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For the majority of human beings inhabiting our planet life has no significance. Men are born, live and die without being able to invest their life, their destiny, their experiences with a *meaning* that would ennoble and transfigure them; that would make them pregnant with God. "What does all this mean?" cry the world-weary, the war-torn and the sick. The pleasure-seeker may not even stop to ask the deep, tragic "Why?"—the spirit-releasing question.

Question, if you wish to live spiritually, — to *live*, at all. Question again and again. Never stop questioning, wrestling with every experience, with every fact and sensation, for its significance. This significance is — *your self*. For every meaning you uncover, a cell of your true body of selfhood comes to birth. God comes to birth in you with every jewel of significance you extract out of the dull and heavy matrix of the mountains of facts, which most of us call life. He is the Crown of Significances. He is the Tiara which glows over and above the head of the man who has welded the many meanings he has wrought out of experience into a symbol of integrated wisdom which his power — and love.

Question everything, every day, everywhere. Do not take anything for granted. Do not sell your Soul, creative of meanings, for the lentil-dish of peaceful inertia and subservience to dead race-meanings. Confront every sensation and every deed, as a miner the rock that may hide gold. Hammer it into release — release of significance, release of self. Accept nothing for what you are told it is. Fecundate every fact with your power of signification. Know yourself by seeing your face in the meanings life conceives from you, for you.

Creative questioning. Creative symbolism. There is nothing around you but symbols of your potential selfhood. Make that self actual, by understanding these symbols as mystic 'signs,' as 'signatures' of your own Destiny. Transform all apparently fortuitous events into significant Destiny. The pearl of Significance! Dare to sink yourself into your own depths, that you may find it and tear it from the stony shells of days and nights.

Life is what we make it mean. It is clay in our hands. We, the creative Logoi, can fashion all things into the likeness of our Soul. We are kings in our domain of significance. All that is, is for the sole purpose of the Soul finding itself in the significances it bestows upon the raw material we call experience. Nothing need escape us. No experience need be wasted and fall to decay into the cosmic garbage-can of meaninglessness. Chaos is meaninglessness. Death is meaninglessness. He overcomes death who extracts from all that is, significance, — and lives further in terms of that significance.

Truth is significance integrated into one's life and one's soul. That is true which becomes a meaningful symbol of our own self. Nothing is true which is not significantly one with our innermost center or self. What we are told to believe is *never true*. It is always evil, if we fail to question it and thus to extract from it what it essentially, integrally means for us, as individuals.

Truth is always confronting us; for there is never a moment from which significance, which means selfhood, cannot be released. To face, to welcome, to win this truth hidden within every moment is — to live spiritually.

Let us repeat thus: At this very moment there is a truth for me to incorporate into my self. I call upon this truth to descend within me, to make me great with consciousness. This truth is life and it is light. It is "I" being born, wave by wave, experience after experience. I am its master; yet its beloved. I am bride and bridegroom. For it is Life meeting a life, the absolute kissing a particular; Significance being born anew within my conquest of the meaning of this one moment, God re-discovering Himself within a man who by fulfilling manhood's depths releases from Life the God-man — the universally significant moment of all cycles of living.

We keep on mumbling through blighted years of meaninglessness: "Oh! I didn't mean it." Alas! we never really *mean* anything, most of us. We never enact our own significance, with deliberate intent, *using* life's experience as tools for the delivery of significance. We submit to accepted meanings, even to the meaning of love and the meaning of pain which a world hemmed in by morality—that hospital for meaningless facts!—forces upon our castrated souls.

Love and suffering are the two great tools which should invest spiritually healthy souls, whole and creative, with the power to release meaning. Love is such a vast encompassing experience, setting afire the many levels and recesses of our own nature, that it offers to us an immense matrix for jewels of significance. Each of us can best prove himself or herself a creative god by stamping his or her love with one of a multitude of meanings, with that meaning which is to each the most real, the most self-releasing, the most essential. Love is the Great Mother out of whose womb are born countless universes of significance. Each love contains potentially all life's meanings, waiting for us to release them, to actualize their potentiality — in our own unique way.

But how few of us *really create significance* in and through our loves? How few really dare to say to their love: "I shall transfigure you with my deepest meaning. You shall be the seal of my true selfhood. Men will know from you the form of my Soul, the uniqueness of my self, the fervor and rhythm of my consciousness. You shall be a shrine for my Diamond-Soul. Men and women shall bow before you and know that they face in you a well of Life that is source of greater living, of nobler being."

The same is true of suffering, the great touchstone of all soul-alloys. He who suffers significantly is indeed a creator. He who invests suffering with universal significance is a god. The poorest soul on earth is that which suffers meaninglessly; even pain has not succeeded in stirring the god-seed within.

Question! Question again and again. The whole world faces you, for you to give meaning to its myriads glows and shadows. Every experience begs of you that you shall give it a *name*, a sign of your own selfhood; that you shall raise it to the dignity of a symbol. Everything that is around you is a potential symbol of your own creative divinity. You may call it "illusion," *maya*, and dismiss it. You may name it "mother"—*Maya* again—and make it bear for you "buddhas;" for *Maya* was the name of the great Buddha's mother.

One day will come when all men will give birth to "buddhas" and "christs." The former are the true "meanings" of Life; the latter, the "meaning made flesh" through the wondrous agencies of love and suffering.

And such will be the supreme consummation of human life, the glory of the "Last Day;"—that man and woman, as one, will deliver every moment buddhas and christs, will give to every "now" the glorious name of their own self. In that Day, Significance shall be enthroned in the Heart of every man-woman, who shall have become priest in the order of Melchizedek,—a king indeed.

R. S.—S. M.

Nuptials

*Ease up, old fellow-travellers,
within the powerful arms of Life.*

*Let go, and FEEL the pulsing overtones
of her deep ancient song.*

*Rest your wearied eyes, yet SEE through shifting shadows
the whole gyrating stream.*

*Ease up, yet HEAR the low drum beats of Destiny,
epics of creations.*

*Let go, and TOUCH with tender finger tips
the velvet rhythms of throbbing Life.*

*Rest, yet TASTE of the sparkling nectar urging
to vivid awareness and radiant laughter.*

*Ease up, INBREATHE the living fragrance
of Life's translucent blossom.*

*Rest the heavy bodies, yet TREMBLE
with all, one, many;—ultra-violet ecstasy.*

*Ease up, old fellow travellers, yet wed with Life—
becoming, being, dynamically birthing God,
endlessly living—now.*

MALYA R.

Two Cultural Witnesses

During the Fall of 1922, we made persistent yet unsuccessful attempts to start a monthly magazine which would be a receptacle for the finest and most significant "seeds" produced by European civilization. We even planned to name it "the Ark" to symbolize the fact of a transfer of living seed-ideas from old Europe to young and chaotic America, from a closing cycle to one as yet unchartered and almost unfecundated by the divine Influx. We are glad to see that a splendid quarterly "*Europa*" has just been initiated, which seems to fulfill the function which we had envisaged long ago.

Among the very significant articles, we note one by the great prophet of modern dancing, Mary Wigman, in which she emphasizes the spiritual and emotional significance of the dance which represents "the internal experiences of the dancer" and is composed of flowing movements *organically* related and developed. An article on Stalin and Trotsky is fascinating and reminded us of a review of a book by Lenin's widow where she told how only some four years before Lenin came to power, the group of his friends and associates, in exile in France, counted barely forty members. She thought then it was quite a strong group! Yes, strong enough to alter directly or indirectly within a few short years the lives of perhaps half of the earth's population—for what cannot a few tested men do, if they carry the message of destiny!

Another quarterly of the arts, an all-American one, should be mentioned by contrast: "*Trend*". It has begun its second year under the able direction of Harrison Kerr. Striking articles on the dance have appeared, written by the leading exponents of the new dance in America: Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Angna Enters. In the last issue Paul Rosenfeld writes: "Italy is still generous of the feeling of the renaissance. The Italian Renaissance? Certainly not! That is long since finished, and who cares about it any longer? There is another new birth, not yet finished. This is the American Renaissance. And Italy now affirms it".

The seven arts are discussed in this splendid magazine, which shows, better than any other, the healthy and vital aspects of the birth of new American art-ideals and art-forms.

Thus Europe and America: the former rich with ancient technical skill, with the mellow perfection of age, with personalities whose roots are anchored in the passion of centuries and upon which the autumnal sun sheds a golden halo;—the latter, growing through the strain and stress of early race-puberty, sprouting hesitantly in many directions, self-conscious and awkward; yet aglow with divine fire, with expectancy and futurity. And, behind both, the mystic Asia, the most ancient mother, wearied by endless child-bearing, yet vibrant and solemn in her great depths, in spite of all the excitement of perhaps another parturition. What a wonderful work of world-integration is to be done, with this American continent as a focus!

A Philosophy of Operative Wholeness



THE LIFE OF HEROIC PERFORMANCE

All life is a "*per-formance*": that is, the release of energy through a form, through a pattern of organization. The purpose of this performance is the integration of the many substantial elements into organic unity. Organic unity is achieved and demonstrated through concerted action. When all cells, organs and energies of the physical and psycho-mental organisms *act as one*, with one purpose and one single will — even though that will must operate through multifarious functional activities —, then Man has achieved his goal as an Individual. He has become a perfect performance of Life. He has become a Hero.

A hero is an exemplar of perfect activity. But "perfect" here must be understood as a relative term. What is meant is not the absolute perfection of an imaginary god who cannot err; but the relative perfection of a type of activity which is *fully significant*, which stands out as *symbol* and *prototype*, insofar as it serves as a point of focalization and crystallization for the imagination of lesser men — lesser "actors" — who tend to mould their actions upon those of the hero.

A hero is an "actor" who performs his appointed (or Self-chosen — it matters little) part of Destiny in an absolutely *consistent* and rigorously *significant* manner, and who in doing so releases the full meaning and full life-power which could possibly be extracted from that part. What the part is does not matter. It may be a villain's part, or it may be, theatrically speaking, the beloved "hero's." Yet the term hero should be applied to both types of parts, to any type of parts. Heroism does not depend upon the nature of the part. It depends upon the quality, intensity, thoroughness, consistency, meaningfulness of the performance. There are heroes of evil as well as heroes of goodness. Both are equally significant and valuable in the whole drama of cosmic Life.

In Hindu mythology such heroes are called Avatars. But the term hero has an even greater scope than the Hindu word, which nevertheless covers many types of men of superior action. Every man can become a hero. He is so in proportion as he fulfills significantly and consistently his Destiny — in proportion as he acts *not* as a particular man torn between the many wills of his human nature, but as the man of an unavoidable Destiny, moving on through years and deeds with the rigorous logic of a Significance perfectly, almost syllogistically formed; with the inner certainty of a Work to be done and to which everything in his nature and his life-contacts must become subservient.

To the hero, Destiny and selfhood means the same thing. He is his Destiny. He must will this Destiny exclusively of anything else — even though it means endless crucifixions and deaths. He must will it, unemotionally, selflessly — as a self-evident fact. This will to Destiny is spiritual Instinct. The animal does not question his instincts; neither does the hero question his Destiny. He is ruled by it *from within*, just as the animal is ruled by his instincts, equally from within.

Heroic actions are relatively as perfect as instinctual actions. They spring from and are inspired by a depth of Significance which is a compelling motivation. The heroic act is not discussed by the brain, not even the mind. It is accomplished out of a quasi-instinctual *necessity*. There are no two ways about it. It had to be done, whatever the cost to the human nature, to body or feelings. There are no ethical considerations back of it; there is, in the narrow moral sense of the term, no "merit" in it. It is an act of Life *through* a personality. Therefore we have called such acts — *transpersonal*. The personality is the form used. The act is a "per-formance;" a release of power through a form — with all the characteristics of the form (or instrumentality) in the act. Thus it is not an "impersonal" action, but an action which is not *motivated* by any personal consideration, which merely "uses" the personality, as a pianist uses a piano in his performance of a great musical score.

The score is the Destiny. It is the part to be played by the actor. It must be performed so as to release the full intent and purpose of the composer — who is Life; or one might also say, the Master, the Supreme One, KARMA — the Great LAW which eternally integrates the Many into wholeness and harmonizes all disorders into the Perfect Chord in which all actions are balanced into the supreme, timeless, eventless, absolute Harmony.

Heroic performance means therefore integrated action. That which integrates the action is the form — the karmic score. Without this score, or without a most powerfully formative and organizing Mind, there can be no heroic performance. The line of action must be instinctually continuous (in its basic outlines; if not in the minute details) and logically clear. It must unfold with the power of *inherent necessity*, with the rigid necessity of a mathematical solution, underneath whatever human glow may cover its structural and cosmic determinism.

The true hero is not the man of one spectacular deed. He is the man whose deeds move with a logic which is motivated neither by human earth-nature, nor by individual strivings and aspirations toward perfection, but which arise from a cosmic or race *need*. This need may call for spectacular deeds, or it may not. The important thing is that by fulfilling it the individual becomes merely the energizer of the performance (he who brings vitality to it — through self-sacrifice.) He enters the part completely and becomes the personage. *He ceases to be an active individuality. He becomes an impersonation:* a part made alive and magically operative through the sacrificial life-gift of the hero, who assumed this part, who died to himself in order to make that part a *living and creative symbol*.

Such is the meaning of "sacrifice." All heroic actions are "sacrifices." All heroes transfer willingly their life-blood to the personage which they assume the responsibility of animating, of vivifying into a *magical prototype*: that is, into a "Word of power" — a mantram of Life.

The greatest of all mantrams of Life, the one universal Word of power is — *Light*. It is the result of the supreme sacrifice of the One Life: — the Visvakarman of Aryan symbolism (i.e. He who pervades all activities). It is

the gift of the ONE to all the failures of previous cycles of cosmic life. Through this gift the ONE assumes the part of "Logos" — the part of "Seed." And through that Seed, that cosmic form or pattern of organization, the ONE radiates Itself as Light (the Light of the Logos — Daiviprakriti — the Holy Ghost) to sustain and animate *all actions in the entire universe.*

Light is the power of germination that stirs all seed, that conditions all growth. "Let there be Light!" This is the utterance of the primeval mantram. All spiritual heroes are seed of that Light, are rooted in It, the active substance of Spirit, the sacrificial gift of the ONE. It is at a cosmic level the flesh and blood of the Christ; and the Christos is the *Light-seed* in the Holy of Holies of every human being.

The spiritual hero is he whose life is a root from that seed, whose destiny is to establish that "root of Light" deeper into the soil of human nature. He is a root-man; a christ-man. He is "com-missioned" by the Light to draw from the earth those "salts," those future Apostles of the Light ("Ye are the salt of the earth" said Jesus) who will "go to the Father's house" in which each will find his own among "many mansions." He is a "drawing center" — a *center of emptiness*, drawing to his self-emptied, blood-emptied heart the few who will respond to the mystic suction, that power of Light which draws the salt-laden sap upward, sunward.

This is love — but love transpersonal; which *uses* the personality, but which does not feed in return this personal being who has already "died" upon the cross of all heroes of the Light, — who is nothing but a vacuum, a space for Light to dwell in and to draw. . .

There must be spaces within spaces; there must be many kinds of Light-seed to draw all types of earthly salts to the Sun, to the integrated state of radiant living. And so, there are many kinds of planets, of personalities who have died into the emptiness of the Light-spaces. Some must be outwardly coarse and full of passion to draw upward earthly salts (human personalities) that are yet heavy and dark; some must be more delicate, more sublimated. And well may the outer world be confused as to their mission and their status in the realm of Light!

Yet it matters not how coarse and passionate the personality, if the Life that uses it is that of a hero; if the deeds performed *are transpersonal and not personal*; if they spring from the Empty of a sacrificed heart and not from the self-seeking and acquisitive nature of a man who yet craves to fulfill the wills of earthly desires.

Thus the majority of heroes whom the human race recognizes as great symbolic figures, as representative types and exemplars, are not "saints" or impersonal men lacking in emotions and human fire. *Because* they must be "exemplars of action" those heroes need be afire with the warmth of what is *today* human life. Could utterly sublimated and impersonal gods serve as exemplars to a race still so heavy with the fumes of earth passion? Could they draw to themselves, in love, the sons and daughters of this world?

The hero is always conditioned by the need of his time and of his race. As said Krishna, in the part of the incarnate Logos: "I produce myself among creatures, O Son of "Bharata" (the land of Works), whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness." (Bhagavat Gita. IV).

All Avatars come strictly to fulfill a race need. All Masters remain in the magnetic-spiritual aura of humanity because there is need for their sustaining deeds of Light. From the most impulsive to the most sublime all heroes are *impersonations of needs*. The One Author writes many parts in the cosmic drama of earth-life. Many Souls come, who apply for them; perhaps rehearse for a while, then drop away unable to sustain the responsibility of their choice, the daily tension of transpersonal living — a constant sacrifice to the Empty, a constant oblation of the energy of self to the part to be performed, to the character to be impersonated. A few succeed, see the rehearsing, testing phase of the work through. They are the heroes, — their life henceforth, a life of heroic performance.

Writes Bo Yin Ra: "Once you will have become united with your God, all your life will become only action and work;— even you yourself will become only action and work." The hero becomes thus an impersonation. The great actor becomes the part. The great performer becomes the musical score. And by means of their heroic performances they draw to the Ideal, manifest in the part and in the composition, the listeners. They move their public. They are great Emoters, great whirlpools of emotional energy. Krishna stirred the emotions of men to a frenzy; so did all great Avatars; so in recent times, great Performers of the Drama of Light, like Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha, and others of lesser stature.

Alas! most human performers, actors and musicians, are not heroes in the spiritual sense of the term. They are personal, not transpersonal. They do not use love, as a force that will draw to the sun the souls of the moths that crowd round their hot passions and get destroyed. They are used by those passions, that are dark and greedy. They are puppets, not heroes. They are manipulated by the strings of mocking fatality. They have not integrated their self-centered and passional wills under the rigid necessity of a significant and sacramental Destiny.

What the Western world needs today are creative men and women, artists and seers, who have the supreme courage to live fully and irrevocably lives of heroic performance; who are ready to fulfill the acute race need there is for *exemplars of integrative action*; who will burn their personal desires in the consecrating fire of love for all mankind; who will not escape from the world and its passions, but who will stay at their posts in the Flame, burning though they may through endless deaths and crucifixions, until all men are drawn within the empty space where Light is generated every moment of the world;— until all men become themselves seed of Light, mothers of the Living God.