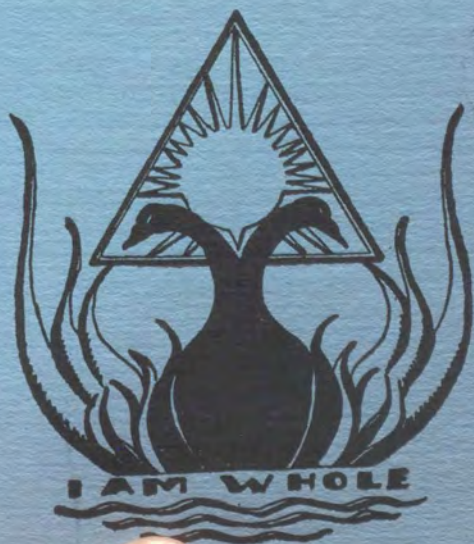


GIFT
OCT 1 1932

HAMSA

NUMBER EIGHT

1932



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FALL EQUINOX

A quarter of the cosmic wheel of the year has passed since our last issue. Summer months have rolled in and out, bringing their harvest, bringing their hope. As I write, this hope looms larger in the heart of men. Optimism seems to triumph, slowly and steadily, and the tide to have turned.

Reconstruction? Indeed, yet shall it be founded upon the clear realization of that which has led to destruction? And, if not so, can it be valid and lasting? The creative power of Life operates like a pulsating ebb and flow. Progress does not move in a straight line, but like the waves on the shore, it reaches a high mark, and recedes only to push on to a still higher goal.

To be wise in action is to know the ebbs as well as the flows, and utilize both. It is to be an Engineer, unmoved by pull or push, using the reaction as well as the action, steady in vision, clear thinking and serene.

Cooperation is the key-note of the incoming reconstruction era. It does not mean that some shall "operate" and the others assent to the operation. It signifies deliberate participation in terms of operative wholeness and toward a unanimous goal; in other words, correlated and integrated individual initiative, each cell assuming the responsibility of the wholeness of the organism by discharging its function with conscious intent and purposefulness, toward the harmonious operation of the whole.

Will our friends resolve to apply these principles of operation in connection with the Hamsa Relationship? Will they feel the urge to become a center of radiation of the Hamsa Ideal? Will they not only "assent" to the printed utterances, but create their own synchronous utterances, spontaneously creative?

A new year will dawn soon for HAMSA. With the Christmas number we shall begin its second series. The sooner we know that you shall stay with us and work with us, sustaining our efforts if only through the renewal of your subscription, the stronger we shall feel to renew and widen our activities.

THE EDITORS.

HAMSA

AN ORGAN OF WHOLENESS
DEDICATED TO THE UPHOLDING OF THE
IDEAL OF HARMONIC COOPERATION AND
SYNTHESIS AND TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A

LIVING CIVILIZATION

ANIMATED BY THE CONSCIOUS REALIZATION
IN EVERY INDIVIDUAL
OF THE

LIVING GOD



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Dreams Are The Stuff Of Life

Man, being endowed with life from the source of all life, must use that life force to create. All through the ages he has been creating. Except in few instances, his creations have been mere shadows, created for time alone, and endowed with semblance of reality in direct proportion to his belief in them. When this belief has been strong enough so that he could impose it on his fellows, more strength has been added, and the creation seemed real indeed. Time and time again the earth has become filled with the results of man's efforts until it became a veritable hell of discomfort, a prison-house against whose bars man beat himself in vain, until the very intensity of his desire caused some vast convulsion of nature which destroyed his outgrown play-things.

God, or some god or devil was blamed, although neither God, gods nor devils destroy wantonly as a mother might take a piece of needlework from a child and throw it into a fire. There exists an inviolable decree that things which do not measure up to the highest destroy themselves after they have served their temporary purposes. At first man considered his creations good. They began to seem evil to him only as he visioned the possibility of something better. Shadows have many uses. Have you ever come into the shadow of a great rock in a weary stretch of sunshine?

Ever since this little planet took shape and became habitable, and long before he was man, or after that, knew at all what he was about, man has groped about in the mud of earth. The very air about him has been full of benediction, and of menace, since construction and destruction work together in the existing state of things. He has groped his way through many kinds and conditions of mud and is still groping. The way has been long, and gradual, but sure. The darkness has been intense. The Light has shone but he had no eyes to see. He felt the Light long before he caught the faintest glimmer of it, or he would not have found courage to grope his way. After the first

glimmer his dull senses began to be transformed for life in a different realm. Presently, still with his feet rooted in the mud, he will push his head into the sunlight and air of a new environment.

Soon man will find new earth and new heaven about him. He will find them entirely absorbing and only a few of his units will dream of further potentialities in the seed of the present. This is as it should be, for the dreams of the few enable the many to move forward, just as the movement forward of the many enables the few to dream more vital dreams. Soon, the many will get some idea of how to create after the divine patterns, and also to discern at once whether they have done so or not. Children, building block houses, ruthlessly knock them over when a better idea occurs to them. With his eyes on the divine patterns, man's creations will be both more beautiful and more capable of long endurance. He will begin to create for eternity, not for time, and in proportion to the singleness of his desire and the intensity of his purpose, he will succeed.

In order to make room for new creations, man must destroy many of his past efforts by his own will. He does not find this altogether delightful, even so, as is evidenced at this time. He has thought his creations good, and still believes that some at least are good. He has listened to the voice of the wily serpent of sense for long ages. There is no harm in listening to sense, unless it blind you to non-sense. There is no harm in a shadow except you mistake it for substance. You can render to Caesar those things which pertain to him without harm, if, at the same time, you render to God your worship and reverence, your unfailing faith, your dreams.

Dreams are vital. Only in dreams can one enmeshed in flesh approach the true life where is his citizenship. Dreaming of life is reality. Being bound to the outer senses is unreality of the crassest kind. That is, of course, if you are satisfied with the things of the material, or outer-sense world, satisfied and content to be bound there as long as you have, or think you can get, what you wish and what you consider your own in the realm of uncertainties.

Dream and wish for the realities. What you see in the dream world must take form and come into the shadowland. All the treasures of the universe are yours. Remember this always and do not be afraid to dream of them, but keep your dreams fluid, soft, plastic. Do not let them crystallize. They shadow forth realities which shall far transcend any dream you could possibly know how to dream while clad in garment of flesh.

Dreams should function like the antennae of an insect, stretching into the unknown, searching for food. It is always food you seek, food for some need in one realm or another. Yet it is true that man lives not by bread alone but by the words of God. Dare to feel that you can call anything and everything out of the eternal ethers where all abides, all the words of God, life-giving in themselves.

From within out. This is the process, even in the most seemingly material matters. To build a house, or construct a garment, one must first picture what he wishes in his mind, then on paper. From the first sketch, plans as carefully detailed as the case requires may be constructed. Then the structure can proceed in the proper materials. Not every one has the power to evolve his own plan and those who can not can use the plans of others, often with great success and understanding. But there has to be the vision first.

Dream on, then, and know your dreams have power. You could not dream anything so far removed from present conditions but that it could be drawn out of the invisible into the visible in time. You could not dream anything so wild as that which is and is to be in earth, as in heaven. Whatever is in one, has to be in the other. The invisible has to become visible. The in-finite is always seeking expression in the finite. When the finite, in its turn, ceases to give its entire attention to the finite, and begins to seek the in-finite, or not yet finite, the two must meet, and, meeting, strike a spark. Then something comes forth which has not been manifest before, at least not in that exact form. It is very simple, and according to law and order. Yet therein lies the profoundest mystery of the cosmos.

HELEN ASRAEL.

Chant to the Pleroma



I am the wholeness of the whole.
 I am in and through this whole,
 my body and my manifestation.
 I pulsate through all lives.
 I am the eternity of their becoming.
 I am the silence of their neutralized songs.

Deeper and deeper the silence curves
 until all songs flow in its infinite grail.
 Deeper and vaster the sweep of cycles
 pulsates through universes in rapture of God.
 Deeper and more inclusive the flame of wholeness burns
 in and through cosmic wholes stretched across infinity.
 And yet, in this moment and this silence,
 in this body and this soul,
 I am the wholeness of the whole;
 I am in and through all.
 I am . . . that I am.

Sublime wholeness of the universal Whole,
 sublime harmony that men have named God,
 compassion infinite to whom all lives are real,
 bless the flame that burns at the core of me,
 fire-seed of the cosmic pyre!
 Bless with the power of identifications
 that grow ever-vaster and ever more enduring,
 the center of repose that I am!
 Pour thy warm soul-blood through the cell I am,
 that it may at-one with its brother-suns!

O Heart of sublime wholeness,
 I AM in and through myriads of I-am's,
 blood that courses through veins of endless cosmoi,
 beat in my silence and my peace! . . .
 that I may radiate from whole to ever-waster whole,
 that I may center worlds after worlds,
 that I may blossom as the eternal Rose,
 and receive Thee at last, total and boundless,
 sublime wholeness of the universal Whole!

—Rudhyar.

A Cycle of Living Seed

In a circular letter addressed to our subscribers on the occasion of the summer solstice (which marked a particularly important point in the history of mankind) we brought out definitely the idea of a relatively new type of "group" which is destined to become the center of radiation for the Hamsa Ideal. Because of the free dynamic and etheric nature of this "group" we chose to call it rather the "Hamsa Relationship".

It was *essentially* unimportant to us whether three persons or a hundred felt inclined to assent to this Relationship and to bring their inner spiritual forces in mutual rapport. We are calling to a certain *quality* of humanhood, rather than searching for a crowd of adherents emotionally stirred by forces they do not understand.

The response which we received has been very gratifying and we thank here our friends for the warmth and beauty of their testimonies of clear understanding and eager sympathy. We, in exchange, have been sending the first three monthly series (August-September-October) of a "Cycle of Living Seed" which is intended to be the first expression of the technique involved in the Hamsa Relationship.

This "Cycle" is based both on individual experience and on cosmic Law. It is the expression of the development of Souls whose past embraces many significant phases of race experience; as well as that of the cyclic motion of the earth (generic Man) through its yearly revolution around the Sun (the universal Life-force). Such a revolution represents a continuous series of relationships, conveniently divided into 360 phases (the degrees of the Zodiac). For each degree a symbolic utterance is provided, which may become the basis for the creative-interpretative activity of everyone who ponders upon them and attempts to let this utterance live in him.

In time we trust that many will project, out of the depths of their inner Soul-experience, similar manifestations of spontaneous and creative symbolic activity. Such manifestations should become in time the new "Scriptures" of creative manhood; not the utterances of a unique personage monopolizing

all the divinity there is, but those of a spiritual aristocracy of Living Persons in each of whom the Living God speaks. We are merely showing the way, guiding by doing, urging by inner example and not by precepts or ethical compulsion. We are speaking to Free Men and Free Women.

As our friends could easily infer from our circular letter the Hamsa Relationship cannot endure in its outer manifestation unless its participants give to it in social values what they may receive from it of interior values. This is the universal law of reciprocal interchange.

The continuation of our magazine HAMSA and of this CYCLE OF LIVING SEED is completely dependent, the former on the subscriptions received for the coming year 1933, the latter on free will offerings that will be symbols creative of social values just as the contents of the "Cycle" should be symbols creative of spiritual value. We mention these things as facts to be faced. We are giving to this work our time, energy, and more. There is nothing which would be in our power at present to add to our contribution.

Anyone wishing to receive a copy of the "Cycle" for one of the months past should write to us, 2725 Tesla Avenue, Los Angeles, California. If they value the message *any* periodical contribution commensurate with their means, however limited these may be, will put them on the list of those who will receive these monthly series.

HAMSA.

Right Use Of Power

Oh, do not let thy Vision prove an idle dream
Of ecstasy! Transmute the gleam
In power that pierces. Let its stream
Of vibratory force, transmitting light,
Disintegrate old forms: creating might
So powerful in regenerating force,
It brings response from the exhaustless Source
That Man can draw upon and use at will,
The Purpose of the Vision to fulfill!

—Ora.

Confrontation

Involution is the completion of humanity in form; evolution, the individual's fulfillment through wisdom, love and power. One represents power to form; the other, power to arise through form into light.

Face to face stood Creative Principle and Woman. For she knew her hour had struck.

Said Creative Principle: There is a difficult task to be performed. Can you undertake it?

Said Woman: I can.

— Do you know all it means?

— I do.

— That you must blaze a trail of light and freedom through despair and darkness?

— I do.

— Can you find the Way?

— I can.

— It means utter renouncing of self, in giving.

— I can try.

— To go through the land of experience alone, where there is no understanding.

— I go!

— It means to give all, and ask nothing.

— I give.

— Are you afraid of anything?

— I trust.

— Are you ready?

— I am ready.

From the divine Center of omniscience, God's Idea was placed in the keeping of Woman: Motherhood.

Said Creative Principle: In the hour of fulfillment, return again to the Father's house, bearing your harvest.

Said Woman: With humanity's completion, "God's Idea" having found fruition, I will return.

So Woman entered into the valley of Involution; the mystery Unknown, the Creative Principle in nature. In her body are coils of Love and Wisdom, for she must meet and mother Man. In the matrix of Love, abides forever the beacon light of Truth. And the shepherd-Mother guides, through a pathway of Light.

—Come into the Silence and face yourself. Face the Mother-self, knowing compassion through acute sympathy with all Life's joys and Life's sufferings. Arise! Will aflame; consciousness, a living whole with the will and consciousness of the Universe. Stand in the light and face Law, as an entity; Life, as an entity; Love, as an entity.

Law demands absolute obedience. Can you stand in the light of Law, obedient and willing to pay to the uttermost farthing? . . . Stand in the light, and face Life, in utmost humility, awake, and ready to *be used anywhere*? . . . Stand in the light of Love, which demands harmonic understanding and through it absolute Harmony?

Can you face freedom? As a personal responsibility? Are you willing to give account for it? Do you realize its deep significance? Can you be trusted with it? . . . Pure in discrimination, courageous in effort, armored for the journey of freedom from selfishness, carrying the breastplate of peace, harmony, wholeness?

If so, you may be in training for service. Freedom is service in harmony with the Constructive Principle in Nature.

Face yourself.
Know yourself.
Be yourself.



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A Philosophy of Operative Wholeness



WHOLENESS AS SORROW

When Wholeness meets the Soul on the path that extends through darkness and clearings up to the high summit of the mystic Diamond, a great sadness enters the Soul. An overwhelming sense of pain diffuses itself throughout every little vibrant point of consciousness. Every blade of the grass of self pales under an eerie lavender mist, which, with exquisite gentleness yet unbearable torment, seeps through every pore of the Soul and leaves one almost dizzy with inexplicable sorrow.

This pale violet mist is the "maya" of Wholeness; it is the insidious and poignant fringe of the aura of Wholeness. Those who have seen the wondrous display of Northern Lights, when they panoply the entire sky and vibrate electrical ecstasy throughout cold, intoxicating nights, will perhaps understand. It is this mist of Wholeness, creeping into some unprepared Souls, which leads them, out of sheer poignancy of sorrow, to "artificial paradises", opiates and the like. It is this Neptunian phantasmagory which also, in some cases, is responsible for abnormal sexual urges.

When Wholeness meets that which is but a single part, when the Universal faces the particular . . . how could this mean else but poignant sorrow for the separate and the lonely? In this solemn moment the part-self becomes utterly conscious of its separateness and its loneliness. It feels itself excruciatingly empty and meaningless. Wholeness dissolves the roots of its sense of selfhood—of particular-selfhood. These roots fed its consciousness, its will, its self-assertiveness. Now all these are gone, wilted, formless rafts melting into the sea-mist that knows of no end and no beginning. There remains but the soft terror of dissolution, the anguish of an eternal, infinite, shapeless

Presence on which one can never have any hold, for it reduces with a caress the very oneness of that one to the fluidic all-ness of the sea-mist, to the palpitating whiteness of that other sea of northern climes, the snow, the all-embracing mantle of the Compassionate Mother.

This mist is the seductive realm of the Mother, the divine Allness of Chaos. "Come ye all to me, and I shall give you rest". These are the words of the Snow, the words of the sea-mist . . . and the words of the Church. "Children, you suffer in loneliness and separateness. Doubts bring to your hearts distress. You suffer under the burden of individual responsibility. Oh, come ye all to me. For in me there is forgiveness and forgetfulness. The Little Ones rest peacefully forever in the tender arms of the All, the Mother of Mercy." These are the words of the lavender mist that ever meets the Soul, as it wearies from separateness and longs for union, communion and ecstasy.

Soft pain descends upon the Soul that quivers and perchance lets go into the Illusion, lets go into the Dream—and forgets the only reality, "I am that I am", for the mirage of "That", the elusive ecstasy of so-called cosmic consciousness. Subtle indeed is the test, and many the mystically inclined souls who lose the way of selfhood and become the sea-mist, the illusory aspect of Wholeness.

They lose the way of selfhood, because selfhood is a heavy cross to carry and few have the passionate courage to carry it all the way, through the mist and the desert. The mist tempts through gentle anguish, by dissolving the very strength and form of the muscles and the will that carry this cross of selfhood. Then, when nearly all the strength is gone and the traveller is worn with desperate tenacity to self and ready to faint, the mist lifts and comes the desert.

The wholeness of the desert after the wholeness of the mist. . . . The pitiless sun cuts blistering chasms into the softened skin of the Soul. Wholeness lifts her fluidic veils only to appear as infinite death. In death all are one. All forms crumble to smooth sand, wafted by the winds. The sharp lucidity of the

sun makes one real with implacable awareness—the awareness of bare form devoid of all the attributes which we have learned to call “life”. Everything is seen; the whole of becoming appears, clear-cut intellectually precise, nothing left out. Yet there is always more, more, more to be known. The road winds endlessly, torrid, sharp, blinding. There is no boundary to the All; yet must not every little speck of consciousness know all there is to be known before rest may be permitted? Must one not always go on and on, without land-marks even to show that progress has been made toward the fallacy of an ever-receding goal?

This is the torment of the desert; the father-lucidity strikes at the core of selfhood after the mother-ecstasy. Shall one let oneself be rolled by the winds, a glittering grain of sand reflecting the all-lucid sun? Shall one divest one's selfhood of all attributes and remain, a bare self, a point of absolute “selfishness”, an abstract monad one with all other monads, as the grain of sand is one with the endless dunes, upon which beats the power of the universal unconscious life-force—the sun?

This is the struggle to retain the attributes of one's selfhood; no longer because of the mist's allurements, but because of the torrid will of the sun that breaks down to skelettic abstraction all but the strong Souls. It is the fight for water, for that element which keeps the self integrated with the not-self, and therefore Life manifest in living organisms. The intellectual egoic will tends always to dry up this love-element without which no organic life is possible. An organism is a Whole, a small cosmos; but how lost it seems when standing, alone, in the midst of the desert of intellectual knowledge? For him who accepts the perspectives offered by modern “science” how futile, ridiculous, the efforts of the atomic, material, fragmentary human being lost in the wastes of countless, centerless galaxies?

Thus the knowledge of the All nearly kills with intellectual despair the individual Soul who searches for the ultimate and the universal. Having resisted the poignant sadness which compels the mystically-inclined to fall into the dissolving embrace of the Mother, the Soul faces the torment of intellectual

aridity and abstract contemplation of the Whole. It knows itself small, forlorn, helpless, perhaps ridiculous, in spite of all it can see, nay, *because* of all it sees. The lonely seer falls perhaps in utter exhaustion before the implacable wholeness of the Whole.

Yet there are a few who still go on, undismayed, holding with strenuous, yet relaxed, energy to their own selfhood, refusing to let the Sun within them fall in awe of the sun without; holding to the water-love, searching with indomitable faith for the Oasis; there perhaps to find "wholeness, as joy".

RUDHYAR.

Imagination

The flame of creative imagination has always existed within the race of generic man, though in its earliest beginnings it created demons and gods out of the jungle shadows,—omens and potents of good and ill out of every ruin and wrack of storm and wind and the experiences that befell the race in its pilgrimage from its earliest dawn. In time the individual and tribal needs and necessities gradually expressed the creative inventory of the race to the point of integrating a civilization, however crude and humble in its beginnings,—yet the artistry involved developed the barbarian splendors of those ancient times.

As imagination flowered within the race, there appeared codified systems of symbols expressive of language and ideas that conveyed, as though in actuality, the "sense" of the "things" to others to whom these symbols became as "seed" within their own consciousness, revealing the germinal meaning of the idea which thus flowered into "knowings" and became knowledge. As knowledge itself became codified into sciences and cultures, education became a fundamental factor in the evolution of mankind from his primitive state to the point of attainment experienced by modern civilizations. Education has thus aided in evolving man yet it also created within him a separative wall between his consciousness of himself as spiritual being and his conception of himself as an externalized self-conscious entity.

The result has been the emasculation of his spiritual power of creative imagination through his involvement in objective manifestations rather than inwardly within himself as source and substance of being. The actuality of creative ideation is within the individual selfhood in his inner abstract mind and is actually and essentially the central *Theme* of his existence. Through the imagination the intangible idea emerges into tangible expression and objectivity,—literally the life within the seed flowers into reality.

Each seed identity of whatever species or flora carries within itself its own destiny, for it is symbolically a formula of life expression which, being exactly what it is, becomes the Theme of the life entity in its expressed creative imagination and thus determines the quality and direction of its existence.

Spiritually, creative ideation is an exact formula, and when intuitively and consciously understood, leads to that discernment and realization of one's own spiritual identity. It then becomes his creative motivation, and his "Theme" flowers into actuality, even as the seed into its perfect bloom. Your life in its actuality is the sum total result of your imagination directing the forces of life into objective manifestation, and the relation of yourself to your environment and locality of mundane existence is likewise correlated to your power of creative realization.

Nature carries man from infancy to the completeness of a self-conscious, fully functioning entity, and from that point on, all that man becomes and realizes depends upon his creative imagination.

Even the key to the spiritual heights of power and realization lies in the use of the imagination in accordance with a specific and mathematically exact spiritual formula; a formula that has to be fathomed intuitively, (for it can be gained in no other way) and which is actually the essential identity of the Living God within each selfhood—that "something" which creates for each one who comes into its "knowing" a kingdom that is above price of life, love, or gleaming gold.

R. VON H.-G.

Strength

I wonder sometimes where strength comes from at times when everything else seems to have failed, when friends and the economical structure have fallen apart. Why is it that this immense feeling arises within me when sorrow and humiliation grip at the roots of my heart? This new feeling makes my body a keen bowstring from which a host of arrows are shot as by the command of that Invisible Guest. Who are you that takes command? Where did you come from? Are you an outside force, or were you there unknown to me?

Who are you that can tune my human feelings into these new urging tones? It is as if you came from far, far away, urging me to follow the rhythmic tempo. It grows upon me like the taps of the bolero, stronger and stronger as it approaches me. Now I feel it within every fiber of my being, joining the members of my body into the impelling motion of the rhythmic taps, soldering them all together into one action, into one expression of strength. Strength? Where do you come from.

Are you what I have seen on the chilly Autumn days, when the leaves were swept together into drifts? The same I saw shake the withered branches from the trees and battle with those trees as if you would uproot them? Playing a merry-go-round with the leaves until rain retarded you, and, moisture-saturated, they sank into the ground, heavy and weary from the dance?

Were those leaves not the manifestation of last summer's splendor, and were they not the protecting arch when the sun stood high in the midsummer sky? Did they not serve, as they should, a cooling shadow for my comfort?

Are you not also the same that brings the blizzard over the hills and valleys, burying the expression of last summer under a white blanket? Are you the same who commands all nature to obedience to your law and order?

All your inarticulate servants on earth take your law for granted. They conform to your transmutations—to the death-dance you play with them; to the multiplying of the seeds in

your consciousness which yield riots of color during the summer days. They obey your signals without hesitation. Why did I not follow your voice when it called to me? When it gave me warning signals? I went on, playing with treasures, taking no heed of their worth to me.

I love to know that you are the same who awakens your handmaidens in the springtime; that calls the sap to flow to meet you and brings with it the expression of last summer's harvest.

It is you, this selfsame one, who sends storms over my past season of love and material life and "detaches" them from me that I should sink deep into the soil of understanding where the trueness of my quality could be revealed to me. Are you not the unifying power that tunes all my members into the unresisting rhythm of life's music and saturates them with the moisture of sweet unforgettable memories; memories of that love that was the splendor of love's midsummer? And did you not recall my gratitude to life for other blessings which I so carelessly accepted without knowing that you were a part of them and that you, through them, made me a part of your substance? Through my deeds alone can I reflect my gratitude for past seasons' wealth of happiness. Through you I shall bring new seasons of blessings unto them that follow your urgent voice, conscious of its justice and love, knowing that strength and understanding must be the foundation of loves and deeds. Strength is God's pilot in hearts beaten by life's emotional storms.

SIGRID LINDBERG



We urge most especially our readers to procure for themselves and their friends a copy of the August issue of "The Beacon" devoted entirely to an article entitled "The New Group of World Workers". This article is of paramount importance and should be studied by everyone vitally interested in the Hamsa Ideal.

Order directly from "The Beacon", 11 West 42—New York City. 15c a copy.

(Please mention HAMSA)

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