

# the GLASS HIVE

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The Subject of Fear



Fine Enough To Be Used



"The Leader-Ship of Health"



At The Water Tower



W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

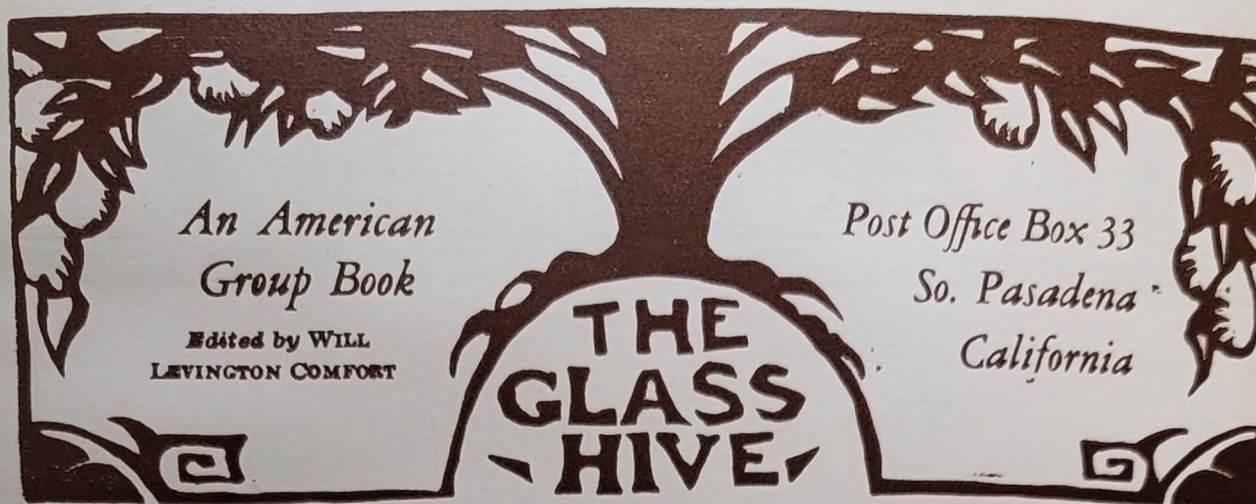
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*Feb. 1932*





## *The Subject of Fear*

Much is said and being written on the word Fear. A wise movement of international scope has been started designed to check the quaking blur which has taken the planet and its every sensitive point. The subject has been well-treated philosophically, but after all fear is a man's own business, a private affair

We know brave men and women, but we know none without fear, a specific weak spot. The more sentient and spiritually developed, the more subtle and consuming this seeming enemy

In order to do his part in the dissipation of this planetary cloud, each person must meet himself. The eradication of private fears requires understanding. It is only putting off the inevitable to engage co-operatively, until each individual gives himself inwardly to the clean-up, and as unflinchingly as possible faces the tests which follow

It does no good to say fear is illusion, unless one is actually aware of his own unfinished states and can consciously

bring light to them against the invasions of the dark. No adequate coping with fear without rational recognition of its nature and why—

Which brings us to the wonder of the age. We have expressed it from many angles, yet the wonder is endless: How little people know about themselves, how willing they are to treat cosmically with disaster, without stopping to deal with the most obvious personal quake

Just as the crowd wants phenomena, cheap astonishments and high-sounding complexities before the simple truth, it wishes to save the world before tackling the lonely job of saving itself

People taught to affirm there is no fear, in unison and solitary pondering, naively become their fears at the moment of stepping forth, dumbly inter-associate with the fears of others, and precipitately fall into national and personal and clinical traps where fear talks and rules—

Fear is not to be talked away. Fear is to be met—privately met and publicly tested

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## *Fine Enough To Be Used*

Venice, California, a Sunday in 1917, the beaches swarming. A stunt-flier fell into a tailspin and crashed to the field. Out of ten thousand throats issued a murmur of one tone, one timbre. For a single instant the crowd was one—even in horror. The destruction of a single human unit unified the whole. A vague hint to some that the sacrifice was meant . . . mystery of martyrdoms

Five years ago, a young flier took off from Long Island and went out of the ken of the world on a passage as unprecedented as that of the cellular emissary said to pass from the heart to the brain at the time of illumination. In the tension of this passage, the world was in an exalted state of accord. Only the end of the World War ever brought forth such a unitive acclaim as his landing safely in France

This young flier may not have known what was taking place above or around him, but certainly he knew his ship. One with that technically, he was fine enough to be used. . . . So the episode of the same man's stolen child. . . . The world has been ignited, unified again. In its tremendous focalization, it passed even the point of vengeance. It reached the point of dealing amicably with crime. All these are mightier matters than human legislation work with. . . . It was the King's baby—the stuff of fairy tales and tradition—the anguish of the central cell of a people quivering through the organic whole of society—one body corporate, one spiritual soul. . . .

During the last week of February and the first week of March this year, a tremendous force touched us—a cosmic breath. Never before has humanity appeared so helpless, so like a lot of iron filings galvanized. We may be all crazy, but we are all one.

The tremendous cyclic transition presses upon every living fiber, disintegrating all that is set, breaking all that will not bend, shattering all that will not change of its own will. The art of all arts therefore today is to shift with the new courses of being, yet to preserve consciousness in the midst of change. There is no triumph in being destroyed, no treasure in martyrdoms for institutions already doomed. Those of us here are but a handful compared to the myriads back of the physical. Even of our little company the ranks are cracking, showing signs of rout, yet upon the few who can stand, who can follow through, depends the whole spiritual experiment. The planet is like a ship forced to make a change of course in a hurricane—the moment at the mercy of the trough. Only Command, the will and intelligence to Command, will see us through, and this power to command is dependent here upon physical stamina.

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## *"The Leadership of Health"*

On the evening of December 1st this year, the Cunarder "Scythia" leaving New York will voyage by Panama to the Pacific Coast, then on to Honolulu, Japan, China, Indo-China, crossing the Equator among the Spice Islands for a further cruise through the Eastern Seas, then India, Suez, the Mediterranean and Europe, re-docking in New York, having rounded the globe for part of the way at its hugest girth—one hundred and thirty days.

Such is the plan already two years in formation. What nine months will bring forth in the midst of a world-crisis like this, no one can say, but such is the plan.

A world cruise, but a quest of the Grail, too, a quest scientifically organized for the restoration of that physical well-being, without which there can be no wholeness here, regardless of spiritual attainment. Not a hospital ship, but a passenger-list among which are already those sentient enough to realize that just to be here, alive and well, through the next two or three decades is a privilege to arouse the envy of those forcibly confined to Heaven.

Never before in history has Father Time presented human beings with such an opportunity for inner growth and soul realization; never before has there been such a period of strain and complexity for the physical body. The latter is a vehicle, a test-tube. The immortal life apparently prospers by the massing and acceleration of experience, but the mortal falters like a car on a forced continental run. The Soul serenely adjusts to change because it is centered, but the physical body, comparatively inert, resists change because it is eccentric.

At the present moment, the most important pursuit is bodily peace to endure the strain and wear through the crisis. Especially this is true for those in mid-career who span the two generations, experienced in the elder yet sympathetic to the younger. A deeper look shows that it is not two generations that such souls are called upon to bridge, but two Eras. The pursuit of health for its own sake is a doleful game, but as a spiritual quest also, with a definite purpose of constructive useability in the next twenty years, it is philosophically sound. To be here, to be on deck—

"So long as I've my 'elth to watch it all."

What has the Glass Hive and its emancipating editor to do with all this world-cruising expensivity? Well, at the first mention of it, he knew a significant answering excitement which hinted of participation. However, it was not just a deal with strangers. For years a group of Los Angeles Osteopathic physicians has been more than casually familiar with our spiritual undertaking, as well as in the different branches of family repair and even household replenishment. The head of this group is Dr. Curtis Brigham, not only a sterling friend, an aspirant to the Way, but a famous surgeon as well. He is the director of the staff of Osteopathic specialists organized for the Cruise, composed of outstanding physicians throughout the country and a wisely selected corps of assistants.

The writer's part is not merely that of a guest. He does not undertake to lead an enthralled company to the abode of the masters of India; he is not so sure of the exact placing of Their Lotus Feet



as aforetime; there will be no lectures or classes in his connection. There will be association; there will be interest in making the cruise for those who care, something other than a sanatorium afloat. Incidentally he will write his way around

He is sorrowfully aware that most of his closest people are dutifully and financially barred from such extended voyaging, but it is not so with all, and this is merely an announcement that may be answered by a few others as it was instantly in his case. The final issue of the Glass Hive in April will go into the subject further.

#### NOTES OF THE CRUISE

Under the auspices of the American Osteopathic Foundation, which of all physician fraternities the Glass Hive has found most open to link physics with metaphysics and material with spiritual science

The "Scythia": One of the best known and popular of the Cunard fleet, a superlative cruising ship of post-war design. To make a cruise as pleasant and as interesting as possible, the ship must be large enough to be comfortable and steady, yet not be too large to exclude her except the biggest commercial ports. It is with these thoughts that the "Scythia" has been selected. She is a liner of 28,700 tons displacement, a large ship, but at the same time able to call in the out-of-the-way ports. Under the usual conditions the "Scythia" can take more than eight hundred passengers, but to make this cruise most comfortable, only four hundred will be taken

The Seven Seas: Starting from New York on December 1, 1932, the "Scythia" will call at Cuba, through the Panama Canal and visit San Pedro, where passengers who start from the Pacific Coast will join the cruise. Then, after stopping in the Hawaiian Islands and visit-

ing points of interest in Japan, Manila, Indo-China, she will sail across the Equator and make an unusual and extensive cruise through the Islands of the Eastern Seas, where even in these days of extensive travel very few people set their foot to see the native life

Shanghai—if possible

India: Bombay is the starting point for the inland tour of India, which will be made by special trains throughout and include visits to Agra, the city of the Taj Mahal, Delhi, the capital and to Fatehpur-Sikri. This inland journey is included in the fares of the cruise. . . . The city of Agra for many will contain the high moment of the cruise. The marble palace inside the fort surpasses that of Delhi in interest; all languages have been exhausted in efforts to describe it. The Jasmine Tower is "A fabric of Sevres china planted on a rampart of coarse stone," its Pearl Mosque "the most exquisite house of prayer in the world. The nearby tomb of Itmad-ud-Daulah is scarcely less splendid. The Taj Mahal, "the most lovable monument ever erected," is the glory of Agra.

On the way west to the Mediterranean, Java, Sumatra, India, Suez Canal, Egypt and the Holy Land are visited. Off the beaten track the "Scythia" sails through the Golden Horn to the Black Sea; Sebastopol, the naval base of the Black Sea Fleet and the battleground of the Crimean War; the Russian Riviera, where summer Palaces of the Imperial family were located, and Odessa. On the way out, the "Scythia" stops over at Constantinople and then visits Greece, Italy, the Riviera, Spain, Gibraltar and Madeira

Passage includes every health incentive possible, and every scientific care under the supervision of the Osteopathic staff. Address Dr. Curtis Brigham, Monte Sano, Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.



## *Rudhyar on Fear: A Hamsa Piece*

European civilization has been based on fear and the concomitant craving for security. Feudalism is the cult of fear. The power of catholicism was built on fear; for the Church dispensed, in most tangible ways, physical as well as spiritual-ethical protection. Puritanism is self-fear. Prohibition is born of fear; and its by-product, the organized gangs of American cities, triumph in the name of the same protean god.

International politics and its "balance of power" are creatures of fear; and the tragic and pitiful cry of all nations of the world, as well as of most individuals therein, for security at any cost, is the cry of the hunted soul of man refusing to face and to accept the wholeness of mankind.

The issue is being sharply drawn out and no compromise is possible any longer: Wholeness or Fear. Either individuals and nations will have to live and to organize their behavior in terms of operative wholeness, in terms of international cooperation first, then world-wide organic functioning—or else they will destroy one another in the desperate search for security; and in order to avoid being killed by others, they will both kill and commit suicide.

No one wants war. Everyone craves security; whether it be the small bond holder and "saving account" owner, or France and even Japan. "Safety first is the cry of the fool"; yet we have been trained for centuries to save what we have and to look for one who could save us. We have felt the awe of jungle darkness surrounding us. We have behaved as jungle beasts, whose only god is Security. We worship "Saviors."

Motion pictures of the jungle have brought to us with terrific immediacy the

realization of animal fear. We have seen little monkey's eyes dilated with uncontrollable terror as the tiger's roar tore the silence. But the underworld of our cities sees every day the same look on thousands of faces, and our entire world feels the same panic gripping the solar plexus of individuals and nations . . . because no one can give security, because no one can save man any longer from men.

No one can give security to a separate entity against the sum-total of all other separate entities which we call "Nature." A part-being must know fear, even if this fear takes the transmuted aspect of pride and arrogant egotism. The loneliness of the modern man is terrific, however he disguises it. For he is no longer an organic part of a tribal whole based on blood-relationship; he is no longer one with his kin and his co-religionists. He stands separate, without root, trying to forget his solitude and his spiritual impotency by means of alcohol, drugs, motion pictures, radios and the glittering folly of night clubs after the monotony of office work utterly devoid of creativeness.

If he cannot or refuse to forget, his fear forces him to join other fear-full beings, and usually gangs result or "leagues for security." But before any such a league another one arises, and the problem becomes a collective instead of an individual one. Alliances of nations are leagues for security; sometime gangs. So are most religious organizations. Any entity which is not whole must needs boost itself up by auto-suggestive declarations of greatness and power, and organize against some other entity whose consciousness is not either centered in Wholeness. War is the result; war of ideas or physical warfare.



## At The Water Tower

OF THE MAKING OF MAGAZINES: New ones are popping. It is almost like April 1927, when the Glass Hive was one of several inceptions into this field of travail and incontinence. The many will fall asleep, but here and there like the master-cell of the heart, a beginning will mean ceaseless exertion until the end of natural span. . . . Many are started with the idea of using fillers—that a magazine is a sort of suit-case—that miscellany makes the mare go. Many are started in personal vanity, without experience, either editorial or literary

A real editor is born as much as an artist. He is one touched with the fundamental idea; his is the central desk never to grow cold. In him fuse the play of the pattern and the incessant labor of its carrying out; in him must blend the old insolubles, business and art

It is not enough these days to be struck down from one's camel with a message of God in the ears. One must sell it, wrapped in cellophane. Lips moving with mystical rapture must become invincibly articulate to hold the attention against unprecedented distraction. It is not enough even to carry occasional paragraphs of deep loveliness and lasting verity—the flinging world of today will let them pass for posterity to glean. . . . Still there is to be a great living spiritual magazine, fertilized by innumerable failures, brave, humorous, in touch with the world, inspired to the moment, and almost unrecognizable from the standpoint of any religious venture of the past.

In the final issue of the Glass Hive the plan is to re-publish the Nineteenth, called the Love Letter, written July 16, 1920, in the mountains of the San Bernardino Range. It is a resume of many statements of what the love story meant to us at that time and formed the closing document of the first book of Letters. The Glass Hive issues from May 1931 through this concluding one of March 1932 will therefore contain, edited and practically entire, the much-called-for Volume I of the Mystic Road, long out of print. The Nineteenth Letter has attracted through the years more comment and appreciation perhaps than any other single letter, and will form a fitting close of the Glass Hive stage of our work together.

Strangely, insistently of late a conviction of the fatuousness of multiplied teachings—the deadening smear of many words. . . . With unabating intensity for many years we have

studied to make words work, yet all that stands is the occasional spontaneous utterance, in spite of the contriving of the brain rather than because of it. We see in the most highly-trained literary worker a mere droning self-starter running down his batteries—until the Engine takes hold. This is our old story of the Word suddenly breaking through the babbled words of man—the old story of all struggle and experience merely a frictional preparation for becoming fine enough to be used.

The young Prince Siddhartha on a single day saw sickness, old age and death. Because his heart was no stranger to the Garden of the Gods, he realized instantly that here, where he found himself, was *outside* the Garden; that something was rotten in this Denmark, as another young prince was forced to conclude on the suicidal verge. . . . Yet sickness, old age and death—Yea, murder, war, pestilence and all the sorry stripes of sex, are not so frightening as the inflation of the personal ego at a crisis when it might render conscious allegiance to the soul—the assumption of an isolated part that it is whole—assumption without contrition—the conclusion of human fragment that it has arrived.

Rudhyar's work is well-known to the Glass Hive. He is one of the strong young men of the world. His work as a whole is highly metaphysical; as such he is a teacher of teachers. We look to see him tone down, even lose himself in the massed hum and drone—the voice of humanity which is said by those Outside to be a Song. His magazine, HAMSA, the fourth issue of which has appeared, is 25c the copy, \$2.00 the year. Address 3854 Griffith Park and Los Feliz Boulevards, Hollywood, California.

Without advertising, with neither newals or renewals, the Glass Hive is rounding out its course largely sustained by its book-stock, most of which has been disposed of at half price. This is no wail. Including the Letters, the fourteen years' work is a priceless property, a mystical investment of inexhaustible income.

Review, resume, recapitulation—in every page the theme of the present issue. And always in the closing of a circle expressed by *Re*, there is contained the invisible *A* of a fresh outset, the mystical murmur of a new voice—Announcement.

1919-1920:

it so; the sun is reason, invading, since what to reason.

The mind to our Letter would render the mind which knows. whole firmament concentrate, cannot change—his

Soul is the to the final You become in at once to express learn your own knower you perceive you put away them; you dwell reality.

The unfoldment with plenty of o Soul's fault. Passes of feeling and passes; joy endures; it is not lost it does not waste tions with the d lifts, it sees the process of extricate duty, in order to freedom.

For those who social boundaries be even national Democrat. To be means to be free and caste, of race the ages becoming peasants, with ba and have emerged and not a plane—myriad sun-centers, reflecting globes. Only of the races one family, in difference that all those represent but a handful of the a whole; also the humanities.



## The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

### 1

1919-1920: Thinking a thing does *not* make it so; the supreme function of the mind, which is reason, involves a process useless in Knowing, since when one Knows, one does not need to reason.

The mind thinks, but the Soul Knows. All our Letter work together on Coordination is to render the mind which thinks, back to the Soul which knows. We cast away for the time the whole firmament of astral drift in order to concentrate, each upon his one star which does not change—his Polaris.

Soul is the mediator, the way and meaning to the final You. As you become the knower, you become inimitable and superb; you begin at once to express your Task; in time you shall learn your own Name. As you become the knower you perceive the reality of other men; you put away the hurts, the heats, the hates of them; you dwell with their ancient beauty and reality.

### 2

The unfoldment of the spiritual life has to do with plenty of ordeals of pain, but it is not the Soul's fault. Pain comes from the adjustment of *feeling* and *thinking* to the Soul. Pain passes; joy endures. Compassion is not smileless; it is not lost in the present predicament; it does not waste its energies in kindred emotions with the despondent. It understands, it lifts, it sees that the whole work Here is a process of extrication; it realizes that its first duty, in order to help, is to gain its own freedom.

For those who hope for liberation, racial and social boundaries cannot exist. There cannot be even national partisanship for the true Democrat. To be civilized in the actual sense means to be free from the bigotries of class and caste, of race and cult. We have spent the ages becoming familiar with primitives and peasants, with barbarians and semi-civilized, and have emerged at last to perceive a globe and not a plane—a globe in the midst of a myriad sun-centers, each a center of its own reflecting globes. We have come to think not only of the races of this earth as members of one family, in different states of growth; but that all those represented in incarnation are but a handful of their particular humanity as a whole; also that there are myriads of humanities.

There is help in realizing the whole earth as a working unit. The earth is like a ship. One's fellow passengers were all strangers on the first days out; the arrangement and activities of the ship itself were strange. Presently we found ourselves forming in little detachments and companies, but the rough weather and the long days of the voyage gradually revealed to us that the good of one was the good of all. . . . At the end of the voyage, the ship is to be brought singing into port—a Merry Party. This is a story of a humanity's use of a planet. Those who are emerging into the freedom of globe consciousness are not only putting from themselves the needs of further work below decks, but they alone of the ship's company so far are able to see what the ship and the voyage are about.

### 3

The materially-minded man at his best, uses only the experiences of his present adventure—the sum of his years—the things he studies, hears, reads, sees, remembers since he was a boy. He has little or no psychic *feeling* to fertilize his thoughts; all the *feelings* he knows are organic. He is a mere male, and cannot produce of himself. In the sphere of generation he plays his part; but mentally he is impotent, except to copy and analyze and multiply by mechanical means.

The emerging of the male mind from this imprisonment is seen in the artist. He has begun to use the massed experiences of the Long Road. For the artist the threescore and ten is no longer an abrupt cut-off at beginning and end. As he progresses, his products begin to stir with strange life, because his thoughts have been fertilized by *feeling*. Out of the great Drift of his being, he has begun to draw the emotional energies. Men multiply and add to and beat thin his products. So long as his scale of weights and measures are held true to the material world, he can color and ornament and render sumptuous his products; but more and more, as he opens the vents of the psychological realm, he is swept out of the ken of the many, who hear him shouting afar in clouds of his own tinting. They might have followed him up through the clouds, but they will not answer now with the veils between.

And they are as right as he, for the artist has been carried out of his material hard-



headedness. He has entered the Astral Drift, and his mind is not yet powerful enough to pilot all the way. Polaris is often obscured. The mind screams that it is right, but only those who are drifting with him find him sane.

Before the Christ came, the forerunner appeared crying unto men to make straight their paths. . . . Before mind can interpret the great Drift, and bring forth its treasures with unvarying order and unerring poise here, its own paths must be made straight. The lie must be cast out, and all the subtleties, all partisan-ships and self-taints and ambitions. The mind must become true, pole-true; must key itself to its one star that does not change.

## 4

I have known materially-minded men, valiantly struggling with things here below, who hate the mention of romance; and weary women who have been hurt so hard that they shudder at the thought of their daughters marrying any man alive. But weariness and material-mindedness are merely travel-stains of certain stages of the Road; hatred is invariably a sign of unfinished work. The man who is through with an ordeal doesn't hate its processes. He does, however, while he is still in reaction from failure, and while he is still being pressed by his spirit against the will of his mind to take up a hard part still undone. The ordeal and its processes are seen for the first time impersonally by the man who has conquered; and the ordeal's Long Road relation to himself and to all men is for the first time established.

The world has not learned even the power of glamor, much less the Love that casts out fear and fulfills the law. Glamor goes with the love of one's self in another and invariably is subject to the pain of correction. Glamor is but an extension of the person's self. It is of the mind. A man is finished with glamor when he adores that which is not himself; and then only can he bestow that Love which sets his beloved free.

Here is a mystery: The man really learning what love means becomes a strange, brooding creature in himself. In the sheltering power of him, in the warmth of his tenderness and impersonality, in the outraying of his conquered, or rather spiritualized desires, the spirit of the woman he loves unfolds into matter literally before his eyes—the joy and magic of it, an ineffable performance for him. Meanwhile she opens his gate to inner spheres. It may not

always be so, but the hearts of certain women, at least, seem merely to be marking time until the lover appears to set them free—the one through whom they really can be born and manifest on this plane, bringing in return to him beauty and revelation from the inner curve which is their true place.

The world sits back tight against its hearth and laughs at the love affairs of those whom it has called its great men. In its *naivete*, the world has not yet put two and two together—that the loves had something to do with the so-called "greatness" of the men they mention; even the bewildering one-after-another rush into infatuations and early death of these tumultuous fanciers.

There is hatred in the scorn of the world for these episodes, because these episodes are still ahead for the world. The arousing of the unfinished thing in the breast of another always incurs hatred at first. In its small man-made law which it breaks secretly, the world still finds its sufficing content. But man-made laws must be broken openly for the emerging of greater laws. Chaos, yes—but that is only the eradication of disease from the system. The patient's face looks disrupted when the poison begins to come out through the pores. The poison must come out.

The shrieking of the world against the ventilation and rupture of things as they are, will not avail to preserve the little laws of men by which two are tied in torment to each other until one or the other is permitted to unfasten a corpse from the yoke. Chaos, yes, as these laws are broken for the emerging of greater laws, but chaos that is cleaner than the secret suppuration of things as they are.

The world has not yet drawn the simple inference that the "greatness" of such men as Byron, Poe, Shelley, Keats, Burns was the beginning of unfoldment through their minds, of the loveliness of their Basic Nature, and that this rush to find the loveliness of others was part of the same energy; the frenzied quickening to the outer quests. Power must be trained after it is awakened. These men hastened from one to another extending themselves, but finding no one to contain more than parts of them. Their glamors were swiftly broken because they were so swiftly growing out of themselves in comparison to the pace of the world. This is but an awakening process in one life that goes on with the many, without scandal, through endless incarnations. The higher, the faster. It isn't a pretty process—

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this spectacle of a lyric poet flinging himself to different quarters of heaven—but it is one of the paths which the world has still to tread, as it quickens spiritually; and the world will doubtless find softer conditions to unfold in than has its pioneers.

It takes a myriad romances to make Romance.

## 5

Really to Be, one cannot be the mind. If you will stop and catch yourself in the midst of pondering or cogitation, you will be shocked to find how incoherent and even disrupted, is the activity—criticism, resentment, sophistry. Out of this thorny ramble you may suddenly "come to yourself." But you must have some higher position of consciousness than the plane of this petty mind-activity, in order to watch it.

We have discussed in several Letters this psychological realm between the mind and the spirit, a realm of tint and change, evanescent beauty and apparition, sumptuously attractive to the mind, and often touched with a momentary loveliness from the Light above. . . . As a boy I used to catch the little self at its petty performances from different shifting points of view. I used to speak of the point of vantage as part of myself calling it "the third eye," or "the reporter." It stood apart dramatizing all the little self's doings, even scoffing at its prayers. . . .

The world at large has no such ensconcement. It is its mind—at the mercy of its petty rambles—incapable even of artistic play. The mind deals with the detached points of view of this material plane, invariably tentative and out of true with Spiritual Law. Even the points of view exactly opposite to its own are not true, because Truth is wholeness and not in the realm of the opposites and the fragmentary. Truth can only be brought for use to the material plane by one who touches its realm with his own Knower—the one star, pole-true for him, in all the astral drift.

## 6

The mind must come up through the bafflements of the self and through the often dazzling illusions of the psychological realm and render itself utterly in allegiance to its Spirit. I love to say it again and again: The mind

must become plain and true! It must put away all its own wants and smilingly resist the attractions of the astral drift where for a time at least "a serpent is coiled under every leaf."

Yet there is always help—always Verity to call upon. The tests are not stronger than one can bear. More and more one comes to know what it means to let the Warrior fight the battle—to fling away every care, every responsibility, every paltry anxiety of the mind, every admonition from the Job's advisers of the world, every fear, even for one's beloved or one's children, every temporal plan so carefully wrought, every material property so arduously and industriously gathered—only doing one's highest, inmost best and keeping the smile of faith, even if it be a twisted smile, even if one has to prop the corners of the mouth for a time.

For the things of the Spirit are not the things of the mind—until the twain are one. What the mind wants of itself is not what You want. What You want is as good for your neighbor as for yourself. By your fruits you may know Yourself. Your Basic Nature will hurt no one, not even the mind of your neighbor, though the latter will disagree with You past doubt. Yet You will not answer him in kind, because You will see him as he does not see himself, not in criticism or irritation, but in compassion. And if you have not transcended his power to wound you, cleave unto him above all men, for you need no master just now above his teaching. The fact that you consider your neighbor unjust is your weakness. You are still in worldly standards. You are called in devotion to a higher justice. Your neighbor must also come to that in his own way and time—to your merit if he is helped toward it by your serenity.

This passage of the material mind to its union with the Soul is the Road, and those who tread the Road learn swiftly that pythons and all monsters and all terrors of the wild are but outer similitudes of the unconquered self; even that one's neighbor who can still cause pain holds an incomparable gift of teaching, for he externalizes a weakness, a part of the self still at war.

Ahead stretches the Great Highway. Everything that we have heard or thought or read about it, is less than the truth. The beauty of our inter-relations shall be never less than now.



## *Is There Not Among Us---*

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With the match king and the kodak king closing their chapters by hand, expressing in their last words the thoughts of millions of distressed minds—kings of their own sphere showing the way to their myriads of subjects—

With the world-leaders caught in uncouth exposure—mediocrity and dead-eyed business trying to make a match of it without the passion to fuse

With sex perversion no longer shot at—the subject of the day, in fact—the leading occupation of that which is called mind

With hunger coming up like dawn out of the East, spreading over the West, so long a stranger to its lessons

With only the few making treasure of tribulation, and the barest few disrobing their private griefs to enter the Stream of Compassion

With the crowd gone goofy with psychism, and the so-called advanced mooning and astralizing without attention to their own hidden stars, expatiating numerology without discovering their own numbers

With the planet at the very foot of trajectory—under fire from the gunners of the Gods

Is it not fair to repeat our old question, Are you thinking?  
Is there not among us Realization, Decision, Authority, or are we just another failing Company leaving its unfinished business to the children?

