

# HAMSA

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RUDHYAR

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The religion of beauty. . . a strangely real and poignant worship which takes the heart of every moment and the flame within every soul and immortalizes them by condensing them in the magic grail of the beautiful. Men of the occident know so little of the mysteries of beauty. They exalt the intellectual and sensual images of Greece, believing them to have throbbed with the true ecstasy of the beautiful. But such an ecstasy is only shadowed forth in the Hellenic love of bodies; its mystic shrine is to be found in far Eastern islands, in the Japan of the tea ceremonies and the samurais, perhaps in the ancient shores of Bali.

We think of beautiful bodies, but the Zen masters, from whom came the supreme artists of the tea ceremonies (so vividly described by Okakuro Kakuzo in his "Book of Tea") knew beauty in a sense infinitely deeper and more universal. The beautiful was the fulfillment of all living in terms of quintessential harmony. It meant not the obvious, but the subliminal. It was the soul of reality made visible in symbols purified from all superficial quiverings of the flesh, from all materiality. The beautiful was the moving symbolism of purest relationship, of most exquisite refinement and detachment from all vestiges of earthly sensualism.

With the Japanese masters beauty was a living experience, sacrifice of all non-essentials, an almost ascetic relationship of the subjective consciousness to the essences of living forms made concrete in a fugitive yet eternal moment. The religion of beauty was a ritual of being and living, an ecstasy of consciousness completely fulfilled in super-essential forms almost transparent to light. None could practice it save souls that were noble and blade-like, glowing with the transcendent fervor of a self-control that was creative and radiant.

The beautiful so completely escapes us, Western barbarians! We are too saturated with intellect and inhibitions, with complexes and repressions, with sex and neuroses ever to be allowed to enter the mystic shrine of that beauty which is living flame and transcendent essence of concreteness. The beautiful! . . . how strange the word echoes in the welter of our cities and the chaos of our souls, in the agitation and conspicuousness of our lives! How incongruous it appears amidst the paltriness and stupid vulgarity of our Main streets and our Greek-columned libraries and museums, morgues for once living ideals!

We have gnawed for ages at the roots of the beautiful, lost in the worship of what we called truth, intellectual scientific truth. But what meaning has the true when torn away from his beloved mate, the beautiful? The love of the



true for the beautiful; a love that gives birth to that cheapened word — the good. There is no "good" save as it springs from the union of the beautiful and the true. Our ancestral morality is an abortion — just as our "prohibition." Save man is true to his own soul and lives according to the supreme pattern of his destiny, from which alone surges living beauty, there is no value in all his ugly efforts toward the good — even toward love.

Love that is neither beautiful nor true can never be good. And by "true" is not meant here the paltry faithfulness of European ethics. Truth exists only in terms of one's own soul. "If you are true to your soul, you are true to my soul." What else matters? Nothing, save to live beautifully this truth of one's own innermost being. That only is "good."

The beautiful! . . . Oh, how desperately at times we yearn for a race in whom beauty could find its hallowed shrine! How longingly we turn to memories of yore aglow with the worship of the beautiful! But worship ceases when man becomes his own living God. Beauty is not to be worshipped but to be lived. Truth is not to be conceived, it is to be lived. And the fire of love that quickens the true and the beautiful toward the birth of perfect compassion must burn itself up into transcendental light, that all pilgrims may find, in our night of lies and ugliness, the way that leads souls athirst with God to the mystic union of the beautiful and the true, the way "through fire unto light."

## A RETURN IN SPIRIT

The difficulty with conventional occultism is that it is desperately self-conscious, that it often seeks to substantiate itself by setting up an opposition from the world; and in this destroying itself. It is true that religious movements thrive on persecution, but occultism is not, properly, a religious movement. If it is to have a classification, occultism is a philosophy primarily. But it is every phase of life when any phase is carried "beyond itself." Science was occultism in its medieval roots, but when science was occultism it was not "science" in terms of its own day. Religion starts in revelation and wonders, and so is occultism of a real sort, but such religion can not be found in the "religion" of its own day. Occultism is a stage, a state, of being and realization; an attitude of mind, a power of inner living in an outer world, a man or a race in advance of self.

A return to the world, after a long period of willing or unwilling participation in the occult, is a "defeatist gesture," if it is analyzed deeply enough, and no "defeatist" moves in life are really necessary. There is a return to the world in spirit. The occult is not taken as something in contrast with the world but rather as a part of self by means of which the self gains orientation with the world: a disturbing process when uncontrolled but a stimulating procedure when a man becomes "captain of his own destiny." It is obvious that so long as the normal man is in bondage to the world, because of his root conditioning, a first step in spiritual orientation must be an uprooting, a wrenching of that which holds him blinded to larger reality. But a first stage is not a continuing stage, necessarily. The seeker turns back to the world in spirit, reaffixing himself to a desired reality.

MARC EDMUND JONES



## A Philosophy of Operative Wholeness



### HONESTY

In our modern world turned so completely toward objective activity the concept of honesty characterizes preeminently a behavior which in no way attempts to present a thing, value or idea for what it is not; which does not try to cheat, deceive or above all steal. The honest man is the man who can be trusted with the care of our possessions, or who will not sell us his wares under false pretense. We speak likewise of a man of integrity.

These things however cover only the relations of man to man. Such relations we have assumed to form the contents of what we call ethics. Yet true ethics and true honesty deal not so much with outer behavior as with the inner realm of our own consciousness. What makes us honest is not first of all what we do, but what we think and what we feel. Honesty, and in general ethics, are essentially matters of consciousness, of self-estimation and self-valuation. To be honest toward one self, this only is to be truly honest.

When we begin to consider this interior honesty we realize that there is not a human being in a thousand or a million perhaps who is *wholly honest*. For, as the saying goes, we love to fool ourselves; infinitely more so than to fool our fellow-men. We may be trusted with our neighbor's possessions; but we cannot be trusted with the possessions of our soul. We at once proceed to undervalue some, overvalue others; to let our failings slip by, unattended. We may be keen in spotting out the true motives of our business associates; but seem usually to fail completely in recognizing or accurately evaluating our own motives. We may not attempt to sell the stock of a company we know to be bankrupt; but we sell to ourselves ideas and feelings about ourselves which, if only we took some little care, we would know to be worthless and false. We may not juggle with book-keeping, but oh! how we juggle with our own worth!

In outer relationship we are men of integrity. But within the realm of our own consciousness we display very little integrity; because we ourselves are not integrated. Only an integrated man can be honest; for only then can he properly evaluate *the whole* of the contents of his psyche or soul. Most of us identify our consciousness, or ego, only with mere fragments of our total psyche. We grab with delight a few pleasant, pride-enhancing and well groomed bits of our psyche, and *fool ourselves*, often with inconceivable naivety, in believing those are the whole of us.

Who would think of valuing a business only by showing the credit side, and negligently ignoring the pages filled with red ink? Yes, we do this neat little trick consistently in our own estimation of ourselves. Because we so remarkably fool ourselves, we often succeed in fooling others by contagion. But sometime this debit side insists on showing, and all our conscious or unconscious, deliberate or half-dazed juggling with psychic balances fails to convince others.



*Intellectual honesty* consists in keeping one's eyes open and one's mind impersonally and ruthlessly critical when the red begins to show, either to us only or to others also. To be intellectually honest is not to build, often with amazing celerity and cleverness, golden systems to camouflage the red ink. It is to be willing to hold to bare truths, whether liked or disliked by our contented ego. It is to throw oneself open to our mind's investigation. It is to keep away insistently from identifying ourselves with one fragmentary aspect of ourselves and from thus repressing the antagonistic or unrelated psychic factors within us, throwing them into the dark caves of the unconscious.

To take any idea presented to us and, deliberately or not, twist it so as to make it fit our preconceptions: this is intellectual dishonesty. So also is to listen not with our bare ears and intelligence but instead through the ear-phones of our intellectual opinions and biases. To be honest is on the contrary to let any new idea enter the house of the mind, and there, in respectful silence, listen to its tale. Then, if it is found un-assimilable, destructive or unsound, reject it — on the contrary, accept it at its own worth on trial, if it seems to release new power, however revolutionary it may appear at first.

To give hospitality to a revolutionary idea may be very hard. Honesty does not consist in doing such a heroic mental act; but it does consist in either rejecting it, or accepting it without at once twisting it into a mockery of its prior self. To accept the idea of an impersonal Divine Principle, and then proceed to worship devotionally an omnipotent "Lord of the World" — is intellectual dishonesty. To say: the reincarnating Principle is purely abstract and impersonal, and proceed to talk about one's youth in this life and in the same breath mention "my chums" in some last incarnation — is intellectual dishonesty.

In such cases we give our allegiance to an idea and at once betray it. We are cheats, dealers in bogus intellectual values. We salute the flag with the right hand and buy a policeman with the left to have him condone our pet sins against the law. Either we are intellectual fools, so little integrated that we cannot hold together the various contents of our consciousness with any sense of psychic integrity; — or else we fool ourselves, either deliberately or as a matter of long routine and race-tradition. The latter may manifest as an illogical trend of thought held sacred by a nation or an entire culture — as for instance many church dogmas or "scientific" thought-complex —; or else as a moral bias, which automatically renders us blind and deaf to half of ourselves, or half of any life-situation.

With the mention of moral bias, we come to what we might call emotional or *feeling honesty*. This is nearly as rare as intellectual honesty. We fool ourselves so amazingly in believing we feel toward others in ways we do not at all feel. The moral bias here plays a particularly blinding part. The puritanical or churchy person is so filled up with valuations of moral virtue that when a strong sex-passion flares up in the individual's life, he or she must need call it sacrificial love. This is usually more frequent in women than in men; yet a man at times can harbor such "unethical" desires (incestual perhaps) that he cannot possibly bring the recognition of these desires into his consciousness. He cannot integrate them to his own ego. The moral bias of his education, of long genera-



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of measure, forces him to rule this desire out; or to give it at any cost some kind of noble and sublime significance or name, if the desire is too strong to be merely repressed back into the unconscious darkness.

Freud and Adler, and to a much less pathological extent Jung, have shown to all of us that we are of similar repressions and regressive psychic contents. Neuroses have been clearly demonstrated to originate in such repressed feelings, gathered together, solidified into typical and recognizable "complexes." Undoubtedly Freud has exaggerated, because of a constitutional bias, the importance of the Oedipus complex; Adler also, that of the power-complex. And yet they have been so effective in "debunking" our honesty. Hardly any man or woman is intellectually and emotionally honest. We live in a world of self-deception, where psychic self-camouflage is the rule, where the successful man is the man who, though he is so socially adapted that he is completely "fooled" by race-traditions and social collective biases, or who ruthlessly and successfully fools himself in order to achieve a life of single will.

In the latter case what occurs is that the personality of the man becomes fixed and set, crystallized along one single line of endeavor. His ego is narrow and one-pointed. He has not the smallest idea of the total contents of his psyche, and thus of what his real all-compassing selfhood might be. He is almost inconceivably not-whole; a mere fragment of his potential Self; that is, of the integrated totality of his "soul-forces" or "psychic contents." No integrity, no honesty in such a man. Only an apparent facade which he may manage to keep intact until death; — or which may collapse upon retiring from business, or getting into new situations to which his single-track ego cannot adjust itself.

Particularly interesting cases develop among so-called theosophists or occultists. Such persons have absorbed (but usually not at all "assimilated") a complex intellectual-ethical system which is not rooted in their own ancestral tradition, but is super-imposed upon it, usually with, as a result, a bewildering confusion of cerebral and emotional processes. We do not question here the value of the system *per se*. But no system has an honest value unless we "assimilate" it; just as, physiologically, we assimilate food. Cheese is a fine food; but too much Welsh rarebit after a copious half-digested meal and on going to bed is likely to cause trouble.

Occult ideas have caused a fearful lot of trouble in the minds and souls of Westerners already filled with European ethics and scholasticism. The worst of it is that they have given rise to a prodigious amount of dishonesty, intellectual and emotional. All "occult" groups and especially colonies, without exception, have known, or know, the most appalling cases of self-deceit, with regard to ideas and especially to sex. How many "leaders" have failed to hear their own thoughts as "the messages of the Master," to glorify their own sex-impulses (not always natural) with high-sounding phrases of "occult development" "Master's blessings" "building the New Race," etc? Not so many; — some going astray in ways very obvious to the unprejudiced, others in very subtle fashion.

Their ideas were perhaps very fine, and possibly also their sex-impulses. But they lacked honesty in using an unassimilated system as a camouflage, as a means to "put it over" while their gullible disciple gazed with awed look upon



the "great psychological crime" — fooling oneself. It is useless to mention examples, to recite the list of things done in holy fervor for "initiates," "Masters' agents;" the many and varied types of self-hypnosis gone into mentally under the compulsion of the belief that such an "advanced pupil" knew better and the poor beginner "would know in time, if only he had faith."

"It is good to be fooled. It is better to know." So runs the popular advertisement. But how shall we "know," how shall we be able to cultivate this honesty of thought and feelings, to cease to cry ourselves out as "misunderstood," when all the misunderstanding resides within ourselves? How shall we see and face ourselves whole?

This is the real problem. We are only part-beings. We know only small fragments of our minds or souls, those which we have gathered, or which have gathered themselves, round our ego, our sense of "I am." These fragments in their totality form what Jung calls the ego-complex. But this ego is just like the few dozens of wealthy Chicagoans who constitute for themselves "all Chicago" — the lake front. But what of the huge teeming inchoate city behind the lake-front and the world-fair and the so-called "Century of Progress?" What of gangsters and stockyards? What of the unknown artists and scientists, geniuses perhaps, starving in freezing rooms?

Is the wealthy art-patron "honest" when speaking of "all Chicago?" He *knows* well enough that the city extends beyond the lake front. Does he refuse to admit this city to his consciousness? He admits it, yet admits it not. He may go into the slums for some charity organization. Yet it is not "his" Chicago. And so it is with every one of us.

We have sex-urges — but they have to be seen only in charity errands. We visit them under a Christ-banner. And if the poor should mumble at our ermine coat and throw stones; well, how awful! How terribly misunderstood we are! How the mob lack appreciation for our wonderful kindheartedness! And sex-urges are not more frequent than power-urges or any other kind of emotional urges; only, having been repressed long and being vital indeed, they make very good examples. What of the philanthropist's urge for having his name in the newspapers; of the varied urges for fame of one kind or another disguised under so many ethical names?

Have urges. Life would not be without them. Fulfil them, if you can do so without losing your integrity or the integrity of *already established relationships* which mean happiness and beauty and elegance of living for all concerned. But the sad thing is to feel the need to fool oneself about them — subconscious or conscious as the need may be. This is of course "human nature." But it is more. It is the legacy of European ethics and so-called religion.

European civilization was fundamentally dishonest. It refused to face its own hells — and this made them even more hellish. Perhaps it is not Europe's fault; but that of a particular period of our planet's life. For medieval India did the same, in other and often much wilder ways. Throughout the Middle Ages — the Dark Ages — human consciousness deified self-deceit under the holy name of religious purity and sanctity.



Yet, to be pure means only one thing: to be wholly, in an unadulterated manner, what one is. Just as we speak of pure water, which contains nothing but water. But in order to do that, we must be able to reverse the sentence and say: one must be all that one is, without adulteration (that is, without fooling oneself). This means that we must be able to face ourselves whole, yet retain nobility, beauty — and the three basic characteristics of all living organisms: integration, vibrancy, significance. This is our task. The new aristocracy will be composed of men and women who dare face themselves whole; who dare assimilate unconscious to conscious, ennobling all things by the light of consciousness, of integrated and vibrant significance.

### Unconquered Light

*As once a child I looked into the sky  
and saw amid the dark a single star—  
a pin-point speck of Light—uplifted I  
beheld its glow and watched it from afar,  
like to a taper, gleaming in the night  
for one lone wanderer on an errand rare.  
And so, held speechless by its steady light,  
I passed the night till morning stroked my hair.  
Today my heart is leaden in my breast,  
I find myself alone 'midst storms of life,  
and torn by cruel winds I find no rest,  
ready to fling afar this useless strife . . .  
but then I call to mind that other night  
and see one pin-point of unconquered Light.*

—MalyaR.

### To the Friends of the Hamsa Relationship

With reference to the appeal we made in the last issue, we announce that the first thirteen issues of HAMSА (blue and green covers) can now be bought as a set for \$1.50.

We urge everyone who can do so to order one or more sets and give those to friends who might become vitally interested in our work; or else to keep it as a fresh set for future binding. Our aim is to dispose of one hundred of those by Christmas — in order to begin the new year with a clear financial conscience.

For those of our friends who would rather have a complete series of the "Cycle of Living Seed" (seven issues) we are offering them at \$2.00 a set. We must add also that only thirty copies of "Art as Release of Power" remain — at \$1.50 a copy. The book may not be reprinted for a long time.

Please do not forget your re-subscription to HAMSА for 1934, (\$2.00).



## C. G. Jung — An Integrater

From Switzerland, a consecrated place in more ways than one (the Himalayas of Europe, in fact), comes one of the greatest and most creative minds of this day and age: C. G. Jung — whose fame as a psychologist is world-wide. A new book of his has appeared in English: "Modern Man in Search of a Soul." It is a collection of essays and lectures which show the amazing development of Jung's understanding and of his methods of psychological healing, or *soul-harmonization*: a thrilling book, opening rich and vibrant vistas into the heights and depths of integral humanhood.

In our previous issue we spoke of Keyserling, as one of the most eminent philosophical minds of Europe. But behind Keyserling, the philosopher, stands Jung, the psychologist; and the former owes to the latter perhaps the most vital and original parts of his thinking. For Jung deals essentially with *life*, and life is always the fecundator. After all, it is man who is the measure of all philosophies, the living seed of all knowledges. By understanding man and his varied typical psychological attitudes, Jung has been able to relate all basic conflicts in the philosophies and world-viewpoints of the ages to corresponding oppositions in man's psyche. He shows how the philosopher conditions the philosophy, which either expresses his own psychological type or is the result of a compensatory process. Thus irreducible points of view in human thought are seen as the results of psychological functions which, though not reducible in terms of each other, yet are to be seen as complementary, organic parts of the whole personality.

As M. P. Follett wrote in America, "unity, not uniformity, must be our aim." Differences must be integrated. Truth is a psychological process of synthesis, not a formulation. It is the Middle Path that reconciles the opposites. It is "Tao." It is a polyphonic structure of life-functions, harmonized toward the goal of total living; toward what Jung justly calls "individuation," the purpose of Man's development.

The same thought is the basis of Smuts' "Holism," which we reviewed in "HAMSA" eighteen months ago. It is indeed the truth of this age, the truth of Operative Wholeness. A psychological, biological, philosophical truth which calls for Integraters — in mind, feeling and behavior; which challenges men and women to live whole, by focalizing into creative expression through the lens of the conscious ego the vast treasure of the "collective unconscious." These treasures belong to Man-in-the-whole. But only the individual can give them significance and directed power. This is true magic — and true Art.

Jung's vision soars beyond the more or less pathological realms of Freud's and Adler's psychology; yet retains the clarity, precision and scientific approach which makes it acceptable to the spirit of this age filled with the worship of science's empirical method and analytical bias. Thus he lays the foundations for a complete synthesis of Eastern and Western, of occult and scientific thoughts. As a scientist and psychiatrist, whose scope of work has almost infinitely broadened, Jung represents one pole of this synthesis. The other pole will be conditioned more by the philosophical-occult and also the artistic attitudes; — and this is our particular objective at present. But Jung has provided a basis of concepts and a terminology which is of incalculable value.

D. R.