



THE INCORRIGIBLES

The Trade-minded Entity That Runs the World—That Is
Running It Down

Important

LETTER TO THE CHARTER COMPANY

A SEER, A SOLITARY---

Following the Trail of a Writer's Writer from a Cincinnati
Newspaper Office to the Heart of Japan

W. L. C. LETTERS RE-PUBLISHED

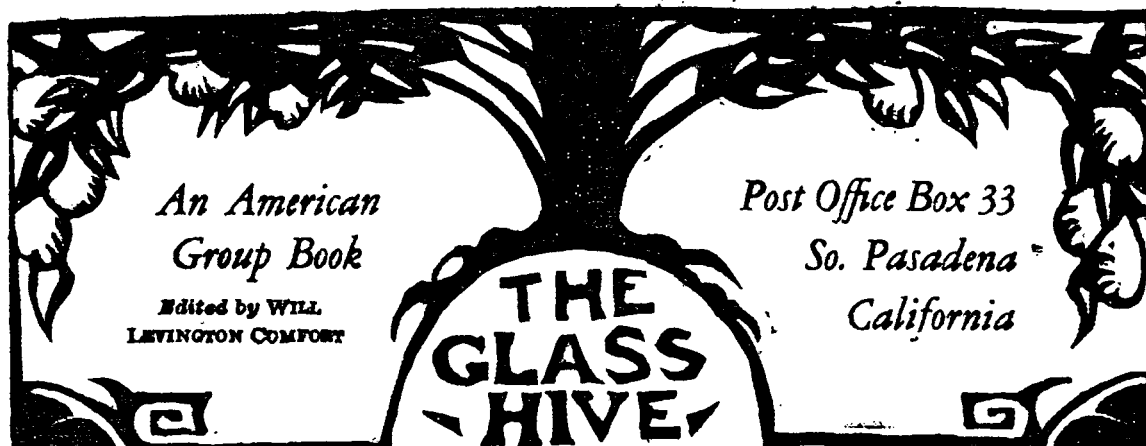
With Comments and Contrasts—1931 Notes on an Outset of 1918

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The Incorrigibles
The Trade-Minded Entity That Runs
The World---That is Running it Down

... Their faces tell the story; yet you may know them by their hands, by their heels, by their pods, by the back of their necks, especially. They are the rutted men, from whom the race is now to be delivered, which deliverance is the first business on the table of the New Era

They do not use hands to plant or weave; they do not use thoughts to key to dreams or patterns. They use their hands to pounce, to pare pieces off the work of others; they use their heads to scheme, to exploit the simple and the weak

They are the fathers of usury, the city-makers, the war-makers, the drainers of every natural resource, the spoilers of every natural beauty. They have ruined everything they ever touched, including empires, republics, kingdoms. They have gone a long way toward spoiling the national experiment known as America, and would spoil it except for the spiritual intervention of the New Era, the nature of which is cyclic, not a mere sporadic change

They are called Incorrigibles here because they have never passed out of the second grade—that of merchandising, of handling the goods of others. (In recent issues of the Glass Hive, the four natural castes of human beings—peasant, merchant, craftsman, artist—have been outlined.) Every generation finds them squirrel-caging in the same rut, like overgrown children bulging out of the seats of their grade, an eyesore to teachers and a confusion to all normal accomplishment. Yet through droning repetitions they have become cute to the obvious, clever in the seizing of privilege and advantage, in the uses of the dead weight of indolence. The realest disorder from their presence is the constant and insidious corruption of others . . .

They began nicely enough long ago, marketing the products of others with their own, but the idea of margins fascinated them into a fixation; the handling of the goods of others inflated them with the sense of possession. They hit upon the idea of making the accumulation of the goods of others work for them, yield a return in passing through

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their hands. Out of this came paper values, stocks and the predatory banking system of today. Yet they are not gamblers. They cause the fluctuation indoors, trade with it coming and going, a complete jump ahead of the gambling proposition which they present to the street. In every debacle they are seen washing their hands

They are the original sure-thing men, yet because they are severed from Sources and operate entirely in cross-sections, they are utterly unready and incapable of meeting a novel corrective force from a dimension of wholeness such as is now playing upon the world. So long as they were permitted to squat upon results, visible concretions, they held them down with their own weight and succeeded amazingly, but now with Causes turned elsewhere and results cut off, they can only cry and squirm for more of the prosperity they have known

Anyone adding to this cry—anyone yearning for a resumption of conditions that linked the name "Prosperity" with America in the decade following the War—is adding his voice and his force to the dead weight destroying itself

In this present hour it would seem as if the entire band of trade-addicts are here at once. They run the world today; they are running it down. It would be so—a climacteric massing of their numbers and influence—at a world-period in which they are to be dealt with, segregated from that part of the human family not fatally tainted by them

There is no value in trying to fix Who's Who. One is only hurt by judging another, deciding that such a one belongs to a certain class. What we are dealing with is the Entity; the Law will attend to all persons who feed it with their lives. This Entity is ripe; it would drop from the Tree of Life in time if it were not plucked, for the levitating sparkle is gone from it and mere human inertia remains. An evil thing destroys itself; this is inevitable. The process is already visible

What each one of us has to consider is—how much do we belong to this Entity? For every active person on the planet has been scored by it. We are born of it in the bodies we have taken from our familiars; its systems have fastened upon us in church and school, house and street. Only the few great ones have so far radically revolted from it; men like Rolland and Ouspensky, exiled from their countrymen who have entered the deathless Brotherhood of World-Men

Yet this must be considered: The shining handful of those already escaped could not have done so in the midst of easy conditions. They came into their Authority by fighting themselves free from the rutted institutions of temporal power. In the struggle of extrication they have won their spiritual light. In supplying the down-suck of the bog, the Incurrigibles therefore have contributed to the conscious strength of those who have escaped

But the course has now become too severe. The heaviness of the track is out of all proportion to the strength of the average entrant. Myriads of valuable lives, increasingly so since the close of the War, have been lost against conditions imposed by the preponderance of human inertia in the form of the trade-minded entity that runs the world—myriads not naturally rapacious forced to incorporate something of its methods in order to live. The New Era of the American foundation is not for the victory of a few champions. In its design every man must have a fair chance to pursue that happiness inalienably connected with his own reason for being, his part in the Plan

So the necessity for deliverance, the process already in operation. The moron element that has been obstructing the proper passage of human beings through the second grade is being transferred to the ungraded school. We do not have to

do it; the Faculty has decided and attends to that. If there is found in us an uncontaminated balance, entitling us to a clean start in the New Era, we shall know what we have missed in not being transferred to Juvenile Hall. Those who go will doubtless strut awhile in the honor of being found so tough

From our standpoint the process of division works automatically. Our whole attention need only be given now to working with it, instead of against it. It touches us in the nature of a Vibration that is not merely cleaving human society, but marking a line of cleavage between the old and new elements of each individual. It is seen confusing and confounding every social and personal situation. The whole kettle is rising to an unprecedented point of temperature, in which the cold monsters of racial and individual being cannot continue to exist. They are groveling, threshing, losing their hold on bottom, succumbing, floating belly-up to be skimmed off. We used to say the Tree of Life is being shaken; in the present simile the waters of Life are getting too hot for the denizens of the cold and dark

Again, Decision

In the September issue of a year ago we began to ask—Are you Thinking? . . . Thinking precedes and necessitates Decision. In order to work consciously with the Vibration of the New Era, it is imperative that each individual formally decides to do so. This is a matter at first of simple identification with the forces of levitation. Decision gives meaning to the rending of the cleavage that follows, for each of us is anciently identified with the forms and forces that resist spiritual progress. Many have fought privately against their human heaviness and with such valor as to have challenged spiritual aid.

The time has come now when the spiritual vibration of swift deliverance is in the very air we breathe. Identifying oneself with it consciously, deciding to work with it in unreserved allegiance, the pains of cleavage may be intensified for a time, yet we suffer them in awareness of their renovating power. Without decision, even though we may be found carried forward in the trend of spiritual progress, our suffering of the transition period is a dumb bowing under meaningless burdens, a looking to others instead of within for light

We have been writing the New Era for many years; for the past five years constantly in these papers. If there is one thing that stands out in familiarity from considerable pondering, it is that participation in the New Era is a matter of Consciousness; that through active awareness of its nature, we may key to it creatively. The New Era cannot dawn on the face of the earth like a solar day-break. One by one it dawns, and not otherwise, in the human minds and hearts of those who are ready—those first of all who give themselves to it unreservedly, ready to suffer the swift breaking down within them of all that obstructs it. Through the works of such consciously then it proceeds to dawn in the world

There is only one World. It is God-thought. Already it is in mental pattern. Man is the manifester of it in three-space. He alone can bring it to be here—on earth as it eternally hangs in the heavens. So far, he has been manifesting his idea of it, not The Idea. Because he is fashioned of creative stuff, he is privileged to have his idea. The angels cannot; they are harmonically locked in The Idea. In carrying out his idea, man has damaged and deranged the human habitat. This is permitted. Being creative, he is never coerced. On the same terms, however, he alone must correct the damage, pay the shot

The time has come for that. The only way to proceed is to surrender the private idea of the world and get to work on the blue prints of the God-thought Plan. Because man is creative, he has put himself into his ideas and to surrender them is pain. There is no escape from this, but there is balm and instantaneous compensation in the contact with

the Plan itself. In working with This, one by one we find the lost Rhythm, the breath of Wholeness again. The God-thought Plan is pressing upon us, now as never before. It contains the secret orders of every individual, his reason for being, his reason for being here

It is the nature and substance of the New Era,

Letter To The Charter Company

Apparently our work together of the Letters and the Glass Hive is drawing to a close. I should like to continue the Glass Hive in its present form through its fifth year, that is to April, 1932, seven issues more, including the present, and will do so as the way is made clear

The right person may find it his next task to take over the publishing and editorial activity, in which case I should gladly continue as a contributor, even as an associate for a time, but all signs indicate that I have earned the privilege of being just a writer again

Distinctly there are to be New Era magazines. The Glass Hive is called one of the first. While it has not gone in for anything like an adequate form, it has been recognized to carry definitely at times the force of the new spiritual urge. As such, its continuance one way or another is assured

In the past year I proved that the Glass Hive could be made successful in a time of financial depression. (A New Era enterprise would of necessity be forced to buck the resisting disorder of transition.) In giving the magazine practically all my time, it responded and a certain rounding out of experience made the period important to me; signally important the realization that I did not have to continue actively in the editorial

functioning. The intrinsic purpose of my part has been to sound a call, to inaugurate a gathering, a momentum, to deliver a message to a group of spiritual familiars. This part is well on the way to accomplishment

Sounding a call is one thing and supplying ten issues a year for a certain amount of money is another transaction. One is not more important than another, but they are different. I shall never be out of touch with those who have made the real response to the vibration going out through this work. A momentous thing has happened, and from the present point of view it actually appears as if the numerous mistakes have helped to bring it about

I am aware of a group of people here, yet not confined to the usual limits of relationship. I do not know them all personally; I have not looked upon all their physical masks, but I am aware of them as beings, long-road associates; not in heaven, not through visions, but here on earth in the beginnings of the hardwon consciousness of the brain and heart. This is so established that I do not harm it in the least by saying so

Now I see also that it has been this group of people which has made possible the Letters and the Glass Hive through fourteen years. This group has supported

the work because the members of it recognized their parts, discerned in it a means of becoming conscious of their relationship not only There, but here and now. We have never required bonds or vows of one another. The basis of every contact has been a gradual or instantaneous recognition of deeper significance than the usual meetings of life. When in personal enthusiasm we have tried to make the recognition work out too peremptorily here, it has playfully avoided us, for the moment, only to return to its seamless weaving on earth as we grieved our way back to the eternal status

This works both ways, so I am also aware of not merely writing out of my heart, but out of the heart of the Group

Every outer relationship is but a scaffolding for the installation of invisible connections. The scaffolding is taken down when inner contact is established. If persistently adhered to, it blurs contact until forced down. We put so much of ourselves creatively into the scaffolding that its breaking away hurts, but Freedom, which is the very essence of the new world idea, is based on each one perfecting his central allegiance, without a single lateral bond

The formation of a spiritual group is a great mystery. It is nothing whatever like the personal ideas people have on the founding of orders, cults, classes. The working vibration of it sets the individual free by rapid, often painful sweeps from all that life has meant in the past. One giving himself to it unreservedly stands alone in alignment with his own soul. His soul contains the Plan, his part and the parts of others. He sees others as immortals, without the slightest reason in the world of clinging to them outwardly; in fact, it is only to that which must pass that he would ever think of clinging

The Idea of spiritual group on earth is the formation of separate radiating flames of consciousness — not reflectors

around one central fire of human leadership. All our ideas to the contrary will never change the Plan itself

I should like to close my editorial and publishing part of the Glass Hive, through this and the six following issues, with some order and beauty if possible. There are certain obstacles before me which I shall try to make clear:

When I wrote the letter to the Charter Company last April that I could no longer use insistent pressures to stimulate subscriptions (the single word "wince" will remind you) you were all as gladly relieved as I, but without that stimulus the mails in general immediately slackened. From this it may be drawn that stimulative pressure is still necessary, even in a proven spiritual work. Another may find it so if the magazine is carried on, but it is not my work. I consider it imperative to my well-being to be done with the last priestly practice

Another point:

We have not had this year our usual April renewals to balance the year's books. It is not that our people are stopping the magazine. The interest was never so high nor keen, but two dollars is an extraordinary quantum at the present moment. You can climb the hill with a big bag of food in each hand, bags furnished at the stalls, for two dollars, and none of us can look rosily into the morning face of the new day without occasional exercise of this kind

With the thought of change or discontinuance next March, we may no longer offer subscriptions for the usual two-dollar rate. Seven issues, including this, for \$1.40 is the only reasonable solution, unless the recent April, May and June numbers are supplied. These three, however, have a particular value in connection with the work to come, and a gift of them with the remaining issues should prove memorable

So the obstacles in the way of undiminished continuance even for the six following issues are in the familiar vein of funds. The world is full of so-great weariness in this name that the Glass Hive can expect relief only from those to whom the fine flowering of this work is as desirable as it is to me

I am quite at peace about all this, having had much chance to think it over during the summer. Even if the magazine is forced down in size, I believe the quality of the work will satisfy most of the subscribers. You will be able to judge by the present issue if the quality warrants a continuance in its present form. The outer work remaining should be more intimate and authoritative

It is not that I have any sense of retiring. A change of grade merely, and one which our people will readily understand with a few explanatory sentences. I am convinced that all occult teaching is but a preparation for the West's beginning to do and be. Without the Light brought from the East, we have nothing;

but with us called to a fresh synthetic experiment of spiritual being, the knowledges of the East are not an end in themselves, but an equipment for the inimitable radiation of each individual, as he comes into realization of the Self

As a workman comes into such a realization, he ceases to impart knowledges to others in the forms of past teaching. He is no longer himself taught out of the past; he begins softly to emanate the Now. There is knowledge that cannot be imparted except in essence. Teaching is the imparting of forms; art is the instilling of essence. The first presents forms to the mind of the listener to be accepted or not; the second penetrates his heart with the essences of life which rise out of him in his own words and deeds. Any effort to incorporate a standard teaching form quite ruins a work of art. For instance, the Love Story of the New Era can only be imparted essentially—life breathing into life, creating its own forms out of every recognition of the heart.

Why Am I Here Now?

An incarnation is a mission, an out-sending. One finds himself here like a man waking up in a strange country not knowing how or why he came. "I left somewhere," he may recall. "I seemed to know then, where I was going and why——" The business now is to find out. If one makes it his business, he will find out. If he falls into passing the time, getting by merely, he is apt to miss entirely the meaning of his coming. To find one's particular reason for this adventure is to attain Consciousness. It is the only way out. Death means a return right enough, but a return in empty-handed failure, if the mission is not fulfilled.

To find one's reason for being here is to find one's work. The old occult hint that attainment is a manual operation is particularly to the point now. To find one's work is to learn one's specific meditation; his path which is no other's path. It is also to find the only safe way to lift one's sexed or divided forces into unitive "goal fitness." . . . The time has come now in which each human being who can summon the outer and inner power to make a decision—must do so, and the sooner the better. Moreover, he must stay with his decision, and expect to give all for it, even to appear to lose everything that has to do with life outside of the bare concerns of his choice.

A Seer, A Solitary

Following the Trail of a Writer's Writer from a Cincinnati Newspaper Office to the Heart of Japan

The book was KOKORO. I picked it up after years. It told about life in Japan. It said that Kōkoro meant "The Heart of Things." I fell into a once familiar spell. One sentence—"A Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world"—had intrigued me to the point of giving it a test for my own satisfaction years ago. It was quite as he said, "Sweet as a geranium. . . . Your Japanese tramp takes his hot bath daily if he has only a fraction of a cent to pay for it."

Kokoro told how the Japanese houses are built—how difficult it was to make the native mind build for permanence—big government and commercial buildings mainly the result of foreign influence—how Japan could never be locked in iron and cement as our cities are. A house in Japan was only a temporary affair—a sort of shelter and windbreak to keep one's papers from blowing.

But the Japanese didn't keep to Kokoro's prophecy. Tokyo now, at least much of it, is western as Chicago—the old Ginza a roaring main street—Europe built on the orient and America built on that. The Japanese shouldn't have fallen for the western mode to this extent. Kokoro said they wouldn't—that they couldn't be brought to such a thing.

The book itself looked only a year or two old. When they made a book in those days they made something. The date held positive excitement—1896. Thinking of that, a story suddenly opened, like a section of life-line on the palm of the hand—the man back of this book showing repeatedly like red ink crosses along the path.

First in Cincinnati. I had come down from Detroit with less than a year's newspaper experience to take a job in Longworth Street on a paper that did up its news in bulletins, putting the whole works in the head. The paper I had worked on in Detroit hadn't been like this. Space! Detroit was spacious then—a motorless motiveless state metropolis. You knew everybody in Griswold Street, and Woodward Avenue was residential to Grand Circus Park. On my old paper there was space for one to turn loose all his fine writing—space in the editorial rooms to steal off afterward and read it over by one's self.

Cincinnati was hurried and crowded compared. This bulletin writing cramped my style. The editor did not believe in "description" which I had learned in high-school to be the central artery of art itself. This editor believed in what he called "facts." "Get the facts." . . . "What do you think you're writing—a book?" he would inquire when any reporter stopped to compose over his copy. One couldn't sit down and scratch-the-bean meditatively before his machine. You were supposed to bound in with facts, spill them in one long-sentence paragraph, and bound out for more. I got such a loathing for facts in that office that I couldn't look at one straight for years.

But there was another editorial-rooms in Cincinnati where all was different—a morning paper that used to have single-word heads that attracted attention like a horse's scream, and vasty fat columns filled with unbroken writing—pure paradise to turn loose in. One could *describe* all day if he could ever reach that heaven.

I thought it over long before climbing the stairs. Husky with emotion, I asked for a job, afraid I might be caught in the enemy's lines by that all-seeing eye at the desk in Longworth Street. I explained that my idea was to write for a living and I wasn't able to work at it where I was. The editor acted embarrassed. Apparently no one ever in the world had asked him for a job before. He throatily replied he hadn't one, that he hadn't the least idea what to do about it. He seemed never to have heard of such a thing—as if all those fat columns wrote themselves. But I might come again, he said.

This I did. But I never got a job there. What I am writing now was what I got.

Hanging framed on the wall was a bit of "copper plate" handwriting—a part of the copy of a city fire, which had been done as no city fire had ever been written before or since. People were said to have come to gaze upon the ruins for days in the sheer power of that story. A city fire was an easy price to pay for writing like that. Here was a fire sung, commemorated, closed. All future city fires could merely be episodic. I used to stand before the copper plate worshipfully.

Not only the telling, but the hand-writing itself was pure archetypal workmanship. The

editor came alongside one day and remarked as he also gazed:

"When you can write like that, you won't be hangin' 'round here."

I asked in hushed tone: "Where is he now?"

"Gone on."

"Dead, you mean?"

"No. Just moved on—down to some islands, I've heard."

"What kind of a chap was he?"

"You never got to him. He stayed mainly by himself. He couldn't see very good."

"He sure saw that fire. Was he drunk just-so that night?"

"Can't say. I wasn't on the desk then."

That was about all of Cincinnati, but a few years afterward, I happened onto some interesting packtrain doings in Luzon and syndicated the material after reaching the States. On the day Mount Pelee blew up in Martinique, an idea blew into the fertile brain of J. Keeley, then managing editor of the Tribune in Chicago, and connected with me on account of the Philippine stuff. His telegram found me in Detroit—three yellow pages outlining one of the quaintest assignments on record.

Could I do a story of the Martinique disaster purporting to have been written prophetically—fiction story based on eruption—seventy or eighty thousand words to be run daily and Sunday until completed, beginning next Sunday? A possible plot was suggested. "You can be thinking it out on the train."

I could, only the next three days might be rushed. It was now Tuesday. The first seven or eight thousand words would have to be turned in Friday to begin in the Sunday issue. The main difficulty was that what went into the first installment had to stand because it would be in print—no working over as the story formed. I had been to Porto Rico, but never in Martinique. Porto Rico was Spanish setting and Martinique French. There was certainly a lot of brushing up to do on that unknown isle in the matter of a few hours. Reaching Chicago a book was thrust into my hands.

"Here's the color. This book is full of it," J. Keeley said.

He was right. It was the island in essence—St. Pierre, Fort de France, shore-life, river-life, plantation life—creole days—done for writers, secrets of the craft only writers could catch. I saw Martinique through that book as through a magic lens. Old Pelee configured in imagination, his entrails rapidly getting hot. You felt his wrath—the writer had felt it in his prophetic soul. The book was as great a bit of reporting as that city fire and done by the same hand. . . .

I ascertained that he had lived in Martinique and the West Indies; that he had gone native after a fashion; that it was his way to bore into a subject which interested him and look out from it, rather than to examine it from the outside. It was said he was a queer one, a solitary from the white man's standpoint; that he couldn't see very well—

For several years after that, war-writers the world over were bored to inanities by sustained peace around the globe—then the Russian-Japanese racket. On the first ship going over from San Francisco after the positive certainty of big doings, were several American and English correspondents, each one boning and cramming Japanese literature—character, history and color. Many had brought books with them and the ship's library on Japanese subjects was an empty shelf throughout the voyage.

There was one book of pure spiritual essence. It passed from hand to hand. It was rented like a saddle horse by the hour and ridden all day and much of the night consecutively. Its stout self was sadly broken down by the time the launch came alongside in Yokohama. . . . Some one on the ship said the author still lived in Japan. More than one vow was made that he should be hunted out, if war did not press too hard at once—that the man responsible for this book should be met for interview face to face.

War did not press. For months the eyes and fingers of the world's news were suspended in Tokyo. Side trips to Nikko shrines and Kobe waterfronts and the writing of Japanese street scenes by nerve-racked men who were keyed to battle lines. But no one ever got to the white man who had mastered Japanese life inside and out. He had moved on. . . . Others before us had undertaken pilgrimages, but no one had gotten to him. He hadn't been seeing foreigners for some time before he left. It was said that he had found understanding in Japan as he had never found it in the white man's world; that he had become Japanese. It was said that he couldn't see very well; that he was sensitive about it; that he had married a Japanese woman to see Japan better.

The book was Kokoro—of the hand-writing of the "copper plate" in the Cincinnati newspaper office and of the Martinique studies—Lafcadio Hearn, the writer's writer next to Kipling of his generation. . . . One who paints for painters or plays for musicians or writes for writers is usually out of touch with the public. Sometimes a generation later the public gets to him, or seventy years later, as in the case of Melville. . . .

Where Hearn stopped to look in his dim way, Life came up to meet him. The parts of the world he chose to tarry in a little remembered him well. What he liked of an island or a town he made his own; it was never the same again. He fused with his subject; it came to life through him. The eye of his head was dim; but his heart had a thousand eyes.

In these days when Zen and Tao are in the air, and the western world is ransacking the orient for its ageless wisdom, the inmost writings of this solitary seer are keenly to the point. In the old days we pawed over these parts and thrust them aside, looking for his exoteric street-scenes and "descriptions" upon which to base our important observations concerning a nation at that time fighting for its

life. But now his interpretations of the soul of Japan come to life for those who have time to look, and we perceive that he was so mysteriously about his Father's business all those years that none of us could catch him at it, except through his books. I opened Kokoro just now for a sentence of his own to set the theme of this sketch, and I came upon a bit that seemed for an instant to draw the veil of his own arcanum:

But what is the meaning of a perfect imagination? Enormous multiplicity of soul life—countless past experiences revived in one. Nothing else can explain it.

From the Author of "Laughing Boy"

There is a paradox in many primitive tribes, expressed in different forms, but basically the same. It is the existence of a savage people, perhaps rude and cruel, in some ways childish, and yet possessed of intellects equal to ours, combining simplicity with complex, advanced concepts. Anyone who lives with a tribe for a short time can describe the simplicity and record the physical aspect of its life and acts, but it is rare indeed for a white man to penetrate behind the alien minds, and rarer still for him, having done so, to be able to state clearly what he has found.

This is the most important thing the author of *APACHE* has accomplished, particularly in his exposition of the almost platonic concepts of thought and its controlling effect on the Apaches' actions. He has created for us the real Indian, his absurdity and his greatness, in a manner that few scientists and no other writers have achieved. That character of which one catches glimpses in reading the legends of the Apaches and their Navajo cousins is here definitely stated. It does not become entirely comprehensible, because it is too far removed from us to be comprehended save by violent effort of the imagination by long experience.

This is a fictional biography of Mangas Coloradas, the great Apache leader, accurate and well documented. Mr. Comfort knows his sources. The story is inherently a moving one, and tragic, as the history of the Indian must be. It is the hopeless struggle of a brave people to keep their freedom and their land, and to understand what is this terrible power that has come among them. Mr. Comfort has

described with unsparing accuracy the treachery and cruelty of the white men, the amazing treatment that generated an even greater cruelty on the part of the Indians, who whether they fought or submitted were predestined to become a broken people.

The story moves rapidly, with plenty of action and rich material. At times jerky, sometimes obscure, there are also passages of brilliant writing. The book is true and strong, an extraordinarily penetrating analysis of a real Indian.—*From a Review of APACHE by OLIVER LAFARGE in NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE.*

BOY'S EDITION OF APACHE: At the suggestion of many librarians, booksellers and authorities on what is literature for the American youth, the publishers have issued an edition of *APACHE* for the juvenile trade, price reduced to \$2.00. The book is not changed, nor in any way written down. It is said to carry one of the fastest of all Border-Western stories and with the Verity that brings a smile upon the adult-erated documents usually supplied for school histories concerning the Indian. Truth just cannot be improved upon as a basis of an art-work, though a race of tamperers has persistently sought to spare the youth of the world from its renovating force. The Glass Hive is very glad to have the Apache story go straight to the shelves of the younger readers, and will see that copies ordered from the Bookroom here are accurately inscribed and autographed, only the postage extra. Here is an Autumn or Holiday gift for a boy or girl designed to keep on working through the years.

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

with Comments and Contrasts

1931. The recurring realization as this writing is handled for print again after the years is that inspiration is not attainment, but only an opening of the mind to that which is to be attained. This writing is inspirational rather than realizational. It carried the illusion at the time that all was accomplished with the utterance; yet dark and dragging years have followed as certain of the fundamentals of the visioning became tempered and spaced to incarnated life. The latter is never so showy or lyrical; its statements are more moderate, extravagance cut, enthusiasm toned down. Visionaries do not respond so wholeheartedly to the later utterance, yet Truth itself is more adequately served.—W. L. C.

1

1918. In ages past we have taken our religions en masse, fought and died for great racial beliefs; the New Era opens a new dispensation. Its teachers and leaders less and less can afford to accept literally the old religious forms. One finds the mate or master one sets out after. One may find his master in his own soul if he looks there, or in the Himalayas if he thinks so. The Plan is big enough to answer every conception on its up slopes. The point is, one must be careful what one sets out after, because he will find it, and it dies slowly at times.

All roads lead somewhere; all experiences adapted for the progress of souls, all visitations accurately designed for the stroke of the hour. If you look hard enough at any star or any face or shrine, the divinity will unfold for you, but all is self-seeking and delay in lateral paths, except the quest to make the inner and the outer one. This union requires that the personal mind shall surrender its preconceived ideas. Having made his surrender, man is simple like the animals who give themselves to natural forces and are "seldom out of order." His utterance is not furnished for expediency or deformed with secret motives. That which he writes or paints or plays is not only free from self-craving, the first test of reality in any art product; but it interprets the great game of life from the original folios of the Plan. Becoming a channel for inner beauty and revelation, the artist no longer is lost in detachment, nor in the passage of externals. His expression is inimitable, of his own being, so to speak, as the web of the spider and the honey of the bee.

2

We are finding out the world. One by one we discover that its ways are not *The* ways. Later often we realize that the opposite of its way are not *The* ways. To be opposite in anything is still to be partisan. We must lift to an altogether new level of vision between the two opposites—between and above. If joy and pain and night and day are opposites of the same thing, then past and future are equally opposites and illusory. If it be waste and misery to look back, to destroy ourselves over something that has been done, after the lesson of it has been extracted, it is just as fatal to look to the future, which is but the other half of the same circle. One who builds for the future is casting another lateral and being hoaxed once more by the appearances of the objective plane. The steadfast facing of the future by the bravest of us, is but a reaction from our former tiresome remorse and regrets and kindred sentimentalities of the backward look.

... The Eternal Now does not stand between the pairs of opposites, but between and above. It transcends the past and future—between, but also above. We must surmount time and space to overcome all opposites. There is no past and future, in the sense we know it here; no together and apart, in that mind which has achieved union with the Self.

To achieve this union, the mind must give itself to the Self—the lesser rising to the greater. The mind must let go the clutch of all its opinions, because the mind's dimension is temporal and its opinions partisan at best. The persistent holding to an opinion is proof of its imperfection, its tendency to slip. To hold to an opinion is to paste the name of a town upon a train that is passing along.

3

We dare draw a little closer this time. Every day in relation to you, I ask not to obstruct the real with the unreal, yet the insinuations of personality are very subtle and potent. I ask for freedom, but there is a breathlessness about it, an exhilaration, like the strain of high altitudes. We can girdle the planet with Comrades, but only as we set our own souls free from the sharply bounded and isolated province of our minds.

I do not mean to belittle the personal mind or the physical body, but of them alone there

is no rational being. Only irrational beings could ever pretend otherwise. Personal mind and physical body are instrumental, not creative; they must be keyed to their reason for being, even for their own higher development. Connection with their source, consciousness of their source, conduct from this source, is the real beginning of life. To know the personal mind and the physical body, one must gain the power to see over them, transcend them. This power is spiritual. The man in the upper window, not the man who marches, sees the parade.

To reach this higher vantage, one must leave the parade-level—must leave the warmth of the many and the bracing sanction of the thought-forms which inevitably overshadow the crowd. One must make the passage alone from the street to the upper window, from the mind to the Self—painful and dreary and sometimes long, but never so intolerable as to remain below. . . . The man in the upper window sees more than the parade. He smiles to find how queer he looked down there, and all others in relation to him.

The higher cannot be reached without a willingness to abandon the lower, but reaching the higher the lower is invariably included. One gives up his life to save it. One gives up the love which is desire-for-one to achieve the spiritual love for many, which in itself includes an altogether new dimension of romance with the one.

Loye includes; it does not cast out. It opens the casements of the Spirit to look out upon the stars and archipelagoes, to the contours of worlds and the purple deeps between the suns. . . . Earth love is beautiful as any other with the artist's creativeness upon its ways. The great romantic tale of the New Race breathes a chastity the monks never dreamed of—not the death of passion, but its lifting with all its native springs of power.

4

A man who owned a great district sent one of his sons to a distant part of the bottomlands, saying: "By the difficulty of your task, you may measure my love for you."

The task was to work out a great drainage plan—to put into circulation an extended swamp that hitherto had slowed up and soured the whole territory. The young man journeyed afar to the bog. Apparently this was his life-work that he found—a lowland pestilential with the cold sweat of sick earth. He laughed:

"My father must have loved me very much—"

On the borders of the swamp lived a sullen people with whom he made slow progress in

friendliness. They were accustomed to swamp levels, tolerated to poison vapors, suspicious of anyone coming from a hill country. Work, too, progressed very slowly. The young man built himself a cabin, and in days that followed toiled so hard he forgot he had any home other than the swamp. One day he caught up a young vine and planted it at the edge of his cabin. It grew and covered the place before there was any appreciable portion of the task accomplished. Finally, like the swamp people, he became immune to all fevers and miasmas. He gave himself utterly and forgot about it—altogether lost in the task of moving to purity a vast pool of sullen death.

. . . At last when it was ready, he opened the drain. The sound was like a singing host running down from the far hills. Lower and lower the vile water sank into the ditches. All the soil breathed and the lowlands took on the different look of living land. Then came the moment of an altogether new breath in the air.

He stood in his cabin door and wondered. The ditches were running by him—running clean. Something in the air was a haunting, glorious memory—pure water coming down from the hills. His hands brushed his forehead queerly. At last he understood the strangeness in the air—the sweet breath of his own boyhood again! The purity that he had not known for so long was the reminder of his own country. The ditches flowed silently by, perfect channels. . . . He remembered, laughed. . . . The men and women of the swamps were singing and dancing around him like his own people!

There is an occult revelation that we live in the slums of the universe; that a cluster of solar systems in the general vicinity of Polaris, including our own, is the Submerged Tenth of creation, called the Gulf. Our solar system is said to be one of the blackest sections of this disordered abyss of space; and our planet, with one possible exception, the worst off of all. To judge by our own present affairs, we are passing through the most malignant condition the old earth has ever known. How the Overlord must have loved us!

The whole Gulf is said to be out of harmony; certain sun-paths elliptical instead of circular, all minor arrangements wrong accordingly. . . . Each workman has been sent out with sealed orders, having to do with the Great Plan to redeem the Gulf. All is preparation for us until we break the seals. Our orders "sleep in the mineral, awake in the vegetable, run in the animal," and rise to gradual realization, as the spine of the mammal lifts to man.

There is that within the soul which has never forgotten the Father's House, but the mind and body seem to require every shock and threat of ruin before their final surrender to the one central stable point of each life. The outer must render itself to the inner, and measure up to it on its own plane, before the work is done in the drain lands, before we can come up out of the Gulf.

By the difficulty of his task is the love of the Father measured. Who, then, would not be a drainman?

Every workman to his particular part—the task that shall set him free, that shall make the kingdom of heaven come true on earth, bring harmony to the Gulf, and to swamp-squatters at last, brotherhood. . . . The hour shall strike to many workmen in this life—the seals broken at last. Each from the end of his task shall look up and around, beholding brothers in all strangers—great Weavers, Pot- ters and Shepherds, Architects, Messengers, Builders, Poets and Scavengers—all bent with their tasks, all burned with their arduous preparation, all lost in the complication of perfect- ing equipment, but masters alike in disguise, brothers of the True Country.

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Through The Glass

A weighing of experience, then decision—the creative artist on his way.

A review of Ouspensky's book, A NEW MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE, is planned for the October Glass Hive.

In the six following issues, the plan is to round out as fully as possible the American spiritual project as it is seen by the Glass Hive. The visioning of it has already stated itself, perhaps, clearly enough; but really im- portant work remains as to what we are up against and what may be done about it.

Dr. Curtis Brigham, the famous Los Angeles surgeon, declared that every boy in America should have a chance at APACHE; that there is no beginning in a real understanding of America until school histories are rectified and the real story of the Indian faced.

AT LAST! "The most thrilling broadcast ever put on the air is now available 24 hours every day! Listen to this real, living drama. Speed along with the police in their new machine- gun and radio-equipped sedans in their pursuit of holdups, fights, wild parties or perhaps bur- glary right in your own neighborhood! This broadcast can be received on your own radio by having it adjusted to the new POLICE WAVE."

From THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE: "But away with their rubber. I am tired of it and will keep it out of this book if I can. Para is mainly rubber, and Manaos. The Amazon is rubber, and most of its tributaries. The Madeira par- ticularly is rubber. The whole system of com- munication, which covers 34,000 miles of navi- gable waters, waters nourishing a humus which literally stirs beneath your feet with the move- ments of spores and seeds—that system would collapse but for the rubber. The passengers in the river boats are rubber men, and the cargoes are rubber. All the talk is of rubber. There are no manufactures, no agriculture, no fisheries and no saw-mills in a region which could feed, clothe and shelter the population of a continent. . . . I begin to think the com- mercial mind is the most dull, wasteful and ignorant of all the sad wonders in the pageant of humanity."—H. M. TOMLINSON.

Cuttings from Box 33

... I have just started out and on. My path with all but the Glass Hive essence may also be done. This intimation was not accepted joyously at all in person till the giving up of every single former tie, expectation, idea, plan and picture. The succeeding picture I saw and held to was, as you know, from more than myself, and the answer must continue to be from the Mystery over my shoulder.—B. E. W.

A diver working on the bottom would be startled to signal and find no response from above. A man in incarnation stands in relation to the Soul as the diver to the operator on the ship's deck. There is said to be no break of attention on the part of the Higher Consciousness. . . . A work is to be done here. The Soul extends itself into a three-space form to accomplish the work. As the extension becomes aware of its Source and the purpose of its lowering, a human being really begins to function.—I. O. M.

... There are real publishers, and others who see books as a mere commodity. A man brings a dictionary to one of the latter. It looks good. The publisher figures on it: how many he can make at a certain price; how much it will cost to sell that number, to which he adds the cost of manufacture, the royalty and whatever rights, plus his own margin for the whole transaction. The book is marketed; it goes through more or less as anticipated. Thousands of copies go to schools, houses, individuals. . . . Now a dictionary is a thing that can only be known through use. An experienced writer could find it out in a few hours of concentrated attention, but for the most part it requires months and years of use to determine the intrinsic value. In the course of five years this dictionary is found wanting. From all clean discriminating desks and shelves it has been discarded, but it is still a dictionary so long as its covers hold together in the hands of those of less discernment. . . . Five years and it is found out by the publisher. He does not even accept responsibility, but casually blames the compiler or lexicographer. Yet through him, another miserable thing has been foisted upon the market, pushed, sold, profited upon, a proven disappointment in a myriad hands.—I. O. M.

Did you know Kahlil Gibran had slipped away? I would not have known it, but a friend of mine brought me a tiny cutting from a newspaper saying he had died in New York. It was about the time that Knute Rockne crashed and the papers were ablaze with his eulogies. A great man in the physical world passed in glory, while a great soul passed unnoticed. How like America!—M. A. Y.

... There is a large group more or less scattered over the earth who are united in the Glass Hive thought, who all speak its language, a new tongue. These people live under constant pressure, for they find themselves confronted with the difficult task of living in two worlds, a balance more trying than any tight-rope walker ever encountered. It is a "hair-line," but those who can make the grade—that is, come over from the old to the new—have a glorious experience. In one life they enter consciously into a new world or cosmic experience.—E. E.

In those who are conscious of being pilgrims on a quest, the voice of Mary Mac-lachlan in *PILGRIM MEDITATIONS* will be like a note of assuring cheer. One thinks of a pilgrim as a burdened figure plodding his ascent, but here is a joyous pilgrim who misses none of the sweetness of the earth as she travels, who is aware of the sorrows and the burdens she must carry, but her heart is not bowed, her body remains free. These fragments of thought in mystical prose and verse were not written with the intention of publishing; possibly for that reason they are alive with a quality of soul one finds very winsome. The pages breathe with a love of life itself.

Life becomes significant to each one as he awakens to the realization that he is on a journey; it grows purposeful as he gains a knowledge of the reason for being on a journey. When at last he understands the nature of the long road, what he must meet, what he must learn and do, then his own individual life links with the great stream of Life, and the journey has but one direction. This story is told by Florence C. Peck in *A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF OURSELVES*, a comprehensive inclusion of the basic laws of life and their use by sojourners. A valuable reaction of a Western woman to the philosophy of the East.—B. M. V.

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THE GLASS HIVE

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