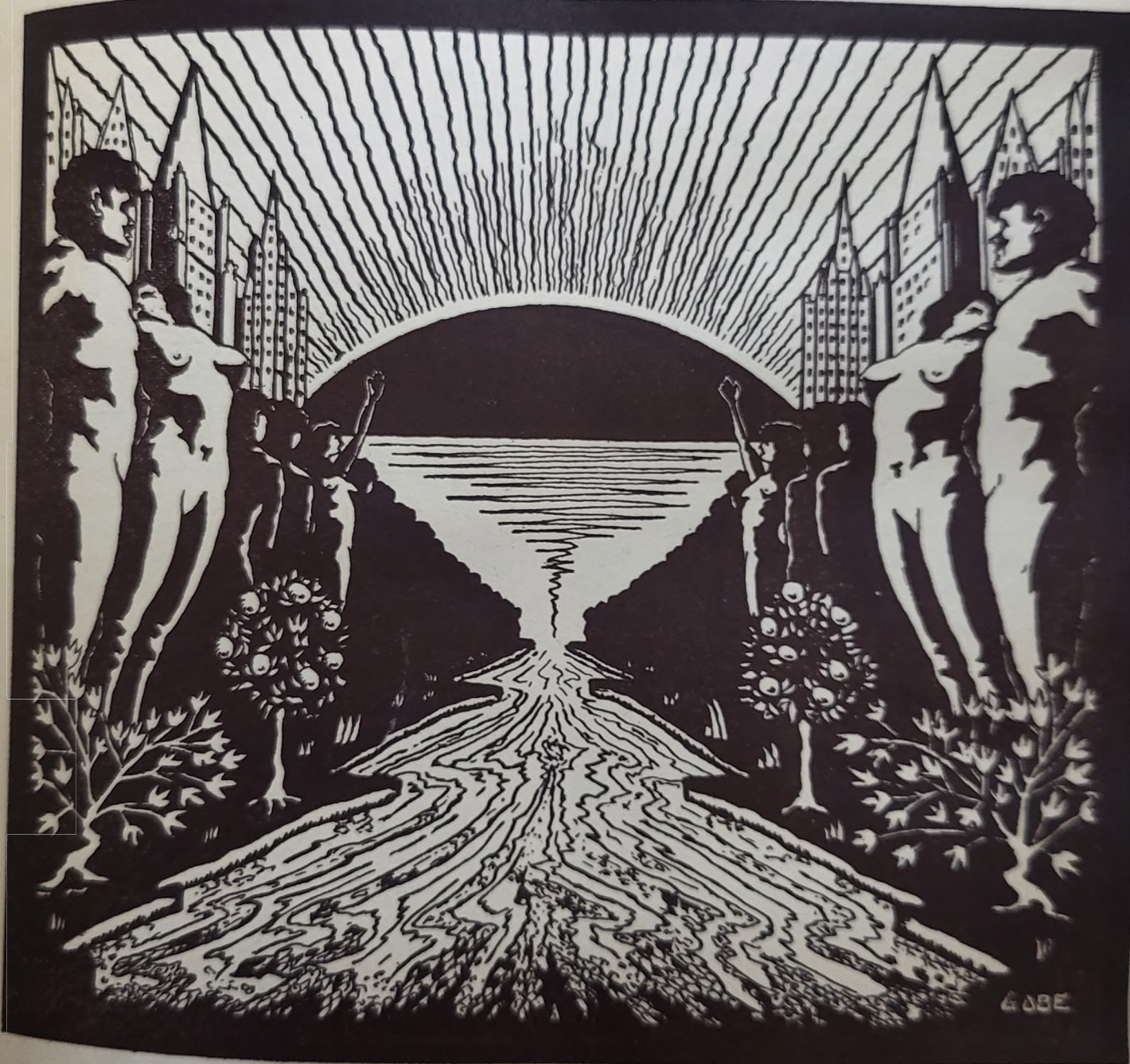


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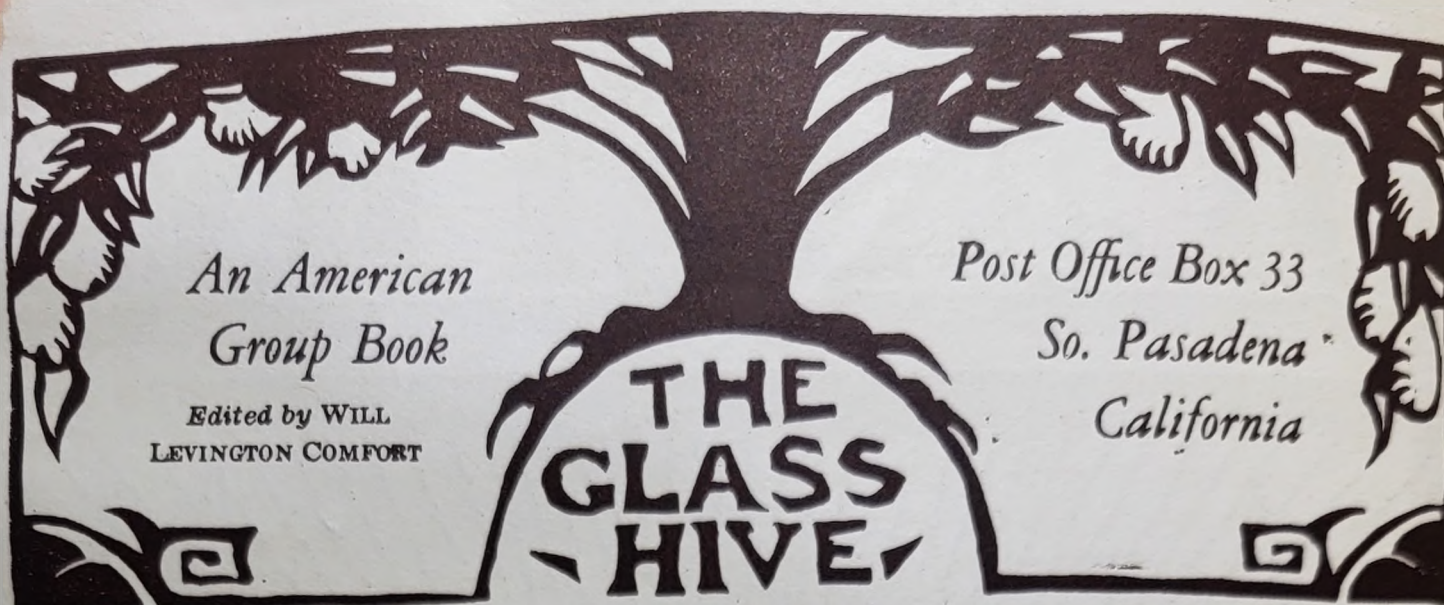


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Project In American Understanding

VI

The purpose of incarnation is mastery in matter—materials—the making of heaven here. The purpose was uttered two thousand years ago in the most used and misused of all prayers, particularly in the phrase "... on earth as it is in heaven."

To master materials one must have a key to their nature, a plan as to their arrangement and order—what is to be done with them, but this plan does not lie in materials. It overlords them, so to speak; it is contained in the Genius, the spiritual supervision of man.

The plan of any destined work—a book, a painting, an invention, a social project—already exists in higher space and reaches the chosen worker in the form of inspiration, as a Genius contact.

Man and man only is the intermediary between the plan and the materials; between the pattern and the performance. It is not enough to conceive this intellectually; it must be realized through action; the knowledge of it must be applied. Man becomes consciously a "workman unashamed," a heaven-maker in three space, as he finds his part and place, as he actually begins upon the work of performing his vision.

There is a continual attraction interplaying between free spirit and spirit latent in all materials. This has been mystically written as an eternal mating incentive between the Father and the Mother. The man who finds himself on his own line, or on his party-line, between these two, becomes a conscious manipulator between the Will and the Way. He is the Son; the Christ is said to be born within him. His Sonship is Consciousness. As he realizes his Sonship, he partakes of the nature of both spirit and matter, of both Father and Mother. He is therefore of all there is.

The rest is ever-increasing realization, the actual becoming in Consciousness of all there is.

Two thousand years ago, one who was conscious of his Sonship said: "I and the Father am One." To realize this was the mark set for attainment of the closing era. Accordingly as this has been realized in the heart of each today is his readiness for the new step, the new message, which is: "I and the Father and Mother am One." This is the mark set for attainment for the present and coming generations.

The Word of the New Era man is Equilibrium.

Two Vast Wings

To be eligible for the work of the New Era, one must have made good to a degree in the past era. The proportion of the human family ready to go on is not for us to know; but now as the examinations for passing or not are taking place, we are amazed and shocked to find how mistakenly we have been taught: that our readiness is not a matter of familiarity with knowledge-arrays, but in the degree of our power to practice what we know; that Equilibrium means adaptive use; that Equilibrium is applied spirituality—permitting soul-force to work

Man has heretofore been a heaven-seeker, not a heaven-maker. The world family may now be seen as divided into two vast wings; roughly designated as the East and the West

The East has perceived the Plan, but rushed toward it, utterly enamored of the blue-print, abandoning materials and the primal purpose of making them come true on earth

The West has perceived the materials, rushed into them, become involved in them to the loss even of remembering that there ever was a Plan. This is not mastery of materials, but falling at the mercy of them. This is treason to the human spirit, and upon the violators the retribution is falling—the back-thresh of elemental forces from the denuded forests, exhausted lands, wasted oil-caverns, an impotence almost planetary from the continental slaughtering of animals—vengeful gods rising at last out of all man-made machines

“ . . . Never mind if we don't understand electricity, we can use it,” said a spokesman of the people to one of Edison's busy warnings. . . . Yes, so long as the god stays in the machine

The Western World in itself may now be seen as divided into three companies:

Children First

First, the murmuring crowd, dazed, distraught, bowed with suffering that has no seeming solution; many plunging deeper into materials, snatching what they can, laughing hysterically at inner and outer law, their final hold on sanity braced on the fact that the myriads are as crazy as themselves

If you are not convinced of the self-destroying madness that has taken hold of a frightful percentage of the race, go apart into solitude, away from traffic, press and radio for a single week. The smiting pandemonium that meets your return will tell the story. More than that you will find what a single week has done; that the scream is perceptibly more frantic, the pace more hurtling; what passes for human reason, more absurd and obscene

Second, a smaller but constantly increasing company rushing into the beaten paths of the East, paths of spiritual failure wherever they led away from the primary meaning of incarnated life which is to make heaven here. As islanders and primitives everywhere take the worst from the white man in their early contacts—his vulgarities, diseases and perversions—so the untrained Western rushing into the footprints of the East's hurried path of return is crowding the laterals, grabbing up all the discarded crutches and bandages, using the technique of get-rich-quick to get-cosmic-quick

Third, a still smaller but steadily marshalling company—the New Day prospects, the little leaven upon which the whole American issue depends. Through the calling and example of these—through the labors of this comparative few now, the many on either side are to be reached, challenged one by one. In the midst of this company are the numbers of long-prepared men and women now coming to life and light, into positive identification

with their parts. Their credential is the beginning of Equilibrium, the balancing in their own breasts of the primary incentives of the East and West

Through these, the pressing spiritual tasks are now being taken over, especially the bringing to birth of children already anciently prepared in Consciousness—Children of the East and West, as they have long been called—the hardest first, greater and greater light-bearers following, until the Central Band itself shall appear “to usher in the Year Two Thousand.”

Every enlightened worker deals with these coming ones in the deepest energy of his aim and appeal; no matter what his work is, his meditation is with the children first of all; over the shoulders of all present companies he sends, even to the unborn, his voice and his hail

Epochal Contrasts

Faith in the Law was the most that was asked of preceding generations; now Consciousness of the Law is required of the New Era workman; actual participation in the Plan and its carrying out. The first step to acquire this Consciousness is to postulate that there is such a Plan; the second step is the gradual realization of it by laboring in it, by making or helping it to come true in materials. The existence of a Plan is already dawning upon many minds; without this, or the determination at least to postulate such a Plan, there is no real beginning

Our books are already written in the ethers; our songs are already intoned; our paintings already exist in their own chromatic accuracy. If you think that you invent stories or conceive pictures or write musical scripts out of nothing—you are wasting your time, trying to puzzle out if there is any sense to this—

Today is the day of knowing what one is about; the day of the emotional mystic has passed. In recent decades especially, the heart of the Western world has been stilled, in a beyance, pralaya, for the

mind of man to become trued and toned. As occultists express it, work has been going on in the head-centers. In the persons of those whose minds are already sufficiently rectified, the heart force is rekindling, arousing for cooperative work with its old enemy, once called the slayer of the real. This new work is unitive, not a work in duality; it is creative, not speculative. It participates in the Plan, and gradually the operator is removed entirely from the realm of chance

All personal life is carried on in the realm of chance. The time has come for the workman to rise forever from the gamble of duality. When one works with the unitive Plan, there is no chance. Any failure is instantly seen as the fault of the personal instrument; hence the long perfecting of the instrument is seen as necessary. When a man works dauntlessly through failures toward a more and more perfect instrumentation of the Plan; when he wants nothing for himself as a person, but only to carry the Authority of the God-thought Intention, he becomes the man-iplator, the manifestor he was meant to be

In himself he feels the sparking of the “Eternal Poles” where once he knew only the fright of chance and the pain of sex

The Pivotal Point

The March issue and the foregoing paragraphs of this one impress the importance of the right use of materials, and the failure of running away from the confronting tasks of each life, but the nature of the herculean endeavor to master materials without becoming involved in them, has hardly been indicated

A 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?

Of all the books of the East, the Bhagavad Gita discusses this last human ordeal most thoroughly and lawfully

So far as we know not a single great personality has been made without a long period of distressing involvement in materials. Man has come up through ways and means of the earth; he has built himself naively but formidably in separateness. Without the toils in getting and begetting for himself, he has never been able to organize that terrific selfishness, which at last begins to retch and ache and seethe within him, marking the beginning of his end as a mere person. "Work as those do who are ambitious"—has never been obeyed by a man who had not learned to work under the killing drive of ambition

Those who have refused to run away from materials have fallen into utter involvement in their struggle to become technically familiar with them. In due time this involvement becomes man's enemy, his intolerable pain and most stubborn obstruction to spiritual progress

Problem

"Why should this be?" one well may ask. "Must I learn non-attachment only after entering the cruellest forms of attachment? Why should I be forced to build the personal life so desperately hard that I must suffer crucifixion to take it down?"

Wisely to answer these questions is to formulate a new educational principle and technique, yet the answer is inevitable

As a Western race we have been ruthlessly hoaxed as to the whole meaning of life. Our academies incite us to struggle for worldly success, but are silent as to what we are to do when we have gained it. A successful man might return to his alma mater saying, "I have done all that you taught me, and have won the rewards that the world can give, but I see nothing but dust and ashes and lonely death ahead!"

The cruellest mistake of Western education has been to aim at personality as the ultimate human goal—all effort toward making and sealing tight a thing that has to die or forcibly be cracked open for man's continued growth

To rectify this mistake the education of the New Era cannot abandon personality-development and its technical training in materials. This is but the first and most foolish reaction; this is but to follow the spiritual failure of the East; this is the fault we have found with our own early educational experiments at Stonestudy: We essayed to turn abruptly from soil to soul—a failure to be used and profited from now

Solution

What then is the true educational aim?

Equilibrium

What is the general process?

Simultaneous teaching of spiritual laws and technical training in materials

What is the first step?

To postulate a spiritual supervision of human affairs, the Genius of man; that Genius is a resistless and intelligent Power to be linked with by the technically trained mind; that mastery of materials is impossible without this linking

What follows?

By every means, the conscious cultivation of this Genius through the infinite revelations and analogies of natural life: the constant fitting of the Above and the Below, the performance to the plan; unceasingly from the infant to the post-graduate classes, and by every art of man, to prove the primary fact of life—that for every man and every material form or work, the spiritual pattern already exists; that the first business of child or man is to find his part in this pattern and to proceed to make this part come true on earth.

Conscious Cultivation of Genius

No secret these days that a new American literature is emerging, based on a fuller and deeper understanding of what human nature is. The novelist of the coming era is to be a master of his psychology. No great novel can be made merely from carrying forward the life-actions of a character. These must be assembled into a coherent gripping whole through the writer's understanding of the subtler motivations of the life. Actions are results merely. Novelistic psychology includes a knowledge of causes; the embodying of these causes into life-actions, or living results.

Writers of the West are now finding out that the Orient contains the knowledge of laws necessary for the rounding out of the novelistic psychology. Our prolonged interest, as a California writing group, in the wisdom and philosophy of the East has not been entirely for the mystical, occult or even religious content, but also because the laws of human psychology are contained in them. These are necessary to the rational human story and any writer's part of the Story of the Age.

The East has anciently studied and preserved these priceless knowledges, but has never adequately used them; that is, never embodied them in action. The wholesale turning of the American people at the present time to the teachings of the East, the indiscriminate ransacking of ancient religions, true or tainted, pure or prurient, is a preparation at last for doing, for putting knowledges to use. The East is the knower; the West is the doer. The Western novelist is primarily the singer of deeds understood.

Our idea is gradually to come into a fine cooperation with writers of promise, especially the young writers of the west, for several reasons:

Because we believe that American writers are now gathering their materials for a mighty Literature.

Because our particular business is Story and the conscious cultivation of that Genius which manifests in the form of Story.

Because an association with groups of writers, especially these of the Pacific Coast, means a stepping out to meet the oncoming youth and genius of a New Day in human utterance.

Finally, because in The Glass Hive we have the means of periodical communication with all such writers, and an equipment to work with manuscripts toward the end of their perfecting and publication.

The best service on a book mss. is to uncover the Story and give back to the writer a clearer picture of what he set out to do. A fresh eye can often do this, pointing out where the writer has lost his way in the mass of material; often valuable material, but extraneous to the thing in hand. All the reader asks for is not to be obstructed, merely to follow through. Often young writers are more naturally true to their story than developed "author" personalities whose ripened experiences obtrude by their seeming importance.

As to terms: Every manuscript is a different proposition. In a book mss. of from sixty to ninety thousand words, \$25 is a minimum for comment, editorial retouching, and a general uncovering of the Story. Reconstruction is a different matter, running into many hours. Manuscripts appear on the desks here that are not considered worthy of close attention. Few writers care to pay for a judgment of a work's hopelessness: These are returned for a nominal fee of examination. On the other hand there are adventures

(Continued on Page 15)

"Gandhi Knows What He Is Doing."

You turn to the inside sheets of the newspaper for the greatest story of the month, or even of modern times. For the drama that Gandhi is enacting cannot fail to be seen, from a decade hence, as the pivot upon which the New Era opens. This statement is based upon Gandhi's words:

"We have talked much of the Soul. It is now time that we should take action in the Soul. If the Soul is all-powerful, as we have said, it is high time we were using it. Hence Satyagraha."

Years ago Gandhi stopped talking and started doing. What we perceive now in India is the result of one man's line-up with his Genius. In the present crisis of the India chapter of the Story of the Age, it would seem that Gandhi has been taken over by Lord Irwin, in something of the way an American president was once assimilated together with his Fourteen Points, also the grandmother of Red Ridinghood; at least it would seem so to one hankering after the destruction of Britain incidental to the autonomy of India.

But Gandhi does not hate England. The Soul is not like that; he plays the game of the Soul. He is not Irish. There is nothing up his sleeve. He wears no sleeves. . . . The best account in America of what is really taking place is being printed in *Unity*, edited by John Haynes Holmes. In answer to a cable of inquiry, Gandhi returned the following cable message to Mr. Holmes:

Thanks. Nothing on important issues you mention was settled, but door kept open for raising these questions. Congress enters conference with determination to gain these points. The settlement is provisional, and if Congress position cannot be reached through conference, Congress might have to readopt method of suffering and civil disobedience.

In comment Mr. Holmes writes in the issue of March 23:

Its significance is unmistakable. Gandhi, supreme master of the situation, has granted to the Empire a provisional settlement upon the basis of which he may consolidate and conserve the whatever gains were achieved in London, and prepare and organize his campaign for the further and decisive gains which must be achieved before India is free and his work thus done. . . . Let one thing be remembered! Mahatma Gandhi is today, as he has been from the beginning, the master of India's destiny. It was he who granted the truce to the Viceroy—the Indian who bestowed his favor upon the Briton—India which consented to an agreement with the Empire. The power which Gandhi now holds he will use unremittingly to the end which he is pledged to seek till it is found. Gandhi knows exactly what he is doing. He will not hurry, nor be impatient; He will forgive his enemies not seven times, but seventy times seven; and he will deny them no opportunity to cooperate with him in the establishment of that liberty and peace which is his steadfast aim. The trouble with certain misguided friends of Gandhi is that they seek not so much to deliver India as to destroy England. That is not, and will not be, the purpose of the Mahatma. He is the servant of the one country quite as much as of the other. He would save them both, that they may be friends together. And because he is so strong, he can afford to be gentle and very patient. Gandhi has hitherto been great, supremely great, but never quite so great as when, in his moment of utter power, he extended the hand of peace to Britain and gave her still another chance.

In the same issue of *Unity* is the following editorial comment:

If the terms agreed upon by the Mahatma and the Viceroy were final terms, there might be reason for disappointment. But the present situation can be understood only in the light of the word used in all the despatches from India to describe it—namely, "a truce." A truce it is—not an abandonment, but a suspension of the great non-violent, non-cooperative struggle for independence. Gandhi is the greatest of statesmen as well as the holiest of saints. He is one of the few supreme men of history who unite the highest idealism with the shrewdest wisdom. . . . We search history in vain for any such drama as this—the viceroy of an Empire sitting down with one of his own prisoners as a petitioner to win the latter's favor!

Survivals of Civilization--How Many?

A Girl in the Twenties looked about among the homes and lives of her married friends and decided—Not for Her. She chose Career and was given a position in the editorial rooms of a metropolitan daily. The managing-editor, with the idea of showing her the ropes, took her into the office of the society editor, who fifteen years before had created a stir in answering letters of the love-lorn. The girl-cub was left for a talk with the elder, supposedly to learn some points of the game, but what she really learned was what the game had done to the woman at the desk. Scornful, querulous, hardened to the hide, answering a deluge of correspondence by means of numbered forms, beating thinner and thinner her original solutions of etiquette and domestic inter-relationships—"cheap repairs for the cheap ones"—a galvanism of banality—

"Am I supposed to get like that?" the girl inquired of all her gods at once.

Other than editorial rooms contain those who have remained unmarried, who set out with initiative and inspiration, but presently narrowed into a rotarian buzz, with steady lessening candle power of vision. Prolonged maidenhood without knowledge of the creative nature of the use of love force is plainly devastating. Usually before thirty the effects of repression begin to appear. A woman becomes more and more routinized, less and less inspirational. She is inclined gradually to adapt to man's idea of her career, frequently becoming more mannish than man himself; and correspondingly her emotional powers are less and less motivating to the men about her. She is routinized—

The career woman who lives with a man and retains her work in the world at the price of continually thwarting her creativeness in child-bearing appears to undergo a different diminishment—

If marriage frustrates career, and career without marriage drains the bloom and elan of the feminine; if either one prolonged puts out the light of life—what is there?

In times past a woman whose lover died or faded or failed frequently took her love to the church, to God, to a concept of the Christ. She entered a process of sequestration; she took the veil, became the bride of the church, which in its more pristine form partly at least understood her plight, redirected her love, and availed itself of her creative force, frequently to bring about its own temporal ends.

What became of the woman? According to the power of her purpose, and the fulness of her relinquishment of one kind of love for the assumption of another, she prospered mystically and organically as well. Fluctuating between the two, she suffered cruelly and thwarted her purpose. A veiled woman capable of making a structural decision and carrying it out neither wrecked her body in the process, nor dimmed the visionary power of her intuition. In fact, her sufferings, wisely directed, refined rather than maimed her, and her later life was unified in rhythm in many cases, even happiness not altogether a stranger. The secret is not to obstruct creative force, but consciously to work with it; in any case to permit it to outpour into a definite work, whether this work is a book or a child, a hospital or a school—any conceived and held-to purpose.

While a mystical answer is not for the many of the present day, it must be understood that there is no change in the law of love to meet modern conditions. Love always works—love always disintegrates obstructions—the instrument that resists it is speedily disintegrated. Shut in her house, with her husband responding to her less and less, a woman yearns for career. Out in the world she yearns hauntingly for the nest. It is this division of the mind and heart; this intolerable stretching between two paths, this whacking about, without a governing principle of ordered purpose, that smashes so many women's lives. . . .

Before motherhood, the girl of today is fatefully unaware of the mighty mammal destined in its hour to arise within her demanding right-of-way, caring nothing for her place or hopes, taking her body and emotions by storm, and converting her brain to its need and its use. Man has rarely understood this, much less woman herself. Together in such moments they are usually swept irresistibly to culmination. If there is any holding out against it, the man must do it, for he alone can vaguely remember the laws of society and the fears of consequence. "Don't!" the girl cries in her fiery dream and hates him if he obeys.

The royalty of such an engagement is abused in a tangle of pernicious part-truths, not even half-truths. No new age of the feminine is possible without knowledge of what happens when the poles of sex come together and the stars and moon and the old earth-mother herself conspire for issue.

Ages of experience, still met in a consummation of ignorance—the race ruttet in vicious circles, missing its possible raptures and repudiating its strong deliverer of spiritual law!

There is no possibility of individuals ushering in the new feminine consciousness without knowledge and the capacity for decision. This is a matter of brain and not heart. The pilot must come aboard the feminine ship. In a word, woman must do for herself what the church once did for her. Innocence will no longer help. The human Spirit of the New Day cannot safely use the innocent, either boy or girl. The virginity of inexperience was pretty enough, but feverishly over-rated by a possession-mad age. Human Spirit challenging its runners of the coming decades can safely deal alone with those tough enough to live through protracted gruellings of experience and not be beaten back into mediocrity by the defeats that lie in the technical development of each human life; with those few who can eat their bitterness and not be poisoned; who have succeeded in gathering the essentials of experience into knowledge that works. The human Spirit is a fiery drink of power, and only those who break through into the champion class, in art or games, motherhood or business, can walk straight and carry that liquor. Such a man or woman is virgin enough—virgin in a new dimension entirely—virgin to Genius itself!

Such a one is capable of making and carrying out a decision. Without this, there is no entering the New Day.

Our race has tarried overlong in the hollow between the hills. Hollowness, not wholeness, is our contribution so far to the ages. Today is the hour, but inertia moans against the struggle demanded. Man and woman alike are tired to desperation, insulated not only from the healing of the earth, but from the inspiration of the skies. It could be understood why women do not know what they are doing in association downtown or afield with men, unaware of the creative nature of their focalization with him upon an art or business or social project. It could be understood that man in his unprecedented temporal trials should continue whipping himself off the map by intimidating and stultifying the living urn of his belongings, but that woman herself should realize neither her past nor her future as a

The I. O. Morne pieces, *THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LOVE* in the March issue and the present one, *SURVIVALS OF CIVILIZATION—HOW MANY?* might be styled *Borderland Papers*. They work with the frictions and stoppages of human psychology, especially having to do with the preliminary uses of love by men and

mother, her natural or her spiritual powers, is the incredible plight of the present.

Civilization is the gruelling no man's land between the two dimensions. Again and again races have reached the period America is now in and fallen back. America opens to the new trial, and this time the feminine especially is charged to cross between the fronts. Only the indomitable pioneers can make the crossing. Once made, as ever, the state will recognize opened boundaries won by its pioneers, and history will tardily analyze and glorify.

Man is starving for spiritual cooperation with woman, but does not know it. He is not inclined just now to relinquish his hold on the straws that are sinking with him, but the very meaning of the new age of woman is her assumption of herself, of her stepping out of her jumble of curves, and replacing them with a straight shaft of conscious power. If the female animals are instinctively connected with productive force, the long ordeals of civilization must net a few feminines who consciously connect with creative force. It's in the air. America as a major spiritual experiment hangs in the balance—and the new age of woman is but a swirl in the old chaos without it.

At this time when civilization has exhausted its people as it has exhausted the earth; severed its humanity from the use of natural forces, the outstanding few are challenged to make the bitter crossing into the use of supernatural or spiritual forces, based on decision and an assumption at least of spiritual power. The proportion of those able to make the grade will determine the success or failure of America's part in the cosmic plan.

Survivals of civilization—how many?

... Women capable of making an art of their part; women who perceive the need of working consciously or not at all; capable not only of learning, but applying spiritual laws; capable of decision, of deciding their career period; their womanhood readiness; making their marriages wait for it if necessary, in no case falling blindly into it; bearing their children in consciousness; repudiating chance forever, for children that happen are like books without conscious motive, lacking their right measure of enlightenment from love used as a conscious force.—I. O. MORNE.

women. They are preparatory work; solutions at best indicated rather than directly expressed. Ground is being covered in these pages, however, that will prepare the mind for a more real work in the future on this central theme. All that has to do with the child of the future has to do with parents today.—ED.

Have You a Code?

A Code is a personal affair; a private system of ethics made of the best thoughts and decisions a man knows; comprising the best use of experience, the use of knowledge gained

A code is formed of articles to be used; that is its basic principle

A code is not the last Word; it is rather a holding system; a set of tentative laws adjusted to time and place. It is for the use of persons, preliminary to the unerring, superpersonal use of the Law in Consciousness

It matters little what a man's code is, if it is the best he knows and is carried clearly through into action

A code is subject to change upon maturity. It is matured as it is applied. Use beautifies, perfects it. Through action based upon the best one knows, a higher grade of sentiency is entered, often with a flash of intuition

An article of code well acted upon is proven or found out. It should be released gladly when a nobler formation appears

A code held to too long, out of adjustment to its time and place, cramps the progress of the life. A man holding on to his code too long may be stubborn, but still respected

Deeper damage results in deciding upon a code and not keeping it. This reacts upon the life in the nature of cleavage. Into the rift, doubt and indecision enter; the growth of character checked

A man who decides upon a code must expect to be tested. Its assailants invariably appear. Such is the nature of growth and training for the use of power. Mechanically this is seen to be true, as well as spiritually

Often in the stress of the testing, man is driven to the point of such confusion that he loses the reason of his decision, and can only remember the naked decision itself. This must be held to and acted upon

In all cases of doubt and confusion, the man is safe who acts upon his code. Invariably he finds that he has done well in keeping his word to it, even though in the light that follows he is shown a better article of code for future use

The New Era asks of the individual to do the best he knows at a given time; intelligently to use experience; not to repeat mistakes; consciously to decide and act

Progress is unabated; life moves forward rapidly into significance; power is increased from decision to decision carried out

These are the articles of the personal man, and must be perfected before the consciousness of the superman can safely be installed

The Word begins to work through the man who keeps his word to others; the Word works freely through the man who keeps his word to himself, a more advanced step

No man need ask for power; its increase is cumulative and inevitable, as one learns to carry today's measure decently

True to his code a man constantly challenges higher power; he may assume it with confidence, finally act upon it in Consciousness

The magicians of the New Day are those, and only those, who have become superb as persons, by living up to the best they know, by maturing their codes according to the time and place.



Rudhyar: Philosophy of Operative Wholeness

VI. The Law of the Cycle is one and eternal. It applies to all cycles, and cycles are the very substance of Time. Krishna states this law in the Bhagavat Gita when he says, somewhat cryptically: "I am the beginning, the middle and the end of all that is evolved," and also "I am the seed of all existing things."

The seed, in every species, is the condition nearest to that of a sphere which the life forces manifesting through that species may ever reach. As the sphere is the perfect cosmic form toward which all particular life-forms are evolving, one may infer that the seed is the point of perfection of all life. But this seed-perfection is not only physiological. The physical seed is also the symbol of the positive and spiritual perfection of beings who have reached the condition of cosmic integration and who can be called AEons and Pleromas—that is, Wholeness of time and space.

There are three essential moments in any complete cycle and these are seed-points. First, the vernal point of germination when the first root breaks forth through the "circle of wholeness" and begins the phase of manifested growth; then, the summer point of fecundation, when the seed reappears potentially at the heart of the flower; lastly, the autumnal point of sowing, when the seed falls into the soil or is absorbed as food by animal life. There is a fourth point, at Christmas; but it is not situated in the world of evolving form or time, as it is the birth of time itself in the realm of permanent wholeness.

These three seed-points are the beginning, the middle and the end of all that evolves—that is, of all forms that are subjected to the law of change. They correspond in man to the moment before birth, the thirty-fifth birthday, and the moment after death. These are the moments when essentially Krishna operates in man. But Krishna is not the ordinary consciousness of the ever-changing personal man or woman; no more than the seed is leaf or stem. Krishna is "the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings. He is the Center, drawing all eccentric life-forms to the condition of the sphere. He is Time, the mysterious executive of the Law of Wholeness; that which forces the ray out of the center, the root out of the seed, and the Ego out of the dream-state of pure subjectivity; that also which polarizes the within and the without, the Woman and the Man, toward the re-constitution of wholeness (the sphere-seed); that, at last, which

gathers the many dual experiences of life-in-form into the crystal-globe of the seed-center above, where the Ego will see the records of the past transmuted into the substance of eternity.

The moment before birth shows to the earth-bound Ego the need for embodiment, how that which had been left not-whole can be made whole by a series of form-experiences. The moment after death reveals to the Eternal Watcher in the heart the balance-sheet of the life; after which he re-enters the state of relative wholeness, as a sleeper disturbed by some noisy intrusion falls back to his sleep. At the point of mid-life the conscious self of man, like Dante, explores his depths and his heights and joins the other self that pours down from the heart of Light. They at-one within the form; essentially the inner or causal form (the holy place of the Seed) but at times also the outer or bodily form (the place of darkness and redemption).

During the first moment the forces of destiny are knotted into the form ready to breathe the air of the earth. Time stamps its seal upon the Ego: the astrological chart of nativity. The cycle begins to operate. Before birth Time was only gathering momentum. At birth Time locks itself up into a seed-moment, which thereafter unwinds itself. Time then is the Past—that is to say, during the first half of the life, generally speaking, the past locked up in the first seed-moment works itself out into objectivity. At 35 man is the synthesis of his Past. More than that, he is also the Presence within an organic form, as fully developed as it can normally be; just as the plant has reached its apex of development when flowering takes place.

At 35 (though this may not come to each life at the exact point of years) man is the flower. Within that flower the future takes birth to regenerate the past. This future is the child of eternity. For eternity is wholeness of time; and the future is the sacrificial incarnation of Wholeness into a particular form, for the purpose of neutralizing and redeeming, in and through that particular form, the past (that is, the not-whole).

Thus, at the mid-life point, eternity or Wholeness descends into the form—that is, whatever of Wholeness can be taken in, as it were, by that form, fecundates it. The plant absorbs through the flower the hidden sun. Heaven meets earth in the glowing tabernacle; or, to put it in another way, the two polarities of life being brought into conjunction within

the flower, wholeness finds itself reconstituted. This is the 'eternal' moment, birth being the 'original' and death the 'summational' moments.

It is in this eternal moment that freedom resides; for freedom exists only where time is neutralized. There is no freedom in birth; no freedom in death. But there is a certain amount of freedom in mid-life. Then wholeness manifests and brings with itself as much freedom as the form can perceive and remember. What the form then perceives and remembers, what it has been able to absorb of eternity—that determines the summational moment of death, which in turn determines the birth yet to come. Birth opens the door, death closes it. What actually happens within the sanctuary is concentrated spiritually at the mid-life point, in the one eternal moment.

This moment is the Spirit-in-the-Body, Maheshwara, the great god, the god that is operative wholeness, and not only static wholeness. It is the Christos, that eternal moment which is Eternity (the Christos) crucified in form and thereby made operative, made a Bridge over the key-stone of which Spirit and Matter commune.

Mid-life, being the one eternal moment, does not need to be lost again in the consciousness of time. At mid-life Buddha attained Nirvana, which is precisely the eternal moment. But Buddha did not forget Nirvana. He carried Nirvana into his every deed. Thus every moment thereafter became a mid-life point; a ceaseless consummation, a perpetual birth of

futurity without any residuum to be burned up by the fatality of some past-to-come.

Every act of the ordinary man generates that residuum which later on will become a past to be redeemed by a new incarnation. It produces refuse. But the deeds of a buddha and of any buddha-like adept are refuse-less. They are crystal spheres in which eternity is focalized as a power of integration. The power of integration is that which makes the not-whole whole. It is the true healing power, the radiance of the Christ.

"I am the beginning, the middle and the end," said Krishna. "I am the alpha and the omega," said Jesus. A is the beginning. O (or OU) is the end. M is the mid-point. This gives us the sacred word AUM; and also the Latin word AMO—I love. The Latin word describes the constant progress of the cycle; beginning, middle and end. Every day and every minute are cycles. The wheel goes on, everlastingly. AMO, AMO, AMO . . . much love, much motion; yet no peace.

The Aryan sage had seen deeper. He realized that beginning and end are illusions that can be dispelled; that time can be overcome. By an intense effort of integrating will, he joined beginning and end, and negated both by sounding the closed tone of eternity; the closed lips' hum, which is the undertone of Silence, the murmur of eternity; the sacred letter M; the great Mother that is wholeness in operation, the Sea in birthing of living forms consecrated to the eternal alchemy of past into eternity.

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Faces

Phases

Facets

Portraits



BETTY VEYSEY . . . from a portrait in oil

Youths have sworn their lives to religion, science or art in moments of interior opening, only to find, when their fervor of visioning subsided, that they were incapable of lifting their every-day lives to the level and form of their resolutions

They found it impossible to sacrifice the myriad desires for things, for the sake of the single desire. "Let thine eye be single—" means what it says to the artist

They found themselves incapable of sacrificing all lateral actions, emotions, thoughts, that did not cohere with the central theme

They flamed at a sight of the distant goal, but their steps flagged in the long drill and drag between the peaks

Great work is the product of sustained thought; the materialization of vision

Finished action is the only certificate of what you are

The present chaos is the result of conflicting desires—the lack of a central aim. This is the cause of ill-health, divorce, disintegration of every kind. In the singleness of eye, no aim is too high or too far away

Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Beethoven, Gandhi are revered by mankind because they actually matured, materialized, their visions. . . . Like Enoch, Paul of Tarsus received the Word and he was not; for the Word took him in.



What Is Love

Angling for answers in this universal thought-stream is a high order of entertainment. We've been doing it for years, always hoping to find something more than a generality on the end of our line. What is love, we ask, and then sit back expectantly. In *THE ETERNAL POLES*, Claude Bragdon goes into the subject with a fine inclusive grasp.

Love, he shows us, is the activity of the life-force, and the life-force is all there is, but in this three-dimensional world love assumes innumerable disguises: "Hate is love turned inside out; envy is love for what is another's; jealousy is the fear of the loss of love," etc. It is all love, but we go about dwarfing and perverting and distorting it, according to our personal limitations. Endlessly the great men and the great books of the world point out to us that God is the life principle within all things; therefore, God is in man and man in God and the gift of the self to the Self is eternal life, yet there is a river to cross to reach this realization and each must cross it alone.

One by one the strong swimmers emerge upon the opposite shore, crying out that life is one. We hear them but cannot know what they say until we have discovered it for ourselves. Claude Bragdon says: "When the idea dawns that the world is a hall of mirrors in which the hurrying throng and the confronted stranger are alike reflections of oneself, that a change of habit of mind alters the appearance of everything, escape from this crystal maze becomes the dominant desire. Every mirror is not only a wall which confines, but a door which liberates and love is the open sesame. . . . What one does to another one does to oneself—though time may delay the repercussion—and what one does to oneself is done to the life force."

We have heard something of this before. We expect to hear it many times more. Finally we will hear it ringing in the depths of ourselves and then we shall know it. Bragdon gives certain definitions of Christ and Buddha, of Emerson and the Upanishads. The initiates have told one story, he points out, the greatest of them dealing less with cosmo-conceptions than with conduct of life. "For save as a stimulus to action, thought is sterile; it is more apt to enervate the will than to energize it. The habit of theorizing prevents us from feeling reality, makes us immune to it, makes it seem no more than another thought." Yet what a vast amount of thinking and theorizing it takes to arrive at this concept!

THE ETERNAL POLES deals in outline with the many phases and stages of love—"conditioned by the medium through which it operates." Initial and daemonic love which is rooted in conflict—"the conflict between that light which is the life-force and that Luciferian bright-darkness of the rebellious angel in man." With celestial love—"the activity of the life force operating through a redeemed or dedicated personality: a clear lens, therefore, for the shining of that inward light." And with the androgyne: "*Become what thou art! Be ye therefore perfect!* That perfection is nothing other than the divine androgyne. And the same voice which said: *Be ye therefore perfect* told also the way to that perfection: *Love one another.* Christ's life and teaching were presentations of the nature of that love which makes perfect. . . . The quality of one's love for another is therefore the gauge of one's relation to the life force."

It is good to think of these things with our fourth dimensional friend. His faculties are so cool and kind. He does not try to be spectacular or impressive. Claude Bragdon has studied the philosophies of the masters and he has studied life, sieving, revaluing, synchronizing, and at intervals he gives forth of what he knows. His books are radiant.

"... Similar Light in the Reader's Brain--"

A Peculiar Incapacity to be honest with oneself on paper marks the amateur in fiction. Subconscious motives in dire dread of being found out parade before a beginner's mind in pitiful disguise. For writing as an art is a most direct route to the inner realms of self, with many dragons to be slain along the way. There appear to be very definite stages to pass through in learning to write, almost as clearly predictable as a child's passage to maturity. From infancy to adolescence the process must be endured, and only then can one be said to be ready to begin. Amateur writers and ordinary children make the same mistakes and suffer the same delusions; nor do the hard-earned findings of those who have gone before offer any particular advantage. Each must enter the new element alone and master it with his own strength. There is a time for this phase of growth to manifest itself—a time for that. Very often the child is more interesting before he really begins to use his head. Likewise the writer. Inspiration may flow into the fluidic faculties of the beginner in any field, resulting in a quality of performance which is quite lost when the crystals of the forming intelligence begin to appear. Of course there is the born writer who maps his own course, as there is the occasional odd one among children, but the general run are marvelously identical in procedure.

It is a great blessing when the burn to express with words is recognized early in youth, so that the writer and his work may grow up together. When at last the man is ready to speak, the instrument is prepared to interpret and certain ghastly inequalities are avoided. What is sadder than one's friend who talks so well setting about the task of writing one of his favorite stories? Or the man who has lived much trying to record his most cherished experiences? No matter how sophisticated the man, he enters the unfamiliar element unprepared and must patiently learn the ropes or back out.

The essence of writing is repression and emotional control, as the first writers known were the monks and recluses of the world. The emotion of the arrived writer is thrice-distilled, held and concentrated until it comes forth clothed with his very flesh and will. Instead of the quick sweep of the outwardly emotional person, his feeling is held and turned in until the innermost recesses of his being are lit up. Then his shaft of expression is steady and has the effect of creating a similar light in the reader's brain.

It is a curious phenomenon that the trained fiction mind is the only true recorder of facts. Creative faculties alone can reassemble the scattered elements of past events into an orderly and veritable sequence. By fiction mind we mean the infinitely flexible, sentient faculties of the artist who has come up through all the stages, serving his time in each, but remaining in none, always pushing upward to the next ledge. Writing is a grade-school process of initiation. There is no surer path to spiritual enlightenment than the steady tramp through all the painful preliminaries—vagaries, sophistries, lies, inventions—to the point where the self stands revealed to the self and creative work may begin. The degree of personal detachment necessary in the composition of a great story is akin to that of the seer. The necessary process of extrication has been undergone, the self has been seen in correct proportion to the whole, and the artist, purged and purified in vision, draws upon his own egoic source. The creative sense is an androgynous inclusion of the two poles of life. To pursue any art to the point where the self is met face to face is to find God.—J. L. C.

To idealize India is not to understand India, and often the force of idealization takes from the force required to make the most of what it means to be born in America. Idealism calls forth antagonism. It was Western idealism without understanding that made the book *MOTHER INDIA* possible. The same made possible Edgar Lee Master's book about Lincoln.

Conscious Cultivation

(Continued from Page 6)

—projects of great promise—which make us glad and eager to work with them clear through to the publishing market. For shorter manuscripts we have supplied bracing comment at the rate of \$1 the thousand words. Generally the work is conducted here on a basis of coaching, admonition of experience from those who write for a living, spark-fanning supervision rather than trouble-shooting, but all branches of manuscript criticism and preparation are undertaken, even copying and rewrite.*

*The above syllabus addressed to the League of Western Writers is in response to the League's invitation to W. L. C. to act as official critic on book-length manuscripts for the organization. The Glass Hive Manuscript Bureau made acceptance possible.



The Angel

Why seek ye the living among the dead?
 You who in these last days of the Age
 Are still peering into the tomb
 And wondering why your Savior is not there

Arouse yourselves
 Even if it be to follow a path to a cross
 For only those who watch with their faces
 toward the east
 Can see the rising sun

Hatred is the tomb
 And Love is the awakening
 And the voice that has no power to wound
 Cannot be heard by ears that can still hear
 hatred

The tomb may hold a Jesus
 But it will never hold a Christ

You are yourselves the tomb
 And also the womb
 Of your Christ
 You are each one of you both Mary the
 Immaculate
 And Mary out of whom were cast the seven
 devils
 And some day each of you will bear a Christ
 From your own soul's immaculate conception
 Will bring forth from the tomb of your hopes
 And your yearnings
 A Christ re-born

And you Thomases who doubt
 And you Peters who will deny Him 'ere the
 cock crows
 The mole, too, doubts the existence of the
 eagle
 And the sea-slug denies the flying fish
 And the ear that is tuned only to discord
 Must ever deny the sweetness of harmony
 But some day you will believe
 And some day you will stand firm in your
 belief

For every man has a door that He will some
 day pass
 And every man will cross some field in which
 he will meet Him
 And every man at the edge of some clear pool
 Will look into the eyes of his Christ
 And will see there the image of his own
 perfection

You who are thirsty but of little vision
 Who seek the dead pages of history for Him
 You will find only gravesclothes there
 He dwells in a land more distant than your
 longest journey
 And yet nearer than your closest garment

You travel fastest toward it
 Who stand fixed in Faith
 You travel farthest in it
 Who stand immovable in Love
 And His distance from you now
 Is only as light
 Is distant from darkness

And you over-wise
 Who would prove that He was only a fable
 Even if you are right
 You do not take Him from us
 For when in the name of a fable
 The sick are made whole
 And the wanton turns from his lust with
 loathing
 Let us remember the fable
 And forget the fearful thing we have honored
 as fact

And finally, you compassionate ones
 Who have searched for Him in your peace
 You can know only intervals of peace
 For which you must battle again and again
 But when in the midst of the battles
 You shall forget that your peace ever had a
 beginning
 Or that it can ever end
 There you will find Him

CUTTINGS from Box 33

... It isn't a matter of affording the Glass Hive—it is being unable to afford doing without it.—A. W.

... There is something of a difference between a magazine that is a suitcase and a magazine that is a flume.—W. R. V.

... Someone sent me two issues of your magazine, the Glass Hive, and I was so moved after reading them over that I sewed the pages together with a stout string and wrote my name on the cover before lending them to anyone.—F. A.

... I am only eight weeks in the Tarot Course, so you know I am not so far along, but far enough to acknowledge my gratitude to the Glass Hive for a great bestowal. The Course is so superior to everything that I have found in the line of applied psychology that I feel for the first time that I have touched the subject.—N. P.

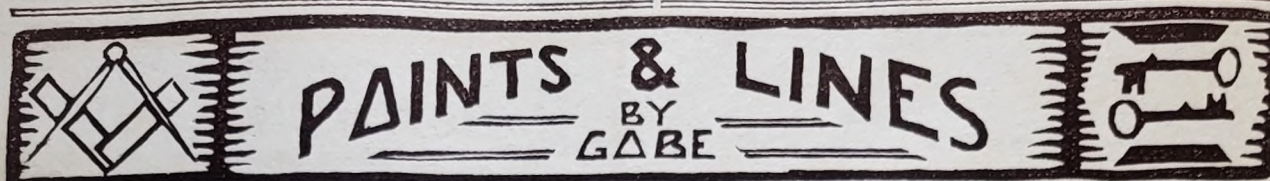
... In the last paragraph of your March lead, you have said it all: "... the perfecting of relationships toward their conclusion in unification." For how can we have true unity without the perfecting of the individual first? ... Lately my work has been mostly with children. The child has the discriminating soul. What I have learned they have taught me. To be worthy a child—let The Glass Hive continue to tell the blessedness of it. To start all over—today—now—about face, what potentiality in these words! That is what the child is, the Beginning—unspoiled, pristine, and powerful. You are helping new America to begin right.—S. W. S.

... I wonder if you have become thoroughly familiar with the last Beethoven quartets. When there is so little opportunity to hear these works in a musical center like New York, there must be considerably less in Los Angeles, besides which, such compositions are not for occasional hearing; one needs to live with them. For in certain marvelous movements of these quartets, particularly in the slow movements, Beethoven expressed that intimate relationship with the Source (of which there is the promise in some of his earlier works) and truly the music is divinely beautiful. To me the Adagio of the Quartet in E Flat, Opus No. 127, is the finest movement in the whole range of music. Thanks to him, or rather to the fount of his inspiration, we are given a degree of revelation, and thus a foretaste of that transcendent beauty within; and there is not only the picturing of the ideal before it may definitely have opened in us, but since the music is expressive of the true spiritual, it is thus a most potent factor in bringing about the inner unfoldment. Not that we should look to music, however exalted, for our inspiration, but it does help, as we struggle along in the darkness, to be lifted occasionally above "the dead man in the heart," and when strained or weary, to find a degree of peace. All of the Beethoven last quartets have been recorded by The Lener String Quartet, the finest there is, and while they have not plumbed the depths, nevertheless their renderings are so excellent that, when one considers the likelihood of lack of understanding and distortion, there is truly reason to be grateful. The Quartet in E Flat, Opus No. 127, has not been issued in this country, being only obtainable on imported records.—F. E. DENISON.

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To visualize a line from one point to another, or to think of a person as having a logical line of thought from point to point, gives us the realization that a line is the basis of any system of logic.

1. If you are a workman your line is from home to factory.
2. If you are a manufacturer your line is from factory to salesman.
3. If you are a salesman your line is from factory to market.
4. If you are the middleman your line is from store to customer.

A city is organized by telephone lines, sewer lines, car lines, bus lines, steam lines, air lines. Lines above and lines below. Person, city and republic each grasp their particular line and line it up. When this multiplicity of lines forming person, city, republic and civilization jam, the consequence is a T, since one line ramming another forms a T. We are now carrying the cross of T. Here is apathy, and the far-flung line of brooding death. We did our World War and slew bodies. Now we are doing our World Depression and opening doors that will result in slaying the minds of many. So much for a civilization constructed upon logical lines! Yet the word logic is from Logos. If man's logic were straight enough to link with the Word, there would be no jam of lines, no cross to carry.

* * *
* * *

When a man uses the written or spoken word without adding a mixture of personal notions or fancies, his word is then like the salt of the earth—a preservative

* * *
* * *

For years and years we feel our way up, and hold our feelings down. But in all feeling there is tentativeness—doubt. To know is to see—

* * *
* * *

Seed and soil is an old, old story. The mating season is now on. So the essence of Will (seed) shall go forth into the fields (soil) of creative imagination. . . . We have heard of Resurrection! Some note of response should wend its way up to felicitate us at this season of the year. For years and years we have waited. But in all waiting there is self-defeat and dire sleeplessness. To do is to hear—

All adhesions are suffering intense strain. The time appears upon us when to be at the mercy of institutions, when even to be involved in another person, is intolerable pain. The purpose is no longer hinted; it is relentlessly taking effect—the integration of the Self in each human breast that can bear it, the perfecting of personal contact which always precedes group functioning. Study the firing order of spark-plugs; their unison in the battery and isolation from each other as a case in point.

TAROT CHESTS

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How's your seat? Where did you get it? Riding in the park, or bareback in the bull-ring? Life's a big horse to ride these days—jerk along crazily, trickily—never more dangerous than in a stretch of smooth going

The man who has built up his business, craft or art from the bottom, who knows at first-hand every phase and department of it, is apt to be seen keeping the saddle these days, but it's a sad time for his heirs, favorites and all middlemen who have missed roughing and mussing themselves around the barnyard

Nor is it a matter of just driving a car. In the old days men learned to be engineers by wiping and coal-passing. Nothing showed the treachery of the decadent period better than the spectacle of countless people sitting in the driving seats of expensive automobiles, with not the remotest idea of what was going on in front and behind their knees. Great racing drivers tune their own motors, strain their own gas. "Where did you serve your apprenticeship as a racing driver?" Malcolm Campbell was asked. "Under the car," he answered

The depression is a matter of personal overcoming. One may actually rise out of it, and without going to the mountains or a monastery, or without any particular change of his own outer condition. In fact, the change must take place in the psychology of the individual before permanent control of outer conditions is possible. Life is here to be man-aged

Sickness, depression, bank crashes, droughts and cataclysms have their uses toward a spiritual self-assertion in each one of us. . . . You are not at the mercy of any man or mundane condition. . . . If you have reached a time when your human affairs persistently betray you, it is only to force you to the way out; to force a decision on your part not to be swept back and forth longer in the tides of duality, but to a step higher into stillness from which you can see ebb and flow as parts of one pulsation. . . . The New Era cannot be handed to you. All that can happen to you from outside, however, may be used as force for your decision-making. A mental decision, counting the cost, measuring every meaning of past experience, using all your failures, thus cancelling them forever. To this calm mental decision-making, the forces of the heart are gradually added in reinforcement, but the initial step must be thought-conceived and thought-formed. This is your acceptance of the West, your becoming an American

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"I was not in New York last night. Storm wind and rain fell away. I was out with a Soul's struggle to find the great Plan—even forgetting the story in contemplation of the great luminous Pattern in back of it. Mangus Colorado who fulfilled himself—but must such a one always think he has failed at the end?"—HAZEL KRANS.

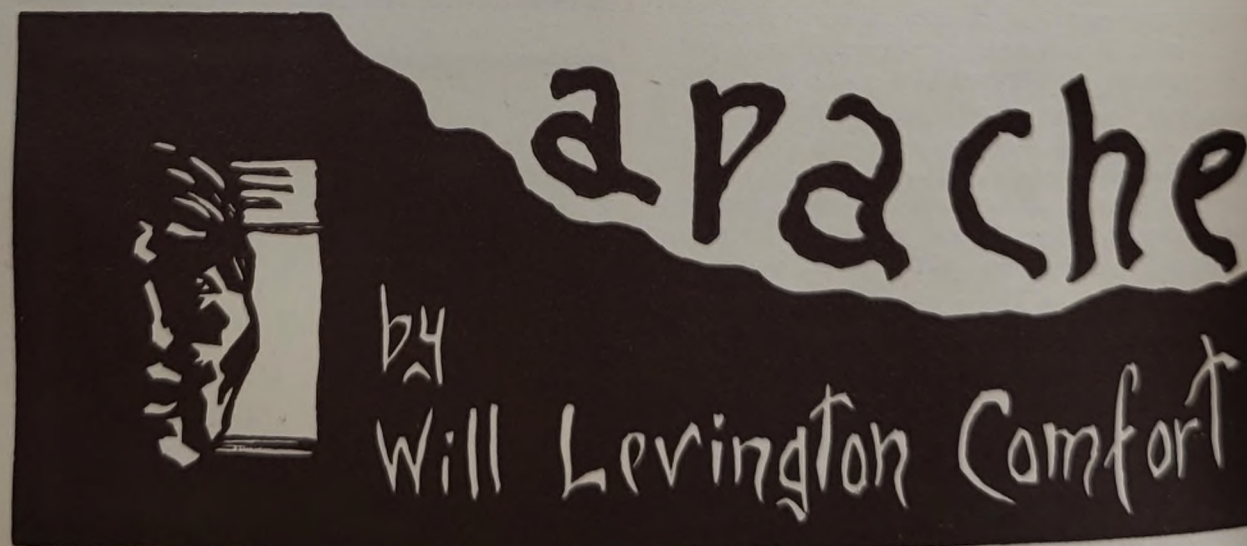
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"The Saga of a fighting Indian Chief of the old Southwest"

Through the Glass

Beginning Fifth Year

April for re-subscription

At least five Glass Hive writers turned in "Pieces" in exact accord with the general April theme, and this without any preliminary discussion

Advanced work is putting knowledge into practice. . . . If you don't use the Glass Hive, don't read it. Better to use one line a month than merely to read it all

The present installment of Rudhyar's Philosophy of Operative Wholeness is remarkably timed to this month of unparalleled beginnings. The paper seems unusually authoritative. Study of it is well worth time and attention

We liked Knute Rockne, too. He could infuse force in others. His name expressed him—potentially a great man; all of which does not prevent the observation that the prodigies of praise and grief were out of proportion—evidence of unhinged emotions on a national scale

The methods of application (of spiritual laws) are not necessarily mystical. Although their underlying laws may not be familiar to the general public, the natural laws of mental treatment are well known and explainable to those who give them study and consideration.
—JAMES E. DODDS.

The test of a New Era utterance is what writers call "Inevitability." It does not remotely touch the realm of argument. If you are ready for a fragment of New Era thought or utterance, you believe it upon first hearing or reading; it fits in and becomes part of your working equipment at once. It accepts you as you accept it—as something already known. You wonder why you were not the one who said it. . . . "As something you hear at breakfast reminds you of a dream in the night."

. . . The March Glass Hive is the best one I have seen and I congratulate you on the splendid work. On Page 16 there is one paragraph which reads as follows: "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." Who ever wrote that has said more than most people say in a whole book. If we could only get people to start from the Earth and build up! —RALPH E.

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

In the March BEACON, Editor Foster Bailey has a fine lead on present world conditions. "The crisis must be viewed in terms of opportunity, not in terms of cataclysm and catastrophe. . . . We have abundant mental capacity and appalling ignorance of how the human family ought to live. We are 'Outward giants, but inward dwarfs'."

Certainly the problem of entertaining a public whose minds can be gauged by the New York tabloids is bewildering. Presumably the tabloids know their stuff and their people. At a world conference of diplomats their correspondents disregarded the fate of India and concentrated on the underclothes of a princess. World news of the past weeks in New York has been ignored in favor of the pages of a filthy love diary left by a murdered procuress. Looking upon the tabloid-reading—the tabloid-devouring—public, one remembers the words of George Washington: "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?"—HARRY CARR.

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This is the Pelley Story. It is close to us because it is Western. Rolland and Gandhi know of such things, but they are of Europe and Asia. Here is an American. What he has been through since the comparatively recent night in the Altadena bungalow is like a consummation of many lives. Our people are deeply interested in him; for once we might say "soulfully" interested. The desk here carries constantly the kindest and heartiest word of his doings and his aims. Our faith rests upon a strange thing that artists will understand more easily than occultists, perhaps: upon the interminable grinding of the ages that went into the making of the world-trained workman before the vision. Upon the resiliency, the pure Para, the bounce, the humor of all that, the heavens can open with a fine chance of not spilling their contents altogether. His hand is steadying, his tone deepening—less of the voices, more of the Voice.

"These Terrible Towers"

... As a native returning to N. Y. after a long stay in the sagebrush, I found the transition easier, because of changes all around. There is something distinctly new, even in far conservative corners, where anything new is the last to reach... but if they keep on building these terrible towers!... Walking across Thirty-third Street, nearing Fifth Avenue, I chanced to look up and actually had a bad moment!... Empire State Building, menacing and terrible! I hurried out of its sinister shadow. In some of the lesser towers, and particularly the huge apartments on Park Avenue, built according to the zoning system, there is something inhuman, too, that synthesizes all that is monstrous and awful in a machine age. The Chrysler Tower is a mess since they put the spire on it, which, as someone said, looks like something they picked up at Woolworth's... A feast of theater. This happens to be a banner year and most heartening: GREEN PASTURES dramatized with an increased sense of power; GRAND HOTEL with its great point of a man condemned to die, determining really to live for a short time left; ELIZABETH THE QUEEN, a tremendous clash of wills; "Also selected subjects."... The saddest miss to me was the dancer, Mary Wigman. A packed house, many standees, who applauded and cheered and kept her bowing over and over again after a most strenuous performance... but something must have been the matter with me.—E. H. N.

The Seven Minute Man

*"You may join that fast increasing army---
as I was forced to join it--" Pelley*

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Out of confusion, doubt, fear, and the treason of subjecting Spirit to chance

Understanding what is left behind, light dawning among the shadows, essential treasure forming out of past burdens of experience

Out of pressure and burning comes the diamond, and out of friction and struggle in chance comes the Diamond Heart, which knows it cannot be defeated, as it knows Itself

No change of outer conditions will cure your depression; only the breaking forth of your own light that renders into illusion every obstruction as it appears; that solves one by one the problems of matter, to the last secret of the subconscious life

This challenge is not to your emotional enthusiasm, for that dies down; that was the fire of a passing age. A challenge to decision—a mental ignition—a need-born decision to take a step out of one world into another, and by the force of that decision to hold your place against the Tester until the light breaks and shows you all is well

Since last September when we first asked, "Are you thinking?" The Glass Hive has been focalizing force to pour upon this page

Your answer now need not be returned to us unless you wish, but it must before long be returned to Yourself

A challenge to rise out of the little whirl of birth and death, bonded in grief; to rise into Consciousness of your own true world—the world of Gandhi in Asia, of Rolland in Europe, of the Younger Brothers in America—to take your place among the non-betrayers, the non-haters, the Friends of Man

