

The GLASS HIVE

20 Cents
\$2.00 Year

A Group of Three Pieces

Christmas Letter to the
Charter Company

At Last to be the Spectator!
Cutting from The Hive

Now You May Know
What Sickness Is
Rudhyar on Evil and Disease

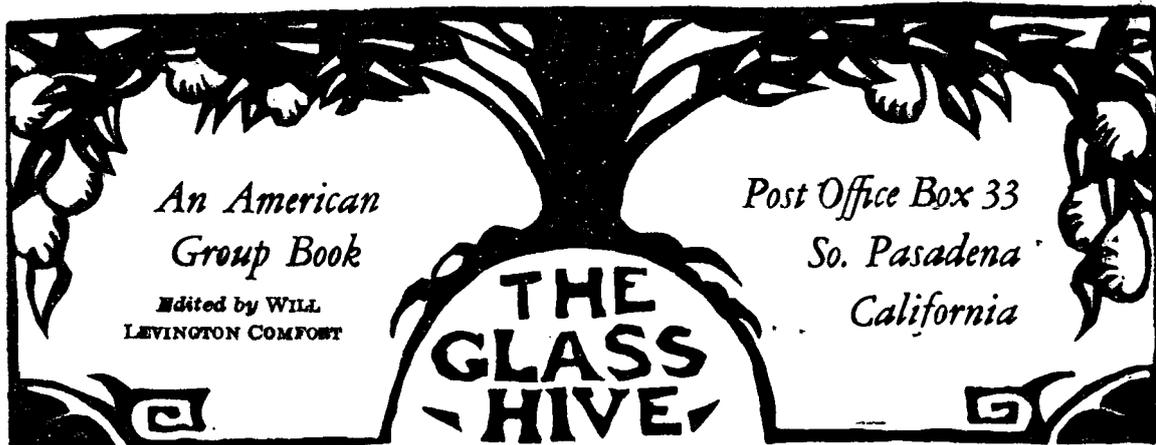
W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

an AMERICAN GROUP BOOK
edited by Will Levington Comfort

forty-seventh issue

5th year

Dec. 1931



A Group of Three Pieces

Man is a transformer between spirit and matter

His feet are grounded, his head points skyward

He partakes of two dimensions—the field of the earth and the field of the sky

He does this at first like the angels, unconsciously; earth and heaven pass through him in feeble rhythm; he is sound and sweet so far

But fatefully he begins to become aware; he begins to choose; he dares to prefer this to that or that to this, discarding one, promoting the other

Then the great unitive currents of heaven and earth are obstructed; they turn red in friction and burn out the obstructor

This is death; this is all the death there is

Man obstructs the currents to examine them, to become aware of what they are, of what he is, and the rules of the game of transforming

He dares to thwart the unitive flow between heaven and earth in order to learn the nature of the mating

The nature of the mystery

At length after many explosions, after deaths innumerable, he begins to get the hang of The System

That he is the creative coupler, partaking equally of heaven and earth; unitive because of his duality; son of Father-Mother, aware of the same

Conscious of Himself-Herself

Innocent again, but not of the innocence of the angels

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The Spider

They told me to face the East, and I did so

But in the afternoon always my back was toward the East, facing the West

So I was back and front, back and forth, no stationery meridian, neither one nor the other all day

The spider weaves back and forth

She is a crosser like that; crossing floors and paths and doors

I have seen her webs in the morning sun with dew upon them; I have wiped them from my eyes and called them beautiful, but that was because I did not see very well and was easily pleased

Looking closer, I found those webs foul as the entrails of a pig some time dead

The shuttling spider is at cross-purposes with men

And I doubling to the East and West was at cross-purposes with God

Yet I could not look two ways at the same time, and I had to look at something . . .

I love Arcturus and Aldebaran, yet they are in a different place every night

I have been awed at Saturn and given my restless affection to Venus; sought to work with them and not against them

But they were too much for me

They were never where I stationed them in my eyes last night . . .

If there is one star in this Gulf of Hell that does not change —

That is the star for my pondering and steady look

So I found the point, Polaris

Henceforward I faced the North, and others I found cheerfully getting somewhere were facing the same way

* * *

Coalescence

I heard that man impregnates the woman

But I found it equally the other way round; that no man touches a woman without becoming impregnated with her

That no woman takes a man without becoming impregnated with him

That everywhere going on is coalescence

That every look or letter, kiss or lecture, contest or quarrel is a process of interpenetration of two or several parts

That in every fusion each takes not only the light from the other, but the dark as well, the done with the undone, the levitation with the downward pull

That after each fusion or coalescence, each part has to separate and perfect the other in himself

That the coalescence is not a whit more important than the cutting apart

That in each the lifting loveliness of the fusion must be contained, and the heavy inertia must be consumed

That it is the final business of every atom, man, star to become aware of All There Is

That an eternal splendor is going on, a Game of Wholeness taking place under the Sun

That it is sport of the Gods to become a Player in this Game.

* * *

Designedly the Fourth from
Last Glass Hive Issue

Christmas Letter To The Charter Company

Intimate but not personal

In the time and space that is left, there is room only for bare statements, conclusions. All nuances of qualifying have been decently covered

The response in understanding which this work has received, following the announcement of its closing or change of form (suggestive fragments of which are contained in "Cuttings") lifts the writer out of the realm of the tentative and the experimental. There is even understanding returned of that most advanced and subtle difference between teaching and doing. One is emboldened to make a few unqualified statements:

That aspiration, without which life is a blank card, reacts on the plane of here and now in the form of obstruction; that one cannot go apart in the silence and endeavor to formulate a superior ideal of being, without calling to himself severe testings of every phase of his ideal when he resumes the routine of the days

That of all performances of life, the assumption to tell others what to do contains the most direct and immediate kick-back; in other words, if we really knew what we were about, teaching would be considered the most rash of all performances

That psychism is not spiritual

That Orientalism is not Americanism; that the spiritual meaning of America contains a new concept for human kind to grasp

That there is no sadder spectacle than that which is so common at the present time — the addict of occult knowledge who lacks or has lost the power to do his own little part as a friend, as a parent, as a man of affairs

That the generative life must be learned; more than that, brought to the point of beauty, before the regenerative

currents can correct and heal the human body

That the dominant lies of the past era must be eradicated from the mind, from the blood even, before man successfully can be spiritualized; that is, before he can become a conscious master of his conditions and discover his keynote and key position in the larger scheme

That there is no good in the long run in putting to sleep the so-called evil and playing to the good of one's nature; that all this is preliminary to a unitive dealing with what we are made of in these bodies; that the last secret of the subconscious must be unleashed, forced to reveal itself — consciously released and lived out before purity is possible

That the path to liberation lies not only through knowing what we are doing, but what we are made of

That we must face and consciously uproot our wincings, our diseases; that all the sweet meditation and aspiration of a lifetime built on the watery slipping sands of an unrealized subconscious will fall short of its purpose in spiritual attainment

Finally that the whole system of religious dispensation of the past has been tainted by manhandling; that the past era is marked by masses of people working over their heads, talking miles ahead of their stride —

Psychics opening to the astonished public, regions which they have not conquered; teachers enunciating ethics and ideals which they have not inculcated in their own lives; parents making a picture of themselves for their children, inevitably found out with awful grief on both sides; lies everywhere apeing the form of sincerity; hypocrisy in church and school and home —

That these and all such are for the big bonfires of the New Era

It has been said of the later phases of this work that the writer makes it hard; that the exalted note of the early writings has given way to a subdued note

I grant this. Adequately to realize life in incarnation in this place is to cease to be exalted; it is to become subdued. The spirit of man invested in a spiritual body is emphatically subdued. To be otherwise is to be afloat, adrift. Courage comes from realizing the meanings and penalties of life; humor which is the very essence of courage comes from facing, surpassing the blinds of material life

I need not say again that work is the deliverer; that the work at hand, the nearest most obvious task is the shortest cut to one's inimitable work for which the world and the gods are waiting

These paragraphs are written from knowledge gained in the years that lie between two kinds of expression — that of loose inspiration and that of "subdued" worldly experience

I have no reason to believe that others may escape this path of subdual; in fact,

I believe rational light-heartedness, the happiness that comes from the loss of the sense of self, the freedom at last to do lovely things for a living, can only follow the complete acceptance and understanding of things as they are

Experience — failures seemingly interminable — the long road of blent struggle and aspiration to commensurate —

Now one may begin to see that the meaning of incarnation is to do — to make come true here even a tithe of what we know

Patience, kindness, the ability to stand still in fear, anger, stress — not to speak, not to strike — to eat our fears and rages — to make power of them

To know the great longings and passions of separation — to seek to satisfy them in the wholesome heart of Self rather than from outside — to tally ponderings and soul intimations with the precious garnerings of knowledge gained from life here and now —

This is the spirit of man, subdued but unwhipped; wise to much, but quite unacquainted with the verb to quit.

The Priest is a Shorn Man

He has cut himself off from life with his kind, undertaking to teach from within that which he has not correlated from without. . . .

If you look around city neighborhoods in mid-forenoon, you will see strange figures emerging with market baskets, others sunning themselves not even trusted with the responsibility of marketing. These are retired folk; outcasts from the human herd . . . sometimes hanging onto a few thousand dollars and doing nothing else, but more often supported by young ones who have rushed off to the city in the early morning hours. These are the up-town men, the queer ones, the discards. All society makes

allowance. Innumerable priests and ministers are like this, preaching Sundays, yet cared-for like children all the rest of the week; crystallized in their own ideas, few or many; insulated from the actuality of life

No man may leave the herd until he becomes leader of it; yet nineteen out of twenty of our teachers and preachers are talking to us from out of their own death cells

The New Era will not have it so. No man shall be listened to who has not found and demonstrated his own work. The cripples, the discards, the up-town men, the queer ones, shall be seen in the proper place.

At Last to be the Spectator!

. . . Streets, schools, trade, neighbors, houses in rows, priests and pastors — all standardized. A thousand teachers in technic for one in the spirit of things; ten thousand teachers of the health of the body (and every one wrong) for one who shows the way to the single and sacred fountain of youth; innumerable voices lifted in fly-dronings of instruction how to fill the bin and the brain, the bank and the bourse — how to have and to hold and to die holding, and to bury oneself in the midst of — for one who laughs and plays and dares to watch the world go by. . . . At last to be the Spectator!

I tell you now from much living that there is nothing here in the world that is worth fighting for but the glad tolerance of events, sheer, laughing joy in the Plan. . . . Every time you adjust your life to the standard of the world, you are doing something that is beneath your soul, and you will suffer for it, and be forced to retrace. Dress for the world, and the world will find its flaws in you. Work for the world according to its specifications, and it will defile you. Enter into any of the competitions of the world

and your face and your hands and task will be constricted by visible and invisible impediments and barriers, less than the real of you in every detail. Search for health according to the laws of flesh alone, and it will elude you at every point, showing you all vanities and pits and pains.

To cease to hold is the beginning of invincible attraction; want nothing and the treasures of the world are yours. You cannot have health until you are ready to give up life here. Cease to cling, and that which was a body held apart from you is suddenly a winged creature returning. . . . There is nothing here but the love story, and the power of that must be spiritual. The madonna of the future will look up, not down at the head upon her breast. Man must overcome mammon; woman must overcome the mammal. The lovers of the future will look a little time in each other's eyes and much above to a Third who will come nearer and nearer for their adoration. . . . The friends of the future will sing in their Partings; they shall know the spirit and the breath of camaraderie which knows no death.—
From The Hive.

Definitions by Rudhyar

PHILOSOPHY is the Art of building with ideas an organic Whole in which can be found in a condition of harmonious relationship, and by which can be intelligibly explained, the sum-total of human experiences in all realms of life.

RELIGION is the purification, co-ordination and intensification of all human emotions leading to the realization of Wholeness, individually or in group.

ART is the sacramental projection of rhythmically evolving forms of power through which the Whole may express itself and by means of which It may impress its Image of Perfection upon the

imperfect substance of the cosmos, human and otherwise.

SCIENCE is the search for universal laws and methods of activity which, being applied in the proper time and place and manner, will give to Man mastery over Nature, human as well as cosmic.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM is the process by which a man becomes MAN; an intensification under proper conditions and guidance of the evolutionary process of life.

LIFE is the eternal and universal process by which Wholeness becomes consciousness through Wholes.

Rudhyar - On Evil and Disease

Evil is the upheaval produced by the revelation of a too great light or truth upon the substance of the individual, racial or cosmic organism.

It is like the blindness which follows the act of staring at the sun. When a greater portion of the sun-self comes in contact with the lives that constitute the bodies (from the physical to the highest cosmic plane) these lives are thrown into confusion. The enormous amount of cosmic energy aroused in the bodies inductively by the revealed light creates a sudden flow of the Water-substance (blood, rain, electricity, etc.) and *congestion* results.

Actional centers becoming congested, the sense of egoism is increased suddenly and disproportionately. The Black Magician or the Cancer or the simple cold in the head are constituted as a result.

All evils and all diseases are the result of an overwhelming inflow of Life and Truth, blinding or burning up the lives at the periphery and producing a congestion in the affected organs or their polar opposites.

Ordinary animal health or goodness denotes merely a great denseness to spiritual Light, a thoroughly insulated organism, insulated to lightnings of the Spirit.

The fact that the lives of the body affected by the sunlight do not realize that their burns come from the sun does not change the fact that they do. So if we, human personal egos, do not realize that we are diseased by too spiritual light, this does not mean that it is not so.

Every Racial Christ, who is an atomic revelation, produces a congestion of buddhic-manasic electricity in the Race, which makes of one or a few cells cancers — Antichrists.

The Buddha of Compassion arouses in a few "buddhis" the selfish desires for individual Nirvana.

The dawn of the Aquarian Age illumining the summits of the Race casts the shadow of sexual perversion, of license and anarchy upon the more sensitive cells of the Race.

The declaration of Independence produces the Alien and Sedition Laws.

Thus the spiritual nearness of Truth causes substantial diseases in all planes of substance. The disease being produced, the organism is roused into defending its integrity. Antitoxins are secreted by certain glands. Truth having caused disease, is karmically bound to incarnate as an antitoxin to cure disease.

Impersonal Truth manifests, then, as the Word becomes flesh, as an Avatar, as a *personal being*. The White Master, embodied cycle after cycle, is thus karmically bound to manifest because His essential nature as Truth was the very cause of the Black Master.

This is the explanation of the Fall of the Angels, of the Curse to reincarnate, etc.

The disease once cured, the Body finds itself endowed with a higher health, with a greater ability to withstand the impact of Spiritual Truth, because being purified it has become more akin in substance to the substance of Truth.

The organ affected by the disease is the organ whose function is to be regenerated by the spiritual Truth overshadowing the individual. The very disease, its location and processes, point therefore to the very spiritual Truth which the cure will unveil.

Health is understood through the cure of disease. The White adept wins his adeptship by understanding and overcoming the Black adept.

Thus it is said that Heaven is to be gained by violence by Him "who overcometh."

He who is able to realize harmony in all dissonances finds peace. He who is able to overcome the substantial reaction caused by the nearness of all Spiritual Truths, becomes these very truths. He who can dam the flood has power to be used for a higher and controlled fertilization of the earth.

Every function is a symbol of some cosmic truth. When the function is animally, healthily operating, the man knows nothing of it. But the function becoming diseased, then harmonized by the cure, is understood as a symbol. No disease is fully cured which does not make the man fully understand the spiritual meaning of the function affected.

We grow through and only through cures. Thus the spiritual teacher is often referred to as the Physician. But in every one of us is the power of self-cure; and this power lies essentially in the realization of the true nature of the function affected, in the self becoming one with the function spiritually understood, therefore regenerated.

Every evil and every disease is a problem for us to solve. The spiritual truth is hidden behind this evil or this disease. If we deny the evil we deny the truth. The evil must be overcome by understanding.

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

1

1919: If you would go apart a few minutes each day and know that this little wheeling planet is your parish; that you were sent here for a task, which you saw far more clearly then than now; that the ordeals of these days are preparation for the task; that the body you wear and which veils you from others and yourself, is the best which could be had at the time for work in this place, just as the cumbersome suit of the diver is necessary for the lower pressures of the bottom of the sea; that it is just as rational for the diver to forget the sunlight of the ship's deck or the freedom that awaits ashore, as for you to accept your seeming detachment —

If you could see for one instant the majestic importance of this task of yours, as it appears from the Other Side; that its importance balances between you and every living creature; that no one else can do it; that no other has your exact tone, your angle of vision, your texture, tint, perfume, efficacy; that you can only find liberation in recalling to mortal consciousness the terms of this task and setting about its perfect end —

If you could know as you go, that this little wheeling planet is but a dim speck in the Great System, a small uncultivated outer plot which you are called upon, with others, to bring up into order and rhythm; that as you toil, you unfold; as this stony place answers your endeavor, the memory of the *Home* dawns and looms; that as you bring light to this place you approach your own Enlightenment —

If you could know that what you do for others, you do for Self; that what you do for your own Enlightenment, you do for all; that the first way to find the Self and its task is to turn out in sympathy and service to others, and the second to corroborate within; if you could know that you have been cut off from light and freedom, because you fancied for a time that this suit of copper and glass and lead made for the diving into the deep was You, and that this fumbling in the ooze and shadow was all —

Why, we have been holding our breath all this time. We haven't been breathing properly. All the trouble is we have forgotten—like the wandering Younger Son before that moment of his sitting down with the swine!

2

This morning I drew apart. I thought of you all. I knew that I must carry papers among you—that such was one of the terms of my task—that I must live more unerringly, write more exactly, step by step, less I miss or maim some chapter of the story of Enlightenment. I saw it all clearly for you and myself —how the world had trained our minds in subtleties and partisanship, in excuses and lies and evasions, binding us deeper in detachment, making us forget everything but the Bottom and the Deep.

As a child in a tough street and competitive school, as a boy deeper in the town, as a young man giving himself to the concentrated essence of the American Lie in one newspaper office after another; afield helping the World Lie work out in war and the loot of the weaker peoples; then complete involvement in the Fiction-Field: such was my training in the mind and the world; all to be undone, reversed, but the knowledge used. Away back before Midstream, I began seriously to quit lying to others; after that, a longer, more complicated task in eradicating the lie to self. Fold on fold of that, to be renovated; sheath on sheath of that, to be sloughed.

There was no halt or going back now. With every transgression of the world-trained mind, the little torch within receded, and that was intolerable pain. With every conquest the light arose—but only to uncover more twisted patterns and false-weaves in the outer garment. I had to break down all the training of the "fiction" world. Fiction is no word to be used in connection with Story. Facts are the things that change; Story is veritable to life. So I saw that I must come in from the astral drift—the vast psychological dimensions of the arts and the cults, from which all younger workmen of the world draw to their mind's content for a time the pseudo-inspiration of the Hall of Illusion and call it poetry and music and painting and religion. Truly, "a serpent coiled under every leaf."

I saw that I must put away the astral stuff and all its calling cloudlands and tinted wilderness; that the Real Workman was not there, but fixed above and beyond that; fixed and aligned like the axis of this planet to one certain star—that the rest swung by and around. I saw that my mind was like this

earth, and the Doer like Polaris; that I must forget the great astral drift and make the mind pole-true, to become one with that down here where the task begins; that That was Myself. I must make straight the paths of the mind; I must become mind-erect first, if only a foot and one-half tall.

So the work goes on in the cleansing of the Ægean stables; the eradication of the Lie. I began to know what Balzac meant when he wrote—"To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws . . . that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled in the world of praise."

Each time I got straight for an instant, the Doer worked with me; each time He worked with me, I touched the Task; each time the Doer used my mind, I was joyous, elate, empowered. My voice reached you, and your voices rang back with revealing comradeship. But this was just a period before more stirring ordeals—

The lie is deep-seated. Life is full of pain until the paths of the mind are made straight; the Story of life is full of flaws until the channel between seeing and doing is cleared of obstructions. The personal mind must be keyed to its spiritual Pole before the great astral drift begins to swing into order and rhythm; before it becomes constellated for the eyes, and its serenity is breathed within the heart.

3

The inter-attraction of man and woman calls forth the highest potency of love in this Place; therefore it involves the strongest energy we have to work with for spiritual unfoldment. The real romance of man and woman, is not entered upon until organic desire is mastered. The higher possibilities of generation, not to mention the next step of regeneration, are not dreamed of in a mind which is at the mercy of organic passion. Since one cannot know the full power of his passion until the love nature is awakened, he cannot finish the ordeals of conquest alone. It would follow that two who love and fulfil the Law are therefore involved in the highest possibilities of mystical attainment, and that they form a center of radiant regenerative force in the world; yet of this power to work together must come the power to work singly and apart.

Already many people are in the preparatory ordeals of this great mystic privilege of taking the Road Together. Not one in a million so far consciously has found his own here—the blending of such perfect opposites that Wholeness is accomplished in each: This union, called the Consummation, cannot be reached by abandoning one's present conditions to the hurt of

any human soul. . . . In forming the dream of Liberation, it is well to remember the fundamental Harmonic Law that no good develops out of evil. There is no more important ethical decree under this Law than this: If an action will work injury to anyone, don't do it, no matter what the apparent good is to another. . . .

So now if one yearns for ordeals, he is in the midst of them. If you have love within the law, render it to the Law. If your love is without the lesser law, be glad for the glimpse. Use its force and beauty to make a song of your bondage and a preparation for the higher mystical privilege. Real lovers dare to wait.

4

For ages a few advanced men have tried to travel the path to the Soul without crossing woman's orbit, as impossible a thing to do as for the planet earth to coalesce with the sun without crossing the path of Venus.

For ages man has had the run of his Place. He has sought to bring all government, all worship, all magic, all romance to the surface. Contemplate for a moment his works upon the crust of the earth. . . . Nothing that he has done is so utterly out, so far-reaching in ruin, as the manhandling of Romance.

A large proportion of women have surrendered their birth-right and become man-made creatures. They have compromised so often under stress, lost the use of their own initiatives so many times, that even their inner revolt seems stilled into something dangerously like death. And their plight now, after all compromise and surrender, is that men do not hold to them; that men find the hearts and ways of such women uninteresting and artificial at length, and look over their shoulders, staring into some inner darkness for something—somewhere—that ought to be there.

Other women down the long gray days of decadence have gone far in hatred. There is hatred in the hearts of all great women, put there by the cruelty and obliquity of man's prolonged desecration of the feminine principle—put there by the thong and the brand, the shutter and the veil, the broken foot, the blackened mouth, the sealed pelvis and the stunted mind. These are little things. Women can forget such as these, but man has done worse.

He has broken down motherhood and all but dissipated its dream. Look into the faces of the passing throng and contemplate the race we belong to. If there is anything your eyes have missed in the way of violated body or disrupted mind, wait a moment longer and it will pass in

the crowd. But man has done one thing still worse than this. He has committed the blasphemy that he has the monopoly of Soul.

The point of this brief reminder of certain facts about man's management of this Place, is that he has failed, and that his long-enduring supremacy is being taken away. No one with physical vision left can deny that woman is now coming into her inevitable restoration to power. If it proves her will to retaliate, to treat man as he has treated her, this planet during the next few thousand years is not going to be a pleasant place for the masculine side. If there is no mitigation of the Law that hate comes back to the hater, that cruelty kicks back to the ignorant, and oppression reverts to the inquisitor—the ways of men are as black ahead as for the drones of the hive in the slaughter season.

5

Up to this time only a proportionate few women have realized the hatred in their hearts—reservoirs of hatred sealed on the way down, to be opened again on the way out. No man who has come up even through the emotional areas of romance, has failed to blunder somewhat among these vaults. An evolved woman, even when her human emotions are touched, is weary of man when he becomes a mere male. Often she is startled at the power of her venom, when the veil of glamour is thrust aside, and he whom she has dreamed of as a lover, loses himself in the wanting, red-eyed.

It is not that she denies, even now, the joy of physical play together. The torrents of her hatred are loosed because she perceives that this is all she knows. Back of the hatred is the spiritual grief of her heart and the whisper throughout her being that this man whom she dreamed of as a lover, is merely one like the others. And by the others, she does not mean the adventures of one girlhood, but the tragedies of the ages. Mostly she keeps this hatred to herself. Well she has learned to do that.

It would be simple for a man coming into these realizations to change his allegiance to the feminine side of the field. But that would still be partisanship. The new mysticism deals

with the whole, not the part. All parts are scaffoldings to drop away; molds in which the forms are set. We live in the molds, until the awakening spiritual nature begins to chafe against their restriction; then plunge into slightly freer forms, until at last we have ceased to need their rigid bindings.

Through innumerable tentative laws, we emerge at last into the freedom of the Law. Any cast becomes a burden then; any cult, a morgue.

The new mysticism does not call for partisan allegiance. Man and woman, like the masses and the martyrs arraigned against the masses, are parts of the same fabric—two entities who make up one identity. One cannot help to heal the causes of world-war by fighting for one nation; one cannot help to end a still greater war of sexes—by changing sides.

6

This is an age of stern and rapid tests for all. Man is learning swiftly in the midst of the crash and crumble of his own institutions. He is learning that labor and capital, like night and day, are but opposite phases of the same thing. By the same token shall he learn, as the great Yearning closes upon him, that he can no more become productive in the arts, alone, nor in the spiritual activities of regeneration, than he can bring forth a child of his solitary initiative. He must have the opposite sparking outside or within to become creative.

In romantic association, man shall find, one by one, the old avenues of approach closed to him now; he shall find that he strikes at the roots of his own vitality when he hurts the feminine; that he darkens the half of his being when he puts her from him; that the very currents of the earth rise up to slay him when he tries, as of old, to take her by force. To his astonishment it appears that his mere passion invariably draws upon him the reservoirs of her ancient hatreds. At last, in desperation, he realizes that she possesses and can use a mightier magic of attraction than passion; that it drives and draws, whips and inspires, involves and maddens him, step by step, until it forces him into a conquest of himself.

Cuttings from Box 33

The good old English word "Bereft" comes to me when I think, yet I am grateful. The Voice crying "Prepare Ye——" cannot continue. Willy nilly, we all must now use what we have of knowledge.—E. K. E.

... Surely a beautiful piece of work going on in the closing issues of the Glass Hive. A group work "consuming" its form by the very fire that created it, with all workers entering the fire, so to speak. Let it be done with that beauty and grace for which you expressed a wish in a recent issue. What you are trying to do may be a revelation to others of the process or way.—E. M. C.

I have recognized in the Glass Hive the most spiritual note of its kind—no blatanancy of psychic phenomenon, always an ever greater realization of Man, Know Thyself! The November issue impresses me as the most helpful number yet received; there is evident in it the light which sleeps no more.—C. M. B-Y.

I realize that the service the Glass Hive has rendered must be brought to realization by each of us individually. This must be done alone. The closing numbers are like the song of this work being accomplished. May the vibrant last notes reach the innermost heart of the living Group.—A. F.

The October and November issues of this year are the most significant of all to me. The call to Wholeness—this effort at quick interaction between the two dimensions of mind-power while in the midst of work—is part of life now, indeed! . . . May I say without knowing why that I expected you to give over the editorial work of the Glass Hive, and also without knowing why—that it is exactly right?—J. E. B.

Through the Glass

Until this Country takes the stress off selling and puts it into workmanship and the quality of production—it will get nowhere save toward the Abyss.

The Book Room offers certain valuable stock at half price plus postage. For instance: Initiation, Human and Solar, by Alice Bailey, \$3.00 edition for \$1.75. Art as a Release of Power, by Rudhyar, \$2.50 edition for \$1.40; Impersonal Life, leather bound, \$1.00 edition for 60c; paper, 50c edition for 30c.

The Letters published in this issue are the Eleventh and the Thirteenth, edited and somewhat revised. They were originally written in 1919. The Twelfth Letter is not re-published, as it was not a W. L. C. writing,

The Glass Hive expects to continue as it is through January, February and March, but lions are in the way. A mass of subscriptions are unpaid; others have paid for their own and several beside, but the balance is not on the black ink side. The Glass Hive does not claim to have shown a bright and morning face to its business interests; it has been slow to send out bills. It emerged from a Letter work in which there was no business at all, merely a voluntary carrying. All this is tangle and confusion. We shall be glad to be rid of all such mixed involvements; from every last reliance upon support of people, on the basis of supplying spiritual goods. We believe all this to be a misdemeanor; that the New Age in its flowering will not tolerate priests of any semblance to the old order. . . . We have supplied many magazines to those who could not pay, and ask nothing; but if those who can will pay for what they have received, even a part, our next three issues happily will be rounded out.

"To produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful and leave us unburdened with duties and useless possessions—that is an ideal not articulate in the American mind; yet here and there I seem to have heard a sigh after it, a groan at the perpetual incubus of business and shrill society. This does not imply that we are immaterial, but only that we are animate and truly alive. When the senses are sharp and joyous, as in the American, they are already half liberated; and when the heart is warm like his, and eager to be just, its ideal destiny is hardly doubtful. Time and its own pulses will give it wings."—George Santayana.

The Love of the Wanderer, Man

The love that is the impelling urge of art and service and the love that man plays along with in his every-day life are to each other as positive and negative of a photograph. That which is the highest light in the positive is the deepest obscurity in the negative; and that which is cast from the light—discarded in oblivion—in the positive, is the highest accent in the negative.

That which man, the wanderer, names his "heart's love" is but the effluence of his hungers. When he "gives his love" he in reality demands, not bestows, since he uses every energy and talent to bind the one or the many whom he "loves" to himself. He is acquiring and holding, if not in act, in the cables of thought. The transaction is the physical equation of attraction, absorption and, inevitably,

repulsion. An unknown quantity seeks to find, segregate and absorb another. It is the very essence of LOVE Itself (Omnipresence) that blocks that crippling separation with pain.

What is *free Love*? It is the call from all to all that lives; the call of every fragment to the whole and the answering call from the WHOLE to every fragment. It is the thrill of Spring that surges upward to render beauty, sustenance, protection. It is the heat of Summer that pours that rendering into rhythmic performance. It is the sacrifice of Autumn that embodies that rendering in forms to fill every need. It is the sacrament of Winter that endures and transcends all suffering for the rendering to come. It is the permeating fragrance of ceaseless co-operation that renders utterly to one through all.—C. W. L. E.

Apache Comment

Aside from being a marvelous thing in prose, singing veritably with the magic of Indian poetry, APACHE carries the imperishable mark of an historical record which every American should read. It is well that the baseness of Nordical inherent "superiority" be inscribed in a book which future generations will ponder. I for one never again look upon the stars and stripes but I shall see the red as blood of men betrayed. I salute you, no less for this gorgeous writing than for the spiritual values; you speak as master.—KNOWLTON RODLEY.

I have read your APACHE and one here who knows Indians wishes you had lived among the Dakota or Black Feet Indians and written of them. In the grief of the Indian soul, there is a vast and mighty task for a spokesman of New America. With dramatic touch and the fire of intuitive understanding shown in this portrait of the "vanishing race," one could delve into the lore of those Indians who have kept true in heart to their civilization and from this lore build a saga for the oncoming era which shall embody the truth of Nature.

Do you know of the great coalition of the Northwestern and Central tribes of American Indians? Do you know the words of White Grass, Medicine Man of the Black Feet, on seeing pass into Indian reservations the various Christian missionaries: "Humph, White Grass, him go Sun."

Your book brings out some high points in the Indian character. Thank you for your keen analysis, observation and intuition. The following especially struck me: The realization of soul involvement in the corn-growing project; the facing and overcoming of tribal antagonism in the taking of an extra-tribal mate; the realization of personal detachment from even her, together with thoughtful care of her personal needs and appreciation of her service; the enjoyment and appreciation of the mare that also knew the inner power within physical strength; the careful, studied preparation for leadership, and the consummation by the mastery of thought, and the friendship and respect for the Medicine Padre's square dealing; the appreciation of the enemy's bravery and psychic understanding of him, together with the Indian's inability to comprehend or imagine his double-dealing capacities.

The tragedy of APACHE is the race karma involved. Without understanding those causes of discord, the Indian's present distrust and the White man's patronizing fear only add to this karmic burden. Your book analyzes factors which make for mutual understanding. I wept because my race had done this thing. In the present mess of present human conditions it is good to have such pictures as these you have drawn. May the wealth of Indian knowledge, too sacred to be cast before our "White" civilization until the fires of its soul misery and yearning for truth have made it receptive, be granted to your gaze.—E. W. T.

Alice Bailey on the World-Fear

It is perhaps true that the main contributing cause to the present world depression is FEAR. Every nation is swept at this time by fear, by panic and by morbid forebodings.

The message that the race needs at this time and which it is slowly learning) is that man is himself the master, and can control his own destiny. He has to realize that he possesses potentialities of a divine nature which can flower forth in fullness in all those who can assert their inherent divinity. The cry of all true disciples of the Christ at this time is that the present trouble can be overcome by spiritual knowledge and loving living, and that perfect harmlessness in thought and word and deed is the way out. This is a positive harmlessness and not a negative attitude. The objective before all spiritual teachers for the next fifty years is to impress upon man his heritage, to enable him to realize his subjective divinity, and to know that he is not the form.

We have at this time a flood of astrological predictions pouring forth into the world. Students of astrology are foretelling inevitable disasters. Even the skeptic has to admit that their predictions at times reach fulfillment and that they are frequently correct in their foretelling. One may ascribe it to coincidence or to the working of an unknown law, or to speculations based upon the law of averages, but what they say is often true. At the same time, what they say is often untrue, and the percentage of untruth is very high. Through the shifting of the pole of the earth many conclusions are rendered futile, yet the horoscope of the individual is often helpful and correct. Reckonings, however, which make no account of the astronomical changes of the last three thousand years are necessarily incorrect. The possibility that there are as yet undiscovered planets, and that cosmic rays which are affecting our solar system remain to be discovered, gives rise to many questions in the mind of the average citizen. But the public loves astrology and many thousands of people are

guiding their lives by the deductions of the astrologers. The astrological magazines seldom foretell joyous occurrences. They are full of calamity predictions.

Something, therefore, must be done to offset the erroneous findings of the average astrologer, the loud-shouted prophecies of those who embody the terror technique of the passing age and the deductions of the fanatic as he tunes in on the world fear complex. A serious condition is being brought about as a result of these various factors and this—unless remedied—may cause to happen the very things we fear, at least so far as humanity is concerned. Fear will bring trouble. At the same time, the right thinking, sound speech and spiritual optimism of the few may yet offset the hysterical condition of the many, and for this we must organize and plan. Let us deal with the trouble at its source. Let us attack fear at its root. Let us focus our work on the plane of the mind, and inspire it from the spiritual levels. Workers for the relief of humanity must not descend to the level of emotional turmoil. The potency of the few, stabilized in right knowledge, is far greater even though their field of contact is far smaller than is the influence of those working through fear. Present economic conditions and the fact that so many millions of people still vibrate to fears instinctual in the animal nature provide a fertile field for the speculative fortune-teller.

... The inquiry will arise whether, in spite of all that can be done, cataclysms and disasters can be diverted. Naturally not, for cataclysms, in some part or other of the planet, have always been with us. Disasters have never been absent. Great wars come and go, and have done so throughout the ages. Famine and pestilence have unceasingly played their part in the great evolutionary process. Forms have always been destroyed, and often in wholesale fashion, in order that spiritual energy may be liberated and greater enlightenment follow.

1931: Child's Chronology of Life

He was born—inconsequential time. He learned successively to crawl, walk, talk and other routine of babyhood. He entered the village kindergarten at the age of five, where he gained a control over the intricate art of pasting and cutting.

He toiled faithfully, never failing, never skipping a grade, through grammar, junior and senior high.

Through the interpolation of a certain gentleman he attained a job as a packer in the local shoe factory at \$7.50 a week. This chance for a promising future made him work earnestly, and in three years he was promoted to a clerk at \$25 a week! Exalted by his good fortune, he got married.

WAR! WAR! He remembered vaguely something about saluting the flag in his early school days. He enlisted. . . . Months at training camp and thence to France. He suffered reactions hardly different from other doughboys—cursed the mud, the slush, was over-awed by Paris—trouble with pack and hand grenade.

ARMISTICE! A few weeks of delay and he was shipped home, quite sound since the slight bayonet wound in his thigh had healed.

He was overjoyed, as was natural, in the course of events to be reunited with his wife and two children.

The war had changed him. He was fired with ambition; he had seen the world and felt worldly wise. His efficiency increased three-fold.

And lo! It happened! He was lifted, lifted to the position of Head Bookkeeper at \$40 a week—this with his pension—joy inexpressible! He began down installments on numerous articles. Twelve years later he died—of acute indigestion, his soul doubtless joining those of other accountants, bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers through the centuries. He was buried in the local cemetery with a conservative, grey tombstone. He lived. He died.—
BROOKE FALKENSTEIN.

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 a Holiday gift for a boy or girl designed to keep on working through the years.



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The Fourth from the Last Issue

This is how we think of the present number, though the ways are not distinctly open so far for the final three of 1932. We have things yet to say, balancing of books, intimations of a New Era work, not at all like the work of the past. A few are tallying in genuine understanding, a rich harvest to the desk here. We hope to do our part as well in the way of adequate conclusion. One of the means at hand is our books —

In order to carry out our plan to continue the Glass Hive through to next April and keep the closing chapters of this fourteen years' work as unhurried and undiminished as possible, we are offering our book stock at half price:

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