

THE STAR

An International Magazine



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September, 1929

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THE STAR

A Monthly Magazine dealing with the problems and expressions of life.

FLORENCE DOMBEY SHREVE, *Editor*

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An Appreciation

By John A. Ingelman

Persons and events come and go in our world of phenomena, but in proportion that we have however unconsciously sensed something of our own centre of eternity, do we serenely accept this march of events.

There are, however, few who can witness without regret a change in well-established and satisfactory associations.

We are all of us today confronted with such a change in connection with the personnel of *The Star Magazine*.

Our beloved Editor, Marie Russak Hotchener, is forced because of overwork as Editor, and of personal circumstances over which she has no control, to lay aside her heavy responsibility as Editor of *The Star Magazine*, in spite of our supplications that she continue.

For two and a half years she has labored ceaselessly every day and often late into the night to make *The Star* the interesting and splendid magazine it has become. In turning our minds back two and a half years we find in our hands *The Server*, a modest beginning of what Mrs. Hotchener has transmuted into the present *The Star Magazine*, a dignified publication which has achieved literary and, lately, financial success, and hundreds of letters testify to the appreciation of its subscribers.

We can well understand how reluctantly Mrs. Hotchener finds herself obliged to lay down a labor to which she has given her whole heart and soul and practically her whole time; but because of the intensity of her love and devotion for Krishnaji, and her great desire to spread his Message, this strenuous task was for her never a burden but a constant source of joy.

When all is said and done, there can surely be no greater satisfaction to anyone of us than the knowledge of service well performed. That, then, is the privilege that is Mrs. Hotchener's, and with it goes, I feel certain, the heartfelt love and gratitude of every one of us.

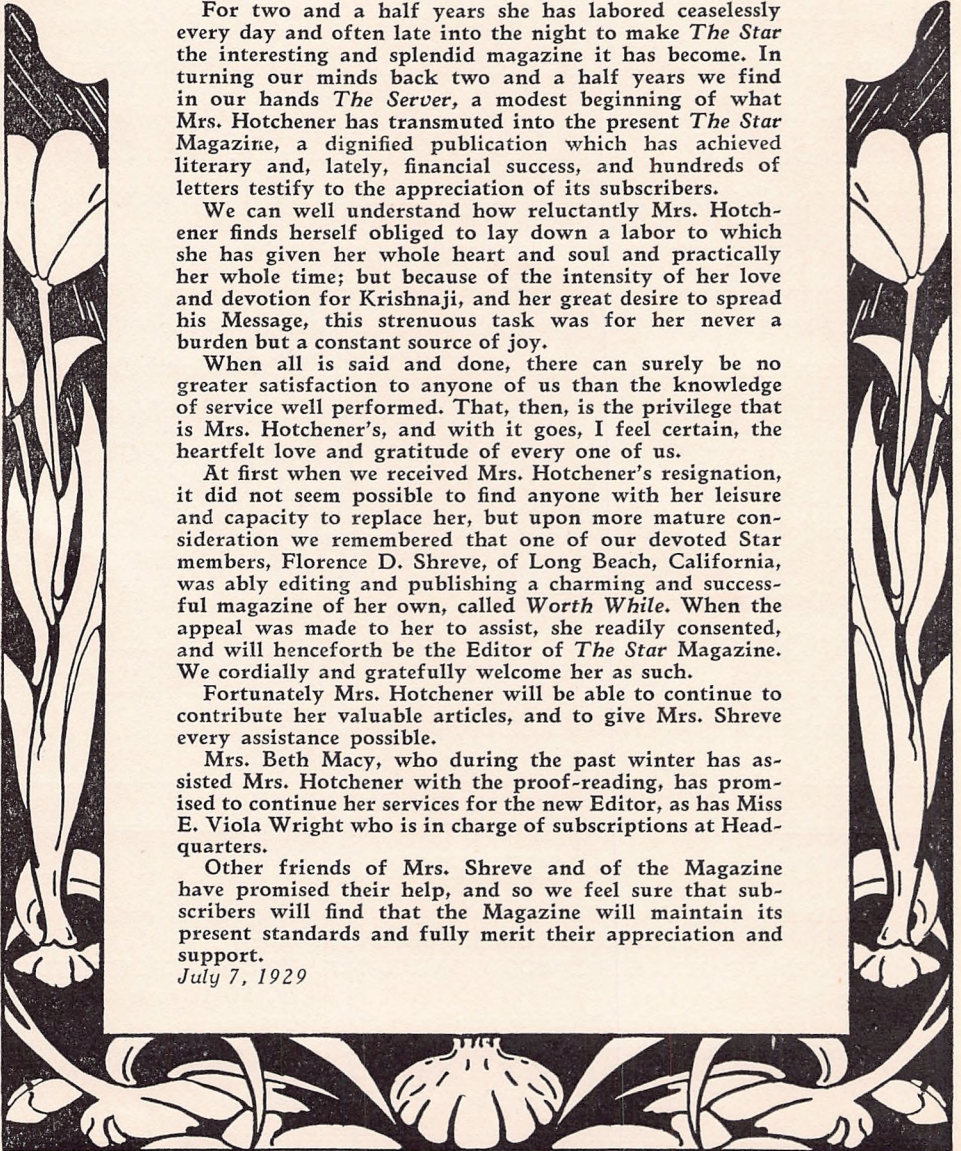
At first when we received Mrs. Hotchener's resignation, it did not seem possible to find anyone with her leisure and capacity to replace her, but upon more mature consideration we remembered that one of our devoted Star members, Florence D. Shreve, of Long Beach, California, was ably editing and publishing a charming and successful magazine of her own, called *Worth While*. When the appeal was made to her to assist, she readily consented, and will henceforth be the Editor of *The Star Magazine*. We cordially and gratefully welcome her as such.

Fortunately Mrs. Hotchener will be able to continue to contribute her valuable articles, and to give Mrs. Shreve every assistance possible.

Mrs. Beth Macy, who during the past winter has assisted Mrs. Hotchener with the proof-reading, has promised to continue her services for the new Editor, as has Miss E. Viola Wright who is in charge of subscriptions at Headquarters.

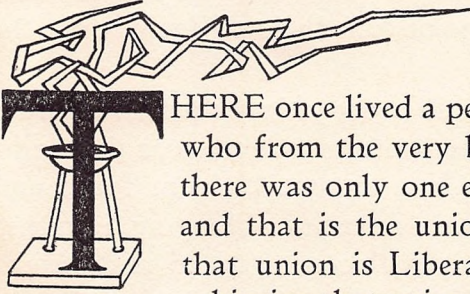
Other friends of Mrs. Shreve and of the Magazine have promised their help, and so we feel sure that subscribers will find that the Magazine will maintain its present standards and fully merit their appreciation and support.

July 7, 1929



The Spark and the Flame

By J. Krishnamurti



HERE once lived a person by the name of Krishnamurti who from the very beginning of things perceived that there was only one end, that there was only one goal, and that is the union with the Beloved, and that in that union is Liberation and Happiness. But before achieving that union, that Liberation and Happiness, he had to develop, he had to try every path, every route on that mountain where humanity abides. So, at various periods of time, during various lives, during various epochs, he passed from one stage to another, from one temperament to another, from one experience to another, from one desire to another, till he had explored all avenues that were, he thought, going to lead him to the mountain top. Each path led him a little higher, but none took him to the end, he was never able to achieve what he desired—the complete union with the Beloved, with the Guru of Gurus. So, after experimenting, after struggling, after seeing the blue skies of the heavens and the dark clouds thereof, he at last set aside all things, all desires, all affections, all sorrows, all pleasures and all paths, because all paths are different stages leading but to one end. So he set aside all these paths and listened to the voice which was the outcome of the experience which he gathered through all avenues of thought, of emotion, and of action.

Gathering that strength, he set aside all things and so was able to complete that union, that union with the flame, which brings peace, which brings complete Liberation and utter Happiness. So those individuals who, like Krishnamurti, have but one desire, but one end—for all humanity has but one end, one purpose, one goal—those individuals must set aside all things and learn to rely on themselves and to establish themselves in the strength which they have gathered from the multitude of their experiences, of their various experiments in many lives.

There is no Teacher except the Teacher within one, there is no Truth except the Truth of self-realization, which unfolds to the in-

dividual the goal, which is the destruction of the separate self, which is the union with the Beloved, the union of the spark with the flame. So I would tell you how to attain that end, that immeasurable goal, that vastness within which the separate self ceases and vanishes. What happens to the separate self afterwards is of no importance; whether it remains within the flame or cometh forth again, only the flame can answer.

In order to unite with the flame, in order to lose the self, in order to attain Liberation and Happiness, you must develop as that individual, Krishnamurti, developed. You cannot blossom forth and become a rose in a day, but if you have intensity of longing, immense power and strength behind you, it will carry you to that height where you can live constantly with the Beloved, even though you may not yet be united with the Beloved.

In order to develop the three beings which are within each one of you, harmoniously and coördinately and synthetically, and thus to bring about union, harmony and complete peace, you needs must have long practice and persistent struggle. Without refinement, without culture, and without simplicity, which is the outcome of these two, there will be no union, there will be no contact with the flame. You cannot divide the flame, for the flame is one; it is simple because it includes all the millions of sparks. And so, if you would attain to union with the flame, you must become simple with the simplicity which is born out of refinement, out of culture. For behavior, the outward expression of our inward thoughts, dwells with righteousness, and you must establish within yourselves that right and true behavior in all things and towards all things. In order to express that refinement and that culture, which all people feel at great moments of ecstasy, you must train the body which is the outward expression, or rather which should be the outward expression of your inward greatness, spirituality, and nobility.

So you must first of all control the body, and to gain control needs practice and continued care, and then the body will not develop disharmoniously, and will not have habits, tricks, and sudden desires, sudden worries, sudden angers of its own. The body is merely an instrument of that self which is part of the flame; and as the self which is the spark of that flame develops more and more, becomes more refined, more cultured, and grows nearer to the flame, the body must also represent in the outward form the inward feelings, the in-

ward thoughts, the inward purity. In order to control the actions of the body, in order to control the feelings, the passions and the cravings of the body, you must meditate regularly. What kind of meditation is of no importance, if certain forms or systems suit you, adopt them, the result is the important thing and not the system. Whether you achieve the mountain top through one particular form or through another is of small value; what is important is that you should arrive at that state of mind and of emotion when the body can represent, can act, can do things that you desire. Together with the physical, which is the outward expression, there must be the inward reality, the inward development of the emotions and of the mind.

I continue with the story of Krishnamurti. In the days when the world was young and when there were gods among men, there lived a separate entity, a separate soul, by the name of Krishnamurti. He had, in developing that separate self, desired to grow into the flame, which is the desire of all little sparks, of all the separate sparks which exist within each one in the world.

And during the growth from the spark to the flame, that separate entity, that separate self, Krishnamurti, developed by process of destructive emotions, by creative emotions, by emotions that are refined, by emotions that are gross, by various stages, life after life, acquiring and discarding, accumulating and eliminating, until little by little, in process of time, travelling on the pathless track, he reached that stage where he realized that in order to have lasting emotions, to have love and devotion, there must be a constant training of the heart, there must be peace and serenity. So he set about building a temple within his own heart, building an altar at which he could worship his Beloved with tranquillity, and give his devotion with the certainty that he would develop into a flame which would eventually become the flame of the Beloved. Now, when he was able to perceive that in order to become part of the Beloved, the love had to be impersonal, had to be pure, had to be strong, he set aside all things in order to attain the mountain top of freedom and of Liberation and of Happiness. In perceiving that, he realized that he had first to gather the vital energy from all feelings—destructive and constructive—so that he could with greater force, with greater strength, leap into the flame and become part of that flame. And in the realization of separateness there naturally grew up the desire to become part

of the One, and by the process of time, by accumulation, by elimination, by destruction and by creation, he developed, he grew into that flame and so was able to lose himself in that flame and become part of the Beloved. Because he has become part of that Eternity, part of that everlasting flame, part of that Kingdom of Happiness and of Liberation, because he is one with the Beloved, he is able to love all impersonally. That individual who started as a separate self many lives, many centuries ago, was able to become part of the Beloved, part of that flame, which made him love all the world, because the Beloved dwells in all, either fully developed or hardly developed as yet.

So I would tell you of the development of this love which is impersonal, which is pure, which gives vitality and energy, which is creative force, the force that purifies because it creates and expands. As I said previously, there is in each one of us an emotional entity which is separate, which is apart and distinct from the others, creating and destroying on its own, irrespective of the mental and the physical. Without consideration, without thought, the emotional being develops on its own, till it learns to adapt and harmonize itself to the other two. Till that lesson is learned, till that particular point of view becomes its own, it will have to suffer, and in suffering there is not only destruction but also creation.

Now, if you would develop the spark, which is within each one of you, into a magnificent flame and eventually become part of the eternal flame which is the heart of the Beloved, you must distinguish between creative and destructive energies and emotions; and then you will enter that Kingdom of Happiness, which will liberate you from all earthly toils, from all earthly pleasures, all earthly sorrows, which will liberate you from the wheel of life and death, and you will live on that mountain top where there is eternal peace, eternal harmony. In order to distinguish between what is true and what is fleeting, between what is lasting and what is passing, you must create a mirror. and every feeling that arises in you, whether it be from the mire of selfishness or from the purity of great devotion, must be examined. That mirror will present to your mind and to your intelligence what to choose and what to discard, what to eliminate and what to conserve. But while this examination must be ceaseless and persistent, it becomes dangerous if it makes you self-centered and much more interested in your own feelings, your own desires, than in the desires and

feelings of others; because from that self-centeredness there naturally grows morbidness, depression and sorrow. Against this danger, those who seek the path of peace must fight. Those who find the Truth, though they examine themselves, though they inspect, question and criticise the emotions of the self, must not be morbid, must look not only within themselves, but must turn outward with cheerfulness and activity.

What then are the destructive energies which bind, which make us narrow, which make for limitation? Anger and irritation, jealousy and hatred are binding, as are also our worries, our envies of another, our hatred of another, our self-centeredness; all these limit, bind, all these are destructive emotions.

On the other side, the constructive, there is only one energy which may be multiplied into many, and that is love. Love in its lowest form is experienced both by animals and human beings, but out of that love is born devotion, which is love at its highest, which is impersonal, pure, strong, and serene. In developing that highest love you must pass from darkness into light, from the unreal to the real. So, whatever be the form of love, even if small, undeveloped and as yet in the stage of the bud, unblossomed, cling to it, glorify it, and make it pure, for love, whatever its form, is creative and expanding.

The love of one individual for another, though it be limited, will gradually develop into the love of the nation, by force of evolution, till it eventually becomes the love of the whole world. You can trace for yourselves the process of the expansion of this love. Such a love, if truly cultivated, truly understood, will bring about culture, refinement, because culture and refinement are the products of consideration for another.

Without a heart which is calm and yet vibrant, you will not understand the flame which is always dancing, which is always alive, everlastingly burning. So, in order to produce that creative dance of love, you must have within you this realization, that you are part of the flame, part of that eternal world in which there is Liberation and Happiness.

Krishnamurti, in search of that Happiness and that Liberation which await all equally, once lived in a valley where for many lives he was a slave of the emotions, of the desires, of the cravings of the physical body alone. For, in his progress towards the mountain top, that individual had to taste, had to experience, had to gather the

fruit of every emotion, of every sorrow, of every pleasure, in order to fulfill and to attain the end. But by gradual process of time, by suffering, by more intensive desires, he became a slave of the emotions, he was caught up in a whirlpool of desires and intense longings, and for many lives he remained in that state; but gradually, as the spring comes after a weary winter, he began to perceive that Happiness and Liberation could only be achieved through the subjugation and control of the physical body and the emotions; and that for this he must develop his mind, for the mind is the guide, the controller. Life after life, he began to lay up experience within that mind, as one builds an edifice laying brick upon brick by slow degrees, by labor, by struggle, by sorrow, by creative energy, and imagination, so he began through that experience to build in his mind the edifice which would carry him to the abode of his Beloved. And through the building of that edifice, through the perfecting of the physical, of the emotional and of the mental beings within him, through the gradual harmonizing and controlling of these beings he was able to get into touch with that voice, which is the voice of experience, which is the intuition, which is the voice of all humanity; for the outcome of experience is the same for all, when the lessons of experience have been learned. As a stream which at the beginning is very small and insignificant, gathers more waters ever as it goes, collects to itself other little streams till it becomes a roaring river and joins the sea, so was Krishnamurti able to gather experience, little by little, life after life. Though he was small at the beginning, though he was insignificant at the beginning, by his struggles, by his longings, by his pleasures, by his devotions, and by his energy, he was able to become a roaring stream, and was able to join the Beloved. So the beginning and the end, so the night and the day were united. Though a very small person at the commencement, he was able to see the Beloved and thus eventually to lose himself in that consciousness, in that flame, in that Liberation and Happiness.

In order to attain this Liberation and Happiness which is the goal for all, which is the end for all, those who are searching for that end must understand, must learn to control, to guide, and to train their minds. Most people take trouble in order to keep their physical bodies beautiful, young, alive, energetic, and as elastic as possible; but as the mind is not perceived, they do not pay so much attention to it as to the physical body; but he who would attain Liberation, he who

would understand this Happiness, he who would join with the Beloved, he who would give Happiness and Liberation to others, must learn to spend a great deal of his time and energy in creating a great and a peaceful mind. He must have a mind that is controlled and yet elastic, yielding, not narrow nor bound, a mind that is willing to understand, that is refined and cultured; and for the production of such a mind, experience through many lives is necessary. For out of the lessons of sorrow and pain, out of the lessons of longings and immense desires is born intelligence—intelligence that will discriminate, choose, and guide.

In order to attain Liberation, the mind must act as a guide and not the cravings of either the emotions or of the physical body. For, the mind is either a creator or a destroyer and as the mind is continually creating and destroying on its own, irrespective of the physical and of the emotional beings, until it is brought into harmony with the other two, it does not cultivate intuition. The highest purpose of the mind is to develop that intuition which will guide the whole of one's being life after life.

As there is in the mind the constructive and the destructive side, let us first consider the constructive. The goal and the end for all, irrespective of temperament, irrespective of nationalities, irrespective of all things, is Liberation and Happiness, and in the development of the creative side of the mind lies understanding of the goal. Those, therefore, who would be liberated, who would understand this happiness, must study and understand all sides of life, and not one alone. In helping others to attain Liberation and Happiness, we must look to all forms of life—religion, politics, science, and art. Every human being, whether he be of a far off country or of our own, desires to attain this Liberation and this Happiness, and any one of the forms may be his means of attainment. Those who would help really and lastingly, must find out along what lines they can best give their creative energies.

On the destructive side of the mind—for until he has arrived at the stage of Liberation, every person possesses both the constructive and destructive—is intolerance. Unless you understand that Liberation and Happiness is the goal, the end for all, intolerance is born; and out of this intolerance arises criticism and a sense of superiority. But when you understand that the end for man is Liberation, as the

end for the river is the ocean, there will be no intolerance, no criticism, no hatred, no sense of superiority.

Another destructive side of the mind is the exaggeration of the importance of the separate self, the self that, naturally, through the process of time, through the period of climbing from the plains to the mountain top, is glorified, becomes more and more powerful, till at last it is destroyed and becomes part of the eternal, of the Beloved, till it becomes part of that flame. Till that is realized, the importance of the self, the exaggeration of the self, exists in each one and from this is born pride of the individual, from this is born pride which is destructive and from that pride comes cruelty, the mental cruelty of superiority, of indifference, and out of this is born again arrogance, the pride of race, of caste, of wealth, of culture, of refinement. So, he who would develop the constructive side of his mind, must understand that Liberation and Happiness is the one goal, and that in working for that alone will intuition help him.

In order to build up this creative side of his intellect, there must be solitude, there must be time for thought, time for gathering, time for contemplation, time for dreams, time for meditation. You must learn to control the mind, you must learn to make the mind active and at the same time subservient; and when within you the union of the three bodies is complete, then the voice of intuition will guide forever and lead you to Liberation and Happiness. Liberation and Happiness is your own product, though everyone in the attainment thereof comes together; it is an individual creation, though everyone in creating it is united; the discovery of this Kingdom of Happiness and Liberation is an individual effort and energy, but in discovering that Kingdom of Happiness and Liberation you will meet all the peoples of the world who are striving, who are conquering and who have achieved. So, the mind and the heart and the body, when united, will be joined with the Beloved, with the Eternal and with that flame of which the individual self is the spark.

—Reprinted from *THE STAR*, Sept. 1928, by request.

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Editorial



CHANGE is the inexorable law of progress. That which stands still dies, but whatever is alive, whatever is in a state of growth, is subject to constant change. This applies to physical forms and beings, to material structures and organizations and to mental concepts alike.

Every great movement used by man for his development must be in a constant state of unfoldment. Once any such movement attempts to assume a permanent form, crystallizes into definite, immutable shape, it rings the knell of its own disintegration. For him who has learned the great lesson of this law, life holds no terror. He only is afraid who prefers to stand still.

Great changes in the progress of the Order of the Star have necessitated a re-organization of the equipment which was used for the functioning of its work. Out of this re-organization have arisen some misinterpretations due to lack of understanding. Fears have been generated, statements made, and questions asked which show this to be a fact. Elsewhere in this number of THE STAR appears a notice of the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Discriminating minds realize that only the physical form has changed. The work that has been done by this Order, namely the spreading of the teachings of Krishnamurti, will continue just as long as there remain teachings to spread. Those who feared that the dissolution of the Order meant the death of something will realize that there has disappeared only a shell, which in the light of the teach-

ings of Krishnamurti himself was a barrier to broader understanding.

Since the announcement of such a dissolution there have come to us many expressions of regret that THE STAR, our international magazine printed in America, was to discontinue. Though the publication of STAR magazines in foreign countries will be replaced by the STAR BULLETIN, the fate of THE STAR (in America) is still in abeyance. Our magazine has occupied a different position. It has been the vehicle of expression for many thinkers and writers whose philosophy of life was guided by or co-incided with that of Krishnamurti. America is essentially a country of magazines, and the liberal support and patronage given to THE STAR would indicate the desire on the part of its subscribers for a magazine of just such a nature.

When we were asked by Dr. Ingelman to assume the editorship of THE STAR we realized the situation that lay just ahead and took the obligation with a willingness to continue the work if those who are its supporters wish the magazine to continue. From the expressions which have come to us since the Ommen pronouncement this would appear to be the unanimous wish of the patrons of the magazine. Their will must be our guide.

* * *

For the benefit of those who may not yet have read the new plans we quote the following from the pen of D. Rajagopal:

The Order of the Star has been dissolved by its Head, but it will take time to work out the necessary legal formalities involved in that dissolu-

tion. Hence both the Order of the Star in the East and the Order of the Star must continue to exist as legal corporations for a while, and all transactions with the Order of the Star in the East and with the Order of the Star as legalized corporations will continue to be in force during that time. It is hoped that all officials of the Order throughout the world will help to complete the dissolution.

Five distinct corporations already exist to disseminate the teachings of Krishnamurti throughout the world, and to organize Camps and other gatherings. The assets and liabilities of the Order of the Star in the East and the Order of the Star, will be transferred to one or other of these corporations.

These five corporations are: The Star Publishing Trust (International); The Eerde Foundation; The Ojai Camp Corporation; The Rishi Valley Trust; The Amphitheatre Trust.

The Star Publishing Trust (International) at Eerde, Ommen, Holland, will continue to publish Krishnamurti's writings in books, pamphlets and magazines. Other departments under the Trust will deal with photographs and cinema films. The use of Movie-tone and radio-broadcasting will also be arranged.

The INTERNATIONAL STAR BULLETIN will henceforth be a publication of the Star Publishing Trust, with a new policy outlined. The English edition of the BULLETIN will be distributed from Eerde. Editions of the BULLETIN in other languages will be published by Editors appointed by the Trust in different countries, and will be exact reproductions of the English edition.

With the dissolution of the Order of the Star the several *Star* Magazines un-

der the direction of the Order will not be published after the end of this year.

The Eerde Foundation administers the Estate of Eerde and will now undertake the management of the Castle. The most important part of its work will be the organization of the annual Camps at Ommen. Associated with this foundation is the Edith Stichting, which has established a school for the children of Ommen and will inaugurate other progressive projects in Ommen.

The Ojai Camp Corporation will organize Camp-gatherings at Ojai. It will also provide offices for the use of The Star Publishing Trust in the United States.

The Rishi Valley Trust will organize Camps and other gatherings in India, and provide offices for the agency of The Star Publishing Trust. It will also establish educational institutions.

The Amphitheatre Trust will organize Camps and other gatherings in Australia. It will undertake the administration of properties now legally owned by the Order of the Star in that country. It will provide offices in Australia for The Star Publishing Trust.

The goodwill and enthusiasm for Krishnamurti and his work, which so far was largely expressed through the Order of the Star, will certainly not cease with the dissolution of the Order, but will find a more effective and concentrated expression in this new scheme.

The funds necessary for the work will, we hope, be provided, as in the past, by the donations and bequests of those who, because of their interest and enthusiasm, offer generous help to the furthering of the great movement begun by Krishnamurti.

For Open Door¹

By J. Anker Larsen

J. Anker Larsen is a Danish author whose prize-winning novel, THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, won him world-wide recognition several years ago. This present article is a fragment of a recent book, FOR AABEN DOR, which has not yet appeared in English translation.



ONE winter day I was walking in Geel Skov². It was cold, and to get warm I had been walking quickly for a long time. Now I felt the red blood tingle in every fibre of my body; with every breath I took in a stream of fresh air. In me was, I felt, an effervescence of health; I had got my fill of health and could not hold more. The wood breathed it into my face, I could plainly see health and strength fill the space between the naked trunks of the trees. It was a delight to see it—until I got filled with that, too, and had to look away, just as a child delighting in a Christmas show, finally experiences the unbelievable—that it does not care to look any longer, hardly even to possess any of the things. Then I went homewards, mechanically, in more than one sense. I was too comfortable to feel happiness in the possession of anything; my ordinary I-feeling had gone to sleep like a baby in its perambulator. I remember just the sound of my big, heavy boots that shuffled in the frozen leaves, otherwise my consciousness was not very active. When I looked up to take my bearings, it (the consciousness) became quite lost as re-

gards time and place—in front of me was a narrow woodpath so fresh and clean and marvellous that it seemed it must be one of the paths in the Garden of Paradise. There could be no doubt of it; my own joy at the sight also belonged to Paradise. I think it lasted a second, reckoned according to earthly time. I was still standing there, looking along the path, the same that led to the house in which I was living. It looked aged, insignificant and tedious, but in my remembrance still glowed the picture of the path in the Garden of Paradise accompanied by the feeling that this path was an old acquaintance. Quite right! Now I remembered it very well. It is near a villege school on Langeland,* but it may not be worth the trouble to go there and find it; surely it looks aged, insignificant and tedious. One winter forenoon I walked there together with some playfellows; I may have been seven years old. Perhaps I have been there once or twice later, not more. Until now I had totally forgotten its existence, it had never been among those pictures from my birthplace that used to visit me, it had been stowed away far below the “threshold of consciousness.” I began to take a better

1. By kind permission of the Publishers, Gyldendalske Boghandel, Nordisk Forlag, Copenhagen.

2. A wood in Copenhagen. “Skov” meaning “Wood.”

* One of the Danish Islands near Funen.

view of the path in Geel Skov, looking for that likeness that had fetched the other one up from the well of oblivion. I could not possibly find any likeness except this one: that they were both paths in a wood. I stood quiet, filled with two feelings which it is difficult to imagine can be present in the mind at one and the same time: a deep happiness that spoke of everlastingness and a judgment of my whole life as fundamentally wrong.

This was the first small trace of the path—I may say the homeward path. Time and watchfulness were necessary to get further along.

The short moment had been filled with so much delight that I hungered for a repetition. I continued walking on the path in the hope of discovering the likeness between it and the "path in the Garden of Paradise." The path in the wood became a puzzle, in which the path of Paradise was hidden. I had seen it once, but could find it no more. It was rather as if a flash of lightning had illuminated the wood; I could recall the picture, but I could not create anew the flash of lightning and really see.

Another day it suddenly flashed again. It happened on the big cross-road, on both sides of which pines grow. In a flash I saw the meaning of the puzzle. It was a road in a wood belonging to a manor-house near my home.** I may have been six or seven years old and I have been there only once. On the whole I think that these places which showed themselves in the flashes were the places as I saw them for the *first* time. I do not remember any case in which they came clothed in the remembrance of former walks there. However, when I looked them up de-

liberately in memory, they always had a history. There was not much nourishment to be got out of these conscious reproductions; they were mostly a long yarn about nothing.

The flashes came spontaneously, when they came; they sprang forth from a direct perception.

Now they became more frequent; it was like a spring; after the first drop more follow, until a constantly running stream is flowing in the formerly dry river-bed.

At the time I made an interesting observation. Providence popped out and became active. I could not avoid connecting a *purpose* with these constantly recurring flashes, could not escape the sensation of *guidance*. Not so that I was prepared to recognize this belief as my own theory, but nevertheless I lived in accordance with it. I remember telling a friend: "I cannot get rid of the sensation that I am living here in the woods in order to return to my earliest childhood and begin life anew." Some 'Supreme Power' demanded it. I felt it so (I may mention that I am not settling the problem: Providence or no Providence, I simply relate).

Now, having felt the Will of Providence. I acted in coördination with it, the more so as it *coincided exactly with my own innermost need*. However, I did more. I began to help Providence a little by a fussy search for the homeward-leading way.

Existence became a single, big puzzle; under each sensation, under each incident was written: "Who can find the experience of childhood?" During this search I left the immediate sensation and the immediate experience, from which the flashes sprang, farther

** On Langeland.

behind. So fraught were these flashes with delight that a longing for the irremediably lost time overwhelmed me; sadness filled my soul, sentimental self-communion lurched behind it. I was not quite aware of this danger, though; I thought I was walking hand in hand with Providence on the way home, ready to commence everything anew.

Nevertheless, something was wrong. Each day drew me farther away from the happy time. The clearer I remembered it, the deeper became the longing and the sadness. At this time I had children of my own, and some of them showed in their eyes the sincere interest in existence that I never find in the eyes of grown-up people. The children did not color the reality with their own aims or treat it according to a favorite theory of their own. Imagination they had and to spare; gargoyles, fairies and gnomes were always ready to take part in their plays, but when they walked about looking at the world, *they looked* straight, even as though they could stand for a long time receiving what it had to give them, in all sincerity and with open-minded attention. Yes, that's just it: they gave sincerity and got sincerity in return. That which leaked in through their thoughts and open minds, and for which they could find no words, in spite of it being a part of themselves, was Truth. I might just as well say *the* Truth, the Truth being Reality. Yet, how many understand that fact?

★ ★ ★

One day I was walking leisurely in my garden. I had been working hard and was in need of a little rest. Sedentary work had tired me out, so I walked inactively to and fro along the garden paths. I walked and walked, until I

came to a standstill before a ditch running between the wood and my garden. Scarcely did my glance rest upon its bank, before the flash sprang forth again, the puzzle was quite open: it was a bank at one of the fields belonging to the farm where I was born. It is a fact that I stood looking at that bank; that is, I did not at that moment distinguish between this present bank and the old one, or between my present "I" and my former "I." The two incidents were *synchronous* and alike. Yes, even the place seemed, by enchantment, to be the same. Suddenly a change occurred. I saw another ditch with its bank running along another field at home, with the same sensation of present experience. Happily no reflective thoughts broke in; I just stood looking. The bank here at the wood proved a great actor. Seven fields belonged to the farm at home, and there were banks and hedges round them all. This bank contrived, in the twinkling of an eye, to personate them all, whereupon it removed all the make-ups and stood there unperturbed, looking at me with its own face, leaving me to my reflections.

It was perfectly clear now: this bank did not look more like those others than did every other bank. I had seen it often enough before without discovering in it the fields belonging to my childhood. No, the likeness was not outside me, in the things I looked at, but it was *inside me*, in *the way* I looked. I happened to look *sincerely and straightly* at this bank—with those eyes I had been born to use. A profound happiness, born of reality, filled me, my inner state *widened out and became one* with all other states of the same kind. Remembrance is out of the question, it was *Being*. I did not in the

least miss the old banks; they were present.

One may stand, looking at the dome of Marmorkirken*; a quite external feature may recall St. Peter's and one may begin to long for Rome. This longing may become quite painful, if one is unable to go there, if one knows that, very likely, one will never again be able to go. However, one may also walk along Bredgade immersed in thoughts, or, what is often the same, in no thoughts whatever, and suddenly, without knowing it, *one is inwardly* in the same condition as when walking across the Place of St. Peter. In the latter case, one *is* in Rome, and does not long while the state lasts; distance has for the time being conceded to be an illusion, space and time smile cunningly, as two grown-ups would smile at a child: "There, now you know that you are free. But will you believe it, when, like two policemen, we return and put manacles on you?"

The flashes were no longer mere flashes; they became lasting. At that time I commenced to be really conscious of that clear-sightedness that accompanied this state. In the beginning it was rather confusing; the two policemen, time and space, loosened the manacles, but I did not dare quite believe in it. Yes, even now, when I am trying to tell it, I feel it may sound like mad talk to those who do not know anything about it. Never mind, anything that we do not know, sounds like nonsense. So, I go on cheerfully.

When walking on a road in Holte**, a little wild chervil growing by the ditch may recall the road from Henninge to Rudkobing where I have walked

many a time. That was a remembrance. I was now quite another person than the small boy who was on his way to Rudkobing. It is difficult to believe that he really was myself. I was arrested by time and space.

On the other hand, I might walk along the same road in Holte and just look at it, as it lay there minding its own business—suddenly I was on the road from Henninge to Rudkobing, and I *was* the small fellow walking there in the middle of the wide world. It really happened *now*; but as soon as I, knowing better, would make protests and verify my papers, year and date, at once policeman time was there with his hands in his pockets, now being a private individual and smiling: "I am not in charge now." I had no better luck when I turned to his colleague, space; he also was having his holiday; if I looked along the road to Holte to assert its identity—then it *opened* up and I *saw in it* the road to Rudkobing. If anyone is convinced that this clear-sightedness is madness, I must encourage him with the information that things will become even worse.

Of course, the whole change took place within myself. I had really returned to my childhood, had become a child again. This mode of being had been lying apparently dead and was suddenly aroused to new life, getting its nourishment through my senses. I put to myself the question: "How will the world look to me, if this child's state is permitted to develop and become as grown-up as my other I?"

Seeing clearly that an inner state, that had been disregarded and overlooked by my tutors as well as by my-

* A church in Copenhagen, in the street Bredgade, built on the model of St. Peter's in Rome.

** A villa community near Copenhagen and next to Geel Skov.

self, was now asserting itself and put forth a demand of right to life, I made it a custom to give it free play whenever it turned up and my work made it possible. At any rate, it could be no worse waste of time than to play bridge.

Thus it slowly happened that the things belonging to this world opened up to me. I cannot find any other expression, because it is to me a form of perception. Things opened up and showed me their whole reality. They did not disown their old, closed forms, they simply declared that these were not the entire reality. It was just the same as when children turn their coats inside out and, looking sinister, say: "We are pirates!" That is only a thing we say. It holds good only for so long as we agree to "say" it. The boys may fight hard for the time being; it may

even happen that their battle becomes serious. This was the case with the closed exterior of things—I apologize for this discrimination between inner and outer; it does not adequately give the real condition, but we have no better word.

How is it then, when the things disclose themselves? In one of my books I describe a boy sitting under an Elder, speaking with his dead brother in the language of Heaven. That is no fable; it is a sober description of what happens. The boy is, at that moment, liberated from the two policemen, time and space; it is an inner state in which all his experiences are present. There is no distance, everything is *here*. There is no past and no future, everything is *now*. Words are uncalled for inasmuch as all knowledge is *Being*.

From Elbert Hubbard's Notebook

The Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives admits all who are worthy; and all who are excluded, exclude themselves. If your life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful.

★ ★ ★

We are moved only by the souls that have suffered and the hearts that know; and so all art that endures is a living, quivering cross-section of life.

★ ★ ★

Be moderate in the use of all things, save fresh air and sunshine.

★ ★ ★

Do not dump your woes upon people—keep the sad story of your life to yourself. Troubles grow by recounting them.

★ ★ ★

There can be no secret in life and morals, because Nature has provided that every beautiful thought you know and every precious sentiment you feel will shine out of your face, so that all who are great enough may see, know, understand, appreciate and appropriate. You keep things only by giving them away.

★ ★ ★

Peace comes to him who brings it; joy to him who gives it; but perfect understanding comes only to him who loves perfectly.

Reflections After Reading an Eastern Story

By V. M. Headland

ONE day I read a fascinating little story of a crippled boy who followed Jesus many miles, suffering hardships and disappointments in the hope and with the faith that if he could see "The Man," and ask Him, He would make his leg whole as He had cured others of different diseases and afflictions.

When first the boy heard of "The Man Jesus," he was incredulous and inclined to scoff and disbelieve the alleged miracles. Neither did the child's mother and father believe. Gradually in the boy grew a sense of belief, a faith that he, too, could be cured if only he could catch up to the Man Jesus and ask Him. Finally, with his father's scoffing consent, and his mother's doubting fear of letting him go, he started out for the next town where he heard Jesus was. On arriving there he found he was too late and Jesus was on His way to Jerusalem. The boy followed. Frail and weak, weary and lame, having suffered many hardships, he arrived at Jerusalem during the Feast of the Passover. The great city with its crowds thriftened him and he knew not where to look for Jesus, but a woman whom Jesus had cured took pity on the child and directed him to the house of Simon where Jesus was to sup. Here he was roughly rebuffed and told that the Master was busy. The disappointment was cruel and he sank to the doorstep crying softly but bitterly. After a time a group of men came out of the house and the boy recognized in their midst the One He followed as quickly as he was able

I followed the thought a little way walking without his crutch.

and a new meaning to the Bible stories and miracles of healing performed by Jesus came to me. In those days, we are told, Jesus told cripples to "throw away their crutches," "to take up their beds and walk," "to have faith and they would be healed." We are led to believe that the ill Jesus cured were physical. That may or may not have been. Those things happened long ago. Today Krishnamurti is calling on us also "to throw away our crutches," "to walk unaided," "to believe we are whole," "to have faith in our own power." We know he is speaking in a spiritual sense for he tells us so. "You do not need



crutches," he says, "walk of your own strength," "have understanding," "be not afraid."

How like the boy's pilgrimage is our own! After many weary years of hardships, many failures and disappointments, we finally "catch up" with the Truth. Before we can be healed of our faults we have to forget ourselves; we must realize that our pain and weariness is often nothing compared to our brother's. We have even to forget entirely that we sought Him for the purpose of being healed ourselves, and

while contemplating Truth, Life, having lost all thought and consciousness of self in the living and understanding of Life, we find our infirmities healed, in the same way as the boy was healed, without knowing it. So deeply was his consciousness engrossed by the agony and suffering of the "Man," so truly was he living, understanding Life, that the consciousness of his own weariness and pain, of his own small difficulties, was entirely obliterated, and his self became one with the larger Self, his little life engulfed in the larger Life.

Are We Guilty?

By A. Zuber



RISHNAMURTI says, "You must no longer be concerned with reconciling, conceding and trying to adjust one thing to another." Is not that just what we have been doing with his teachings and have we not come to multitudinous grief thereby?

Such teachings are the same throughout the ages and are likewise so at the present date. Truth is Truth and not something else, regardless of who states it or when. But *we* have erred in that we have interpreted it incorrectly. And thus, the fresh twigs which Krishnamurti is constantly cutting for us cannot be grafted onto our present acceptance of this Truth. For that reason is it impossible to reconcile, concede or adjust.

Let us compare ourselves to spectators at an art class. The students are drawing a living tree. The teacher makes an occasional suggestion here and there. A few have caught the char-

acteristics of the particular tree to a nicety. Others have not been so successful. Knowing the folly of remodeling the illy portrayed tree, the teacher says to the latter group, "Let us take another sheet of paper and try again, for the result will be far better than if we endeavor to erase, reline and remodel our present mistakes."

Most of the students do this quite unwillingly of course, for they dislike to see their earlier efforts thrown into the waste-basket and they feel certain that their original drawings are quite as good as can be made of this particular tree.

Needless to say, the second attempt is not a very enthusiastic one, until the students have forgotten themselves and their ruffled pride, and have plunged anew into the spirit of the drawing, which is, after all, the same live tree.

Are we not guilty?



Verse

A PRAYER HYMN

This hymn is said to have been written by a nineteen-year-old servant girl. It was read to a large congregation by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan at one of his services last summer at Westminster Chapel, London. It was published in the Westminster Record.

Lord of all pots and pans and things; since
I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching
late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming
heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals, and wash-
ing up the plates.
Although I must have Martha's hands, I have
a Mary mind;
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy
sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth, what time
I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time
for more.
Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love, and
light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worrying, and make all
grumbling cease.
Thou Who didst love to give men food, in
room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it unto
Thee.

★ ★ ★

FREEDOM

Though I should range each burning star
That sings our immemorial goal,
No freedom mine till I unbar
The prisoned Self in mine own soul.

—E. T.

OMNIPRESENCE

By CLARA TONNESEN-LUND.

This epic song,
This rhythmic roar,
Is God's voice beating on the shore.
These dancing waves,
These passing ships,
Are but the movement of His lips.
This singing bird,
This humming bee,
Are symbols of Divinity.
These rustling leaves,
This light and shade,
Are harborage His love hath made
To shelter harmony.
This loving heart,
This helping hand
Are part and parcel of His Plan.
Awake and grow
O, Spark Divine!
Become a flame; lead on the blind.

★ ★ ★

MY FAVORITE STAR

By VIRGINIA HOTCHENER
(Aged 9 Years)

My favorite star is the Evening Star
That shines when day is o'er
When the shadows roam
Around our home
And the sky is growing dark.
My favorite star is the star that shines
When the day turns into night
When the moon's silver bow
Says, "I know, I know
Where the sun has gone to rest."
Oh, the Evening Star
Is a beautiful star
And I love it with all my might
And every evening I say to it
"Good night, my star, good night."

Mental Fitness

By Marie Russak Hotchener



EXERCISING the muscles of the mind is a gymnastic that gives a plenitude of results. It puts to rout sluggishness of thought. It opens the avenues of intelligence to the bracing fresh air of practical knowledge. It strengthens the development of intuition,—the ultra-violet-ray of mental life.

Krishnamurti says: "Those who are searching for the goal must understand, must learn to control, to guide, and to train their minds. Most people take trouble in order to keep their physical bodies beautiful, young, alive, energetic, and as elastic as possible; but as the mind is not perceived they do not pay so much attention to it as to the physical body; but he who would attain liberation, he who would understand this happiness, he who would join with the Beloved, must spend a great deal of time and energy in creating a great and peaceful mind. He must have a mind that is controlled and yet elastic, yielding, not narrow or bound, a mind that is willing to understand, that is refined and cultured."

There is one startling fact that is borne in on the mind as the study of mental fitness proceeds: The destructive power of one's personal habits, one's unsuspected, temperamental habits, those daily faults of action, emotion, and thought of which we are often unaware. People do not realize the inhibiting subtleties of their personal idiosyncrasies—their unlearned, uncontrolled habits. Nor do they real-

ize the constructive power of the knowledge and practice of the simple virtues.

So, let us think deeply as we contemplate very seriously some of the obstacles to mental fitness, those little-great things that obstruct the mental vision from encompassing the vistas of spiritual culture.

When Krishnamurti began his mission many persons were surprised and even disappointed that he emphasized above everything else the power of happiness, and strongly urged the goal of its attainment. No doubt, through his profound knowledge of human nature, he had discovered that the struggles of life had overwhelmed the majority of people with depression and sorrow; and so he appealed to them to become joyous. He knew that the only way to overcome sorrow is by substituting happiness, and that the only permanent way of doing this is by analysis, by *thinking* out the place and meaning of sorrow in the daily life; therefore he added to the urge for happiness the urge to think.

Perhaps, dear reader, if you are among those who were at first surprised at Krishnamurti's simple message of happiness, you will be interested to know that many of the leading, scientific thinkers of today are also urging this same attention to the elimination of depression, fear, and other emotional faults.

There are many persons who need the mental support of exact science, and encouragement of scientific think-

ers, in their efforts to reëducate their troublesome personalities, because they have refused to believe that character-building is other than a religious or mystical process; they need scientists to help make it an exact and practical procedure. I have even heard them say: "Krishnamurti may be right about happiness and liberation, but those Hindus are usually such dreamers, such mystics. How do we know he is right when he says that our simple faults, such as depression, anger, fear, prejudice, and the like, prevent our making progress?"

Let some of the greatest scientific thinkers of today answer this question, and thus confirm the wisdom of Krishnamurti's teachings. These men are constantly emphasizing the deleterious effect of one's petty faults, while *demonstrating scientifically* how they destroy bodily health and the proper functioning of the mind; they are also elucidating the psychological or hidden elements that inhibit the proper functioning of the thinking principle.

In describing the absolute necessity for the study and application of scientific methods in character-building, and in the attainment of a proper mental development, Joseph Jastrow, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Psychology at the University of Wisconsin, one of the most learned scientists of today, says in his book on *Keeping Mentally Fit*: "You must become thoroughly infused with the scientific spirit as the very core and meaning of your life. All the discoveries of psychology have come from the fact that a few unique and wonderful men have entered into a new kind of life, a new sort of intellectual existence, a new

type of spiritual devotion never before known in the world. You must therefore become imbued with this exalted attitude of mind, this unconcern for anything except Truth, this hatred of dogma, fearlessness in challenging tradition, particularly the tradition of your own opinion; and you must become possessed with the practical scientist's endless passion for knowledge.

"The relief of ills and daily handicaps may prove a more urgent motive for psychological research than of understanding (and character-building); but fortunately the removal of misunderstanding is an instrument of mental hygiene. . . . To the same purpose is the survey of *mental training*. The human nature that persists is deeper and more significant than the passing show. . . . Without the vision of pure science, practice is blind.

"Minds are far more complexly different than muscles. Physical training helps you to make the most of your muscle skill; mind-training teaches you how to make the most of your mental skill. Efficiency is the common aim of both. Mind-training is part of mind-health, which is known as mental hygiene. The practical purpose of it all is to keep one mentally fit.

"Mind-health results from applying the mental side of human nature to right living. Your mind means a good deal more than your intelligence, more than being bright or stupid. Your mind means more than the machine which does your headwork, meets your situations, solves your problems, frames your plans, makes your decisions, and carries them out. Mind-health is concerned with the strength, the go, the enthusiasm, the

love you put into your work, its output in quantity and quality. It includes the frame of mind in which you commonly do your work, your disposition, your good cheer or your grouch, the part of you that makes yourself and others happy or miserable. Mind-health tells you how to use your energy, how to stop the leaks, how to keep mentally and emotionally fit, how to avoid fatigue, how to develop what powers you have, how to meet your fellowman and get on with him.

"Mind-health has a message for you. To know how to make and mend your mind, you must first *know* your mind. . . . Successful men are mentally fit."

Let us now take into consideration some of the virtues and the faults that either develop or impede our mental fitness, and impress our minds with the necessity for self-searching and reëducation.

Happiness

In the light of the emphasis that Krishnamurti places on happiness, the chapter on the "Art of Being Happy," with which Dr. Jastrow opens his book, is rather remarkable, unless he may have heard Krishnamurti or read his writings. For an internationally renowned, empirical scientist to make the following statement is highly significant at the present time:

"The great teacher of the future is the man who can teach people to be happy in the worthiest way."

He continues: "You are happy when your mental or emotional going is with the grain of your make-up; when the mind machine is running free and true. Little troubles are clues to big ones. When tired, little John and big

Jane are fretful and fussy, mother snappy and fault-finding, and father grumbling and grouchy,—the whole family barometer squally. After dinner, refreshed in mind and body, Johnny is cuddled on mother's lap listening to his favorite story which both enjoy; and Jane, now that father has his pipe, can get him talking eagerly about summer outings.

"But it would be a badly crippled art of happiness that limited it to time off. Johnny was happy playing hard and working hard building a clubhouse for his gang, until some big boy poked fun at him and took his nails. Jane was happily at work on her studies, with just enough concern for the examinations to keep her at it, until her college chum came in and gossiped too long. Father was happy at the office until he worried about a telegram that didn't come, and how, with all the loose ends, he was going to get north before the fish stopped biting. Mother was happy shopping until she dallied too long over the bargain counters, got caught in the traffic jam, and that nasty Mrs. Angeel passed her without offering to take her home in her car.

"The art of happiness in little things gives pointers for the big ones. It is not so much the difficulties that make for mental friction and the wear and tear of the mind machine; *it is indulgence in the wrong kind of emotion.* Working fussily is one habit, working with poise is another.

"Happiness is a by-product; often you hit it when you aim at something else. You are sure to miss it if you worry that you won't be happy. Happiness is the reward of right adjustment to your many jobs—your wage

job, your family job, your friendship job, your citizen job. Nature may have built you so that the art of happiness is easy for you—or far from easy. That is your personality job—to adapt the general art of happiness to your special case.”

Does not every suggestion that the learned doctor of science has made confirm what some have been mistakenly calling “Krishnamurti’s mystical teachings,” and about taking advantage of the little daily experiences while studying our deficiencies?

Fear

Krishnamurti was once asked what he considered the greatest handicap to his work for humanity, and he replied: “Fears of all kinds which prevent people from thinking properly.”

Scientists are again confirming the inhibiting power of fears. They are no longer confining their investigation to the fears of shunning, avoiding, hiding, jumping, and other *primitive* fears; but they are analyzing and classifying the present fears that influence the human mind and character.

Dr. Henry Goddard, the noted scientist and psychologist, states as his confirmed opinion, that only those persons who are free from fear are able to show that they have a developed intelligence, and a poise capable of expressing the highest emotions and aspirations. In other words, he says (as do other exact thinkers who have investigated the effect of fear on the mental fitness of people) that a developed intelligence governs, controls emotions: intelligence is conditioned by such emotions as fear.

He also emphasizes a very significant fact: When we are controlled by an emotion it is *too big for our mental*

powers. If we are fearful or upset it shows conclusively that the occasion is greater than we are—than our mental fitness to control it or ourselves.

This is a truism of the mental life and its fitness.

Certain fears cause a condition of worry which is a very great mental leak and exhausting to mental strength. Fear is a symptom more than a disease; it is a part of one’s fear-habit system—a very deleterious habit that dispels happiness.

Exaggeration

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks to the attainment of mental fitness or mental poise is the habit of exaggeration. It is like holding a magnifying glass before the mind, whereas the effort should be to minutely focalize, to concentrate and make the mind one-pointed so that it may express exactness.

The scientific thinkers estimate exaggeration as the sign of an ill-balanced, uncontrolled mind. In fact, the psychology of exaggeration is quite interesting, and invariably discloses temperamental peculiarities. For example: The introvert who has not become mentally fit will so greatly exaggerate his fears, his inferiorities, his life’s difficulties, that he will contemplate all sorts of extreme inturnd measures of relief, even suicide. If he loses a friend that he has loved he will so exaggerate his loss that he will say and feel that there is nothing left to live for. His emotions will overflow in exaggerated measure, but always towards himself—self-centeredly.

But the extrovert who has not become mentally fit will show his fault of exaggeration in a different way. He will also exaggerate his troubles; but

if he loses a friend that he loves he will rush into out-turned extremes and seek several other friends. If he has caught an eight-pound fish he will very likely tell you it weighs ten pounds. He is fond of bragging continually, and you will always find that his brag covers a fear—a fear that others are not giving him credit for what he knows he *ought* to be, but is not. Brags usually are exaggerated words covering a weakness in a mind lacking mental fitness.

Life is interesting enough in its exactness without permitting ourselves exaggerations concerning it, and as one psychologist remarked: "One is sure, sometime or other, to let the cat out of the bag of our exaggerations."

Absent-Mindedness

Psychologists consider this fault a sure sign of the mentally unfit. We must not confuse absent-mindedness with concentrated thinking about something. Absent-mindedness is a habit of undirected, unlearned, useless thinking.

Dr. Jastrow says that absent-mindedness is considered as a narrow present-mindedness, and as a handicap to attention, to alert-mindedness.

If there is insufficient attention there will always be a lack of interest. And this brings us to consider that most important quality of the mentally fit:

Interest

Psychologically considered, interest is the opening wedge to the development of a good mind, one that possesses the gift of understanding.

When the attention is turned to a subject sufficiently to awaken an enduring or keen interest there is sure to follow sufficient thought and study to

understand it. Inattention and lack of interest are the deadliest weapons possible against becoming mentally fit. In nine cases out of ten if one does not understand a subject or a person it is because there has not been sufficiently persisting *attention* and *interest* to carry the consciousness through *reasoning* to *understanding*.

To the mentally fit, the more baffling the problem the more focussed the attention, the more alive and increasing the interest, the more definite the reasoning, the more profound the understanding.

Goodness and Stupidity

It is of much interest to watch the debate that is taking place in psychological circles over the question whether goodness is only stupidity. In other words, the question is whether goodness is a state of mental fitness or of stupidity—lack of sufficient intelligence to be wicked. Does innocence mean being poor in mind or pure in heart? Does worldly wisdom mean not letting your conscience stand in the way of your interests? Is it easier to make a bad boy good than a stupid boy intelligent?

Fortunately, in the wide debate over these questions, virtue and intelligence win. Dr. Jastrow says statistics show that if the ordinary daily emotions are controlled, and their psychology understood, as time passes wisdom will follow their possession. Reëducating people's morals first will open the way to reshaping their intelligence and bringing about mental fitness, unless they are genetically lacking brain power. Morons are often very good but never become mentally fit.

When the student contemplates the

emphasis which Krishnamurti lays on the value of happiness and the possession of the simple virtues as expressed in daily life, as well as the importance of cultivating an equal balance between the mind and emotions so as to express intelligence, he will see that the statistics of demonstrated science bear him (Krishnamurti) witness.

Physiologically speaking, the emotions are controlled by the cerebro-spinal system responding to the intelligence, because the sympathetic nervous system has little or none *per se*; it reacts to the suggestions of the intelligence. The sympathetic system affects about ninety per cent of our vital life. Therefore if the *intent* or intelligence of the person is not directed to controlling and guiding that ninety percent, the life, the behavior of the person, will not be modified, altered, and in-

tensified according to the intelligence—the reason.

It is only in the simple experiences and expressions of daily life that we can grasp opportunities to mold our destiny; opportunities to be happy; to eliminate fear; to avoid exaggeration; to express kindness; to cultivate “present mindedness;” to awaken a keen interestedness; to exercise sufficient positive, creative intelligence to understand the inner realities of life.

The power to do so comes from within when the goal of perfectionment is firmly fixed and lived; it is life’s purpose, the only reason that we exist. Acts, emotions, mind, train them all to express life’s purpose. And to do this we must, as Krishnamurti says, practice in the simple things of life, in the “very beginnings of ourselves.”

The Secret Chamber of the Heart

By Mary Morris Duane



IN THE secret chamber of the heart where the inner voice is heard there must be silence. Men may well ask how can this voice be known? As one knows the mariner’s compass: by turning to it silently in the inner chambers of the soul and listening in silence for the true directions. No compass can help the master of a ship if unused by him, no matter how good and true; and no man can direct the ship of his soul without turning to the secret chamber of the heart where he will find the guidance to direct and steer his soul upon the true course.

The Christ commanded “Enter into thy closet and pray to thy Father in secret.” This is a necessary step to communion with the Father, the Beloved.

A musician cannot play against noise. The first essential to an artist about to make beautiful sounds is silence. So the great artist of the universe cannot speak unless there is first silence. The door must be shut as at a concert and all outside noises excluded; then the audience, the listeners or senses, are stilled.

Silence must reign in the chamber within before the ears can hear the still, small voice in the heart. When all is

still the divine voice is heard and the son is in true communication with his father.

All the sacred books of the world have stressed this truth. But the Christ alone came into the nursery of the world and taught His younger brothers in their own simple, childlike language how to talk and to listen to their Father. When He said "Our Father" for the first time in the ears of men He opened a new world to the soul of man. They knew He had been with His father when the Christ returned from His silent communion with the great unseen power which governed His life; also when He declared "Ye could have no power against me unless it were given ye from above."

★ ★ ★

In the secret chamber where in the silence the soul listens for the inner voice, there dwells the life principle which is the germ of the divine man.

The eternal force of life develops and becomes the immortal man, who not only inherits all the past of mankind but all the future of the Divinity which is his also. This is the immortal man who enters into what Christ called the eternal life, and whom St. Paul describes as heir of God and co-heir with Christ.

It is to this eternal or divine self that the inner voice speaks; and he, according to his growth and development, hears and obeys.

In the silence and in the secret place of the heart is the meeting place of the soul and the Father of souls. In that inner temple of peace can one hear the words of the spirit.

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Failure is only in ceasing to strive. All the rest is growth,
even where you do not see it.

—Selected.

The voices of the outer world, clamoring for recognition cannot enter this inner temple or "Holy of Holies" where the soul kneels before its Maker listening for His voice.

The Christ lived in this Holy of Holies. His soul was ever in communion or contact with the eternal power; and by this living contact He did all His mighty works of faith and love.

He was one with the father or creative life and He pointed the way to all men to live that at-one-ment with the creative life; for without it they were dead branches; with it, living forces.

All scientific formulæ of today are filled with the idea of the necessity of vital contact. Christ spoke of it in living words in the days of Rome when modern terms were unknown.

In each crisis of life, the soul should seek the heavenly Wisdom. The voice will speak if the ears open to the hidden secrets of the infinite mind; for the infinite life is ever seeking channels into which to pour itself. The deeper the channels the greater the inflow of the Divine.

To the worldly man this seems to apply only to the dreamers of life; but, it is the dreamers who ever lead the race to their highest achievement. One can count among their ranks all the greatest leaders of the world.

The life of man depends upon this contact with the hidden life of the soul. And in the secret chamber of the heart, where that contact is made, is heard the still, soft flowing of the sap from the source of life, the still, small voice of the soul communing with the Infinite.

Youth Must Revolt!

By John Fiske



YOU of the older generation often say, "Why this present discrimination between young and old? I feel just as young today as I ever did." Why this difference? I will tell you why I think it exists, and why I think it ought to continue to exist. Very few people are individuals. Most of us are lost in the social bucket and never really become separate drops. I know that we all like to think that we are among the exceptions. I thought myself one until I discovered that I was just about one hundred percent submerged in the conventional civilization which had reared me.

This discovery was a tremendous moment in my life. The natural result was that I wanted my freedom. There were months and even years when I fought society tooth and nail. Every idea that I had previously held dear I refuted and disputed. I took joy in breaking all my previous taboos; my conscience was thrown overboard, and I refused to recognize that anything I might do was evil, regardless of what society said. I was determined to be free. I was a complete rebel in every sense of the word. Everything that my elders pointed out as wrong I immediately tried to prove right. Whereas I had been a "nice young lad"—never smoked, drank, was most "proper," only went to the sort of entertainments and parties which were above reproach, never once indulged in immorality—I suddenly found that I was breaking all these taboos. I was *declaring* myself

and I didn't do any half way job of it. I found the greatest joy in carrying on this private revolt of my own.

Had this happened some five hundred years ago, I am certain I should have taken my trusty sword and my worthy steed and started out to kill any member of the older generation who dared to cross me. As the result of my awakening I found that the part of me which had been functioning in this world was only a unit of society and not my real self. Can you blame me for revolting and becoming a rebel against society?

I believe that most young people, either consciously or unconsciously, go through this stage. It is their last and final struggle against the tyranny of social customs—and a very real tyranny it is. Unfortunately, only a few of us really individualize; most of us succumb and become old nonentities caught in the web of society. On that score, my friends of the older conservative generation, you *are* different from youth. Youth is in rebellion. You are not. Youth is developing uniqueness. You are not.

I made another great discovery which to me was as important as my first one. It is that the older generation, in addition to being different from youth, is at times antagonistic to it. Some friends of mine were deeply and sincerely in love and wanted to marry, but they did not feel that they could afford children as the young man was not earning enough to care for both a wife and a family. Nevertheless they

both wanted the joy of each other's companionship and felt that they should have it. So the girl went to some of her married friends for information regarding birth control. Great was her dismay and unhappiness to find that all these good friends whom she approached did not know or would not give her the information she sought. They were all under the bondage of the social taboo against birth control.

This little tragedy, which is an only too common one, brought home to me the fact that the older generation is not the true friend of youth. They are afraid of youth, and will not instruct young people in these sex questions because they are afraid of "corrupting their morals." To my mind a moral that is capable of being corrupted is not really a moral. It is just such hypocrisy which keeps youth in slavery to that arch-demon, ignorance. We are instructed in every other danger arising from ignorance except the one most needed before adolescence—sex. Never did I feel such a desire to release youth from social ignorance and tyranny; and I vowed then and there that I would do all in my power to help youth win

in its revolt against the unjust secrecy and corresponding limitation enforced by the older generation's ideas.

To this day I firmly believe in giving youth what it wants and what it is its right to have, and in helping it to satisfy its greatest need—the need for knowledge, the craving to know itself. Youth *must* be thoroughly emancipated from its slavery to the gross and ignorant complacency of an antiquated society.

The freedom of youth means the freedom of the world. It means the beginning of the most intelligent civilization that this old world has ever seen. For the sake of the society of the future and the youth of today, please, my friends, help them in any way that you possibly can. I am young myself, and I know what it means to a young person to feel that there is someone to whom he or she can go with confidence and receive frank information and thoughtful, unprejudiced advice about the many problems youth must face today—problems personal, religious, social, and economic. Will you continue to force us to find out the truth about life for ourselves through accidental and often bitter experience?

The Voice of the Garden

By Lina E. George



OUR garden embraces all grades of life, from the little unloved weeds and blades of grass to the majestic evergreen tree.

On a tall waving stalk grows one Shasta daisy, the first of a group to bloom. The rest are in bud, watching

this gorgeous, strong flower in their midst so that they may become like him in beauty and purity. He whispers to them, cautioning them not to copy him—not to try to be just like him—but to open their hearts to the same sun that has opened his heart. He tells them that each bud has different possibilities, dif-

ferent qualities and temperaments and that, as they all open their hearts to the Light, daisies will bloom that can show the way of Life to other daisies.

Nearby grow some sturdy hollyhocks, also budded and ready to bloom; and on one of the big leaves is perched a beautiful brown and gold butterfly. He is looking into the face of Sir Shasta as he teaches the daisies. Who knows how far the Voice will reach! The big Daisy says that Life is One, and is in all plants, flowers and butterflies,—even in men.

Way off on one side of the yard is a fir tree; and in the next lot, divided by a low board fence, grows another fir tree. The roots beneath the fence intermingle, and the branches up in the sky are shaking hands. It is only the lower trunks of the trees that are divided by the fence and feel themselves separate. Even now, the branches and leaves swishing about in the breeze and sunlight send down the message that they are free to visit with the trees on the other side of the fence.

There are *climbers* in this garden. Great aspirations have they. Some are gentle and patient in their upward climb into the higher ranks of society. But Madame Blackberry insists that, right now, she is as good as anybody, and will get to the top. With her prickly tongue she pushes her thorny vines into the homes of the very elite of the place, and the snubbing and cutting she receives only makes her the more determined. But even here, on the other side of the lot, the clear voice of Sir Shasta can be heard, and the climbers cease

their gossip for a moment to listen. He tells them that what these struggling vines are now seeking will not bring them any happiness—that they will never attain to real Life by clinging to the strong plants and trees about them, and choking their growth; but that the same Life is within them in each little vine and tendril. If they will but find some rock or old fence to climb on, they will find sufficient Life within, and may have the joy of beautifying the rocks and fences on which they climb.

The sweet jasmine shrub is climbing, too, but her path is over the top of the low fence between the yards, and the tendrils are peeping into the strange country the other side of the fence. Now the jasmine has coaxed prickly-tongued Madame Blackberry to come over to the fence to climb, and together they beautify it, making it a very lovely bit of furniture. Miss Jasmine says that fences are really for small-minded plants, and that any aspiring plant can climb over.

Peaches and apricots also grow in this back yard, and they, too, listen to the Voice of Sir Shasta as he points the Way to the Light.

A tiny humming bird just buzzed overhead, peeping into the white, pure face of the big daisy.

The Shasta family is of the opinion that, of all the folk of the Garden, the most obtuse are those complicated creatures calling themselves *human*. "But even these are my children, and some day they will simplify their ways of living and realize Life," whispers Sir Shasta.

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Aims of a higher order, even though they be not fulfilled, are in themselves more valuable than lower ones entirely fulfilled.

Goethe.

Dissolution of the Order of the Star

By D. Rajagopal



THE dissolution of the Order of the Star points to a new beginning. It is the logical outcome of Krishnamurti's teaching and corresponds to the trend of his thought. The general problem has become the individual problem and must be solved by every individual for himself.

The organization, as such, has ceased to exist. In its place, for practical purposes, a mechanism has been created which will be sufficient for the needs of those concerned but which has no pretension to possessing a spiritual significance.

If the Order of the Star in the East, founded in 1911, expressed the intuition and the hope of some; if the Order of the Star expressed in 1927 the fulfilment of the hope of some; the dissolution of the Order as a separate body signifies the downfall of barriers and privileges standing between the few and the many.

These barriers were never so obstructive as to prevent the world outside from recognizing the greatness of Krishnamurti and being interested in him; but they fostered crystallization—even fossilization—and would most certainly have led in time to the formation of a new cult. Surely this is the very opposite of that at which Krishnamurti is aiming? He fights ever against crystallization—especially the crystallization of thought which to him is embodied in all religions—and he fights authority. The importance of this stand against authority is shown by the fact that while a few recognized

in Krishnamurti even in his early youth the potential Teacher; while many see this Teacher in him now; those who at first most readily accepted him as the Teacher on the authority of another have been the first to doubt him today.

The formal side, the "letter" has ceased to exist, and only the spirit and the conviction remain. From now onward this breath of the spirit will alone inspire a new dedication, a new consecration to the eternal search for Truth. It was very easy to yield to the illusion that a certificate of membership carried with it a certificate of understanding. It was very easy to be satisfied with a nominal membership. It will be difficult, without the shelter of this form, to stand the test of freedom. But in freedom alone can we test our strength and judge the measure of our understanding.

The Order was founded upon belief, but that belief has not been so vital that it has changed the whole character of those who held it. Organizations have never created great men, on the contrary great men have grown in spite of organizations. The greatness of Krishnamurti has not been created by the Order of the Star but by his own individual effort, his own individual struggle. And now he needs for his work those who are great in understanding and alight with enthusiasm. This again must be the outcome of individual effort.

As an organization we have not produced that storm which will shake the world and the danger is that the Order, if it continued to exist, would de-

volve into a shelter for the indifferent and the weak. The storm will come, but it will come through individuals and not through any organization. In short, the Order has been dissolved by its Head because its existence was no longer justified.

The mechanism mentioned above will take advantage of some of the facilities which already exist. Eerde will remain as the International centre of our activities. This place, so beautiful in itself, and to which so much generous help has been given, offers unique opportunities for people to gather in large numbers and to come into personal touch with Krishnamurti. The Camp at Ommen, famous now throughout the world, can accommodate three thousand people, and nowhere, surely, could a more beautiful setting be conceived for the delivery of Krishnamurti's teaching. While Krishnamurti is willing to speak in towns, in halls, in any place that offers a suitable environment, it is evident that a Camp is the simplest method for the assembling together of large crowds of people over a period of time.

Ojai, in California, where a yearly Camp is also held, will be the centre of activities for America. India will supply the needs of Asia; and Australia will concentrate its activities in Sydney, where the Amphitheatre erected on a beautiful site opposite the Sydney Heads offers an ideal place for meetings. At all these places those who are interested in Krishnamurti will have the opportunity of coming into personal touch with him.

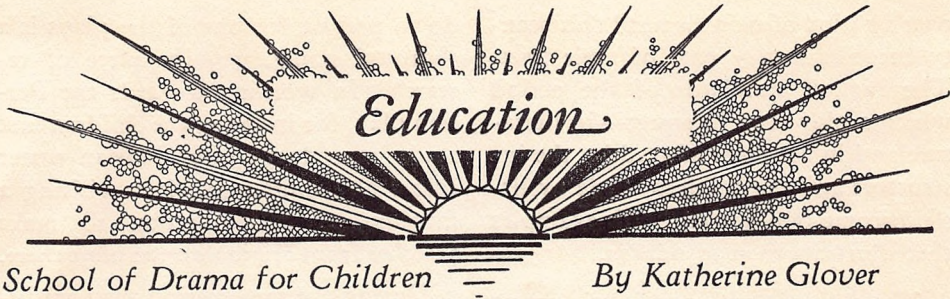
Next in importance is the medium of the printed word, through books, pamphlets, articles, etc., which will carry Krishnamurti's ideas to a larger public. This second department falls naturally

within the province of The Star Publishing Trust with its Head Office at Eerde, Ommen, Holland. The name "Star" is preserved for practical purposes alone and is not used with any occult or mystic significance.

The Star Publishing Trust will undertake amongst its other activities the publication of the *International Star Bulletin*. This *Bulletin* (the old name is kept for the sake of convenience until a better one is found) will assume an entirely new character and will serve as a link between Krishnamurti and all those who are interested in his ideas. It will no longer be merely a record of the intimate affairs of a Society but a Magazine which will include as its principal features reports of Krishnamurti's talks and activities, together with articles of general interest and reviews of books and magazines.

This *Bulletin* will be translated into different languages by appointed agents, so as to insure uniformity throughout the world. This magazine will enable every one who desires it to have authentic information with regard to Krishnamurti. The various *Star* Magazines now in existence throughout the world will cease publication altogether from next January. The existence of the International Centres, the formation of the Publishing Trust, have been made possible by the generous support of those who wished to bring the teaching of Krishnamurti within the reach of all. That same generosity and intense interest will insure that the work will continue to prosper and grow.

Krishnamurti has been insisting that if we would attain to inner peace and harmony and set our faces towards the goal of Liberation we must put aside all unessential things. No organizations are necessary for the attainment of Truth—as he has repeatedly emphasized. Truth cannot be systematized, cannot be organized, and any such attempt is bound to end in the betrayal of Truth. The dissolution of the Order simply emphasizes the fact that each individual is free to express his own inner convictions and beliefs in his own way, and where that conviction rests upon a sure foundation it will produce its flower in a new life.



FEW years ago two teachers in a private school in Cambridge, one a teacher of history, poetry and literature, and the other of drawing and painting, tried an experiment in teaching. They brought history and literature and art together through dramatization and found that they had succeeded not only in making the past vivid to the minds of the children but that they had developed something unexpectedly lovely and worth while.

They took a period of history—it happened to be the mediæval—studied the paintings of the times, read and told stories of the period to the children, then selected one of the classic tales, the beautiful story of Aucassin and Nicolette and adapted it from the Andrew Lang translation into a play suitable for the interpretation of children. Under the direction of the two teachers the children learned to act, or more accurately, to live the play, to design and paint the scenery and costumes. When it was finished they had produced not an imitative adult play nor yet one of the artificial performances of juveniles, but through the fresh and spontaneous medium of childish minds a play which seemed to have flowered out of the very period which it interpreted.

A few years ago these teachers, Miss Edith King and Miss Dorothy Coit, left the orthodox field of teaching and came

to New York to start a pioneer venture—a Children's School of Acting and Design. It is a formal title for an enterprise to which no title can give an accurate clue, for the King-Coit performances bear no impress of the academic. Seeing one of these productions one feels one has peeped into the very heart of the magic of childhood. Nor would it be exact to say childhood at play, for the players have a finish and a technique that could not come without study and practice. But it is art so real that it has the flavor of play.

Curiosity leads one, when the delightful performances are over, to inquire how this contribution to youthful art comes about. The school of acting and design, as one might have surmised, has been the fruit of experimentation.

It started out with no formal theories nor clear-cut objectives. It is, of course, allied to the new trend in education and has developed, as all the newer education has, by impatience on the part of individuals with the static methods of the classroom. But the experiment retains much of the element of the unconscious, which is essential to all art.

Fundamentally, the school has grown out of the conviction of the founders that there is a great value to children to be brought in their early years into contact with something beautiful, with the expressions of beauty made comprehensible to them and actually shared and experienced by them

over a period of months until this beauty becomes a very part of their lives. The highest standards of the period which a play is to interpret—in literature and in art—are selected by the instructors and the children, little by little, become familiarized with examples that illustrate these standards.

The classes in acting and design meet twice a week. Imagine a troop of forty or fifty lively children scurrying in on a winter afternoon to an unpretentious building which houses the studios of a number of artists. On the top floor of the building is a big room with improvised tables all around it and pots of paint and innumerable brushes. Two flights below is a spacious, high-ceiled studio of a well-known artist loaned for the rehearsals. While some of the children are drawing in the top-floor workshop others are downstairs rehearsing or listening to stories out of which later the play is to grow. Then the scene shifts and the artists troop down for acting and the actors change into artists. A dancing instructor comes in for a time, perhaps, and to the tune of flute and cymbals a group of children practice Greek or Persian dances and pantomime. The classes, art, drama and dancing, each having a common theme, the children live throughout the afternoon in one world, be it ancient Greece, mediæval France, mystical India, or Persia.

The work in the studios is never taxing nor lacking in spontaneity but it is always thorough and to this the finished performances owe their perfection. In this hurrying, smattering age one can imagine nothing more beneficial to children either educationally or spiritually than the continuous living with one theme for a period of five months as they do in this school. The work they

do to prepare for one of the plays is a thorough-going, genuine piece of research. In working towards the Persian play, for instance, the children first study reproductions of Persian water colors and miniatures, later visiting a museum or art collection to make sketches from originals on exhibit there.

During the same period they are listening to Persian stories allied to the play which has been chosen for study. They begin to act the stories, using as poses and gestures those they have observed as characteristic in the paintings. Models take typical poses and sketches are made from life, first just of positions, later with costumes. So the play begins to live and take on proportion. Parts are assigned, but each child must learn to perfect himself in at least two parts and the actors are interchangeable. In this way flexibility is obtained and the play is gradually built up—acting, scenery and costumes simultaneously.

In the beginning both acting and drawing are very free but gradually as the children gain facility and familiarity with the theme their interpretive efforts are guided by the teachers to more perfect technique. The young students feel their way through the mazes of a civilization and an art of a different people and time but they are carefully directed to the choice and expression of the best. While the two directors of the school do not believe in standardization they do recognize the value of standards.

The children who are pupils are between the ages of seven and fourteen. A good many are the children of artists, writers and professional folk, and some, by inheritance, have a fair measure of talent, but the work that grows out of their training, both dramatic and in

drawing and design, is indeed hopeful of the things that average children throughout the land can produce under the right inspiration and in a propitious atmosphere. It is fresh, imaginative, delightful.

The two women who have started this school take little credit for origi-

nality. They believe the same experiment can be carried out where there is sufficient enthusiasm to make a beginning and that it is a logical antidote for the ready-made drama of the movies and of standards in general to which children are too much subjected.—From *McCall's Magazine*, April, 1929.

Educational Intoxicants

By Frederick J. de St. V. Schwankovsky



THE other evening I was reading John Dewey's *Psychology* and I was fascinated and enlightened by his division of imagination into three kinds, namely: mechanical, fanciful, and the Highest Imagination. Of this last sort Mr. Dewey writes "The highest form of imagination is precisely an organ of penetration into the hidden meaning of things—meaning not visible to perception or memory, nor reflectively attained by the processes of thinking." This passage was so agreeable to a mystic like myself that it literally entranced me, and before I knew it I had passed from meditation into sleep, and I had a dream.

In my dream my own "Highest Imagination" stood before me. He was imposingly like a young prophet in appearance, and being a really earnest teacher, I asked him how education might be improved.

"By reducing the use of Educational Intoxicants," replied my Highest Imagination. "Intoxicants stimulate and come to seem necessary; but after all they are, as their name implies, toxic or poisonous by nature."

"What do you mean by Educational Intoxicants?" I asked, quite mystified.

"Accentuated grading devices such as honor and dishonor rolls, pins, badges, gold seals, diplomas and near silver cups," answered He. "These are dangerous substitutes for the real pure appeal of the subject and the teacher. They seem to help, but they intoxicate both teacher and student until the objective of education insensibly changes. One effect of this is that students with a high I. Q. study the teacher rather than the subject."

"Don't be cynical," I cried.

"I am not cynical," continued the Dream Prophet. "It is the sheer truth that since marks come from the teachers, the intelligent student once he has been debauched into seeking marks, finds the subject of secondary importance to the sex and idiosyncrasies of the teacher."

"Debauched!" I cried indignantly. "How fanciful! How absurd!"

"From the first kindergarten class," he replied, with the calmness of the inevitable oracle, "you teachers lean on devices to inspire emulation, and to instill a basic fear of disgrace and a lust

for petty honors such as gold stars. You hear the tiny tot saying 'I has three gold stars, and you hasn't any.' This sort of odious comparison is continued through school and into and through the university. Public presentation of pins and rings and diplomas serve to stimulate in parents and students a greed for personal importance and for exhibitions in bad taste."

"What can we lean on?" I cried in my dream. "How can we stimulate our students? How can we make them try? How can we get note books in on time? How can we punish the negligent and reward the diligent? We must have marks."

My Highest Imagination smiled indulgently. "My dear fellow," he said, "you are intoxicated. All educators are in a condition of intoxication in this respect. In your strong box you have the diplomas and certificates and credentials without which you could not teach another day. Of course your ability as an instructor would be unchanged if tomorrow all these credentials expired; but you would not be permitted to teach another hour.

"The seriousness with which the educational world regards its paper currency, is the direct evidence of a condition of inebriation, for men and women not poisoned mentally would never rate these little tin badges and lead cups and imitation parchments so highly."

"But they stand for something real," I snarled, "and besides you are evading me. How can we make students work without such things? How can we tell that a teacher is qualified unless he has the evidence of it?"

"As for motives for students, how about depending on the realities in the subject and the teaching? How about *pure* motives in education both for

teachers and students. And for your second question; surely even in your condition you can realize that a teacher does not lose the ability to teach because a piece of paper happens to have a certain expiration date on it."

"Even Mr. Dewey, who discovered you," I sneered, "would hardly credit such flights of fancy as you indulge in. Are you suggesting that we do away entirely with school grades, honors, dishonors, and diplomas?"

"By no means," he answered good naturedly. "You must have your 'little nip' for a long time, until the toxins get lower in the educational world. But what I warn you against is your rapid increase in educational intoxicants. You are inventing new honor societies; new cups and prizes are being given constantly. This is quite the usual course with 'drink,' you know."

"Oh, forget that silly simile of yours and give me something worth thinking about—if you can," I raged.

"Mr. Dewey discovered that I am precisely an organ of penetration into the hidden meaning of things, and before I fade away, and let you go on with your stupid reliance on the superficial aspect of things, I will deign to leave some material for your so-called thinking powers to work with," he said grimly.

A cold shudder went through me as I listened, for suddenly I realized that my own Highest Imagination was disgusted with me, and might leave me.

"Please," I cried in my nightmare, "don't be angry, don't leave me! I promise to consult you in educational matters hereafter."

"In that case you might better prepare to be considered eccentric," he warned.

"I will endure even that if you will only stay," I cried.

My Highest Imagination smiled. "It makes little difference to me, dwelling on higher planes, whether you use my services or not, but it will help you, for without my help you cannot really teach."

"I believe you," I said humbly. "Please go on."

"School marks and grades," announced this inhabitant of a higher plane, "are inevitable and in the proper proportion not only a reflection of the laws that rule in later life but actually a part of such laws. In other words, what Emerson would call the law of compensation expresses itself thus in the educational world in mechanisms of shame and coercion, and of pride and special privilege. It can hardly be avoided in any stage of life or field of endeavor that penalties and rewards shall both have a place.

"But to cultivate an elaborate system of merits and demerits, and with it to take careful measures to develop a love of personal honors and a fear of personal disgrace is 'quite something else again.' From kindergarten through university and on into vocations we already have a continuous organization of such measures. To go to the right college, make the right 'frat,' and win the proper pins and rings is even now a sure *entré* into a good position via the alumnus. This is in actual fact the developing of a new aristocracy."

"Do you object to aristocracy?" I asked my Higher Imagination.

"On the contrary. The thing that amuses me, however, is your popular democratic gestures in the face of your great activity in creating this new aristocracy. And then, too, it is not my idea of a real aristocracy."

"What is wrong with this aristocracy of ability and education?" I challenged him. "Here the accident of birth

is not the determining factor. Here actual, proved ability—"

"Ability to do what?" he interrupted, warming a little. "Isn't it ability to please the teacher, largely? Isn't it being a good diplomat, and determinedly flattering listener? Do you really believe so wholly in the marks and grades given as an actual index of accomplishment in the subject matter? In college isn't it somewhat a matter of dressing right and being a 'good fellow,' and a regular fellow? In other words isn't there a premium all through on being a good follower and sycophant? How much chance in all this has the eccentric, the nonconformist?"

"No chance at all; but what sort of aristocracy do you believe in?" I inquired.

"I believe in the natural aristocracy which exists by reason of inherent loftiness of purpose, and scorns badges and uniforms and blushes with proper shame at flattering public exhibitions and official apple sauce. I believe in the real aristocracy which has the best chance in a real democracy, and which needs no artificial demarcations, no signs nor symbols. The aristocrat among students of chemistry is he who knows most about the subject; in English the student who expresses himself most perfectly; in scholarship generally—well, must we believe that an education makes no appreciable difference, and that the scholar must be labeled? I think not. He will wear his diploma and honors in his person, not on it, and express his superiority in his accomplishments."

"Aren't you exaggerating the faults of our system? Friendly competition and rivalry—"

"Bah!" he exclaimed, getting really warm, "nothing is sillier than this camouflage you paint on the desire for per-

sonal aggrandizement. From games to war the motive of the man or woman who tries to get ahead of his fellow is fundamentally the same. This is the real selfishness, the real crime against love—and you cultivate it. Of course, to appear friendly is an essential to getting school honors. The attitude of the contestants in this is an integral part of the technique. But go home with the boy or girl, or get confidential, and you find the elements of greed and acquisitiveness which, in more serious competition later, produce the sweat shop and the battle field. The rapid growth of cheating and consequent need of hired officials at school games reveals this devil which grins behind this bunk of friendly competition."

"But ambition!" I cried. "The desire to get ahead—would you do nothing to cultivate that?"

"We of the higher planes do not ap-

prove of personal ambition," he answered, "'by that fault fell the angels;' but putting that aside let me suggest that sort of ambition you do cultivate, and the sort you might cultivate."

"Proceed, by all means," I said.

"There is the ambition to get ahead of one's fellows and there is the other ambition—to know chemistry, history, music, art. It is the latter which is pure, the former is always and ever unlovely. Which sort does your system do most to cultivate? I believe that if you did away with all or nearly all your devices for grading and degrading, the lure of the subjects would grow as the lure of personal advantage grew less—but you are growing tired. You can't stand much of this upper plane stuff yet, my friend," he added, "so for the present, good bye."

Somebody slammed a door and a dog barked, and I awoke to realize what nonsense one does dream.

* * * *

When man perceives that Truth which is the residue of all experience, then Man becomes God. Man is God; there is no God outside Man. You pray, you worship, you perform rites and ceremonies, seek external help for your integrity, for your purpose of life. You will never find it thus. You may think for a moment that you have found it, but it is not lasting, it is not eternal, because Man is the only eternal thing which is Life. Don't confuse the expression of life with Life itself. The expression of life is this flesh, these trees, these birds. But Life is God—not a personal God; there is no such thing. Life, which is independent in the individual, is God; and when once you have learned to realize that God within, not by a trick, but by sorrow, by learning, by suffering, by enjoyment, by the observation of light and shadow, you will find that freedom. After all, that is the only truth, that is the only balm that shall heal the wound; not prayers, not the external worship of innumerable Gods, not your rites, not your mournful prayers. If you stopped worshipping, stopped praying, stopped performing rites, and looked within yourself and thereby established that poise of understanding of the mind and of the heart, you would find it. That is the only manner of attainment, not through external worship.—*Krishnamurti*.

A Daily Thought

Gleaned from the Writings of Krishnamurti

September the First:

This is an age of revolution and turmoil. There is a desire to know everything for oneself, and because you have not that desire inside you, you are being kept in the world of limitation. You think you have found, but you have not found. Because you have been made certain in your little uncertainties, you think you can convert the world.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 53.

September the Second:

You are all thinking that you can run with the deer and roar with the lion, but you can only run with the deer and roar with the lion when you have become united with the Beloved.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 53.

September the Third:

I am as the flower that gives scent to the morning air. It does not concern itself with who is passing by. It gives its scent, and those who are not happy, who are suffering, will breathe that scent. But those who are contented, who are not longing, who do not care, who have no idea of the delights of the scent, will pass by unheeding.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 50.

September the Fourth:

Because I have found my Beloved, my Truth, I want to give it to you.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 50.

September the Fifth:

The minds and the hearts that have groped, that have searched, that have longed to find the Truth—they will find it. You are not going to convince, to alter the mode of life in those who do not desire to alter.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 52.

September the Sixth:

When I had listened to all, and gathered the Truth wherever I found it, I was able to develop myself fully. Now, you are waiting for that Truth to be developed, to be forced upon you by authority, and you are worshipping that person instead of the Truth.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 48.

September the Seventh:

. . . This Kingdom is real, it is the abode of unchanging Truth. You who are all longing, seeking, searching, applying your minds and hearts to find this, I ask you to come and enjoy, to be really happy in all the things that you do, even though you are suffering.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 29.

September the Eighth:

I never opposed the ideas of others but I would not accept their authority, their theory of life. Until I was in that state of revolt, until I became dissatisfied with everything, with every creed, with every dogma and belief, I was not able to find the Truth.

—*Life in Freedom*, p. 49.

September the Ninth:

Love Truth for its own beauty, do right because you yourself desire to do it, and develop the inward perception of true understanding.

—*Life in Freedom*, p. 73.

September the Tenth:

If you follow without understanding, you will betray the Truth, and because I hold the Truth with such care, with such gratitude for its loveliness, I want you not to betray it. For this reason I am creating revolt within you, I am digging deep to discover the waters that shall nourish you, the Truth that shall give you tranquility, the Truth that shall give you ecstasy of purpose in this world of confusion.

—*Life in Freedom*, p. 73.

September the Eleventh:

As there is no life in a dead branch, it is broken by the winter winds and drops away. Such will be the man who does not put life before all lesser things, who does not release life from its bondage, from the trivialities that have been imposed upon it.

—*Life in Freedom*, p. 78.

September the Twelfth:

As the potter moulds the clay to the delight of his imagination, so can man mould his life through the desire of his heart.

—*Life in Freedom*, p. 13.

September the Thirteenth:

By a civilized man I do not mean a man who has mastered the machinery of modern life. Civilization is the outcome of that culture which is the distinctive expression of the individual perception of Truth. —*Life the Goal*, p. 25.

September the Fourteenth:

It is very gratifying and very satisfying to call ourselves by different names and different types, and to segregate ourselves, and to think that we are different from the rest of the world. But, if you are all these things, have you saved one from sorrow? Have any of you given me Happiness—"me" the ordinary person?

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 20.

September the Fifteenth:

Have any of you felt so deeply that you could throw yourself into the place of the person who is suffering? What have you produced, what have you brought forth? What is your work? . . . What have you done with your days?

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 20.

September the Sixteenth:

O my Beloved,
O my Love,
The sun is beyond the purple hills,
And as a single star,
I have arisen
In Thine adoration.

—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 58.

September the Seventeenth:

A civilized man, a cultured man, must be tolerant, must be able to discuss any subject impartially, without prejudice, he must be unbiased, capable of a critical examination of anything new before rejecting or accepting it.

—*Life the Goal*, p. 26.

September the Eighteenth:

What does temperament, what do titles matter, if you have entered that Kingdom which is the source of Truth, the source of Eternity, where you cease to be as a separate self?

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 22.

September the Nineteenth:

Most of us live in a house of many barriers, indifferent whether we go forth to see the source of light or remain satisfied by its mere reflection.

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 80.

September the Twentieth:

If you would follow, realizing that following does not mean blindness, then let us walk together and be companions together. I will show you that fair Vision of that enchanted garden, that Kingdom of Happiness, that abode where there is Eternity, that temple where there is the Holy of Holies.—*The Kingdom of Happiness*. p. 109.

September the Twenty-first:

When once you have drunk this nectar, this elixir of life, it keeps you eternally young; though you may have had vast experiences, though you may have shed many tears, have suffered greatly, there is inside you the bubbling spring-well that keeps you eternally full, eternally young and joyous, like the dancing star in a dark night.

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 111.

September the Twenty-second:

The only authority you recognize, the only command you allow, must be the Voice of that Intuition which is unalterable, which nothing in the world can shake. . . .

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 47.

September the Twenty-third:

What is advancement? It is your own happiness—advancement is only a word.

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 18.

September the Twenty-fourth:

Follow the Eternal which is perpetual, immutable, not the fleeting and the momentary. You will obtain a true perspective of your purpose, if you realize that you must give suitable opportunities on the physical for the education of the soul.

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 44.

September the Twenty-fifth:

The ego desires to evolve and attain perfection; and here on the physical, if you have in view the longing of the soul, you, the lower mind, will realize when and how you must yield to the cravings of the greater Self.

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 44.

September the Twenty-sixth:

It is in forgetting the separate self, in destroying that self, in mingling with the Universe, that you can find Happiness; and when you make distinctions by talking about particular groups, particular temperaments, particular types, you are wandering away from reality. . . .

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 44.

September the Twenty-seventh:

You cannot separate life from any expression of life and yet you must be able to distinguish between life and its expressions. Because at first I tried to separate life from the goal. . . . Everything became confused and I turned for support to tradition, to comfort, to self-contentment and satisfaction.

—*Life in Freedom*, p. 58.

September the Twenty-eighth:

Mind is the essence of divinity; but it is quite obvious that the mind can either create or destroy, that it controls and guides the emotions—the impetus that drives us on to our goal. . . . Without a trained mind and a native intelligence, you cannot come near to your goal.

—*The Kingdom of Happiness*,
p. 66.

September the Twenty-ninth:

You need have no beliefs in order to live nobly.

—*Life in Freedom*, p. 62.

September the Thirtieth:

Because I know that your comforts only weaken you, I tell you to throw them away. Because I have been entangled in complexities, because I have been held in bondage, I urge you to escape into freedom. —*Life in Freedom*, p. 68.

The Spirit of Fraternity

DID you give him a lift? He's a Brother of Man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
DID you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
DID you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancy, was using him ill.
DID you give him a word? DID you show him the ROAD?
Or did you just let him go on with his load?
DID you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
DID you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares,
That is every man's load, and that sympathy shares?
DID you try to find out what he needed from you,
Or did you just let him battle it through?
Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand—
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?
DID you ask what it was, why the quivering lip,
And the glistening tears down the pale cheeks that slip?
Were you a brother of his, when the time came to be?
DID you offer to help him or didn't you see?
Don't you know it's the part of the Brother of Man
To find what grief is and help when you can?
DID you stop, when he asked you to give him a lift,
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you *mean*—what you say may be true—
But the test of your manhood is: What did you *do*?
DID you reach out your hand? DID you find him the road,
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

—*Author Unknown*

Books and Bookmen

All Quiet on the Western Front

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE



ELEVEN years have elapsed since the end of the war, and it seems that we are now at last able to look back upon it, and view it in its true proportion. Why this sudden new interest? Why this recent influx of books and plays dealing with the war? Perhaps it is that we are able to look at it calmly now that the fires of bitterness have burnt down to smouldering heaps. During the eleven years since the signing of the armistice, there have been hundreds of shrines built along the road to the still far off Temple of Peace—there have been innumerable peace conferences, peace weeks, peace campaigns and speeches, quite apart from the gigantic work of the League of Nations, and I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that during that time public opinion has undergone a sweeping change in its attitude towards war. The glory of ages has departed from it; its gaudy finery has been stripped off and we see it in the indecent blatancy of its nude barbarism. But really it is not war that has changed: it is from our eyes that the trappings have been torn. The modern generation has not felt the horror of war, yet has an instinctive recoil from it—whenever it can be brought to think of it. But the eyes of youth prefer to turn away or push aside anything of a disturbing nature that comes within their range of vision, because to-day the eyes of youth are naked.

“*All Quiet on the Western Front*” should be forced into the hands of everyone, and no one reading it can fail to be impressed and intensely moved to sympathy, admiration, albeit to horror and disgust, at the butchery and brutality—“the awful melancholy of life and the pitilessness of men.” It is a story more moving than the story of the crucifixion—for it is the tragedy of thousands, instead of one—and there is no resurrection.

After reading it so many ideas crowded upon my mind; so many images have impressed themselves upon me; so many different ribbons of thought have unfolded themselves, that it is almost impossible to know along

which ribbon to follow. It is so vivid and it has so stimulated my imagination that I feel, after reading it, as though I have been looking in retrospect upon my own experiences. In it, there is every mood: there is a supreme pathos, a melancholy, a sense of utter hopelessness, a dumb brutality—and yet at the same time there is poetry, there is humour, and at moments a flash of light illuminating all. It is like the changing face of the sky on a windy day when the clouds are forever being tossed into new formations.

In Germany, this book sold 200,000 copies in the first three weeks after publication, and by now, after a few months, the number of copies sold amounts to almost half a million.

It is the story of Paul Bäumer and his friends—all of them, at the beginning of the book, nineteen years of age—who joined up as volunteers from the same class at school, and it is a record of four years at the front. When they joined up it was impossible to stand out, because “at that time even one’s parents were ready with the word ‘coward,’” but “none of us had the vaguest idea what we were in for.” Had they known then the hell that the next four years held in store for them, would the fear of ostracism still have loomed larger than all other fears?

And it is a story of a lost generation—for the survivors at the end of the war had nothing to go back to and had been emptied of all enthusiasm for new ventures.

To quote Remarque:

“When we went to the district-commandant to enlist, we were a class of twenty young men, many of whom proudly shaved for the first time before going to the barracks. We had no definite plans for our future. Our thoughts of a career and occupation were as yet of too unpractical a character to furnish any scheme of life. We were still crammed full of vague ideas which gave to life, and to war also, an ideal and almost romantic character.” And again “Our early life is cut off from the moment we came here, and that without our lifting a hand. We often try to look back on

it and to find an explanation, but never quite succeed. For us young men of twenty everything is extraordinarily vague, for Kropp, Müller, Leer, and me, for all of us whom Kantorek calls the 'Iron Youth.' All the older men are linked up with their previous life. They have wives, children, occupations, and interests, they have a background which is so

strong that the war cannot obliterate it. We young men of twenty, however, have only our parents, and some, perhaps, a girl—that is not much, for at our age the influence of parents is at its weakest and girls have not yet got a hold over us. Besides this there was little else—some enthusiasm, a few hobbies, and our school. Beyond this our life did not extend. And of this nothing remains."

What Others Are Saying

"There is, to my mind, an unfathomable gulf between all the processes of the universe, on the one hand, and the purpose or object of life, on the other. What science tells us—from astronomy to biology, or from mathematics to sociology, from mere description to those abstract generalisations that we call laws—is *how things happen*. The very facts of the universe, the philosophic physicists now tell us, are events and nothing but events. With regard to the purpose of life, science is, and must always remain, bankrupt, and the men of science of today know it. The goal towards which we strive, the state of mind in ourselves and in the community that we wish to bring about, depends on a human scale of values, a scale of values which differs from race to race, from generation to generation, from individual to individual. How each of us determines our own scale of values no one knows; except that this choice seems to be inspired by emotion and not by reason. William James calls this supreme choice the will to believe. The old-fashioned name is religion. Who can define exactly what is meant by religion? Looked at historically, this deep-rooted emotion, like its mate science, has sprung from humble sources. It has trickled through narrow and crooked channels; and has frequently lost itself in the uncharted seas of human frailty. But, from first to last, it is the religions of the world which have yielded scales of values and rules of conduct. Through their saints and prophets they have prescribed man's behaviour to his fellow-men, and defined his attitude to the universe. In the more developed regions, out of which have grown the nobler types of conduct, we find among those who are faithful in thought and act a consciousness of communion with Something not ourselves that makes for righteousness—a consciousness

of communion which enables them to exemplify in their own behaviour what they feel to be the will of God. Like our understanding of nature through observation and reasoning, this communion with the Spirit of Love at work in the universe will be intermittent and incomplete, and it may frequently fail us. But the failure to know and the fall from grace is the way of all flesh."—Mrs. Sidney Webb in *The Listener*.

TUBERCULOSIS CURED BY DIET.

That tuberculosis, even in the advanced stages, may be cured by a simple method of dieting, in which all salt is eliminated, and only a little meat is used, is the announcement made before the Berlin medical society today by Prof. Ferdinand Sauerbruch.

Not only tuberculosis of the lungs, but also of the bones, joints, glands and skin have been cured by patients adhering strictly to the diet formulated by Doctor Hermannsdorfer of Munich and Doctor Gerson of Bielefeld, it was stated.

This diet consists of foods rich in fats, and fruit, vegetables and salads consumed mainly in their raw form, thus increasing the vitamins. The diet contains absolutely no cooking salt, very little meat and moderate albumins, and little food with carbohydrates, such as bread, sugar, sweets, or desserts, or anything made of flour.

The mineral salts in this diet compensate for the total lack of cooking salts, the elimination of which helps the destruction of the disease.

This cure is the result of four years of experimentation and careful observaton.—*Universal Service*.

Views and Surveys

New Outlook in Physics

Sir Oliver Lodge, probably more than any other living notable, combines those rare qualities and achievements of spiritual vision and profound scientific knowledge. If anyone, during this age of violent emotional and mental change, can suggest the middle path of a sane attitude along which the progressive religionist may walk arm in arm with the progressive scientist, Sir Oliver is the man.

These thoughts are evoked by the appearance in a recent issue of the *Scientific American* of his contribution, "The New Outlook in Physics," and the following are excerpts of a significant utterance which should be conned by all thoughtful people:

. . . Nothing material is permanent, everything is in a state of flux. Old established laws are modified and half discarded, new laws take their place, and we are surrounded by uncertainty. The conservation of matter has had to be discarded, and there are signs that even the conservation of energy begins incredibly to be suspect.

. . . Just as Faraday recalled our attention from the conductors supporting electric charge to the space surrounding them, and showed that all the observed phenomena really went on in that apparently empty space, so it would appear to be with our wider outlook in the near future. Matter is turning out to be an insignificant portion of the whole physical universe, a rare and occasional perturbation of its vast extent; and probably the more important, although certainly the more elusive, ac-

tivities occur in the inter-atomic, inter-planetary, and inter-stellar space. . . .

Animated matter obeys the laws of physics and chemistry just as ordinary matter does; yes, we may grant that to be true, but yet, when animated, it has something super-added. It has properties not possessed by the inanimate—a kind of spontaneity, a sort of self-determination. Or at the least it is formed into a characteristic shape not dependent on the kind of food supplied. And when in its higher stages life blossoms into consciousness—our own consciousness—we have first-hand knowledge that it is able to form strange conceptions; that it has not only memory of the past, but anticipation of the future also; and that it can determine to act accordingly. No mechanism can do that, so we are more than mechanism. We can form plans and carry them out. We can brood and meditate and partly understand. Occasionally we can even predict. We are guided by the future as well as by the past.

To make revolutionary progress we must transcend matter and its relative motions, and must formulate the properties of the fundamental entity which fills space and endures in time. There must be something in it of a periodic character which justifies our sense of duration, and accounts for all the properties of matter. The mind is stretched to the utmost, but we do not despair. Rational the universe has always been, and rational it assuredly is. In other words, it is in harmony with the human mind, when that is sufficiently informed

and enlightened to perceive the grandeur of truth. . . .

It is the privilege of science to contemplate creation and to work it out, to realize what is happening and to dive down as far as we can to the innermost core of the mystery. We have, indeed, far to go; we have as yet but scratched the surface of things. . . .

Humanity is in its infancy. What wonder if we stumble and halt by the way. Yet we are making progress. We that were walking in darkness have caught a glimpse of a great light. Naturally we are dazzled and it may be perturbed. But we live in a privileged age. Men of genius as great as any in the past are working among us. Some great generalization is approaching; and mathematical physicists all over the world are contributing to its arrival. The work may have to go on for a century before the sun rises, but through the haze and mists of the twilight we catch a glimpse of a rosy and hopeful dawn.

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