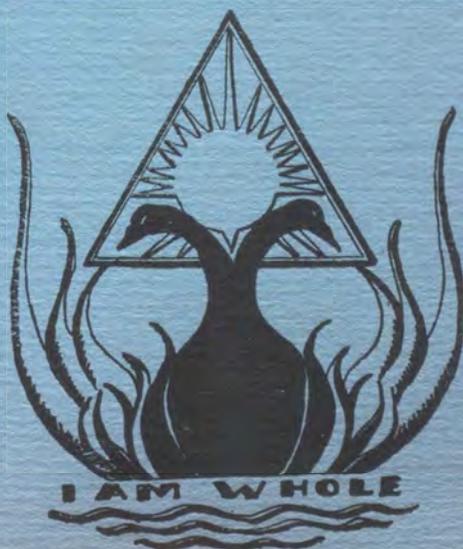


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# HAMSA

NUMBER SIX  
1932



## HAMSA the Seed-bag

We wish to bring our friends' attention to the article in this issue on "Groups of the New Era." We wish every one to become conscious of the need for a new "technique of relationship", if the long expected New Group Idea is to materialize. Ideas and ideals are not enough. A new substance, a new type of "atomic structure", a fundamental pattern of living-together for the every day,—these things are necessary if the dream is to become actuality, if the abstraction is to become a concrete and proven reality.

Our conception of the "triunit"—on the plane of consciousness, not of emotional or form-procreating expression, let it be well understood—was a step in the direction of finding a basic pattern for the practice of wholeness in human relationship. But so many basic patterns and concepts will be needed before a clear and efficient "technique of relationship" can be worked out, through which the Ideals of universal brotherhood, tolerance, wholeness, etc., may be made to operate!

We do not expect every one of our readers to be an experienced writer; but we do hope to find the majority of them eager and able to voice their reactions to the ideas which are brought forth, and to suggest solutions or avenues of approaches, whether in the form of articles, or of letters. We shall publish those which seem to us the most significant, the most to-the-point, the most decisive as well as concise.

Do not write all at once! But the summer is a good time to let Ideals mature and grow concrete seeds. We are therefore waiting for a significant harvest. Send all correspondence to our new headquarters in the west.

**2725 Tesla Avenue  
Los Angeles, California**

The Editors are not responsible for any opinion or declaration contained in signed articles.

# 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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## Symphony of Life

We are in a rapidly changing world. Man—the seed of Man-to-be—has dwelt in earth, amid scenes that shifted, but not too often, playing parts that ranged from high to low and were sometimes good, sometimes evil. He has run the whole gamut of emotion, has been now gay, now sad, now jubilant, now despairing, with little idea as to how or why. Always he has sought satisfaction of desire, the objects of which led him on by slipping out of his grasp, or turned to ashes in his hands.

The units of the mass, man, have been for the most part dull and uncomprehending. But always too there have been the few units who saw visions, who aspired to life beyond that which the mass accepted, not understanding it could be made different. And the few, often persecuted by the mass, have nevertheless lifted it gradually, if by infinitesimally slow degrees, and at the same time, set themselves free for still higher visioning. Now, man—the mass—has developed a certainty of himself—as an individual—sufficient to himself and responsible to no one. As the mass, so the units which compose it.

The units of man—the mass—have been forced through the ages to form themselves into families, nations, races, drawn together by points of likeness. These in turn have divided into various groups of similar units, churches, schools, clubs, etc. Each group, whether large or small, shares the feeling of the mass that it is able to stand alone, that it is superior to all others. Within the groups at first no differences of opinion were tolerated. Units must conform or perish. Sometimes the stronger of these separated into a new group. Thus the number of different groups grew.

Wherever groups were brought close, friction arose, wars resulted. The preservation of the different species was maintained by distances, difficulties of travel, alien languages, etc. When these were overcome, the resulting clash meant annihilation of whole groups, or at least of the strong-parts of them and absorption of the weaker. All of this resulted in modification and finally in some degree of toleration of difference.

But now distances have been wiped out to a large extent by new means of communication. Steam, cable, telegraph, telephone, radio, air travel, have brought many differing and more or less antagonistic groups into unpleasantly close quarters. Trade and the pleasure of wandering have made the units of widely different peoples familiar objects to one another. Everywhere the stronger exploit the weaker, try to force their opinions on them. This means increase of friction. A situation has arisen which may easily lead to the extermination of some, if not all, of the less alert and dominant groups. Unless the nations of the earth, and the individual units composing them learn to respect and use points of difference as well as points of agreement, no true state of harmony can result. They will, because they must.

If the units of the composite—man—, one creature whether he likes it or not, would study the construction of their own bodies they would understand the plan on which man—the composite—is made. Each body is made up of cells, and aggregations of cells, unlike, and useful for that reason. The eye is quite different from the ear, both from the mouth. The hand is not fashioned like the foot, nor the stomach like the lungs. Obviously, all have certain things in common, but each performs its own function in its own way, preserving its own pattern while it serves the whole.

As each part of a body has certain likenesses to each other part and some points of difference because of its different function, so each unit in any group of individual people. In the case of families and nations, individual units have begun to learn to respect each other's opinions, not to wish to kill each other when differences develop, and to form a basis for some co-operation; although for the most part each unit, and each group of units, is still for itself in so far as it can be without endangering its freedom. Perhaps some dim comprehension of the fact that they are units in a whole and that each can best serve itself by serving the whole is stirring in the mass.

Man,—the composite of all the units in earth, the seed of the new Man who is to be, in earth as he is in heaven,—will be composed of countless cells, in far greater variety than would be thought of now as possible. Each cell will differ from the others in use and beauty. As they are synchronized and function as a whole, one splendid creature, shall Man become what His Creator means him to be.

The seed—Man—is feeling the call of spring, the units composing it having come to a point where they are ready for different life expression. A new environment must therefore appear. Old habits, customs, idols, possessions must be allowed to slip into eternity. As do tiny plant seeds in the dark ground when they feel the call of spring, these other seeds begin to stretch; to find their coverings too snug for comfort and to burst them open; to send roots out in search for food and stability; to send shoots up in search for sunlight and air. The earth will hold them, as it holds the tiny plants, feed them and leave them free to build according to their several patterns.

Everywhere, all through the earth, tiny shoots are pushing into new surroundings. The helpers of the Master Gardener are watching for the little heads and will give what assistance and care is required. As new ones come up they see those further along and are helped and encouraged. In each is the pattern it must follow, and as each one expresses this pattern as perfectly as he can, the earth will become a beautiful garden.

Man—the child—composed of all these little new growing units, must keep his eyes on the new earth in which he finds himself, watching eagerly for the new things coming from the invisible into the visible with such swiftness. Rejoicing in the new adventure in living, moving up, hand in hand with his fellow, loving him because he is different and yet, like himself, part of the whole, he will be able to take his place in the new great Symphony in which dissonance and consonance are blended perfectly.

HELEN ASRAEL.

## Consciousness

Life—the dynamic activity of the universe—has inherent consciousness, and through millenniums it has been engaged in the stupendous process of creating forms of life-expression that tended more and more to develop a separative awareness becoming individualized into flora, fauna, species, genera, and finally Man.

For eons the goal has been a perfect mechanical response to the life process. Today the result is the exact mathematical time-space action of the universe and its laws, and the mechanical-automatic action of Nature which, in mankind, we term the subconscious mind.

The next step in the process was for Man to awaken his awareness of himself as generic man-woman; and in the interplay of the forces thus engendered, by their reaction upon themselves and Nature, individual separative selfconsciousness developed: the objective-concrete mind. Civilization, and all that it implies in the control of Nature to man's use and advantage, was the result.

The further step—which has been secretly known to the spiritually enlightened ones down through the ages and which is the basis of all present endeavor along spiritual lines—is to awaken the inner abstract mind, to enter into its understanding and wisdom, to become conscious of being conscious of its inner life—the only true life of the Self—a life-activity completely distinct from the objective consciousness and subconsciousness. The subjective activity of the objective mind thereby becomes aligned, correlated and inwardly identified with the inner abstract creative self; and the personal consciousness becomes extended into the deeper realization thus attained.

The understanding of this has to be gained intuitively, for it cannot be fathomed intellectually. It has to take root within the mental consciousness, as does the conceptive-seed of the child within the chalice of its mother's womb. Thus as it grows and unfolds creatively, as it makes a "space within the space"

of the self-consciousness, slowly yet surely comes the "quickening" and the creative realization of the Living God, the I AM THAT I AM of each Selfhood. Then Life becomes understood and full of tangible meaning and happiness; then Man's spiritual realization manifests creatively as the power to be and become whatever he consciously wills, and THAT which his inner consciousness *is* in its being and becoming, establishes the quintessence of his having and holding in the affairs of life. In this lies mastery of fate and destiny, and the beginning of one's spiritual freedom.

R. VON H.G.

## Above Golgotha

Ye, who having seen, still did not see—ye, who having heard, heard but the dirge and not the paeans of joy—hear now the truth!

Ye saw the Son of God in Man bowed down beneath His Cross but could not see how straight His Spirit walked!

Ye heard His struggling breath but could not hear that in His heart there beat the steady beat of bliss!

Ye saw He lacked the strength to bear the Cross, and so not one of ye could see the strength with which He bore the burden of your Spirits' weaknesses!

Ye could not see. Oh, blind! Drawn to Golgotha by a mighty fate, ye led Him on but did not know ye followed Him! And though some few could feel it in their hearts to pity Him, ye did not feel the waves of pity that He sent to ye!

Ye did not understand and yet ye set yourselves as judges of His worth!

Ye thought He was alone! How could ye know that Hosts of Loving Spirits waited, calm, upon His near release, filling the surrounding heavens with an infinite life, and moving among ye, an overwhelming power!

Ye raised Him up and broke His Godly Flesh with earthly blows. Ye saw His Blood flow forth but did not know it as His gift to ye!

Ye did not know His gift of Life, no more ye knew the moments ye were born. And yet the deathless souls of all the lives that ever lived were there to see the Blood of Heaven transfused to Earth!

And when ye saw the Life ebb out upon the Cross, and blackness as of night spread like a chill across the sky, ye wondered—all; ye feared—all; all knew that fear.

Ye felt alarmed, helpless, guilty of an unknown loss. And yet, could ye have known, His Spirit had come closer still.

Ye thought He was no more.

Ye thought He went to seek His place with God.

Ye thought the blackness meant the going of His Light.

Oh, hear and know, ye ones of little faith and blinded sight!

His Spirit did not soar afar. It sank—aye sank—deep into the heart of Earth, penetrating to its very flaming core, there to remain forever, radiating streams of loving strength until that time when, kindling in himself the Heavenly Flame, each man shall draw into his soul His Spirit and His Love and set Him free!

RALPH BERENDT

## The Austere Love

I will love you with the austere love.

In me there is place for no other.

I have courage to hold high the head and smile across to you from my stormy ascent.

I stretch out my hands bearing all I have to you, asking nothing.

I give and receive the clasp that is not binding, that is the symbol of essential bondage rooted in a law. We do not escape this bondage more than the planets escape the sun!

I laugh my song of life full from the heart, and receive in a flood of joy your laughter, your certitude.

I will love you with such essential love.

In me there is place for no other.

G. M. F.

## A Philosophy of Operative Wholeness



### THE LIFE OF CREATIVE RELATIONSHIP

There can never be a New Age if the simplest and most fundamental elements of every day living are not repolarized and made to manifest a new attitude to life and a new Ideal. We must begin at rock-bottom and question the most basic and most ancient traditional beliefs, or else we will be dealing merely with dreams and our idealism will lack substance.

We have questioned already the principle on which practically all human relationship has been built—the dualism of sex on all planes. We have questioned the ancient ideal of the dualism of higher and lower self as a key to man's nature. We must now consider the dualism of self and not-self, or subject and object. This will lead us to the very simplest act of living; for all living and all experiencing is the result of the contact between self and the not-self. As I open my eyes, I come in contact with what seems to me an outer world, which is not-I. Every sensation and feeling, gesture and thought, means the working out of relationship between my self and all that is not myself, and which in time I learn to understand as a collection of other selves.

To change radically our mode of living means necessarily to change the manner of our relation to this not-self. It is a change which will affect every action and reaction of our daily life—if not outwardly to the onlooker, at least as far as our own consciousness of life is concerned, which is by far the most important of the two. For, as is well known, it is not *what* one does which counts, spiritually speaking (i. e. in terms of consciousness), but *how* one does it. Spiritual living is therefore a change in the manner in which we contact and react to the outer world and the many selves it represents for us.

Many heavy tomes have been written concerning the infinite variety of ways in which the self and the not-self act and react upon each other. This dualism of subject and object involves of course a third element, which is, the relation between them. The matter is really very simple and easily grasped. We all know that at times the self, or the "I", goes out to things and identifies his consciousness with the reactions caused by external objects. We are lost in our loves, in our sufferings, or our hatreds. We become these various reactions and lose all sense of self-identity independantly of these ever-changing reactions. This is the *centrifugal* tendency of consciousness.

Then also there are times when we are intent on absorbing the outer world into our selfhood. We reduce everything outside of us to the condition of food. We are fattening on the not-self. We are greedy, possessive, tyrannic. Our "I am" becomes an ogre. This is the *centripetal* tendency of consciousness.

Between these two tendencies which rend us in turn there is no peace, stability or integrity in, or for us. Here again we are the victims of this perpetual oscillation between two polarities of life. In order to save us from this troubled condition the great philosophies of the past have generally prescribed one of two remedies. Some said: "Renounce the outer world and its allurements. Withdraw within the Self. To whomsoever realizes pure, unconditioned, abstract selfhood the outer world appears as sheer Illusion, and ceases to exist. Thus Freedom is attained." The other systems answered: "Forget self. Love your neighbors. Sacrifice yourself to the world. Give up your identity, and merge into the Universal." And humanity has been busy following in turn one or the other teaching.

The first is the most characteristic exoteric Hindu teaching. It preaches really absolute "Self-ishness," and the withdrawal from all relationship into a condition of pure and abstract subjectivity. It says, of course, that before this can be done you must have become free from "karma" or relationship. But it yearns for this freedom from karma, and karma becomes synonymous with evil, failure, slavery.

The second partakes more of the Christian spirit and thus led easily to the materialistic attitude which theoretically denies altogether the reality of a permanent Self. It preaches self-sacrifice, self-lessness. Thus on one hand we have the goal of absolute selfhood, which is a transmutation of the centripetal, assimilating and possessive phase of human consciousness. It retains this direction of consciousness, but forces the Soul to throw overboard every outer thing which it might wish to draw inward into its innermost center of selfhood and to arrive there absolutely bare. On the other hand we have the goal of sacrificial self-surrender, which sublimates and makes deliberate the natural tendency of the consciousness to scatter itself into the objects which it contacts—in this case out of charity and compassion.

Is this not the time to try the third solution, which is: *to establish one's consciousness, not so much in the self or the not-self, as in the relationship between them?* In other words, if you love another person, do not think primarily of your self and your happiness, or of the other person and his or her happiness,—but think first and foremost of the love between the two of you. Concentrate on the beauty and perfection of the love that relates you to that other, who represents at that time for you the not-self.

To do this means obviously not to think of the loved one, or of any one entity we are in contact with, as the not-self. It is only to the aspirant toward unconditioned, abstract selfhood, that what is outside of the self is a negation, a not-self. To the devotee of complete self-surrender the outer world is the multitudinous beloved for the sake of whom it is good to die. But we, holding the third view, consider ourselves as one of many selves, all equals essentially, all centers of "Life"—"Life" being the wholeness of all possible inter-relations of selves to selves; and Consciousness being this "Life" when apprehended by the selves through and by means of the very act of relationship.

The term "monad" might be more appropriate here than the word self. If so then every "I am" is a monad constantly related to other monads and ultimately to every other monad.

Life is the constant interaction between these monads,—the foundation, substratum and essence of all relationship; and consciousness is the perception by every monad of that much of life which it can encompass according to its power of relationship with other monads. *The greater the capacity for relationship the vaster the consciousness.* The goal for every monad is All-consciousness, the realization of the wholeness of life. This can only be reached by fulfilling perfectly and *wholly* every relationship entered into; for as every monad is ultimately related to every other, to fulfill wholly relationship with any monad is to get by implication a sense of relationship with the Whole of Life.

The point is a subtle one and cannot be discussed here at length. Enough has been said to show that, from our point of view, what counts essentially is relationship and the increase in the capacity for relationship (increase due to the perfect fulfillment of previous relations). Every monad is as important as every other, and essentially no different than any other. But, at any particular moment of time, every monad has a different power of consciousness, or capacity for relationship. This difference represents the particular spiritual status (the degree of evolution, as people wrongly say) of every monad.

Leaving now these metaphysical heights for the problem of daily living, we shall see presently what it means to establish one's consciousness in the relationship between oneself and the other selves (human, animal, vegetable, mineral, etc.) rather than in oneself or in the others. What it means *ultimately* is to stop the oscillation of the consciousness from selfishness to selflessness; from being at one time indrawn and indrawing, and at the other outrushing and yearning to be lost emotionally into this or that object which one happens to contact. It means to keep the consciousness *steady*; not by withdrawing into abstract selfhood and repudiating the world, but by keeping to the Middle Path, poised in Destiny, poised in all contacts, living in terms of the consciousness that arises from contacts and not in terms of what happens to one's self or the other selves when contact occurs.

It means a particular kind of detachment from self and from the other persons or objects to which one gets related; and let us not forget that every sensation means a relation between one's self and some other selves or self; so that this is an every-day and every-minute problem! It means also an artistic and creative attitude to life in general. This, because every relation constitutes a pattern, a form. If the relationship is made significant and is worked out efficiently, fully, intensely and purely (i. e. without anything in it which "does not belong")—then a perfect *form of living* is produced, a great work of art.

All great works of art are the products of a fully worked out, and *therefore* creative, relationship between a human soul and his race. Very often the relationship is a splendidly performed martyrdom, the artist being the crucified one. But hatred is as much relationship as love; and we might remember that among certain insects the male is eaten up by the female after fecundation—a perfectly worked out martyrdom, the male's body becoming food for his progeny; also a good interpretation of the symbolic Crucifixion which is the apex of the drama of Initiation, the drama of the perfect relationship of a man to his race.

The true Artist lives in terms of relationship, and not of self. His outer personality may "mess things up" a great deal outwardly; but the real Creator is using this personality, so often tragic and torn by relationship with a race as yet so crude and unbalanced, as the womb of the work of art;—and wombs know the shedding of blood, but they produce beautiful *forms of living* out of the tragic contact . . . children, vehicles of Consciousness, utterances that enable others to increase their capacity for relationship and their power *to live whole*.

To live whole is to live in terms of relationship, poised in the ritual of Destiny, poised in the electric spark of Consciousness, which is for man and for every monad, *Reality*. Reality is not in the self; nor is it in the not-self, for neither one nor the other is all-encompassing. They are only poles necessary as foundations for Reality, which is the spark that flies between them and includes them, the power released, the illumination of consciousness generated.

Reality exists in the communication of self to self, in the perfect giving of self to self, and as well in the perfect taking of self from self. This exchange of gifts is the very heart of Life. It is the ever-celebrated mystery of the Holy Communion, the divine ritual of the Eucharist from which symbolically flows the perfect Grace that is Life: Life, the never-ceasing give-and-take of being, the sublime commerce that binds all souls into one brotherhood for the supreme end of Consciousness.

Oh! that men could see the glorious significance of this word so materialized, so vilified: *commerce!* They would then come closer to Life whose heart throbs in every experience that brings about the commingling of all there is.

Do not think of your happiness or of the other's happiness, but of the beauty and perfection of the love that relates you and the other. Give a glorious *form* to that love; and even if it be hatred give a glorious form to that hatred. For all relations are wombs of consciousness, wombs of the Living God—who is the fulfilled form of Life itself, the perfect form of relationship, the one illumination, the one release, the one chord that arise out of the total consummation of world destiny . . . and as well out of the beautiful and perfect embrace of every "I and Thou". For every "I" is one with all the "I" of the world and every "Thou"—whatever it may be—is one with all other "Thou" that the "I" shall ever encounter.

Thus relationship can always and at anytime be fulfilled perfectly by those who, centered in the ritual of deeds, give birth to the supreme form of living, which is power, consciousness, God. This is the universal *yoga of relationship* that has been since the "Lamb was slain at the foundation of the world". It is rooted in the Mystery of Crucifixion, so misunderstood. We present it to you garbed in new words, though it is so old that it gave birth to time itself. Yet it is the source of ever-abiding Youth; and out of the Center of the Cross, whose arms are pulled apart by the intensity of living, the Rose ever blooms, whose petals are fragrant with relationship.

RUDHYAR.

## Road to Damascus

Love, I have searched a long while for the Road to Damascus,  
 Crossing the seven seas and the sands that burn.  
 I am hungry, athirst.  
 My sandals have seven times seven seen service,  
 Until I can walk no more.  
 I sit in my silence.  
 I sit by the roadside,  
 Where foot-weary travelers go up and go down,  
 All asking for light on the Road to Damascus.  
 I sit in the dust—I can walk no more.

The dust of this road is an empty dust—  
 Let me listen to the dust of their feet  
 In the empty silence within my heart,  
 And learn where the Mark of the Cross-Roads lay  
 From which I descended, even as they,  
 From Damascus.  
 For I dimly recall, through the dark and the mist,  
 In a river of stars where a River flows:  
 The Arc of a Gate—a Path from the Sun  
 To the uttermost glory where you, Love, dwell!

Love, Crystalline Sea, from whose waters flow  
 Suns, and worlds, and sons of men  
 Whose hurrying feet forgot the heights  
 And remembered dust—  
 O Love, likewise  
 I forgot, I forgot—now I recall.  
 Now, with their faintly echoing feet  
 Beating an Echo into my heart,  
 O flaming and flowing fountain of Light,  
*I descend no more, I descend no more—*  
 Thus the Road opens, away from the dust,  
 Whereon all travelers back to the Shine,  
 At last find the Street called Straight!

Bertha Ellinwood.

## "Groups of the New Era"

We are glad to present to our readers a chapter from a striking and original book by H. R. Genck, a youthful spirit burning with a vision of the "New" world. The book is being printed by Mrs. Harbison, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude as the printer of the first "Seed Ideas" we brought out. We should be happy to receive subscriptions for this work announced for May publication. (50 cents a copy.)

### The Character of the New Group:

The Group of the New Era has not been formed yet. Why? Because the individuals destined to form those Groups have not been ready yet. They have yet to develop their individual *note, clearness, volume, or task, purity, power*, without which a harmonious *chord* (Group) cannot be produced.

They have realized: The *note* is primary, the instrument secondary.

All previous attempts to "set aside" the personality have been a failure. Why? Because there is a certain technique connected with it which has been entirely ignored.

Groups so far thought themselves powerful according to their membership.

The contrary is the case: the smaller the group, the more powerful it is *if* a perfect *chord* is reached.

And we must remember, that only a number of *perfect chords* produce a *melody*.

All former Groups have been trying in vain to produce "*melody*," though they all have claimed to play most perfectly the melody of: "We work for Humanity," or even "We save Humanity."

### How to form the New Group:

Formerly a banner was held up telling which Melody would be played and all those who agreed with the text of the Melody would gather, always talking much, giving little, doing less.

Those ready to group themselves for the work in the New Era are drawn together by a Light, a Torch. They do not know, nor do they care which Melody is going to be played. But each knows *his own Tone* and knows that those other few *Tones* which will form a *chord* (the base for the *Melody* unknown as yet) must and will be found.

### Around the Torch:

There will be a leader, but not in the old sense of telling others what to do or what ought to be done. He will be simply like a chorus-leader sounding the tuning-fork to aid the grouping, the forming of *chords*.

This cannot be done in one meeting. There are difficulties to overcome, new technicalities to be developed. In fact, everything will be unprecedented, spontaneously new, surprising. No doubt the invisible presence of the *new group spirit* will be felt.

Single *notes* will sound clearly and will be enjoyed and recognized as a part of a "yet unformed *chord*," necessary for the future but unknown *melody*.

Arguments will be unknown as there will be no talk "about" beliefs, but "of" knowledge, just enough to prepare the forming of the *chords*.

It will not be a "*getting acquainted meeting*" of personalities, but instead a recognition of related souls.

The "*meeting around the Torch*" may become a timely event and the light of the *Torch* will bear witness of the silent work of the small Groups (*chords*) and, when the time has come, will shine forth with a *New Light—the First Melody*.

HANS R. GENCK.

### Deathless Flame

They know not East, they know not West,  
The ancient immemorial Stars!  
Singing, they circle on thro' space,  
They knew no limits and no bars  
These shining Kinsmen of our souls,  
Uplifting us to sapphire deeps,  
Where Love—a sleepless vigil keeps!

Beatrice Irwin.

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