

# the GLASS HIVE

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## *Project In American Understanding*

V

### *Four Statements*

I. The one treason to the human spirit is to be mastered by materials, not to master them. This is the great betrayal from Adam down

II. There is contained in materials the power to destroy that which misuses them, or fails rightly in time to use them

III. There are two equal dilemmas in creative workmanship: the lack of right materials and the plethora or over-poundage of materials. Starvation or stack-up

IV. The perfection of any creative workmanship, its beauty and staying power, lies in the right perception and power to use materials, not their mere massing together, but their coordination toward a thoroughly conceived and faithfully held-to purpose. This perception and power to use materials is spiritual

Familiarizing the mind with these four premises before further reading will awaken the power to use the following material, rather than merely to respond negatively to its imprint

### *The Cohering Line*

Thirty years ago a young writer had an inspired realization while reading a book of Carlyle: that there was a cohering-line through these essays; that all the life-material here was subverted to use, strung upon a cohering line, like a hat-pin through a mass of paper notes; that the cohering line was Carlyle's spirit making use of all his life-material toward an increasingly conscious purpose

Inspired realization that has never ceased to prove itself over and over again: that a creative workman is an awakened cohering line, a user of all that life brings towards one conscious purpose; a user at last of all there is, a living line of interaction between Spirit and Matter

Incorporated, Unlimited

### *Era New, Era Old*

The secret of the New Era is the application of knowledge, the use of materials at hand; constant technical perfecting as a means of attainment of

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further knowledges. The unchanging goal of each individual and the race as a whole is Consciousness, the illuminated use of all knowledge necessary at a given time, including the part each individual is to play in relation to the Whole

The past or closing era was a religious one. It may be characterized in a sentence as a Prayer for Succor by a people that would not get up from its knees. A kneeling people, a sitting people, but never a self-knowing, motive-squaring people. A slave-holding, slave-driving people that prayed to be washed whiter than snow, and neglected its own garments, its own bowels; that fostered Gentlemen and Ladies who did no work, priests who preyed, and conceived a heaven where there was nothing to do

1931: The result confronts us—the curtain mercifully going down on the most inert and wretched mess that ever darkened the sun—another civilization marked Failure (never such a means of transportation and never such a clog in distribution) divided against itself, one part starving, the other part destroying its commodities in a frantic effort to sustain arbitrary price

### *Abrupt Left Turn*

Financial depression is but an obvious effect and by no means the most alarming. That which has rushed into visible manifestation in the past thirty days transcends the money stringency in point of frightfulness as the lacing-on of a strait-jacket overwhelms the importance of a tight shoe

American masses have made an abrupt left turn into psychism. Betrayed by their misuse of materials, reaching the end of a culdesac of dollar-worship, they are breaking through the wall into mediumistic mongering and macabering, instead of making a decent retrace to the hardy labor that would save the day

### *From "The Shadow"*

The left turn into havoc has been foreseen. In an article called "The Shadow" printed in England in 1926, the peril is clearly stated: "... Dangerous times and the present generation is living over a sort of astral powder magazine. At any moment the weak and ill-balanced may be surprised into sudden and unpremeditated crime, into wild excesses or self-destruction. This is the result of an abnormal pressing outwards of the forces of the astral world into the physical—a psychic extrusion. . . . There has been an unparalleled pressure from both sides and the result is that the veil which normally and mercifully separates two unlike and unsympathetic modes of existence has worn perilously thin. Thousands of evil and malicious astral entities are concentrating their efforts upon breaking down and demolishing such protecting barriers as still remain. When this happens—and it will happen before long—they will gain control. . . . This is the real reason for the increasing and unbearable pressure of modern life, with its restlessness and growing premonitions of some indefinable evil. Already this unspeakable evil has gone so far that it cannot now be averted. The psychic trickle has become a stream, and the dam is visibly breaking."

The soft hand turns treacherous; the constipated coil becomes a nest of lecherous germs. . . . With the many in their despair and enfeeblement crowding the seance-rooms, as if death were not sufficient in the streets; lusting after some vicarious atonement, if only from a gypsy's mumbled hope or the duplicity of a mind-reader who would get the fright of his life if he could read his own; with the radios droning charlatanry, a multitude of voices incessantly deluding the public, homunculi motives only partially concealed—

Is there a further fold to the debacle? Yes, one more. It is this:

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In 1875 Light was brought to the West in the form of a synthesis of the Ageless Wisdom of the East. The central truths and unalterable laws of all human experience were brought to Europe and America to be used first as a means against which the dogmas of a man-mangled Christianity might be dissolved, and second to inaugurate a new spiritual experiment under Western skies, hints of which were already uttered in the constitution of the United States. Brilliantly configured in the light that was brought was the single word Brotherhood.

It was missed. The splendid material was not used: instead the unchristly idea evolved that the knowledge brought was a thing to be sought for itself instead of used. In exactly the same ruttedness of the college addict going in for another post-graduate course instead of tackling life, the majority of the few who were able to answer the light at first went in for the phantasms of the message from the East, chasing the letter of old religions instead of the central spirit of all religions; further stack-up of knowledge to be gained without getting up from the knees; anything but the direct psychological impact, anything but doing, of putting to use

### *Meditation*

Again the result confronts us: vast institutions of esotericism, and thousands of people hiding away from life in them, pursuing knowledge, even bringing fire to the litter of unused knowledge through meditation, which of all practices under heaven must be earned by daily balances of action . . . a spectacle of devotees trying to perpetuate the lassitude of Cathay in the States of North America.

Be sure to realize adequately that the Light was safely brought. Without it there could be no new spiritual project in America; no basic knowledge of psychology to begin the building in beauty and order specified in the Western spirit-

ual plan, no knowledge of the self as a person, much less as a seven-ply being divinely ordained. The knowledge is priceless; its devilish aspect of the present is because it piled-up unused.

The only mistake about the occult institutions is that they are sought as refuges from doing, instead of repositories of valuable material with swinging doors back into the street again; lodges for a kind of elephant kneeling over intricacies and abstractions—missing the very livingness of the light of the eyes.

### *The Now Turn*

This is the crisis of the ages. In the life of everyone who can realize it, the present moment is a moment of decision, potential with all past experience, incalculably rich with all the failures of human history. Leaders of men have long prayed for this moment when humanity would realize its betrayal by materials and turn from its entoilment—

The moment has come and unexpected realization that misused materials cannot be discarded without payment of their price; that hoarded knowledges turn at last upon their violators; that from the non-mastery of materials no man can turn directly to the sane and simple things of the Plan, but is unwittingly side-tracked into a No Man's land, neither of matter or spirit, for a screening and winnowing back to basic principle, thus earning the right to begin again.

The Glass Hive, April, 1930:

The Great Problem: that the many now emerging after ages to a positive hunger for spiritual goods—should require it in the form of mystification, complication, phenomena, abstruse and astonishing statements. Wherever these are furnished to the hungry yet indiscriminating crowd, the percentage of "fatalities" is enormous. Is this condition to be accepted calmly by the comparatively enlightened as a preliminary to the great division prophesied for the

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human race? At least the Glass Hive can insistently declare that all advanced work is simple; that the most advanced work now taking place among men in the world has not to do with the massing of unprovable knowledge, but the adapting of knowledge piece by piece to every-day life

The same in May, 1930: This is what seems last to be seen; that truly advanced work is the simple ordering of one's life as perfectly as possible here and now, balanced in vision and action, indefatigable in work, good to live with, light-hearted

### *Shepherd's Crook*

The secret of the New Era lies in the right use of materials, the nearest first, the completion each day of the things at hand, the perfecting of relationships toward their conclusion in unification; the constant formulation of one's great life-question that "lengthens like a shepherd's crook, penetrating the invisible universe and coupling its own destiny."

"What is my part? What is my place? What is my name?" Ballasting these questions with the perfecting of one's part now, beautifying one's place here, making a sweet tone of one's human name

### *"There's No Such Thing As Love"*

The French have a saying that marriage is a business and love a game. The younger generation is not making good in marriage. Many complain that the marriage formalism breathes hypocrisy and is archaic. That might be mended. It is perhaps a more serious affair that the younger generation is not making good in love. Is this a matter of ignorance, or sex enfeeblement, or is love just another sham of the ages, now being found out for the first time?

What is behind the catch-phrase of American boys and girls—"There's no such thing as love——"?

War of the sexes has long been predicted. It has not been adequately noted that the war is on. In a thousand thousand homes, if thoughts were spears neither parent would live through the night. Children are born of this war, grow up in the midst of it. Is their repudiation of love as a primary human principle the reaction of such environment?

Men and women as parents have all too often lost their respect for each other. This seems a casual thing to say, but it carries a deadly significance. In

any partnership, mutual respect is pivotal; in a marriage it is the creative building base. Passion is possible without respect, but the play of creative force, the mystery of attainment together, is diminished to a flicker without it, and progeny of such combats is spiritually disqualified, a further clue to the sex attack on each other among so many boys and girls, and the cry of "No such thing as love."

When a clean animal has eaten its fill, it will disdainfully look away from any plate of food; a perverted animal will destroy that which it cannot eat. Youth of today is heard to express itself as "fed up" with the generative plan of life, but does not look away.

Although its straight sex drive is jaded, its imagination hotly burns. This image-making faculty, together with fragmentary knowledge of phases and the lack of any coordinating truth concerning the whole, results in mis-use and violation of creative force.

Social shams that culminated with the World War rightly became intolerable; puritanism and hypocrisy had to be stamped out at any cost. The present

younger generation was called to the job. Has the violence called into use exhausted the exterminators? Hardened from tackling the mess of the past, are they also hardened to the message of the future? Not a few are going in for psychisms and the perversions, frankly accepting life as a flier, playing various systems calculated for one to get all one can on the jump, as one won't be passing this way again.

It formerly took two or three decades for a man and woman to find each other out. Many marriages hardened into a slow, sullen battle, but here and there a couple found something that made it all worthwhile. Many other jaded pairs pointed to these two and kept on hoping. All that seems left for the youth of today in the play of love is a few minutes at first—the meeting time of strangers. In dining, dancing, talking, the veil parts a little for an hour or a day. In wide-open artist communities where “beauty” is talked of, youths are advised to drop each other hastily before the inevitable misery sets in.

This is less than the peasants make of sex attraction. Among the unspoiled peasant classes the play of this force is a matter of straight animal magnetism. A boy and girl standing together feel the surge of its power. They are helpless before it, lost in each other, little or no mental reaction to complicate, and straightway begin to build. Their union connects them with the earth, the woods, the rains, crops, the animals. They have not begun to complicate their instrumentation by having separate ideas about it. In their simplicity they naively respond to a force that sets them to work together. Two birds that have mated begin straightway to build the nest—

No such simplicity is operative in the terrific jam of the life-stream here in America. American youth appears to stand between the freedom of innocence that is guided by force, and the freedom

of knowledge that guides force; between the clean animal simplicity of the past and the larger simplicity of arrived men and women.

What's to be done about it?

You can't preach to these people. They look you in the eye casually as if to say, “Is your house in order?” The best that has been falters before that icy stare. Their primary business is in putting the finger on the soft hokums of the past. They do this very well, but they do not bring fresh solutions, nor any rough new prizes to take the place of the old smooth ones cast aside.

That men and women should have come to this late day in human history without beginning upon the truth of each other is the mystery of the age. We use vital truths mechanically, artistically, yet fail to supply them in the central issue of human togetherness. In all talk of psychology there is little or no gleam of working knowledge.

This is said to be a mechanical age. Perhaps the truth can best be approached through a studying of machines.

It is an old saying that everything a man builds is patterned after himself. In anything that moves or gets anywhere or does anything, there is invariably to be found a directive principle and a propulsive principle. This is positive and negative—flex and reflex—intake, output. One is nothing without the other.

One of the first things man made was a lance or arrow. This was purely of his own gesture, the symbol of masculine will or aim. He sent it feebly on its way with the force of arm and shoulder before conceiving a bow, the simplest symbol of the feminine or propulsive force. Arrow and bow, man and woman.

Man is ever the projectile, the arrow, the bullet, the generator; woman is equally ever the force behind the blow, the bow, the powder-charge, the battery. Neither can use its prerogatives separ-

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ately, or in antagonism, and get anywhere except to a pile-up. In pulling together, in rhythmical interaction, anything is possible. (In this paper the possibility of the two principles interacting in one organism is not touched upon.)

A man and woman sitting opposite at a table reach for bread at the same time. A slow motion camera would show an entirely different movement, a contrasting muscular impulse, yet each gets the bread. One gesture is not better than another; they are merely different. The man drives straight; the woman's arm curves.

In the basic geometry of the whole system, the primary symbols are the rod and the circle. The figure 1 represents man, the positive; the letter O represents the woman, the negative. Together they form 10, the potentially perfect number.

Man contrived to cross the waters. The sailing ship was so utterly feminine that it is spoken of as "she" even now, though the self-directing positive principle has been installed for generations. To get at the combined uses of force which make creativeness possible, it is interesting to regard the modern ship.

The engine and boilers, like the heart and the solar plexus of the human body, form the propulsive or power production organism. The chart-room, steering and compass systems form the directing positive principle. The staff of engineers, firemen, stokers corresponds to the reflex or subjective company; the captain and navigating officers to the positive or objective. One is nothing without the other. A ship might have the most perfect power equipment, yet no place to go without its master on the bridge. More than that, both its propulsive and directive systems might be reasonably perfect, and nothing would happen but disruption, without a means of amicable intercommunication between the two. Abroad on the waters, lacking its telegraph system and tubes and bells, the ship would be little better than a derelict.

It is harder for the engineer to know what is going on, what the stars are saying, because of working down in the core of things, in the cardiacal dark. Identified with rhythms, revolutions, pulsations, the engineer requires orders, directions from one whose business it is to keep the course. The captain is not required to be an engineer, merely to have working knowledge of the power plant of his ship. He can send orders from his department, yet is not supposed to infringe on the business of carrying them out—so long as they are carried out. They meet at the same mess table. The captain is called the Skipper or the Old Man, the engineer is called Chief.

They may hate each other, and frequently do, but this must never interfere with the running of their separate functions which unite in getting the ship to port. It is unthinkable for other than a maniac captain to decide to "get" the engineer by signalling a false order; or the Chief hating the Skipper to the point of miscarrying his orders. Each would destroy himself and all concerned as well as the other.

Yet this is what is happening in American houses in every city block.

Everybody thinks about it and almost every grown-up is working at it one way or another—yet there seems to be less known about the subject of marriage than any other human institution. Cars run but a very short time on their batteries alone; still shorter if their lights are turned on. Ships could not do anything but drift if there was such a coolness between the bridge and engine-room that orders were not given and received; yet children are growing up in countless houses where the conditions are exactly that of broken intercommunication between the generator and the battery or the bridge and the engine room.

The feminine principle is useless alone in the long run. In quiet aristocratic streets the old "electrics" are still occasionally seen. A few elders still roll out

in them to tea and bridge. What happened to put these cars out of competition with gas vehicles? They were all battery, all "female," as a mechanic remarked. They were forced out of commission every little while to be recharged. The gas car came along with a generator. It charged its own batteries on the run and drove the "electrics" into elegant retirement. The gas car is symbol of positive and negative operating together—

The application of these simple principles to human psychology would restore sanity to sex relationship; not only do away with the silliness of "no such thing as love," but prove there is little or nothing else that works. Yet love must be seen as a force like electricity, not as something that can be possessed in an opposite. . . . The subject is endless; the love story rises to the skies and beyond,

but there can be no beginning without a foundational understanding of the nature of opposites, their interacting in all creation, their intrinsic oneness. . . .

Not the loveliest, but the canniest generation that ever took the earth from its elders. It bulges with mechanical knowledge, but needs bitterly to learn the rudiments of the new psychology from its machines—that a bow cannot become an arrow, that a battery cannot become a generator, that their value to each other is their unlikeness, that in working together their ends are attained. From this it should not be too great a leap to realize that as boy or girl neither contains the force or the rapture all are dying for, but united in a fundamental respect, and setting out toward a goal together, they are enhanced, forwarded and no longer fighting the stream.

—I. O. Morne.

### *A Barren Woman--by Helen Bell Mercier*

Miserable and lonely was I in the house  
of my husband

For I had been Sarah the sister and  
Sarah the wife

But Sarah the mother I could never be  
And a childless woman is a useless  
thing

Each night in the silence of my soul  
I implored God to send me a son

And each morning I poured the long-  
ing of my spirit into the dawn

But I thought God had found me un-  
worthy, for He did not grant my longing

And all my noondays were hung with  
darkness, my summers heavy with snow

Then one day I passed Him while walk-  
ing in an open field

And He looked into the well of my  
loneliness and it was filled to overflowing  
And the toil of my daily prayers rested  
in Him as in a Sabbath

And I perceived this truth: that I  
need not bear a child to be a mother

For the world is heavy with cradles  
with no foot to rock them

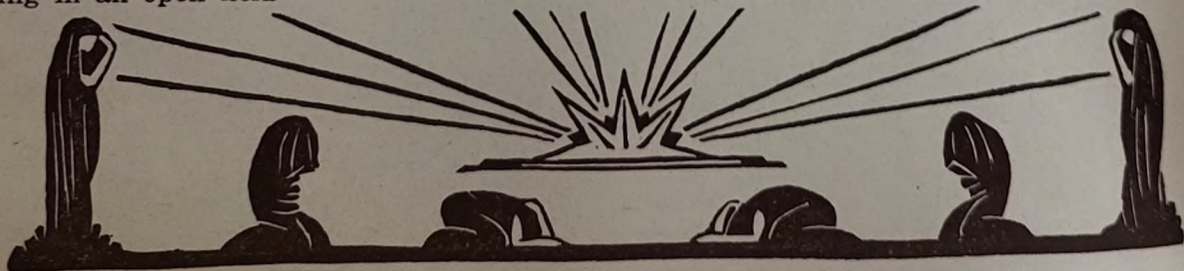
And the years are laden with the tired  
aged who have never heard a lullaby

And it is not only the lisping babe  
that needs the arms of love

There is the bruised fruit and a  
broken harvest to fill the barrenness of  
the barren woman

For the children of all mankind are  
many

But mothers of all mankind are few



## *Rudhyar: Philosophy of Operative Wholeness*

V. A cosmos is an operating whole. It is an organism in space and a cycle in time. It is a fulness of life. Out of this fulness is distilled, or emanates, the quintessence of being, which is God. God is the flowering of cosmos, and this flowering is eternal, because the universal form of life is changeless and always complete.

For whomsoever can see whole and becomes one with space and destiny, there is only one eternal cosmos; because there is only one universal form of life, and only one God. This eternal form of perfection is the sphere. All other forms either evolve toward the sphere or are degenerations thereof. All consciousnesses likewise either evolve through Man toward the God-realization, or fall away from this apex of perpetual Becoming.

Within this universal sphere whirlpools of cosmic substance occur, which we call universes. These do not disturb the changelessness of the sphere. It is just as much sphere and wholeness with or without the internal eddies; for any whirling to the left is neutralized, or harmonized, in time and space, by a whirling of the same nature to the right. Thus eternal Harmony reigns. The essence of this Harmony is God.

These internal eddies, which constantly occur or "dis-occur" (in terms of time), appear or disappear (in terms of space) —these windings and unwindings of cosmic substance-energy—tend always to assume the form of perfection, and to become wholes. The purpose of their appearance is to integrate more fully cosmic elements which are inherently separative in nature and bring them to the realization of wholeness, of harmony, of God. This purpose exists only as such in the realm of time. Eternity is necessarily purposeless. It merely IS.

In the realm of time, we must therefore postulate many solar systems or galaxies within the Universal Form which is a transcendental and noumenal Form, but also which finds itself anew constantly as it is reproduced in these worlds that reach the stage of perfected equilibrium, of spherical manifestation, and becomes thus images, or sons, of the cosmos.

It is seen that in these cosmoi the perfect proportion Pi (relation of circumferences to diameter) has reached complete control over the separative and individualistic tendencies of all the substantial elements, or atoms, contained within the cosmic boundaries. The Law is obeyed by all. It is the law of circularity, the expression of which is Pi (3.141591...), an irrational—that is, never completed—number.

Pi is thus the law of operating wholes, the one cosmic law. Many great truths can be discovered by studying this number. The following few can be mentioned in a brief article: Pi shows that the circumference is greater than three diameters, or six radii; that, therefore, more than six radii, or rays of emanation from the center, are necessary to make a form which will encompass a mass of cosmic substance such that all its component units may be related as parts within a whole. Six Rays are not enough. Something more is needed, an irrational, unending effort, which is the mysterious reality of the 7th Ray, which contains in itself all numbers in a peculiar order. The order of the decimals in Pi has not apparently been interpreted publicly in modern times, though the "Secret Doctrine" gives some geometrical hints difficult to follow. It may be valuable to note that the first decimal is 1; that wherever the number 1 reappears, a new cycle opens, etc.

Six radii are not sufficient to measure the circumference, but six tangential circles of the same size as a central one makes a continuous belt around the latter. This means that in any circle seven smaller tangential circles can be inscribed. In a sphere, thirteen smaller spheres likewise can be built; twelve around a central one, all of the same size. The radius of the enclosing circle or sphere is three times that of the enclosed ones.

If we take for the radius of the small circle 1 and make our calculations, we have most significant results, as tabulated:

Area of inclusive circle.....	28.2744
Area of 7 inner circles.....	21.9912

Total area of 6 larger and 6 smaller spaces between the inner circles .....	6.2832
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which equals the area of two inner circles.

In other words, if you inscribe within a circle seven smaller equal and tangential circles, you divide the area of the former in nine parts. Seven parts make the total area of the seven inner circles; two parts make the total area of the twelve spaces in between these seven circles. This gives us the geometrical basis for an understanding of the relation of 7 (spiritual because formed life) to 2 (material because un-formed, un-circled life), spirit to matter. Both spirit and matter are encompassed by the larger circumferences; both are parts of the eternal Form of the one Cosmos, functions in the Wholeness.

Spirit is that which has reached organic formation, or circlehood. Matter is that which must always be left out of the circles; yet which is within the one Circle of Wholeness. Man is the little circle; seven types of them, seven Rays. God is the all-encompassing Circle, ever the same, eternal. Man must keep changing, for the substance

within the universal Circle must be alternately part of Man, and outside of Man. Thus the permutation of Rays; thus the idea of reincarnation (a partial, because temporal, idea) of manvantaras and pralayas. For Whom knows himself as wholeness and does not exclude the outside and outcaste, there is no reincarnation; there is instead permanent form of self; that is, soul immortality.

All types of men are, in a sense, equal and similar. But there are two types of matter, inner and outer. The number 2 is divided into six large outer fractional units, and six small inner fractional units; body and soul, in a sense—outer and inner vehicles. The relative areas and the form of these outer and inner fractional units are also most significant. Also the division of the circle in twelve segments by diameters, which follows naturally from such a figure, will present itself with a new meaning. This division is that used in astrological charts.

On the plane of noumenal perfection or ideation, a cosmos presents itself so divided. On the plane of prototypes and individualization, we deal with spheres. There the encompassing sphere is divided into 27 units of volume (to be related to the 27 lunar asterisms in Hindu astrology) 13 units make up the total volume of the 13 enclosed spheres (the apostolic brotherhood of 12 and Jesus in the center), and 14 units the total volume of the spaces between the enclosed spheres. There the unformed and unregenerated predominates over the formed and spherically integrated.

These few points represent basic facts in the philosophy of operative wholeness, which is as well the science of cosmic organization and the art of life-harmonization; which is also the religion of order and of the Mystery. We might bring all these under one heading: Cosmosophy.

## *Astrology . . . Aries . . . The Cosmic Sunrise*

In the Sun's yearly passage through the twelve signs of the Zodiac we may read the story of the earth and mankind from the first "Impulse" in the Cosmos, when the Almighty uttered the great Fiat—"Let there be Light—"

The yearly "Sunrise" for the Northern Hemisphere occurs on the 21st of March, when the orb of light and life enters the sign Aries, crossing the celestial equator "from darkness into light."

It is the vernal Equinox—the mystical crucifixion, the sacrifice of the lamb—the symbolical Easter, when the Saviour gives His life that the world may live.

Aries, meaning "In the Beginning—the Word," is ruled by the dynamic planet Mars, but the Sun, exalted in Aries, gives the Word, projected through the electric impulse of Aries and Mars, impregnating and vitalizing the magnetic, receptive forces of nature, thereby bringing to life, growth and blossom the latent energy in plant, beast and man.

The Aries ingress for 1931 holds the key to the world's progress for the year. It is fraught with the significance of a tremendous awakening in the mind of the peoples, especially the western.

Aries, the sign of the head and brain, is ascending with the Sun on the Pacific Coast. For it is 6:10 A.M. in Southern California. Truly a cosmic sunrise.

The ingress takes place at 2:02 P.M. in London, the world's capital. Leo is ascending there. Leo, the Sun's own sign, ruler of the heart, thus marvelously showing us that both the head and the heart must unite to save the world from the destruction of wrong thinking and wrong acting.

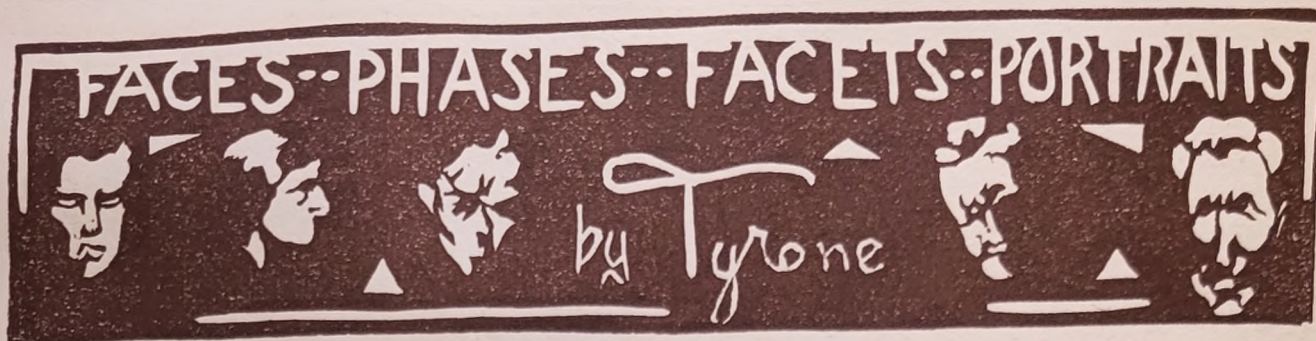
Spiritual ideals, fostered through the education of the young, is the answer.

Aries points the way. Aries is "Youth in the eternal quest for truth."

—Alfa Lindanger.

The ingress of the Sun into Aries marks the birth of a year. The Sun must go forward now, reclothe itself in physical matter. Being has four great gestures: force, symbolized by the Sun exalted in Aries; form, by Jupiter exalted in Cancer; death, ruled by Saturn, at home in Capricorn; disintegration, symbolized by Uranus destroying the discarded forms and carrying forward to rebirth and greater completion the extracts of self-conscious wisdom. These great planetary powers are in the cardinal positions just mentioned. The Sun, Moon, Uranus and Mercury are in Aries. These planets represent the force back of the new bodies reorganized and "reborn" at this time. Venus, ruler of Libra (balance and justice) is in good aspect from Aquarius (ruling the American government). Though we have the opposition and square of Jupiter and Saturn, a process of cutting down and clearing up the crystallized products of a passing age, Uranus, ambassador of the new, holds the good aspect to Venus most of the year, bringing to materialization and completion all plans begun now.—O.

Neptune makes transparent what is opaque, and veils what is clear. It gives the vision of the clairvoyant, the hearing of the clairaudient, who frequently forget that we are here in school and must go patiently through all the classes. If we are on the outside of a garden wherein is all our joy, and the stone wall that shuts us out suddenly turns to a glass and we see—well, we are still on the outside, and the glass is as hard and impenetrable as stone; moreover, seeing inside makes all the ugliness and imperfection on the outside harder to bear. For all we sense of that loveliness, we must still patiently feel our way along the wall till we find the gateway in, or we build wings to fly over.—Kevah.



## V

So many people actually fear that which they are. They avoid self-revelation in every incident of their lives, avoid even solitude because of the thoughts that solitude brings. So few desire to be themselves; or, desiring, are able to be. Current modes of expression, carriage and make-up have taken them over, until the lie of it all has ceased to make them bleed

They do not desire to be painted as they are; they would far rather have their outer appearance conventionalized or idealized than their inner life revealed

Fronts . . . Women, mysterious and inveigling, periodically weak and negative, alternating with motherliness and compassion—playing their little tricks; such thoughts as they have, supposedly veiled by the customary fronts, as by the colors they bought at a store

Men dominant, masculine, darling and assinine, playing out their fancied successes of manner—thoughts unimportant, speech inadequate

The magazine, the theater, the public square, and the show fronts of their friends, combine to indicate to both men and women that they should be like this. Those who have no center of their own build up a layout of pickings from their world

They get by because their world is made up of the same sorry congeries

Agni Yoga: "When the emanations of the human body will be projected on a screen, you will discern with special clarity the hideousness of a dual existence."

But back of this dual or even multiple existence, there is sometimes in any human face, a glimpse of spiritual wistfulness or wholesome grief that, faithfully transferred to canvas, will make a portrait valid, even lovely, to the discerning eye.

Robert Henri: . . . In all times, as in our times, the domination of the world has stood the enemy of the artist—the ones who would live. The demand to pass juries, to make the acceptable, the saleable, fighting off the wolf from the door, obtaining of medals for the weight they have in waging the social war; all these things, certain and terrible in their exactions, have held the slave with his eye on the by-product, and the by-product has suffered, for the by-product cannot produce itself.



A Charcoal Sketch



We heard of Thomas Wolfe's LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL for a year or more before it began to loom as our inevitable next step. Getting it into our hands was a sensation. Close-packed pages, six hundred and some—the feel of a real book, life-warm and intimate. Published in 1929, it has gained steadily in momentum. No book-of-the-month, this. Nor of the year. It has the classic vitality and will find its place on the world's shelf, there to stay for fully the allotted time. Even then it will die hard, like a powerful, slightly vicious old man who has founded a race in his time and doesn't know the meaning of quit.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL is the saga of the Gants of Altamont. Thomas Wolfe has rested not in his task of bringing to light the buried roots of the family tree. If ever the tragedy of blood has found voice, if ever the institution of family has been uncovered in all its twisted, dwarfing, soul-enslaving aspects, it is here. Mystery of heredity: the stranger in one's brother's eyes; separation and defeat in one's mother's arms; the old enemy himself, perceived at last, in one's father's voice. A deep and passionate study. Wolfe is not bitter. Bursting with ecstasy and despair, he strides along. With penetrating eye and tireless, winnowing hands, he examines and re-examines his material, carding, discarding, separating, unifying, revealing, redeeming. The sum of it all is a composite emotion, beautifully whole.

Once more we experience the mighty thrill of the All-hope in an inspired, sensitively-burning child, the sixth and last offspring of Eliza and Oliver Gant. The childhood years of Eugene, the youngest, mount with a gorgeous rhythm. Pages rich with the smells and sounds and sensations that compose a boy's life, all impressions intensified because he is a genius. Growing up in a Southern hill town, his father a stone-cutter, his mother a boarding-house keeper. His mind is pregnable, his heart is great. Soul-conscious, he looks upon life, rejecting nothing. This volume carries him to his twentieth year; leaves him on the

eve of his departure for Harvard, the great lonely adventure scarcely begun. Naturally he is less than we hoped; messed and muddled in the human dilemma. The years have shown him life and death, but they have robbed him of the inspired clarity of his beginnings. Dimmed by the steam and murk of a "Gantian" personality, his soul writhes and suffers, reaches forth and recoils again in hopelessness.

... And he thought of the strange lost faces he had known, the lonely figures of his family, damned in chaos, each chained to a destiny of ruin and loss—Gant, a fallen Titan, staring down enormous vistas of the Past, indifferent to the world about him; Eliza, beetle-wise, involved in blind accretions; Helen, pathless, furious—a great wave breaking on the barren waste; and, finally, Ben—the ghost, the stranger, prowling at this moment in another town, going up and down the thousand streets of life, and finding no doors.

The book loses power in places, but only to regain it again farther along. Thomas Wolfe has been impregnated by all that he has read, and he has read much. The great voices are here in essence, Whitman in particular. His book is rash, arrogant, fanatical. It never knows when to stop; reaches the goal and goes hurtling on, like a mad hound. There are great gaping holes in the story fabric. There is the appalling naivete of the young artist too hotly inflated to discriminate among the blobs of pigment on his palette. There are confusing traces of unwisdom in the midst of a really monumental grasp of life and the human heart.

Thomas Wolfe, thirty-one, writes of this, his first book:

*This book was written in a simpleness and nakedness of soul. When I began to write the book twenty months ago, I got back something of a child's innocence and wonder. It has in it much that to me is painful and ugly, but, without sentimentality or dishonesty, it seems to me that pain has an inevitable fruition in beauty. And the book has in it sin and terror*

*and darkness—ugly dry lusts, cruelty—the dark, the evil, the forbidden. But I believe it has many other things as well, and I wrote it with a strong joy, without counting the costs, for I was sure at the time that the whole of my intention—which was to come simply and unsparingly to naked life, and to tell all of my story without affectation—would be apparent.*  
—J. L. C.

FESTIVAL, by Struthers Burt, is the novel of a cosmopolitan mind. The outer experiences of his chief character are interesting—Dorn's break for freedom in order to escape reality and lose himself in building a dream—but his inner life and struggles to adapt his ideals and illusions to life as it is, make the real story. Hurt by reality in his boyhood, forced to face it in order to exist, he submerges his dreams and orients himself to his surroundings and work—never quite satisfied, never quite himself.

Dorn is a type of well-bred, well-brought-up American in whom the Puritanical conscience still has strong roots. He can never shatter an ideal lightly or joyously, because it means pulling out or hurting a root, which must be painful and may leave a scar. He represents many Americans who, finding they cannot conform, blame themselves rather than ideals, beautiful to look at, but ill-fitting and not infrequently outworn. In contrast to this type of mind stands the modern generation, in disillusionment and rebellion, breaking out of it in every direction, trampling under bitter heels both the true and the false. The reader is thus stimulated to distinguish from that which the race has unquestionably outgrown, the eternal verities without which no structure can be built to endure. The author of FESTIVAL makes an interesting assemblage of the materials of the old structure, and challenges one's choice of what should go into the discard, and that which would be an inestimable loss to the human race.

Mr. Burt is one American who in his European contacts has kept his balance, neither idealizing his compatriots nor apologizing for them. He sees all peoples, English, Italians, Americans, as human beings—folks—and Dorn is born of this tolerance and detachment. Analytical but unselfish, always trying to understand himself and others, to see through and excuse the actions and reactions of others, as well as his own, he achieves at book length an active decision to be free, to be true to himself, the great mile-stone; and that Reality, rightly approached and aspired to, is more breath-taking than any dream.—E. H. N.

## Apache Comment

"... The saga of a fighting Indian chief of the old Southwest."—N. Y. SUN.

"... You have made the life of the Indian more real than I have ever known or thought possible."—WILLIAM BEEBE.

"... And by no means miss Will Levington Comfort's APACHE (Dutton)... A grand Western by a grand writer."—O. O. MCINTYRE.

"... For myself a new race is in process of becoming in my consciousness. APACHE is doing for me in regard to the Indian what A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI did for me in regard to the Japanese... the same absorbing and illuminating experience."—OMA ALMONA DAVIES.

"... APACHE is a great thing. It moves with epic dignity and the figure of Mangus Colorado rises with grandeur and beauty. It is the type of super-biography which this generation, gone mad for pseudo-biographies, should read with enthusiasm and fervor."—D. RUDHYAR.

"... To take up a forgotten bit of history and make it live again, to bring the dead back to life, and under a brilliant and sanguine surface, to show those deeper implications which a knowledge of the occult gives—that excites my admiration and even my envy."—CLAUDE BRAGDON.

"... APACHE is not another book about Indians; it is The Book of the Indian, and like all real work, it tallies within and without, as far and deep as one can go. It is an epic of the grim process of the making of a Chief, in which Story joins hands with the veritable Spirit of the theme. Read it. You will find your own there, whoever you are. The book will stand in years to come as the Original Border Western, and one of the realest interpretations in American understanding."—PAUL ANNIXTER.

A BIG NOVEL. A visit to his son, who worked on an Arizona newspaper, has resulted in the finest novel Will Levington Comfort has ever written—which is saying a good deal. APACHE is just as big a book as LAUGHING BOY—and is, perhaps, a truer index to Indian character—a better cross-section of what the author calls "an inner sanctuary of America" than any other book ever written. It is a grim, half-mysterious story of the life of Mangus Colorado, one of the greatest Apache war chiefs and a man who was a great soldier by any criterion. It is a book written from an understanding heart. A sympathetic farewell to a vanished race.—HARRY CARR in L. A. TIMES.

## "... The Great Mystery recompenses Them"

Mutual exchange is the keynote of the new business era. Capitalism with its competition and self-interest failed when the stock market broke in November, 1929. Sovietism cannot but fail since it refuses to use individual initiative and does use economic force to accomplish its ends. Sovietism, socialism and labor unionism are only the swing of the pendulum from the selfish competition of the former capitalistic era. They represent the selfishness of the groups who were ignored or damned by the capitalist of the unscrupulous competition era.

Modern manufacturers and public service corporations are being forced by the conditions of their industries to follow the exact opposite of the former capitalistic utterance, "The public be damned." Their best interest is the best interest of the individuals whom they serve.

Money, basically, is the medium of exchange of services, or work done, which is wanted by others. When it represents salesmanship talk more than honest fact we have speculation, feverish "prosperity" and the "crash." The capitalist or money class, as evidenced by the stockholders of the major industries, now includes thousands of employees and customers. The former system of one man, or a few men, owning an industry is disappearing. With its disappearance must come a new business philosophy: not competition, but mutual exchange of work honestly done and represented.

Not all work done receives a money reward. Money is merely the medium of exchange between members of the great majority whose work can be comprehended and appreciated by the others. The higher forms of service often receive little or no reward, being measured by the more primitive desires of those who pay. Artists, musicians, philosophers, patriots, are rarely "paid by the world" what they are worth to the world. The Great Mystery recompenses them.

One of the first evidences of the new business method was forced on us by the extremities of the World War situation in 1918. The United War Work Campaign saw the cooperation of competing and antagonistic groups and individuals in the common need for winning the war. American business men are disciplined; they know how to organize and are able to deal squarely with materials and facts. Will they be able to deal as squarely with each other, or will they try to continue, as in the past, save for the brilliant weeks of the United War Work Campaign, to consider it profitable to climb up by pushing down competitors? A place for everyone and everyone working honestly in his place is better. The world's work is done by each one doing his own work well, letting the other fellow do the same, and cooperating where a community need requires service beyond the power of individuals to fulfill.—ESTHER W. TIPPLE.

## A FRESH EYE ON YOUR MSS

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## “ . . . Not For Another Sinless Crowd ”

The power of Story is seen in the public's answer to *THE LIVES OF THE BENGAL LANCER*. This is an important turn. . . . Years ago in a group of nineteen or twenty "students of the Ancient Wisdom" five confessed that it was Marie Corelli's *ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS* that gave them the first glimpse out of the locked room of the three-score-and-ten. Balzac's *SERAPHITA* and *LOUIS LAMBERT*, and Bulwer's *ZANONI*, have been the instigation of innumerable spiritual quests which once begun never end. The same may be said of *THE DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS*, *THE BROTHER OF THE THIRD DEGREE*, *ETIDORHPA* and others. Yet any of these books would bring a tolerant smile, if not of actual embarrassment, to the writing and reading craftsmen of today. There is a memorable occult saying that at a certain stage of unfoldment in each life, a light comes which shows that one how badly he has wrought in the past; and that in the same light the power is born to perform one's work more rationally and beautifully henceforward.

Practically all past novels and shorter stories that essayed to tell of the Soul's Long Road have been swept off the earth; lost to the rhythm of solid hoofing it below. None that we know of compare as artistic products with countless storied lives written by those who have never claimed a look above the ebb and flow of chance and circumstances. What has happened is same old spiritual dilemma. Man touched with his intrinsic vibration; that is, man with his Genius breathing upon the personal mind, loses the grip of his hands and feet upon the earth.

The world has sacrificed much of its spiritual light in the concentration upon material affairs, now arrived at a cracking-point; but it has never lost its reverence for creative

workmanship. Moreover, the world cannot be blamed for sniffing pointedly at the writings and wroughtings of saint-struck persons who perform absurdly at the point where their work touches materials.

The heavens are full of angels. The Gods have little interest in stretching out a panorama of blood and dust for the making of another sinless crowd. We are here to become men and we were given the devilish opposition of good and evil to do it with. The tragic mistake of all religions to the present fateful hour has been in the misguided idea of the followers that the earth must be abandoned to follow God.

All human experience has been frustrated at the critical moment because of an incorrigible Return Propensity on the part of human beings, in the first breath of spiritual consciousness. Heaven is to be made here, even if whole races have to be denied their divine prerogatives until they learn in bitter separation the mastery of materials. Never until materials are mastered by men can their stubborn below-ness be brought into irresistible juxtaposition with the waiting splendor of the Plan. The secret of the New Era is not for the attainment of man's saintliness, but for a compensating worldliness as well—his operating equilibrium between Spirit and Matter.

The thing called Story is one of the last and loveliest of the operations between force and form. It can never be done by those who hurry Home before night is in the sky. It is the work of the stayers-out, the Night-Blooming Sophisticates who dare to turn their backs to the Father's House, knowing they will be sent for when wanted; who find all the fascination they can endure in the flashing of wands in their hands.

### *The Works of Paul Foster Case*

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## *C..o..n..t..a..c..t by Cliffe Manville*

To do one's part

Faithfully to do one's part—that is enough

\* \* \*

Leaving Santa Barbara with a note leg-bound, a gray female carrier pigeon took the air and winged swiftly out of sight down the coast. A southeast wind—rising to a terrific gale, lasting some twelve or fifteen hours; into the teeth of this flew the carrier bird. Hour after hour, she battled the storm, taking advantage of every lull in the gale, at times only able to hold her own. At Santa Monica, after a dozen hours of battle, exhaustion forced the messenger to alight on a third-story porch of an apartment house. She was soon discovered—a picture of exhaustion, failure—refusing food

*"She is carrying a message. We must do something about it!"*

The addressee was notified, the bird forwarded, the message delivered

\* \* \*

Having done one's part, invisible, often incomprehensible assistance is called into play

\* \* \*

To do one's part, one cannot be swept into the thought-currents of others

Equally so, one cannot be swept off his course in the drift of subconscious tendencies. In this sudden swerve of the public to psychism, it is well to consider the words of Paul Foster Case in the second key of his Basic Tarot Course:

"All teaching which advocates the surrender of the control exerted by consciousness over the subjective mind is false and dangerous. The subjective mind is the seat of extraordinary psychic powers, but to surrender your life to the uncontrolled domination of those powers is to invite serious illness or insanity. There is much of this sort of dangerous teaching and practice in the world today. You may easily avoid it by remembering that the powers of subconsciousness are like the propulsive force of a bow. They are no use unless you employ them to drive the arrows of conscious thought and action to the point where you aim them. And aim is always conscious."

\* \* \*

Having found one's part, light is furnished to work with

To rest on knowledge gained is not enough; one must call constantly for wisdom to put the

knowledge to right use

Confidently to call, one must know that wisdom is available

*The new era worker is characterized as one working in this confidence*

Knowledge realized; wisdom called for

Fully to do one's part; leaving the rest to inspiration—the warrior stroke

\* \* \*

The Briton, Campbell, after setting a new speed record on the sandy stretches of Daytona Beach, said:

"For over a year I have planned for the present assault on the record. I have actually physically trained for the attempt for months before leaving England. I forego all kinds of stimulants for a month before even the trial spins. My nerves must be at just the proper pitch. A bit too fine drawn, they may react badly when at the wheel. . . . You can only make one mistake at high speed. You never get the second chance."

Close to fifty, Campbell has been racing since 1906, the oldest active racing driver in point of years and the time actively engaged in the sport

A quarter-century in a game that allows but one mistake!

*Utmost technical knowledge; every human sacrifice to carry out the held thought*

Doing one's part—the rest to wisdom, the flash of inspiration

No missing the light-turned-on look of this driving ace in the pictures taken just after the great victory

Pure gamester grain in that smile

## *The Mss. Bureau*

The editor of The Glass Hive has been asked to judge a sheaf of manuscripts in a short story contest of members of the Southern California Women's Press club

Also to act as "official critic" of book-length manuscripts for the League of Western Writers

The Mss. Bureau in connection with the Glass Hive makes acceptance possible

There is significance in these affairs: through them doors are opened to the oncoming youth and the writings of the New Day based on the conscious cultivation of Genius

The April issue of The Glass Hive will contain comment on the possibilities of such a cooperation.

## CUTTINGS from Box 33

G. H. Manuscript Bureau: "... I want you to know that I went carefully over the mss. in the light of your comment. And here's the news: McC—'s have agreed to take it if the revisions are satisfactorily made. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has also asked for a copy as is.—D.H.S.

... Your little piece about Lazenby was worth the price. You know, Lazenby used to work here in The Roycroft Shop years ago and I learned to feed a hand-press along side of him on the night shift. He was a queer one even in those days, and could always laugh. ... He even laughed one night about 2 a.m. after drinking a bottle of milk a joker had jalapped. ... I met him on a train between Buffalo and Detroit about two years ago and we had a nice visit and reminisced about the old days. Then, not long after that—The old world simply has to move on.—ELBERT HUBBARD II.

... Not the Santa Fe country—that is Navajo and Hopi—another world and well-sung already by Willa Cather and many others. Apacheria lies south of that. The Apache Trail between Phoenix and Globe is but the way in to the inner sanctuary of America, all the Newness we have left. That is *The Trail*, but farther south are many trails of the Enemy, the Apache. The Southern Pacific follows the old runways of Geronimo and Cochise and, speeding eastward into New Mexico, crosses the habitat of Mangus Colorado, the greatest of all Apache leaders and fighters. The new novel APACHE sings that.—C. R. L.

... It all has to be done here. So many I know are missing the bulls-eye because they are sighting too high. They get the idea that they are too near the goal to be themselves. ... The New Era, if nothing else, is an era of being one's self. The Glass Hive, if nothing else, is a Be Yourself book. That is what it keeps saying over and over again. ... Some are themselves best with another. Some are themselves best alone. Perhaps the latter is the perfect preparation for the former. In any case Creation is at a standstill until one-by-one man and woman come together in Consciousness—in one person or two—a riddle hard to read, until the way is found. And it has to be found here.—M. C.

... Papal train, Papal telegraph, Papal Gendarmes, Papal city, Papal coin. ... Head of coin bearing Papal profile; tails, a likeness of the Christ. ... A flip tells it: "Pope we do—Christ we don't.—C. M.

... The subject matter of these growing "occult sciences" now so vastly popular—numerology, astrology and psychism in particular—is no different from the subject matter of anthropology, which in broadest terms is merely the most comprehensive word for the study of man. The occult differs from the non-occult in method only, for while much in the heterodox field is superficial, the orthodox field of science is no less cursed with its cults or movement after movement based upon unsound generality. Monkey-glands were not unhilarious; nor the endocrine quackery, nor paraffined faces. ... The time is at hand for a recognition—an acceptance—of the inner teachings such as may now seem impossible. This does not mean the cheapness, the untutored and unscholarly superstructure of occultism, but the fruits of its own sound tradition.—MARC EDMUND JONES.

... Vocational use of astrology is safe; not a foolish optimism, because every horoscope accurately indicates compensation; but as a means to help others find their work and the purpose of that work. Even so, one must not decide for the client, but merely indicate the roads ahead, leaving to him the great prerogative of Decision.—GERALDINE JAMES.

... February ILLUMINATION contains some remarkable paragraphs on the laws of thought from the works of Aurobindo Ghose. "Thought builds the universe. There is such a thing as the conscious holding of a thought. When this is done, all that opposes it gradually melts away." G. G. also has a fine page on the beginnings of the Aquarian, or truly human era, in which is stated, "Mankind will function increasingly in the kingdom of mind—become more at home there." In the same issue is encountered this curious obliquity: "Give no heed to those who teach that thought is creative—" from SANO TAROT, by Nancy Fullwood.—I. O. M.

## At The Water Tower

With this, the fortieth issue, ends the fourth year of The Glass Hive. Renewals from original subscribers are now due. . . . One hundred and twenty-six Letters through ten years, forty Glass Hive issues in four years—a lot of strokes, but one stroke fells the tree. Are you standing by?

To many the New Era begins with actual hand-labor; a beginning with the ground. The change of income consciousness with many will begin with an appreciation of pennies. "Hear the pennies dropping!"—a beginning of right earning and right use. "Already the few begin to find themselves in the new world."

Are you Man Alive? . . . Have you caught up with the Now? . . . No further goals, no anticipations; all struggles to attain softly finished, having arrived in the Now? . . . Only realization remaining—endless realization—above, the Will; below, the Way? . . . Cause and effect in magical awareness within you? Past and future fusing into the Now? That is Consciousness.

The take-down is now about complete. The last name that stood in unreserved esteem of the people is reduced to a clinker in the bins of the de-bunked. Doubtless this work on Lincoln had to be done to balance the sentiment and heedless idealistic ecstasies that have gathered about his name, if for no other reason than that the true Lincoln may appear in due time between the extremes. Yet we are sorry that Edgar Lee Masters felt called to disintegrate the myth. We are indebted to TIME for reminding us of his former and more resonant stroke on this same theme from Spoon River, possibly the finest poetic contribution of the century so far:

*Out of me, unworthy and unknown  
The vibrations of deathless music;  
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."  
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward  
millions,  
And the beneficent face of a nation  
Shining with justice and truth.  
I am Anne Rutledge who sleeps beneath these  
weeds,  
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,  
Wedded to him, not through union,  
But through separation.  
Bloom forever, O Republic.  
From the dust of my bosom!*

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## Advertising

In this matter The Glass Hive idea is to promote books, crafts, projects that it believes worth-while. Under no circumstances will it display the activities of those selling cosmic consciousness, solar plexus openers, or voodoo charms. It is not interested in fortune-telling, crystal-gazing, or prosperity-patching. The things it delights to write about are eligible also to advertising space; the two departments work amicably together and have been found to bring good results. The Glass Hive accepts copy for its approved advertising, but prefers to write its own copy, and charges a minimum for this service. Its plan is to have advertising as orderly and veritable as the writings, an integral beauty throughout.

## "Cunning In Gold"

... A young girl now in the public eye, Madeline Slade, daughter of a British Admiral fighting with Gandhi in India against Britain, said: "I first came to understand the teachings of Jesus through Mahatma Gandhi and the Hindu scriptures. The first ray of light reached my inner being through the music of Beethoven."

In ancient Egypt the artist was a high priest. The symbols of art were only used for the highest teachings. The sculptor worshipped the very material he worked with because he believed that when he chiselled the stone, he only released an esoteric figure imprisoned within. In passing I call your attention to the Great Temples, Hieroglyphics, the Painted Tombs, all symbolized art and religion when one. When King Solomon built his Temple he asked the people to go to the High Priests for instruction "in the art of cunning in gold."

So in the Gothic age the spires rose to God above as contradistinguished from the Greek expression. The creators of those cathedrals were Monastic monks safe from strife and war secluded behind cloistered walls.

Do you realize that art in its best periods is always a spiritual development? Do you know there are five colors that are only seen and known to clairvoyant vision? Do you realize again color cannot be taught or can money only command art? The occult vision of the hidden mysteries is the secret of the great masters. Aristotle taught many centuries ago, in four hundred B. C., we must not imitate Nature in her effects; we must follow her in her principles and laws. It is only by so doing can we hope to produce effects or results comparable to hers.—Frederick K. Detwiller.

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## TAROT CHESTS

*DURING ancient times the wise men of the country would journey to a high mountain and to the oracle of the "Talking Trees." It has now been disclosed that the "Talking Trees" were strips or blocks of wood upon which were carved the subtle truths concerning Man's ultimate goal.*

*We call your attention to the "Talking Trees" and to the use of wood for a purpose; also to the "Tree of Knowledge" and to the "Tree of Life." Based upon these two symbols we have wood as a principle supporting our deepest concepts.*

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Pelley's *LIBERATOR* for March opens with an extraordinarily fine survey of present conditions in America and what must be done toward extrication.

**The Conscious Cultivation of Genius:** On this Work-theme *The Glass Hive* more definitely than ever will address itself in coming issues to the new generation of writers, artists and craftsmen.

The bookshop of Ralph E. Kraum, 1717 Vista St., Hollywood, Calif., announces the arrival of a new book, *MAN'S HIGHEST PURPOSE*. Dr. Karel Weinfurter of Prague. The work contains much reliable information from the inner-teachings of various esoteric schools.

Few realize that beyond a certain point in evolution the growth and expansion of personality becomes a perversion. This is why so many fine intellects are absorbed today with trivial and transitory problems, and why so many meagre and ill-equipped minds are struggling to formulate and express eternal truths.—COLBY D. DAM.

The great need now is application day by day of knowledge at hand. Realization inevitably follows—realization by human hands. Hands the realizers. . . . The drawing apart of groups of individuals supporting themselves, yet questioning, practicing their own parts; using the old to attain the new through part-time work; using the new to extricate from the old. These are the preparers of the little leaven.

#### "...HANGED A THOUSAND TIMES"

Leslie C. Kelley, one-time chaplain of San Quentin prison and chaplain overseas with the American troops, has seen many men die. He has taken many of them in his arms and heard their last words; whispered a blessing as they closed their eyes—later spoken as the earth of France covered them for the last time.

*But never once, he said, did I receive the shock as these brave lads went west that I did in the one hanging I attended in my official capacity as chaplain.*

*I saw this one hanging at San Quentin. And I went away from that institution and never returned. I cannot so much as look at those buildings today.*

*I saw this one hanging at San Quentin. And I have been hanged a thousand times by it since.—CALIFORNIA EXCHANGITE.*

Claude Bragdon's fine new book, *THE ETERNAL POLES*, will be commented upon in April. In it is told one of the most exquisite story bits ever encountered in print. Once entering a mind, it never leaves and never stops working, a story that C. B.'s early master, Hinton, used to tell. . . . Once there were two little balls living together in a fine mahogany box: one of them was made of solid gold and the other of wood gilded to look like gold. This one was carefully packed in cotton wool and kept itself perfectly quiet in one corner, while the gold ball rattled around just as it pleased. The gilded ball, scandalized by such behavior, said to the gold ball, "Why do you carry on like that? How can you be so wicked? You'll rub it off!" To which the gold ball answered, "Rub what off?"

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HE COULD NOT BE DISTURBED. In explaining why he could not take The Glass Hive, a young man wrote that he was "under the spiritual directory" of Fearo-Gashida, of whom we had not heard.

"STRONGER THAN WOE IS WILL." . . . Mind and body are inseparably interactional. There are always deeper subjective mental states and conditions coordinate with and corresponding to physical states and functions. If we change the deeper mental state, a change in the physi-

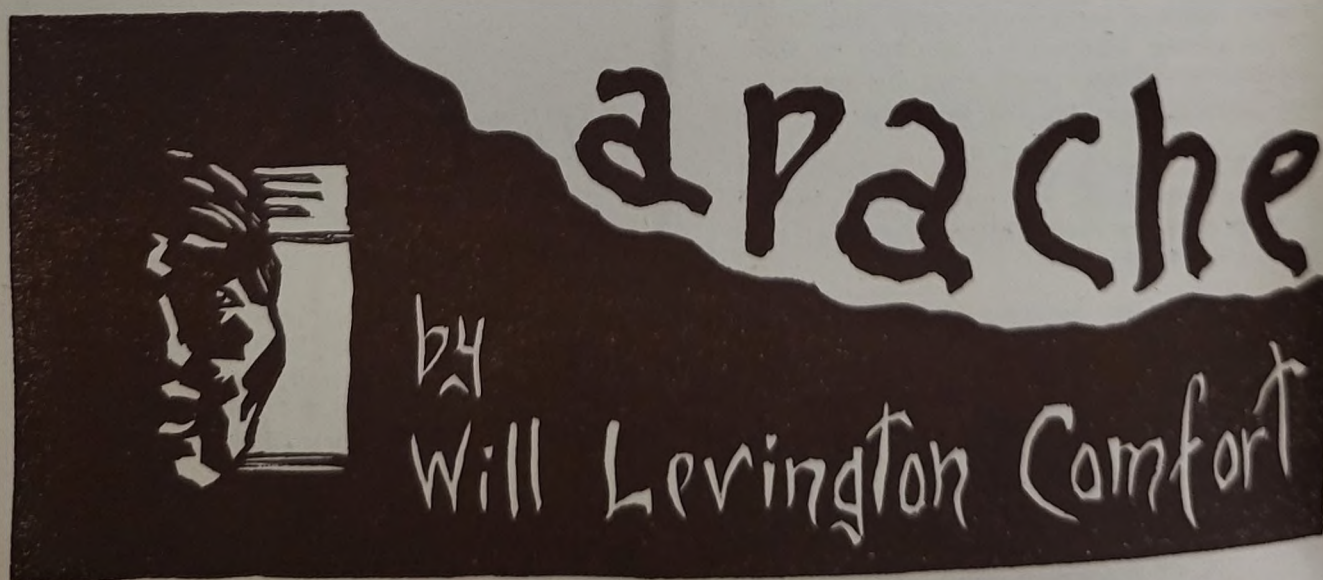
Do you know that the tragic mistake of all religions to the present fateful hour has been in the misguided idea of the followers that the earth must be abandoned to attain heaven? It is not that we are to stay here, but that by making heaven here we attain the power to leave at will.

On Friday evenings at the studio of Emily G. Marshall, 632 Lafayette Park Place, the New Era is a running topic of study and comment. The recent Glass Hive editorials under the head, PROJECT IN AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING, are used as a basis of discussion.

THE GRIM QUESTION: How can I work and not be caught in it? . . . How can I pour the best I have into a book or painting for weeks and months and not be concerned in its result in the world? . . . How can I conceive and carry a child and not be painfully identified with its destiny?

FOUNDATION LETTERS AND TEACHINGS written by E. A. Wilson in 1926-27 and side-tracked in many minds by certain confusions of that time, is a book of peculiar import now. The Tocsin, the Shadow, the Message of 1926, and other papers considered mainly as prophecy less than five years ago, now carry an astonishing familiarity in the midst of life. The Book Room has a number of these books at \$1.60.

THE NORTH NODE BOOK SHOP, 30 East Sixtieth Street, New York, announces as an introductory offer to all readers of The Glass Hive a special discount of ten per cent on all books purchased during March, 1931. This offer applies to everything contained in The North Node's comprehensive stock of books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, the Tarot, etc. The Glass Hive on sale.



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