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A Charter Company Letter on Wholeness

Rudhyar on The American Mantram

The Voice and The Voices

An Ouspensky Review

Letter on "The Seven Minute Man"

W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

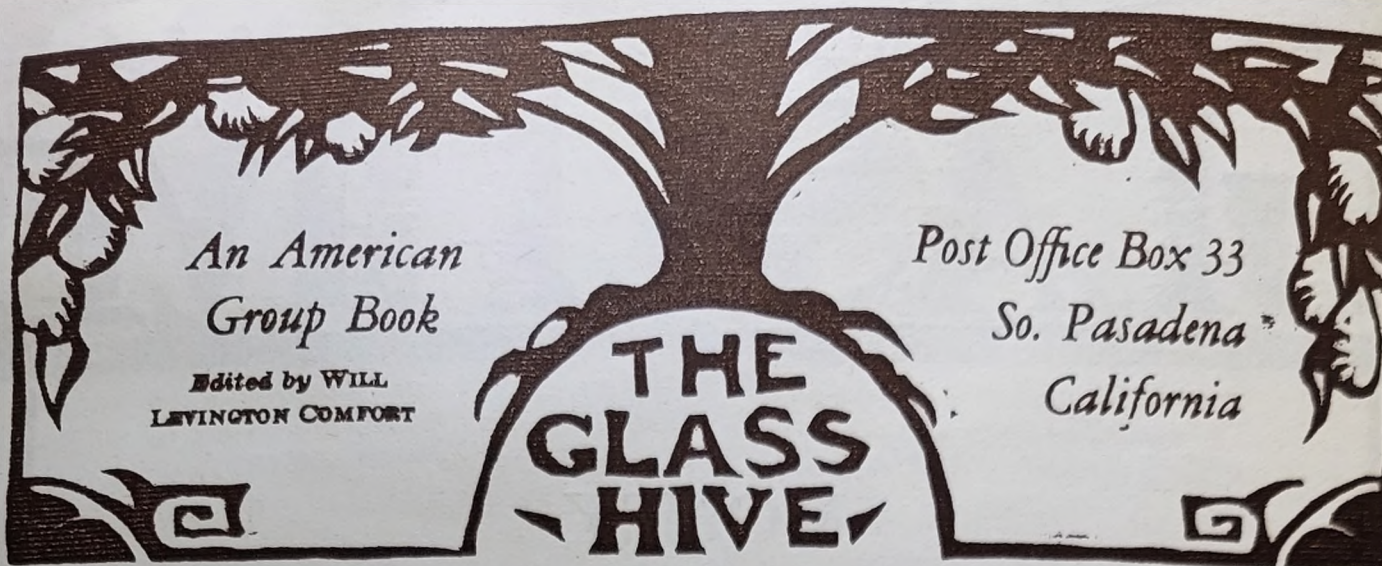
With Comments and Contrasts—1931 Notes on an Outset of 1918

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Money, The American Testing Rod

Young-man-out-of-a-job moved from place to place asking for work, any work. Everywhere dozens before him; dim-eyed groping dependent dozens. Everywhere he met the No—sometimes bitter, sometimes ironical, sometimes sorrowful. At length he reasoned with himself: "Dozens are ahead of me for any one of these places. They are always ahead of me; all they ask is a chance to work for money. I may as well be doing what I want to do for nothing as to be turned from door to door for nothing——"

What he wanted to do was to write for a living and he saw a certain newspaper office as the most promising way to that. The city-editor, also weary from turning away the dozens, said: "Well, I don't see how I can keep you out of here if you want to work for nothing."

He put through three months, hitching rides down town, going without lunches, patching and pressing a worn-out suit. One forenoon events formed around him in what America calls a Break. He was in the center of it, with the hard-earned intelligence to make the most of it

He was put on a salary that a year ago anyone would sniff at. But he knew what seven cents carfare meant, having walked. He knew what fifteen cents meant, having hungered. He knew what twelve dollars a week meant to take home to a house where sometimes it had been the milkman, sometimes the green grocer, sometimes the neighbor who had proved the living friend

All of which has been done before and told before, but there are new aspects now and a phase not generally pointed out: That this young reporter now on a salary had looked to himself not to another for his job; that he had created his job, and by the grace of that he knew he could create another; that no man on earth could take away his job

He had forced his Break. Breaks are meant to be forced; they are inevitable for the man who dares, who is not to be stopped on the way to them. Obstructions on the way to Breaks are the testers of the human will. The stronger the will, the tougher the obstructions,

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and the more free power to work with afterward. The Primal Will itself slips in behind the human will that has done its part, that chooses its own destiny and confidently walks therein

The earth and all its treasures are to be taken over in the next few decades by youths of spirit, who know that the earth is for the taking, to those glad to give the treasures of themselves in return. The many may continue to struggle in materials, but the sparkling few upon whom the transition depends will refuse to bow to conditions past generations have made, and refuse to work for money as the sole answer to life. Real work is toward the intelligent mastery of materials that comes of creative contact with them through brain and hand. The joy of earth is in self-realization, not in possession; in the use and command of materials, not subservience to them

No man can work for nothing. The fruits of work come back to the worker, as love comes back to the lover. No man will starve if he dares be himself, if he dares to carry on in his own destiny

No Quarter Now

The whole down-here scheme is askew from man's propensity to make his heaven on his own terms. Heaven is to be laid out here in due time according to unalterable spiritual specifications. Man will doubtless follow the Pattern all the more intelligently for having fallen away from it so many times

Work is the keynote. One must find his own work and begin upon it, even if he has to pay for the privilege of doing it. One's work for the present is that which he is happiest in doing, in which time passes frictionlessly. If other tasks stand in the way, they may be done as a means of coming into one's own, therefore as a part of one's work

There is no quarter now—hell increasingly to pay—until one by one, men women and children, get down to their own reasons for being. This planet today is the wildest dream of a convict ship because of deeply engendered ideas of racial leisure, of gentle-folk in connection; that work is something to be done for getting. The end of that is truly forgetting one's reason for being

Work is for work's sake—work as a means of self-realization, an obstruction-cleanser, work as a means of learning the next step, finally as a means of peace and consciousness of one's part in relation to the whole

Sitting in banks isn't work; it is part of the plot against the peace of the world. Working to please others isn't work; its end is a shrieking involvement in the ideas of others. Working for money isn't work; it is a corruption of the fundamental planetary purpose and of all human beings in connection. All these will be inexorably thwarted by the corrective purpose now operating to restore the world to its rightful momentum and poise

Anyone who can look about a modern city and say this is a place to live has lost his memory of the kingdom of heaven within—a paradise that can only be regained by work. Peace comes from reestablishing connection with that kingdom, through doing what one was sent to do; by beginning at the bottom of it, by doing it all. In touching his own creative pattern, one touches the kingdom within. In making it come true in materials, he is already dwelling in it, having broken the lock of his penalization

Anyone who says, "But I am not an artist—I have no special work" is voicing the inertia of our fallen state as a race. No one who is capable even of friction ignition can fail to find his work which is his path Home, by doing the nearest task in the right spirit, and moving to the next as speedily as possible

Money is the American tester. Though its tests appear obvious, they are among the most difficult to surpass. A man sees clearly when he has nothing. He can be generous with his last loaf. The poor help each other; swarming bees will not sting, having nothing to protect; it is said of the Irish that they are the most generous people on earth, so long as they have nothing. In the beginning of possession the greater tests come. Money goes where money is; its possessor enters the power of the Entity that is now destroying itself and the old society with it.

The property-holder sees life differently. He speaks of stewardship and becomes a turnkey. His mind is softly corroded; his stroke is hampered with caution and all its sideling canniness. There are more sophistry-pockets con-

nected with a few thousand dollars than in the age-old struggle to be virtuous, though sexed. Many whom the world calls its most advanced souls have not passed this hazard.

Money has its inalienable connection with the power to do, which is the West's spiritual business. In its inflow, a valiant is required not to fall to doing for one's self. The tests of youth of the new world are not those of the poverty days, severe as these seem now—but after the Breaks begin, when substance shows signs of answering the human will, and daring has begun to call home its own—then the higher tests, to use yet remain free from the landlording mania.

This is the meaning of the saying that America is to stand or fall by the manner of its passing through the ordeal of Wealth.

The Column Proves Both Ways

The cream of all teaching of the past in its relation to the present is that which has to do with Wholeness. The crossing which is to be made from one era to another depends upon it; the consciousness of each individual who makes the crossing must literally embody it.

Aspiration was all that was asked of the students of the past, but aspiration alone will not accomplish the crossing. It is seen now as a preparation, a plotting out. Realization is demanded. Realization belongs to the inevitability of doing. Doing is the end of the business between heaven and earth, for it results in Knowing . . .

It has already been mentioned that on last Easter morning on Mount Ontario, in no particular devotional mood, I became aware that it was time to republish the Letters in the Glass Hive. There were no two ways about it—it showed unequivocally expedient. I have seen

three real reasons since, and the first is the actual working out on these pages of a process which must become a conscious one in each mind that makes the crossing; that is the difference between aspiration and realization. It is exemplified here in the contrast between the writings of 1918 and 1931.

The second real reason was a specific result to me of the same contrast. Republishing the Letters was a means of showing me as nothing else could that my work of this grade was coming to an end. Few of us know when we are done. It is said that the first gasp of practically every worker lifted out of the physical is, "But I had not finished!" . . . Had I known on the mountain that the Glass Hive was to run only a year more from that time, you may well believe I would have questioned the gods very severely about undertaking to republish a ten years' writing job.

I had not read the early Letters in years. Taking them up for an edit—each month so far—I have been struck with the fact that they were saying the same things I am saying now. The difference between 1918 and 1931, slight as it may seem, except to those skilled in the performance of the path itself, is the difference between raptly gazing up and vigilantly looking ahead; between gazing at a chart and navigating a ship.

Right in there lies the contrast between the two eras, between the past and the present, between the knowledge of the East and the doing of the West. . . . I happen to know, having been present, what lies between the Letters of 1918 and the writing of 1931 in this issue; between two ways of saying: "The Plan is for Joy!" We need not go into that, but had I known then this apparently simple thing, the writing of the Letters would not have been so popular. Yet the Plan is for joy—very much so—oh, very much more than I knew then. . . . However, when one adds the column from the bottom as well as the top to the same result, he may safely leave that column for the present.

The third real reason has to do with Wholeness, and that mystery of group formation touched upon in the September issue. The group-concept over-lying the American spiritual experiment has little to do, we have found, with the idea of group formations here. The greatest difficulty of manifesting the spiritual idea is to get the human idea out of the way. Higher dimensional groups are formed of free souls. To

operate in a human replica of such a group here one must become free, whole. One must know his own wholeness, to realize his part in a larger wholeness. The first step in this attainment is a sweeping, breathing individuality—all clings, all relationships on the old basis, all doting on leaders, cut away.

Our work was a calling together, a reminding, an awakening here of reasons for our coming, a glimpsing of past associations—all this on a cusp of ages, with a definite purpose of opening to a new grade of human endeavor, not merely a hearkening, but being our Word. This work seems thoroughly inculcated.

The New Era workman cannot continue in plane-mindedness, cannot continue to feel himself a cross-section of life; he must realize his globular sumptuousness, not only his atomic but his cosmic entity. The lashings which hold him in his higher-dimensional place are not ponderable; all other must go that he may swing into the equilibrium of his own orbit. A glimpse of that freedom, and the bondage of human relationships becomes intolerable. They are not to be drastically broken or torn away, but to be worked out in realization, in the fiery breath of the new concept. This, too, as an indication why our present relationship is closing; this also gives point and tone to all the writings of the past from Plato and Pythagoras to Whitman and Carpenter on the subject of Wholeness. Especially it should add significance to the writing of Rudhyar in this issue, "I Am Whole."

In a word, to be Whole is to be keyed to origins—to be consciously original. In his Wholeness, the worker is centered and unduplicable. Less than that, he is competitive, eccentric and in strife.

Rudhyar

On the Mantram "I Am Whole"

The greatest need of this decade is that we should regain the simplicity of being, the directness, the immediacy, the spontaneity which have become buried under a heap of doctrines and under the complexities and fallacies of a civilization, the burden of which we are not yet strong enough to carry.

This, however, will never be achieved unless we have the courage to face the accumulation of past traditions and past meanings and to conquer that inertial pull; unless we stand free before the bareness of life within us; unless we are ready to begin re-naming all things, and first of all ourselves, in terms of simplicity and directness of realization which alone are creative and life-giving.

The English language is blessed with that deep directness of utterance, a quality supremely manifest in the great word—WHOLE. This word, and its derivative, Wholeness, are fingers pointing at the very core of our present world-failure; but, as all great denunciations, they contain also the cure. They are the foundation-stones of the new age, the key-notes of the New World.

Civilization, as Europe conceived it, is crumbling because man so far has not been able to embrace its wholeness. We have lived for centuries in part-realizations and in the emphatic proclamation of the separateness of these parts. Machinery has been used by us to strengthen this partitioning, though it could have been the greatest means to our achievement of wholeness. While in many ways it has linked all countries of the world, it has first of all spread throughout the earth the gospel of separateness and competition. It has brought moral and material disintegration.

It is true that the breaking of dead shells and fictitious ideals is a blessing; that wholeness must manifest first of all as consuming fire, as the wrecking force that makes the necessary "clean surface" of which Plato speaks; the desert on which alone the foundation of the sacred City of Peace can be built. But, as the great and perhaps ultimate world-upheaval draws very near and the condemned structures shake in desperate fright, the time has come for a few who have regained some degree of simplicity and purity of heart and mind to sound the tones of the Builders.

This tone must first of all be sounded in the individual life, in our every-day commonplace life. It is a clear tone, a simple and direct utterance: "I am whole."

Unassuming words, yet mighty, deep and radiant words to become pillars upon which will rest the entire structure of the new humanity. Many have read them in the Gospels, have pronounced them, have talked about them. But how few have understood the total significance of this pronouncement as great, and possibly greater, than the powerful mantrams of the ancient Eastern sages!

If I am Whole, I must encompass of necessity every condition of being; destruction and decay as well as upbuilding and glory. The human body, which is the patent symbol of our wholeness (yet only a symbol) contains every condition of existence. It harbors all the chemistry of disintegration, produces poison and putrescence as well as loveliness. In a word, "I am whole" means that I am able to correlate and integrate all conditions of life within my boundaries; that I am able to impress my I-am-ness upon all cells and functions operative within the limits of my being; that by doing so, I create wholeness where otherwise disruptive and particularistic tendencies would prevail and chaos would be instead of organic cosmos.

Unfortunately we identify ourselves so exclusively with the material body that saying "I am whole" means for most of us: "My body is in good health." We forget our spiritual organism. We forget that we are not only animals, but organisms of mental substances and energies; that this mind is usually not whole and that our understanding of this inner body-to-be of spiritual forces is very poor as yet. We believe that this mind is the "I am." But, instead, the "I am" is the divine power of integration which eventually will integrate all our chaotic mental-spiritual processes into a real unity; just as in eons past the "I am" did integrate physiological processes into a physical organism. Illness is not due to an "error of the mind," but to the fact that the integrative power of the "I am" is not operating fully in the physical body—often because it is too strenuously focused on the work of spiritual integration; often because it is not operating anywhere at all.

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Cosmically speaking, universal Space is the physical substratum of wholeness: It is the body of God. But to the universal Space correspond analogically and accurately the universal Mind which is the organic spiritual whole, the Mind of God. God is the "I am" operating through universal Space and universal mind. It is because this divine pronouncement "I am whole" resounds eternally and constantly through the physical cosmos and the universal Mind that both remain equilibrated, organic, perfect and whole. The "I am" is for the New World equivalent of the Aryan "AUM." Both mean the same power, the power of integrative action.

When this "I am" fails to resonate with all-compelling power in and through mind and body, then the centrifugal forces of the myriad of lives composing both mind-soul and body dominate and illness ensues. Certain parts of the whole forget that they are parts; they forget the existence of that sovereign power which enforces by its very presence the fact of wholeness. As the "I am" resounds to some outermost corner of the realm, the cells in that region experience wholeness. The Master has come and cured. He is physician and king. His presence alone established wholeness. He is the Beloved of mystical lore. There is no ill, no sin, no evil save that some part of the whole race have not yet seen, or have forgotten, the living presence of the "I am."

This occurs because humanity is still very young and pubescent; because the energies of the soul and mind-world of the earth are still intensely self-assertive and filled with the will to power, instead of the "will to destiny" which is the will to wholeness. Our spiritual organisms are but potential entities. They are unorganized, unformed. The Pattern is there; but it

is there only abstractly. The form is not yet an actual body, an operating vehicle. We must become spiritually formed. Then only do we function, not as mere personalities, but as Living Persons; for in us then shall have been born the Living God.

At present the "I am" power percolates but very slowly through the confusion of the astral-mental layers of the earth-aura, fetid with disintegrated thought-forms and selfish corruption; thus mental integration (the real power of concentration) is as yet very weak. Our unorganized minds are the causes of our diseased bodies. But it is not the mind which will cure the body. The only healer of both mind and body is the "I am."

Therefore, let the "I am" sound throughout every part of our body and soul. Let this realization of wholeness become an active Presence that is sent daily, regularly to each and all parts, organs and cells of our bodies. Let it flow through all the dissonant and diffident entities of our unorganized minds. Let us repeat: "I am whole." Let us send the "I am" throughout our being as a pulsating tone of compelling, yet gentle, serene and in no way forced power, as we breathe, as our heart beats, as our hands perform the daily tasks of destiny.

Then only shall we be in due time regenerated or, rather, re-created by that supreme Tone of being in which alone resides tonic power, the positive strength of being, integrated and whole, of being radiant spheres of Love that is powerful and formed. Love that is not storming emotionally in centrifugal desires, but that is the heart of the formative process of being; Love that is the compassionate radiation and the life-giving blessing of the "I am."

The greatest newspaper story since Lincoln got up from his knees to free the slaves, and the world in such a jam that it didn't even make the front page all round! In Los Angeles, it reached page three and a twenty-four point head, in the midst of "Woman's Slaying Laid to Dentist," and "Baby Wampas Stars Will Greet You." . . . September the 23rd in London, when Gandhi, "in a gentle voice that seemed softer than his bold statements," declared he would be satisfied with nothing short of complete independence of India. "I will not accept the husks of independence—rather would I declare myself a rebel." . . . In the grand committee-room of the House of Commons the British leaders were too dazed from the crashes of the week even to make answer. One flustered Member said what he wanted to know was what the word "Mahatma" meant.

"It means an insignificant person," Gandhi answered.

This was a bit too high for acceptance and the Chairman, evidently after consulting the dictionary, recited: ". . . the embodiment of a great soul."

"I Passed The Second Threshold---"

A Review of Ouspensky's New Model

In his introduction of A NEW MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE, Ouspensky sketches certain moments of life which stand out in retrospect above all others, quiet moments alone in which normal activities fell away and latent matters of destiny took their place in the foreground of his consciousness; moments when that which he was to become took form in mental matter. It must be that he tells this very well, for we saw more than was written. We saw that these moments which come, more or less, to all of us, are perhaps the only part of life the soul retains, immortal photographs of the earth passage.

The title of this book promises too much. It is not a new model of the universe. It is a renovating and recharging by a truly great mind of philosophical, scientific and metaphysical findings already before us. The world's well-thought thoughts are reconsidered, its present aims are scrutinized, its past dilemmas summed up. Better than this, there is Ouspensky himself, the spirit of him shining.

The book is heavily written in spots, with needless repetition of keywords—the recognized teaching method. Also one is struck by the varied states of mind which compose its chapters. On certain subjects Ouspensky seems quite "closed," a scientist and logician busily reducing esoteric doctrines to a few miserable grains of sand. Again he appears to have broken free the strictures of the hard head and to be gazing into life with the pure vision of a seer. This confusing contrast of mental posture is doubtless explained by the fact that the book was written over a period of many years, some of it dating back as far as 1908. It is not difficult to imagine the tremendous pressures which could be brought to bear upon such a man in the course of twenty-five years, the infinite degrees of heat and cold involved in the tempering of such a blade. Outwardly life has been ruthless with him indeed. We are informed that in 1917 the revolution forced him to seek refuge in Southern Russian. "In 1928 he emigrated to Constantinople, where he was discovered by some influential readers of Tertium Organum among 150,000 Russian refugees in destitute circumstances."

Ouspensky says: "Man has never believed himself able to do anything of real significance." In contrast to this he quotes the words of Nietzsche's ZARATHUSTRA: "I am of

today and heretofore, but something is in me that is of the morrow and of the day following and the hereafter." Also this beautiful line from THUS SPAKE: "Nothing is outside us. But we forget this at every sound."

It is in the nature of man to doubt what he cannot see, which of course includes his own latent creative powers, yet he must have outlet for the torturesome God-spark, the part of him which is of the eternal now. Hence, Ouspensky shows us, the superman "myth" came into being, the more-than-man-and-less-than-God, the mediator. Through idealism man extricates himself from his own heritage, placing Godhood outside himself where it can more conveniently be worshipped. He separates himself from his own reality, in order to seek it again through ages of exile. Religion, the Holy Grail, Alchemy—outer quests for inner realities. But all the time man is evolving with his race, until worn thin and spirit-lit, he recognizes the superman within himself.

"The desire of God in man—that is, the directing forces of his spirit, conscious of its unity with the definite consciousness of the universe—cannot be in harmony with the inertia of a stone, with the inclination of particles for crystallization, with the 'three-dimensional' consciousness of man, which is based on his separating himself from the world, on his opposing to the world his own 'I' and on his recognizing as reality all apparent forms and divisions."

In his chapter on "Experimental Mysticism," Ouspensky goes into matters pertaining to the invisible world, actual experiences of his own on the inner planes of being in which he made his own discoveries. "One of the first impressions which astonished me was that in this world there was absolutely nothing in any way resembling the theosophical or spiritualistic astral world. At first it was difficult for me to admit that the whole astral world that was described in such detail by different authors did not exist at all. Later, I found that many other things also did not exist." This would seem a radical statement to make, but Ouspensky does not stop there. He wanders for pages, explaining in tiresome repetition that he realizes he is not making himself clear, then suddenly states what he means with thrilling directness. If the statement happens to have mystical significance, he rarely fails to remind

you that he himself is unconvinced. On the other hand, he plunges into the unformed, the inexpressible, with a familiarity and daring that straightens the spine of the reader. His quarrel with the non-existent includes all planes and states of being, from the physical upward to the point where form ends and infinity begins. There only do lies and illusions cease and Reality itself comes into being.

He relates the steps in detail, beginning with the first phenomenon in his experience, which was a "sense of strange duality." He recounts the transitional states, during which his consciousness was being prepared for teaching and revelation. Some of these preliminary steps corresponded so closely to what we ourselves have found that it was with considerable shock and disappointment that we read: "It very soon became evident to me that neither in these nor in the other experiences was there anything real. It was all reflected; it all came from memory, from the imagination." Also at a single blow he levels Dr. Steiner and Leadbeater: "The only difference" (between their "experiences" and his own) "was that I did not believe, while the 'Akashic Records' were believed and are believed by both their authors and readers."

Ouspensky explains how he measured the various phenomena with his normal faculties, questioning, appraising, taking nothing for granted. This is good. Too many books these days are shrieking short cuts through psychism. It is positively refreshing to read that in the "voices" he sensed only danger and deception: "During all these experiments I felt that if I were to believe these voices I should come to a standstill and go no further; that however inviting all that was said and promised by the voices might be, it would all lead nowhere."

One of the outstanding characteristics of the world beyond mind into which Ouspensky ventures was that the objective and the subjective exchanged places and only the subjective—that is, thoughts, ideas, feelings—had any reality whatever. "Imagine a world in which all relations of quantities, from the simplest to the most complicated, have a form."

But the native splendor of the man would not let him stop there. Less intelligent minds might have been swept into mediumship of a world quite as deluded as our own, but Ouspensky held center and waited for the more

ultimate revelation. The result was that he crossed "the second threshold" into a sphere of mathematical relations:

"That means a world in which everything is connected, in which nothing exists separately. . . . I had the feeling that when I passed the second threshold I came into contact with *myself*, with the self which was always within me, which always saw me and always told me something that I could not understand and could not even hear in ordinary states of consciousness. . . . In the ordinary state, thousands of voices sound at once and create what we call our 'consciousness.' These voices drown the sound of that inner voice."

We begin to see clairaudient transmission in its true light! If all subjective matters are objectified in the next dimension, it would follow that the voices of consciousness would take actual form and confuse us as never before.

Having crossed "the second threshold," Ouspensky is no longer cautious or critical. He is liberated in Life, compared to which physical plane existence is like "an enormous wooden machine with creaking wooden wheels, wooden thoughts, wooden moods, wooden sensations." He does not lose interest in earth life, however. That would be failure. Rather his forces are concentrated in bringing down, translating it into thought and word. (*Tertium Organum* was written during this period of intense inner experience.) Four dimensions cannot be reduced to three, but a knowledge of symbology transmits fourth dimensional meaning and vibration into three-space. Symbology, then, is the key.

In his chapter entitled "The Symbolism of the Tarot," Ouspensky quotes an authority who has written: "An imprisoned person, with no other book than the Tarot, if he knew how to use it, could in a few years acquire universal knowledge and would be able to speak on all subjects with unequalled learning and inexhaustible eloquence."

Actually Ouspensky's book is an answer to the vast writings current on the subject of psychic phenomena, but it will be recognized as such only by a few. For today as never before in the world, the Voice is drowned in the voices and the half-gods keep the gods from arriving by popular acclaim.—J. L. C.

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

1

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1918. . . . There is not the happiness we hoped for in the end of the war. . . . As a nation, we have seen our materialism triumph. In the early days of a man's addiction to wine, there comes to his face a ruddy fullness and glow so much like health that it passes for it to any but the visioning eye. . . . So far America has seen her materialism triumph.

2

It becomes actual pain at length to move in the orbit of fixed ideas. There is no escape from limitation, so long as one is positive he is right about anything. At the very best, we are only less wrong all the time. We cannot see all of truth in our present stature, nor come into the interior and higher glimpses of truth without breaking down the forms in which it now exists in our minds. To say, "This is so" blocks the still higher revelation.

As we enter new and mysterious dimensions of growth, we feel the pain of growing out of our old convictions. The tough shells of old thought-forms are pinching and distressing the buds of innovation. Peace for a new era of growth descends at last when we break open the confining walls of our own ancient dogmas.

3

We have not adequately been shown what health is—the excellent meanings of food and cleanliness; cleanliness of externals first, of bodies in and out, and then cleanliness of mind; of the precious metals and essential oils latent in our bodies; of the correlative wonders of the planet and the human mind, of the sun and the human soul, of the breathtaking correspondences of the Universe with the subtler mysteries of man.

Especially, too, is there need to explain something adequate regarding the immortal beauty of the romantic mysteries, of matings and fusions everywhere, of the holy quest of each part for the whole; each to know that the absent part is searching as eagerly, as passionately; each to know that nothing is ever lost. I have found that youth can understand psychological cleanliness to be necessary—the overcoming of fear and sickness and passion and anger—as necessary for the great meetings ahead, as brush and comb and running water for social association now. All overcoming here is but making ready.

These have been sadly spoiled affairs. We must become sanitary and wholesome, if not heroic, to begin upon setting things straight for the perfect ends of romance. All the tests of these hard days are for the building of stamina to endure the endless ascending climaxes of joy which the future holds—the opening of treasures within through silence and self-conquest, before the treasures of the cosmos can unfold for our vision. These are things to be seen clearly and told simply to fresh listening surfaces. We have listened too long to sick men telling us how to gain health; to broken and senile men teaching regeneration.

4

Two parts to meditation—inner silence and outer action. The tendency of those started on the inner quest is to forget the outer. Meditation, as a whole, is to build the capacity to endure joy as well as pain. . . . A peculiarity which must be reckoned with is that no one can make himself ready for the splendors of the larger sphere by ignoring the needs of his immediate world. In fact, it is only by coming into active rhythm with the lower and outer that we make ourselves ready for the inner and higher. The life of aspiration teaches us in many cases to endure pain, to transmute, even to transcend pain; also it must prepare us to endure joy which can never be transcended, since joy is one of the stable forces of the universe, and we are formed to rise into beatitudes and ecstasies unimaginable. "Pain passes, joy endures."

Harmony is another name for heaven. Spiritual force works with ease and beauty when it works at all. This may be an early discovery of the quest; another is that the quester cuts himself off from joy exactly as he seeks to draw it into himself as a separate being.

You can do no substantial work in the world to help your fellows or help yourself without the co-ordination of your inner and outer powers. Artist, poet, inventor, or any human being who at any time has ever done anything significant, has done so because for an instant, at least, he has co-ordinated his inner with his outer powers.

All memorable performance in any field is the result of contact with the inner life; every living word or deed.

The higher one rises on the spiritual path, rightly conducted, the clearer the world and the actual relations and inter-relations of men and society become to his eyes. No judge or ruler or teacher can stand the testing-eye of a single generation without inner development to make his outer action ordinate and cohering. The reason of the great prejudice of the worldly-minded against mysticism is because so-called mystics have forgotten to tally the lower and outer with their inner and upper strivings.

5

Real joy, real life, real health are the fruits of enlightenment. They come to be as the result of mystical training. No world-reality arrives other than from this process of linking the natural with the spiritual, the surface with the essential consciousness. Mystical training teaches the mind to do its part to sustain this larger consciousness; not only to wait in agony for an occasional impulse of genius, but to carry inspiration steadily, calmly; first through hours of chosen work, but afterward in every manifest of hand and eye and voice.

The perfection of one's worldly condition is not the aim in itself; the achievement of enlightenment is not the aim in itself. Each must tally the other, as cause and effect. It must be established beyond peradventure that excellent workmanship and superlative performance in little and great things of the days are possible through the development of the spiritual life, and not otherwise. The world points rightly enough in scorn to many of the mindless lambs of Hindu asceticism—pitiful results of austerity and the severing of all earth ties; but even the faquirs with equal scorn may point to our subjection to worldliness itself—the maimed, deformed, perverted, feverish multitude, at the mercy of its desires and greeds. Neither is holy; but life in equilibrium, the globing of all things, the perceiving of the night and day of all things; action and silence, the inner and outer, the spiritual and the natural—this is order and beauty and serenity.

There is no object in accelerating one's pace out of pain and imprisonment in detached affairs, except that he give the fruits instantly, unreservedly back to life. I say to you that one restless to make good in the world, for a place in the eyes of men is still lost in the preliminaries of life. More than that, there is no possibility of one making good in world works of enduring quality, until through the beginnings of his spiritual enlightenment he perceives what is real and what is not.

As we awaken the centers within through the administry of meditation, we quicken our lives to greater voltage throughout. The evil intrinsic in our natures springs into being as well as the good. It is like alternate sun and rain upon prepared lands—all seeds quicken, tares as well as grain. The battle then, according to our progress, is ceaseless and furious. Pain marks the swift growth, but gives way to power. Power is the triumph of the force of levitation in our natures; it comes to be through the conquest of the pain-bringing forces, which answer only to the pull of the earth.

The more concrete a thing is, the more it is limited. The more spiritual a thing is, the more it is free, but to be perfect in freedom we must establish our beginnings where materials are heaviest, matching our foundations well with the foundations of the earth—happily anchored, so to say, among and upon the rocks. This gives tone and volume to our abstractions, and is one reason for life here.

6

I have set out to prove that the inner quest, far as it seems from life in America today, is the key to all that is great in the arts and romance, the talisman for the quest of happiness. There are the paths of the Head and the Heart. The occultist refines his intellect to the point of utmost delicacy before the perception of the larger consciousness dawns upon him. To refine the intellect, the occultist finds it necessary to begin upon the mastery of his body. Somewhat upon the ordering of his life in the flesh depends the poise and potency of his thinking organism. He cultivates attention, memory, concentration, tensile strength of faculty, until he reaches the point when chemistry becomes alchemy, and the object in three-space is verbed in his mind to its subject in higher space.

The road of the mystic is the road of the heart. The mystic contemplates where the occultist concentrates; the mystic realizes while the occultist analyzes; the mystic turns to the innermost and uppermost and finds them one; the occultist patiently discerns his god in the outermost, in the nethermost, and makes no mistake. The first adores a star, the second scrutinizes a clod; neither is more right than the other; the greater each, the more he reveres and needs the other for being that which he is not—as man to woman. In fact, mystic and occultist should work together like a well-mated pair, in which the man learns the secret of life from the woman's heart and tells it back to her brain.

7

You understand that meditation is the way out of the prison-house of self. All amusements and performances are to forget the self, to lose the sense of time and space, the numbing constriction of the here and now; the same is the drive of our zeal for books and plays and friends, for all rushing to and fro. The time comes when we turn screaming from the external and look within.

Release from pain comes from within; life and light and love and inspiration and heroism and mastery—all from within. It is only by a correspondence within that we can perceive and become cognizant of anything without. Our culture is a continual tallying of the within with the without. If we had not light within, we could not endure the light from without.

Man is a little cosmos, but it is only his body which is relative to the earth. Other spheres of the cosmos also have their centers within. Through the awakening and unfolding of these centers, literally, the cosmic consciousness dawns. . . .

I join with you in the delight of realization. We apprehend air, water, fire and earth, because of such our bodies are made, but with greater zest we find that we are made of star-stuffs and celestial ethers; that we are dynamic centers of wisdom, love and action. . . . The body of flesh is but the borderland of our Province. Deep within is the Sacred City; deeper still, the Square, the Palace, the Throne-room, the Throne, the King Himself. Through the inner quest we pass, step by step, until at last we are face to face with—Ourselves. Many of us are confined to the outpost of our borders. We have hardly heard that there is a Capital—much less a King.

Are You Nice?

We may as well accept now as later that the stuff our bodies are made of is stubborn, perverse and all but incorrigible material. A handful of earth of an unsanctified planet, screened through the obliquities of our particular parents; I say we may as well accept that we are not *nice*, each with his unique thorn; but in the center of each handful of earth is a spark that is indefatigable, undefeatable, and through the ages it heightens to a flame, gradually consuming all insensate earthy fuel, flashing across to contemporary flames. It is not too much to expect that this old and seemingly incorrigible planet will one day be girdled with incandescence.

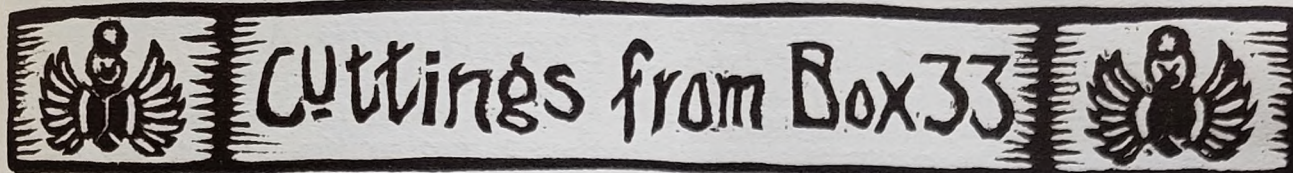
Teaching and Parenthood

Teaching—The idea of telling the world is a karmic relationship between the man and a portion of society. Teaching is a higher stage of learning; or it may be a debt of the past seeking payment. In the latter sense, teaching is seen as a larger parenthood. No man who has won to wisdom would enter it, or the familiar parenthood, other than in the spirit of sacrifice. Teaching may be said to end, for there is a higher form of life administration. That which we have called the Artist alone expresses this creative activity. Such a one has cancelled his formal relationships as parent and teacher. He is a free man, an open channel between two dimensions of being. This channel-ship connotes consciousness of the higher and a magic-making efficacy in the lower, born of an almost infinite experience in worldliness. In such a workman all forms of knowledge are dissolved to essence, so that spiritual Patterns become themselves irresistibly through him. They are transferred to materials without loss of their essential nature, because the Artist no longer obstructs their beauty and order by his preconceived forms of experience. In the work of parent or teacher, one must accept the form to gain the essence; in the work of the Artist, one may take such essence as he is ready for, making his own form to suit it.

"Cosmic Consciousness" Anew

1919. FROM THE 8TH W. L. C. LETTER: Ten years ago Bucke's book on Cosmic Consciousness came into my hands. From various angles it discussed the mystery of the enlargement and cleansing of the mind to receive the Spirit. It made vast approaches to the Great Subject, reverential researches. It was something in those days even to know what the title of the book meant, as a hypothesis. Today it is the very breath of the Runners—the quest, the one song, the one story of life—to make the mind beautiful enough to entertain the Spirit; to link the natural with the spiritual. . . . 1931. A new edition of Bucke's COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS is now issued from the House of Dutton, New York.

Two students of Oceano, California, have devotedly compiled a small book of H. P. B. quotations with an extract concerning her from William Q. Judge and several interesting photographs.—MOMENTS WITH H. P. B., fifty cents.



Cuttings from Box 33

... I am sorry that you are terminating your connection with the Glass Hive. Without any specific knowledge I can quite understand it, for I have been an editor and publisher, written my own stuff, and financed my own publications. Believe me, I understand what you've been up against. ... I get a peculiar and real stimulation from the Glass Hive which I find lacking in magazines of its general "class." It has It—and I don't mean sex-appeal!—CLAUDE BRAGDON.

... I've only reached as far as the LETTER TO THE CHARTER COMPANY—but the note dominant through it gives rise to a tightening in my breast. Perhaps it must be so. These are days the like of which find little parallel. The trade-minded have messed up the sea of life. But the tides ebb and flow with an unending cleansing influence. As president of the Newark Welfare and Community Chest, I know the need, suffering and distress rising in a huge wall. But I sense my task here, too, as finishing this Fall. We are to see amazing changes before long now. ... It isn't trade-mindedness so much as profitmindedness, is it? Trade indicates exchange and can connote an equal gain. But profit has been sought everywhere and of course I can't give profit unless I get profit. And in the effort to gain the whole world, man has lost his own soul.—R.E.L.

To R. E. L.—You have been sitting in ever closer and more visibly from the beginning. Of course, we have our spiritual familiars instantly recognizable, but one of the secrets of our essay in group-work together is the magic that comes of the years, the ripening of consciousness in relationships on the outer plane—old names with an ever-brightening significance of Being stretching back to them.

To E. C.—Thinking about your letter a quite definite realization appeared that your time had come to look to yourself instead of to any other. A new singleness of purpose in that! ... I could be sad about you and others who express their regret so tenderly about the outward turning away of this work. Yet I am not, for you are the ones more ready than others, perhaps, to make the inevitable in-turning, the call to conscious wholeness. ... Confreres in spiritual understanding are never less luminous to one another—"never less than now."

Ground your gifts.

Work doesn't kill. It is worry, over-eating, over-stimulation, involvement in externals to life-work. The greatest men of all times have been the greatest workers and a large per cent of them were just nicely beginning in the fifties.

... The last two issues have been notable and my own copies have gone through a good many hands. Subscriptions are scarcely a criterion of response, although they have a rather grimly humorous relation to the continuance of something to respond to. No matter. The impersonal worker in these days has to be an opportunist, for the scene changes swiftly.—E. H.

Let me speak of the joy that flowed in with the June issue. The mystery of Fragrance is not often sensed. Its opposite—the form of severance—on the path of breakdown is given hygienic and medical standing as an enemy power. But Fragrance, being innocent of menace, is bound to the stake of "incidental pleasures" and rated merely "fragile." But it is vastly more—the balance and complement of Power.—C. W. L. E.

Always there must be shadow against which the light can be seen. Always pain against which joy can be recognized. Always death that life may be revealed. So, in every culmination, both human and solar, there must be a dark background of manifold nap—sickness and death of old ideals; sorrow, pain, sin and opaque forgetfulness in deepened shadow, that the pattern of new light may play upon it in heightened incandescence. Forever darkness, breakdown and decay are the negative electrode—the hooded mystery of a former incandescence without which we should never know the new.—C. W. L. E.

The enclosed is no ordinary two dollars. It is charged with orders and carries in its spiritual center—smaller than small—an attunement of centrifugal and centripetal power—greater than great. And with it goes my grip which senses more than is spoken. Didn't write before because more could be done in silence. But from the first—and before that—a comrade was standing by.—E.

Letter About The Seven Minute-Man

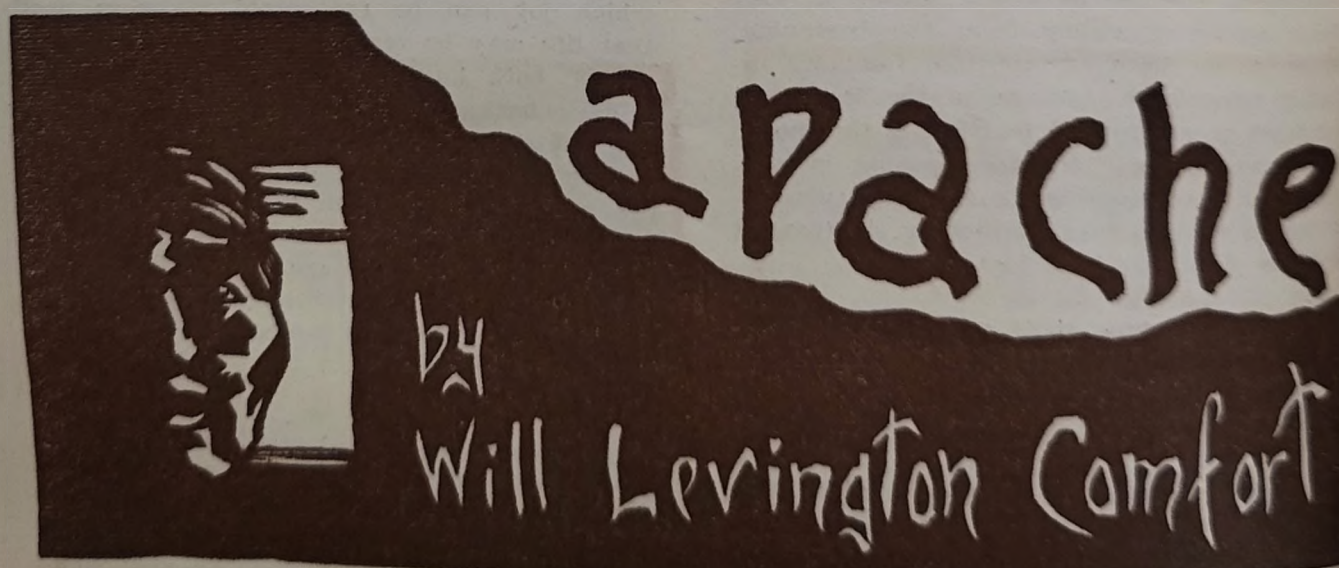
... You ask, as many do, knowing our long-standing aversion to spiritualistic voices and phenomena, why our allegiance to William Dudley Pelley and his work. First, because before his Seven-Minute Piece, he was a sound-headed, world-trained story writer, and one does not begin to illuminate the life that lies between the realm of facts and the realm of dreams until he is an old-timer in earthly experience. Second, because I believe his experience in the Altadena bungalow was a definite call. I know that he became the voice instantly of many hundreds of people having the same experience with less power to envision and express them. Third, because he is a prodigious worker and is capable of making swift changes in externals as impediments appear, without varying his intrinsic stroke. Finally, because I believe his particular message is the one best designed to reach that wing of the people due

to be reached now. It took me a while to see this. It was my idea for years that spiritual verity brought to English of perfect clarity, or something approaching this, would compel everyone to listen. Not so, up to now at least. His wing of the people knows his voice; they do not know another's for the present. That which his people heed is passing through him to them. The method is dangerous, but this is a dangerous time. In all spiritual experiments of the day, a portion is sacrificed to the morass, for another portion to come safely through. We are to see all too much morassing, I fear, in years to come. Have you thought that the great public is now being called in one way or another? Bill Pelley has certainly won a prodigious answer and I believe is one of the most important figures operating here—from the standpoint of Outside.—W. L. C.

Boy's Edition of Apache

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.



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