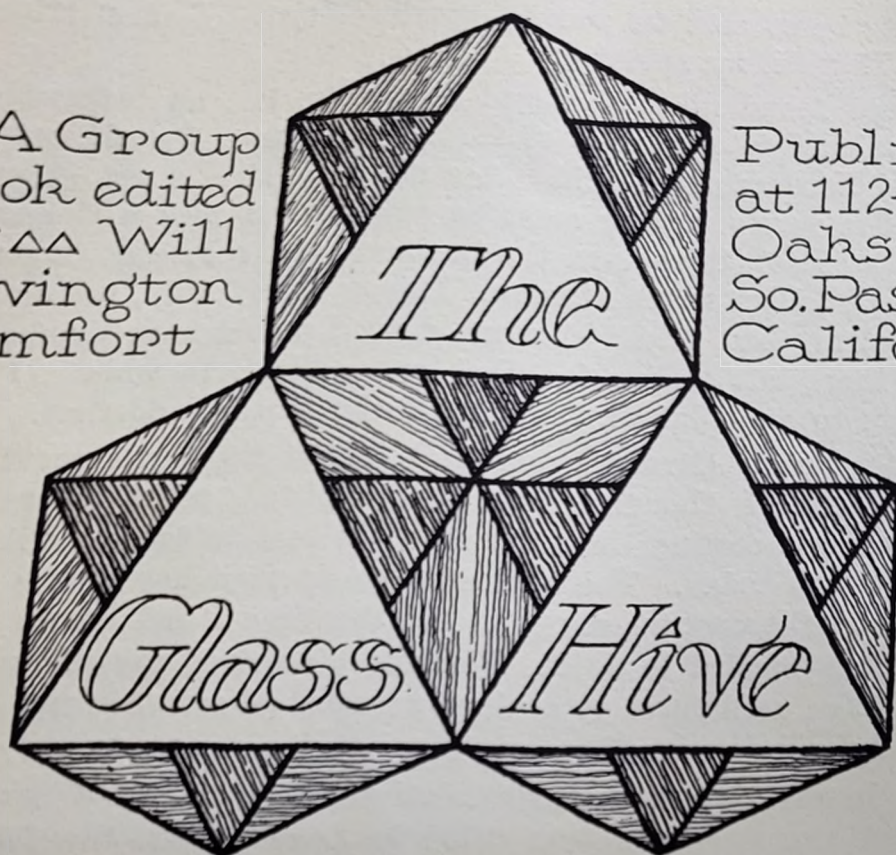


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The overlapping time. Some people smell the dawn while it is yet dark; others wait for sunlight in their eyes to wake them up. Some say the old world came to an end in 1914; some say it merely began to come to an end then; that there is to be a ten years' armistice, then another War of swifter and more calamitous processes of breaking down. There is a further mixing of prophetic voices in Europe and even in America, announcing the disasters that precede the end of the world in the next five, ten or fifty years, but to a few others the damned thing is already on. . . . Some people dine when they are hungry and some others dine by the clock. Quite natural for the latter to say that not for centuries yet will the Aquarian age be on in full sweep, but for those who can sense it, the new Breath is already in the air.

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S STORY

An ordinary youth, possessing decent abilities and big ideals, though lazy, I was caught in the maelstrom of the Great War at twenty-four, a qualified architect who had made no great showing in life. Throughout that War, I served, a common stretcher bearer on the Western Front, and though learning the nature of Man through suffering, every ideal was wrested from me. Why should the priests of a common God and a common religion—urge on their believers to mass, and maim and kill each other so? And when it was ended, why should the temporal

victor's treaty be so ruthless and unregarding of the common principles of equity? That set me thinking.

War's end found me undamaged physically, but all technical cunning had vanished in the limbo of forgotten things. I could not draw with the old hard acquired skill. A common soldier is not allowed to think, and five year's rusting must be paid for. I took a Government job in the Far East, to re-learn the business, and succeeded in completing millions of dollars worth of work. Happy superficially, yet for several years, had my best friend shot me dead, I would have thanked him. What was there left to live for, that was still worth while? I was a ship drifting to an unknown harbour, disillusioned, rudderless.

Then for purely altruistic reasons I fought the Government on the salary question. I thought their short-sighted policy of employing "cheap" men was costing them too much in real values—as witness the trouble in China today. The advice of cheap men has always cost too much. That fight cost me my job. All the time I had known it would, yet had felt compelled to do it. Perhaps I deceived myself, and it was foolish to have used force to achieve personal aims. Are not one's motives usually rather mixed?

Back in my own country, revelation came to me—I saw the real meaning of the age-worn text "God is Love"; God, the force behind creation, built in all men, the major vibration behind it all. This thing that the priests prated of was but a tinsel god, a thing of fear and propitiation. There was no room for fear, if God was Love. Then came a time of experiment with sundry cults, furious reading, and much discussion. The illusion followed that I was some wonderful person destined to do wonderful things someday. I wrote books, rotten books. The stuff was truth, so far as I could glimpse it, but so expressed that it failed to reach the public sought. Through my thinking, I was brought in touch with wise men of no ordinary degree, who brought me mental delight. Having a rudder now, and knowing where I was going, the world's progress—in the main—was quite clear to me, and I waited three years, to be shown my path

Twelve years lack of contact had made it difficult to regain a professional position in a country impoverished by war, publisher after publisher turning down my books. In public speaking, my ideas appealed to a selected few; I found many minds wandering along an identical path, but very few of those were sane and balanced, to my view. Sometimes I was in the Heavens, sometimes deep below. Meanwhile money dwindled and I was seeking work.

Then came a business course, a very wise one, that made me see myself as I really was, a throbbing mass of conflicting ideas, torn between desire, and a laziness that precluded true attainment. I found myself a person of more than ordinary attainments who through personal indolence and neglect was not making the best use of all that he had brought through. I saw the Heights—the Great Plan—I felt the urge to be the one who would wield the mind of millions, yet I knew

myself to be a quivering fool without enough control even to make my mark in ordinary things.

What lesson have I learned by this very usual progress? Surely it is that it matters little what we do, but only what we are. Man's soul is character, that thing he builds and carries with him, so long as he is separate. The real work that he is doing is probably unconscious, just a beam he lights and feeds with his integrity; a beam that, working like the ultra violet rays, unperceived by senses, can either build or damage the tissues of the mass. Perhaps I do see the workings of the Great Plan—no matter, my function is to go on, doing just the everyday little things as perfectly as possible. I will be swept into another orbit, as soon as I am ready. Meanwhile the training school is no marvelous place of wondrous things, but just life, the daily round, the common task. I must love all things, and seek to harm none—that alone will keep me busy many lives. The inward seeking is the thing, but let it not displace a normal outward function.

All this is dull and unexciting? So only do the trees and flowers grow, yet they function more in accord with natural law than many busy bodies. The illusion "time" like "space," matters not, yet knowing that for fact, is it not far more difficult to work as if one felt that "time" were really there? Desire is the sole incentive, and selflessness the objective. We must not confuse that with unselfishness, that deadly thing. Man is built in the image—imago—reflection—thought—of God. Therefore must he be in part God himself, and knowing that, content himself with the three dimensional plane of his present limitations, to function there perfectly. No money, cult or aspiration, can do more than build his personal character, so far as he's aware, and that personal character is all that he takes with him, a product of experience to pour into the common mould. There are no limits to the things that Man can do, but while in the body of this plane, who is he to judge the merit of his work? There is time for that beyond, after the birth that we call death.

Calm faith, untroubled by the storms of outer life, and perfectness in detail—that is the amount of what I have learned to see. I can ascend into the clouds, but like a pyramid must remain four-square upon my earth, for here we function in the "NOW"—and later when we pass on to wider "NOW'S," if we are ready, we shall see the meaning of it all. If we are not, then back we come, to go over it again. That matters not in Reality, if aspiration's there.

It is true I see but little use in cults, in man-made organizations, yet they serve for now. We are limited, I think, to what our senses tell us, and they are all illusion, till intuition's grown. That is no arbitrary thing. In fact the whole of us are one, and separateness is but a process of limitation—an illusion that serves our function here and now. If we but perfect our spheres, whatever they may be, we work in concert, all unknowing, while lives like leaves go fluttering by. Nature is prodigal of lives, so let us not be too concerned with one.

"I am that I am," the ancient wisdom, character, the unveiling of

the Spirit man. One learns to write by doing pot hooks; let us stick to our pot hooks and not deceive ourselves. Man is not, but always to be born. Finally, is it not the height of presumption to think that we can laugh, and God can not? Humor is the oil that makes the wheels run, else all creation creaks. —L. D. M.

In a most quiet and winsome way in the preceding, our young English co-worker rises to one superb stroke: "I saw the heights, the Great Plan; I felt the urge to be the one to wield the mind of millions, yet I knew myself to be a quivering fool without enough control even to make my mark in ordinary things." That is sheer contact with the Cause plane. Only from that height and in that light can we see the causeless dodderings of all we thought to be so perfect in our long culture as persons. Only after that is it possible for one to be used to wield the mind of millions. It is that realization which makes the true American—the one to whom the pursuits of mysticism and occultism are phoney as a crutch, until he learns to navigate through the tricky shoals of every day life, until he's a man worth knowing in his own house, in his own street. There is another interesting study through L. D. M.'s pages—that of a man most obviously ready for the new Breath, yet who has not yet quite sensed it in the environment where he is still held. The very splendor of human courage is in his acceptance of things as they are, yet the trace of apathy, of soul-deep fatigue. This is characteristic of the finest letters out of England today, and even out of Australia and New Zealand where people have been taught to believe the Dawn will be first to show. "We are happy over your story," was written to L. D. M. "We found ourselves stopping to build day-dreams of your part in the work here during coming days. For you are part of this company, a group that is forming visibly for work down here on the floor of things, at the very bottom, work we have spoken for in the past to do. One of our chief preparations lay in becoming inured to the depths. Oh, yes, it is very important that we have learned to "stay under" a bit. Only be sure that we are not of a cult—not a whit more than you would be. The processes of freedom we have entered upon will become apparent to you and a touch of the Air we have breathed through the recent difficult and distracting summer. You will realize with us that the coming of the Message has amounted to a rod-like correction for us to become the Work itself. This is greeting to you from a group forming in Consciousness that realizes your part. Wherever your part takes form—there or here—we feel that we are ever more vividly with you."

We have not found it possible to inform others at a distance who their group-mates are. A number have written to the effect that they are working alone, or so far only with a son or husband or friend. Rarely we have been able to suggest, but not more than that. Others who know better may be able to put one and two, or even two and two,

together. However, it is possible to tell our experiences in beginning to work in the law of attraction, as we understand it. The little groups so far successful in this immediate environment, have followed lines of least resistance in coming together. A trace of the pattern has already existed in these cases before the definite working knowledge came with the Aquarian work this year. There are four small groups that I think of: Three sisters, three fellow artists, four story workers, three who were born on the same day. In these four groups real beginnings are now apparent. They are at work. Having formed and started in to work and kept on, they have in each case drawn help to them. Sometimes this help has come in the form of another member keying in, but a more important result than that is the actual consciousness in the brain of each unit that work has begun, faint intimations of alignment with the Cause plane, no less.

Therefore we can only say, fall naturally into group work; follow the lines of least resistance, follow the attraction of the heart; look well around you for those whom destiny has placed in your own house or studio or shop. Begin where you are, with what you have. It is the actual setting out that brings help. As you gaze unitedly to the Pattern, you cannot fail to become it. The corrective influences, the weeding out, the superimposing, will take place without any strain or difficulty on your part. When the new Breath brings you a suggestion, it brings you the power to accomplish, to work out the idea in three space. Always realize that it works easily when it works at all, that you as a person or persons, cannot do the work. Realize above all that the first law of group work is the sacrifice of the personality. Not a painful matter as we were taught to use the word sacrifice, but a giving over of the lesser for the greater, an opening of our little tight houses of three space to the upper light and air—the glad immolation of the lower self for the higher. The earliest contact with Consciousness will show you that you are on your way, more than that, will show you the next step.

It seems hard for some to realize the great opportunity that was presented through the silence of the summer. To be swept into the new vibration through a merely personal response means grief; to refuse to be swept in from a personal standpoint means the same. The silence of past weeks presented an opportunity for each one to inquire into the Self. The terms of the Message have not changed. Only the Ego can answer this vibration. There will doubtless be other calls, a second, a third, many towards the end, an incessant sounding of alarm perhaps, but the first call is still reverberating; with that we have still to do. If you were not conscious of a profounder than personal answer to the first call, discussions with others will not help. Letters and instruction regarding group formation will not help. The back and forth processes of the lower mind only add to the confusion. Nothing will help you in fact but silence, the deeper and deeper turning of the lower mind to the

Self, until through hours each day there is a constant inquiry. This is an early form of meditation and according to the sincerity of the effort the answer will be clear. You need never be afraid of black magic from one who urges you to inquire of the Self. Group work is not really possible until each unit of the group has formed the habit not only of inquiring unto the Self as a last resort, but as the first as well, a constantly increasing inner attention inculcated There is a tendency on the part of some to say "I will watch and wait," or "I will see what A. does first," or "Now that B. is already in, I will watch what becomes of him, before I decide." Canny, but discipleship is constituted of contact with the Cause Plane, and canniness belongs to lower traffics. A hot surge of self-commendation upon discovering A or B in deep water would be the next psychological process. Contacts with the Cause Plane show up all such worldly wisdom. Between the personality and Causal Consciousness lies an abyss. It is only when this abyss begins to be bridged that we receive the first flashes of the insignificance of all that has gone before. Real work in discipleship cannot be said to begin until one sees the world and all the activities of lower mind as a realm of shattered images.

This is a new work. The negative virtues of acquiescence have served their part in the preparation of the personality. This personality is formed of all our former sweepings back and forth from yes to no. Upon this pile of sweepings we stand at last, convinced of our insufficiency and ardently dilating toward a new Breath. Standing thus, we realize that we have reached a time in which to be swept into another person's current is treason to the purpose. We may be said to stand, in fact, upon the upmost node of personality seeking alignment with the lower node of the next plane. In this attitude, the three-ply lower self becomes a triangle, point upward, consciously awaiting contact with the triangle of the Spiritual self. In such contact one senses the new Breath, one touches the consciousness of Brotherhood as a living reality and makes the inevitable response to the new Work. For that moment we are supermen, but sadly it happens that we do not remain so. It seems our destiny many times to fall back captive to the lower mind, but the lower mind must retain a memory if nothing more, of the great moment and build itself into a node to receive the next. This is the Path. Its stations are formed of Contacts, until one arrives and contact is sustained.

If the Theosophists fifty years ago had really opened the treasure packs of H. P. B., the world today would be more of a peach orchard and less of a slaughter pen. But that was an age of talking, not of actual

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performance. Now the time has come for a new chance. Take for instance the one injunction that we must rise to the realm wherein Brotherhood is a living fact. Have you ever stopped to consider that one must actually enter the realm of Brotherhood to know the Brothers? This means that we must break jail from lower mind, must escape through the skylight so to speak, into the next plane of consciousness. Considering this, we are actually in working knowledge. The Goal nears when one realizes that he must rise into a full principled comprehension of that realm to know the Brothers in full. At best heretofore we have only known half-Brothers, part Brothers. It was all we could see through our twists and squints. Straightening these out, giving ourselves gamely to be straightened, we shall presently find ourselves on the level with Four-square men. Recall the Message: "If any man approach us (the Brothers) by this our way, on this way especially, we will go to meet him."

On the first day of August, writes Luke, I took me a little boat and rowed away from the Fleet right out to the open sea. I rowed until the horizon was a circle of which I was the center. The Sun in the water slid every way into crazy phantasmagoria, until I could not bear to look at it, and shut my eyes. The Sun went down and I was in the center of the Night. My body, burdened with the past, slewed and slumped and failed me. I was alone The long night, but God's accomplishment was freshly at hand. I saw the sun rise into the sky. I knew again the Light of Eternal Purpose.

I know.

I know that the wavering reflection of the Sun in the Water is not real. I know that Foundation Work is not being built upwards from the ageing Earth or the unstable Ocean. It is being rayed downwards. I know that I am this Work and that I am to bring it out of Eternal Purpose into the welter of disorderliness which is at once myself and my world—and establish it there. I work from the Center outwards, not inwards towards the Center.

I know that no personality has anything whatever to do with this Work. I know that all the works and activities of personalities are but the wavering of the Sun in Water and have no existence. I may again be defeated and desolate and alone, but I will remember that in my hour of uttermost desolation, my integrity was established at the Center Do you remember what Pompey said, before his last battle—ringed with spears, his last hope gone? "There are two Romes, Metellus; one built of bricks by hodsmen. But the Rome we serve glimmers in the uplifted heart. Let us not shame that City."

ONE LEARNS TO WEAVE. In the beginning, from one or another, it was said "Why don't you weave?" "I should think you'd make a good weaver, you have the patience." That last word was a key. If left to my own initiative, probably I should never have undertaken it, though the desire had been forming within to make good in an earning way, to let no work slip by that was really mine. So when it came, and with ease, teaching and teachers ready, a loom hand-built for my own, time open and a place in the air and sun and quiet in which to work—what else could I do but go forward? . . . The very naming of the loom was at once a ceremony; there was also an unfailing gleam in finding the words "Heart of the Loom" printed inside the shuttle-tools.

They said weaving was easy, that anyone could learn, but that it took something back of that to really make a good weaver. This is what one never knows of himself in any work till he begins to try; then little by little the curtains lift and he senses a meaning back of the thing he is doing in time and space. It wasn't so hard getting the hang of the thing, though several days went to the delicate flexibility yet firmness of wrist required to send the shuttle through without slip—many plunges to the floor, with insufferable clatter.

I am at the veriest beginning—of color, design, space and visualization of a thing as a whole. Yet daring to face a thing as though one has always done it, pulling in technique on the run, is an Aquarian prerogative of this swift new day . . . I think of it as the Great Loom before me, threads of the Pattern appearing only as I begin to work, with what I have and where I am. Step by step the form appears, many mistakes or inadequacies, but always a new chance. It begins with patience . . . Years ago they used to laugh at me for spending hours picking knots out of a balled-up piece of string rather than cut it in two. One who loves the doing of a task will go back inch by inch to recover his dropped stitch in order not to mar the beauty of the whole; yet Discrimination is needed not to be fussy when a few snips of the shears are best . . . Gradually rhythm—pulse of the Heart. When hand and foot and eye are working together, then one has slipped into an ease that is close to the Thoughtform Itself.

One learns to make each throw across as though afterwards every thread would be scanned, to use as much love and care as though the Adored, not a possibly indifferent neighbor were to wear the garment. Who is the Adored? One faces the Pattern, to know. The Task, the archetypes are there; for each, the particular work he has done and can do. Weaving doesn't seem new—I have doubtless woven before—a love growing for it now that is only possible when one is detached from the thing he loves. A time came when work was forced to stop—the loom empty and dusty and idle long enough to have caused doubt in anyone's heart. Yet it proved a time of being never more sure that warp, woof and structure itself were deeply entrenched—part of the very fiber of being. It would wait. It is endless . . . and it is just beginning.

B. E. W.

ONE TOUCHES THE SECRET OF TENNIS. In silence, I asked of my Self: Why do we play?

Here are several of a group who are playing tennis with a purpose, steadily through the years. Why do we play? I have felt the urge to go deeper, not only to find that particular answer, but to go deeper into tennis myself, straight to the core of it, the inner fire of it. For tennis is one of the arts. And I believe its inner workings are a great romance. So with all games, but let tennis stand just now for them all.

There is a tennis genius, a tennis sentiency, a well-spring of play-power, and—there is mere tennis. The real has a brain, a heart; it is a great glowing archetype, where all Thoughtforms are born. Most of us start with mere tennis. I did. But take away the competitive spirit, ambition, selfconsciousness, pride and glory, enthusiasm, laziness, which go to make up the fabric of tennis as usually played, and one will face a fresh-swept world indeed, with a path stretching out to a new dimension.

So when finally the inner Quest called me, tennis changed along with every other part of my life. My soaring star fell from its flickering heaven as the old firm-built skill slipped away. For no one can ride the old psychology into the new world. I was like a new-born babe at rock-bottom. I was preached to, advised—confused. My playing was a mirror of the inward psychological states passed through, and in marvelous, almost mysterious fashion—so intimate is the Plan—there would appear on a morning exactly the partner or opponent who could draw out the unplumbed and unfinished areas of being. No personal motive could possibly have prompted me to stay with the misery of it. Evidently it had become a part of life itself. Some others of the group here were playing on the courts almost daily. I watched them. There was a gleam I caught from that steady playing. I saw it as one of the great arts, that it was inter-linked with the Quest Itself, that it was identified utterly with life. It was attraction that had nothing to do with getting and having for oneself.

Why do we play? At first we think it is to win, or to build up health and strength, or for relaxation. Then we play in order to work better. But there is more to it than that, an immortal reason. We play for its own sake! It is said, we have forgotten how to play. But really there is more—we have forgotten how to work. And play is a clue to what work means. One must enter a Rhythm, to work. Play, and find an opening door to what work is—a precious thing you would die for, yet are paid to do. No question of work being for self; its nature is unendingly identified with others

A job isn't one's work. Men seek jobs and yet within them is the power to heal themselves and their comrades by their own precious work. The New Race will bring the invincible realization that jobs have made us conceive of work as labor for a living. That idea of one's Task is all lop-sided. Play is the other half. But in our true nature, the two are not separate but one. That is the Wholeness, the Youth, which all men seek—selfishly or the reverse. Think of the great impelling at-

tractive force drawing men to seek their own special task, arousing their own creative faculty As we actually work for others—doing rather than telling—a reflex action is going on—the unit approaches his own Expression; for it is needed, he finds, for his group and those around him everywhere. What is all work for humanity, except that each may come into his true being, become his true power? How far out we came, to forget! Why, we'd rather do our Work than anything else conceivable, because it is Life—life creative, not productive, unitive not separative, freedom, not bondage. When work and play balance, there is the creative fire, the Self. Again play shows us things that our work does not. Play whispers of rhythm again and again, till we hear and take it into us for keeps. It is a divine thing, and games here are a remnant of that divine play which has come drifting down to us in the words "the sport of the Gods." The laugh of our play shall come into our work. Imagine this exquisite humor, a part of everything we do, part of its very nature. It is to be so, for all men. E. B. W.

ONE PLAYS WITH THE DEVAS OF PAINT—The struggle for technique! I sat down, with all my knowledge rendered to the Self's power, to paint. Water colors, interpreters-to-be of the astral world. Earth and water elementals mingled their beings, flowed from the brush-point across a circle on the drawing-board smoothly, delicately—rose, blue, yellow clouding together. Presently something happened. Small orange entities, too submerged, perhaps, too closely pressed by blue and green, announced the fact muddily—texture and tone irrevocably disappearing in the flood Process of regretful repair Better now, but the archetype seven heavens away. Yet I had seemed to see it more clearly through the mud, every blunder like a crack through which I glimpse the true Two heavens higher, with quite a universe of color singing on the board. There is much love in and around when it's going like this Something has happened again,—a whole hierarchy of color-beings, this time, rebelling against my selection and blending of their essences. They obeyed my hand, but their song stops; they spread themselves thickly over my sketch, a somber mantle of dinginess Nothing to do now but wash it all off, sit down and plumb back to the primal cause of failure—the mental picture shining out clear again now that its dense form is wiped away. "Lack of technical knowledge" would be a very neat answer; it heals bruises, but the unshammed reason was that there wasn't love enough at the beginning—not fiery enough seeing, nor burning urge. Entities of earth, air, fire and water swing into the spiralling love of an idea; such burning in my brush-point would have drawn all to serve, no time for mal-adjustments with each other, only to spread forth swiftly the lines and colors of attraction..

In the interval of absorbing this realization I went to the galleries, as always with held breath, expecting "Zinnias"—a whole fish-bowl full of them "The Curling Wave." Compositions and colors unassailable. Marvelous technique—ten years, thirty, of driving im-

pulse, pain—a lifetime of heart's blood congealed at last into: "Steeple on Sunday." The perfected futility of it all! Here and there on the walls a yearning for abstraction breaking out in allegory or an esoteric eye peering out of rosy fog I thought of the great plane of forces and mysteries still waiting to be reflected in color and line—acres of canvasses and papers white for the impress of Thoughtforms Not, as here, over and over forever their fleetingly beautiful effects and impressions on the world of change, but the Facts of Beauty Themselves; not the reflective play of light, but Light at the core.

Here I stopped, in sudden perception of my own working place, seeing it like a small ensconcement by the great sea edge. A little pool there in the rock, my effort being to see and put down clearly for a child's eye the flowing line of its seaweeds, the irridescence of its shells, in the rhythmic pattern of what they really are. Unfadingly, back of all, the image of my future studio up the Slope a way, higher in fact, where eagles fly between the easel-legs and colors shape out of a white light not yet drawn into human images. No date of occupancy stamped in gold leaf, yet the idea is to work as if I were due to tread that high-space gravel tomorrow, as if I looked down now from the top straight through three planes at seaweed and shell, and so revealed their minute rhythm together that both clam-digger and seer would say, "It's true."

—E. C. W.

NO

There is always a first time when the word No flames high in the consciousness and changes all. Chins are set and spines straightened to the potent rhythm of that word. It is the point in the circle again, the rod, the essential positive to the great negative—Yes One cannot positively say Yes until one has learned to say No. One may say it, of course, but the word has no weight, no background, because it is incomplete. The "yes-men" of the world are accepted as a matter of course, the flavorless starches, "the fillers" of the feast. One grows fat but remains unnourished—on such a diet. Yet the whole world thrills when one who has been a mental serf rises on his two pins and shouts "No!" to man and life in general.

Each one of us has his particular No to deal with, his particular weakness upon which the lash must be laid. Perhaps it is a weakness for one's own blood—a matter of ties that bind, of psychic navel cords still uncut. We cannot say No to him, because he is our brother or our father or our child. The man or woman in such a condition may seem the epitome of unselfishness, yet in reality he is a slave to the undone in himself. Inevitably he is a shelterer of weaknesses in others as well, his wings spread protectingly over matters of dampness and dark that the sunlight would banish from the earth. Hoverers over ugliness who cannot rise to the No—like the mother who gazes despairingly down upon her tyrant child stamping his feet in the destroying rage which she has unwittingly fostered within him. Incidentally No is

the key to the emancipation of Woman. Up out of the temples and walled gardens, seraglios and slave-marts of the past, she has risen to her first great No. Not that she knows when or how to use the unfamiliar word as yet—but she has learned to say it and discrimination will follow.

We evolve through infinite yesses into No, through infinite slaveries into revolt—and revolution is always a step out toward freedom. No is the beginning of human resistance; human resistance builds character, and character we are told, is the only safe vehicle for spiritual force No might be said to be the second step in human individualization, the first being the emergence from the animal group; likewise it is the point of departure from blind acceptance into discrimination and we all know that it is only as super-individuals, functioning in true discrimination, that we will be useful in the larger order of group activity which is the forerunner of Brotherhood Itself. Hence No is a word to conjure with and to love.

J. L. C.

FROM THE FORTH-COMING BOOKLET ON BROTHERHOOD A NEW IMPERSONAL VIBRATION

To you I say the days of seeking and getting for self are past—never to return. No more studying to attain powers will I allow. The training period I allotted for such purpose is over. If you but know it, you brought all the “powers” you seek along with you. And I have been trying to teach you in the school of life’s experiences and under those I appointed for your discipline and training, that when you are ready to use these powers—which in reality are not yours but Mine—no longer for selfish purposes, but wholly in My Service, I will uncover them to your consciousness and direct you perfectly in their use.

While all calls are My Call, each with its separate appeal, yet each are but leading you on to a realization that all outer things that appeal, all call of ambition, of riches, of leadership, of power, of human love, yea even of Spiritual attainment, are but the allurements of the separate self, that I use to build Me a strong personality in you, with its power of concentration and ability to accomplish; an instrument I thus develop and prepare for use in the fulfillment of My plan and purpose. When all is ready, one by one I take from you all outer things that still allure, until there is left nothing, and no one you can look or turn to but Me—and you have learned to want and to know Me as the one and only thing, and the perfect serving of Me becomes the sole concern and ambition of your life—it is then only I can send you the Great Call, and you can hear it in your heart, which now has been opened wide for My use alone, and has been cleansed of all desires of self.

To all such of you, and because there are many who in the past I have so prepared, and who have responded, and who now are working as one with Me, I send the Call to join the great Brotherhood of Servers; and those who hear and who know My Voice and who gladly have learned to heed it, I am opening their eyes and permitting them a Vision of

My Plan and of My Purpose for the New Age you are now entering, and am enabling them to comprehend the true and glorious meaning of Brotherhood, that Brotherhood I intend soon to bring forth from the Kingdom within, into actual manifestation in man's midst.

Those teachers and leaders who are so engrossed in what they consider their own Work, as well as those who cannot and will not yield to the call of their Higher Self, will find that one by one their followers will fall away, for many of them have like-wise heard My Call to Service and no claims of loyalty to a personal leader or movement can long hold them with My Voice calling in their hearts.

Those who do not wish to acknowledge any leader other than their Higher Self and therefore fear to join others in Service in outer organizations, thinking such cannot be impersonally or spiritually directed by any human personality—know that you are indeed striving to obey the voice of your Soul, but ignorantly; for your Soul will never require you to acknowledge or obey any leader who would ask you to do anything to which your Higher Self would not assent. Any such command or requirement of such a leader would immediately absolve you from allegiance in any organization.

Try, my children, to realize Brotherhood is a REALITY, that it is not merely what ordinary minds think is only an ideal. For a real and very potent and actual Brotherhood exists, as many are having proven to them these days, those who have felt My Love in their hearts but are following Its leadings, which in very truth is My Voice speaking, the the Voice of My Spirit—the Christ—abiding in the hearts of all men.

All who are manifesting in physical bodies today are not here by accident or because of some whim of fate, but are here either because they chose to be here at this particular time, to help their Brothers prepare for the ushering in of the New Day, having dedicated themselves to that Service ages ago in a past life, or because I brought them here for the special purpose of giving them the opportunity of redeeming through present service the errors of the past—the long past. To all men this present time is the chance of adjustment, not of one life, but of many—the accountings of an Age, if they will listen to and hear My Voice speaking in their hearts, and will seek only to serve Me.

Therefore, Beloved, turn within where I abide and try earnestly to hear and know My Voice speaking in your heart. Turn from the voices of self whose mouthpiece is the intellect, and who would bind you longer to the world of the senses by their false reports. Think earnestly and well, for you have at this time the opportunity of many many lives. Serve Me hence-forth in your brothers, espouse with a whole heart the Cause of Him Who is to come. Stand shoulder to shoulder with your fellows who have enlisted and are training for the Great Battle for Righteousness, and I promise you will have the supreme joy and privilege of meeting and communing with Him face to face, and of seeing Him rule in a purified and regenerated world.

Through The Glass

Listen, also writes Luke, last week I had a session with the Champion Typewriter of the World. He showed me how most typists fail to achieve rhythm. It was one-two. One-two-three. Rat. Tat at at atat. Tat TAT. Then He started. When he had speeded up to thirteen strokes per second, his machine began to hum. I saw how it had been with me and romance: One-two. One-two. Then a splurge: Rat at at at at at at—and a flop. But now we must key to rhythm, then up and up until individual vibration is lost in Group Tone. Of course it is. Why the hell weren't we onto it before? Funny, isn't it. So simple. So just. So right. So sure. So joyous.

T. L. writes from the thick of it: For my work is deadening, inasmuch as daily and for years, I have been matching wits with successive generations of crooks whose graft and greed have now come near to overwhelming both our city and state. For Governor, Mayor, County Board, City Council, State's Attorney and Attorney General are leagued and interlocked together in a reign of evil so sinister as to surpass belief.

TO K. G.—It's doubtless best for you to rein in on your plunging soul and sit it out there for once, until the end. I think you need only do that once to reach a somewhat different view of things. You have plenty of courage, but you have breathed Freedom more than most and at a certain moment in the progress of each experience you plunge into your native habitat of Freedom, possibly before the tempering ordeal is quite finished. No preaching about this—I am merely thinking it out myself. I never cease to feel the value of your experiences as a woman who has met many doers among men. They (the experiences) will be velvet for the group when you can rise in their midst and command them, not be swept back and forth in their torrential memories, which ever seek their new cycles of activity.

In the Piscean age God within us let us use Him and think we were doing it personally; in the Aquarian age we must let Him use us—and Know it. M. V. A. One can't shanghai the Ego for personal service Art is good business, reads a modern ad Go in before you go out The tendency of New Thought is to help its votaries to establish their I Am in the lower mind. Through repeated affirmations, they lock It there, so that nothing short of an earthquake can jar it loose. A man locked in the crystals of bigotry is as helpless as a fly in amber. The necessity for cataclysm becomes clear almost as a law

M. A. G.

TO T. J. L.—Your letter was an event to me because it opens a chance for us to work together. There is not a thought in my head to give you spiritual advice. I like to work with men when it is possible—with men who are doing their stuff in the world. Occult knowledge slips into such a one, as he needs it. The pursuit of occult knowledge for itself seems less important just now than the power to cope with outer affairs and still not be caught in them. When the Brother XII asked how he should know his helpers, he reports to have been told: "Look for those who are already doing the work." . . . Think of us as a group setting out in the beginnings of working knowledge, entering the consciousness at last of the art of service. We will think of you as doing the same—as belonging to us in the sense that you are headed for the same goal. These interweaving thoughts will of themselves form a magic pattern. Two groups looking toward the same point inevitably become one. Meanwhile we will gradually send you our things and will be glad to hear from you as often as you will. Give us a paragraph now and then from the real inside of your work. As you read in almost every issue, we do not want articles about subjects. We want the word from those who are doing—the word of those who are becoming their work, not professors of it So this forms a link, a conscious opening that eagerly takes you in.

TO V. R.—You cannot fail to receive help from such an appeal. The fact that it comes to me is only an incident. You are really appealing to your Self. And yet I do know something of the day you are passing through and for that reason may be the means of helping you a little. I find in your letter twice underlined: "Yet I must be free." That is a real challenge; that is a real rising to ask. There was not in your recent letters the power to ask for help that you have shown in this. You seem to have reached the time in which you realize that bondage to any human being is a sort of treason to the Self. It is not that love for another ends, it really only begins, in fact; but all experience just now is leading you to the point of making a whole-hearted attempt to reach the consciousness of the real lover, the soul of you. Desire for one and bondage to one surely renders such effort fruitless. We are the last to make light of human attachments, for our particular road to freedom lies through them, but I can assure you that they are not the final quest. In gaining the power to ask, the end of them is near and a real workman in the larger dimension is coming to be. Our work here is for you. Rest in it all you will.

About changing old methods for new: I wondered how and where I was to take off into the Air, since I found myself working on in fishy fashion day after day. After seeking without avail along the old thought grooves of my brain the story of the automobile came to mind. I remembered that when the auto first came out, the designers grafted a carriage body onto it because it was the best they had to offer in the way of body styles. It was hard for them to get away from the old, accepted contours, the high back, lanky wheels, straight flat fenders.

They dubbed it a "horseless carriage"; and even stuck the motor under the seat in their efforts to make it conform to the appearance of a buggy. As if the centuries of carriage-making had exhausted all possibilities in design. Little they dreamed, save, perhaps for a far-sighted one here and there, that the ultimate in buggies would not do for the automobile which is destined to develop beauties of line after its own inimitable pattern. So, for the new methods—they shall develop for me as fast as I cease looking to the old. I have to be patient; above all to remain open.

R. J. E.

I recall the statement that later on children will learn as much in six months as now they do in six years. That day will be inaugurated at least by quickening the faculties of children to rhythm. I made a very definite beginning last year in the schoolroom—with a phonograph. The children themselves practically did the rest. I had two girls come into my school the first of the year, and one day I saw the older one with a group of her mates, going through rhythms on the school grounds. From that time on, along with our regular physical exercise for which the school law provides, the older children directed and exercised themselves to music, a thing they'd never been permitted to do before. Work that should under ordinary conditions have taken them nine months was completed in seven. A beginning. I learned definitely that children with the best bodies have the best rhythm. Professor Gantvoort of the U. C. L. A. makes the statement that at kindergarten age practically every child has rhythm and that at eight years old many of them don't have it any more, because something has been done to them! It is that something that gets done to them that we want to obviate in education.

Edith Brandeis.

How much of my wanderings would interest you? writes Clifton Joseph Furness, who sat at the feet of Rudolph Steiner toward the end. I suppose for the father, the chief tidings of concern about a prodigal are: He has returned with a contrite heart, and with a face set toward the future in the land of his birthright. Europe seems more than ever to have settled into a blind alley, and my contact with Italy makes me realize more than ever that the folly of past German militarism has not opened the eyes of her sister nations to the danger of treading the same path toward destruction. The past glory of Giotto, Raphael, and the many others whose light still illumines the path of the spirit like tapers in the catacombs of the past, is entirely overshadowed and almost forgotten in the mad race toward national aggrandizement, which is visibly preparing the way for national suicide. Of more direct spiritual import is the life of the East, which slumbers, but not quiescent as in the past, at the gates of Hercules! The bit of Arabian life and thought which I had opportunity to contact have made me understand the whole fundamental trend of modern thought toward the Orient. Now the Public Square will have a new meaning for me. I have sat under the desert stars and heard the Arab's heart reveal itself on all phases of life, art, politics, religion. I have seen the moon rise in the Sahara, and felt the

nearness of the dark Devas of Africa, as they whispered secrets of past Initiations. I have sweltered in the maelstrom of Sicilian and Southern Italian psychic decadence, and . . . there's no place like home!

We've long heard: "Use, Demand, Take." Using comes first. We're increasingly impressed with the fact that the Law begins to work as we begin to work with it—that as we do, step by step, with what we have and where we are, the next thing appears. We shall not long require others to tell us what we need, or what the goal, or what we must do, as we set out on the job. The Law then becomes active and operative. Merely to gather in a group, motive and purpose held to the Light, sets it in motion. We find old methods, old discussions, wearisome; that they will not do—the need appears, for light to work with and Direction in its use. Following the need, comes the demand—and with calm and confidence, which is to "take," we find ourselves actually launched on the task of forging upward and through to that plane of causes from which alone can come our answer: Consciousness. "The next step is the attaining of Consciousness."

B. E. W.

TO E. B. ABOUT THE STORY. I felt in your letter a really full-formed demand to know the answer. When you can make that with the phases of your personal self aligned—it constitutes a demand which cannot fail to be filled. Before that time you cannot really receive the answer from within or without, even though it should happen to be quite clear to another In the Three Truths you will read that between knowledge about a thing and knowledge of it, a great gulf is fixed. In all your experiences of living with life, you have been stalking so far, moving around for a shot at it, so to speak. You have merely been learning about it. You have learned about so many things that they clash together in your brain. Going out to get materials is only preliminary. The real worker rather must go in and get the Story contact which uses the materials. With us the Story itself has its realm on the Cause Plane, like any invention or fine work of the arts. There must now arise in your brain that self which can order and classify and synthesize. That Self is the creative agent, the artist, the Story man. It has the power to send a ray into an object, even to become that object for the time. This is what you ask—to be of the thing you wish to deal with. So far you have merely written about things In Letters 118, 119, 120, 121, I undertook to explain the new thing which the idea of the Glass Hive embodies. It has since become much clearer so that a sentence can contain it: We seek to write of the thing, rather than about it. That is why we are not interested in verse which almost without exception thwarts the force in playing to a form. And that is why we have no use for articles because articles are invariably about a subject But you cannot lose, since you are learning to demand.

"THEY WALK WITH MEN IN SAMADHI."

. . . . until the descent began into the verdure and light. The contrast of the two sides of the Shushumna Range commanded all attention after that—tinted hazes of flowing light below. Through deep cathedral shade they followed a game trail that led through pleasant places, always silenter. Could this be the Grove of Ten Thousand Years, Gobind had told them about?

Mighty deodars, far apart at the base, canopied above, a half-foot layer of needles on the slope. At times deer walked in the gold and brown shadows parallel with them—strolling wide-eyed, struck with enchantment. A green-winged humming-bird poised over the flaming throat of a flower, momentous transaction. Merlin strode forward in silence, a smile, but rarely a word on his lips. Leading the camels, they followed an easy down-slope that skirted a rock stream-bed. All Tod had ever known of the call of adventure and exploration was sublimated in the thrill of these moments, in the strange pouring glory of afternoon sunlight, in the flash and song of the waters tumbling down into Samadhi.

"Do you suppose they've been keeping up this show all these ages—until we came to check up on it?" he panted at last.

Just then they saw the small terrier freeze at the rim of a waterfall, where two great rocks rose on either side. They bent forward to see the huge gleaming back of an elephant-mother, to her shoulders in sparkling water, a calf at her side. One of the nobility like Drona, rocking and swaying in the checkered sunlight on the pool, the perfume of ferns ascending. The surface of the water was strewn with lilies and the bright air above alive with butterflies. Tod lay upon the ledge while Merlin came up with his camera. The great mother-thing turned, moved without haste between them and her calf, then presently withdrew. Merlin—his face memorably lit—whispered exultantly at last: "I've got it—I know now what the essence of all this charm is! It's the sense of Invisible Companions!"

Tod knew exactly what he meant at that time, but after the elation subsided could not remember. Toward evening in a sort of mellow hush, all seeming more and more natural, they approached the village and heard the singing of women returning from the fields—the people coming forth to meet them. They remembered the honey-laden air of Samadhi.—(From the W.L.C. novel Samadhi now ready. See book pages.)

Samadhi.—(From the W. L. C. novel Samadhi. Publication advanced, now being delivered. Price \$2.50, not \$2.00, as stated in September. See opposite page.)

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