the month of March. Genuine students of Theosophy cannot but salute with esteem the motive of Gandhiji's fast, the method employed to right a spiritual wrong, and its flowering effects, spreading fragrance far and wide.

Exoterically the custom of fasting is said to have arisen from the observation that in times of war and famine starvation brought on religious ecstasy accompanied by dreams, visions and the hearing of voices. When this austerity was seen to subdue the passions and to clarify the mind, it took on a religious significance, though the profane, ignorant of its meaning, made of the teaching a superstition. Savages, such as those of New South Wales and the Andaman Islands, and also those remnants of a once great people, the American Indians, practised fasting as an ethico-religious rite. Prospective bride and groom, and later, expectant parents fasted. Again at the time of puberty boys and girls fasted in order that the visions thus obtained of their "guardian angels" might influence the rest of their life. The fasts which preceded initiations and followed deaths were based on knowledge, spiritual teachers having stressed mental as well as physical fasting in order that the outpouring of spiritual force which follows such austerities might benefit humanity.

Gandhiji confirms this. "Whilst the effect of the fast is on me", he wrote in his Statement on breaking his fast, "and whilst I am full of what I call spiritual exaltation, I must give out the best of my thoughts just now." (*Harizan*, 11th March 1939, p. 45) One who reads the entire Statement, and other things he wrote immediately after the breaking of his fast, cannot doubt that he, like his predecessors, gained in spiritual perception and moral stamina. He does not imply that all who fast, be they hunger-strikers in or out of political prisons, or those who live in the wilderness on locusts and wild honey will gain in spiritual wisdom. He writes (*Harizan*, 18th March 1939, p. 56) :—

Fasting is an institution as old as Adam. It has been resorted to for self-purification or for some ends noble as well as ignoble. Buddha, Jesus and Mahomed fasted so as to see God face to face. Ram-

chandra fasted for the sea to give way for his army of monkeys. Parvati fasted to secure Mahadev himself as her Lord and Master. In my fasts I have but followed these great examples no doubt for ends much less noble than theirs.

Gandhiji himself discourages fasting for those not pledged and trained to mental and moral *ahimsa*.

Fasting like some very potent medicines can only be taken on rare occasions and under expert guidance. It is wrong, it is sinful for everybody to consider himself an expert. The weapon of fasting, I know, cannot be lightly wielded. It can easily savour of violence unless it is used by one skilled in the art. I claim to be such an artist in this subject... I would like all friends and sympathisers rigidly to refrain from embarking on sympathetic fasts, even for one day. (*Harizan*, 11th March 1939, p. 46).

Fasting for light and penance is a hoary institution... But if it is a privilege, it is also a duty... As an expert therefore, I would warn friends and sympathisers against copying me blindly or out of false or hysterical sympathy. Let all such qualify themselves by hard work and selfless service... and they would have independent light if their time for fasting has come. (*Speeches and Writings of Mahatma Gandhi*, p. 949)

The *Dhammapada* stresses the point that fasting on the part of a sense-enslaved man will not suffice to purify him (V. 141) and Gandhiji insists on purity and on a courage compared with which the valour of a soldier is child's play.

What exactly is the fast symbolized in Gandhiji's sacrificial offering? How shall India derive the purification he wishes for her? And is the self-mortification of one man to save this land, or is he to learn that he is after all the sole beneficiary? Gandhiji teaches that each must practise his own austerities. But he knows too that behind the doctrine of vicarious atonement as behind the practice of the fast, lies a great truth: that the sacrifice of the personality or the passion-nature means the salvation of the soul; that as life and death are continuous interdependent processes it is only through death that life becomes possible. The one is always sacrificed for the many, and if we in our turn would become embodiments of the sacrifice and would infuse its power into the hearts of all who believe as we do, making them participants in the good accruing from it, then must we lead lives of the strictest *ahimsa* and purity. For purity of life alone makes spiritual brotherhood possible.

Says Mahadev Desai, expressing Gandhiji's own views (*Harizan*, 11th March 1939, p. 41) :—

We erring mortals die every minute of our lives, every minute that we try to live against the dictates of the divine in us. Every breach of a pledge or a good resolution is death, but it is pardonable death, if mortal man confesses the breach and attributes it to his own weakness. It becomes unpardonable suicide when mortal man glories in the breach. Gandhiji's "self-imposed death" is meant to awaken those who are rushing headlong towards that unpardonable suicide.

This fast should not be looked upon as an isolated weapon of *Satyagraha*. Just as tanks and machine-guns or men-of-war and submarines work co-operatively in violent action, so also fasting and prayer-meditation and holding to patience sweet that naught can ruffle, work co-operatively in non-violent soul-action. And the creation of the armory of Non-Violence takes time just as the making of tanks and of guns takes time. The lesson which the world can, and India should, learn is that without the steady practice of spiritual rules and the day-to-day observance of spiritual principles the power of soul-action cannot be invoked in the hour of stress. Only pure-hearted men possess the clear sight and the single mind needed for that high enterprise, and such men are not born in an hour; they make themselves through the years and the decades.

As we are writing these lines the European news tells us of Hitler's broken word. Any or all of the other signatories to the Munich agreement going on fast would not bring about a change of heart in him. Why? The prerequisite years of self-purification are not there; the moral outlook of Hitler and Mussolini on the one hand is not different in kind from that of Chamberlain and Daladier on the other. All of them attach more or less the same meaning to such terms as justice, brotherliness and altruism, for all of them hold fast in their consciousness the doctrine that Might is Right. The nations to which they belong cannot change their leaders in this dark hour, for they cannot change themselves, and the peoples have the leaders whom they deserve under Karma. Time is needed for preparation; then only will emerge the consummation devoutly to be wished, *viz.*, Peace with Justice to All. India must keep this idea clearly in view. In faith and intelligence her sons and daughters must observe the spiritual discipline if they want the real triumph of the Non-Violence which they have accepted. It will not be only their triumph, it will also be that of Spiritual Truth in every clime.

## "JOHNSON OVER JORDAN"

Dramas which introduce the mystical, the occult or the spiritual element, shaking human minds out of their complacent acceptance of the world of the senses as the only reality, are in a dual sense aspects of the Theosophical Movement of our day. They are, on the one hand, effects of the working in the race mind of the heaven of H. P. Blavatsky's restatement of the truths of Theosophy, and, on the other, they are causes for the

further spread of those truths because they sweep away the dams of materialism and of dogmatism which impede their flow. Such a play, and remarkable among its kind, is Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Johnson Over Jordan*: A Modern Morality Play in Three Acts, the synopsis of which we give below.

When wandering alone, parted from loving friends,

When the shapes of mine empty thought-forms dawn upon me here,

May the Buddhas, exerting the power of their divine compassion,

Cause it to come that there be neither awe nor terror in the *Bardo*.

(From the *Prayer for Protection in The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, quoted in Author's note.)

This is less a play than a mental and spiritual experience. One lives with, nay *in*, the principal character of this drama, which Mr. Priestley says in a note, is "fundamentally an interpretation in a new form of the life of a contemporary". It might be you, or me, since death comes to all, and the states following death; and since this is the case of not an extraordinary, but an average mortal, a man with home, wife, children, office, work, friends, in short, all the ordinary human relationships.

We are ushered at once into the very usual, narrow hall of his home, and watch the arrival of people for the funeral, hear the time-worn words of the priest every time the door opens into the hall, feel the heavy weight of the widow's sorrow, see the daughter faint, and observe the comradeship of her brother, the son of the deceased, and the boredom of undertakers and of duty-doing friends. It is all quite usual, quite ordinary.

And then we are taken inside Johnson's mind, in the next act, where his thought goes to the office, where it becomes confused, jumbled, senseless. This is suggestively conveyed by the typists and clerks doing a sort of sprinting dance, full of senseless, useless motions, dashing about in an aimless hurry to accomplish nothing and to get nowhere. It is like a dream where everything shifts and changes without rhyme or reason. There the Soul meets his conscience in the shape of two accusing persons called Examiners. They throw questions at him with the rapidity and hardness of machine-gun fire. There are other contacts, coming from nowhere, unexplained just as they are in dreams; the convict whom he might have helped—and didn't; the policeman who has his record, though the poor Soul didn't know he had left one; the schoolmaster of his youth, and the "incinerator man".

The scene shifts to a night-club, harsh, horrible to any sensitive spirit, but to the remembering Soul a place to "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die". There the



carousal goes on, with the masks of Mr. Viper, Mr. Wolf, Madame Vulture and others playing their rôles, and the Soul mistaking the tinsel-glitter for the gold of life, and the demon-drinks for its Elixir, until—just for a moment, something in him rouses, frees itself and cries, "I am not only a beast; I am a god." It reminds one of that wonderful line in *Peer Gynt* where the Soul in Kama-Loka says, "Would I could waken!"—and the wakening begins! But here, Madame Vulture brings him the desirable girl, desirable all the more because of her reluctance. In the struggle for her, a young man comes to her assistance, the two men fight and the young man is killed. The Soul has killed his own son, he finds, who was protecting his own daughter. Then the awful awakening and the Masked Figure there. "I didn't know—I didn't know—my own son, my own daughter!"

And the Masked Figure's quiet, "They are all sons and daughters."

"But I killed him."

"No; they were shadows." Shadows! Like all our personalities, masks, hiding the real, the Soul.

He comes to the "Inn at the End of the World". This is a moving and beautiful scene with many characters made real, as they have peopled his thought. The cricketer whom he worshipped in his boyhood, receives him as "the porter"; the clown whom he has loved and laughed at is "the waiter" and there are Sinbad, Mr. Pickwick, Falstaff, Don Quixote, all characters he loved. "We wouldn't be here, if you didn't", the Schoolmaster says. There, too, come his children, in a touching and beautiful scene, where all the tender, unspoken thoughts are at last uttered and understood, and his young wife, as she was when she was his love, not yet his wife. And they dance—such a different dance from the one at the nightclub. The music, too, has changed, the brass has ceased braying, and the strings and wind instruments carry one on happily.

Then comes the Masked Figure again with quiet authoritative Voice, "Robert, it is time for you to leave this place and go where you are going."

"Is it far?" asks the Soul.

Very gentle, very sympathetic, the Voice says, "I don't know, Robert."

Other voices say sweetly, "Good-bye, Robert, good-bye; good-bye." Until they fade away.

And again for the last time, the scene changes and we see the Soul, happy, restored, comforted, proceeding on his way into the blue, the blue of far ethereal horizons, ever receding.

One of the critics wrote, "It cries out for a poet." Ah, so does life! Who shall interpret it? Who shall sing of its grandeur; its matchless opportunity; its glory; its power; its beauty? Who shall tell of its black smoke, from which "winged flames arise, flames purified"—who but the Artist, not of words, of colours, of forms, or even of Music; but the Artist in Life, He who, sitting in the hearts of all beings, is able by His magic power to make them revolve upon the wheel of time, upon the stage of life with its passion and its pageantry, until, in the last act is built the perfect play, with all its motives harmonized and wrought into the enduring monument of an eternal Soul—self-redeemed—the great creative Artist, who is a God.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the Theosophic ideas are permeating the Mind of the race. We who watch, study and try to serve, should take heart. Not many years ago such a play would have looked in vain for a producer and a public. The mind is growing, fed with this different food. Is it too much to hope that some day a Theosophist may write such a play as will enlighten the Soul as well as engross the mind of his generation? Such a play as may take away the fear of death, and show death as an inn on the journey of life, a Resting-Place from which one may discern the true eternal values? Mr. Priestley takes his public as far as they can go with their present burdens of outworn ideas. He himself can go further, for he has thrown away the old forms and the new spirit is leading him on "into the blue" of the old Wisdom, the timeless, the true, the beautiful, that ever was, that is, that ever will be—world without end.

Since this article was written the play has unfortunately been withdrawn because of lack of support after only twenty-one performances. It is a sad commentary on the prevailing attitude of the English public that a work such as this, which is so full of real and stimulating lessons for those who care to learn, should meet this fate. Mr. Priestley himself in an article in *The News Chronicle* of March 1st analysed the situation thus:

If it (my play) fails to attract the public *just because it succeeds in moving its audience very deeply*, then I maintain that we English are in a rotten state of mental health, and that we are going from bad to worse. We are not handling ourselves properly. We are not behaving like adult men and women but like cowardly children.

Let us hope that despite the enormous expense of the production it may be found possible to put this play before the public again at a later date.

## THE DEMON OF DRINK

[Indian National Congress Governments in various Provinces have in their programme the Prohibition of Alcohol in all its forms, though it means a great loss of revenue. Vested interests naturally rebel against such a measure. Here is a story which gives the moral side of it. We reprint it from *Lucifer*, Vol. V, p. 195, for November 1889.—Eds.]

Since the West has shown such due appreciation of the writings of the greatest novelist and mystic of Russia of to-day [Tolstoi], his best works have all been translated. The Russian, however, recognizes in none of these translations that popular national spirit which pervades the original tales and stories. Pregnant as these are with popular mysticism and the spirit of theosophical altruism, some of them are charming, but most difficult to render into a foreign language. Yet, one may try. One thing is certain : no foreign translator, however able, unless born and bred in Russia and acquainted with Russian *peasant* life, will be able to do them justice, or even to convey to the reader their full meaning, owing to their absolutely national idiomatic language. If the genius of the Russian literary language is so *sui generis* as to be most difficult to render in translation, the Russian of the lower classes—the speech of small tradesmen, peasants and labourers, is ten times more so. Difficult as it may seem to a foreigner, yet a born Russian may attempt it, perhaps, with a little more success. At all events, as said, one may try.

Selecting therefore, from such popular tracts,—allegories and moral stories in the form of popular tales—we have translated some for the readers of *Lucifer*. . . . Two of them, "Wherein is Love, Therein is God," "God is in Right, and not in Might," and some others are stamped with the spirit of truly religious mysticism. Each deserves to be read by the admirers of this great Russian author.

For this number, however, we have selected one of a less mystical but more satirical spirit ; a cap calculated to fit the head of any drinking Christian nation *ad libitum*, and we only hope its title, translated *verbatim et literatim*, will not shock still more the susceptibilities of the opponents of the title of this magazine. Russia is afflicted with the demon of drink, as much as, though *not more* than, England or any other country ; yet it is not so much the Karma of the nation, as that of their respective governments, whose Karmic burden is growing heavier and more terrible with every year. This curse and universal incubus, drink, is the direct and legitimate progeny of the Rulers ; it is begotten by their greed for money, and FORCED by them on the unfortunate masses. Why, in Karma's name, should the latter be made to suffer here, and hereafter ?

### HOW A DEVIL'S IMP REDEEMED HIS LOAF ; OR THE FIRST DISTILLER

A poor peasant went out early to plough ; and as he was leaving home without breaking his fast, he carried along with him a loaf of bread. Once in the field he turned over his plough, adjusted the plough-tail, put the ropes under a bush, and over them his loaf of black bread, and covered the whole with his *caftan*. At last, the horse got tired and the *moojik* felt hungry. Then he stopped his plough in the furrow, unhitched his horse, and leaving it to graze, moved toward his *caftan* for his meal. But when he had lifted it up—lo, no loaf was to be seen. Our *moojik* searched for it here, and he searched for it there, he shook his garment and turned it hither and thither—no loaf ! He felt surprised. Marvelous doings ! No one around, and yet the loaf is carried away by someone. That someone, in truth, was an Imp, who, while the peasant was ploughing, had stolen his loaf and was now hiding behind a bush, preparing to note down the man's profanity, when he would begin to swear and take the devil's name. The peasant felt a little sore. "But, after all," said he, "this won't starve me ; and he who carried away my bread, perchance needed it. Let him eat it then, and good luck to him."

So, going to the well he drank some water, rested a bit, then catching his horse, he hitched it again to the plough and returned quietly to his work. The Imp felt considerably troubled at such a failure in tempting man to sin, and forthwith proceeding home to hell, he narrated to his Elder—the Chief Devil—how he had robbed the *moojik* of his loaf, who instead of cursing, had only said "to his good luck !" Satan felt very angry at this. "If," he argued, "the *moojik* had the best of thee, in this business, then it must be thine own fault ; thou didst not know how to bring the thing about. It would be a bad job for us," he added, "if the peasants, and after them their women, were to take to such tricks ; no life would become possible for us after this, and such an event cannot be left disregarded. "Go," continued Satan, "and make up for the failure of the loaf. And if at the end of three years thou shalt not have the best of that man, I will bathe thee in holy water,"

The Imp got terribly frightened at this threat, and running up on earth again, he set himself to thinking how to atone for his guilt. Thus he thought, thought still, and thought more, and went on thinking until he had found what he had to do. Assuming the appearance of a good fellow, he offered himself as a labourer to the poor peasant; and as it happened to be a drought, he advised him to sow his seed in a swamp. Hence, while the fields of all the other peasants were parched, and their harvests burnt by the sun, the crop of the poor peasant grew high and thick, full and grainy. His household had bread to their heart's content up to the next harvest, and the surplus proved considerable. The following year, the summer being wet, the Imp taught the peasant to sow his seed on the mountains. While his neighbours' corn was blasted, fell down and got rotten, the peasant's field on the hills brought forth the richest harvest. The *moojik* stored still more of the corn; and did not know what to do with it.

Then his labouring man taught him to press the corn and distil it into spirit. Having distilled plenty of it, the *moojik* took to drinking and making others drink thereof. One day the Imp returned to the Elder boasting that he had redeemed his loaf. The Chief went up to see for himself.

Then came the Elder to the *moojik*, and found that having invited the richest and wealthiest of his neighbours, he was entertaining them with whiskey. There was the mistress carrying the glasses to her guests. Hardly had she begun her round when stumbling over the table, she upset the drink. Out at her flew the *moojik*, abusing his wife to his fill.

"Behold," he cried, "the *devil's fool*. Takest thou good drink for slops? Thou, heavy handed stupid, to spill on the earth such treasure!"

Here the Imp poked the Elder in the ribs. "Observe," said he, "and see, if he won't grudge a loaf now."

Having abused his wife, the *moojik* begun offering the drink himself. Just then a poor labourer returning from work happened to drop in, unasked, and wishing a merry day to all, he took a seat. Seeing the company drinking, he too, craved to have a drop after his hard day's work. There he sat, smacking his lips time after time, but the host would offer him nought, only keeping on grumbling: "Who can afford to furnish with whiskey all of you!"

This pleased the Chief Devil immensely; as to the Imp, he boasted more than ever: "You wait and see what will come next!" he whispered.

Thus drank the rich peasants, thus drank the host, pandering to each other, and flattering each other, with sweet words, making honeyed and false

speeches. Listened the Elder to these, and praised the Imp for this also. "Without all peradventure," said he, "this drink making them turn into such foxes, they will take to cheating each other next; and at this rate they will soon fall, every one of them, into our hands."

"Wait and see," said the Imp, "what will come next, when each has one glass more. Now they are only like unto cunning foxes; give time, and they will get transformed into ferocious wolves."

The peasants had each one glass more, and forthwith their talk became louder and more brutal. Instead of honeyed speeches, they proceeded to abuse each other, and turning gradually fiercer, they ended by getting into a free fight and damaging each other's noses badly. Then the host took also a turn and got soundly thrashed.

As the Elder looked on, he felt much pleased with this too. "'Tis good," saith he, "very, very good."

"Wait and see," said the Imp, "something still better is in store, no sooner they will have emptied their third glass. Now they are fighting like hungry wolves, at the third glass they will have become like swine."

The peasants had their third round, and quite lost their reason. Grumbling and hiccupping, shouting at each other, and knowing not what they said, they rushed out, some alone, some in couples, and some in triplets, and scattered in the streets. The host trying to see his guests off, fell with his nose in a mud-puddle, rolled in it and unable to rise, lay there grunting like a hog. . . . This pleased the Elder Devil most of all.

"Well," saith he, "thou hast invented a fine drink, indeed, and redeemed thy loaf! Tell me," he added, "how hast thou managed to compound it? Surely thou must have fermented it first, with the blood of the fox; thence the craft of the drunken peasant, who becomes forthwith a fox himself. Then thou hast distilled it with wolf's blood, which makes him as wicked as a wolf? Finally, thou hast mixed the whole with the blood of the swine; therefore has the peasant become like a hog."

"Not so," quoth the Imp. "I only helped him to get some extra cereals. The wild beast's blood is ever present in man, but it remains latent and finds no issue so long as he has no more bread than he needs for his food; and then it is that he does not grudge to another his last morsel of bread. But no sooner did man get more corn than he needed, than he took to inventing things wherewith to gratify his passions. Then it was that I taught him the enjoyment—of intoxicating drink. And no sooner had

he commenced to distil the gift of God into spirit, for his gratification, than his original foxish, wolfish and swinish blood arose in him. Let him now only go on drinking wine and liquor, and he will remain for ever a beast."

For which invention the Elder Devil praised freely his Devil's Imp, forgave him his failure with the stolen loaf, and promoted him in Hell.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED

"Let us compare all things, and, putting aside emotionalism as unworthy of the logician and the experimentalist, hold fast only to that which passes the ordeal of ultimate analysis."—H.P.B.

चित्रं वटतरोर्मूले वृद्धाः शिष्या गुरुर्युवा ।

गुरोस्तु मौनं व्याख्यानं शिष्यास्तु चिन्तनसंशयाः ॥

"Ah! the wonder of the Banyan Tree. There sits the Guru Deva, a youth, and the disciples are elders; the teaching is silence, and still the disciples' doubts are dispelled."

**Q.** What is the meaning of the inner dissatisfaction one often feels at the very time when one is aware that there is nothing to complain of and when life is going particularly smoothly?

**Ans.** In trying to answer such a general question one must bear in mind that often the questioner gives an incomplete picture of the situation, perhaps leaving out of his description a factor that alters the case materially. But taking for granted that the problem is clearly formulated, the inner dissatisfaction is a hopeful sign—a taste of the "divine discontent" referred to by the mystics. One use of smooth and easy periods in life—which are otherwise apt to be comparatively profitless—is that they give the personality an interval in which, if it will, it may be at leisure from itself and hear the inner voice.

In the present case, the voice informs the personal consciousness that the inner, spiritual man lacks food. It is a cry of pain, indicating that the way of life adopted—not that particular period of peace, but the general trend of the incarnation—is not such as to provide nourishment for the highest in man. It witnesses to the personality's awareness of the inner self and to its having reached the stage where conscious self-identification with that inner being

becomes a possibility. The voice should be attended to, and relief sought in the search for a spiritual philosophy of life. It is usually attended to, because it is so insistent. But it is often misinterpreted as a need for "a change", for more variety, for a new "interest in life". And as the personality begins to respond to these fresh stimuli, the inner voice is no longer heard. But to fortune's favoured soldiers it will in time speak again and yet again, until the right food to satisfy the spiritual nature is sought and found.

\* \* \* \*

**Q.** We have inner knowledge that "the Master's hand is over all" and can reverently seek guidance and enlightenment in full confidence that "in the hour of our need the Lord will provide". Thus writes Mr. Crosbie. He surely cannot mean that we may expect the *Master* to help us in our hour of need?

**Ans.** Both H. P. B. and Mr. Judge clearly state that the Masters do watch over and assist aspirants. In an answer to the question whether such beings as the Masters really exist, Mr. Judge states that he can assure his readers from personal experience that They do and that They help earnest workers and seekers after truth; mentioning full confidence in one's own higher nature and loyalty to the dictates of conscience as qualities needed by one who wishes to receive such aid. While They have no favourites and are moved by no personal considerations, They most certainly do watch over aspirants and do help in their hour of need such as show promise of usefulness. We should not forget, however, that the Masters Themselves judge when that hour has come and what constitutes a need. H. P. B. has said that the student is often helped when he least expects it and it is not hard to understand that the times when we look for and long for help are not those in which we really need it, especially in view of the fact that the aspirant to spiritual wisdom is required to develop by his own effort strength, independence and judgment.

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around us and below us poverty, misery and ignorance are spread—above us abide prosperity, happiness and wisdom. With eyes fixed upon Their World let us assist Them to protect humanity from far greater misery and sorrow. The Rishis are the Friends of Humanity and its Protectors, and it is these Living Rishis who sent H. P. B. to us and who, through her, befriended us to-day.

## HER MESSAGE OF DEVOTION

[Below we print the text of the Bombay U. L. T. White Lotus Day Address of 1938.—Eds.]

Friends,

What is the exact purpose of this gathering? Why do we meet, year after year, to commemorate the Anniversary of the Passing of H. P. Blavatsky? We call her our Teacher, our Guru, beloved and revered, and all can understand why we, her pupils, should gather on this Day, with heart-feelings of veneration and of gratitude; but why call in the *public*?—why invite those who are not her students? Some of you have never even read through a book by Madame Blavatsky; some of you do not know anything about her; others among you have heard false things. Our object in commemorating this Anniversary publicly is a very definite one—to share the benefits of our blessings with all our fellow-men. Our study of Theosophy has so transformed our lives; so much Soul-satisfaction and happiness have entered our being; such new energy and fresh vitality have come to us, such inspiration constantly flows into us, that we feel we must share all these with as many as would like to have them. Mr. Judge once said that Theosophy is for those who want it and for no others. What does it mean? It means that unless a man or a woman is willing to open the windows of the mind and let the light of truth stream in, he cannot have that light; also, unless a person feels charity, love and compassion for suffering humanity, he is not able to be touched by the power of inspiration which comes from Theosophy. We celebrate White Lotus Day publicly, then, because we know the power of this Day, the 8th of May: that power awakens the mind and the heart of people who are children of our era and who are struggling against difficulties and evil, and who aspire to gain Peace and Happiness. True students of Theosophy have Peace and they do experience Happiness, and their greatest joy is to share that Peace and Happiness with an increasing number of their fellow-men.

And what is the key to that experience of abiding Peace and Happiness which Madame Blavatsky offers? Not only in her magnificent writings, but also through the incidents of her grand life, both by precept and by example, she shows that key to be—DEVOTION, BHAKTI. Not the devotion of blind worship as so-called religious people understand it; not even that kind of devotion which the Soul touched by the woes of life feels desiring to escape the sufferings of rebirth and the agony of objective existence, and to reach some God somewhere, in Swarga or Nirvana, that devotion of which Shelley wrote—

The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.

What kind of Devotion, Bhakti, did Madame Blavatsky teach and herself practise all her life? It is the devotion which wells up in the heart as Love for all men, all women, as love wells up in the mother's bosom for her first-born babe. It is the devotion which yearns to express itself in sacrifice and service, as the father toils in service to nourish and educate his son and heir. That devotion for orphaned humanity finds ways and means to gain knowledge so that service may be efficient and love fully intelligent. Full of that high Devotion H. P. Blavatsky served the human race as a whole—served every continent and every country. To express that Devotion she fitted herself by acquiring knowledge so that her service might be real and lasting. Twenty long years did she travel and study to obtain true knowledge, and it is by the aid of her knowledge, real and stupendous, that she teaches us, her pupils, to handle our own difficulties, our moral pains and mental ignorance. Her books and articles offer to us that mighty knowledge at which the scholar wonders; but it is her life, and especially the events and incidents of her twenty years of active service, which bring to the server inspiration and strength to practise and to act.

To-day, on White Lotus Day, we salute her with reverence for the precept and the example of true Devotion which she offered us. It is we who want to imbibe a little of that Bhakti so that we may become liberal cosmopolitans as she was, and rise above the orthodoxy of religion and the narrowness of nationalism. We want to become brothers to all men everywhere as H. P. B. proved herself to be. To do so, to attain the condition in which we can truly say—"The World is my country, all mankind are my countrymen"—we need knowledge, knowledge to eradicate our own weaknesses and limitations, and also knowledge to unfold Soul-perception and Soul-strength. Such knowledge is available through H. P. B.'s sacrifice. Such knowledge can be acquired by a mind which is charged with Bhakti or Devotion. But how to arouse in us that Devotion? It comes to birth when we recognize living embodiments of love and service as H. P. B. was. Therefore to-day we say to you all—seek knowledge so that you may serve humanity; unfold devotion towards those Great Servants of whom H. P. B. spoke and of whom she was the Accredited Messenger. If

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# The United Lodge of Theosophists

## DECLARATION

THE policy of this Lodge is independent devotion to the cause of Theosophy, without professing attachment to any Theosophical organization. It is loyal to the great founders of the Theosophical Movement, but does not concern itself with dissensions or differences of individual opinion.

The work it has on hand and the end it keeps in view are too absorbing and too lofty to leave it the time or inclination to take part in side issues. That work and that end is the dissemination of the Fundamental Principles of the philosophy of Theosophy, and the exemplification in practice of those principles, through a truer realization of the SELF; a profounder conviction of Universal Brotherhood.

It holds that the unassailable *Basis for Union* among Theosophists, wherever and however situated, is "*similarity of aim, purpose and teaching*", and therefore has neither Constitution, By-Laws nor Officers, the sole bond between its Associates being that *basis*. And it aims to disseminate this idea among Theosophists in the furtherance of Unity.

It regards as Theosophists all who are engaged in the true service of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, condition or organization, and

It welcomes to its association all those who are in accord with its declared purposes and who desire to fit themselves, by study and otherwise, to be the better able to help and teach others.

*"The true Theosophist belongs to no cult  
or sect, yet belongs to each and all."*

Being in sympathy with the purposes of this Lodge as set forth in its "Declaration", I hereby record my desire to be enrolled as an Associate; it being understood that such association calls for no obligation on my part other than that which I, myself, determine.

The foregoing is the Form signed by Associates of the United Lodge of Theosophists. Inquiries are invited from all persons to whom this Movement may appeal. Cards for signature will be sent upon request, and every possible assistance furnished to Associates in their studies and in efforts to form local Lodges. There are no fees of any kind, and no formalities to be complied with.

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