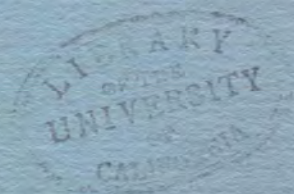


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# HAMSA

NUMBER NINE

1932





## Editorial

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This issue completes the 1932 series of HAMSA, and will be followed early in December by the first of a second series which will appear every six weeks throughout 1933.

Looking over this past year, we find it one of the greatest significance, individually and collectively. We are in the midst of a complete revolution; economic, social, political, industrial—and Spiritual as well. New vistas are opening, by the very force of necessity, which begin to reveal the substance of the New Order; and men in all ranks of life, are, even against their personal will, compelled to see.

HAMSA is meant to be an organ of vision and of self-arousal. We know that it has had this meaning for many of our friends who have taken to heart the Hamsa Relationship and were stirred into living in its rhythm of wholeness. At the threshold of this new series, we ask of them all to show us by their continued and increased support that the Work has not been in vain and must be kept going and, if possible, expanded.

The closing series has not been entirely self-supporting. But if our subscribers would order from us copies of our past publications (now greatly reduced) or while renewing their own subscription take one or two more, as Christmas gifts for their friends, the small deficit in our budget would be wiped out and the new year begun on a solid material foundation.

Material and spiritual must be integrated. This is the keynote of the new era. Let us integrate them together.

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Address all communications to:

**2725 Tesla Avenue,  
Los Angeles, California**



# 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



Published nine times a year by

**RUDHYAR**

Box 245

Brookline

Mass.

Subscription - - Two dollars a year

Single copies - - Twenty-five cents



## A Philosophy of Operative Wholeness



### WHOLENESS AS PEACE

When the mist is lifted up by the sun's power and rain showers down from clouds, the desert gives birth to oases. The diffuse aura of Wholeness condenses into a well, a spring; the Mother's rapture, into a Son. Seeds are discovered, which were lost amidst the sands. Water, the concentrated and purposeful mist, resurrects them. In the seeds the sun-force *operates* constructively. Its merciless fire arouses the intensity of growth in the plant-to-be. The sun without becomes the servant of the Sun within; mind, of the seed-self. The Living Person is born—the human Palm, whose feet are bathed in the water of love, whose head is afire with sun and whose golden-brown dates feed and energize the famished travelers.

Thus Wholeness becomes concentrated, operative into a growing whole, a fruit-bearing whole. Wholeness sings its paean of self-realization; and joy bursts forth in melody, a vibrating spring of songs, a tower of radiant selfhood. The searcher who braved the lure of the mist and did not shrivel under the torrid will of the sun, finds the shrunken spring of his selfhood dilating, uncoiling itself in intoxicating jubilation. He has won. He has overcome the elements. Life rushes into his Soul as a mighty stream. His, the skies and the soil. He will people the earth with his own progeny. He chants in exuberant tones: "I am whole! I am whole!" . . . until to his paeanic song a mighty roar answers. The king of the desert faces the self-crowned king of the world; man is confronted with the lion—the first result of Wholeness' operation in a particular whole.

The uncoiled power of selfhood flares forth at the very core of man's exhilaration. The pent-up energies strained by the long trials roar through the whole who dared to assume the power of Wholeness. "I am" proclaims the self; all the cells of nature answer: "We are you". In maelstrom-like fury they whirl and



strike at the center. The center reels under the impact. He who claimed the ALL, finds all energies within his particular being converging suddenly to the cave where he sang his paeon of Wholeness. He who passed unconquered through mist and desert, he whom pain and despair failed to overcome, finds his greatest enemy in his own joy. He summoned the power of Wholeness from what seemed to him without; for he had conquered the without. But the within of his own particular selfhood, that very self-nature which he struggled to keep formed and intact, answered the summon. From all the corners of *his own cosmos* his call to Wholeness awakened energies. He was ready for any inimical impact from the without. Will he be able to resist the pressure of his own powers, now operating as a gigantic and unified Force, as the mighty Lion guardian of oases whose lair is found at the very roots of the fruit-laden Palm? He had kept his love-nature protected from the burning intellectual fires. Now all the attributes of his own being, his love, his emotions, the very flesh and blood of his life roar at him, integrated by his very call to Power.

This is the midnight hour. Stars overhead. Sands and water under the weary feet. By what mysterious magic will man remain man? By the magic of *peace*. He who is at peace with himself awakens the quality of peace in all nature. The Sage meets no enmity from the powers of Life. He recognizes their dominion. He understands their function, the law of their operation. Strong emotions have their place, just as the strong will of the creative Mind.

The exuberant joy of wholeness, the intoxication of knowing oneself center and circumference have given to nature the awesome attributes of the lion. But as man realizes the peace of wholeness, as he embraces all in his quietude and serene contemplation all life-forces find their proper places in the symphony of being. None commands. All are self-ordered by their own nature and character. All fit in within the gong-tone of fulfilled selfhood. The silence of peace transcends the vehement ode to joy—which always is drowned by the fearful roar of echoing life.



Man is a whole, one in the midst of a multitude. Every whole has this in common with every other whole: its wholeness. Yet each whole is distinct from all others. Each vibrates to its own tone. Each one is eternally alone even in its oneness with all other wholes.

Is man to look for joy? In joy a little whole gives to himself the illusion of being *the* Whole. But as a whole realizes his wholeness, that quality which is his own, inalienable, imperishable, and constant, he finds himself surrounded by the pure waters of peace. He is no longer a concrete entity imprisoned by the loneliness of boundaries. He is the abstract quality of himself. He is established in his own identity, secure forever, forever at peace with life for he has no desire save for the life which is his own.

It is not that man ceases to have boundaries or limits. In fact never clearer, more definite, do these appear than as he becomes established in his own identity. One never escapes limitations, no more than one ever solves any vital problem. One reaches a point of view wherefrom the problem of limitation ceases completely to exist. Limitations are there, but the problem of limitation has vanished—not solved, but forgotten altogether . . . which is the only solution.

Thus it is with peace. The problem of war cannot be solved, neither the problem of happiness. The man who never stops to think about happiness alone knows constant happiness; and war will cease only when men will never find a chance to think of war; that is, when they shall have reached individually peace, when each and all shall have become rooted in their own identity.

This is the establishment of wholeness. But such cannot be real unless it be made *operative*. Can wholeness be put to work? Can the man who has forgotten he is alone cooperate with his equals? Can he demonstrate *service*? In service alone peace proves itself and wholeness is made patent.

. . . The man who reached the wondrous fruition of the oasis and who, through the magic of peace, stilled the uprush of joy and the downrush of passionate self-expression,—this man is now confronted by Service. Travelers may go by. He must



raise a flaming tower to point the Way. And while he is sitting at the spring of peace, his feet bathed in the pure water of understanding, he must know himself as "one who followed after his predecessors", a *Tattagata* as the Buddha is called. His oasis is a station of life he fulfills—this in common with many throughout the desert. His peace is a trust assumed. And the desert lies vast and friendly to him who, having forgotten joy as well as sorrow, has entered the throbbing heart of Service through the silent gate of peace.

RUDHYAR.

## Subjective Symbols

It seems that there is an "Ideal Pattern" that exists subjectively, back of all manifestation. Its very enduring quality and the power of its own being are constantly exerting an influence upon the outer world with which it is clothed, so that in time the rearranged exterior structure will be a more adequate medium of expression and will assume some semblance of conformity with this "Inner Pattern".

The fact that man, as a living conscious soul, forms an inherent part of this Inner Pattern, accounts for that ceaseless driving urge for creative perfection that we see so clearly in evidence among the constructive idealists of the world. As these sincere souls, through their self-initiated efforts as well as because of their inherent nature, become more closely identified with the Pattern, their creative reproductions assume more enduring and far reaching effects. It is these constructive agents in the outer world who are unitedly utilizing the driving power of their own souls to bring certain aspects of the Plan into being.

There comes a time in the life of every sincere seeker, when unconscious service must give way to a deepening aspiration to become a conscious and more fruitful server. When that marvelous awakening comes, we realize that meditation,—which is the effort to make the brain of man more responsive to the Pattern,—must take a more and more prominent part in our daily affairs.



With the regular and rhythmic turning of our mind toward the light, there comes an unmistakable quickening of Life. It seems that through the meditation process we begin at first to dimly sense the existence of the Pattern, and then gradually identify ourselves with it, thereby tapping and wielding its inherent power. We register our first contact with the pattern in terms of mental symbols or designs which are the "network of wires" that act as channels for the transmission of Energy from the Ideal to that which for the most part is as yet an abortive effort to reproduce this Ideal in substance. The mental symbol, standing as it does between the Light and the outer world, registers its effects in our environment and circumstances very much like the film in a motion picture projection machine, being placed between the light and the screen, produces varied and changing effects upon the screen.

We become like the artist who senses something beautiful and real but who feels himself as yet unqualified in technique and lacking in working materials with which to "bring through" that glorious picture. He does not lose heart however. While he is never fully satisfied with the results produced, his eager anticipation of an eventual perfect reproduction leads him on to renewed efforts.

So it is with the man who meditates. He works as the artist does. He seeks to reproduce the Ideal in his own consciousness and then to project it upon the "canvass" of time and space. Our first efforts are nebulous and almost futile, but as time goes on our symbol, which is the intermediary between the inner and the outer worlds, grows in strength, beauty and reality. That which at first only produced an incoherent "shadow" gradually assumes beauty of form and splendour of color, for the light is beginning to permeate and to strengthen our tentative effort at creative reproduction of that which already exists in its subjective habitat. As our tentative outline, which we build through the constructive use of the power of visualization and imagination as well as through our ability to hold the mind steady in the Light, grows more real and true, the surge of the life-force itself feeds and nourishes it. On the other hand, those phases which



do not as yet conform to the Inner Pattern, are left to wither and die. How often do we deplore the terrible periods of destruction of the many things that we are inclined to hold so dear to us? May it not be that these things have to be swept away because they are not true to the Ideal Pattern and their very destruction is a blessing in disguise, for Light can begin to shine in greater abundance, after they are gone.

So it is that eventually the inner and the outer will be so completely identical that there will be a full and free flow between Life and Form. "The shadows" (or karma), which the light, coming in contact with substance, now produces in time and space will have disappeared, for light shall then have pierced every atom and all intervals between atoms. Darkness shall have been swallowed up by the Glory of Light. Ignorance shall have been absorbed by Wisdom and Love. The Ideal shall have become manifest; the Word of God made "flesh".

M. VICTOR FOX.

## Mary Magdalene

I knelt in the night near the rocks that were His sepulchre and I knew I was alone, for He had gone.

In the stillness of that misty hour the world seemed strangely void, as if the night itself had fled and the day not yet returned.

Softly my tears fell to the sombre earth and, in the silence, I could almost hear them dissolving into the mist.

And of a sudden, I heard His Voice! And the sound of it was as the sound of nothing I had ever known; vibrant as the tolling of a golden bell, and yet, so tender and serene, as peaceful as the breathing of a blade of grass!

"Woman, why weepest thou?" He said.

No more than that; but oh, the sweet compassion of those words, wrought in the cosmic glory of His Voice!

"Woman, why weepest thou?" He said.

And, as I rose, I felt my body fall away, and all my soul stood, sounding in His Voice, and all my spirit knew the meaning of His Love.

Ralph Berendt.



## Walking in the Wind

Being so tired, it is hard to hide from you;  
it is hard to walk any longer in the night and the wind.  
I have gone down brown trees, I have crunched the blue  
frost-bitten grass under my feet, I have stood  
in parted thickets, caught in the crackling leaves,  
I have seen the brush piles on the ridges fired,  
I have watched the twisted smoke that weaves  
blue strands in the black branches of the wood;  
And now, being tired,  
being tired now and worn enough for rest,  
would it not be safe, would it not be very good  
tonight, to find it in your breast,  
In your wise breast, where this is understood?

Do you remember another night of wind,  
Moonlight and wind, when it was all  
the sky could do to keep from reeling upon us in joy—  
When, breathless, we held it there  
from slipping down about us with your hair?  
Do you remember a night last fall  
when the wind whirled us and whetted us to flame,  
and whirled the leaves and whetted us to a blaze,  
whipped out your dress and would not let us be,  
drove us along the road, two shadows clinging,  
and dropped us at the foot of a tree?

That was September before the frost.  
In the morning the road was grey with mist  
And the grass was matted white where we had lain.  
And the arms of the elm, the grizzled arms of the elm,  
pawed at the wind for something that was lost,  
and knotted up with pain.

Fall comes to fall again,  
and I walk alone, I walk alone in the wind . . .



I cannot master the beauty of the night.  
 I walk alone. The poplar fingers rise  
 tall and awesome among white glittering stars.  
 Really this is the most sorrowful delight  
 of any man to walk alone with a dream.  
 Do you hear the ripple singing in the stream?  
 The beauty of the poplars strikes me down.  
 The wind over the grass—I have not known  
 the wind was such a lonely thing.  
 The wind cleaves me with beauty to the bone,  
 and the gray clouds that brush the fields and fling  
 gray darkness on the driven road, and fold  
 their lonely silence around the hills, and fly  
 on to the upper night, to the upper air—  
 They have beat me clean, they have beat my body cold  
 with beauty. Do you hear the wild geese cry?

And now the dark is heavy in my head,  
 and in my heart all the sorrows have come home.  
 I am tired—you do not know how tired I come.  
 You would not care tonight? You would not care,  
 but let your hand wander through my hair  
 there would be no hurt now, we are both too tired.  
 I would finger the soft silk of your dress the same  
 as long ago, as when you were first desired,  
 as long ago when the wind whirled us to flame.

For we know the bitter tune the wind sings;  
 there will be silence now, there will be rest,  
 and eyes will heal after the wind stings,  
 and I shall hear your heart under your breast,  
 moving across time with a great flow.  
 And we shall hear no more the wind's calling,  
 but only the silence of its falling, falling . . .  
 Let me not walk any longer alone—alone in the wind.  
 —Malya R.



## Self-Confrontations



The concept of the trinity of Spirit, form and substance (or spirit, mind and matter—or unity, form and multiplicity) is a fundamental and universal one. From it may be derived the idea of three basic streams of life-manifestation, each of which may be seen as a Path for the evolution of Soul or Consciousness. Each Path or Ray is characterized by a fundamental Work or life-emphasis.

Thus the Path of Spirit deals essentially with holding on to the realization of the Unity underlying all manifestations, cosmic or individual. To this Path corresponds the ideal of the "Silent Watcher", that is, the ideal of pure monadic being unaffected by, and thus silently watching over, the cyclic evolution of the changing worlds and personalities; serving as a lighthouse keeping open the gates of the harbor of divine Union.

The Path of Substance is concerned primarily with the cyclic process of purification and regeneration of the substance of these changing worlds and personalities. It is the path of the Redeemers, of the divine Alchemists or Physicians who ceaselessly work for the refinement of matter, of the atoms and cells of all our bodies.

Finally the Path of Form is trodden by those Souls who are the Builders of patterns, cosmic or personal, along the lines of which substance is precipitated into living organisms and through which Spirit operates upon matter, blessing the Many with the realization of Unity.

The three Paths are one in the supreme and all-encompassing reality of Wholeness. The Path of Wholeness is that of Experience, trodden by all units of life—the one Path on which all Souls know themselves as brothers and companions and find themselves integrated in and through the universal web of relationship (karma).

We present to our friends symbolic pledges which correspond to the basic realities of these Paths and which may help everyone to recognize for himself or herself the fundamental "motive" of the symphony of his or her own being. They are 'pledges' only as formulations of the deep consecration of each individual to his or her own innermost Center of being. At certain times of the Soul's evolution a 'pledging' of oneself to one's Self is demanded of everyone by Life.



We hope that these formulations may thus be of value to some who may be facing such a step. Everyone may find himself evolving on one of the three paths; but all should assent to and live in terms of the last and all-including dedication to Wholeness. We are speaking primarily to men and women who, to some extent, have realized that—especially to-day—to be Integraters is to fulfill Life's holiest duty.

### **Pledge of the Silent Watchers**

In the light of His Presence  
 We stand concentrated and firm  
 Holding unwaveringly the thought of unity.  
 One with His Purpose, serene in His Peace  
 We watch the sea of change roll on with its tides  
 And empires crumble and suns be born.  
 Unaffected, and pure, true to the God within  
 We vow to remain until time endeth  
 And all living souls once more have re-entered  
 The infinite oneness of divinity.

### **Pledge of the Redeemers**

Aflame with mighty Purpose  
 We go forth to serve, and to heal  
 Mankind's ancient woe.  
 One with the Will of our triumphant forebears  
 We vow to take no rest  
 And seek no individual salvation  
 Until the Earth is cleansed from the ancient curse  
 And every child is born free  
 To unfold serenely its inmost divinity.

### **Pledge of the Builders**

Strong with the power of His Name,  
 Wielders of the Laws of being,  
 We come at every dawn to rebuild the worlds,  
 That united through form in the bond of Love  
 Stars, atoms and souls may chant in cosmic chords  
 The eternal paean of conscious selfhood.  
 We consecrate our minds and pledge our wills  
 To the fulfillment of the One Purpose  
 Which is the Heart and Soul of universal Life.  
 That every Man may know and every sun radiate  
 The conscious glory of the Living God.



### Dedication to Wholeness

Wholeness that is God,  
Supreme mystery that fathers time  
And mothers the birthing of space,  
Power that is Love, Wisdom that is Fire,  
Vibrant Energy that circles through all realms  
And stirs galaxies into the formation of gods,  
We unite our Purposes in Thine infinite strength  
And pledge our beings to Thy service,  
That at the core of all suns  
As in the outmost darkness  
The eternal Peace that is Thy Presence  
May bless all lives and strengthen all souls  
For the one glorious end that is Thy very being  
The eternal birth of the Living God.

R.

(November 1931)

### Happiness

From the earliest dawn in the mythical garden of Eden, mankind has sought for an elusive happiness, finding and losing it again and again in the changing complexities of his evolving racial and personal life.

He has steeped himself so deeply in his devious imaginings and creations of ways and means to attain his happiness in the possession of power through valor and wealth, that he has for ages forgotten his spiritual destiny and the meaning it holds for him as his Happiness.

He has ignored and forgotten, too, the guidance and warnings of the Illuminated Souls of the race, those great Ones who had attained the consciousness involved in the creative realization of their spiritual identity, and who sought to lead mankind into the true meaning of Happiness;—a happiness that includes the true understanding of the relationships existing between each man, each woman, and generic man-woman, individually, and as units of a component and cohesive whole. For all individuals are embraced in the totality of life and being we term humanity; thus the consequent adjustments and compensations involved in their relations and reactions to one another inevitably bring to each one his unalterable and inescapable destiny.



Mankind has also forgotten the romance of life and living, and the possibilities implied in their expressive creations, preferring rather the gods of Olympus, Pan, Bacchus, and the traditions of ancient glories.

Yet within each individual lies buried a "legacy", the diamond soul that is the quintessence of all the spiritual inheritance of the ages! He receives it at birth through the particular units of humanity within whose protecting "aura" he takes form and shape, and evolves into a self-conscious, self-expressive entity.

The struggles and vicissitudes of life eventually uncover for him his legacy, revealing to him something of its nature and use; provided he does not evade and shirk his responsibilities to himself and to others, or seek as his happiness, the self-inclusive glamour of his dreaming. And it devolves upon him who has thus received this legacy that he seek to learn its spiritual mystery and make known to humanity its secret, by what he *is* and *becomes* in his realization of happiness. This happiness involves the creative capacity to make his life and that of those around him a thing of beauty, wholeness and completeness; for it means the comprehension and understanding of his inner Flame creative, the ineffable radiant splendor of the Living God.

R. VON H-G.

## Creative Dreams

Hold yourself steady and know, persistently, quietly, silently, know that there is nothing at all haphazard about any of the curious lives of men. In any given number of human units there are those who comprise the great mass and who live wholly among shadows, appearances. They create solely for the gratification of physical needs. There are a certain number who create for mental needs. Some who are called artists, musicians, poets, create to satisfy soul needs, and soul needs sensing spiritual needs if but dimly in many cases. All, particularly the latter, need outward stimulation to do their best work. There are certain wells from which you can draw no water except when you pour a little in from the outside, to start the mechanism.



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But, and this is a point for special consideration, the outward stimulation, particularly for the artist class using the word generically, must come unsought and when least expected to do its work most effectively. When such an one deliberately seeks outside excitation from books or nature, drink, drugs or from men and women or even from beauty or love in the shadow world, in short from any *created* thing, he may, and frequently does get stimulation. He is able to dream dreams and see visions, but he creates shadows and shadows of shadows.

On the other hand, let him seek God and woo his own soul, which is the seat of the God spark in him, then he shall create as God creates. Out of the invisible into the visible he shall draw the patterns for rare forms of grace and loveliness. Further, he shall not lack the outward stimuli. It shall come to him from books, from friends, from love and beauty, from cloud and tree, from song of birds and running water, from sun and stars, from anywhere, from everywhere, at the exact moment of his need.

Create he must and he may create as he, and not some other, shall choose. If he thus wills, he shall be joined to the ranks of the few who go far ahead of their fellows in vision and achievement. Thrice blessed are such pioneers, such dreamers. But for them there could be no upward and onward movement of the mass. Without them, man would, even now, sink back into mere animalism. There are endless possibilities of development hidden in the invisible and as the number of the pioneers increases the force of their combined power becomes stronger. It finally becomes sufficiently strong to break the bars and set the mass free to rise to a new dimension.

Yet must the dreamers always pay for their spirit of adventure and pay dearly. The units of the present earth consciousness are sufficiently near to brutedom to hate what they cannot apprehend with their brute senses. Although much of the keenness of these brute senses has been lost through soft living, this is true. The mass is groping blindly in search of new senses and new conditions of life which it feels impinging on the edges of its consciousness but very dimly as yet.



Darkness is necessary for the beginnings of all growth. Seeds are sown in the earth consciousness now which are already stirring and must presently burst their outgrown shells and begin their struggle toward the light and freedom of a new environment, just as plant seeds do in spring. These new units of mass man will follow in the tracks of pioneers who are far away out of sight. While such units have always persecuted and almost always killed their pioneers, the few brave souls who dare to be different, yet they have ever followed, after a while, the way they have taken.

Dreaming of life, love and beauty you shall realize them in your outer life, since they are realities in your inner life. A child of God, that is what you truly are. Tell yourself about it always. You cannot overestimate the truth, nor the wealth of your heritage because of this being true. Impress it upon all parts of your outer self, the instrument with which you function in earth. If anything seems wrong with it, tell it it can and it must show forth the perfection with which it is endowed. Does your heart beat too rapidly, explain to it what a perfect piece of mechanism it is and what you expect of it as such. Should your eyes fail to see clearly, tell them they are optical instruments capable of seeing even as telescopes and microscopes make them see and infinitely more. Nothing is impossible.

You may have let your mechanism get into such a state that no matter how much you tell it its perfections it will still appear the reverse. You may even have to call in a physician to help. Very well. Do what he tells you and in your own heart keep on with the other method, giving no sign to those about you, unless they know enough to help, lest they hinder with their unbelief. Be in no haste. All eternity is yours. Think God's thoughts after Him. Dream His dreams. Flesh may be renewed, transformed, rejuvenated, by so doing. This is the sole way it can be done without loss of—gentleness—shall I say, for lack of a better word?

Dream and play and love. Live as a child lives, concentrated in the work or play of the moment, yet without the tenseness of the adult who concentrates. Do not let the, so-called, happen-



ings of the outer life fasten to you any more than the fitful dreams of sleep. These are no more real than those, in fact. All is passing and must continue to pass before you, the onlooker of your circle. Hold yourself steady and know all well, even if the circle itself shift and change, old parts dropping away, new ones being added, to pass in their turn.

Thus you shall demonstrate certain possibilities of achievement to your fellows. You shall make it clear that life lived under spiritual law is better than life under either physical or psychical law, even ultimately from a material point of view; that the potency of spiritual life breaks down limitations and sets all parts of you free. Physical, psychical, spiritual—the three are interrelated inextricably and man has dominion in all three potentially. This potentiality must come out of the inner into the outer life that a deeper potentiality may be dreamed of and thus brought within the realm of possible demonstration. Working with God, everything shall be possible with you. Having truly achieved child-hood, you are endowed with all else.

HELEN ASRAEL.

If spiritual values will assert themselves on this earth, then they must quasi enter into a combination with matter, must themselves become "material" so as to move matter.

An ever so high spiritual value, that does not succeed in setting in motion the generally valid form of expression of material values, — money, will not become graspable, not utilizable to humanity.

Thou must never expect, to be able to render humanity good with all thy "idealism", and to lead this to victory, so long as thou still despisest money and money's worth.

Certainly thou shouldest not "kneel to the idol mammon" and aspire to the possession of money as ultimate object. Thy whole endeavor should see rather as goal only the movement of money, should procure thee less the possession, than the possibility, to set ever larger sums "rolling" in the service of spiritual values.

Bo Yin Ra  
from "The Book of Happiness"



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