

the
GLASS HIVE 20 Cents
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Beginning

Specific American Instances

The "Project" Objectified

I. *The Business Man - (Next month, The Craftsman)*

Beginning

The Love Story of the New Era

Foundation Work on the "Central Theme"

I. *A Study of Passion Notes on the Real Romance*

Beginning

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

With Comments and Contrasts

1931 Notes on an Outset of 1918

American: The Man with the Goods

Rudhyar: The Philosophy of Wholeness

The Precise Use of Objective Mind

Books: At the Water-Tower: Through the Glass

an **AMERICAN GROUP BOOK**
edited by **Will Levington Comfort**

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Specific American Instances

The Layout

In the recent six parts of the Project in American Understanding, certain principles of the New Era have been suggested. These principles are now to be objectified, brought from the general to the specific instance in American life. That which is pressing upon us, causing all the changes and bewilderment, private and public, must be considered as a change in Vibration. We are passing from one grade to another; things feel differently, operate differently.

The suddenly heightened interest in astrology is a matter of world attention to the new grade, a study of change in Vibration. When we move from one grade to another we become eager to learn all we can of the new work, the new teacher. Astrology teaches us that we are now changing Houses.

The task of the Glass Hive is to objectify as clearly as possible how the new Vibration works in contrast to the old, the nature of its external reaction in the life of the laborer, tradesman, parent, teacher, educator, gamester, craftsman, artist, lover.

Fire-mist Stage

In making a world, the Gods are said to lay out their materials and breathe them into life. Before a thing can be concreted into a new form it has to be fused. In the making of a world, there is always the fire-mist stage, the breaking down of old forms, their volatilization and chaotic swirling together. The same process works in the making of a new social order. In this fiery process, that which is not up to the new plan, that which cannot endure the testing of the new Vibration, falls away into the discard.

Up to this time it might be said that the Glass Hive has been striving to catch a glimpse of the new Order in the midst of a swirling fire-mist, formed of the two ages or two social orders fusing together. The work of concretion now begins. This is the most advanced work because it is the most simple. Concretion is the final magical process. For example, in literary forms the essay deals with principles, the story deals with the objectification of these principles. The second form rightly includes the first, because it is a later process of creation, but the first does not include the second.

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Man, The World Maker

Every man must sooner or later make his own world, a one-by-one calling. Because each man is innately a creator in his own bosom, he is a world-maker and must follow the specifications of his own being to become the lord of his world. That is the first step

In perfecting his own world or work, the time comes in which he perceives that others, his peers, are also perfecting their works in his immediate environment. He has to choose then whether he will cut them off or take them in. If he cuts them off, he eventually spoils his own work. If he takes them in, a still higher perception dawns after a period of cooperation—that his work and the works of others around him are in process of uniting into a still larger plan

Three primary movements are characteristic of life, whether we regard a cell, a planet or a man. First, the realization of its isolated function; then its adjustment and cooperation with neighboring similars; finally the dawning of the still larger system, as a group of atoms forming a finger might realize its palm, wrist, arm, heart. Life is a progressive system of such realizations

The first real business of each man, however, is to realize his own world-making power; that is, to find and be himself. It must not be forgotten that he has nothing real or lasting to unite to another's part until he has made the momentous private discovery of his own inimitable part. This teaching cannot be other than a central tenet of education in the New Era

Two Keynotes

The passing era might be characterized as one in which the perfection of private interests was paramount. Individuals here and there touched their particular lines of destiny and pulled myriads of other men (not yet born into their individual tasks) into service for them.

They accepted this service of others as a sort of divine right, and failed to grasp the law that in order to endure past a certain point their lives and their works must fit into the lives and works of others. In a word, they isolated themselves in private interests, becoming socially insoluble and at length a menace to the whole. A cell or town or country that cuts itself off from the rest becomes foreign matter presently to be cracked open if not destroyed. A study of prisons amounts to sheer enlightenment for this idea

As private interests formed the general keynote of the passing age, the uniting of interests is seen as the keynote of the new, even of the transition

Business

To found and foster a business is a way out of mass consciousness, often the first step in finding one's own keynote. In every great business there is a founder, the man who takes himself apart from the drift, choosing a certain idea and cultivating it into adequate materialization against any odds. In the first place, his quality is called in making the choice. Decision, always decision, at the beginning of the creative act. He takes one idea and leaves the rest. He stays with that idea and makes it pay

It is a very late day to make such a simple discovery as this: that in exact ratio to the obstacles which a man overcomes at the outset will be the measure of his success, yet the discovery of gravitation is not more important as a working principle in education. According to the severity of his tests is the answering sparkle of the human spirit, the splendor of his later command

The man who founds and perfects a business, choosing an idea, working it out, placing his product on the market, realizing returns from it, has performed a fundamental human achievement. He has begun to make magic with life. He has passed a grade of being, even if he

has to die to be disentangled from its processes. A still finer achievement is to grasp the vision of the next grade in the high moment of accomplishment in the present one; not merely to envision it, for in one way or another the opening comes to all; but to accept the challenge of it; to possess the amplitude of courage to abandon the smooth-running forms he has made for the "rough new prizes" contained in a mere glimpse or promise of a higher state. Is he great enough to enter the ceremony of abandonment, the consecration to free skies? Which is more powerful in the crisis—his body or his spirit? His body will say, "You are too old. You have done well—well enough." His spirit will say, "You are not too old or I would not have shown you the vision. Do not speak of 'worn-out tools' while I am with you. You have a chance now to enter a still finer world if you refuse to die down in the sugar crystals of this one—time still to gain a lap in a single life!"

The great business successes of today in America are those who have founded their worlds and refused to build themselves into them. In the crisis of their careers they have stepped out of their own structures, merely keeping a key to pass in and out at will. Some few have become as little children in the superlative art of philanthropy. Others have done more—won the power to laugh at the world. (For just a hint of what this laugh means, see later in this issue—American, the Man with the Goods.)

Basic Decision

To found and foster a business is as essential a human experience in the new social order as in the past, but it must be seen that the goal is different; that isolated success is not the aim, but the adjustment of one's smooth-running part with a gradually perfecting whole; that the tests of the new day are not individual aggrandizement, but part-fitness, the interlocking of one's career with the

group. Inspiration thrives in this double movement—this inbreathing and outbreathing—while from the merely rotarian activity results piratical egomania that finally destroys

The young man stepping out of the drifting herds, determined to make a world for himself, positively can find his own basic idea if he remains true to the search. Inevitably he will meet tests and obstacles before linking with his own destiny, but his faith in himself will never be abused if he does his part; he will be tested, but never tricked.

What Do You Know?

Many business men operate a fundamental principle of magic without knowing it. A saying connected with John Wanamaker is to this effect: "Somewhere there is a man who wants to buy that which I have to sell." . . . To know that much is full equipment to make magic as a merchant. Not merely to believe or affirm, but to know it. With John Wanamaker, a great merchant, this knowledge apparently had passed the stage of faith, which is preliminary to knowing. One comes to know by having faith and daring to act upon it, but conscious magic-making has to do with a knowing, beyond all need of faith. The power of knowing is enough. To say I Know is the end of all experience

Many artists who find themselves in grades of work obviously more subtle than those being learned in the business world, have either missed or forgotten the fundamental lessons in magic. Their whole careers are hampered, seriously injured, because they disdain or actually repudiate as beneath them what John Wanamaker is said to have used as a working fulcrum. Not artists alone, in fact, but workers in every field are suffering today for their fascinated involvement in advance work at the cost of forgetting early steps—probably one of the most fruitful causes of pain in a world of incalculable suffering

A higher grade includes the lower ones; part of the work of each grade is rightly to review the preceding. No grades can be skipped. Even though one may seem to make vast progress for a time, a gap unbridged in the second will call a painful halt, even if the trouble does not fully appear until the sixth

Realizing by Hand

In order to be successful to a degree of ringing soundness, a business must be learned from the bottom. Thomas Lipton ran his own errands, washed his own windows, wrote his own advertisements, piled his own boxes. A business learned this way is realized. The difference between a theory of business and proven returns is knowledge gained by hands and feet as well as brain-sweat. Businesses actually founded by one man and learned from bottom up are those which are still standing solidly through the present storm. As already pointed out, this is a sad time for heirs, favorites, all middlemen who lack groundwork

A time now to apply what one knows, all one knows, the fruits of failures and successes, all experience. This is all that is asked. It is a very dangerous time otherwise

The man who has learned every department of his world, by running it himself, knows how to hire and train others, preparing strong shoulders upon which the burden of his building may rest. Many business men otherwise masterful have finally entrusted their affairs to the ruin of soft hands. It is true that a few great business heads have found the right men in their sons, but those of unqualified success have used their hard-earned business principles in choosing their successors, regardless of blood or even sex; for a real master of affairs in any calling attracts his real apprentices inevitably and the work he has founded perfects them for theirs

Hai, Henry!

Our friend Henry Delker of Kelly's Camp wearied years ago of being a Hollywood carpenter and took to the mountains. He built cabins in the canyons, and kept going higher, always just a little above the reach of the main body of the crowd. Finally he started to make a place for himself way up at the last water on Mount Ontario, ten minutes' walk from the ridge. . . . We have touched upon Henry before and his circle of cabins near the 9000-foot level . . . how he pays cash and plays fair. In the past ten years we have seen other men grow tainted, even mountain men to begin with, because they have stayed down where the automobiles stop and fell to selling candy bars on the basis that a man is a long time dead

Henry pushed higher, sticking with his burros and constantly making his place finer to go to for those who want High Country and want it quick. . . . This last Easter we were there again. The night before all his cabins were filled, and at Sunday dinner there wasn't room for all at the big table. Every man there was a friend of Henry's; everyone had been there before and was fixing to come again. . . . We have never found it to fail when the time came to pay the shot, Henry has a reason for it not being quite so much this time. But even that wasn't the point that interested us Monday morning as we started down trail, all ramified with flapjacks. It was that here was a man—and we took his hand—doing better than ever before, having solved the problem that the whole world is half dead over. Henry, for one, has followed his bent and made it straight

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The plan for coming numbers is further to objectify the New Era vibration in its play upon the laborer, the craftsman, the artist, with a constant eye toward building the new principles into a rationale of child-education and love relationships upon which the quality of coming generations depend.*
W. L. C.

American---The Man With The Goods

"The West is the Doer—"

The meaning of this long-standing prophecy is clearing in the minds of those who have given it adequate thought. It is being realized. Americans brought courage and adaptability to the Eastern and Western fronts during the Great War. They brought another thing which was not there before. Two paragraphs from a novel called *The Public Square* develop the point

" . . . One thing he was getting to understand a little, and to have an affection for. That was the American soldier—not officer, so much, but the ruffian in the ranks, dogus bogus Americus—the fellow fused of Irish, Scotch and Jew, of German, English, Russian, French; something of each in the solution, something of all. In the first place, this Yank was the funniest thing ever turned loose on the planet."

" . . . He saw ships coming from all Europe to New York Harbor—coming in through the Narrows, bearing the emigrants of all Europe—passing under the Statue of Liberty—tiny seeds diffusing into a vast crucible of The States, running out from the meeting point of Manhattan on all the red lines of railroad, into all the green rivers, planting themselves in all parts, for the emerging of the New Race at last—the Laughing Men, the dense physical model of which he had seen in France."

They brought Laughter such as Europe had not seen and was incapable of—Americans fashioned of all there is, all that has been—"something of each in the solution; something of all." But from the fusion, a distinctly new element is created, an element that is ultimate from a planetary standpoint—the residuum of gold in the crucible at the end of exhaustive experiment—the power to laugh

Levity is of the human spirit after it has taken hold, come to grips with life; after it has sunk itself into the Matrix and likes the game of it, because it knows nothing can keep it down. Levity is Light—Leaven. It comes into play when the perversity of materials shows worst. Instead of sinking into the last ditch the American Spirit laughs

It has to do with those who have finished their own struggles and are therefore ready to take up the burden of the race and make light of it

. . . The man who settled down for a few days in Arkansaw, when this dried patch of grief was as cut off from the country as if it lay on the banks of the Huang-ho instead of the Mississippi; the man who flew to Managua, arriving when the crumbling horror was still blistering hot; who saw and said it, using the booklet of another man to describe the situation in a word that went into the understanding of the world in a day—who made his own money talk, too

We do not know how much Will Rogers knows of what he is doing, but we know that his person at least has learned to simulate his essential being to a shining degree. We do not know how conscious he is of his own Pattern, but we know that the Pattern is of an American, and that he is playing the part of prototype of a new order of human being for a myriad eyes. We perceive in him a sound working model for the American who is gaining his own equilibrium—a man of rounded measure; a gamester, even, who knows the meaning of the follow-through stroke; whose personal wealth is a symbol of his amplitude on all planes—a man with the goods, delivering same. Through him, we are given to see that the American is one who has put the quietus forever on his own sultry problems, and taken up the fun of doing lovely things for a living.

The Love Story of the New Era

In the old fairy tale, there was one room the Prince was told not to enter while the Lord of the House was away. He was to have all the palace but the one Closed Room. If he proved brave enough to endure in content with what he had, rather than torturing himself over the one thing he had not, all was well with him and the whole palace became his when the Lord of the House returned

Upon the Love Story all else rests. Great-hearted children depend upon it, and the forwarding of lovers into the mysteries of each other and that which lies between and above

This Love Story cannot be told in a page; it is an endless unfoldment of ever lovelier pages. The first step in taking up the spiritual quest in general is a reversal of the usual point of view—"I am a Soul with a body; not a body with a Soul."

The first qualification in entering the Real Romance is also a reversal of point of view: Nothing less than to realize that the sex-opposite is not the goal—that passion is not Love

But passion is everywhere with us. It is not to be hated or feared or killed out. It is to be used

Passion is friction fire; it is wanting; it is separation, the sense of lack, of incompleteness, resulting from the imprisonment of consciousness in the outer sheathes of being, rather than at the center of being. To dwell at the center of being is happiness and peace. Even to approach the center of being and to cultivate it in consciousness—either alone or in love with another—is happiness and peace

It is becoming rather well known in social and novelistic psychology that envy and jealousy are confessions of inferiority; so is passion for another. This arousing of the heats of need, the anguish for outer fulfillment, denotes an inner lack. It is a psychological law that a human being seeks in the outer that which it has lost of its inner wholeness. We seek in spirits that which we have lost in Spirit; in all stimulation to fan our abated fires. That which we pin or paint upon our persons in the way of adornment are pitiful symbols of the dying down of our essential jewels; even the tinting of our faces to make up for the loss of inner color and light. All virtue at last put in the package; all expenditure in the front

Passion is to Love what the mechanical starter is to the motor itself. It is a means of getting under way, of turning over cold and sluggish cylinders

The whole sorry story of the present hour is a result of the misuse and violation of this friction force. Passion has been regarded as an end in itself, rather than as a means to reach love, unison, the crossing of a threshold into Sanctuary. Human beings have rutted themselves deeper and deeper outside the Court of Love . . . caravans waiting in the rain

One by one, or two by two, through the ages lovers have been forced, literally by their anguish, to realize that the consummation of passion accentuates separateness. In reaction they plunged desperately into the opposite—into renunciation and killing-out—instead of studying to use a force by which their lives might be swung up into a fuller play of being, into a frictionless sustaining of momentum, now symbolized by "free wheeling" which is being perfected mechanically

. . . Interminable rutting, then renunciation, exactly as saints of the past have felt that they must renounce the world and its works, at the first breath of the Soul's revelation in the body

Passion is to be used. Passion is to be surpassed

The Love Story of the New Era like all its other concerns has to do with Equilibrium — the application of knowl-

edge—the use of powers instead of abuse and killing-out; the adapting of substance to spiritual laws. The nature of Love itself and the nobler use of its approaches has to do with everyone aspiring to make the most of this difficult transition. It has to do with you—immediately if you are aware of it—whether the present moment finds you living alone or piecing out your life with another

Notes on The Real Romance

In the earlier stages of romance, separation is as necessary as coming together. Otherwise (without a spiritual goal in united aspiration) the two fill up with each other magnetically. Repulsion succeeds attraction for the time with the result that they are irritable, petulant, each difficult for the other to endure. In the higher stages of romance when two are no longer turned to each other as the goal, but united in a spiritual purpose, they do not fill but flow

Strangeness is of the sheathes; strangeness has to do with sensation. This strangeness must be passed and without that often-resultant familiarity which destroys charm. In young love, which is all the world deals with so far, except in rare cases of individuals here and there, strangeness is all the thrill there is—meeting, experimentation, passing on. Strangeness must be passed with all its excitements before the calm of real union is possible, and all outer words and gestures cease. Consciousness is then gradually entered; bodies are in the superlative training to endure love without crying out. There is love in abundance.

How much love can be endured is the measure of each soul. Children born of strangeness and its impacts are one thing; children born of the calm of consciousness another—so with any work other than parenthood undertaken together

Passion which gains its own specific ends leaves an exhaustion which makes the entering of Love itself impossible for the time. Passion like all else is a force to be used. Practically the whole race in its present trouble is used by it, the central point of its meaning missed. Passion is a friction heat, an arousing of force making ready for transmutation, for always an organic energy must be aroused before it can be changed, as water must be heated before turning to steam. Passion aroused, but quietly restrained from its own ends, with a clearly defined purpose firmly held in the minds of the lovers for its use, becomes a means by which a dimension is crossed and Love may be really entered—a region of calm creativeness and synchronized awakening of several centers instead of confinement in one

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

with Comments and Contrasts

1931. Many have asked for the Letters in a new form. . . . Many have stated that they received more help from the Letters than from the earlier issues of the Glass Hive. . . . There is work that only a novice can do. The Letters contain this straightaway approach, and cover the problems that concern the earlier stretches of the Road. . . . In them was contained a challenge in no uncertain terms. Many answered it with results that show a certain richness after years. . . . It is believed that this identical challenge is still contained in the Letters, and that many more are now ready to answer than when they were first sent out

Such are some of the reasons for the re-publishing of the Letters at this time. Our plan is to eliminate all unessential matter, and to supply comments and contrasts written a dozen or more years later

The first Letter was sent out a few weeks before the original Armistice Day. The work was then called Reconstruction Letters. One hundred and twenty-two mailings were made in the following nine years. The work was unpriced, and carried on by voluntary subscription. The first nineteen Letters were published in a book, for which two editions were printed. The second twenty-five Letters were published in a second book, of which a few copies still remain. What people have written about these two books and the remaining seventy-seven unbooked Letters would crowd the writer out of the room he now sits in. These responses have been preserved only in the form that they have written themselves into the texture of this work.—W. L. C.

Opening Letter

1918. For a long time I have wanted to be in closer touch with a number of people who really belong to me and I to them.

In the last three or four years I have written ten thousand typewritten pages of letters (about twenty big novels) and the wonder of letters has continually grown because I have written to those whom I love; the people who set me free. By the word love here, I do not mean the sentiment, or mere human emotion. I mean one of the drives of Being. We all have our own people. They set us free. The more sumptuous we are, the larger the tribe.

Many times as I would write to some of the boys or girls connected with the Stonestudy

work on Lake Erie, I found myself wishing that others of the group, or all of the group, could get the same letter. Frequently I had two or three carbon copies of a certain letter made, though always at the same time there were others whom I wished could get the same thing. When I considered increasing the number of copies, my eye would frequently turn to a little address book which contained some of the names of those who had written in about the novels and essays during the last ten years.

Again and again in such letters, from those whom the world would call strangers, I found something of an identical vibration; as if the writing contained a call or summons to which a particular group of people answered. Many times I have thought that we are gathered together in this place, the same as the stars are grouped in the heavens; that one sun is related to all the others, but related more intimately to the suns of its particular constellation. To the main body of humankind my particular call was unheard, as if it were above or below the human register. The idea of starting a paper or magazine was out of the question, but the Letter idea haunted me until the conception came through in its present form.

To follow the bent of my nature, it has been necessary more and more up the years to become a circulating and unifying principle in the midst of others. I carry papers among you. What one can do for another, is the best way to serve himself. What one can do for another is so important to his own peace and growth that it would be a shame to take it, if he did it just for that.

We should belong to one another better. . . . The plan is to send you a letter, every little while. There is but one theme. The word Regeneration tells it as well as any single word can.

These Letters are to be adventures in the "Soul's slow disentanglement"—a running narrative of events on the Journey Home. . . . I write as I go. In the books of the last ten years, I have doubtless been doing little more than making studies of my own spiritual progress. Many times I have been far astray; many things that formerly were important are not so now; many taints and false teachings are here and there through my written word; and yet, because I was always trying to do the same thing, there is a continuity of development running through all. Many people still find something they need in the earlier work,

where they would fail to get light from the letters I plan now.

The development of the spiritual nature; the rendering of the natural to it; the mysticism which masters materials first; the life that lifts constantly toward the mystical, yet inclines to man's present predicament; studies in meditation; paragraphs from the Road; intimations of wholeness from the fragmentary life here in the world; better ways of being for men and women; and, as much as anything else, the meaning of men and women together—these are affairs for my writing to you. For it is all Romance, a love-story all the way. The best love of man and woman here so far is just a beginning; at best, a hint of what Love means in the harmonic condition. All is meeting and separation in our present state—a painful play back and forth between integration and diffusion—but some of us are called to remember, even here, the Love story of the Universe, and to hasten up out of the Gulf, calling to others—as we run.

All that you have done and all that I have done is preparation. These are *Days*. If we were suddenly dropped from the lightness of the summer of '14 into the present density which most of us have learned to tolerate and work through, the shock would slay. These are days for us to come into the rulership of our own kingdom. To do this we must change headquarters; literally transfer the office of consciousness from the mind to the Soul. . . . The Letters should unify us as a company of comrades, and do for our day-minds something of the same thing that takes place in our higher and freer consciousness when our bodies sleep. Many details will clear later as the work unfolds. There is plenty of time. The larger part of these finer affairs is already consummated outside of time and space.

2

Romance—a love story all the way! We yearn to *feel-with*, to use the higher dimensions of that force which we call love here and have found to be the greatest thing in the world—to know what *Love* means at the last! This is what we are about. No door is open to the man who doesn't love something. No energy at work or awake in him is strong enough to lift him above the common, unless he loves. The one who makes him feel most is his greatest benefactor. He cannot begin to make master-feelings out of mere man-feelings until his feelings, such as they are, are fully roused. These feelings form the energy with which he begins transmutation.

3

We have all been so far wrong that to do the opposite is not right; I mean, the reverse is only reaction. One must lift to a new eminence entirely; become a new creature, with a new mind, a child's fresh manner of approach, more and more listening within; at least, an impact within for each thought seeking entrance from without. . . . There comes a time when all leaning, clinging and emotional drive must cease from without. Only for a period, perhaps, but when it is over, the heavy lower balance of desire has become transmuted into spiritual activity, working with body and mind.

This coordination cannot become operative until one has stilled the lower craving, yet the lower craving is the energy by which we attain the higher. In fact, it is all the same thing—only refracted by different pressures, working in different vibrations. Watch the play of it. We learn to despise first the very power by which we are to be saved. The energy of generation is the same as that by which we are regenerated—birth within and above, instead of downward and outward.

In the building of Solomon's temple, which is an occult version of the Great Work, all the builders and artisans and decorators were called to a feast by the Master Builder. An empty seat at the table aroused comment. The Master smiled at the door as a huge black-smearing smith entered and took his place at the table. The delicate ones were inclined to sniff and draw away until the Master explained that this was Vulcan, who made all their tools. Without him at work far below nothing had been done; his were the fires at the foundation. . . .

I was thinking this morning of a man who had an army of foot soldiers and needed cavalry. Wild horses were in the hills outside of camp, but they had to come to a certain place one by one to drink. The leader arranged to rope them as they came, and in due time had his army astride—an altogether new dimension of service. The wild horses, of course, represent our thoughts of desire, yearning, longing, passion. To repress is only half; there is no replenishment in repression. Of course, one has decided that wild horses shall not roam at will over the hills as they once did; and repression is important at first, since they must be corralled, even at great untidiness and expense. But the real thing is afterward—that they must be *used*. . . . As each thought or desire enters the mind it must be caught and changed—transmuted, the energy not destroyed or wasted, but gently, by the leader of the workers within (the Master Builder) caught and harnessed, lifted to higher service.

In every dimension, love is a creative force.

Rudhyar: Philosophy of Operative Wholeness

VII. Life is wholeness in space. It is circle, or sphere; Life is wholeness in time. It is cycle; beginning, middle and end. According as we emphasize space-values or time-values our philosophy changes. This has become evident of late in relation not only to modern scientific thought, but also to vital ideas affecting the very nature of man, especially the ideas of reincarnation and karma.

It has been said previously that God is the universal Whole as "being," that is essentially and eternally; that Man is the consummation of wholeness in the realm of "becoming." God is cosmic space, vast beyond imagining, infinite from the point of view of the matter contained therein, yet a Form. This spherical form is changeless as a whole, though every particle of substance in it is a whirl of changes. Man is the apex of all changes, the realization of absolute wholeness by every finite unit of life in the infinitude of space.

The law of the cycle is the law of periodical change. Every cycle being an entity (that is, a One), because of being a whole in time, it follows that every entity re-appears constantly throughout endless time. The law of space-organization (or form) is the law of harmonization. Every part must fit with another part within some particular whole, be the latter a cell, a man, a galaxy, or the entire cosmos. Thus every form has a complementary form, every cell is a part of an organ, every action in space is harmonized or neutralized by another action somewhere else, so that the universal Sphere of God be not altered. Yet from the point of view of God nothing ever happens, for wholeness is eternally the same.

Time, Space, Wholeness: three points of view. Every idea that is true from one of these viewpoints is wrong from the others. Thus a great deal of confusion in the minds of most people who cling, either by ignorance or because of some official duty laid upon them by higher powers, to only one viewpoint. Everything reappears in time; nothing reappears in space; there is but one eternal happening for that which manifests wholeness. Man reincarnates as a time-being; man does not reincarnate as a space-being; man IS eternally. Let everyone choose what suits him best. The choice, however, is of vast importance. It transforms the entire life and being of him who chooses. One may obviously refuse to choose and accept the three-viewpoints. This is still a choice, and possibly the most dangerous.

Reincarnation is a most ancient teaching. It was believed practically throughout the earth until the council of Constantinople, which declared it heresy. As a result the Christian world accepted the theory that God creates each soul and its destiny afresh at birth, and having given to it a very slim chance to do good, curses or blesses it for all eternity—a cheerless idea. H. P. Blavatsky, in order to destroy this orthodox concept, brought back publicly to the Western world the idea of reincarnation, though denying most strongly the theory of personal reembodiment which had been advanced a few years before by French spiritualists. Reincarnation and the attendant idea of karma have been hopelessly materialized ever since. Not one in a thousand who "believes" in reincarnation has a grasp of what Blavatsky taught; just as not one in a thousand Hindus ever understood the ideas presented in the Upanishads on this and related matters.

The result has been, in both cases, a subtle type of spiritual bondage, better usually than that produced by the orthodox Christian teaching, but often not so different after all. Thus a few teachers have been denouncing of late the theory of reincarnation on earth. What they denounce is not Blavatsky's true teaching, but what people have made of it. They say that man appears only once on the earth in order to become "formed" and that this form once developed passes after death through various cosmic spheres in space. In other words, they teach that man-the-form finds itself related to ever more subtle types of substance and thus grows into ever purer and more spiritual cosmic states. Doing this, man becomes interrelated to celestial hierarchies which are the very substance of cosmic space and which thus complement man's being; so that spiritual progress consists in ascending through ever purer yet always substantial spheres of being, man merging thereby his individuality (form-principle) with ever more glorious types of cosmic or divine substance (life or Soul-principle).

This does not really disprove Blavatsky's teachings. In fact the students of the original theosophical teachings will see in the above the development of the seven globes idea which, curiously enough, later day theosophists have completely ignored. The 777 incarnations theory is the time viewpoint; the 7 globes teaching is the space viewpoint; the union of celestial

beings with human egos is the rather secret teaching which has appeared here and there in the world. Masters and White Lodge and "Initiations" have become so dreadfully materialized that it seems safer and better to some teachers to replace them in celestial realms where at least men cannot chum with them in such a trivial manner. The same thing occurred in India when, after Buddhism had opened the secret knowledge to unprepared masses, it became necessary to distort, or conceal, the true facts to hide them from prurient intellects. Thus Sankaracharya is known now as the enemy of Buddhism, while he was, in a sense, spiritually identical to Gautama himself. Similar things may be happening at present.

The "truth about reincarnation" is that all depends upon what you call man. Man is a very complex being. Parts of him may be said to reincarnate, others not to. As for man's "ego" . . . who can say what he exactly means by that word? There is no truth but one eternal and changeless I AM. There is but one complete and unbreakable Whole. Wholeness is but an abstract Principle, which cannot very well be said to "reincarnate" as such; because it is eternally present everywhere. Even "form" is an abstraction, an archetype. Does the archetype ever incarnate? Does anything ever incarnate? or is it not rather that all things operate at their appointed time and place?

The problem is ever so complex that one cannot help but smile at people who gravely enumerate the file of their glorious incarnations. In his book on ritual, Marc Edmund Jones has

a very interesting discussion concerning reincarnation. It may help the intellectually proficient reader to grasp new aspects of this so badly abused idea.

For him who lives with his consciousness firmly rooted in the universal soil of Wholeness the matter of reincarnation or no reincarnation, of karma or no karma, is but an interesting phantasm of the lower mind. For him, Life is one and eternal and we are it. We are it now. Our hands must do things. Our brains must concoct philosophies. Our hearts may have to beat a little faster or a little slower. What does it really matter?

Human beings talk so much and are so much disturbed about unimportant things. There is but one thing that matters—to be fully what we are. THAT is eternal; because fulfillment is another face of eternity. God is eternally fulfilled in Its wholeness. But are we fulfilled in God? We are wondering about what we were, and how we can find our soul-mate, and what of the beyond of death. It is all so naive. Everything is; now, around us. As I write this, my complement in some unknown regions of space-time has to unwrite it, to reestablish the universal balance which my action disturbed. It is all here. It is all in my mind; for mind is the tool of wholeness—positively or negatively.

Fulfill that which IS; this is the Law. All evil is in shrinking from that which is. All good is confrontation. Therefore, though non-killing is the universal law, if you are born a warrior: Take your bow and fight, O Arjuna!

W. R. V.: *Stream In The Flume*

I am good to be with
I do not talk very much
I contain the unsaid
And bring it to you

Come sit with me
By small fires
Release from me
Your own treasures

Join me in silence
In laughter and vigilance
In containment

But first light within you
The guileless flame
No wind can stir

The treasure of the cosmos
Rejoicing at new recipients
Pours toward us . . .
The secrets of space
The human story
The foundation of the future
Joy-permeated . . .

These come to replace
The nurtured trivialities
We thought we were
And all people and things
Grow dear to us

Yes, I am good to be with
And you, too, shall light fires
And call others to sit with you



Woman On Her Way

In most early novels, along with the relishable fire of fresh faculties, there is the almost tangible poundage of the writer's personal psychology. One is not apt to write a book unless he has been a keen observer, a poignant experiencer within himself. The pick of his findings reach a point of culmination in his first output. He lays his burden down.

Few readers care to assume the burden. The reader has burdens of his own. What he asks from a novel is to be carried along in a story current which will temporarily eclipse the familiar dilemma of his own life by presenting the problems of others. He resents any obstruction between himself and the object or subject, any intrusion of the author upon the work. He does not want to be taught anything. In short, he wants the kernel without the shell. It is the critic's job to spot burdened books and warn the public: "You won't have any use for this one. It's heavy, naive," etc.

Yet the critic, with eye trained to catch the incongruity of large purpose in a small world, the weight of effort, the creaking of new unrolled machinery, may disregard a sincerity which amounts to potential genius, while lauding a small-souled work for its technical perfection.

John Van Druten, who wrote the successful play called *YOUNG WOODLEY*, has now written a novel which the critics must have found very consoling, *A WOMAN ON HER WAY*. The book has a neat, concise sophistication carefully bedded in the London life tradition, English novel style. Tea-time, cocktail-time, dinner-time, opening nights, parties, gossip, intrigue. No false strokes, no over-pressing, nothing *naive* either in handling or subject matter. The author, with a keen fastidious eye upon his work as a whole, stresses nothing beyond the logical details of a complicated surface life, permitting the possible deeper significance to emerge in the reader's mind.

The best part of it is, the deeper significance does emerge. He has not obstructed that. He operates a whirling circle, but permits it to slow down toward the finish, revealing its essential tawdriness. Empty breasts must seek. Empty heads cannot endure stillness.

Van Druten handles the feminine psychology with the skill of a specialist. He has no illusions about women, rather a canny comprehension, as of one woman to another. He treats the male with an even greater ruthlessness. The men moving through this novel are weaklings with sinister little vices, who prey upon women and evade issues. The character of Elinor, the key figure, a successful novelist, is boldly set forth. She is ample and lovely, criticized by her friends—"Poor Elinor, she never knows when to stop," etc., yet clung to, used, devoured. She gives generously of herself and is robbed because her giving is unwise.

During eighteen months which the book covers, she is at the apex of her whirl. She is badly torn by two love affairs, which begin casually enough, but end painfully. She tries not to attach herself, not to care too deeply, but inevitably finds herself enmeshed. Her eighteen months lead her to a night of horror in which she faces the dank, wet solicitude of herself, discovering the emptiness in which she has had an illusion of company and comradeship, the chattering idiocies to which she has lent herself. . . . And out of the end a kind of peace, a kind of companionship, a kind of happiness.

Moving forward with a curious stealth, Van Druten curbs his very brilliance, harnesses his subtlety, retraces his steps, so to speak, carefully obliterating the marks of his progress. An unusual technique and one which will bear the test of the professional critic's microscope . . . yet the final test is in the essence, and the potential stature of a work is measured by the vision behind it, not by its technical proficiency.—J. L. C.

The Precise Use of Objective Mind

The average artist knows that he would not do a task the same way two different days. What he heard or saw the night before, even what appealed to him in a momentary glance at the morning paper on his way to the shop, has its effect. Less experienced workmen are continually crowding into their stuff what happened in the immediacy of time and environment. (Sitting here in the desert, the car that brought us shuts off a whole range of more distant mountains.) A funny story just heard lodges in the foreground of mind and involves itself in a fabric of another pattern, and except to a clear-eyed workman, it is not seen as foreign matter. Most work in the arts is a mere collection of discrete circumstances, lumpy, by no means in solution

The aim of all life up to a given time is the attainment of experience, but the forms of recent experience are sadly foreshortened. The thing called timeliness has become a mania in the daily press; a broken sewer in our streets today crowds from the front page the flood of yesterday in China that destroyed a thousand lives. So long as the mind of the workman is helpless to sorting its impacts rationally, it cannot become the "transparent jewel" through which the spirit of a theme may flash into the object for lasting interpretation

The artist engaged upon a given theme must finally get out of the way with all his tampering affairs of the moment; his whole category of personal apprehensions must stand aside for that follow-through stroke between the spirit of a subject and its elucidation in materials. He must be the actor between the theme and its exact materials. Until he can do this, his work is not acceptable to gods or men

Transparency of mind in periods of pure production is no empty thing; it is a living lens. Forms of experience would obstruct it, but the essence of experience becomes its light. The age-old struggle to attain this transparency chiefly concerns the foreground mind, the instrument of personality, the conning tower or periscope of the three-score and ten existence, the surface consciousness. Superconsciousness is ready; it ever is. Subconsciousness is ready; it is the vast layout of materials awaiting order and elucidation. The tardy member is surface consciousness which has been on its own so long; eccentric, out of line with the spontaneous interplay between spirit and matter, piling up things as they seem, in preparation for the moment of linking with things as they are

At the moment of linking, the forms of personal experience become dissolved forever, but the essences of all experience stand out in the flash of contact, intrinsic with order and synchronized for perfect use. In the flash of contact between superconsciousness and subconsciousness, the surface or personal mind is illumined. It becomes conscious of the at-onement. In a word, it becomes Conscious. Its own separate past, now in essence, is seen as the inimitable particularity of its new executiveness, the living light of its specialty

Consider what it means to be out of shape physically or artistically. In a drouth the grass-eating animals are both spindly and distended from eating weeds and woods to keep from starving. The price of ill-feeding is to become out of shape. Foreign forms of food have not properly assimilated into essentials. They are foreign to the pattern or archetype. This is apparent at the present moment to a greater or less degree in every living or art-made thing in this place so inspiringly named the cock-eyed world

Yet we are here to carry through into three-space the subtler patterns of higher space. We are all beautiful in our essential being. Our business is to become beautiful here. The goal of all art is to bring down into paint or tones or words that which already exists in a subtler medium

What is the system by which the human mind, the long-prepared transformer, brings down from higher space its arts and inventions? First, by realizing that such already exist there; that all we want to know, the solution of every human work—is already God-conceived—as if you had thought years of a book, worked every detail into a finished thoughtform, before beginning to write. Second, it is necessary to realize that each one of us has a part in materializing the Plan; that this part is his happiness; that it has to do with that flash of contact between superconsciousness and subconsciousness which takes place in the brain, that amounts to illumination and his initiation in Consciousness

Finally, it is important to realize the precise use of objective mind, and why the gods were at such pains to develop it, pains which we have had to bear as men here. It is because of a barrier that exists between higher space and three-space; because in the two

dimensions a different language is spoken, and there must be an interpreter for the gods to express themselves here. "For a few thousand years in our history" the western world has been exiled in nature to familiarize itself with the great layout; ages in smithing and masonry, dismal dark ages in forms that obscured the pattern entirely, dragging, doleful ages among the parts, without the dream of assembly—

No wonder some of us forget that all this is even an exile, and fall to making the best of it for all time. We have even to make our own tools. (The car that now shuts off the mountain range once broke down in an isolated town, and a whole day was spent in making a tool to work with before repairs could actually begin.) In a word, the surface mind is the instrument of all heaven-making on earth; the intermediary between the force and the form, between plan and fulfillment. Without it the godly scheme cannot manifest, the godly game cannot play.

Apache Comment

Apache, Dutton, N. Y., \$2.50.

... This tale is not only the stranger-than-fiction story of the spectacular triumph and defeat of a single man, it is also a stirring account of the conquest of Southwestern New Mexico.—*April Bookman*.

Under the caption "A PUBLIC STATEMENT SELDOM MADE BY ANY PUBLISHER," E. P. Dutton and Company is advertising the Story of Mangus Colorado: "*Apache is, in my opinion, one of the finest books we have ever had the privilege of publishing.*" Signed by John Macrae, Sr., President.

As I have said before, much has been written about the Indian. I have read plenty of it and consider most of it trash. APACHE is a book that deeply engrossed my attention. It is a book that impressed me as sincere. It is sincere because it is a great debunker. Even H. L. Mencken might like it.—R. W. H.

... Mr. Comfort has created a noble pagan figure at once pathetic and magnificent. Mangus Colorado is a great man and his story is tonic for a jaded world. . . . A gallant tale of adventure, and if I have overemphasized its tragic quality, it is perhaps because I am a descendant of those whites who helped subdue America's native sons in the name of righteousness, so that the tale of their contrivings awakes in me a certain sense of shame."—PAUL JORDAN-SMITH in *L. A. Times*.

In this, as in all Comfort's novels, the pivotal character, while vibrantly vital, becomes a symbol. He is all men—subjected to enormous stress from within and without, who drive through and beyond it by a stupendous extension of will and faculties. Thus the theme of Mangus Colorado's fiery life is the axiomatic unfolding of a super-gamster—the grim burning out of all petty allegiances, all petty satisfactions and recompenses to reach that final stretch of smooth power that makes an ace, whether in flying, in polo, in the squared circle or in the hidden tournaments of life itself. . . . Apache is a great book and a rare interpretation, needing no tricks of glamour to enhance it. Incidentally it is a revelation in cross-section of the Indian-American transaction, unwhitewashed by holy alibis and patriotic platitudes. It should reach the hands of every American capable of thinking for himself.—C. W. L. E. for the ARGONAUT.



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

At The Water Tower

... If one sees in the Glass Hive his point of contact with the New Era—an outer working agent through which he may tally from month to month his own intuitions and realizations, and connect with others of like aspiration—in a word, if he sees in the Glass Hive the third point of the triangle including himself and the Plan—would it not seem to best interests to use it as a working principle?

"... My reaction to the April Glass Hive is a flood of gratitude, and a quiet amazement that the foundations of the New Era can be so clearly and simply revealed. It goes deeper than revelation—of which the world has had much. At last an instrument which lives its message, is and breathes its message, is here. More than any previous issues, the April Glass Hive rises up from its pages and burns in me, becomes a part of my equipment."—W. R. V.

Lowell Thomas' book on COUNT VON LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL is the close-up of a life that is winsome in its wildness, spiritually enlivening even though it operates on a plane of violence. All through one ardently discerns a man following his code, making the most of his own strength, his own courage, his own idea of what a man may be—under all skies, under any terms. . . . Here was a man who loved men. Passing enmities of war could not change that love. He saw Man under any guise, any color. He poured such a steady flow of fine fellowship into his own company, that its combined strength came back to hold up his arms in a pinch. . . . He loved the ships that sail; the most serious storms could not hide from him the Laugh of the Game and the splendor of pulling together in fair play

I have not now the money to subscribe for the Glass Five, but I want to work with it in studying the principles of the New Day, both in vision and action. . . . Such word is eagerly welcomed, and such a one is earnestly urged to make use of the Glass Hive as fully as possible. We have no "bad" accounts.



By Helen Bell Mercier

Judge not the drunkard
For every man must sometime wear out
pleasure
And wear out pain
And the drunkard takes them both together

I was drunk when He passed me
And He cured me of my drunkenness
But He did not take away my wine
For there was no time when He took aught
away from any of us
Rather He gave me a better wine

He did not upbraid me
Nor did He shrink from me with loathing
But into my cloud-filled soul His love blazed a
path of Light
And I was no longer drunk
And therein I gathered Truth as from a page

I saw that there is indeed a golden virtue
In the inspiration of wine
But he who attains to that virtue
Needs not the wine
And to him who has not attained
The wine is only a leaden symbol
That he carries around his neck on his road
to peace

. . . 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 LETTER TO THE GLASS HIVE.

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"... You may join that fast-increasing army—as I was forced to join it——" PELLEY.

VOICE OVER THE RADIO: "... we have heard many times that knowledge is Power. ... Knowledge is not power. Only that knowledge which is put to use is power——"

DECISION DEMANDED—A car with two persons in the front seat was approaching a railway crossing. The signal was waving. Houses and trees obscured the distances of track on either side. The driver slackened doubtfully, not hearing the train close at hand. The voice beside him said imperatively: "Hurry up or else don't."

Rudhyar's Harmonoscopes are interesting to workers here. They aim to reveal the essential pattern and purpose of the life, the fundamental harmony which is the real Self. They are practical applications of ideas expressed in his booklets on Harmonic Astrology. The latter may be ordered through the Glass Hive

The phrase "Bigger and Better" is distinctly American, but it means something hardly realized so far. It has to do with manhood, not with things. It has to do with the Eternal Sparkle finally coming into play on the face of the Earth; it has to do with the finished works of men, the lighting up of the life for others by those who have already lit up their own lives

The April 20 issue of UNITY, edited by John Haynes Holmes, prints a memorable document from Romain Rolland, the most enlightened mind and spiritually resonant voice of Europe, directing itself to all European peoples: BROADEN EUROPE, OR DIE! ... The Glass Hive would consider itself decidedly upon the mainline of its inmost purpose with the privilege of publishing such an utterance. ... Here a Soul speaks, surpassing at last the leaden griefs of its own person, even the griefs of its race. ... The little writings of men, the little wranglings and contrivings of human mind fall away. One perceives the time not so far distant when to speak out of the singleness of the heart will be the only excuse for speaking at all

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Is it not this which you have longed to tell the one nearest to you, or longed to listen to from that one, the same continuously unfolding?

Is there any other means under the sun for bringing harmony to your house, or great-hearted children, or for discovering the keynote of your own existence—than intelligent responsiveness

To the Love Story of the New Era?

Is there any other reason for being than making answer now

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