

the GLASS HIVE

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Is There a Ruler on Your Desk?

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"The Leadership of Health"

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Luke Communes on The Hate

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A Circle of Letters

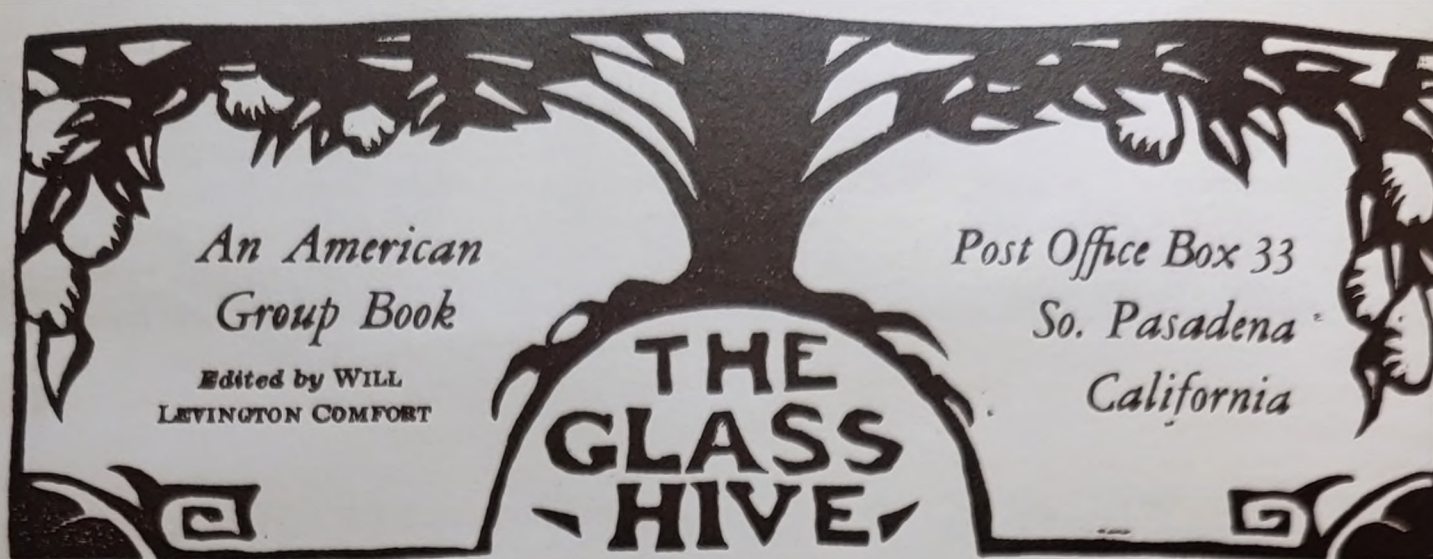
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W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

an AMERICAN GROUP BOOK
edited by Will Levington Comfort

fiftieth and final issue

March, 1932



Is There A Ruler On Your Desk?

To recapitulate the extended study of the New Era, as covered by the Glass Hive in its five years:

The basic note is the finding each of his own work—that medium wherein he becomes a creator and thus earns contact with his own being, and reason for being here

This does not apply as yet to the great crowds of humanity, but to individuals of emerging consciousness one by one. There will always be plenty to work for others, but the called soul will do his own work

“You have only to do your own work!” sounded both from above and below, at a time when this work threatened to be swept into the plans of another

One's work is that which one loves to do, in which time loses its binding spell, in which there is a loss of the sense of the personal self—all competitive struggle, every motive for attainment. This loss of the sense of self is happiness

When one is on the line of his own work, he experiences rare and increasing joy, but commensurate chastening and pain. On and on, until the path is seemingly endless, the perfecting of the technique extends, through burning-grounds of failure and personal diminishment in the eyes of men. The last vestige of showiness and self-seeking must be ground away. The lords of limitation will do their part if the person adheres faithfully to his own task—

And here is the mystery: that it is not the task that is being perfected, but the soul itself.

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Credit

The restoration of confidence in America and the world will not be accomplished by words or investigations or changes of administration. The disease is already on the verge of the vital tissue of the body of humanity, if indeed the vital tissue is not already affected

The thing called Credit has been overplayed, over-pressed, to the point of dangerous exhaustion. It used to be said that a Mexican could get a day's ride out of a horse that a white man had left to die; that an Indian could keep the beast on his feet a week longer, and eat him afterward

Credit is now at the Indian stage. Next to the humanity itself, Credit is the sick-est thing on the planet

The difficulty in America today is not to sell goods but to collect for them. An unknown proportion of the crowd buys commodities without hope or even intention of paying. This is not a mere check in the grain—it is a breaking in two of the rod of human integrity

Again, the salvation is the matter of individual emerging into rectitude—a breathless, sacrificial passion for honesty at any cost, at the cost of death. Not the determination to keep one's word merely, but the absolute impossibility to do anything else—the love of truth, "the corresponding hatred of untruth," the dealing in the straight lines which truth alone can follow—love of one's neighbor, not only as one's self, but because he is the Self

The restoration of confidence will be on very small beginning, as convalescence begins after a major operation; this because individuals of undeviating principle are none too many and are far scattered, one from another

Each must begin at the bottom, accept poverty on a new basis, give "goods" in exchange for "goods," take care of the neighbor's rights equal or before one's own, renew allegiance to the virtue of labor, seek new places apart from the crowd—communal, if possible, in small ways, but never at the sacrifice of the priceless personal incentive to create

No Mussolini or Hitler or Stalin will do; no dictator for the New America; no live-coal of personal prowess or ambition; no personal will arrogantly setting itself against the divine will—

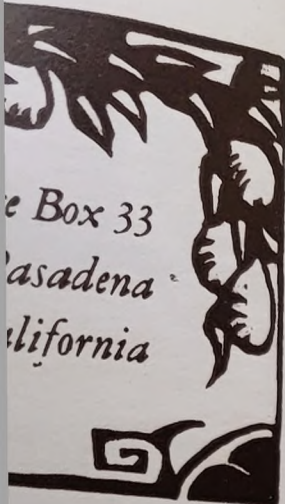
Is there a ruler on your desk? Take it up and hold it in your hands. Straight, its inches and fractions measured off, a good thing to handle. . . . So will be the new Ruler of America—straight if only a foot long, a measuring-rod of renewed principles, a keeper of the Word

Such a one will not operate alone. He will be but the point of the instrument—a group of honest men and women behind him—the gods breathing upon him—a point of inception of humanity's new flower—pointed and erect to break the earth, case-hardened in integrity.

Funds

Throughout the course of this work, the response has been almost invariably from those hard-pressed for funds . . . struggling young artists and writers, students of the Path traveling light, often absurdly light, in worldly goods

There is nothing so fateful for a young artist or craftsman as to be endowed. It is next to impossible for one to peel to the quick, so necessary for genius contact—if outer ways and means are made easy by another. . . . Two kinds of people in the world—those who pay interest



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and those who take interest. The man who finds his spiritual principle must ever be on the outside of the teller's window—at least, until he comes into his own law of material well-being, his command of outer as well as inner wealth

We may as well out with it. Except for several exciting cases through the fourteen years, those in the possession of funds have proved wary, canny, in what they like to call their "stewardship." They are drawn to established institutions rather than fliers of spiritual purport

We have come to respect these people quite as much as the leaning unfooted throng lost in God and trusting to manna—opposites of the same difficult conditions here. In times past a man gave his attention either to heavenly or worldly affairs—his treasure in one or the other. Equilibrium—the word of the West—is balance between

There is another class of people which has already attained something of this balance—neither rich nor poor, but orderly and moderate in affairs, by no means locked in decaying institutions. . . . Those who have much squat; those who have nothing soar. One is not better than the other. . . . In between are those beginning to balance application and aspiration, and it is these who make possible any work of spiritual pioneering

The chief reason for the withdrawal of the Glass Hive from the field of saving-the-world periodicals is that in this case a certain circle is rounded. Another reason is that in relation to funds it is basically unsound from the standpoint of the New Era

The Letters began on the footing of "unsolicited and voluntary" offerings

which was fair enough, but every five or six months we found it necessary, or thought so at the time, to make a squeak to keep on with our tremendously important bestowal to the world—a break in purity

The Glass Hive began on the basis of paid subscriptions, but could not have lasted five years, except for the occasional "gifts" of a close-in group immersed in understanding of the real condition of affairs

Now there is no law against anyone bestowing a gift of a dollar or a fortune upon a work he believes in. The taint lies in the worker coming to expect it, to angle for it, to rely upon it. This puts him in the realm of the priest, he thereby makes a confession that he has powers to bestow of which commoners need and wot not

Many men have such powers, but the instant they acknowledge such to themselves or the world — the current is weakened

There are two ways only: to live purely without thought of fear or gain upon the gifts which accrue as a result of unstipulated service; or to stipulate payment in material terms for services rendered. The middle ground is perilous and unclean

Teaching is cheap; doing is dear—

The lovely way and the way of the New Era, as we see it, is to earn the right to help others by helping one's self to his own light, to his own work. Teaching is vibration; it is emanation

Words are cheap; the Word is dear—

One finds his own Word and breathes it, as he comes into accord with his own genius. Seeking that kingdom first, the manifestation of it is inevitable in the midst of men.

"The Leader-ship of Health"

II

One must stay in one's own place until it is made; then one must withdraw from it really to see what he has made. There is no making of one's place in the world, without involvement, attachment, adhesions—yet to continue in these is to grind in the routine of death

One gives his life, at least the flush years of his strength to making his place in the world. Only to few does it ever occur that to be locked in this place, however spacious, is spiritual failure, from the larger view

To withdraw when the time has come; to become a spectator of what one has done; consciously to disentangle oneself from all impulses and habitual motives concerning it; to call it good if such be reasonable; to pronounce it closed in any case—gently, persistently to take down all worry, fear, involvement concerning it—such is a master-step in the present crisis

At the core of a typhoon, or any vortex there is a center of stillness. A ship passes the terrific tumult of the periphery and must cross it again on the far side. In the meantime there is an interval of amazing lull—

There is no question as to what the active participants of life must meet in the next fifteen or twenty years. The world's financial leaders, even Babbit, still call this just another depression or panic. It is much more—a cyclic transition of first magnitude. Old and new eras are grinding together for the fashioning of a new policy of life in the world. To walk the face of the earth through the next decade or two, without need, without fear, free from personal sinking spells . . . sustaining, sentient, confident, arrived,

because heaven and earth has met and is contained in the heart—this is high privilege, perhaps the highest in the bestowal of the Lords of the System

Yet the lull at the center of the vortex must be found in passing from the old rim of darkness to the new rim of light. . . . Such a light is findable at home, anywhere, if one has the will and the contact with the essential life, but it is unquestionably more easy to find afloat on the cleansing changeless sea. Men have not made over the sea in the likeness of their fragmentary images as they have made the land

The one hundred and thirty days from Dec. 1, when the *Scythia* leaves New York, to her re-docking there April 11, may become for those who are ready a magic interval—and interval between the eras, no less

I have no wish to be persuasive. I am not trying to sell a Cruise. I would not have it on me to overpress a single person to borrow from the future or leave undone an obligation of the past. For most of our people there is no swooping genii, no lamp to rub

Yet there is response—and an investment in health at this time, a period of stillness, may amount almost to a new birth

The time comes in many lives when the restoration of health becomes of necessity the one incentive—a dismal sort of seeking, a confession of neglect and ill-use when actual breakdown has occurred. Far better to anticipate and build-in, than to overhaul entirely. Moreover, health is far more happily and successfully sought as the mind is turned from it, occupied in changing scenes—the pressure of life bearing upon fresh surfaces, old tired strains relaxed

The innovation of the Scythia world-cruise, sponsored by The American Osteopathic Foundation, is that it gathers together masters of the different branches of this highly advanced therapeutic school for the express purpose of caring for and correcting the mechanistic side of physical efficiency—with the extended voyage to do the rest. In the cost of the Cruise is included every possible physical care and attention by a staff that will include some of the greatest specialists in the Country:

The chief of health staff and chief surgeon is Dr. H. Curtis Brigham of Monte Sano Hospital, Los Angeles, California. In charge of other divisions are: Dr. Stanley G. Bandeen of Louisville, chief of diabetic division; Dr. Louis C. Chandler of Los Angeles, chief of the internists division; Dr. L. Glenn Cody of Denver, chief of dental division; Dr. R. R. Daniels of Denver, chief of the nutritional division; Dr. Warren B. Davis of Milwaukee, chief of the technique division; Dr. Alice McConaughy of Cincinnati, chief of the laboratory division; Dr. S. V. Robuck of Chicago, chief of the cardiac division; Dr. William O. Galbreath, Philadelphia, chief of the eye, ear, nose and throat division. Additional divisions are arranged as required; the complete health staff, including laboratory assistants, research workers, internes, nurses and attendants will total about seventy-five persons.

The care will not be all physical; there is basis for deep psychological understanding provided; with time for the elaboration and clearance of mental and emotional disorder, the causes of which are always more apparent to a trained outsider than to the one afflicted

Cruise patrons on the Pacific side may board the Scythia December 17 at the port of Los Angeles, with a proportionate reduction in rate. Reduction of the cost of the Cruise as a whole from the original plan is said to be under consideration as a result of the general lowering tariff of steamship travel. In brief the long course of the Cunarder includes ports of call at the following:

New York, Cuba, Panama, California, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, North and South China, Luzon, Celebes, Moluccas, Bali, Java, Straits Settlements, Sumatra, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Holyland, Russian Riviera, Soviet Russia, Turkey, Greece, Southern Italy, Monaco and the French Riviera, Eastern Spain, Gibraltar, Madeira Islands, New York.

The Book Room

There is left in the Book-room among the novels only **Fate Knocks At the Door** (\$2.00). Copies still remain of *Mystic Road*, Vol. II, including Letters from nineteen to forty-six (\$1.10), and a few *Books and Days* (\$1.00). The first nineteen Letters are now obtainable, a few complete sets in Glass Hive issues from April, 1931, through the present issue (\$2.00). A few sets of the Letters from forty-five to the final, one-twenty-four, are obtainable at 15c each. Glass Hives of 1928, 29, 30, 31, 32, while they last, at \$2.00 the year.

Luke Communes On The Hate

... I find men and women everywhere innocent and kindly, except insofar as they are twisted into a false appearance of greed and hate by the pull of the political-economic-social machine in which we live our days. I have known many so-called cruel and ruthless criminals, and many worse men in the business world. But for the moment I cannot remember one of them who was not good and kind at heart. And the same goes for the millions of men and women who hated the Germans and who would have gladly cut any German throat.

For years I have labored at the task nearest to me, of brightening the prospect of International friendship. I have publicly remonstrated with those Canadians who publicly criticise the United States, and with those Americans who cry down Canada. All a tiresome job. I have tried to lighten up the English contempt of Canada, and the Canadian dislike of England. As for the Australians—"Fellow-members of the Great Empire to which we are all so proud to belong—brothers who have sealed our fraternity on the blood-stained fields of France—" I leave Canadians and Australians to the police to keep them separated, or to throw them into jail when they unhappily meet—I want a reasonable job.

I regard it as being funny the way we here in America have not yet been told who we are to hate—the Chinese or Japanese. The Powers who direct such matters started in to tell us to hate the Japanese—until they begin to realize recently that the Japanese are protecting International Interests. We may be told to hate the Chinese soon. I was never told whether to hate the North or the South in the Civil War, so I love both traditions.

I have tried to bend fierce brows on the Roman Catholics and Jews. Latterly it can't be done. In the little island of Ireland, whence my great-grandparents came, they still hate Cromwel and Queen Elizabeth. A weary, weary business.

The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes can wave and be damned for all of me. When a movie theatre full of people break out into applause at the line, "Here come the United States Marines!" it literally leaves me cold—and sleepy. And when the British Battle Squadron steams in line ahead past the Royal Yacht, I figure on what lovely things I could do with all that money.

But listen, when I am driving through a Canadian or American University Town and out of a college building comes a whole sky-full of bare-headed young men and young women, my eyes fill up and my throat aches. And when those beautiful young California and Oregon and Washington tennis players come up here to play in our tournaments, I am an emotional wreck for a week.

The fact is I love people so much that I cannot love national institutions at all. President Hoover made his big hit with me when, heart-weary, he turned haggard eyes on a friend and asked, "Just what is the matter with me?" Nothing, Old Timer! Not a thing in the world! You're fine! . . . Most especially do I love the young. The first time the Prince of Wales was here, he was playing golf and had just rounded the valley hole. "There's a damn long hill ahead of you, Prince," said his partner. The Prince turned with a tired young grin. "And don't I know it!" said he.

And it seems to me that I have done about all the fighting I have to do. I am afraid of no man or of anything that men can do to me. And I am tired of it, and hoping that I have just about earned my discharge. Nothing can ever make me hate a man-made set-up, any more than I can hate a man. I'm through with all that. I guess I can't explain it or justify it any better. It is something that I have passed by.—E. A. L., Vancouver, B. C.

A Circle of Letters . . . by Perry McCullough

NOTE: This unsolicited study of another's path of production seemed rare enough to compel a place in the closing issue of the Glass Hive.

The line of progress from ROUTLEDGE RIDES ALONE to the last splendid book, APACHE, seems best to be represented by a circle. Will Levington Comfort in his first novel told a story of fascinating adventure centered about two very human characters. Woven into the background of ROUTLEDGE RIDES ALONE is a deep understanding of the sufferings of the people of India, yet it is not the story. Despite Mr. Comfort's deep sympathy for the oppressed and his spiritual understanding, he kept this well in the background and told his narrative with surety and dispatch. The function of the novelist is primarily to entertain, to weave the illusion of romance and adventure, to transport the reader out of his own routine into another world. If in addition to this he can make his reader conscious of some world problem or give vital message he is simply more finished and adroit and will have a wider appeal. But the message must never intrude.

The sympathy toward humanity evoked by the writing of ROUTLEDGE gradually gained the ascendancy and in many of the books of the subsequent period the Message came to the front, submerging the story. Distinctive books of this period are DOWN AMONG MEN, THE ROAD OF LIVING MEN and FATE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR. Two distinctly "teaching" books of the early period are CHILD AND COUNTRY and THE HIVE. Then along came MIDSTREAM, a disturbing autobiography very widely read.

The books of this intermediate period are really a study of the development of Will

Levington Comfort, the teacher. For a long time he has pursued this work with the "Letters," an extensive correspondence with interested students and workers all over the world. In the later years this was supplemented with a little publication called THE GLASS HIVE, now being brought to a close.

All of this time the mind of the man Comfort was growing and broadening. Occasionally as in RED FLEECE, a story of the Eastern Front, published in 1915, he is able to combine his vision and his craft. Written 18 years ago, this book shows a knowledge of world affairs which in the light of the present seems akin to prophecy.

Comfort's last book, APACHE, published in 1931, brings the circle back to the craftsmanship of the swift-riding ROUTLEDGE plus the knowledge of the hard-wrought years—years which brought the knowledge that the superb work of art must be the result of self-effacement in creation. The created thing must not be a piece of oneself but the ability to re-create in another form an entirely separate thing, the artistry of which lies in the complete non-identity of the creator. So long as the pattern and method of the creator includes, the created thing lacks reality even though he write as Comfort does with the pen of a poet and the vision of a prophet.

In APACHE Mr. Comfort has attained for the first time the art of not being one of the characters in his own novels. The book is written by a man who is a mystic, a teacher, a craftsman and an artist, and yet only the heart of Mangus Colorado beats through the pages. Just an Indian, but a man so real that he is unforgettable.

E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, announce for June a new W. L. C. novel called *The Pilot Comes Aboard*. As *Apache* was a sort of burning-glass focalization on a border county or two of the Southwest, this is the story, from 1875 to 1932, of a seaman who touched almost every port of the world, many of them again and again—a story of his women, finally his woman. The book is nearly twice as long as *Apache*, was a year in the making, is called good by those who have seen it, but remains to be tried in the strong light of the public square.

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

NOTE, 1920: *It seems necessary, in my present frame of mind, to report the Road as I go. I am not a teacher. These Letters do not contain Teaching in its real form. At best they are only reports of the Journey. One of the most revolutionary realizations that comes to the human mind is that the outer world is an illusion; that every other mind's eye sees it differently. I can only pretend to write the Road as it seems to me. Formerly, I have been astonished that so many understood. Of late I have come to realize that only a few really understand; that after more than two years of one-pointed drive to make clear the differences between a mind vibration and a spiritual vibration, only a very small group have a working knowledge of this fundamental of the Road. But the Plan uses all sincere effort.*

Nineteenth Letter

July 16, 1920: I am distant from the usual place of work by the ocean, away up in the mountains where the pines and cedars begin to grow farther apart. Yet rarely have I been so close to you as today.

I am wondering if I cannot set down a kind of resume of what I mean by the love story in this world and beyond; why it means the Road to me; why it is the way to the Way. . . . Self-denial is not self-conquest; it is but a step to conquest, more important to one in the ordeal of it than afterward. Hatred of generation is not self-conquest; it is often, however, an energy used in the preliminary step of self-denial in these affairs. I have said that the life of the monastery cannot bring about the full spiritualization of the body and mind, so long as fear and hatred of women is a governing principle of continence; and that you cannot finally change the organic cry for the mate in a masculine heart by teaching the brain and centers of the body that all things feminine are vile and abominable.

Certain power comes even from denial. There are men who have mastered many functions of the body, who have lived twice the years of men on this planet, who have made thought-force work with potent drive, who have de-

veloped incredible memories and massed enormous knowledges in the cells of the brain. But these are trapeze performances; not the fertile powers of the true mystic. The old occultist carried in his blanket for fifty years dies at last; the brain with its fearful and wonderful accumulation of knowledge screams its last scream that it is running down. It is thrown into a sewer presently, so to speak, like the brain of Tallyrand which changed the face of Europe; but the mind power which drove it goes on more arrogant and intolerant and farther than ever from allegiance with its own Spirit. Only love is fertile; by his fruits you shall know the man.

One cannot run away from a temptation; it will catch him again like the hound of heaven. One cannot kill out of desire without stultifying his own force—force that he will need presently to get over a ridge. Desire must be changed; temptation must be transcended. To change a desire from its plane to a higher one is transmutation—a mystical process like the changing of water into wine. Step by step, day by day, our entire mortality must be changed into spirituality. One does not know the beauty of mortality nor the strength of desire until this transmutation becomes the dominating process of the life. Passion is power; it is only evil when permitted to command. You will need its full power for work in the next higher dimension. The time will come when You will rejoice in the possession of the power which possesses you now.

I have said that Spirit is Loveliness Itself. As you awaken to Yourself, you love others. The more awakening, the more love. The more love, the more power for life here, the more beauty and fertility of production. The Real You is also your Genius. It is inimitable. Its utterance through the mind and body is the beauty of the world in art and action and romance. If it could utter without being diminished at all by the lower vibrations of the mind which brings it through to matter—that utterance would be utterly beautiful and immortal.

Spiritual progress is a love story all the way, because the Spirit is the Lover. Recall how we learn to love; first to love ourselves, our streets and houses, ourselves in others. Growing stronger, we love our countries and then

all countries, becoming civilized, loving the world, loving others for themselves; loving that which we are not and becoming attractive for what we are.

The love of man and woman is the strongest love we have to work with here. The love of the mate is potentially the love of children; and the love of one's children is potentially the love of all children, which is the love of humanity. Woman is that which man is not. In his cruder love, man tried to make woman after his own picture; and insofar as he succeeded he spoiled his life and put her real magic into a sleep like death. In exactly so far as woman has yielded to man's picture and become the thing he wanted, she has also become a pitiful nondescript, losing first of all the love of the perverse creature she destroyed herself to please.

Love is yoga—the desire for union. In the physical love, the desire is to possess—to complete oneself by drawing another in. In the spiritual love, the desire is to bestow—to die in order to live, to have by giving away, to liberate the Self by pouring out to another. The changing of the body and mind of man from one love to another; from the love of having and holding to the love that sets the beloved free; from romance to Romance—this is the Mystic Road. When the man learns that the glory of his mate is that she is not like him, but so much which he is not; that she has no real gift for him until he sets her free—then light begins to form about his head.

Then he will learn that his every product—not alone his children, but his work, his meditation, his quest for Himself requires her equal part; that without her (since she must bring that which he has not to the child and the task and the quest) no product of his life is fertile. He will perceive as he grows in fatherhood, in workmanship and mysticism, that she is also unfolding miraculously before his eyes; that her Spirit breathes at last in the freedom he has given; that there is no fidelity without freedom; that her fidelity is *alive* in his heart, a Known thing, not a thought thing. When lovers, separated in mortal consciousness, are compensated by vibrations of the Essential Loveliness of each other, they have touched the Union which transcends the world, the flesh and the devil. To attain the dignity of this Romance should not be beyond the quest of lovers of to-day.

It is said that the Yearning of the awakening Spirit in man at first arouses the mind and body to tumultuous outer questing, a passage of glamour and its disruption, of torment and parturition, accentuated in one life, as it is carried on more slowly in the masses through the incarnations. The quester cries at last in his agony, that the thing he is dying for is not outside, but within. He takes himself apart then—to find Himself alone. It may be a long process, for the fruits of his past experience are many and must be assimilated, but when the hatreds are transcended and the scars cease to ache, he finds that he is still alone, and that the Essential beauty of all the fruits of his births and passions are crying out for fulfillment again.

Man and woman went out of Eden together. They must come back together. Each must find the Self to find each other, for it is only through awakening spiritually that they can know the love that lasts. The East in times past has set its face toward the Heights; the West has gone the ways of matter. Each has gifts for the other. In the new cycle the West shall take the celestial quest and the East shall come down to earth. The spiritual quest of the West shall be as man and woman together; as the East was that of man and woman apart.

Again, the awakening of the Heart Center within and the manifestation of love outside are two parts of one process. The mate is but one who epitomizes humanity; each to the other is a miniature working model of the race. She appears without as she is conceived within. The love of the Spirit is but the in-breathing of a process which finds its out-breathing in the love of man; Silence and Action again; the growth of centers to receive powers; the inner establishment of sentience before it can be recognized in outer manifestation.

Now, if I can give you a swift picture of how man and woman work together on the Mystic Road, I shall like this forenoon. The love between man and woman awakens the energies of generation. Love always and love alone brings forth. The beauty and holiness of the father-mother-child is not dreamed of as yet by the many on this planet; in fact, it cannot be seen except from above, after the love of the next dimension is entered upon. But suppose two lovers wish to enter this next higher dimension and lovingly and together put away the prerogatives of earthly parenthood.

Here in the beginning is one of the fieriest of the ordeals in this place: Two in their highest organic power, not running away from temptation, but together, in the full awakening of the power of desire, changing it daily, lovingly, the primary transmutation. If they are real lovers, really of each other, they shall presently know the power of passion as it is not dreamed of by the myriad slaves of passion. Indeed, it cannot be known until it is known in love; therefore it can only be put away by lovers—no fear and hatred of reaction, but put away in love.

Why should it be put away? Because the love of generation is a dimension of its own, and entering it, one cannot dwell in another dimension. To ascend from the physical love to the spiritual love, another center must be awakened. The energy must be taken from the physical in order to awaken the spiritual. But remember that the awakening of a higher center sets free the lower in the Law.

The spiritual love center is in the Heart. In its awakening, there is Knowledge. Its full awakening requires other ordeals than the transmutation of the passional nature. These ordeals are brought each to the other by lovers. All the habits of mind and life in relation to the boundaries of the three-score and ten must be transcended. There is no peace in the hearts of lovers who fear the separation of the thing called death. The mind of itself cannot transcend the fear of death. The spiritual nature alone can look over the border of the mutable into the establishment of the changeless. The Love that casts out fear and fulfills the Law can only take possession of the hearts of lovers through the hard trainings of separation, or restraint, when together, by which the Self of each is found within.

So it is that with many the ordeals of Together are but half. The two on their separate hills for a time must take the love which pours out in pain and yearning toward each other, and with its fruitfulness bring to birth the consciousness within which transcends time and space. Often the two must learn to be happy apart before they can ultimately be happy together. Indeed, in the spiritual sense it is declared that the joys of separation and together are equal, though different. Those who have experienced them have even said that there is a *dearness of presence* when the physical bodies are not worn, which cannot quite be known when the two wear flesh. The other way, without separation, is more difficult;

its ordeals are accomplished by the instant and unfailing use of all the inward and outward powers of Restraint—which means much more than denial. It is a greater way, for those who are strong enough. It requires crystal-clear sincerity and uttermost devotion to vigilance.

In every step of the growth of true Romance, the tests come to keep the lovers from loving themselves in each other. Pain is instantaneous when others who care for either of them are forgotten. The rights of others, whether of mind or Spirit, whether of world standard or celestial standard, cannot be trampled upon without instantly disrupting the fertility of spiritual love. Intervention of others indicates weaknesses in themselves which are really keeping them apart. If the rights of others are patiently and tenderly fulfilled, as they can only be through the beneficence of the spiritual consciousness, those weaknesses which keep the lovers from perfect expression to each other and to all others, will be made whole. Real lovers dare to wait.

And finally, real lovers are not permitted to forget that as they are the world to each other, they must live as one for the world; that their children are all children; that the desolate Orphan, Humanity, must find in them the ideal of parenthood; that as two, they form one center for the radiation of love to all; that only as they pour out in service to all does the Holy Spirit—the Worker of the Recreative Purpose—bless them.

. . . Ordeals—there are many and subtle. The lovers must not only know, but live the knowledge, that Spiritual Love cannot grow while they hurt anyone by their ways of expressing it. So, they learn, as one, that they must become selfless to find the Self; and that magic joys transpire between them in their utter giving to others; these happen during the still hushes between their great outpourings, during the brief breath-spaces of their ministry as one.

This is touching the outer rim of Spiritual Joy; the Joy itself could not be endured by anyone in this Place. . . . Together and apart, the whole world is playing it in hardly perceptible action and reaction; the few with vivid haste. Together. . . . I do not say it is not hard, but it is Romance. This is the fruitful love by which all men shall know them; and the endeavor required to nourish it will strengthen them to attain the eternal safety of liberation.

A FINAL WORD

The second half of the War generation now taking the world in their twenties is hard-boiled

The hard laugh, the hard glint of eye, the hard surface of sophistication without culture, or care for it

As the first half was crowded for sacrifice, the second is a crowd to be bent or broken under conditions of unparalleled severity. In the next fifteen or twenty years, men and women will find themselves alone as never before

The vibration pressing hard upon the world at this moment, and apparently harder as moments go on, is essentially one of disintegration. All marriages, partnerships, all friendly relationships, are being preyed upon by the forces of division, divorce. Persons show hateful to one another in acute and extraordinary ways. Schism is the word in every firm, every house

Only a dominant spiritual bond can survive

This is the wrecking before the building. Humanity is being shredded before the new weaving begins

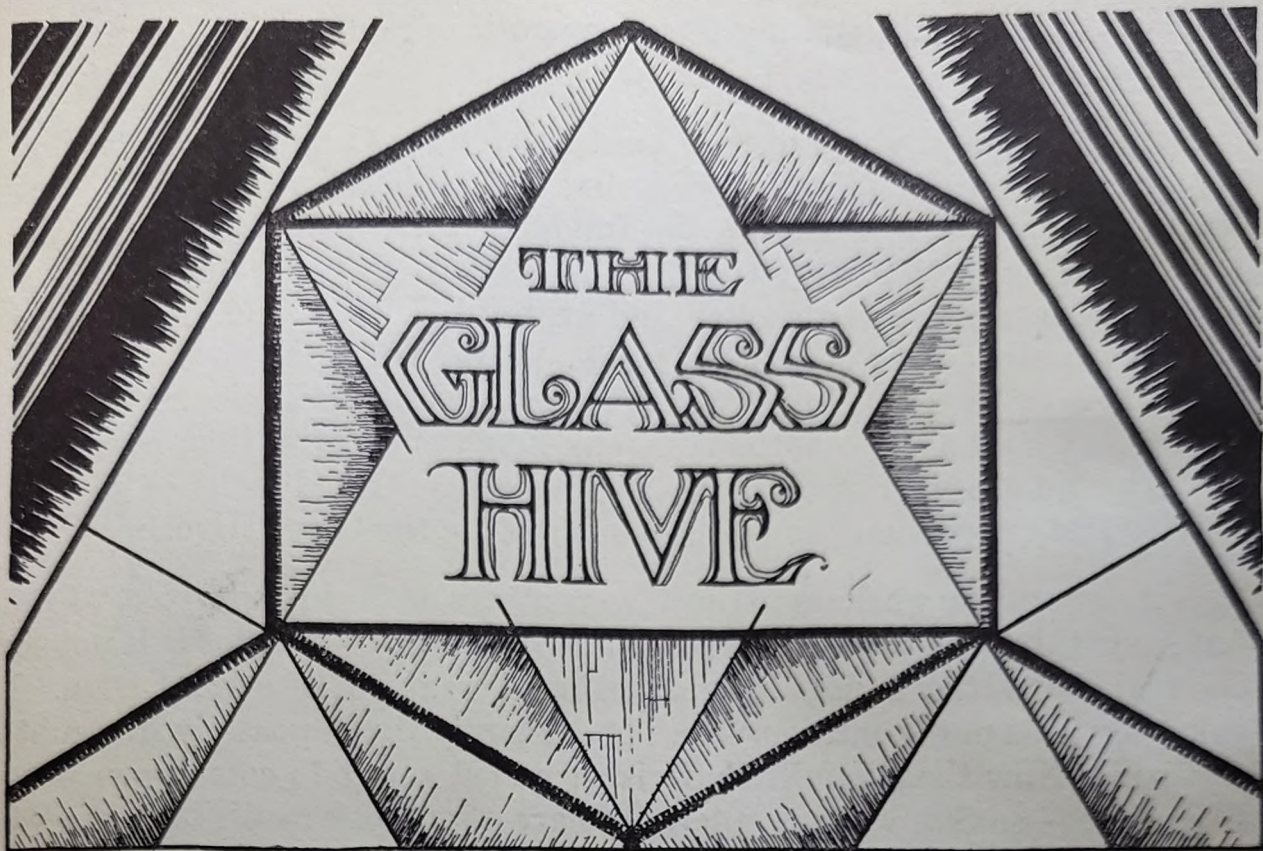
It will pass, but only those will see it through from the lowly viewpoint of incarnation, whose treasure is in the heart of hearts

The world at large is in a blinding, furious discipline. The receivers among the gods have taken over a planet that in a vast dumb way has declared its bankruptcy

Upon the few who have touched Reality, the salvage, the work of Recreation depends

There is not the slightest pressure in this page for any one to turn away from the fight. Visions cannot help us; no Savior can help us, until we have helped ourselves. . . . Patience, kindness, long-suffering, humor—and the greatest of these is humor—as purely as possible, human bravery—these will see us through the lull of the vortex and the raging rim of the far side of the storm.





Edited by WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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5336 Abbott Pl. Los Angeles

Once I get the drift of your intention, I may be able to write something for the Glass Hive—

So wrote one. It hasn't been easy to put this intention over, because a whale of an idea is on the line. We can only tell by the "feel" so far, and what one can see through the thresh of white water, for the game one hasn't shown clear and entire to the sun. . . . Letters 118—119—120—121 will bear a lot of study they haven't yet received. The Letter List was in one of its deep sleeps through those weeks—to be roused with the Message in 122. Then everyone began to see at once there was a real reason for a Group-Book.

But we felt there was reason before being confronted with it from the outside, and right in this—in this point alone—is the silent secret spring we must never fail to draw upon. For certainly I was not awakened in the night last August to start something for my own amusement. It was to be for Others. It is your turn, but you must get into

the Idea. This is not writing for a paper; it is contacting the Spirit of the Hive.

Fundamentally two purposes: First for the Conscious Cultivation of Genius. Second: for the welcoming and understanding of the New Race. The fact that these are the fundamentals of the Message of the Aquarian Foundation (First self-training; second, the training of succeeding generations) is a cooling and grateful thought, but could not be otherwise unless one were off the track. It is your work now. All that you seek is to be found in it, for it is a condition of Consciousness to be reached, exactly as Brotherhood is—by heightened vibration, by rising into it! You must rise into the “white concentrated light of unified activity and expression” to realize your part in the Glass Hive.

As one of the workers in touch with others of the group wrote, “I see that some think the Glass Hive is W. L. C.’s—his venture, but it is not so. The real Glass Hive is not a magazine, but a fragment of a great Plan. I look upon it as ours—our venture. It has long existed possibly in a subtler form. Now the straight shaft is provided for it to come down into three-space—so that we may enter. We are not to look to W. L. C., for we are not separate from any part of it. We are to look to the archetype—enter it, by doing our part in working with the magazine, its outer body. We have long worked with words—now must begin to work with Vibration. We have produced—we are to create.”—E.B.W.

Twenty-five years ago I went to Pittsburg to do a daily column on the editorial page of the *Dispatch*—verses, skits, sketches and the like. This column was called Vibrations. Grif Alexander, an editorial writer, used to call the column Dithers. I asked him the meaning of that and he said: “It’s what a bunny’s nose does when he holds it up.”

“Oh, it vibrates,” said I.

“Dithers,” said he.

That’s about all we knew about Vibration in those days, but the word challenged enough to be chosen for the running head of my day’s work. A woman wrote in to the managing editor saying in effect that the young man had bitten off quite a chunk in naming his column that. She went on to say that Vibration was the nature of all life, but none of us in the office followed her after a sentence or two. That word *Vibration* has everything to do with the Glass Hive.

LACB

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Here follows a cultic vibration:

When I tell you that I have been a member of the Theosophical Society for over ten years and a deep student of the Ancient Wisdom through my beloved teacher and her co-worker, both of whom I know to be Adepts, you must know that your letters could not be of the slightest interest to me. I am also a member of the order of the Star in the East and know that Mr. J. Krishnamurti's body has already been used (not will be) by the World Teacher and that he will continue to be His vehicle.

Here is another—the Missionary vibration:

Nineteen twenty-six has been the best year the Mission has ever known in the matter of contributions, the receipts being \$175,000. This report is gratifying, but the total is so small compared with the great needs that we must appeal to our friends to redouble their efforts in gathering gifts during 1927. Thus only can the Master's command be fulfilled.

And this:

I am partly crippled; I had thought I could get by with the arm; but a few weeks ago a woman who has been very much of a friend to me was taken sick with flu and called me to come to her aid. I went and nursed her and cooked for her boys and did the housework, and in my hurry and absorption in her, I forgot to be cautious and used the left arm most. I wouldn't have her know for the world that I dragged the arm out of place.

Especially that last. The whole terrible story of the Gulf of Hell is in those few lines. . . . These are matters of Vibration. They have something to do with us particularly. As the work goes on it will become clearer and clearer. There are no secrets.

In almost every page of writing in the world there is a tangle of cross purposes, almost visible at times to the naked eye. The Glass Hive's idea is to express itself through writing that doesn't squirm; at least, in writing that squirms as little as possible. Each day we ask more of this writing. We have struggled up, manfully or not, through billows of shams—toward the hour when we are to carry straight vibration to its appointed end.

The Aquarian Foundation reaches us through Vibration. One of the first things that happens to us in response to its contact is that we begin to call for our part of the job. That which we Know within is met by some word of message or document from without, and at the meeting

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or mating of the two, the desire for Work begins. Those who have been negative must now begin to show the positive aspect. Those who have listened to speakers must begin to speak. Those who have received letters must begin to write them. . . . I quote from a recent incoming letter: "That each must become a center is especially interesting. It has seemed just that to me in a small way. Here I am correcting papers, writing letters of encouragement, entertaining an occasional friend in my own rooms, away from the family that we may 'get together' over things, and taking part in different group meetings—all sprung into being in the past eighteen months—imperfectly done, and the imperfection quite realized, but still the feeling that I am being used, as a beginning."

The above shows the beginning of pattern. I do not want to pose as explaining the A. F. or as interpreting its Vibration except as one who has felt faint fringe-blowing contacts, but these are certainly most attractive. The Vibration seems to release the specialist in each person, sets one free to do the thing he loves best to do. It simplifies, makes points and paths straight, clears the air, releases pent energies to normal action. . . . And yet one must be very sure one is ready to serve. The sentimental response is not wanted, nor even the emotional. One must know what one is doing. Service is a matter of grace, of niceties and depthless knowledge of the world.

From Manly P. Hall: "In justice to himself, therefore, no one should be in a hurry to go forth serving humanity, lest in his impetuosity he destroy others and himself with them. The groundwork should be laid first. When such a one feels that he is equipped to disseminate a message, he should do it reverently, with deep consideration and no little trepidation, saying to himself: 'I am responsible from now on for the use and interpretation placed by others upon the words that come out of my mouth. Therefore, I will choose them with care, consider them in the light of my truest and highest intelligence, and send forth with each a prayer that it shall serve only the cause of good.' "

The A. F. is a simple high-powered non-meddler. It uses one as long as it safely can. It allows one failures and accidents in advanced work—awaits his come-backs. In all activity personal strain and tension must subside. This is the enemy to the new Work. We are badly shocked trying to use old methods, yet we are given time to learn. A steady process of interior clearance seems to take place in giving one's self to this

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work. . . . It has no curves, undulations, sinuosities. It is a sham-burner. Its Vibration to the unfit is like a spear-thrust; it cuts straight at a secret place leaving it open to the light, pinned in the light to perish or be purged. . . . We have all built into ourselves an incredible number of shock-absorbers to ease us along in life as we find. This Vibration pierces in past the shiftiest. It is a sudden shock of light. . . . "I want to be a part of it," one writes, "yet I am frightened like a young woman about to be married. My heart draws me on, but my feet want to run away and hide."

Herewith follow parts of a letter to Alice A. Bailey outlining our reaction to the A. F.: Though I have thought, had I the Work of the Aquarian Foundation to bring in, I should do it differently in some ways from the Inaugurator's method, the fact remains that the Aquarian Foundation itself does not budge in the sense of its reality to me. The method is accepted here on the Messenger basis, and because the Aquarian Foundation exists within. Besides, the fact stands out that Mr. Wilson's methods, whether I like them or not, in no small measure brought the A. F. through to my outer consciousness. Before the Message, the A. F.'s use of me as a vehicle was through the realm of feeling rather than will. By no means myself alone, but others here, have been working in its remote control for years, and for these the Message appears to have installed it in working consciousness for more intimate use, the process almost visible. The words "power" and "knowledge" which Mr. Wilson uses so often, convey in our experience an inside force that lasts.

It is quite possible that had the new Work come to light in America instead of Europe there might have been a slight change of presentation. No doubt there will be outer adjustments to our particular culture and training and our bitter and agonizing reactions against hoax and sham. Of all things under the sun, the A. F. is New Race in pulse and method.

Already from Mr. Wilson and from within, again and again, has come to us admonition to look straight to the Thoughtform of the Aquarian Foundation, not to any person for guidance. Never in reality before within me has that confidence uprisen through the personality which realizes that one's own technique is priceless. . . .

You know your part in our work here. Your students are in and out of my study and classes. Whatever our preparation—the last four years with your several books has had it's mighty part. Our two groups have already made some adjustments not only in a personal but in a Casual way which may prove historic. Long since we have found wanting that

love which would hammer another into likeness of ourselves; now we face a braver step of the Story—to adore the unlike, the separate Ray, and to do this our fidelity to the single point of Unity above, must ever be more close and contained.

The force that seems pouring upon us now, while it stimulates rotarian group movement as never before, calls also, and calls insistently, for us to stay open to the upward spiraling aspiration in which other groups are realized and dramatically contacted. Nothing less will do for us. We are literal in taking from the Tibetan, through you, that this is our Destiny. . . . We surely should be ready to pull together transcending any possible outer inequality. . . . E. A. W., I believe, is the best all around for the job; I believe that he has the Stamina that will be needed before long to carry the fight to enemies visible and invisible; that what used to mean English Courage and fair play is in him, the Never-say-die we must have. I believe that with him taking the lead, we are set free to be ourselves as group actionists, and that he will be the last ever to stand between us and the Light he draws upon. . . . All for one—one for all."

The writings of Mr. Wilson convey to us Vibration of the Aquarian Foundation. In all his work that we have seen, including quite a number of personal letters to others and some to this study—he has never been known to get off the job. As they say of an aspirant that he must become the Path, E.A.W. apparently has become the Plan. In one of its meanings, his number XII is said to signify the point of contact between planes. I believe he exemplifies this As to his relationship to the Glass Hive group, he seems to believe we intrinsically belong and that we have made no burdensome mistakes so far. From his writings directed here the following cuttings are to the point:

" . . . Your efforts are definitely directed toward the achievement of that next step forward in race consciousness which is now occupying so much attention of the Lodge. That is why you have felt the urge to stress the fact of the new Consciousness and its attainment. . . Think not of yourself, nor of me, nor of any personality, but think of the magnitude of Their Work. . . . You have your own methods and in a sense are responsible. . . . in your own way, in your own words. . . . From all this you will see how vast and far-reaching are the plans, yet I have not told you one-tenth of their scope. All we need is the spirit of brotherhood and co-operation and then there shall be seen that marvel, a united Group of groups, a power for righteousness such as has never been seen on this planet before. What is to be accomplished, I leave to your own imagination to picture. The whole Lodge is behind it and you shall shortly see this world divided into two camps. . . . Upon the answer great issues depend. The current must be turned and controlled which shall flow for

many ages. It must be pure and strong and undefiled by self.

" . . . We have all been busy little builders in kama-manas in one time or another and have passed through the subsequent burnings, so you are not alone by any means. . . . Notice the statement "There can be no propaganda." It is a key-note of this work at its present stage. It is not the way of the world; it is the way of the Lodge. The Message itself is the real test. Upon the reaction of the individual to it, all must stand or fall.

" . . . My brother J.S.B. is having the Message together with other important statements put into the form of a booklet "Foundation Letters and Teachings." This will contain all information to the present between two covers. I want this to be in the hands of every one of those working with you. . . . To belong to the A.F. it is not necessary or advisable that any member of any existing organization which is co-operating with the A.F. should allow membership in that organization to lapse. It is the appointed channel through which he or she may contact the present Work. In effect, every such member becomes automatically a member of the Aquarian Foundation and will receive its teachings and support, but they will be given it through the head of the movement to which they belong, so long as it is actively linked with the Lodge. This Work shall first separate out individuals, then whole movements and finally peoples and nations. All will be ranged on one side or the other. We even now see the battle in array for the great and final issue, Armageddon. Let us see to it that we fight a good fight. Of the issue there can never be any doubt at all. Shoulder to shoulder is the word.

"More and more I am convinced (by demonstration) of the wisdom shown in deciding that each shall till his or her section of the vineyard in his own way. In your own case, every step taken, every word given out has been and is in exact accord with the general Plan. . . . Soon, very soon, the current will be turned on full, so stand by for that which is even now at the very door. . . . Of course we are not escaping without opposition and will surely be attacked at some points. If not we would not be worth while, but all goes steadily forward. . . . How true it is that we must ever and continually unfold—every day new aspects, new extensions open up to Consciousness, for I, too, live a day at a time. While I have been shown the Plan as a whole, yet the details are given only as needed. If the progress and development of this great Work depended upon what I know, then it would not go very far nor amount to very much. Its future and expansion rest rather upon what is daily given to me; what is pouring through me from the Source. True realization can only be reached through the united synthesized relation of all—for that we work. Meanwhile we do consciously remain one in the All-consciousness."

From the Declaration of Principles of the Aquarian Foundation, the following paragraphs carry the same Vibration. (This document in full is to be published in Foundation Letters and Teachings also announced on the Book-Room page.)

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"The Foundations of the Work we now strive to do are foursquare; its Corner-stones are Love, Truth, Unity, Service. Such details of structure as may later arise, its inner and outer organizations, its teachings and aspirations are, and will be, an expression or an aspect of these Basic Principles and Root Ideas. . . . Without Love—Power and Knowledge become weapons which sooner or later are opposed to the true interests of humanity. . . . The absence of Truth means the presence of deception.

. . . . Unity is the Divine Law of Being in all worlds; it is Love and Truth in active manifestation. It is the consummation of the Divine Purpose, the final goal toward which all effort is directed. Unity is a prime object of this present Work which seeks to bind all Men together in mutual understanding, to realize that each is striving to express in varying form his own conception of the Divine Vision. . . . Only in Service may man find the true expression of his inmost and real Self. The Path of Service is the Path of Infinite expansion;—he who serves self treads an ever narrowing path whose end is the abyss of extinction. . . . For every Work, every Movement, every individual, there is one unflinching test—"By their Fruits ye shall know them." . . . We waste no word in argument or protestation. If you would judge of our quality, look to the Work we do. . . . When the pattern of this Work was first laid upon the Trestle-board it was said—"In this Work there can be no personalities." . . . Whenever and wherever we find a statement that is false we will, if possible, lay alongside of it that which is the Truth. That and no more. Whenever and wherever this Work is misunderstood or miscalled, we will endeavor to give a true and clear statement. That, and no more. Whenever and Wherever we who represent this work are subjected to personal attack, we will make no reply whatsoever. That and no more. We defend that which is committed to us—we do not defend ourselves.

. . . . The Aquarian Foundation is not a separate movement; but rather a forward of the Whole towards realization. It is a call to unite, to step out of the shadows of separateness and to go forward into that which is our common heritage. It is a Call to labor, not for self, for one church or movement or society; but for the Race as a Whole. It is a Call to place principles before persons, and truth before teachers or tactics. It urges us to cease from squabbling over differences of detail and to see the splendor of the Vision ahead. It is a cry to combine, to take common service in a common cause, to pool our separated efforts and interests that we may accomplish through Unity what is impossible to any one of us alone.

" . . . New methods of assimilation and distribution are now to be made possible. Ours is the task of showing to our Brothers of every shade of thought and opinion, what these methods are, and to urge each and all to sink their differences and to co-operate in a common effort towards attainment. Let it be understood at once and finally, that we, as individuals, make no claim to superior wisdom or power. . . . If you would know the nature and spirit of this Work, ask yourselves—does it stand for Unity or for separateness, for altruism or for selfishness, for principle or for personalities, for the traditions of the past or for the hope of the future, for things temporal or for things Eternal?"

Cuttings from recent letters from Joseph S. Benner, publisher of the Impersonal Life, shape up the purpose and place of the Glass Hive in relation to the larger scheme and carry salient points having to do with the Aquarian Foundation itself: "Now about the Glass Hive, it would seem (Feb. 12, '27) that it has been prepared for just that which you and I see coming, which means that there opens up for it and you vast possibilities. Your ideas for the first issue are in line with my own and I feel sure, will have the full co-operation of Brother XII. It can be made a very wonderful as well as unique medium for the transmission both of teachings and information. I have a vision as I write of very big things ahead for it, and as you glimpse more and more the mighty scope of this Work and all that will come into expression through it, you will deem it as I do, a very great privilege to be considered in our small way worthy of assisting in inaugurating it as has been permitted us to do. . . . This is more so to me after my visit with Brother XII in Windsor, Ontario, last Saturday, (26 Feb.) Many questions were asked and answered and I came away with a much more comprehensive understanding of it all than I had before. We talked about organizing the Work here in America and how to put the real servers to work. The plan is for all known chelas, or real servants, to begin at once to form centers of at least three members in their community for mutual study and work, the purpose being in each of these groups to establish a center of force through which the Lodge can work outwardly. Such centers will have plenty to study in an earnest effort at absorption of the real plan and the information already outlined in the papers received, and which will be condensed and included in the forthcoming booklet—The Foundation Letters and Teachings. . . . Of course, the Glass Hive will be used to get the definite instructions and teachings to each center and member, and that will all be discussed when the Brother gets to Los Angeles.

"It is most amazing to me to see what has been accomplished within the short space of six months through the efforts of this quiet little man; a great Movement has been actually inaugurated, and has gained such impetus, that it will shortly engirdle the earth and reach all humanity. Inquiries and applications are coming in every mail. The interest is intense, the response straight from the soul, and there is no question but what the Movement has touched a universal something in the hearts of all individuals who are not only ready for it, but many of whom feel they have long been preparing for this very Call.

"I found, of course, that he has been given to know the whole Plan, as he states in his letters, but that back of what he himself knows is a great Reservoir of Knowledge and Power which is poured through him as the need and time manifest. He is but the channel, the instrument, prepared, proven and fitted for the Work for which he has been chosen, and I have no doubt but what he will carry through and accomplish that which he has been sent out to do, if we who also have the vision prove true and faithful to it. He is as a child sent forth to do his Father's bidding, in one way, but in another, he is a mighty Power and Force that will carry all before him."

TWO INTERESTING REACTIONS TO LETTER 122

The following two letters came in among the first in answer to the Message of the Masters in 1926 printed in full in the 122nd Letter dated January 10, 1927: "Your latest Letter interests and puzzles me. For fifteen years I have been a sympathetic observer of your ideals and work; sympathetic, because your temperament closely resembles my own; interested, because you did not seem to be subject to any great extent, to the delusions that beset the way of the independent thinker. It may be said: You are a deceiver; you are deceived—or you are right!

Deceiver, no. Deceived, maybe. Right?—

Besant, Blavatsky, Judge, Alcott, Leadbeater, Tingley—and many others have long been self-announced as the unfortunately conflicting mouthpieces of the "Masters." Now you come along with a new slant on the Masters. The only authority you present is a Pamphlet out of England entitled A Message from the Masters of Wisdom in 1926. God knows we need Masters—and most of the messages from any of the sources have seemed wise and helpful, but—Who are They?—Where are They?—Why are They not consistent in their teaching? If all these others were and are deceived in the teaching they believe they have received for the past fifty years or so, what reason is there for us to accept as true an entire reversal of this past teaching on the authority of some pamphlet? Why should you accept it?—

Of pamphlets and the making of pamphlets there is no end. And even if you sincerely believe yourself to have a special leading or teaching, why, so do those! They are just as sincere as you are. My dear friend—What is the answer? This is not cavilling, nor grousing, nor is it any unfriendly rejection of W. L. C., who has tried to be a glass hive to us all for our helping—and who has succeeded in the helping by Jove, for lo, these many years! However, I am no hero-worshipper; I am quite unable to believe the improbable on the basis of personal liking. What, really, have you in mind? Do you see yourself as the Leader of a new cult?—You might do a tremendous lot of good by impressing your own valuable personality on the lives of the "follower" type which you no doubt could rally by the thousand. (Would it be good for YOU I wonder?) God bless and lead you, my friend, and keep you from conscious or unconscious self-deception."—H.A.D.

The Second Letter: "For months I have been trying to find one semblance of truth amid the many pronouncements that were being given to the world concerning the Coming of World Teachers, World Religions and the like, until I had come to feel that either I stood alone among my friends locally, or had lost that sense of proportion which enables one to know a Truth whenever it may manifest. Your calling attention to the Messages from the Masters of Wisdom in 1926, and giving an idea of the same, responds to me in a way that makes me feel that once more I can see the next step or two of the way to take.

Last evening I asked the privilege of addressing the membership of the theosophical society, of which I have been president up to the last election (in June) and at which time I declined longer to serve as leader,

feeling that I could no longer accept nor follow certain teachings which were being given out by our leaders and accepted by a large percentage of the local membership. Last evening, I called attention to the tendency which our movement seemed to be taking, toward materialism, the following of personalities and the failure of our local organization to cultivate anything but the brain side of Knowledge. I seemed to be standing alone, for none could see that every justification for the plans we are now following, was made because we had an example of the Church whose increasing number of edifices and larger attendance was held to be real success. Yet to me the churches are manifest failures. I have seemed to sense the thought for many months, that existing institutions will be overturned and practically all religious and philosophical teaching will be blotted out.

I am therefore writing at this time with two purposes in mind. First:—To know more about the Messages of the Masters to which you refer. Second:—I wish to be included in *any* work which in *any* manner savors or takes part in the finding of that truth, which has appealed to me as being touched upon or referred to in your letter. I have lost interest in delving among the reports of comings and messages until I had come almost to feel that *all* is false, and that no one knows. This new document has given me hope, for intuitively I feel that you have contacted something which is in the nature of Occult Truth.”—E.T.T.

FRIEND FRED* VIBRATES FROM THE DENVER FRONT

Hello Bill:—I am just sneezing my way to health. Friend of mine a while back in a small sitting room undertook to give everybody the flu one sitting. Some “canned heat” maniacs along with him at the same time paralyzed what little atmosphere left with a wiggle in it. . . . Below Larimer Street here is hell. They’re beginning to show their teeth to me the same as they did along Main St. stems in L. A. . . . Nobody breaks the Law—the Law breaks them. . . . Sactimonious old maids here have just now discovered after five months that I know something, but they have insulted me so much I’ve dropped them. . . . Had a talk with a woman’s club president. Tenor of con. was that Emma Goldman would have been a strong spiritual leader *if*. Ma’m Pres. sent me to see a “psychic”—long legged hulk who lives on the outskirts, in sticks. Raises rabbits! Ugh! . . . Sh! quiet on this—Jim Longwit, missionary, is supposed to be away on a trip. I’ve a tip he’s in hoosegow (Federal Tank) on a dope charge. Denver is a town and county in one. Longwit is supposed to run the best mission in U.S.A. Answer: Because this town is so fortified that you have to go to his dump for help. Boy, it’s heart-breaking. Many ex-cons uphold Longwit (used to be a bull, is yet!) He lives off the cripples—the ones they let crawl out of the penitentiaries, but has the whole town buffaloed. . . . No work here. So I made all the churches. Sent Father O’Hara a rhapsody on Begging and he has taken

*Member of group who is taking life first hand. San Quentin, the several jugs of Orange County; stale dungeons of Missouri and Maryland—Fred has sniffed them good and sat it out. He rounds to in Los Angeles once in a while and tells us things we couldn’t possibly learn from anyone else. Fred is doing a lot of stuff, in fact, so we won’t have to.

it seriously. My little essay on Begging looked so "easy"—all the Catholic Charities are thinking it over. O, hell. Walked in the Mission the other day and announced to the white collared professional who took me "good naturedly" that I knew a guy who was "good for a beg" all the time. "Who is it?"—all anxious. "The Self," I informs—"your Self." . . .

Listen: I am strictly on the Path.

Denver—anxious—harried—it screams—has the glint in the eye—anaemic.

"Murie" likes Denver. Lindsay—the bunk.

Denver has gone occult wild. "Unmanifest" and all that. I'll say so! Plenty. Thousands, thousands, poor people here. Poverty! Something is going to happen to this town, rotten. Known it for years. Whole U.S. is punk. Something is gone, *gone!* How are you down there? The only town in the U.S. that has not changed, will never be changed is New Orleans. Niagara Falls, Buffalo—fair, Memphis—fair. St. L.—fair. N.Y.—fair. Is Mussolini—Gandhi's disciple? Is Pope sick? What becomes of trained pig? What is hell? Whole civ. a hen yard.

Morovit

Heard this m. that Jim Longwit is in Bughouse. . . . Lady cosmologist here wants to take me up. Shall I?

P.S. Somebody broke Shanghai lottery company here for \$11,000. Been playing same all winter. We'll leave the rest to the mail man.
Fred.

E.H.N. TO A YOUNG WRITER: "We believe that all artists can consciously cultivate Genius. I do not know how much you have read nor what that phrase would mean to you, but let us say that a genius as recognized by the world, is one who does better than he knows. My dictionary says, "as the inexplicable and unanalyzable, and as it were, inspired, over and against what works by rule and line." He usually cannot explain how he got that way, cannot explain the effect in his painting, or how the heavenly strain of music came to him. Perhaps the writer of this type finds on his page ideas and phrases that his mind had not formulated, but something must have prompted and guided him. This a fact recognised even by scientists nowadays, and what is the answer? Must it not be his own Inner Self that is directly related to the Source of all Wisdom, Beauty and Power? That Inner Self which waits patiently through the years for us to recognise it and to learn to do our utmost to contact it, so that it can work through us?

"Great geniuses of the world have through work or suffering, in this or past lives, become fine enough as personalities for the Higher Self to work through at times. Or we might say they have temporarily become one with the Self. Perhaps you have read all this, as it is in nearly all philosophies, but many of us feel we cannot read or hear it repeated too often. Can we not consciously, knowingly, use and become one with that Light in us, instead of waiting for flashes of it? That to me is what

W.L.C. means by consciously cultivating genius. We can learn to control our minds, heart and body, and in a perfect stillness seek to rise to where our real Self—the real us that is Eternal, is waiting. If you wish to tune in a long distance station on the radio, you sit quietly in front of it and clear your mind of all that is going on around you so that you can concentrate on listening for the first faint sound, knowing that if you allow yourself to be distracted you will miss something. So we must clear our minds of personal and selfish thoughts, and come clean and be still, to listen to the first faint prompting of our Genius. If we do that and are faithful day by day, our Genius may use us as an instrument. Gradually then we begin to see that our work is part of a larger work, part of the Divine Pattern.”

“I, as a definite, limited person, am only an organ of that Self which is my real being.”—*Keyserling*.

DR. STEINER AT WORK

from Clifton Joseph Furness

Sunlight filtering through colored glass, centuries old. Background of flame, blue robes, Madonna encircling child, heaven-crowned. . . stiff Byzantine drawing of lines, but life there, spirit there. “Twelfth century Chartres glass,” the guide book offered, “finest example extant. *Notre Dame de la Belle Verriere*.”

Softly the colors glowed; sinking sun mellowed the radiance. . . almost the Madonna stirs with the upward lifting movement of a mother, raising the child in arms. Now a miracle, no less. An open space below the aura which surrounds her is filled with pale rose pulsations of light. Petals detach themselves and float, forming a flaming corolla—her feet held by an entangling lotos of light—

Then the clanging of keys, as the guardian prepared to close the portals at day's ending; dusk gathering in the cathedral aisles. Outside in the widening June twilight, I paused within the outer porch to greet a carving of the Christ—tall figure with uplifted hand, carved by unnamed artist of the Middle Age, at the portal of the Chartres Cathedral. . . Somewhat later I walked down the hill to the little river, looking up at the stars, but also I felt the stars within. Far-flung and inmost spaces one, because I had touched the potential mystery of Chartres. . .

Atop a foothill of the Alps, near Bale, within a week, I found the answer. At Dornach, in Switzerland, Dr. Steiner was speaking. . . . “and that, my dear friends, was the School of Chartres from the twelfth century onwards when many of us here present were pupils or teachers, during the time when it was the center of the greatest spiritual activity”

But to begin nearer the beginning: Fifteen years ago a building of strange proportions began to take shape upon the summit of the highest hill near this village of Dornach. This shrine was so striking in appearance that many who did not understand its purpose were attracted to visit it. The structure was made entirely of wood, hand carved, with a double

dome, supported by columns crowned by capitals with designs that suggested magic runes. The walls were cleft with deep gashes, stopped with panes of pure colored glass, cut with strange jewel-like patterns. All this the wondering visitor might learn upon inquiry, was the conception of one man, a certain Dr. Rudolf Steiner, said to be a philosopher of Viennese training. He had led an active life in many parts of Europe, thinking, writing, speaking, and carrying on certain scientific investigations. So much you might learn for the asking. But if you were really interested to pursue the questioning further, those who knew might tell you yet more interesting facts. Philosophy and science were not the only province in which he found expression. Art shaped itself to his needs when he girded himself to the task of bringing to modern man a fuller measure of self-realization.

Indeed, the very building which seemed to stand as a symbol of his purpose, surmounting a hill, outlined against the sky in powerful contour was the out-growth of an artistic creation in another medium. He had written a series of "Mystery Plays", dealing with life of the soul in occult light, and a little group of people who had gathered around him wished to establish a permanent centre in which these might be performed at regular intervals, in order that their impulse might be liberated to flow into the life of the outer world at rhythmic nodal points of time, like those established by the precedent stimuli released through Oberammergau and Bayreuth. Here, in its colorful interior, perhaps for the first time in modern life, the spirit of beauty, truth, and devotion were reunited in the performance of the "Mystery Plays". Here was more than a mere echo of the exalted beauty and spiritual power which shaped the mediaeval cathedrals, where every stone was a prayer and every stroke of the chisel an aspiration. It was not a repetition, only, but a new voicing of the divinely uttered word, shaped to meet the mold of modern life-experience. Fitting it was that here should blossom anew the Wonder of Chartres. Lotos-sustained, the human chalice of incarnation was elevated, clarified.

When I arrived at Dornach, I was told that Dr. Steiner would give a lecture that night. I was curious to see what manner of man he might be. If not a prophet of a new age, he must be at least one who could throw revealing light upon old truth. In sudden reaction after the first surprise at the permanent hush which followed the appearance of the man, slight in person but with an intensity and far-reaching depth of eye which I had never before experienced, I was lulled by the soft voice. The vibrant fascination of sound did not shape itself into a definite current of meaning, until suddenly I was struck by an electric shock of inward realization with the words. . . . "and that, my dear friends, was the School of Chartres." He showed me, spellbound, in rapid cinematic review, how the experience of Chartres which I had recently passed through was a recapitulation of past accomplishment. The outward physical crystallization of the cathedral was but a beautiful body, which had grown up gradually as an expression of spiritual power which was centered there. For, Dr. Steiner told us, here the stream of development which grew out of the mystic teachings of the early fathers of the Christian church was prepared to unite with occult Aristotelian current of

thought which had been developed in Greece. The Christian mystic tradition derived from the Orient is to mingle and become clarified with the intellectual discernment and conscious control of the West, here and now in our modern age. Those who, in the past, served in the School of Chartres, are now drawn together to foster a new impulse to spread again the light of the spirit through understanding. With these words, a new experience visited me. At the same time that I was filled with an intense life of feeling, vibrant and energizing, I was keenly and clear-mindedly aware. Again the figure of the Virgin and Child, surrounded by an aura of flame, swept into glorious being, sustained by a glowing etheric lotos. Now I understand the Mystery of Chartres. United here the East blends with the West.

But my newly vitalized senses were destined to be still further quickened by artistic stimuli at Dornach. For the first time I saw a performance of "Eurhythmy", a new form of art fostered by Dr. Steiner's wife, Marie Steiner, with his assistance. This, "the art of speech made visible", is based upon the occult forms created by physical sound. Postures of body, united with the play of light correlated by higher vision, and accompanied by music or poetry chanted with regard for the true invocational character of the sound, form the material of this new art. An expanded idea of the true nature of poetry rises upon the basis of this conception of speech. According to Dr. Steiner, the living sound, which is at the basis of all life-manifestation, will eventually be controlled and exercised in literal creation. Thus a new art of poetry and dramatics will arise, which will transcend the old as spiritual science does physical science. At Dornach, Dr. Steiner and his wife were giving courses of instruction in the principles of this occult significance of speech, both in the drama, and in poetry recited as an accompaniment to Eurhythmy.

Of most interest to me, as a teacher, was the educational phase of Dr. Steiner's work. For I was told that, among his many activities, he was director of several educational institutions, where the knowledge of child needs and child development revealed by occult investigation is made the basis of instruction. The largest of these schools is located in Stuttgart. "The Waldorf Free School" was founded by the director of a large manufactory operated upon the principles of the "Threefold Commonwealth", a treatise on modern social and economic needs by Dr. Steiner, based upon a three-folding of the social order as a true solution of the problems which socialism has vainly attempted to meet. Dr. Steiner was requested to take over the direction of this school, and a corps of teachers were specially trained under his direction. He did not confine his choice of teachers to students of his own particular school of thought, but selected them rather for the intrinsic qualities essential to the training of youth. All religious persuasions were represented, and the religious instruction in the school was left to the choice of the individual. There were conferences with Lutheran ministers for those who wished, while Catholic fathers also visited the school for religious training of their parishioners. Since the school was founded primarily for the children of the factory laborers, there were many who came from homes of no particular religious preference. These children attended a class in "Free Religious Instruction", which became so popular that many of

the children from Protestant and Catholic homes wished to turn to it and abandon their patronymic faith, much to Dr. Steiner's embarrassment, for he did not wish the school to favor religious propaganda, but to remain in every field of human activity true to its name, a "Free School".

Following the constantly more alluring trail of interest opened by the fresh vistas of thought which contact with Dr. Steiner's work had brought to me in various fields, I traveled on to Stuttgart. My immediate concern, upon arrival, was to seek the Waldorf School. Boarding the first tram which appeared at the station, I tried to make it clear where I wished to go. My ultra meticulous pronunciation of the German tongue failed to convey intelligence to the "Schaffner". I expostulated, gesticulated, argued, to no purpose. Finally in desperation I dropped the words, "Waldorf School", quite easily and naturally, in my native diction. At the word "Waldorf", the whole car was immediately in an uproar. Now a German street car in a state of combined motion and commotion is a thing not easily forgotten. However, even more impressive than the personal way in which each kindly soul endeavored to direct me toward the Waldorf School, was the fact that the conductor of the car courteously alighted, and assisted me to board a tram bound in the right direction. This unwonted attention showed what the feeling of the citizens of Stuttgart must be toward the Waldorf School. It has always remained in my memory also as a symbol of the auspicious influence which seemed to guide every step of my experiences that summer, in a way so unmistakably predestined that, as I look back upon the closely wrought web now through the perspective of three years' time, that particular segment of my life seems to assume the symmetrical form and harmony of a musical composition. Indeed, the most vital moments of our living, when we serve adequately as instruments for the expression of the inward Self, must inevitably shape themselves in a fashion crudely comparable to the highest form of essential spirit-activity which has yet been rendered through material medium, in music—

To be resumed in following issues. This Steiner article was the first contribution sought for the Glass Hive. Mr. Furness was with me in the San Bernardino mountains last August when the idea of the magazine came through. I told him that a lot of us here had wanted to get the grasp of Rudolph Steiner as he appeared to have it. In effect I asked him to "stand up in the Dornach night and commune" for our benefit. C. J. F. is working at it. W. L. C.

ROMAINE ROLLAND IN ORIENTAL MAGAZINE

There are a certain number of us for whom the civilization of Europe does not suffice. We are the dissatisfied sons of the West, who find ourselves cramped in the old house, and who, though not failing to recognize the fineness, the brilliancy and the heroic energy of an idea which conquered and dominated the world for more than two thousand years, have been obliged, in spite of ourselves, to confess its insufficiencies and its narrow pride. We are the few who look towards Asia.

SP P 17

I could not help feeling what a call those words would have had to us a few years ago! Invincible—yet now it is not so. We do not look to Asia. Perhaps we prepare later to meet Asia heart to heart, but that is not our present concern. Now, for the American who feels the presence of the New Race, Asia is already alive in his soul. The love that he bathes and integrates for is the West. . . . "Such an American has known many eastern bodies on his way down and out from the House of Maternity. The East is in his voice, in his eyes, in his hands and garments. By the stirring of ancient memories in his breast, he understands the East as no fresh American can hope to understand. He feels the call of the East, and the answer in his heart, but out of his Going Forth, he has learned that he must bring back that which is not of the East intrinsically—the conquest of materials. No final return is possible until his conquest is complete, and earth is blent with his spirit in every cell of being.

"This American, in himself is an intimation of the New Race, born of union of the East and West, because the East is awake in his memory and the West in his experience.

"And who is this Westerner? He is the dreamer, the artist, the quester of today. Vague is his voice and darkly he sees, but the fire of Selfhood is alive in him and its shining shall be seen in his work afterward. He has come up fighting; out of hating and fighting has come his extrication; unfolded by his own birth struggles from the suffocation of the Common. You may know him by his ceaseless struggle to perfect his expression. You may know him by the tireless eye which has survived a myriad of trials. You may find him covered with dregs or gems, but Mediocrity is his enemy forever. You may know him because he never looks for help from the powers that are—but always to the Youth, to the child, to Those Who are to Come.

"And how shall we tell them from other children—those who are to come? Because their reactions are different in all things; because they refrain when others acquiesce, are fearless where others faint, are shocked by affairs that others do not see. . . . Such a child questions; it does not accept its parenthood as a matter of course; it does not fall into the glib ways of table and street without a fall, indeed; it is apt to speak (before it learns that it must not) of contacts with gnomes and fairies, troubling its parents as by lies; it will not continue long to cut up and fork down pieces of meat, without knowing what is going on; the staggering shocks it suffers from the early revelations as to whence it came, and from its own divided physical body—perhaps, of all, these are its most deadening hours.

"Not standard children, these young ones flung so far out ahead of their race. They can be turned into idiots, but they can not be standardized. Neither long can they be deluded that heaven and earth is to be found in buying cheap and selling dear. They are not in their place in schools; in the rarest of homes so far are they even laughingly understood. Whatever beauty of expression they come into is for the most part in spite of parents and teachers, not because of them. They are apt to be more candid than canny; more passionate and glowing, yet the fruit of their births is to realize—even while they run the course—that passions

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such as theirs are identified in the minds of the many with all that is perverse and unclean; that such passions as theirs have no freedom in the here and now, and may safely be used only to attain one's own co-ordination—union with one's own soul. The persistent sex-ache which they suffer in bodies of darker heredity than they are entitled to, may be put to thrilling use in a regenerative way, but only after the secrets of transmutation have been wrung from the soil itself.

"Humanity already has felt the first infusion of this new type. Such children are here already; their boats have touched shore; their mystic sails are sighted in the offing. The bitter forcings through stubborn matter which these early arrivals shall know, the agonies and misunderstandings of their untimely birth—these shall be as nothing when they perceive that they have made landings possible for Vast Fleets now on the sea—Preparers for another coming." From the Hundredth Letter November 15, 1924.

TO THE GLASS HIVE—GREETING

From Alice A. Bailey: My contact with you and your group has a very real place in my life and personally I should profoundly deplore any lack of contact in the future and any fundamental divergence of opinion. Your work has always had my heartiest sympathy and understanding and I would like to say here that no matter what the outer activities may be, I shall always realize that fundamentally we are brothers in the one work and it should surely be possible for servants of the Masters to stand together side by side in the stress of the great preparatory movement that is now going forward, co-operating, sympathizing, assisting and helping, and yet, at the same time, not always agreeing as to method and the application of the principles for which we mutually all stand.

From H. M. B.: It is a great pleasure to send you my congratulations on this achievement. Many years have passed since you began your helpful work for others—and for yourself—for one cannot serve others with love and sincerity without a great and continuous growth in strength and understanding. Wisdom is given as needed; as we use it so it increases. Now that you have started on a new venture, or rather, on a higher spiral of the old Path, all you need will be given you to pass on to others, to new friends as well as to those who have for so many years looked to you for help and enlightenment. Those Higher Forces to Whose service you have so freely given yourself, and Their outer representatives, welcome you into the great Work for the coming generation. May the Glass Hive prove to be the working out of your Ideal, the fulfillment of your dearest hopes. Whatever I can do to help, count on me to co-operate.

For the many expressions of affection from the closing issue of the Letters—Thanks. I would choose one sentence as carrying the Vibration, one sentence that has stood by all the way:

How many times they have brought as by magic, the answer to the very problem I was pondering on at the time.

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