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Four Castes: The Craftsman

Emile Bernat---Master Craftsman

A Specific American Instance

The Love Story of the New Era

Foundation Work on the "Central Theme"

Notes on the Real Romance

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

With Comments and Contrasts

1931 Notes on an Outset of 1918

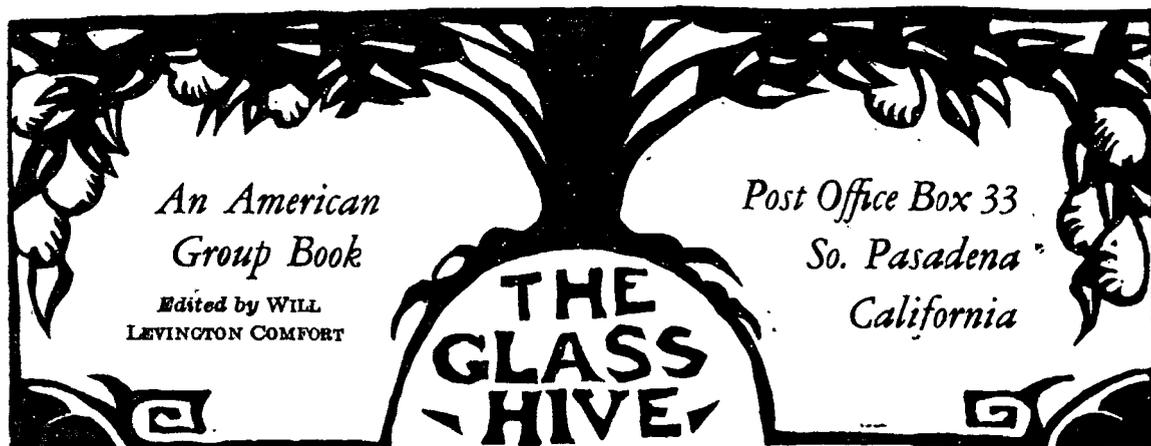
The Process of Changing One's Spots

Rudhyar: The Philosophy of Wholeness

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Specific American Instances

Divisions of Caste

A man shows his caste by what he turns his hands to. He designates himself by his chosen work. There are four natural divisions of caste: laborers, tradesmen, craftsmen, artists. All leaders are rightfully those who have passed through the four grades and found their particularity of use in human society. A king in the true sense is an artist in leadership, a man contacting the spiritual purpose and destiny of his race and guiding his people in accordance with it. A statesman is an artist in interpreting the right relationships of organic groups. A lawgiver is an artist in perceiving the superphysical order, the science of ideal behaviour

According to his experience in life, one's work is in ever finer grades of matter. The laborer toils with the earth, the heavy and raw materials. The business man markets and distributes the products of the earth and the shops. He deals with things that are done, with finished goods. The craftsman perceives the beauty intrinsic in materials and contrives with his hands to bring it out.

His interest inclines to sources not results; he becomes absorbed in carrying out a plan. The artist originates the plan. He is rightfully in contact with origins. He perceives the patterns as they exist in subtler matter before they are concreted in tangible materials

One individual is not better than another. In a school building, the fourth grade is not more valuable than the third in the eyes of the principal. In case of fire, he would not try to save the higher at the expense of the lower. At the level of the grades, however, there cannot be other than class-distinction because performance is so obviously the test. Spiritually all men are one, but materially by their fruits they are known, their rightful status as human beings set by their works

This is another way of saying that a man chooses his work according to his soul-age, or the extent of his experience in incarnations. Soul is the Son, the result of contact between Spirit and Matter. Soul is the essence of experience of lives externalized in material conditions. As the personal memory covers events of a single life, the soul covers

the memory of the long road. The tendency of innumerable experiences is finally to break down the barrier between the personal or result memory of three-score-and-ten, and the soul or causal memory of ages. Soul thus becomes the man, and soul qualities characterize all those in the graduate classes of human experience—seership, the free play of intuition, contact with origins, contact with the Spirit itself. "I and the Father are one," says the Son. This is Consciousness long sought

A Tradesman's World

All castes and classes are shuffled together in America; the sorting has hardly begun. The particular fruits or life winnings of the various European peoples—French verve, British grit, Flemish thrift, German efficiency—all are in the pot here, simmering down into an indistinguishable mass, their particular forms dissolving, but their spiritual values preserving the whole; America being, as we understand it, the first essay at the assembly of the world's parts

In American beginnings no classes were recognized, in principle at least, but because the equality of all men is discernible only by the spiritual-minded, the many could not resist partitioning society in classes. In place of the discarded European divisions, the possession of money became the basis of class distinction—to a result in uncouthness without parallel in human experience—incidentally to the result of Today—the breakdown of a Tradesman's World

The present situation has been conscientiously analyzed already. The four natural divisions of society are demoralized, come to grief, by the inflated importance of money, the central trouble of which is that it places the management of affairs in the direct control of trade minds. Such are only a step more ready for world control than the laboring class. The preoccupation of money-making is to increase profits. Not to

make the best chair, the best rug, the best bread, the best book, but the chair, rug, bread and book that will sell to the greatest number. In fact, the taste of the trade minded is not yet developed to make quality the prime importance, for the beauty inherent in materials has not yet been discerned

Quantity being the standard of success, the craftsman is denied the right to follow-through the plans of the artist; instead he is forced to multiply by mechanical means or starve. The artist finds his dearest projects out of the range of useability of the money-drummed crowd and commercializes his art for advertising copy and pictures. The sacredness of the press is so violated that business finds it possible to buy space in which to say anything it wishes about itself, sweeping politics into its service as well as editorial chairs. . . .

An inequity inevitably destroys itself. The mental infertility of business as a ruling system of society has become notorious. The vaguest light of origins is not perceptible upon it. Its utterances amount to babble incredible. "Return to normal conditions—" is the burden of its present admonition when that which was "normal conditions" is the central cause of today's distress—"normal conditions" which became so offensive to reason and reality that a plowing under of the whole scheme was preferable to continuance. To get money somehow back to the crowd, not for the relief of the crowd, but so that the crowd may begin again frenziedly to buy that which business has to sell—inspired word!

Upon the few who perceive the doleful banality of such leadership; upon the right number of men and women, who one by one decide to withdraw from participation in such doings, not drastically, but as they can; each seeking his own place, his own caste, his own reason for being, brave enough to suffer his own making over for a fresh beginning—the America of the New Era depends

The Craftsman

Last month we discussed business as one of the classrooms through which human society passes on the way to conscious mastery of life—the doing of lovely things for a living, which rightfully designates the graduate. In this issue the place of the craftsman is outlined

The craftsman stands between trade and art. He is a mechanical perfector; not essentially in contact with his own genius, but on the road to it, having sensed the inherent beauty of materials and the importance of bringing it out. He is the appreciator of another's contact of the Plan, a minister of its coming to be. The copying or elucidating of another's world is apprenticeship to making one's own

Fundamentally the craftsman appreciates. There are generations of appreciation before the regeneration of original production. A workman learns to criticize an age or two ahead of his ability to perform. Adoring, imitating or tearing down the works of others, he builds himself

Culture is mistakenly seen as an end. In reality, all pursuit of culture is a preparation to do, marketing for a dinner not yet on the table. Running around to lectures and musicales, taking up courses and studies, all cramming, is sturdy business of the soul, but life has not really begun. Life begins with doing one's own work

The craftsman stands between the business man who markets the work of others and the artist who has found his own work through inspirational contact. Empowered by appreciation, he leans to the side of the artist, finally to the point of taking the loved work in hand

In many cases the craftsman has renounced trade to begin at the bottom in the thing he loves to do. He seeks the studio or shop where the appreciated work is carried on. He does the sweep-

ing, lifting, carrying, finally copying. He is in the environment at last of the mysterious reason for his own life. He is there on the spot under his soul's direction. Teaching is in vibration, not necessarily of words; a distinct teaching force is in this environment of production

There is a reason why one boy of the town lingers more than any other in the doorway of the blacksmith shop. It may be the smell of horses; it may be the gleam of the forge. The day comes when he actually takes hold. If he continues to take hold, he will find out. And so with the boy who becomes glistening-eyed at the smell of paint; and another who watches passing ships until night falls, leaving them still passaging in his brain

Scores of times we have heard people say that the right books came to them just at the right time; that the right people turned up with the right word; that certain tools or tasks appeared, as proven afterward, at the exact moment of greatest value. These things do not happen merely. It is the specific attraction of the soul that calls them. We have read the poet's cry of joy, "My own shall come to me!" without taking it seriously enough, and the same with the infinitely repeated, "When the disciple is ready, the master is ready also."

But life in America is an inundating confusion. Parents thwart the objects that move inward along the thin lines of the child's intrinsic magnetism. "That is not the book you want; this is the tool for you, not that." The schools drone standardization; ministers and priests formulate endlessly the spiritless letter of temporal power. In the very nature of America today, so much is in the crucible for the national experiment that the specific quality of the child's task is mainly obliterated in the mass. It is only the potential master who escapes in the tender years, and then in spite of his education, not because of it

In practically every story of a distinguished life there is an early chapter that describes events that made necessary absence from school or home or both for a term or a year—strangeness, illness or revolt. "There, alone in the fields and woods—" or "There through the long days alone in my uncle's library, I came into a realization of what life really meant to me!"

We understand the necessity of weaning, yet we damage and outlaw the boy and girl strong enough to revolt against the plastering of uniformity before it hardens for life. Childhood, Youth, Revolt—the first three books of the life of Jean-Christophe have always seemed significant of every important life

Even vocational teachers are fixatives for the most part, carrying out the nescience of another as to what youth needs, instead of permitting the soul to

call its own. Only souls can interpenetrate souls; personal minds are forever separated in understanding. Great teachers are artists in their calling; they are interpenetrators—mirror-holders at the most critical moments of youth's search for Self

Frequently the craftsman is forced to forfeit a comparatively easy tracking in the family footprints to apprentice himself in a workshop where profit is not the sole consideration. This very sacrifice is significant to his destiny. He chooses beauty, or his idea of beauty, before the immediacy of ease and gain. He chooses well. By his hands he shall learn to realize the inimitable motivations of his genius. Finally to be paid for doing the thing he cannot live decently without doing is one of the first restful breaths of harmony to reach him in this distracted place

Emilie Bernat---Master Craftsman

Born in a Hungarian village at the edge of the Carpathian mountains in 1868. The work of his father, a farmer, was not Emile's work. At 12 he left his birthplace and was apprenticed to an upholsterer in Budapest. In the several years following he showed qualities of thoroughness and a desire to reach perfection with no thought of personal gain. The upholsterer catered to the nobility, and Emile was given to see grand tapestries that came to the shop for cleaning and repair. Upon these, his lifetime fascination fixed. After the term of his apprenticeship he went to France and studied at the Gobelin looms

There he reached the time of his compulsory military training, and literally had to tear himself away. In the army, his superiors discovered that he was skilled in decoration, actually a tapestry-weaver well advanced in his novitiate. The Hapsburg family had a magnificent

collection of tapestries. Emile was transferred from field service to work with this collection. The palace authorities were so pleased with his work that he was kept there for the rest of his period of military service, at the end of which he opened a shop for himself in Budapest devoted to decoration and tapestry-weaving

At this time he began to meet a certain inexorable set of conditions, an almost fateful combination that persisted through many years. The ardor of Emile's ambition was to produce new tapestry, but the craze of the time was for old collections. He was kept at the repair work, the revitalizing of old fabrics, denied the money and time investment to carry out the dreams that were configured above his own loom. Through these difficult years, America became the central thought. He fancied at times that all would be well if he

could reach America, but there seemed no chance until a decorating contest for the reception of the royal family gave him the chance to show his innate quality, and the money prize connected with the medal honors enabled him to embark with his family.

He was thirty-seven years old when he landed in New York. Again he was confronted everywhere with a taste for period things; the opportunity to erect his own haunting designs sacrificed by the needs of supporting his family and the steady pressing-in of remunerative work in restoring time-worn fabrics. It was so in Boston, where he went to live and work. In ensuing years he brought the craft of restoring to what many believe is an incomparable level. While this in a strict sense is not an original art, Emile Bernat put all the best of individual workmanship into it, winning honors and emoluments as an outstanding craftsman.

His aim has been to have his restorations in true character with the old, not mere spiritless repairs. This entailed cleaning and lining innovations, outcrop-

pings of his innate genius, that would not injure the most fragile fibers nor the faintly enduring gleams of magic coloring. . . . He has been forced to make his own dyes, finally his own yarns—

Here is seen the dramatic fulfillment of apprenticeship in a larger sense than binding out to another. Life has kept him at the work of other masters to the very consummation of technical experience, before permitting him to take up his own. His particular initiatives have been forced into paths of preserving textiles of individuals and families and groups long since passed—personal ambition fusing into the deeper breathing of the pure creative process.

Now with his sons and apprentices about him, shops of busy needle-workers, developed departments for yarn and dye-making, an established business and a monthly magazine, fostering the endless message of hand-realization and the path to freedom through fine workmanship—the House of Bernat is a real American institution of the New Day. . . . And at sixty-three, the master is about the master's business.

W. R. V.: I Contain

To you
 Still fretting in the back-and-forth
 Perhaps attacking me
 Perhaps heaping adulation upon me
 Or perhaps engrossed and unaware of me
 I say this

I do not stand opposite to you
 Instead, I walk quietly beside you
 Containing—
 Together we shall at last
 Take the One Direction

The Love Story of the New Era

II

The love that takes passion as an end comes to an end—a hurried departure of mannikins about their mannikin affairs. "So long. I'll see you tomorrow—" and hours of baneful torment in between

Love never fails one who is in love with love itself. The love that ties itself to a human person opens to the inevitable danger of that other's slipping the cord

. . . The meagre love is utterly engrossing. In taking in one, it crowds out the world. Tell-tale signs of day-dreaming—recapitulating with listless hands the transactions of the night before and the possibilities of tonight—the symptoms are obvious

"All the world loves a lover" is still heard, though modern life disproves it at every turn. What is nearer truth is that the world regards the naive involvement of young love with a mixture of envy and resentment: at its kindest, waiting for the principals to come out of it and be themselves

The miracle of the deeper love is that it takes in the world instead of crowding out all but one. It may be known only by its ever-enhancing light. The shadows of involvement that we instinctively resent, are not upon it. One might suddenly realize about a person that he is showing signs of happiness, a steady beyond-reason sort of happiness, inexplicable in its content not to explain

It is worth repeating that the continual practice of those who seek the pain-free romance is in the realization that the sex-opposite is not the goal, but

that their togetherness merely makes possible the apprehension of a third principle, like an invisible presence, the nature of which is loveliness of infinite variation, intensity and beauty

Practice together of this presence gradually consumes all uncouthness, inequality, jealousy, fear, excitement, even desire. In its continuing vibration every sense of inadequacy, inferiority and loss are genuinely healed. This presence can be safely adored because it is not subject to change or death, because it is harmonically identified with dimensions of life outside our three-score-and-ten; identified with the source and meanings of incarnation; in fact, with the glorious Playgrounds from which we come

Practice together of the presence gradually makes possible the realization of its delight apart as well as together, through the awakening within of the lover's counterpart in each self, a matter of consciousness that life or death can never take away, of the very nature of the peace all men seek. Lovers entering this secret are beyond the reach of the mind's involving propensity. They forget each other through the hours of the day's activity, because the desperate gamble of meagre love—"He loves me, he loves me not"—is forever put away among the mauled toys of childishness

From long starvation for the rapture which is our essential heritage, we are pathetically small-calibered for love itself. No sooner do we touch a little joy than the mind sets about making fiery plans to encompass the same again. "Meet me at the same place at the same time. We'll go where we did before!" when the heavens have set the stage meanwhile for a new act entirely, and the very stars have changed their places

The delights of love can never be safely anticipated by the mind. Practice of the presence carries with it a continual urge to abandon thought-images of the other's person. The slightest tendency to seek a repetition of yesterday's rapture brings a check, even a warning sense of failure to today. All that holds us down to earth is the poverty of our daring and initiative—our dumb faintness in acceptance of so little

One may prepare for the spontaneous tomorrow, but the mind cannot plan it. It is not planetary, it is solar, cosmic

For each man and each woman there is a last human lover—a last infatuation—days of the final arousing of fear, anger, jealousy, even desire. Love does not end; it is involvement that ends, making it possible for love rightly to begin. When the real romance is entered, unqualified obeisance is made to no other human being; to none other, in fact, than the Presence itself. Even so the love of other human souls continues progressively, a heightening capacity for love that includes trinities, groups and an inconceivable Unity at the end, though never leaving out the ecstatic adventures of polar twos. Always love, always heightening—the higher including the lower, ever—the latest including the first, and all between

Love of opposites, love of similars— one not better than the others, but different—love of men together—love of women together—love of the sequestered for the storm-beaten—love of the arrived for those still coming—always progressive, forever amplifying

The laws of harmony contain infinite graded steps of beatitude, but this is a statement that cannot be proven without sentiency of the spiritual life. The technique for working in this freedom is the long slow course of self-conquest. There have appeared no short cuts so far in human history; this art is not set apart from other arts in having an easy road

Agni Yoga: "Free will affords numerous contradictions. One turns it into license; another into irresponsibility; a third into the madness of conceit. Only he who experienced the discipline of Spirit can realize how stern may be the reality of freedom."

Sternness is very far from the meaning of the reality, as we understand it, but sternness has everything to do with the preparation, and what the world calls free love is entirely outside this preparation. The technique for the pursuit of harmony is not to stipulate, not to close, not to stay, but this is learned by the willing sacrifice of human wants and the transmutation of human desires. To one who has gained his freedom, man-made laws of holding and fidelity are seen as inversions of the real—pitiful compulsions brought to bear upon those who have lost their power to hold their own, but freedom is not gained by breaking these laws before they have fallen away

In the progressive use of love, there is time and to spare to complete each relationship, fulfillment being the living awareness of the other in the heart. Thus our creative amplitude is restored by episodes on the path of return

The whole world's library of poetry and song is a wistful narrative of the human being's poverty—its looking back to past joys, raptures touched and crystallized—pillars of salt preserving their little spoils of love, forfeiting solar experience for memories of lost groves and lodgings of a night

Perversions came to be because the human mind refused to surrender to the spontaneities of love itself. Passion came to an end, but the instinctive awareness of the soul that love has no end, reacted upon the mind to invent new postures and processes, to the utter darkening of the tower of the human heart. Perversions are the seeming endlessness of the down-grade; love is an ascending endlessness

The mind cannot initiate love's gestures and caresses any more than a mind can initiate the processes of other creative arts. It can be used however, must be used in love as in art—all its gathered experiences, working in amity with the emotions of the body to make a form of beauty for the expression of love in the personal life

In love again as in art, the beauty of expression depends upon the mature preparation of personal experience. Ages of suffering in passion, all exhaustions from the chase of love, all abandonments for its inevitable loss, only make the personal life the lovelier instrument when it surrenders itself to the uses of love as a creative force.

In love as well as art, the spontaneous utterance of wholeness depends upon the mastery of technique in part-fitness

One may safely begin where one is. One may serenely look about him for the next lesson.

In love as well as art, the sustaining of Genius awaits a high degree of order in our houses such as they are. This is what was meant in the May issue by the saying:

The Love Story of the New Era 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

Love of persons does not mean involvement in persons. The basic idea must be changed that love is not a sex-chase, but a light to be entered, a means by which humanity is to be reunited and understood.

We try to make Beauty in art and love, when really we must be taken over by it, and always in unforeseen ways; yet all the preliminary trying tends toward lovelier spontaneity when the human mind finally accepts itself as instrument rather than instigator of love

In the happiness of two together, the realization must come to each that the joy is not from the other. The outpouring of gratefulness must be to love itself. When this outpouring is a united surge of two toward love as a cosmic force, the heart of each is dilated to experience, the rapture of the moment unlike any other of yesterday or tomorrow

Any emotion that cannot be sustained is better left unexpressed. Fine sensi-

bilities are not to be deluded forever concerning an emotional outpouring that whispers its readiness to die for you one moment, and appraises you with the coldness of a stranger within an hour. Many a woman has pitifully hoarded what one said to her in a fervor of passion "... He said it—the very words!" until forced to realize that the utterance came from contact with her own fires, and that the rest of the association is mainly a dealing with cold steel

A man or woman may be regarded as a replica of the cosmos to each other. It is said that a master requires reverence from a disciple, not as a tribute to his status, but because the disciple is not amenable to teaching without it. Reverence is graceful enough when cultivated as a desirable human quality, but when it becomes intrinsic in the attitude of one toward another because of a growing realization of the luminous play of love upon awakening centers, the quest of beauty is really established together

The Process of Changing One's Spots

But people do change. We are here to change. The suspicion is dawning in many minds in these days that what we bring to objective life is our worst—our array of weaknesses incarnated, not our finished powers and virtues—and incarnated for the single purpose of changing them; in fact, that this is the plane and place of change

But changing one's spots is not lightly done. We cannot send our physical bodies to the cleaner, or take to some astral bed while a night-sweating valet toils to make our mortal garments over new. Something like this happens while we sleep in the case of our daily tissue wear and tear, but not to our psychological breaches of character. These we have to make over ourselves

Possibly, one of the worst things that has ever happened to us as a human family is the misinterpretation of the Vicarious Idea: that God, if let alone, will make us whiter than snow; even that He knows specifically what sort of sponging and pressing we most need. The confusion comes from the fact that there is truth in this teaching. Wonderful things happen later to a man who has learned his own life-ropes; who has actually done his period before the mast and come into his own command. It is often possible for him to make changes in a day on the quarterdeck that would require years in the fo'castle

To cure a moral illness or make an actual change in one's character is a process—a process so clearly understood by one who has done it that it can be set down like a formula for making soap or tin trays

First, a man must know distinctly what it is he wants to change; whether it is fear, pride, envy, ambition, jealousy. . . . A man is suffering from jealousy. Others know it before he does. He will defend it; or rather it will defend itself within him long before he actually gets to work to eradicate the ill. A test of his readiness for cure is his willingness to be told about it without flaring up at the outsider

There is no hope of getting the thing on the spot until he segregates the disorder from the others, until the faintest vibration of it is recognizable, until it actually becomes intolerable to himself. The first step plainly, then, is to know the nature of the disease to its most subtle tricks and phases. This would seem simple if one were not aware of the all-pervasive racial dumbness as to the psychological vibrations

The second step is restraint of the vibration at any cost; the gathering of all other elements of character against a possible giving expression to this one. Here is involved the separate use of the mind-will, and not to be confused with magical power and spiritual assistance which comes into play later as a result of adequate practice in self-conquest. The confusion in regard to vicariousness has arisen just here. The fine art of living must be learned technically first, the long slow way of any art, before inspiration and magic-making can adequately use the instrument

Having restrained and fought his jealousy from every angle, and still finding the choking green growth within him, a man reaches the point of desperation, crying out: "I cannot endure this further. What shall I do to be free?" He may be calling upon God or upon the Higher Self; in any case the third step is this call for help. Human character can restrain a fault, but is powerless to cure it. Whole-hearted trying in every possible human way proves this, and the fine virtue of honest trying is that it renders one eligible to assistance

Even now it has not been our experience that God reaches down and plucks out the offensive nest. Help invariably comes, but not in the direct way of the mind's young dream. What happens most likely is the ultimate arousing of the disorder. In other words, life brings us an outer condition through which our enemy is awakened to its fullest power. In the case of jealousy it is obvious what would happen. A man is shown the worst about himself in this particular phase. If he stays with the battle now, utter eradication is possible, for nothing can be changed until it is fully revealed or aroused. The strength earned from his preliminary engagements in restraint by human means now comes into play under actual spiritual direction and satisfactory work is often quickly effected. The point is that the person itself has done the work—earned the power to ask and earned the answer as well. So creators are returned to their own status, by infinite taking pains

In this day of fancied short-cuts and easy routes, such an earnest procedure is not popular. But now as always, the Road is to the Roadster, and those who want deliverance, step by step, and want it more than anything else, will make the grades

Rudhyar: Philosophy of Operative Wholeness

VIII. Man is a hierarchy of forms and a brotherhood of functions.

Man manifests his complex being in three forms. He exists as an instinctual body; he operates as brains; he is the mysterious and intangible center of spiritual essence located somewhat above the head, the thousand-leaved Lotus, or Sahasrara Chakra.

Three types of forms and three corresponding types of substances. The substances constituting bones, muscles and membranes are very heterogeneous. They are divided into departments of activity each of which corresponds to an organic function of the instinctual body. They are the common substances of man.

The substance of the brains and of the cerebro-spinal nervous system, which constitutes the roots by means of which man-in-the-brains operates upon and draws sustenance from the instinctual body, is much more homogeneous and subtle. It is the aristocratic (in the true meaning of the term) substance of man.

The substance of the great Lotus is as homogeneous as can be found on earth. It constitutes the throne of the One, the King-Hierophant; a throne which is a living cohort of spiritual Essences.

Man who is whole is the three forms in one. That which correlates and integrates the three realms is the ever-mysterious Link that binds the Lotus to the Center of the brains and to the central chamber within the heart. It is the Pillar of Fire.

Each form is the habitat of a type of consciousness, of will and intelligence. Each is a house with many mansions. Each mansion is a functional department. The principle of the brotherhood of functions is established in all three realms; but in the lowest, functional units and cells often war against each other, while, in the highest, unanimity is an eternal fact.

Thus Man's total organization exemplifies the principle of hierarchical communism; which is the absolute, eternal and necessary principle of operative wholeness. This principle is the source of all patterns of organizations which are truly cosmic, that is whole. For every such organization must needs encompass substances of various degrees of density and of various types of magnetism. Thus a hierarchy of form and a brotherhood of functions is ever required, though the latter is not easily established in the lower realms where heterogeneity and the will to separateness prevail.

One must add that even among the functional centers a certain type of hierarchy can be found; a hierarchization due to the fact that certain functions are never at rest and never indulge in sleep, while others have periods of relative latency. The heart never ceases beating from birth to death; but that is because in its shrine lives the flame of the mysterious One. The lungs operate rhythmically, by night as by day; but that is because they are linked with the brains and head-centers, of which they are the particular servants. The heart is the vehicle of the Spirit; the lungs of the Mind-Ego. Thus the meaning of the numerical relation between heart-beats and full breaths. Thus the reason for breath-control in the various yoga systems. Thus the fundamental significance of the first breath, the time for which the astrological horoscope, the Pattern of Soul and Destiny, is cast.

To know Man as an operative whole, one must understand the relationship existing between the three realms of forms and the several functions (basically seven) in each. The three realms constantly interact. The wheel of functional activities in each affects the corresponding centers in the others. This is the principle of the permutation of Rays; knowing which, man ceases to be sentimental about himself and begins to live scientifically and creatively as a whole.

When this knowledge dawns upon man, he begins to think in terms of wholeness instead of in terms of chaos; and casting his mental eye around him he begins to realize that humanity at large is MAN. He realizes that humanity is an operative whole with a hierarchy of forms and brotherhoods of functions, the latter operating most distressingly and wastefully on the lowest realm, which we call human Society.

Human society corresponds to the instinctual body of flesh and bones and blood; only it does not know it, or has forgotten it, and thus an endemic state of disease prevails among men and nations.

The aristocracy of real thinkers, mystics and selfless doers of the will of God—that is, of all those who are approaching or have entered what is referred to as the Path, in whatever direction—represent the brains of MAN; and by brains we mean not only the intellectual centers, but all that is found in the center of the head.

The White Lodge is the mystic Lotus, invisible and intangible.

This threefold division is eternal and constant. We find it operating in the occult Druze brotherhood in the mountains of Syria, and in the true organization of the Thibetan Lamas. It was the basis of the three sections of the original Theosophical Society; the outer section, the esoteric section and the White Lodge.

The interrelationship between these three realms of any fundamentally whole organization is of the same order as that between the three realms of Man. There is in all outer sections which are spiritually alive one who is the heart's blue flame, and thus the representative of the center of the Lotus; also a few who represent the lungs and act as agents of the head brotherhood, providing "oxygen"—that is, spiritual ideas and energies. Still others carry orders outwardly or sensations inwardly through spine, ganglions and nerves.

In the inner sections there are some who correspond to the deeper centers of the head, pineal gland, pituitary body, etc., while the majority represent the brain substances, etc.

As for the mystic Lotus, we must realize that its place is not really on the earth, but in spaces above; that it includes the One, the Three and the Seven; that the One is the Pillar of Fire that links and integrates all.

These things have been told before; but the emphasis has been but too often put on the several petals of the Lotus instead of on the Light and Life of the One, who is the Integrator. People have dreamed excitedly about initiations and adepts; but how few have done anything about *integration*! Men love to aspire outward; but the One lives much more at the center of what they are now than at the periphery of what may seem the abode of gods. The One is at the center of the three realms, in the individual and in humanity. The supreme hierarch is he that lives, unpossessed and unaffected, in the three realms. It is he that makes of all realms an integrated and operative Whole; for he is the principle of operative Wholeness.

We of the flesh and bones see the One as a supreme Person; the inner order knows the One as a Principle; the highest beings are It differentiated. The One is the eternal symbol that relates circumference to diameter, Pi. It is the Door that negates all walls, all separateness, all polarization. Entering through this Door is to realize eternal life; what it means to be whole permanently and unceasingly throughout aeons without end. This alone is Mastery.

A Harlot by Helen Bell Mercier

Once only have I known purity
For I saw Him
And He was not only pure
But He was Purity
And when I looked at Him I beheld not only
His purity
But mine also
For in beholding the absolute there is no
lesser vision

In the heat of the afternoon He passed my
house
My window blind was drawn
Except for a tiny slit at the bottom through
which I watched for my lovers
The window of my soul had long been likewise
darkened

Through this tiny opening I saw Him
Like a gash of shining sky between two soot-
blackened walls

A thread of burning dawn across the night
But never have I beheld a larger vision
Nor scanned a broader horizon

He was a fresh wind dispelling fetid heat
A rush of clear water in a muddy pool
He was a lullaby in a restless night
A bird song in a mist-filled morning
He was a perfect melody from beyond birth
and beyond death
A love song without an ending

Presently He was gone
But not my remembrance of Him
The heat of the day returned
And the pool clouded
And I am still sitting by a darkened window

But long have my lovers knocked loudly on my
door in vain



America is learning to read. There has never been a time when the public reached out with such high-keyed neurotic need toward what is new and fresh in letters. As a race we are gradually translating our young appetites from the actual to the vicarious. We find we can live more strenuously through the mind than through the body. And to *live* is our great demand, to experience, to include. Also we must have heroes to worship, heroes of all kinds, even literary heroes, and the younger they come, the better we like it. A new boy or girl rises on the horizon every month or so. We grab their story, turn our cumulative dazzle on them for a time and look around for the next sensation. Anything with a semblance of veritability has a chance.

Anybody's story is interesting, no matter how segregated, how far-fetched, so long as it has the feel of life behind it. And if we like a book, we want to know about its author. We want to know his story as well. The reading world is full of new demands. Novels are being written about authors—we read three within a month: *A WOMAN ON HER WAY*, Van Druten; *THE WINDING LANE*, Philip Gibbs, and that smart book, *CAKES AND ALE*, by Somerset Maugham. The psychology of authors carefully set forth. Literature is in a process of universal self-discovery and all the angles are being incorporated. Perhaps later on we will learn to discriminate somewhat, but right now we swallow everything, even *MOTHER INDIA'S* successor.

Several follow-books have been appearing lately by young writers whose first novels broke through with fiery flourish. Erick Maria Remarque has one called *THE ROAD BACK*, which picks up the German soldier where he left him in the trenches in *ALL QUIET*, and follows him home. Gene Fowler's *SHOE THE WILD MARE* is now open in the hands of those who found tangy new air to breathe in *TRUMPET IN THE DUST*. And Rosamond Lehman has returned with *A NOTE IN MUSIC* for those who vibrated to her *DUSTY ANSWER* some three years ago.

A second novel is a treacherous thing, particularly when the first followed a pattern of its own and drew a quick appreciative gasp from all sides. It takes a hard head and an open heart, not to mention an old soul, on the part of a writer actually to wait for a new pattern to complete itself within him, instead of taking the obvious course of supplying the demand. The lesser artist, having felt the inrush of power, believes it is his to keep and hotly does another book at once. The public reads it on the strength of the first, but feels cheated. Repeated experiences of this kind have gone far toward convincing readers, subconsciously at least, that a second novel is apt to be a flop. Which makes it harder for those who actually wait for the starting pistol before flinging themselves into another book.

Gene Fowler didn't wait for anything. *SHOE THE WILD MARE* fell several miles short of the mark. We note that he has another "in preparation" advertised on the copyright page. It is not that *TRUMPET IN THE DUST* was such a masterpiece, but it had something of its own. It heaved, about with a reckless, laughing abandon, fell down and got up again, charged on. It was a newspaper story and Gene Fowler is a newspaper man. He had things to say and said them regardless. Where his first book was vigorous and daring, his second is merely lewd. A robot book.

THE ROAD BACK carries on logically and there is a dearness about it. After all, there were those who went home. Remarque went home. And there were terrifying adjustments to be made by those war-worn youths which we, who want to know everything, care to hear about. He tells it. The most striking thing to us is the aloneness they felt, suddenly loose in the world again—not a body of men, tramping, waiting, but man alone, each isolated from the group consciousness he had come to depend upon; the struggle to become individual again, erect and independent of the rest. The road back to life.

His closing lines are characteristic: *Perhaps I shall never be really happy again; perhaps the war has destroyed that, and no doubt I shall always be a little inattentive and nowhere quite at home—but I shall probably never be wholly unhappy either—for something will always be there to sustain me, be it merely my own hands, or a tree, or the breathing earth.*

Rosamond Lehman, who did not hurry to supply the demand; also has something worthwhile. Summing up *A NOTE IN MUSIC*, it has not quite the expanding, blossoming ache of *DUSTY ANSWER*, but it is a more mature work, kinder, fairer. Her aim all through is to see in behind, to find the quivering, sensitive identity behind the crippled, the fat, the inane. There are moments when she supplies us with a rare, fleeting love for the smothered spark in every living being. The forgotten selves of youth, buried seeds dropped by the old plant.

The key figure is a young man, blonde and charming and very English, who transforms everyone but himself. A young man who walks in and out of dried-out, dusty lives, leaving bright stabbing rays behind him, which continue to rouse and nourish people, even after he is gone. But to himself he is of no particular use. He lingers for a time, but cannot stay anywhere, moves on, wondering, alone.

In her first book Rosamond Lehman all but pledged herself to the nihilist element in modern fiction—that school of young writers who destroy gleefully, dexterously, without offering a solution. But here she is shyly building. Except for her peculiar craft, these pages might betray a trace of the maudlin, but she is too clever for that. The effect of the book is mottled and delicate, like spring sunlight through leaves.—J. L. C.

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The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

with Comments and Contrasts

1931. Herewith are edited transcripts of the *Second and Third Letters*, written just before the Armistice. In these I ventured to tell others how life and love should be conducted; daringly prescribing, even preaching down. Though this method is altered in later work, it has not seemed best altogether to change the temper of the Letters. In the dozen years that have followed, however, I have good reason to know that every time one tells another how he should live or love, he challenges the fates to force him to make good in his own life. In fact, crash is inevitable if he does not make good to a certain degree. One learns later, out of sheer self-defense, to measure some performance to his talk. Even what is told in flashes of intuition apparently must be brought to working knowledge in the life of the expressionist before the telling is adequately finished. . . . What seems to be taking place in the republishing of the Letters is the opportunity to measure up earlier utterances in the light of added experience. At no time has the *Glass Hive* seemed such a thing of glass as now, entering a higher spiral (it is hoped) of the same task as that attempted at the outset of the Letter work. The pages as a whole of the magazine unwittingly supply comments and contrasts for many of the intuitionally-arrived-at statements of the Letter pages. The Plan is pretty smooth after all. . . . A point of interest also is to be found toward the close of this installment—the attitude of the writer toward the ending of the War, which was seen even then to be no ending, merely a turning-in.—W. L. C.

1

1918. If the quest within does not constantly tend to perfect your external relationships; if it does not make your hand more unerring and the tone of your voice more kind, empowering you with patience for everyday tasks and trials, you are following a lateral which must be retraced.

The time comes in the inner quest when you enter a light which must be carried forth into action. Those human beings, sometimes nearest and hardest to endure, are especially important and can never be side-stepped. Every conquest of hatred or irritation engendered by their presence liberates the expression of new powers, freeing the channel of obstructions, permitting you ever more freely to be yourself.

The sooner you come into working knowledge—using it as the first principle of applied psychology—that any person or any thing that hurts you, points out a fault in your own structure—that no blame attaches to that person or thing, but only to yourself—the sooner will you be found standing squarely on the sure foundations of eternal being with a growing smile at the splendor of the Plan.

2

A love story all the way. We learn to love the many only after a myriad of focalizations upon one at a time. The secret of all days at last appears—that we belong to all. . . . In all our divided loves it is ourselves we follow after. We build our thought in others' minds, our ideal of beauty about their faces and hands; we behold our own comings and goings in their eyes; read our own law in their words. We fancy that some one outside ourselves has everything we need, because that one moves in a magic cloud of our desire.

We love ourselves in others first,—hate ourselves in others; we accomplish our own co-ordination by preparing ourselves to abide with others; we correct our own evils by finding their shadows dark upon the passerby, whom we presently cease to abhor.

It sums up at length into a simplicity: that to hate another is to confess a correspondence of the hateful quality in ourselves, something ripe to be taken down; to love another is straightway to begin to build the desired qualities in ourselves. We love everything that we come to understand. The catholicity of our loves reveals the extent of our union with the spiritual principle of ourselves.

The first use of love connects with the sense of possession: in the mirror of others we delight to reproduce ourselves. We love ourselves in our children; we associate with others of our creed who strengthen our own opinions; back to back with such, we wage war upon other creeds and opinions. In this period of the meagre love, man marries a woman and seeks to implant death in all those whims and impulses of hers which are unlike himself, missing the fact that it is because she cannot be like himself altogether that he really is called to yoke with her for the increase of the tribe and the economy of his house.

Our capacity for love at last out-grows the family, the street, the town and nation; our workmanship is manifestly improved by association with others' productions; our cult embraces others until it is perceived that all religions tell one story. Then it dawns upon us that there is a world consciousness quite as well as a domestic one; that there is a cosmic and universal consciousness beyond that. . . .

By this time the truth clears that there are centers within, which, unfolding, set us free in these larger loves and correspondences. Such centers awaken in the evolving man quite like the faculties of a child at different periods of growth. With each love above and beyond, we awaken a corresponding potentiality within.

The loves of the world-man reverse the loves of the self-man. The former perceives that what is good for his street is good for the entire neighborhood; what he does for the neighbor redounds to his own good; his performance of service for his city becomes a benefit to other cities. The next step is to perceive the world a globe, the continents inter-related and inter-dependent as the organs of the body. In fact, the magic of democracy begins to unfold. The reward is so instant and excellent for one's gifts to others that he dare not think of it, lest he break the spell by watching for reward.

3

The value of woman is that she is unlike man. Her reason for being is put out by the man who tries to possess her and make her like himself. It is only when he sets her free that she comes to him gladly; it is only the free woman who has herself to give. In all their fighting alone and apart—man and woman, mystic and occultist, east and west, have gathered together great treasures and powers, each for the completion of the other.

The New Race sees the globe in one piece, night and day as parts of the same earth. It unifies the quests of the heart and the mind. The doctrines of integration and diffusion are shown to be the systole and diastole of a single organic process; the journey to the center of the heart and to the kingdom of Heaven but a single path—the innermost and uppermost one.

At last, a kernel of truth breaks open—that graciously to correlate with an opposite is to enhance the self; that we are richer for union with that which has come by a different path; that we may only dare adore that which we have not yet manifested.

The kingdom is without as well as within. The dilemma now is lack of balance for the most part. Outer wealth is a hollowness merely until it is tallied with a wealth within. The

body can never right itself in health until the source of its order and rhythm is drawn upon from within. Love of another becomes a torment of exhaustion at last until its correspondence is awakened within. Frequently now it becomes necessary for us to abandon for a time the side upon which we have over-pressed, as a first step in attaining balance.

There is a period perhaps in which we must resist an outer magnetism until its realization is completed within. Jesus left his disciples for them to awaken the Comforter in themselves. All progressing Christian mystics have found it necessary to cease their adoration of Jesus of Nazareth in order to realize the Christ in the heart. The master must awaken in the soul before his sandals can be heard upon the hills.

The instant the transaction is completed within, the outer correspondence resumes its place. Health to the overcomer, wealth to him who has learned to give and not to seize, the lover and the master to him who has ceased to reflect and has become incandescent.

4

To one who uses merely the optic nerve to watch events it would appear that the world disease is passing. The fact is, it is only turning in. The soldiers represent the surface tissue. The myriads at home belong to the same human body. Do you not see that the Tree of Life is being shaken? *

All wars are in the heart of man first. The heart of man must be changed. Until the hatreds cease we have not reached the downward arc of world disaster; even though the peace of the nations be outwardly manifested. . . . I ask you to note that there is more hatred at home now than in the trenches. Remember that hate comes back to the hater. Remember that fear is a nest of disease. Remember that humanity is one.

If you are sensitive enough ever to have felt the poison of your own anger, you will know the bitterness ahead for people and nations who must assimilate and transmute drop by drop the black brew of hatred now pouring out of the human heart. Hate comes back to the hater. Already you see the disease turning in.

Many have written that they have not found their part. . . . Do you hate anything? Do you fear anything? You are not quite ready if you do. . . . Do you not see yet that everything is to be changed? Do you not know what it means for the Tree of Life to be shaken? Do you not know even yet what wars are for, what revolutions are for, and that soldiers and revolutionists are mere pawns of the Great Game?

* This letter was dated November 6, 1918, and written a week before that. The Armistice was effected November 11.

Man, Know Thyself!

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Can you imagine the effect upon a child's mind of an adequately told story of incarnation—not as a complicated religious theory, but that this is the place where we are given a chance to complete our undone tasks—that we must not look to each other here for the full beauty of being, because we come to ignite our blind spots, to bridge our gaps, to fulfill our lacks—that we agreed to come here for this purpose and should never have forgotten it for a moment

Do you still think a child would fail to understand, if the story were properly told—that we are all more or less incognito here because

of unfinished business—that we are all rough and grimed, in working clothes for our particular jobs, like men on wagons making strange cries, like men unrecognizable in diving suits prepared for going down, like men blackened from the mines—that it is only those who are satisfactorily taking hold of their undone tasks, who really begin to show their real shining beauty, making them instantly trustable and easy to love—that as we wholeheartedly take hold of the things we came to do, we begin at once to see through everyone's disguises, begin to get the joy of the whole Game while the play is still going on?



Cuttings from Box 33

... Has it occurred to you that containment and renunciation are inseparable? Adequately to contain a thing, we must renounce its effect upon us—and our concern about it.—W. R. V.

... Congratulations on the new appearance and extra contents of the Glass Hive. We are glad to note its growth and increasingly wide appeal, for there is no one who is filling the niche you are, and no one else who could. Broadcasting to you the radiance of our fellowship.—DR. F. HOMER CURTIS.

... The Glass Hive, which arrived last night, startled me somewhat with its wisdom. I glanced at it, was caught, and read every word. A change in consciousness has always seemed to me the only true progress, and the Glass Hive, I see with delight, emphasizes this.—ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

... I realized a sudden thing about the reprinted letters. At certain stages on the road it is a tremendous help to have "stills" of post cross-roads for comparison and guidance. It is good to re-read these letters and to see their coming of age.—C. W. L. E.

... According to Darwin and Wagner, the human race sang before it spoke—probably barked and roared, until it was found necessary to aid gestures by means of more explicit conventional signs, which gradually grew into what we now call language. This, it has always seemed to me, is one of many possible interpretations of the ever-recurring legends of our loss of innocence and fall from grace. For sound, like electricity, cohesion, gravity or any other universal force, is sincerity incarnate. Only when man invented language could he begin to lie. . . . Forty million people are said to have been burned alive because they dared to question or deny words like "God, Heaven, Hell, Resurrection," etc., but have you ever heard of even one person being burned alive because he invented a new harmony?—RUDOLPH VON LIEBICH.

A CANADIAN OBSERVATION: . . . I have just had a strange thought in connection with several of my acquaintances here who have been a puzzle to me. They are people who were in the European War, and who have ever since talked War Experience. They have taken every opportunity for donning uniforms, and generally given the impression that they would like

to see another war. I had thought until today that the reason for their attitude was to be found in the fact that Wartime was the one time in their lives when they had a feeling of importance, in some cases of authority—but this morning I got a different impression. Military discipline carries with it a certain show of responsibility, but a very real irresponsibility. On entering the military service the ordinary problems of life are sweepingly left behind, to be looked after by others. Money troubles are definitely side-tracked for the duration of the war; so with other problems of life. What a way of escape!—A. G.

... Two or three blocks from my house in Los Angeles, there is a corner with automatic traffic signals. Standing there waiting for a car yesterday, I gradually became conscious of a more than usual soul-harrowing din in the air; so much so that I began to pay attention. A half-block farther on, a Santa Fe limited was thundering leisurely out. Street-cars had met and just come to a stop from both directions just before me. From the corner drug store was radioed a tenor in misery not to be mitigated. At the sound of the traffic bells the two street cars and several automobiles started up changing gears, and across the street was an inclosed school yard with a hundred-odd children screaming their pleasure as permitted at recess. Perhaps it was the latter that broke the city monotone so that I was finally aware of the crazing strain we live in even in the residence districts.—I. O. M.

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The solution of humanity—its soul and the design of its new body—lie underneath, waiting to be relieved

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In America a process less advanced, but already perceptible . . . Los Angeles made sickeningly ludicrous, at home and abroad. Chicago insolvent—a municipal property on the auction-block. New York identified with the crowning joke of 1930—"We have the best judges that money can buy!"

. . . Fatigue—even to the kidding that the worst is over—that stocks are rising

That which is rising is the scum which is to be ladled off

Are you of the living solution, or of the floating insoluble crust? Identified with the decaying forms, or the vital force of a new world?

. . . Much may happen before the next issue of the Glass Hive, scheduled for September. Present plans may not be feasible then. But one way or another, we shall be working with you for the America which is not yet

Though publication rests for two months, the mails are still open, and the aeriads.—Our power lies in working together. In our thought together the New Day is engendered

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