

A Group
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To become a teacher is so often to cease to be a learner. The teacher too frequently puts himself into his sayings and teachings, becomes locked in them, crystallized in his own thought-forms; his teachings go on like a buzz in a box. To become an adult is to share the fate of the teacher; it is to arrive which is human, but frankly unspiritual. To become an adult is a phase of the generative life, partakes openly of its illusion, notably lacks loveliness and is rapidly being found out. Parenthood and teaching of the sort we came up through are prerogatives of adults. It is left to the new race to tear away these mineral and vegetal coverings. To become spiritual is ever to renew the quest of Youth—ever to approach the immortality of Youth—to flow into and animate new forms, but never to become locked or crystallized in them.

—From the 107TH LETTER.

Many times through the former Letter work, it was stated that one should go very carefully about advising another to meditate. Even more delicacy of discrimination is required in advising a group to take up this inner work, because the possibilities of drawing power are increased when several are engaged. It is better to gather at first earnestly to discuss the purpose and import of group concerns rather than to attempt united meditation, unless each group member is deeply sure of and drawn to his associates. The time is at hand for those who are ready to undertake this higher form of endeavor, even though a portion

may suffer disastrously. In any case, it is well for all to be equipped with what knowledge is available. A study of the Letters on Occult Meditation, especially the chapter on "Dangers" is recommended at this time.

The more a man knows on the subject of breathing, the less he has to say about it in the way of advising others, for the powers tapped even by rhythmic deep breathing fall like rain upon the fields of the just and the unjust. The balance of power in one's life must be established unquestionably upon the side of constructivity or else the powers contacted either in deep breathing or in meditation work are apt to carry one off his course, stimulating the destructive tendencies as well as the good.

First of all the motive must be established in group work; not only formally fixed at the outset, but refixed, redirected with each meeting time. And then it must be realized that while social graces are everywhere desirable, that which frequently passes for them in society will not do. Modern politeness practically rests upon the glibness with which individuals set one another at ease, placating obvious and secret discrepancies of character. This sort of thing is against the fundamental purpose.

The first value of group work lies in the heightened possibility of personal cleanup. One whose faculties are blurred in regard to his own faults of separateness should welcome the perceptive light of the others and gladly give himself to be corrected. Yet to suffer correction, one must trust that another knows; if one does not quite grant that each individual of his group knows enough to correct him unerringly, he must at least grant that the united intelligence of the group is wise enough, and give himself gracefully to that. Moreover, it is the united human intelligence of the group which challenges help from the plane of Brotherhood toward which it is the purpose ever more scientifically to incline. Gratifying success in this cannot be expected to result from the first enthusiastic gatherings; in fact testings and weeding-out processes are doubtless taking place long after we believe we have entered actual apprenticeship.

A group must come together following innate lines of attraction, always remembering that this is the plane of results not of causes, but even so, the work is only begun. If weaknesses of character or destructive tendencies are brushed over or placated, apparent progress may show for a time, but a smash is the only possible result. The younger generation is far more ready than the older to stand the fires of correction from fellow workers, but it must be remembered that this primarily is work for the younger generation. Only those of present maturity who are able to suffer swift and trenchant changes, and re-act

favorably and through them, and to become a startling way can hold together now entered upon

In one of under a hanging unwittingly a that lamp, and analysis from the for these intentions others could not is positively necessary sins as the light this from day to light, an emphasis must continue

Back of this at this time, the Recall in all your the ever recurring before the public gized by differences with the design their own. Each at last, only becoming, has made themselves, then the Good Law. in each human being his own way; ever again and again

Realize that any time, is becoming and that any toward finding the the united wisdom company in its which is entering back to those who possibly find that the rest; frequent technique of teaching looking back, then have helped you you escaped. We to do it.

favorably and quickly, are capable of being used in this hour to pass through themselves that influx of light and power destined for the use and to become the very element of those who are to come. In rather a startling way, it is seen that those who can suffer the changes, who can hold together and hold to each other through the Dreadful Night now entered upon—are in reality the builders of a Nest.

In one of the groups working here, there was one seat directly under a hanging lamp. It was observed after a series of meetings that unwittingly a person particularly in trouble would find himself under that lamp, and that he would suffer a rather intense examination and analysis from the others. A proportion of the group was ready to stand for these intense work-outs and realize the value of them. One or two others could not stand the gaff and fell away. In meditating alone it is positively necessary for one to recognize and acknowledge his secret sins as the light breaks down upon him from the Self. If he does not do this from day to day his separative tendencies will be enhanced by the light, an emphatic way of giving aid to the enemy. This same process must continue in group work.

Back of the great Plan pressing down upon those who are ready at this time, the initial pressure may be said to teach Discrimination. Recall in all your reading of authenticated books upon the spiritual life, the ever recurring admonition to Discriminate. There is being placed before the public eye at the present time as never before activities energized by different leaders, more or less important in themselves but with the design back of all of giving the many the chance to choose their own. Each one must realize that he will find himself at the Goal at last, only because he, individually, of his own powers of discrimination, has made right choices at a crisis. Among the so-called leaders themselves, there are some who actually realize they are being used by the Good Law. Underneath and after all, it is the one-by-one decisions in each human breast that is important, and each human unit must find his own way; each must struggle with his own baffling doubts; each again and again must be swept back upon the Self.

Realize that the only reason human teachers are valuable to you at any time, is because you are so far unready to be taught by the Self, and that any teacher or leader who does not insistently direct you toward finding the Self is in danger of leading you astray. In group work, the united wisdom and discrimination should operate to hold the little company in its own integral purpose of reaching the Cause Plane, which is entering Brotherhood—which is finding the Self. Looking back to those who have given you human help up to now, you will possibly find that the time came when you had to take part and leave the rest; frequently the time came when you had to leave a certain technique of teaching entirely. You will probably find also in this looking back, that those who might have temporarily led you astray have helped you mightily by enforcing the discrimination through which you escaped. We are taught in no uncertain way by observing how not to do it.

The purpose of group work is to contact the unerring guidance from the Unseen, and it is only when one is developed in discrimination in the realm of the seen, that he can expect to be carried forward successfully along the subtler ways. Realize that group work has nothing to do with spiritualistic activities. It is unfortunate that one is reminded of "sittings" and "waiting for messages" in this new work. Word has reached us of groups coming together with the purpose of hearing voices and seeing signs—"What did you get?" being the question after a period of silence, or: "What did you see?" These are dangerous dallings from the true purpose. So many suffer from wounds of the past, defilings from having made lateral instead of spiritual contacts. In this group work now opening to the few, nothing of the sensational or of the emotional has to do with progress; less and less excitement about it, as progress is made. It must clearly be realized that the passage now to be made is from the lower mind upward to higher mind; that this is apt for a time to seem a slow dull grind to the devotee accustomed to the thrills of astral contact. The motive or purpose cannot be too strongly accentuated that group business is to unite in the effort to pass up out of the attractions and distractions of ordinary life—to hold the faculties still and by united effort to rise until the Path across the Silence appears. No ecstasies connected whatsoever—less and less excitement about it.

Though the climb may be more easily and joyfully made in group work than ever before, do not forget the added dangers and that to cross the Silence does not mean to enter heaven, but to find one's work, to become a part of a work, and this in the consciousness of the every day mind. Realize finally that the Silence can only be crossed by heroic effort on the part of each individual.

Old forms of love and attachment to your group members are not quickened in this new work; in fact, progress may be known by the manner of their quietly falling away. Attachment to the personalities is only another form of self-love. The group becomes the larger self; one does not love the self. Moreover in all dealings with your association in the human sense you are dealing with results, and this new work teaches us ever to deal with Causes.

This closing year of 1927 will unquestionably be seen from the future as the time of significant beginnings in the spiritual history of the race. The Soul of the humanity may be said to be bending down in a heightened concentration, as in the life of the individual on the Path when the Ego closes in on the personality with firmer grip. Those who are prepared are seen now ceasing to be mere students or spectators of spiritual affairs, but one by one are becoming workers—talkers becoming doers. Veils are being stripped; the planet itself seems spiraling into a new angle of visibility in relation to its Source, the great Ray lines angling down from higher space for contact with their own. That which was esoteric is becoming exoteric so rapidly that the hosts of unready must pay the price for the acceleration of the few.

Some are finding in Foundation Letters and Teachings the vibration of actual working knowledge to take hold with; to others, as in the case of workers here, the Message itself was like actual contact with a rod of power and they have become impregnated with new force to carry on their specific activities. The work of Hermann Keyserling is rectifying the aim of hundreds; the Teachings of the Temple is being rediscovered by the discriminating; the monumental matching of the ancient wisdoms, for years the task of Manly Hall, is shortly to be given to the world; the grouping of artists to the sacrifice of personality and careerism, and the focalizing of their united endeavors to set out upon the newly opened Harmonic Approach, is in actual process under the eyes of those who care to look. Finally comes in Mrs. Bailey's important new work with the aphorisms of Patanjali. (See book pages for title and notice.) For those who really hunger now for that graded enlightenment which will not destroy, the sources of supply are open and flowing. In spite of the appearance of many awakenings around us, these represent but an incredibly small portion of human society, yet this aroused few if adequately inspired to follow the lines of unification raying down from the Plan, is enough to form the cradle of the future.

In a word, our relation to Black Magic is that we have nothing to fear under the sun but our own ignorance. It might be stated that there is no Black Magic but that which is in ourselves. When we have overcome a weakness, we are not fooled by it again; moreover we recognize it in another with quite sufficing understanding. Though we know how to cope with it in another, we are not hostile to it in the other person; to become hostile to a weakness is to re-enter its realm, an indication that we are not through with it. One can only be deluded or swept into a questionable vibration by supplying somewhat in himself, soil or surface that is attracted by disorder. It may not be the way of all rays of workers to deal entirely with evil in themselves, but with us so far, it has been found good to correct the self first in all departments.

Later we find that we can do this as personalities only in a faulty and feeble way; that as personalities we cannot ultimately correct ourselves. But this realization only comes with its complement of larger knowledge that we may give ourselves to be corrected. Instead of fighting ambition, selfishness, desire, lack, our work in deliverance becomes a process of seeking alignment—of looking and acting upon the Real rather than the false, of giving ourselves daily, hourly, and at last momentarily to gazing toward the condition of Consciousness wherein the crooked, the oblique, the fragmentary does not exist Looking at a plague or a war or the plight of humanity at large, it requires quite a stretch of imagination to say "The trouble is all in myself," yet it is true that only so far as we are caught in these things, do we fail to understand them. If we were whole in relation to them, they could

be seen with a clarified understanding. We would perceive that these were results, we would be lined up with the Causes in relation to them. We would be able to work upon them, from the standpoint of law and order, taking our place in the ranks of the supermen who have passed through and who deal with the plight of humanity as a whole without the blinding anguish of participation. This clarified understanding is reached first through self-correction, the process of discrimination between good and evil, then through the gradual realization that good and evil are opposites, and the attainment of a point of stability between and above, where Consciousness dawns. Thereafter there is no working alone. We find ourselves grouped with specialists and our particular task in relation to the plane of disorder below is clearly shown, our work assumed without haste, fear, or the possibility of failure.

. . . . Listen, my son: In the elder days men put away their women to worship God. The prophets, the seers, the holy men walked alone and left the younger-souls of the world to bring forth sons. The time was not ripe for the race of heroes, therefore the mere children of men brought forth children. And all the masters spoke of the love of God for man, and the love of man for man, and the love of woman for her child, but no one spoke of the love of man and woman. All the sacred writings passed lightly over that, even the lips of the avatars were sealed. But now the Old is destroying itself in the outer world; the last great night of matter and of self is close to breaking into light; the time for heroes has come, my son, and heroes still must be born of the love of man and woman. So all the priests have this message now, all the teachers and leaders of men, even I, old Rajananda who speaks to you has never known the kiss of woman For the Builders are coming, coming to lift the earth—the Saints are coming, my son—Rajananda hears them singing—the Heroes are coming with light about their heads And now I must sleep. I go to my daughter, who waits for you Once before you came, she rested my head and filled my bowl in the stone square at Nadiram. Even now she waits for you in the hills of my country—not far from this place, my son—

It is possible to become caught, even in a work for others, so that we continue to bind ourselves to the wheel of three-space—so caught that we fend off a possible larger plan for our own and others' well-being.

Stands to reason that we've got to use good sense as humans before our Causal sentiency can freely use the human instrument.

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NEW RACE INTIMATIONS FROM THE HIVE

. . . secret agencies at work behind all the governments—I don't mean detectives, not intelligence nor espionage bureaus—potent, mystic, infallible forces. It doesn't matter. Some person or some group is holding the plan of the New Age.

Parents and children of all times have found confusion and alarm in each other's ways. But there are rare periods of human history when the difference between two generations has been not a normal and superficial crack, but an abyss. It is so now. The Old has reached its climacteric point of destructivity. All self-passions destroy themselves in time. Fear, greed, sensuality—all are self-destructive. Great human numbers and decadent principles have recently been broken down in the world with a swiftness and abandonment heretofore unrecorded, except in the traditions of planetary flood and flame The quest of the passing age is for Gold. The real meaning and symbol and glory of gold as the highest, the smoothest and most finished of minerals, has been lost in the bulkier products and possessions it meant to measure and signify. More and more has gold itself hid away from vulgar hands and been represented by objects intrinsically inferior. We now behold a civilization destroying itself for commodities and destroying the commodities for which the destruction began. Gold itself will serve beauty in the coming age; commerce will serve aesthetics. "Art is good business," has already appeared as a modern advertisement.

Out of the centuries of moil and mix and fuse of Europe, the orient and the north countries, wrote Steve, a gleaming archetype has emerged which may be called the real North Americans. They are scattered here and there among the younger generation—young people new in name only; in soul they are as old as Zeus. Often they are strangers in their father's house. They blend the mind of the occidental with the soul of the east; splendid firstlings of an untried future. They betray themselves by their genius. Heredity is the first fetish overthrown by them. From the first they are a law unto themselves. They cast off churches, codes, creeds, schools and parents as preliminary steps in their teens. In the twenties certain individuals are prodigies, leaders in the arts or the revolutions. It is their aim to overreach themselves, not to further a type. Very early they conjoin together in secret an obscure places, revolting against life as it is lived, like a handful of white dwellers in a foreign city. One senses the double life they lead, their own, and others. Conditions are not yet adjusted for them. They are super-nationalists, the first mark of the new. They are dreamers who mean to make their dreams come true in matter, and first among their dreams is of the planet in one piece. They are naturally intolerant of barriers and partitions. They see ahead a new social order vast and shining as a devachanic vision—the real Democracy* of the future. They see that

*The use of this word is to indicate in idea all that a modern political democracy is not.

the new has come in not to kill, but to build. Theirs will be the spiritual heroics. Yet all this, of the greater patriotism, must not yet be spoken. It only alienates them the more from those they must live with. Their arch enemy is Ignorance, personified so often in their elders.

It is noticeable that these young people are healthier, stronger, swifter, sharper, tougher, bolder and at the same time lighter and finer than the passing generation. They have a new healthiness. They belong to the open and are practically immune to disease. Theirs is the health of sun and wind and spirit—vitality instead of constitution, something the old can never understand. Constitution is weight, solid, ungiving. Vitality is volatile, springy, electric, constantly being given, constantly being acquired, self-refining. Constitution does not change; it accumulates all it can, then begins to die The young women of this new Race are open, strong, eye-to-eye, free-spoken. They are capable of friendships; they are not adverse to being somewhat understood. They are not popular with ordinary women, who surmise their superiority but comprehend it not. Deceit, jealousy and such common disturbances evident in the sex are unknown to them. They have character, are lovely rather than beautiful. They are apt to go half way in their love-making, for who should know better when the chosen father of their children arrives Love is their philosophy and religion. They listen to the heart as well as the brain. Others think them cruel in their discrimination in mating. They take all or nothing—prodigious riskers, great sufferers, throwing even love's dream on the board to be played for, and laughing as they play. The slightest blight on the loved one is deepest agony. Perhaps the surest way of discovering these young giants is to search about for the most sorely harassed children. Invariably they are put to it, to break into this day and generation. They fight their way up through all the banked-up ignorance and antagonism of unlit humanity. Often they are solitaires, coming and going with the secrecy of kings and eagles.

. . . . They were shortbreathed and short-armed. They dressed in wool and wore heavy dark hats. I had never noticed before how short-armed the race of middlemen is. Laborers and peasants are not so; painters and musicians have a tendency to be long-armed. I mentioned this to Steve. "The middlemen," said he. "They are tightened throughout—ligaments contracted—contraction taking place in the deeper weaves of mind, a drying up of the deeper sources of life. Contraction, self-centering—that's what madness is. A man must sing, or weave, or build or make bricks. The ways of competitive life are paltry ways. They hide their ways from one another, and afterward from themselves. They pluck no fruits; they contrive no short cuts; they do not become intimate even with the commodities of the earth—the very things they worship and pare margins from. They eat infamously, filch from each

other These are the sick, the maimed, the blind of the earth. They live in the realm of fear, pain, anger, desire. These are the war-makers Their arms are twisting and shortening in to their navels—" One can laugh at all mediocre men occupying seats of the mighty and calling their dead gods to witness they are right—but one who knows that the intrinsic gift of each child is the one thing under sunlight to be promoted, turns away a bit dismally from the spectacle of the standardization of the child mind—from the wholesale manufacture of middlemen by school system.

Humor, universality, the highest good will, wrote Shuk, are the symbols that flame from the temple of the New Race Here and there appear children of the renovating, re-vitalizing, more cosmic tribe. They are easily recognized. The hope of a full and decent future is with them. They will do little according to their immediate predecessors, and much by an inner light of their own. Being wise and simple and not destructive, they will gratefully accept all that has proven true for earlier peoples. But they will instinctively have nothing at all to do with the traditions based on three-score-and-ten, or any other of the unfortunately solid viewpoints that frost the world today.

They love the world, have come to claim it whole, to reclaim it from deluded ancestors who were solemnly, from birth, bent upon deeding and stealing and fencing in bits of the planet's surface. Forerunners of this happier race have shown themselves to be masters of materials, true workmen in the solid stuffs; but by their sense of humor they are saved from any impulse to seize and sit upon fragments of earth. These new ones are born with an urge towards unity. Their task, to set the world in order. Their means, not so much a rearrangement of objects as a very intense activity along the roads of Beauty and Truth, in a cooperation unstudied and normal with the rest of mankind and with the Igniting Principle. It may be observed that Beauty and Truth are too vague to produce effective action in a solid world. This is invariably a saying of the material-minded, however virtuous they may be. It is they who solemnly demand a dull utility over and above Beauty, and apart from it. It is they who have agglomerated the chaos that is in this hour threshing about in dust and blood. Their sober iniquities are the fertilizer to force the seed of the New Race.

It is not a cosmic blunder that the great minds of the world are found in art, including the supreme art of mystic religion. The world was never managed from a senate chamber; the cosmos is not guided by a king. When rulers of the past have become great figures, that greatness usually rested upon their gift of poetry, their love of art or wisdom, or some religious quality. Poems of twenty words have outlived the might of forty wars. A great book is a higher achievement than a sweeping political move. The dullest changeling with an obses-

sion may set his seal upon a war to the death of ten million men, but in the few lines of a true poem are stored the honey of millenniums of human life. A genuine work of art is more potent and practical than any blood-bought wall of tribal separation, more vital and immediate than the doings of armies. To judge of this properly, one need only know both kings and poets.

Of the early kings of Rome, it is Numa who is remembered—and he was in harmony with Celestial Order. Of countless other Roman figures, the average mind turns first to Caesar, who was a literary man, and whose passion to write outlasted every march of his legions. Greece had kings and statesmen and great generals, yet it is her wise men who stand foremost. The conquering Alexander is famed chiefly because he was the unwitting distributor of Grecian beauty. In fact, Greek history began with Homer, the poet; and American history with Columbus, the dreamer who is still our creditor. The mystics of old China reached for the Torch of Light, and they might have attained a true dominion over the planet, had not their fear-inspired kings built a Wall and gelded the Empire once for all. Gautama Buddha gave up kingcraft in order to gain a higher mastery. Mohammed lived on the Road. Jesus the Christ set free an energy in the world that is only gaining its real momentum after two thousand years—and he firmly refused a material crown.

So the Children who are the hope of the world are not dismayed at the medley of illusions emanating from the so-called ruling class. Emperors and premiers do not get very much done either way; they themselves abandon their own works over night; they only spread out more manful chaos to be set straight by the master craftsmen—the artists, humorists, vitalists, mystics With duty raised to a joy and pain forgot, the Singers come, the Builders, the Quickeners of man. The Unforgettables of the so-called past were of this stock. Their leisure is deep—of a sort that sustains the finitudes. All the good goals of yesterday are to be counted as mile-posts. Direction is more important than any imaginable goal; unvarying tendency is more direct and splendid than any creed; the white path of the quester is more precious than a stationary heaven.

The modern children cannot stop on this side of the horizon because they are creators. Life is their religion. Their rites are broad and deep as man, as ancient and reverent as time, as new as dawn. They do not reject the Vedas. They re-fashion the Upanishads in their own hearts. They study the travels and hopes of Jesus, listen for the divine songs of Orpheus, penetrate the glitter of numbers with Pythagoras, find satisfaction in the Mohammedan thinkers who connected Aristotle with Moses. These names do not belong to the past. The many Buddhas are perpetually modern. Kabir lives today in Tagore. Heraclitus and Plato are still living springs.

FURTHER GLIMPSE INTO A GREAT LIFE

(Note. In the May issue was published a letter in this same vibration and is very kindly remembered. That letter told of the life of a Swedish serving woman in America—the mother of eight children, the latest but an infant, but left behind with the others, when she came to this country to work for their support; the story of nearly eight years martyrdom in a strange land, and of the finding of a book which changed her life—thrilled her with a passion to see this book upon the screen. Toward this end, and at the same time keeping the older children in school and college in Sweden, she took upon herself the study of scenario writing. The end of all that is not yet, though she has since returned to Sweden. This letter covers the story of her homecoming.)

It was more than wonderful to come home and my husband feel very proud he at last could welcome me in a really pleasant lodging. A magnificent suit of rooms on the upper floor, from the windows the views from all the four points of the compass over the wide horizon green pastures, leafy trees, ripe rye and wheat-fields, sugar-beet-fields and big farm home and manors with their fruit and flower-gardens around. And around this station-house the most beautiful flowerery display I ever could wish. But I must tell my daughter in her White Cap (the insignium on the only college-grad. acknowledged in Sweden) was in Gotenborg to meet me but later near our home-place, at one station, there came a little (big) blond blue-eyed, boy with the fairest complexion and the most beautiful smile, standing half leaning sideways-back, as a living note of interrogation I never saw an attitude so expressive and unconscious pantomime a so transparent and bright being He turning to me without words is it my mother and I breathless to him . . . No . . . Is . . . It . . . Eric . . ? And so my husband at a distance enjoying the whole and the whole platform in great wonder over the pretty swell, American lady in big glasses

This is Sunday-afternoon and I have been typing very eagerly and meantime my (wonderfully) little boy, 9 years of age, have been entertaining me with all his drawings and things gathered for years. At last he very considerably asked if he maybe bothered me too much. But then I told him that nothing in the world could be of more importance than my little boy's company This boy came 1918 to a 43 years mother as the 8th child in hard-time. poor food, plenty of worry. But I am so glad that never a thought of discouragement meet him . . . he should be just as welcome as all the other . . and I nursed him through the poor years . . 45 self . . and could have had blue ribbon for that boy in America. Now you must understand that all this things is told about a woman with pretty disputed character . . . you can not expect everyday-people to understand one who have been a target for a so complicated fate.

Our life with all its well and wrong—is just as an embroidery or a loom . . . with the wrong side only visible for the world . . . God only sees the design and the colours . . . through our own eyes . . . because he loves us.

The ghost I tried to escape . . . the money trouble . . . was hiding (turn please) behind the entrance-door. I feel hardly that I ought have stayed and worked longer in the foreign country. The five months in Seattle in attempt to write, costed me indirect 500 Doll, who had been good to have now. And my youngest daughter have still 2 years for her phil, grad. at university. But the time wasted in trying film technique, still can be of benefit for me. I learned much about this things anyway. And the superhuman energy I spent in my hope-less condition, surely will be of some good result anyway.

AS A PAINTER—Long ago—I hardly remember when it began, I knew that when I grew up I would paint—portraits There was a little unimportant study now and then, copying silly stuff mostly, then the real things began as late as twenty-four years of age. I started out on the quest of the school. There were several, and every one had been visited; nice big classes, everything proper and according to tradition—when the right one appeared, a little struggling class in an old building. I moved right in. It was charcoal drawing, and interrupted after three months, with a second start the next year lasting a little longer—and the third year began real working with paint, a winter full of exhilaration; little foundation, but some experience of leaving the ground, of flying.

One day in that studio was memorable. We were then a very small class because our teacher was no flatterer. He started us painting in broken color, impressionistic fashion, a splendid way to learn color and one of the least discouraging ways to slide into paint. One builds up gradually with little specks of red, yellow, blue, and as they associate themselves, green, orange and violet or any medium tone, or even gray, brown and black are produced. One never quite commits himself, so there is never really a spoiled canvas, but a lure onward for tired eyes and failing patience, in accidental effects and the possibility to continue to pile on.

Gradually it came to me that we were producing an awful lot of gray and of mud, considering we were working with such pure pigments. I found as my own work grew that it emerged from that intense mixing; that the plane nearest the light became closer and closer to a pure zinc yellow; that the planes from there prisms. No intention or knowledge of science—it simply looked that way after some intense working. Colors were asserting their independence. Instead of being used, they used me.

Finally staying one afternoon long after the others had gone, I worked by lamplight, lost to time and space. By some power that day, an emerging into frankness was possible, of ceasing compromise; more than that it was a rising up and becoming the Teacher. "Pointillism" forgotten, big brushes slashing in the planes—yellow, orange, red around to violet—yellow, green, blue around the other way—tones blending be-

tween, modelling as well above and below—meeting always in the shadow as some tone of violet, beginning in the light as yellow; a music played with color, a process of consciously creating.

Afterward I remember there was surpriseful comment from the class—"Something modern" it was said. "Surprising"—and the rest. . . . Just a slightly wild and probably terribly amateurish portrait of a commonplace pretty girl but nothing less than an initiation to me—an opening of a vista into life as well as into art. Purity, apprehended as a state of being "unmixed," arrived at through Discrimination—Purity the difference between good and evil—evil just a mixture of beautiful color into mud. Also there was something about polarization learned that day—about evolution, the whole story of evolution there in color.

After that—as a painter—there were other teachings, the great moments of course, having to do with that rising up within and becoming the Teacher. Once an introduction into design appeared in the way light travels over solid forms . . . each of these expansions to Beauty dovetailing, taking their place in the scheme, color continuing to reign. Finally a draught came, a time of philosophic inquiry into esthetics. Enough pure knowledge acquired through work to start one off to establish him a little school. "We will correlate color and astrology as well as music and geometry," said I to myself, the relation of color pretty well established through intuition and the Secret Doctrine with a final pat from a local authority on the subject. "We will make pictures wholly and entirely true symbols," said I to me, pleased with the large order. "We will consciously by knowledge make a being exist on canvas by computing his astrological angles and colors." . . . Fine enough goal all right, but not to be arrived at quite as promptly as was settled by lower mind.

Said the Teacher one day: "What's wrong with portrait painting? Are you too good for it? What after all is symbolism compared to a man? He contains all symbols. Symbolism is built upon him as a model. What is thinking about law compared to Law! In honest work one enters the Law. Why search for auras of an astral or mental man? He is all there in the physical. It all opens up as one enters in. As he sits there before you, he is the Door—look well at him, reproduce him. When you really succeed you will have it all."

And all the meaning of what he said was resident in the fact that he spoke from a sense of spiritual realization so innate as to be forgotten. Then and there I remembered my portrait of that commonplace pretty girl, how she led me into the realm of what is ordinarily called abstract by just sitting passively before me and letting me work through her.

There are portraits and portraits; sweet little colored photographs some; truer, but awful and distorted things, others—an eye peering into the Dweller on the Threshold, deeper still a glimpse of the Man

himself What is true and necessary? A patient and persistent reaching-in is necessary in beginning with the outer vesture of any object. Learning technique from Mother Nature is wise, answering what she does with light, what she does about proportion. One may be in schools or out, but the theme is Work. Generally the younger student needs more nursing along, even if he laughs afterward, at the diet he grew on. There comes a time maybe, early enough, to turn his head and set him back a bit when he rises in the air. But he must win first some power and push through the drudgery days. Unfortunately too often when this is won, he goes yawning in the "house" and helps to over-feed the world on essays in technique.

On the other hand there are dreamers who think to reach the clouds before knowing the mechanics of their craft (for craft means the boat as well as the trade.) For these taking a fly is the best chance of landing on the astral, without any guides or charts of that tricky region. Such an ambition might be illustrated by an intense desire and belief of my own as a tiny youngster, that after raising one foot off the ground—no reason at all why the other shouldn't be pulled up too. And the child self has thus far been right in both cases. Both feet will come up when one learns how.—Celeste.

As I recall, several things were going on at the time—deep reading interest in Mrs. Bailey's Consciousness of the Atom, intermittent concentrations on the word Discrimination; then for a period each day, giving all I had to a still life I was painting, and finally with seeing Mr. Wright demonstrate the flow of rhythms he had followed in the recent painting of a head There came an opening up—I knew how it all fitted together—rhythm and color and service and love. I saw the meaning of things inside their surfaces. I almost knew why painting is! There was light and my feet walked above the ground—and my brush and the paint left off their stubbornness. It was a precious glimpse, a wafting up—and then I was back on the earth again. I can't remember it all now, but I have seen something that is Real—that may be found again and again—and perhaps may be gazed upon a little longer each time.

K. C.

A piece of writing is a symbol. A real piece of writing is not merely to be read. It is to be used as a means of contacting the Source that the writer drew from. If in reading one formed a triangle with the symbol, his own understanding and the Source—definite results might be accomplished. The trouble is, we merely read words; the same with writers—they merely write words. That utterance or message which is a result of contact with the Cause Plane changes writer and reader alike.

HUN SANG THE WEAVER

There was a shelf for a white flower—a gardenia. Much of Hun Sang's house showed age and quiet industry, a fastidious poverty, but this room was plainly the abode of a Chinese gentleman. The hangings were quaint, threadbare, priceless. A blue stretch of cloth curved down from above, making a silken ceiling. In two corners were tall gray urns—relics of the Shun-lai Imperialists. An old-time warrior's coat of brass hung in the soft gold light cast through the curtains—fold upon fold of yellow gossamer.

"He was old in the work when my mother came to Peking," Reeve said. "Our orders come through him. He is master of silence. He is a power in the community, loved in the houses and streets around here like a good burgomaster; called upon to take part in civil and municipal affairs, revered by the young students of the locality, looked up to by the coolies and the boys everywhere. None of these need to know that he is high in the White Council which guides the spiritual destiny of the race. He is enough for his neighbors, as a house-holder, as a shop-keeper. He is enough for us, who serve him as a teacher of his generation. Hun Sang includes you and me, as easily as he includes the needs and values of coins and charcoals and child-birth and the small shows of the street.

"Folds within folds," Reeve went on. "Also his house has folds—which we may be called upon to penetrate. It is very old, very deep. It is like the leather bag I use, and which he made for me. It has viscera. It is soft and light and contains so much; that which is seen need be so small a part . . . Hun Sang is a disciple of Rajananda; he himself has nine apprentices—you will see them—just young and industrious weavers from the standpoint of the neighborhood shop people. He has had nine for many years. They change. Some of the older of Nifton Bend's lieutenants have worked at the looms of Hun Sang. He weaves with twine and wool, with cane and straw and leather and human minds. He weaves the new world into the minds of the young men, and they go forth, weavers of men—"

The old Chinese entered. This time Archer arose. Hun Sang pressed them down, and took his seat between them. Archer contemplated the great calm and inclusiveness that comes with old age when it is royally put on, "an estuary that widens to the sea"—how the young men of the world fight from every ledge of the cliff, while the great old men wait smiling benignantly at the top.

Hun San sat with closed eyes now like the figure of Buddha, and his bony withered hands stretched forth to the knees of the young men on either side. "My children are sad tonight," said the Weaver. "The room is powerful with the spirit of sadness, which is but the night of joy. The two are of the same wheel—pleasure and pain, joy and sadness. It is the hour of parting—the great potentials of the spirit are in this hour, as in the hour of meeting. Fusion is ecstasy, parturition

is pain—but they are the night and day of the same globe, and one sun shines above. Love does not grow in the presence alone; it grows equally well in the separation. Each is required for the great love, the great quest, which is built of equal parts of joy and sadness. My children are all sad. The lovers are apart; the mother yearns for her boy, and the old Weaver is lonely for his true home, and yet he is glad for this night. The world has come in and out of this room tonight For tonight I have seen again the shining face of the New Generation—”

He was at the door of his room. His eyes had the queer look now of those ancient holy men who have stared long within.

“What is the White Council?” Archer asked.

“It is the power in this world behind thrones and temporal powers,” Reeve answered. “One by one, the important young workers of the world are gathered in. The White Council is the source of hundreds of movements around the world—each of which has a secret section which the many never hear of. But the more promising candidates are passed on and up—watched over and tested and trained and turned into specialists—all for the quickening, the unifying and the illumination of the big field—the one field that is big enough to challenge a real man—one globe, one country.”

Archer, in a kind of romantic conception, saw the binding lines from the Juristi and the Gobi, bringing together the mystics of poetry and art and invention, of ministry and fine performance in every land, revealing the fundamental secret of the great love-story of the universe.

“Every name that shows itself a man, in art or literature or politics or commerce is studied, the individual approached by another above or near and already in the big brotherhood which is above race and creed. These young men are approached secretly, because the world as it stands is incapable of true fraternity. Just as we at the Art School called you, just as you understood and listened, just as you are here listening to me now, so many others are being called in. Meanwhile, the older generations are frenziedly destroying each other, but in the thick of it, the Message is being whispered around the world. There is only one foe to the human soul, ignorance, and only one lifting force, spiritual power. Matter and the many, the great material civilizations, cannot change fast enough to fit the fine dream. An economic redistribution of wealth will never redeem the world. The best of the old strive for that—as if matter, as if even gold, could change such darkness. The great spiritual force is working through the message of the White Council. You are helping. I am helping. There is much done in the Art School; and here in this house of Hun Sang, the old mystic weaver, one of the greatest of servants. Thousands everywhere around the world are helping. At the moment of daybreak—at the first shaft of light—the big song will break forth. Everybody will be singing it around the world—”

Adapted from *The Shielding Wing*.

THE CHALICE: The idea of this magazine including the name appeared to the Brother XII about the time of the Message in 1926. When it was found that our Group Book, the Glass Hive, was already announced as the outgrowth of the Letter Work and that it was in alignment with the Aquarian project, it was hoped that one periodical might be used to cover the whole field for the present. According to the terms of the Message this appeared feasible at first both to the workers of the North and South, but when the Brother XII announced his plans for secular organization, the raising of money and the formation of groups based on propinquity and the following of exact instructions, it was found that the Glass Hive work was not in accord with these and other outer details, and that it was not possible for one magazine to foster the two techniques without confusion. The need for the Chalice became therefore immediate and its forthcoming is announced from the Sun Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio, 25c the issue, \$2.50 the year.

Word has come from the Brother asking our (W. L. C.'s) resignation as governor and member of the A. F., the reasons being the divergences of method intimated in the paragraph above. Our steadily-clearing part will carry forward however in the spirit of the Work, the nature of which was infallibly expressed for us in the Message: "... distinctly a spiritual work. The task of those who come into this Work is twofold. First, self-training. Second, the training of succeeding generations—our children, and their children after them. The first consists of unremitting personal effort by means of which, and of the great inflow of spiritual power which will be made available, the achievement of individual illumination will be possible. The second part of their work is the shielding and preservation of the rising generation from current popular ideas, from religious misconceptions and delusions, and from the psychic horrors that will be rampant in the outer world."

FROM ALICE BAILEY: There has been such a flood of teaching from the East and so much of it has been given in a way that some of us deplore, that we felt that many might welcome a paraphrase of the sutras and a commentary which would be not only mystical and spiritual, but would endeavor to give the occult significance of the Raja Yoga teaching. Here in New York we are overwhelmed with teachers from India, giving out to the general public the science of the breath, teachings on the centers, and how to raise the Kundalini Fire. The result has been that a lot of people have been dabbling in a form of occultism which deals entirely with phenomena, and undertaking practices which can be only safely undertaken when the character essentials and the spiritual aspiration have been attended to first of all.

THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL, Mrs. Bailey's new comments on the Stanzas of Patanjali, is a glowing work. The old old Path, its dangers, delights and the nature of the Goal itself, is made clearer than ever before. For years we have worked with the Yoga Sutras in their various handlings by devotees, especially with the little volume of Charles Johnston which has been one of the most valuable staples of the Book Room. It is not designed that Mrs. Bailey's book shall do away with the work of former commentators; in fact there cannot be too many angles of elucidation of this ancient and unparalleled document, but those who have come into ordered growth in the past five years through Initiation Human and Solar, Letters on Occult Meditation, Cosmic Fire and other Teachings from this safe and kindly source, will find in the new volume an incomparable synthesis. Mrs. Bailey seems to have taken hold of this task full-powered and with a fiery facility.

FROM A REVIEW OF SAMADHI, by N. D. Marbaker in the Boston Evening Transcript: With the publication of "Samadhi," Mr. Comfort comes of age. This latest novel is written with an overwhelming sincerity and fulfills that anticipation all his friends and well-wishers have desired for years "Samadhi" contains the essence of that excellence in thought and writing for which its author has been working through his literary career. The animal life that is found in "Samadhi" is a reincarnation of the splendid stories in "Son of Power." Mr. Comfort has always been an animal lover. It has been said by some of his more mystic friends that he understands the language of the animals. He reached a high place in his experience when he met Zamin Ki Dost. Why Willimina L. Armstrong called herself Zamin Ki Dost will perhaps never be known. But she brought to Mr. Comfort a breath of the Orient and with it an understanding of things mystical. She took him in hand and taught him much. He owes a great deal to her genius. She helped him write "Son of Power," and it soon became a really famous book of animal stories. Mr. Comfort has not written of animals since that time until now, and "Samadhi" will possibly go into literary history as the greatest elephant story ever written Why he picked on the elephant for analysis remains a mystery, but "Samadhi" tells of elephants in a way never to be forgotten. The mahouts, long trained in the service, can understand the feelings and the desires of their charges and in the interpretation of them, map out a philosophy. The one great topic is Silence. The mahouts, Gobind and Gudakesha, are typical Comfort creations. The description of the elephant Utopia, "Samadhi," is one of the greatest achievements of the author. The elephants themselves are described with an intensity quite overwhelming Mr. Comfort has accomplished all he has set out to do and more. He has shown that he is an artist many times. "Samadhi" brings him to the forefront of modern thinkers.

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