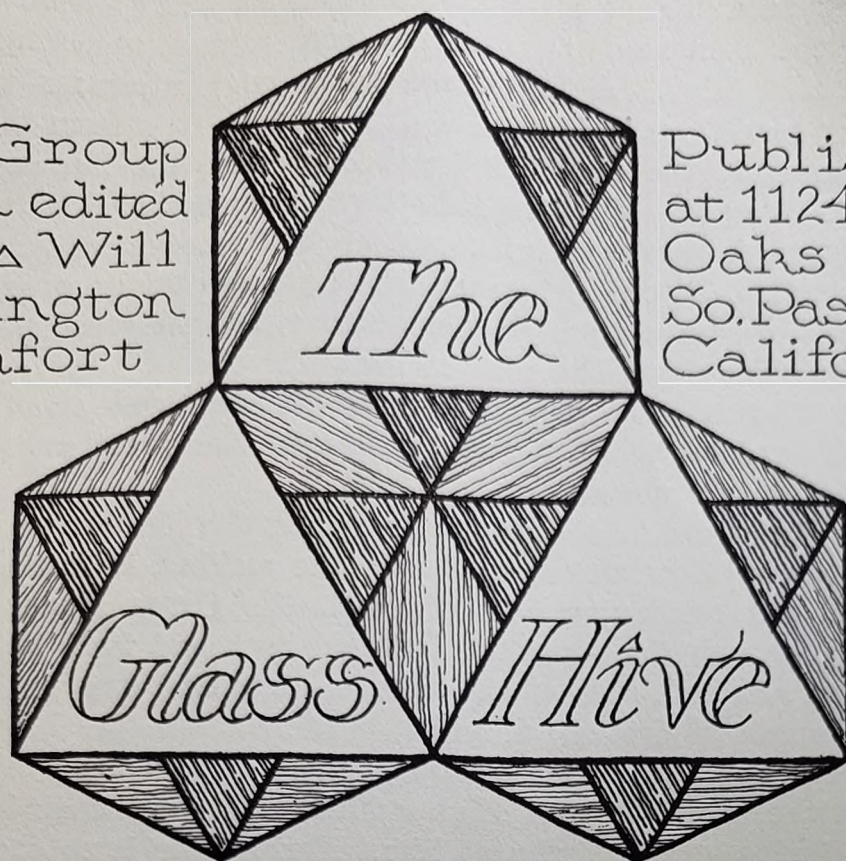


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There is a passage to be traversed, a door to be entered—the symbols and similes are endless for we are getting at it from three-space, the realm of shattered images. Some speak of it as an abyss to be spanned, a ridge to be tunnelled, others as a web to be perforated, as a funnel to be erected, or a channel to be forced. But all are concerned with the same thing—establishing of contact between the realms of Higher and lower mind. The first is the realm of the Brothers, the World-Men; the second is the realm of the enemies, the worldly men. When these two are in contact, the lower aligned to the higher at last—magic-making in life is the result. In the present issue of the Glass Hive, a purpose steadily unfolded, presented, confronted, as the group materials came in and fashioned themselves. This purpose concerns the establishing of contact between Higher and lower mind, which each must make, to hear his name spoken and his work designated.

If you can picture a great tapestry lifted high above earth shadow, workers of heroic dimension weaving in the sun; and below a plane where a race of creatures rush about seizing, snatching each thread or cutting dropped by the weavers above, crying over each poor raveling: "This is a tapestry! This is a rug!"—an interesting contrast between Higher and lower mind is afforded

Contact with higher Mind is described as being breath-taking in the sense the personality receives of cool, serene, unerring rhythm. No haste. No delay. A Big Game going on Upstairs; a process of magic being carried on, nothing else at the time. It is from this smooth flow of Mind that the ravelings break down into the human realm in the form of thoughts—scattered, shattered human thoughts, yet out of these are formed the great moments of history, the achievements in science, invention, letters. The men who have written or wrought these tiny glimpses or contacts one way or another, are the great men of past and present. These are the contact men, the chelas. Above them are the Master Workers, the men who have attained, who stand Weaving above earth shadow; below them is spread out the great sad multitude, the exploited, the deranged.

As the chelas are on the way to becoming the Masters, so each unit of the multitude below, unless spoiled in the making, is destined to rise to his first and continuing contacts with the Cause Plane. Each is working up through the opposites, buffeted back and forth between yes and no, good and bad, success and failure, night and day, until in some moment of great aspiration, of grief or stimulation, the heavens open especially for him. A thought that is his, for him alone has broken down from the serene flow of Higher Mind. It plays upon him like a fiery lash, thrills, exalts, enthuses him. Perhaps he is so excited with the idea of what it all means, that he becomes unendurable to others. Almost invariably on the instant, he slams the upper door and rushes out to "do" his glimpse with personal faculties, believing that what he has seen is all the truth there is or ever can be, and that it is forever his own private concern. These aberrations are allowed for. It is said that in the life where a human being makes his first egoic contact, he is pulled badly askew by it. In any case, he inevitably frustrates the Idea, losing all but a fragment of the truth in making it conform to the dreary technique of his human training. Even so, the world uses what it can of his work and looks up to the "Genius" usually after he has passed But the contacts come again and again. The human mind so ignited, learns to look and listen for their coming, until there is nothing else left to live for, until he consciously goes forth in meditation to seek them again and again. At length, after a glimpse, he struggles not to close the door.

He has found only an intolerable sadness heretofore in trying to finish off his vision with the poor tools of brain and hand. He stands still at last, stays open, refusing to frustrate or derange the pure magic until by realizing and demanding, he is lifted up into the mighty rhythm of Higher Mind, becoming that rhythm in himself So much for the terrible lonely struggles of the contact-men of the past. And now the time has come in which, empowered with the new Breath, those who are called may make a swifter and easier ascent to Consciousness via the Group.

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FROM COSMIC FIRE: As we well know, the main function of meditation is to bring the lower instrument into such a condition of receptivity and vibratory response that the Ego can use it and produce specific results. This involves, therefore, a downflow of force from the upper levels of the mental plane (the habitat of the real Man) and a reciprocal vibration, emanating from man, the Reflection. When these two vibrations are attuned and the inter-play is rhythmic, then the two meditations proceed synchronously, and the work of magic and of creation can proceed unimpeded.

We have come into a better understanding of the term Ancient Wisdom. It is not ancient in the sense of being altogether of the past, for it is said to have been given to this humanity for the entire root race, and only in the later cycles will it be operative in its majestic wholeness. However, there are said to be many past branches and subdivisions of humanity that have worked with higher phases of the Ancient Wisdom than we are at the present time, and numerous occultists accordingly are looking back for the restoration of truths from those peak-points of human experience—Hermetic, Kabbalistic, Egyptian, Rosicrucian.

The Secret Doctrine of H. P. B. was designed to restore to the present period as much as could be used of the Good Law as a whole. This work, the Cosmic Fire of Mrs. Bailey's, The Teachings of the Temple and Manly Hall's forthcoming book of The Mysteries, through their particular handlings reopen more folios of the Ancient Wisdom than any of us seem capable of putting into working use. As a group here, we have worked faithfully with some of the above sources, and continue to do so. But there is a peculiarity—and we do not mean to be subtly naive—in that we seem to lack the passion of occultists in general of looking back to some lost golden age. We are vitally interested in working knowledge, in putting knowledge to use in daily life—in making magic consciously with knowledge; but that which is opening to us here, as a group of workers, precludes the possibility of our looking back. On the contrary we feel the call to step out, not a whim, or momentary expression. It has been so persistently attractive—this outward bound call—that we have been forced to recognize a new movement, a new beat of harmonic play in our midst. A facet of racial unfoldment, new to occultism and mysticism, appears to be started—the fulfillment of the prophesied artistic approach to the Spiritual world—the goal to be reached consciously through the spiritualizing of materials, through the holiness of Work on the physical plane. It has to do now, moreover, with Group effort, rather than the solitary struggle of

genius. In the One-hundred and Twenty-fourth Letter (Mar. 1927), we expressed this opening tentatively as follows: "Can you, with me now, see in this, the beginning of a radiating forth of a new aspect from some higher Center? Heretofore we who particularly belonged to this Center, let us say, have been but faintly and separately sparking in the world—only now unitedly beginning to realize our fathering ray. I believe ours is a group of expressionists—that we are to carry forth into conscious utterance an aspect of this Center—not Rulership, not Teaching, not Law Giving—so much as a certain calling irresistible charm; and still we must speak firmly, without tears, or blow-ups or tremblings or sentimentalism. Actionists, adapters, apprentices in magic—working through vibration, response, expression—from the Pattern in four-space to the tangible matters of three. I realize I may be only whacking widely at the point so far."

Coincident with the coming of the Message and the Messenger and through contacts since, there has occurred here a conscious settling on our own treads—with the sense that something has happened for which we have been waiting for ages. We couldn't come into our own until a certain door opened, until our own Breath reached us from higher space. Meanwhile we have been mavericks, moving from one pasture to another, taking, testing, trying, yet unable to find that deep satisfaction which others have known, in the more familiar expositions of wisdom, love and power. It is not expected that the mysterious relationship of the Message to our specific work can instantly be understood. It was a completion of a contact here in three space that amounted to no uncertain call. We supposed at first that our business was to be swept in, but Nay, Nay, sounded on every hand, none more emphatic than the Brother XII's first word to us. In fact every step and crisis of contact with the Aquarian work so far, has resulted in an increase of certainty that we must follow through on our own lines of preparation; and an increase of sentiency that the vibration of a Master Workman hitherto withheld is now kindling the activity of these laboratories.

First it must be realized that this is a Calling work and that the only possible answer is from the Soul. For years through letters and stories we have known such answers, one by one—a mystic formula enunciated invariably: "I have been through the cults I have ceased to join There must be some beauty—" This calling has not stopped—it is of the very nature of the Law we work with. The call is now to become more distinct and far-reaching, the answers less emotional, more intuitive. It is the Coming Age that we call to, and those who are already of it here—it is to the Oncoming Youth to be recognized by his talents—it is to the Stones of the Guardian Wall.

A hint of the nature of this work is to be found in the old guilds and crafts—in those relationships of master and apprentice which entered so surely and safely into the spiritualizing of materials. But now

the Group has changed everything. A new and brighter spiral of that master and apprentice relationship is entered upon. The solo adventure of the young artist in his long and agonizing matching of himself against his world is not the story now to be told—not the story of one agonized face at a garret window, but of several faces simultaneously upturned to the Pattern, a story of calm and confident contemplation by a group And the reason that we do not feel called upon in this work to look back to the glory of past civilizations is that we believe we are of them in the here and now, that the batteries of the Path are dynamically installed within us—limb and heart and brain, carrying us forward automatically. We turn our backs upon the past only to turn for once and for all toward the Father's Face.

. . . . The sound of the Soul's voice speaking these words: Long have you gone your way alone down the road of deafness and blind eyes and pain. You told others the paths they should take long before you thought of following your own. To learn to be unafraid, you feared all things. To learn the great lesson of silence, you talked much. You took to yourself the world's goods, to learn how to give; hated all things to learn how to love; suffered all things to know the secret source of joy The passion is now poured out, the lessons of the opposites now learned; the circle of separateness complete. Before us gleams the Path and this time we set out Together.

Psychology is not a thing to be studied; psychology becomes ours through processes of self-cleansing, self-correction. If our neighbor looks twisted and deformed, it is well for us to take off our spectacles and wipe them first. We have found that we see into the minds and feelings of others, into the hearts and souls of others, exactly to the extent that we are free of fears, wants, glamors, fixed ideas, inhibitions, of the personal life. This is the great cloudland of culture, the fruits of ages, the thing we have been so proud of, this personality, and to enter the realm of Brotherhood—it has to go. We read that far ahead on the Path the time comes when the Causal Body itself has served its purpose, and is destroyed like Solomon's temple. Something of the same on a lesser scale is before us in the present hour, if we would enter the realm of occult psychology, which is magic. The result of our culture of ages as persons is now perceived to be standing in our own light, as clouds between the sun and earth; between the archetypes of the Causal Plane and our direct technical performance. Why, this is the very excellence of our particularity, the thing that makes us stylists in our own realm. Burn this out? Even so, when the purpose is Breathed, when

a glimpse comes of the solid rhythm and splendor of direct contact and true interpretation. It will be seen that pure performance is twisted and diminished in passing through this cloudland of the personality, that the Purpose is diverted into laterals of reminiscence and past experience, that it takes on the color and odor of our own complexes—that dear as these stunts are to the world and to ourselves, as separate persons, they are unpleasant and intolerable to the Workman Unashamed. Psychology becomes ours through processes of self-cleansing, self-correction. Step by step as we clear our own faults, first by self-control and then by transmutation, the scales drop from our eyes. We are permitted to see into the lives of others, into the faces of others, into the very movements of hands and feet, with understanding now, not with scandalous excitement.

Read again the little October paragraph about the Silence of the summer and the opportunity that was afforded. This work is designed to call its own, but it is not calling to followers in the old sense. The Egoic answer does not go it blind. From entering the herd to entering the Group—almost a kingdom lies between. Nothing is more distasteful, nor farther from the thought here, than the idea of establishing a personal leadership. The greatest thing that this work could possibly do for another is to help him to find his own path. In placing you back upon yourselves, repeatedly admonishing you to look to the Self, to stay open, to ponder, to consider deeply each step, you are only being asked to operate in the realm of chelaship, wherein one walks alone through doubts, distresses, and dangers. The group cannot help you through these passages except in silence. In fact, these passages are preparing you for true group work. Our tests come to us when we are the least wary. We are not informed ahead. No explanation is afforded as to why a thing should happen The work we have undertaken seeks to link up with you through your real Self. There is no haste, there is no obligation connected with it. An effective way for you to study what is taking place is to lay out a triangle in your mind, the three points of which are composed of your Higher Self, your personality and this Work. In this way you are apt to find its deep meaning and your own relation to it. Remember Luke's writing in the October number, that the Rome we serve glimmers in the uplifted heart. This is an inner and spiritual transaction. We are not running strong to outward organization. In fact we have not changed on this point since the coming of the Message: "This is a work to be done in the hearts of individuals, rather than through outward forms and organizations. Some degree of organization is necessary; nevertheless, it is a distinctly spiritual work and is not concerned with the affairs of the outer world. The public aspect is the work of the Messenger who will come in or about 1975 and for whom the present work is preparatory. Its immediate purpose is to train and prepare individuals, giving them such help and encouragement as will enable them to attain spiritual enlightenment individually."

A four-year-old, flat on the floor, pieces of picture-puzzle out of their box and scattered about. J-U-N-G-L-E P-U-Z-Z-L-E is the name. Smooth, flat bits of wood, little and big. Each has part of an animal on both its sides—an ear or a paw, stripes or spots. Bewildering lot of queer crooked shapes, supposed to fit together if you do it right. Zebras, lions, giraffes—but what you want to make is the elephant, with the palm leaf over his head. You pick up some pieces and push them together eagerly. Too big. Perhaps this one—too humpy. You try edge after edge, this way and that, upside down—other side up. No. Suddenly, three that fit! Great game, this! Another piece of trunk, a piece of tail. Yes, they go here. But this little black triangle, is it some of his leg, or is it part of a monkey and no elephant at all? How do they expect you to know? It gets to be a matter for tears, this great hole in his back and the blocks all wrong. Perhaps they're lost. What do you care? It's too hard anyway. You jumble them up in a pile and go off to play something easier. Twigs and leaves and stones—you can build anything you want with them Contact in the restless world of broken images.

A ten-year-old on the edge of his movie-seat. Jungle film. You've had breathless glimpses of antelope, pressed into bracken nests, rhinoceros rolling through mud and reeds, flicks of tiger, waves of monkeys pouring through the trees. Now the screen is leafy and dim, high shining grass and strange ropy branches, white little moth-specks drifting over. Then a whole wet shadow turns into a head. Blurry mounds move together, become elephants, a huge startled herd, clear and sharp now, running out of the shadow. You didn't dream they ran like that, hooping their tails, curling their trunks in like tape. Babies bump in and out under the moving tent of stomachs and don't scrape off a wrinkle. Here they are nearer, stiller, ridgy rock-spines, and they go by so softly, not mashing down a flower. Time to watch their trunks, fingering, lifting—why, you didn't know—you wouldn't believe—elephants were like this. Zoos never told it, nor circuses. Sub-titles flash on: THEY WALK WITH MEN THE ELEPHANTS ARE COMING DOWN Contact in the rapt world of Higher Mind, of the Archetypes.

E. C. W.

When students learn to blend the one hundred year cycles of the first type of energy with the equally powerful impulses from the second Ray and the third, we shall then have a cessation of many controversies. No great impulse will come from the Lodge along the line of the first Ray of Will or Power till the close of a century. One such impulse along another line of force came when the discovery of the nature of the atom was arrived at through the study of electricity, and of radio-active substances, and an impulse from the second aspect is imminent.—From Cosmic Fire.

AMONG THE OLD WORLD LOOMS

. . . . The imagery on the first page of the June issue in regard to the Lorriens Tapestry weavers, brings to mind what I glimpsed briefly in watching the Gobelin workers here in Paris. They work, as you are probably aware, from the back of their looms, with the cartoon suspended from the ceiling at least three feet behind them. All they can see of this pattern as they work, is what is reflected in a small mirror, probably four by eight inches, on an adjustable standard in front of them. Also, the only way they have of scrutinizing their work is by peering into that mirror, through the warp on which they are weaving. And a year's work constitutes only a small square of that cartoon. My greatest temptation has always been to become impatient because I cannot see more of the pattern on which I am working; hence the repeated lessons.

Among the old, old tapestries, the Beauvais are considered superior to the Gobelin, and the Aubusson (as you no doubt are aware), still more beautiful and valuable. The latter, I believe, are not now being produced, but I want some day to go out to Beauvais and note the difference in the two weaves. I am told that the Gobelin workers, as they are called, hold themselves quite exclusive, handing their craftsmanship down from father to son or daughter, teaching but few outside their own families. It is considered one of the greatest honors France has to offer, to become one of their workers, and many of them still live in the old, old houses huddled around the plant in which they work. They work at their looms but a few hours a day, spending the rest of their time teaching, drawing or painting.

There is quite an interesting temporary exhibition at the Louvre just now, of rugs from Finland, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Lithuania, Yugo-Slavia and Roumania. I was particularly pleased with those from Finland, the colors and patterns comparing very favorably with the much-prized oriental rugs. Norway and Poland also had interesting things exhibited. Roumania shows mostly old, old tapestries—rather crudely done and not attractive to me. I infer Roumania is not doing much weaving these days. Lack of capital, I believe, to finance industries—and back of that is quite a bit of political intrigue which has come to my attention, along with a few other things since arriving in this center. Finland, on the other hand, seems to be attending strictly to her own affairs and doing things which would indicate that she is at least headed in the right direction. Of course, these may be purely superficial deductions. To refer back to Roumania—I am reminded often of something Brother XII says about the effort to get control of all the resources of the world. Roumania seems to be a victim of just such gigantic endeavor. She needs help in more ways than one . . . I am beginning to see—just a glimmer of light as it were—that I have a place and a part in the plan, and that is what brought me here—not my own selfish desire.

Cora D. Hanson.

RHYTHMS OF OLD CHINA—AND NOW

The greatest art has always been non-objective. This quality distinguishes the painting and sculpture of the great classic period in China, when the artists were scholarly poets, philosophers and priests. They spent hours or days in contemplation and meditation before putting brush to paper. They were not portraying something external to themselves. There are many charming stories of paintings so animated with life that horses galloped out of the pictures, and flowers attracted bees. It is told that a certain artist when a boy, was tied to a post in the temple for some act of disobedience, and drew with his toes in the dust, mice so animated that they came to life, and gnawing at the cords which bound him, set him free.

In all great art one feels this spirit of rhythmic life. A careful imitation of an object, though technically well done, achieves nothing. A camera would have done as well or better. What seem distortions to the layman in the work of a great painter like Cezanne, came about through his absolute necessity to achieve order and unity. One could not change the direction of a single line without destroying this unity, because everything in the organization to the smallest detail, grows out of a central theme to which everything else is in relation. Thus the canvas within the four walls of the frame, becomes a small world, a microcosm reflecting the larger order of the macrocosm.

The artist in attempting to bring the broken segments of perfection all about him into a perfect rhythmic whole, perhaps brings himself into a more perfect relationship with the world about him, and finds that he is not an isolated being but has his place in the big Pattern of Life. There is joy in just setting a palette that always strikes one anew, especially when one has been away from it for awhile. The orderliness of it—the colors in spectrum order, a chromatic scale of beauty and intensity, the possibilities of this keyboard waiting like notes to be combined into strange music if one but has the power. There is always a thrill about starting a new canvas—when the vision is fresh and anything lovely might happen. Then the good workman has order in his tools, so that there will be no fumbling when the instant need comes—for the right color or the right brush.

Mabel Alvarez.

. . . I was thinking today of the application of group unity to the material production of a single artistic concept. Two or three, unified upon one work, each touching the force of the same idea, bringing to the expression of it his own particular values, his inimitable strength or fluency or sensitiveness to color and line, might more easily clear the veils between and approach the beauty of the archetype than one working alone. The sculptors and builders and glass-workers of Rheims and Chartres who embodied agelessly, in such intricate and various ways, the aspiration of their time, saw unitedly—or were inspired by one who saw the Whole. What structures might rise under the hands of New Race artists who understand the creative laws of thought, and the power of group meditation to shape and hold their dream. E. C. W.

BARE FEET UPON THE GROUND

From the midst of years of illness, I used to look out on the world around me, worrying about disorder. At length, much pondering brought a growing conviction that cluttered-up attics, cobwebby barns and the like, were really sick portions of one's own insides—so a broom was the first tool I fitted my hands to when able to work, and I always breathed deeper in seeing order appear. Then something called me out-of-doors....

For a long time I carried my worries with me. Things seemed always over-growing or under-growing; wanted things dying—un-wanted, flourishing. Sharp little twigs that caught at my clothes were like so many prodding pokes into my nervous system. Tangled vines caught at my hair. Tangles were all I saw, with the sense back of all, that I was missing something. Meanwhile, sun lay on the ground, and bare feet soaked it in. Flowers mainly, at first, lured me on. Then large areas of weeds, a sea of green in which I stood lost with the hoe, but never looking at the end till I'd made a beginning on the weeds nearest my feet—and kept going. Finally the Hercules labor of all: the old west lot—chiefly a tangle of roots that the plow would hardly reach, whose depth tunnelled to China, and horizontaled from the front fence to the back—an emptying-the-sea-with-a-bucket sort of job. I had a spade. Back and forth from side to side, foot by foot forward, day by day I worked at it—pulling out every tiniest hair-like thread—planting little by little as space was cleared.

Another year, and the horses and plow—fragrant upturned furrows—running water, a jungle of green; tomatoes and beans off the vine, corn on the cob, and singing in my soul . . . Autumn—sweepings and brush-piles and burning of husks again. Several years of these changing rhythms. I had time to annex another garden on a hill, time to try most of the vegetables known to the catalog world. Growing lettuce was a delicate joy . . . There was ease with all this, and energy expended came pouring back, in a spine more erect and sun caught under the skin. Going barefoot over newly-plowed ground, with the sun warm upon it, has something not to be known till tried. I grew to love gardening, irrespective of results. It didn't matter that one year, due to excessive rains rotting the seed, I had to plant beans nine times before any came up. Each time it was heaven enough just to press the seeds down in the soft dark earth with my thumb, and watch for them all to push up again in a new form. It was the planting itself that mattered, and the magic of new life recurring—the birth of a single bean being an always momentous event. I've known many sowings of corn at sundown, the hovering of rain in the west—and am always as thrilled when the tiny green corn-shoots appear as though it were the very first time. . . . The smell of those early, sweet summer rains on the dust . . .

Later, when other work intervened, a quick little shaft of old worry shot in: "How can I keep up with it all?" One morning, to my wrestling-plot of unruly roots, an old and shabby gentleman came. "Good morning," he said, "Have you any work to do?" "Not today," I replied, "I like to do it myself"—and with a courteous remark on the weather,

he walked away. I saw it that moment, sharp and clear that having reasonably done one's share of cleansing the old earth's crust, one is stepped-up from his rougher labors, and the empty place is filled. I needed help, and held hard in the following days, to have sense enough to see the Plan working if he'd only come back . . . He did . . . I still work with the soil, in the sun, but no dire need in the garden realm is left unanswered now. Off and on, yet steadily, the shabby gentleman turns up.

B. E. W.

FROM THE 98th LETTER, SEPT. 24, 1924: No man or woman, as I see it now, is ready to go in whole-heartedly for the life of devotion and occult training, who is incapable of supporting himself in the world, and of supporting others if called upon. This America is a marvelous training course. I believe the young mystic and occultist (and they are coming to mean one thing) must do well the things of life which the average American is called upon to do. I believe the true Quester must be able to move in any company of people without getting on their nerves, or standing out in any particular way from the rest. We learn first to isolate ourselves from the crowd with cleverness, then to nestle back among the watchers, holding dearer than any applause, the common touch It is no trouble to express myself to you, my own few, so to speak; but for twenty years I have been engaged in an almost daily struggle not to lose touch with the many. When a man tells me my stuff is over his head, I question seriously if it is not my fault; at least I know there are two sides to the matter. It has not been difficult for me to furnish some understanding for intricate matters of occultism and mystic lore; but it has been desperately hard for me to understand the average humanity. I have called it the Great Unwashed; I have run away, but only to be dragged back. Why, the average humanity is not only deck-hand—but passenger, steward, purser, cook. More than that; this is his Ship, his Command, his Planet I've rushed up the windy slopes to God—only to find myself cut off, not only from my kind, but from Him. Laugh, hate, grovel, weep as much as you like—we of the West must stay in the crowd—until we refuse to escape even when the bars are open. In a word, this humanity is our own body. You might just as well be under the average as above it, if you are cut off. But really to be above the average is consciously to include it, and this finally comes to be, through the world's perfect culturing All this, as an urge to the young spiritual aspirant of this day—to master the mad rhythm of the outer world first, to make the world "mind," to establish his place in the world of money and things enough to have these tricky affairs working for him in frictionless service. I have seen "old" occultists and devotees lose their tone entirely by coming into a few dollars. The law has not changed, that I have heard of. There is no escape from this training-table of the world until we can sit pretty. Before we dare to turn inward with utter consecration, we must be automatically efficient in the outer, and that means to be fame-proof, infatuation-proof, gold-proof.

Through The Glass

We hear our neighbor violinist rippling out his notes with fluent ease, and ponder it was not attained by playing one scale a week. We group together on a certain day, bring forth a seed-thought, and brood upon it; we have started to build something, unitedly. Now must it hold over, for another seven days to roll round? Can life ever emerge from a nest of eggs grown cold? A lover sees his beloved; until he can see her again, he counts the days. Can we, anymore, wait so interminably long? This is a question that is beginning to be asked by those who have touched the current of the Work. Clearly, later, once a week will not do.

Consciousness is always open to us. It is our inability to stay in the light of it, that results in broken rhythms here. Consciousness, the Cause plane, is Mind Itself. A little below, it breaks up into thoughts, which we have seized and made off with again and again, thinking they were ours. Now we rise to enter the realm of Mind, to sustain that continuity of Consciousness; no longer to snatch at sparks—to touch the Flame.

“ . . . watching the Gobelin workers here in Paris,” Cora D. Hanson writes in this number. “They work as you are probably aware, from the back of their looms, with the cartoon suspended from the ceiling at least three feet behind them. All they can see of this pattern as they work, is what is reflected in a small mirror—” And now as group workmen we are calling to work with the Pattern before our eyes.

It is curious to realize that the finishing processes of the personality, its full individualization so to say, are intensified in group work, though there are solitary passages for each to make before and after . . . A child learning to write is more intent on letters, than their meaning. In making our self-corrections by personal will, we are all “foreshortened” in them. A man might come with a message of God, but if we suddenly discovered he had not conquered the thing we are so busily conquering now, we could not see his Message over our idea of his faulty technique . . . We work on all the staves of the barrel in turn. Soon we get around to the first stave again and drive in another nail there. It seems the way in which to perfect workmanship. Some may say: “We know all that; you have said it before.” It is the same stave—when you hear it only; but when you are working on the barrel, it's another bright nail If you look carefully to the Self—brushing your hair back from your eyes—you will find what you seek. Meanwhile, your dilemmas are important for your spiritual growth It is “in the air”—these passages which we must make alone, one by one—Lindbergh through the long Atlantic night—the terrible “swimming” passages to Catalina and across the Channel—deeper meanings to all these things breaking through.

When big enough to read and write, yet not quite big enough to put two and two together and make four, I used to see great red-painted boxes along the car-tracks, upon which were printed in white letters, "Bureau of Light and Power." This was a marvel. I used to wonder if that were where they kept the light and power that crackled along the electric wires and sent cars rolling down the tracks. I wanted to see inside. One day, one of the great covers was laid back, and in the box—not disappointing at all, but certainly a mystery—were coils and coils of wire, and many tools. Today, neatly-painted, modern little bureaus of Power and Light (power written first) are wheeled about the streets, the men in charge, prepared to mend broken wires, re-establish connections, and keep the city from the utter dark. Only as two and two unite, in contact, does four appear. B. E. W.

Look to the Invisible Third; consider the triangle as a figure of force. The success of a human love story does not depend upon the ardent looking to each other of a man and woman, but of their united aspiration toward one goal, the third point of the triangle. Two leaders of a cause do not make good by a blind allegiance to each other, but only by a constant turning to the Invisible Third, a daily, almost momentary righting of the self in line with the Source of the movement. A group of three forms a triangle of force for the work we are entering upon. As the personal inequalities are straightened out between the three, a certain delight in each other established, they prepare themselves to become one in a triangle that includes the Master Workman on one hand and their specific Work to be done on the other. Formerly each of us worked alone instead of in groups, but consciously or not, with the same triangle. The man called a genius through a contact with the Higher Self suddenly discovered his work, or a phase of it. In that instant a triangle became operative. The difference now is that the group becomes one, opening an altogether new range of projecting and sustaining power That which would constitute a successful nation at this or any time would be a united turning on the part of a people toward one God. The third of the triangle in that case would be the specific unfoldment of that nation in relation to the whole of humanity; the realization of its function in the Greater Man.

To H. A.—Your letter makes me feel a pressure to try to answer you all at once and that is impossible. The story we are living and incidentally writing, through the Glass Hive and elsewhere, can only be told in installments from month to month, from year to year The weakness of your letter, if there is one, has to do with a possible fixation on your part in the "Christian" vibration. I do not mean the true vibration of the Master Jesus, but what men and races have made of it, and left gaping and insatiable on the astral plane. This pseudo-Christ vibration is as perceptible to some as an odor, and putting it quietly, it cannot be said to be a lovely thing. I believe you are a powerful enough person to look into such a possible fixation steadfastly, even to release

it if it is there We did not get the alarm you did out of the Brother's intensity of interest in Egypt, as expressed in Foundation Letters and Teachings, even though a study of the current issue of the Glass Hive shows that as a group here, we are not specialists in the restoration of Egyptian knowledges, nor the Olympian splendors of Greece, nor the renaissance of any past glory, except as these knowledges can be used, and tally from day to day with the magic-making and unfoldment of the Aquarian Plan You ask where we are leading our followers. In the first place, we are not working on the old lines of leader and follower. If one by one, our people can be brought in this work to the point of standing up and saying: "I Am—whether he is or not!"—a truly Aquarian work is being accomplished, a most modern and fascinating mystery unfolded. The rise and fall of leaders is as nothing to this transaction in the breasts of the many. Running away? It would not seem so. Here we are, stationed in a sort of glass house for the present, calling to those who answer with the vibration of essential being; charging all who listen, again and again, charging everyone, to find his own place, his own answer—that answer which each can find only in the silence of his own pavilion. The recent instruction of the Brother XII on this point of silence, is especially valuable and timely But get it deep into your mind and heart that there may be no precedents for what is now taking place in the great human fabric—that you cannot look to the past and decide that today is to be enacted so and so. Truly a most deep and fascinating game, stakes no less than mighty, and it is all bound to come out right side up, if we do our part.

. . . Out of the still waters in the pure blue starlight, the lily blooms—the lotus on the still lagoons of the soul. Naked as a serpent's head, the sealed bud rises from the water in the night, and waits like a bride for her Lord Sun to brush back the veils and find her heart. In the human body, the diaphragm is the surface of the waters. To become regenerated is to lift the balance of consciousness above—to rise like the lotus from the face of stilled waters I was watching the pool this morning—fish and frogs and eels under the lily-pads—a slow cold life. They have color and grace—but eyes of glass. They move so softly down in the dim coppery light. I thought of the lakes and seas, the simple cold of all life—the coldest and most rudimentary in the great deeps Birds were playing about in the rose gardens, darting in and out of the bamboo clumps and yucca stalks. Humming-birds were continually fanning the trumpet and honeysuckle vines I thought of the skylarks—throats that open only as wings beat upward, and the infinite blue harbors where the white gulls flash—the lonely lakes and tarns where the heron cross in the evening and the loon cries at night—the cypress deeps where the flamingoes commune in shaded glory, and the eagles that cross from peak to peak along the spine of the continents And then, of course, it came to me—the old conquest—how we must lift our consciousness above the face of the waters and put on our wings. In the beginning, it was necessary to "go down into

the water." Regeneration is "coming up out of the water." Regenerated, Peter walks with the Lord upon the water The story of the lifting from the cold, bloodless vibrations of the creatures of the deep, to the winged passages of air and sun and starlight We think that we give up joys of life—we plunge back again and again to the dim cold waters—our eyes blinded at first by the light, our senses frightened by the fragrance and the space. As if the reflected light of the lower cosmos could compare with the pure radiance above; as if the love of desire could compare to the ecstasy of wings. From THE HIVE.

FROM THE 117th LETTER, AUG. 19, 1926: " . . . The tension today is great, and the force pouring in on all the different centres is apt—unless duly regulated—to cause a feeling of fatigue, of tension, of excitement and of restlessness. The secret of regulation which lies in non-resistance is known to very few, and consequently the intensity of emotion, the violent re-actions, and present wide-spread era of crime are the results, very largely, of force misused and misapplied. This can be seen demonstrating in all ranks of life, and only he who knows the secret of being naught but a channel, and who abides still within the secret place, can pass through the present crisis without undue shattering and pain. Stimulation—such as is at present abroad—leads to pain and consequent reaction and must be guarded against with as much care as its opposite, loss of vitality—guarded against, not in the sense of shutting oneself off from stimulating force, but of receiving that force, passing it through one's being, and only absorbing as much of it as one can carry. The residue will then pass out from one as a healing agency on its return to the general reservoir. The true and occult significance of force in nature, of the electrical currents of the universe, and of the latent heat stored in all forms is little understood—" Alice A. Bailey.

In one of the stories in Algernon Blackwood's book called John Silence, the physician-extraordinary is depicted in mental and moral conflict with a concentrated force of evil. How he handled it successfully is told in these words: "He began to breathe deeply and regularly, and at the same time to absorb into himself the forces opposed to him, and to turn them to his own account. By ceasing to resist, and allowing the deadly stream to pour into him unopposed, he used the very power supplied by his adversary and thus enormously increased his own. For this spiritual alchemy he had learned. He understood that force ultimately is everywhere one and the same; it is the motive behind that makes it good or evil; and his motive was entirely unselfish. He knew—provided he was not first robbed of self-control—how vicariously to absorb these evil radiations into himself and change them magically into his own good purposes. And, since his motive was pure and his soul fearless, they could not work him harm."

At this point it is fitting to recall the admonition: "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good," and a somewhat fresh picture may appear as to the meaning Back of all is the Motive. What are we out

after? What do the small precious fruits of our discrimination so far, show us to be the underlying purpose of our efforts? I awoke one day to realize that in all my running to and fro, believing myself to be one of God's little husbandmen, I was serving myself—doing what I wanted to do as a personality. I only needed to be crossed as to method, for the fighting separateness of the human unit to be uncovered. Another more recent day, I awoke to realize that the main driving energy of my life was to show off—even in these Letters; that I was still a Careerist in a more sublimated form and that purge-atories were waiting ahead for ambition like mine. Though the time comes for it to be plucked out, a large part of the finest work in the world is done under this very show-off impetus. "A thing no fellow can do"—yet it is the very breath of the artist, the preacher, fathers of city and state; in fact, it is the taint of the server until that moment when he realizes, with working powers aflame, that the last vibration of it must be changed for allegiance to the Self. In this pain dimension, the cure of the miser is loss; the cure of the arrogant-rich is poverty; the cure of the glutton is illness and hunger; the cure of the Careerist is to become as nothing in the sight of men.

Motive—is everything. Why do we indulge in spiritual reading? Why do we strip to the kernel our tight-wrapped habits of the physical, falteringly uncover one by one our emotional complexes, and mental tricks? Is it not to get somewhere in human cult or spiritual heirarchy? Can you think of the coming of the World Teacher without a dozen stipulations of the mind and feeling breaking in as to what part you shall play? . . . And so long as we give up habits and feel satisfaction in our progress or purity, there are secret and more noxious habits hanging back. The elimination of one drag should give one a clearer glimpse of the Undone, but all satisfaction is the business of the Higher Self "So long as thou lookest for the regard of others, thou mayest be sure that conceit doth still hold the citadel of thine heart." The same with worry, fear, expectation—all have to do with personal attachments to affairs. When one has really taken the Road—none of these may remain. They are as filth in fine company. All force once locked in them for the perfecting of personality must be loosed and directed to one point—the Self.

Motive—is everything. Why do we meditate? . . . We sit for alignment. We seek to make one breathing pulsing being of the mental, emotional and physical sheathes—to render this one to the Self! We seek to control the physical, tranquilize the emotional, silence the mental—that these unitedly may sweep upward, forming the utmost node of personality to contact the down-sweeping vibrations of the Ego. From Cosmic Fire: "It should here be borne in mind that (for a disciple) direct alignment with the Ego via the centres and the physical brain is the goal of his life of meditation and of discipline. This is in order that the Inner God may function in full consciousness and wield full control on the physical plane. Thus will humanity be helped and group concerns furthered." Such is the goal—primary, superb

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A work shop is inevitable when three or four gather together in the name of New Age activities. Accordingly the Book Room is designed gradually to become the place of display for various products of group activity. Several young painters have entered the currents of combined instrumentation; the same is taking place in the "seeing" of stories, not in the old single-handed way. It isn't writing or painting so much in this new group work; it is seeing the thing to be done without the cloudland of personality drifting in between. If you can imagine a spiritual value playing down straight upon the faculties of performance—without the intervention of the civilized mess of separately trained faculties, yet using the quickened essence of all personal experience—you have a hint of the Goal. Through group work can be done with many, what the great isolated few musicians, artists, writers of the past in some cases just failed to do alone. They knew only the solitary struggle, or the blinding of two in sex; the stars hadn't swung into line to make group work possible.

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We wanted to make a start this Christmas—with certain products already fashioned, but we hear the warning bell at the first vibration of Hurry. So we are merely stating again that the long preliminary labor through the arts leads to the Path; that workers of this sort must set about doing things when they come together; that getting to work at once is just as necessary for them as praying and singing for other sorts of groups; that the things they do, must presently find a show-place; that all these things—tiles, canvases, screens, weavings, panels, cards—are a part of the bulge of the Plan that is being brought down—that a school is a shop, a shop a school. Those who know us and feel an inner response here, can help greatly now by thinking about these things with us—by thinking of those who might be interested—those who belong—those who are dying "alone." They're breaking out in colleges now, even in the lower schools—the early answers to the Breath; it's in the talk of young lovers—under all the ennui and confusion.

. . . . The Glass Hive carries on with purpose simplified, to express the working of a group as it enters into spiritual understanding, eager to make itself fine enough to be used to meet the new social order and afford an easier conduct for young artists and seers and specialists that they may not be utterly wasted in the pandemonium on their road to safety in the sun. Many of you who work with us hold this purpose dear and may know of young students in the thick of the struggle to find themselves, or young married folks at the crossroads of the old and the new. It is these that we wish to contact especially through your cooperation now. (From Sept. Issue.)

CHILD & COUNTRY, a Reprint by G. H. Doran. This book is finally available again, and may be had from the Bookroom. See last page. Child & Country stands between Midstream and The Hive and is an account of early educational experiments of New Race tinge. Its influence is structural in the present educational reconstruction. Perhaps more than any other it has been responsible for people "writing in" and thus coming in touch with the Letters and the present unfolding work.

SAMADHI, a novel by W. L. C. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, now ready. This is an American romance set in an inner Indian elephant habitat. In saying that it is designed to show certain aspects of a New Race love affair, it is not to be taken that it runs away into idealism. It is the story of a struggle of a high-keyed boy and girl to get together, not against external difficulties so much as against the subtle and often delicate inequalities in each other. Intrinsically they are deeply drawn and the reader feels that their mating is ordained and strangely to be desired; at the same time he perceives the singular processes of perfecting demanded by the time and place; in fact the reader enters into the affair of Tod and Calista under the urge of a racial need for some sort of spiritual pattern of romance. It becomes apparent as the story unfolds that desirable as are certain aspects of this interweaving of two human hearts, yet only pioneers are being dealt with—that mere hints only are being given of the ecstatic freedom of young Aquarian lovers of the future. Through this story one becomes more conscious that at best now, only the parents and grandparents of the new social order are to be glimpsed in manifestation. So much would indicate that the book is burdened with a message, but Samadhi is first of all a story, bringing to the reader a beguiling tale from first to last, a sheer lifting out from the din and rack of modern life for a few gracious hours in which the elephant people of India are dwelt with, the mystic mahout lines with their reverent knowledge of hathis and chang. The fact that the book has inner ranges of meaning and content—that it is true to an inner pattern and purpose, is startling only to one who brings a quickened area of consciousness to answer this phase. Fundamentally the book is for those of the younger generation who are open to the power of the new Breath now changing the world—who feel the call to take part hand and heart in the fiery ordeal of transition now pressing upon every living soul

The remarkable paragraph published in September on the new art spirit, lost its credit line. It was from the pen of Robert Henri, and is worth printing again. "Through Art mysterious bonds of understanding and of knowledge are established among men. They are the bonds of a great Brotherhood. Those who are of the Brotherhood know each other, and time and space cannot separate them. The Brotherhood is powerful. It has many members. They are of all places and of all times One is a member to the degree that he can be member, no more, no less. And that part of him that is of the Brotherhood does not die. The work of the Brotherhood does not deal with surface events. Institutions on the world surface can rise and become powerful and they can destroy each other. Statesmen can put patch upon patch to make things continue to stand still. No matter what may happen on the surface the Brotherhood goes steadily on. It is the evolution of man. Let the surface destroy itself, the Brotherhood will start it again. For in all cases, no matter what laws may be laid down, what patches may be made, all change that is real is due to the Brotherhood."

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