

the GLASS HIVE

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January 1932: A Survey



The Last Enemy Is Not Death



Letter To The Charter Company



A Spectator At Geneva



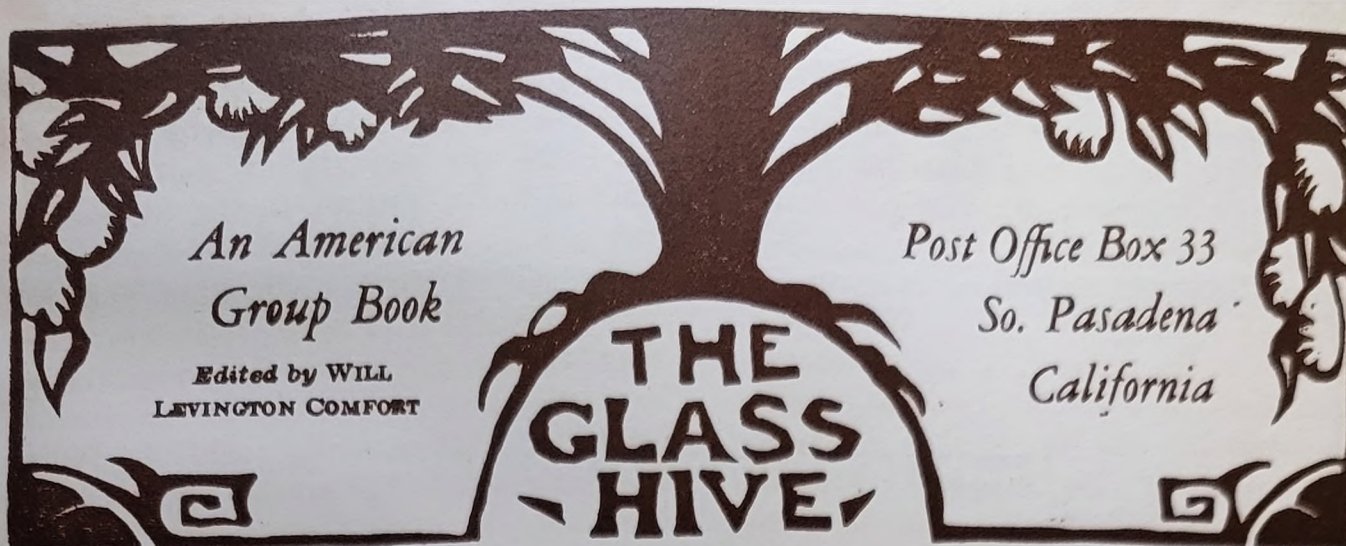
W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

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January 1932 --- A Survey

The world has been a long time getting to today

Issues of ancient and modern prophecy are now culminating in plain sight

The word Depression no longer describes the conditions of America

The word Impeachment has been connected with the President

It is related that the President has wearily inquired of a friend, "What is the matter with me?" and that the friend found himself unable to answer offhand

Plays and novels would be required, philosophies and a fifty-year perspective, adequately to answer that question

And after all, the answer would have less to do with a man named Hoover as a private person than as the central cell of a disrupting regime

Whenever time brings a people to the Abyss, words multiply. The chicanery of the human mind cut off from its Source scatters itself in a conflict of terms and opinions, a confusion of tongues that have forgotten the Word. So now—

National life is alive and hopping with investigations to appease the people. Investigate, the President says. . . . Investigations following thick, piling upon one-another, dodging and evading like the phrases of a legal document, the purpose of each outset forgotten, the evil that was sought further encysted

All systems of banking, of taxation, insurance and assessment, have become a blight upon life; property ownership a bondage, citizen and countryman alike at the mercy of "the stupidest of all professions."

The future cannot be built upon such political systems. The individual of dawning sentience must intelligently withdraw, lest he be destroyed in their inevitable self-destruction

The storm has broken over Asia. Whatever understanding of it that happens to exist in Washington has not leaked out in the press nor in the insane racket of the radio. Even our clearest-minded Americans apparently have little or no

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understanding of the Orient. Never before was the adolescence of the American mind so clearly manifested as in its reaction to the Japanese invasion and the Indian situation

Japan's present aggression is a continuation of the Russo-Japanese War. Her purpose is the same now as it was in 1905, quite as grim, her methods quite as inexorable. She sees Europe prostrate and America in blind staggers. Out of a thirty-year concentration, and the verification of her plans to a point of incalculable minutiae, she is carrying them out step by step, a jump or two ahead of Russia and utterly beyond hail of the rest

Her little bobbing diplomats temporize with the talkers of all countries that flock to her Legations to expostulate, and over their shoulders the Japanese entity is thumbing its nose with one hand and glawming Manchuria with the other

Carrying out her plans—the same plans—the same enemy, for China is only incidentally a resisting force. It is Russia that Japan has beaten to this coup. She was ready first because her plans were focalized while Russian plans covered a world-wide diffusion

Japan is a sincere student. All that she is doing now she learned from Europe and America, even the methods of diplomacy, the extreme formal solemnity, the precise twitching of tails. She copied exactly what appealed to her as the best of the West—the imperialism of England, the militarism of Prussia, the commercialism of the United States

She emerged after three hundred years' silence to choose her path of destiny. She might have continued into a higher spiral of that happiness and peace in which her hand-crafts were developed, in which her order of the Samurai reached something almost like a spiritual luminosity, but instead she looked upon

Europe at a time when only a few men of the world and those of godly visioning could see the poverty of soul back of London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg

She looked upon civilization and fell for it as other Pacific Islanders have done, taking the worst first, repudiating her own deep sweetness as an insular body; but this must be said: In falling she has stuck to her choice. What Japan does not see even now is that she has chosen the wide and well-trod path to material spoils and spiritual exhaustion

Japan's future enemy is Russia, who has chosen the totem of the tractor the god of the machine, Russian also on her roaring way up a no-through street that leads to the desolation of lower Europe today. Hers is not the spirit of Tolstoi, nor even of Lenin. Strangely enough that spirit vanished with the fall of Nicholas and his household, not that the Romanoffs contained it, but that it was subverted at that time by a set of sinister side-trackers, exploiting the dark hand of death under the glove of communistic innovations

Japan and Russia alone contain the earthy vitality, the peasant loin, the verve of ignorance, to compete to the point of conflict in the lost cause of civilization

The spirit of the East and West, upon which the New Era depends, is contained in neither today. The spirit of Europe, perhaps barring France, is transferred to America, and the light of Asia is intrinsic in the present Indian crisis which brings again to these pages the name of Mohandas Gandhi

Here is a man of one book. Gandhi is the original single-track mind of the world. He is not Genus Homo in its utmost beauty and charm, but he is a singular unbroken and focalized ray upon the principles he chose to enunciate in the prime of his manhood twenty years

ago. These principles were of the soul and not the body; they were for the good of mankind and not the hurt. Their beauty is entirely inner, but perceptible to any eye under the sun not blinded in its own darkness. Gandhi has perfected these principles against every impinging impulse of his own person, and every combination of forces his enemies could bring to bear. Because of the singleness of his life meditation he is the one man in Asia most useable by the Gods

"Beware of the man of one book. He knows——"

We have thought at times that he has kept his people in a state of starving suspense too long. We were in grave doubt as to the validity of his judgment in helping Britain win the War with Indian troops and Indian funds. We frankly doubted the pledges of Lord Irwin, or at least Lord Irwin's ability to keep his pledges. We could see no good in Gandhi's coming to to England to sit at a Round Table worn smooth by the deadly familiar policies of Empire

We were dubious of the whole venture, and when he finally came, we believed that he should behave as other world-travelers and cloy himself with pants, even underpants and necktie. He had been to England before, learned his law there and felt in London streets his first premonitive surges of revolt against things as they are

These and other doubts and criticisms we held with troubled brow, but one day our prolonged sorrow dissipated like a mist before daybreak. After listening and listening, Gandhi finally piped up his ultimatum:

"Freedom unadulterated . . . Indian liberation unqualified."

He had moved out of the environment of his familiar meditations, out of the adulation of his myriads into a vortex of concentrated self-interest, out of simplicity into the deepest folds of impe-

rialistic subtlety—where no foreigner has ever stood the test before, where one of our own Country Fathers lost his Fourteen Points—sat in the center of the British Spot and preserved the undeviating purpose of his coming:

"Indian freedom unadulterated—then we will work together as brothers——"

Such a man can sit on Mount Olympus in a G-string and pass up the nectar of the Gods for a syphon of goat's milk, for his soul is in working order

Things happened; the racket began and the veils were torn away

The little man was sent a-packing. The world press changed its tone over night from amused regard of the quaint mahatma to an obedient hissing engendered from the sounding board of Downing Street

America quivering once more to the same propaganda that finally plunged her into the European struggle in 1917

Even the pope refused to look upon the shining nakedness of such verity, save from a far window of the Vatican

The pound became non-sterling, Britain cutting her debts and obligations almost in two with one swipe; and in sudden in-rush of vitality, as from an infusion of blood from all nations, she showed her real face to the world

Galvanic stimulation of temporal power

In 1916, under a ruling six hundred years old, Britain hung Sir Roger Casement. Sixteen years later, under a law promulgated in 1827, she has re-arrested Gandhi. Her still later edicts cover the arrest of other Indian leaders and their execution on the substance of evidence without even being brought to trial

There is no new saying; the old one grapples it best: "Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad."

Meanwhile, dressed or undressed, in Poona or in the Andamans, in the body or out of the body, Gandhi has enfleshed his everlasting Word.

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At The Water Tower

A point for temporary contemplation here is that the two subjects now dominantly before the world, the Japanese War and the Indian Situation, have each been a field for passionate study and protest in our personal experience. As a kid-correspondent on a shoestring in Japan and Manchuria, the writer had his first spiritual revulsion against the insanity of a fifty-mile battlefront. After countless newspaper pieces he sat down to put the forever quietus on War in *Routledge Rides Alone and Down Among Men*. His idea was no less than to paint war so red, so real, that the nations would shudder to the quick of their souls and sin no more—

He surely thought he had done so and turned to other affairs, but they put one over on him and started a good one hardly ten years later

In 1920 or '21 he began to answer the vibration of Gandhi with fervent and consuming heat, finally putting that life into a story called *The Public Square*, be-

lieving that the world could not fail to answer a recharged vibration in American terms of that voice already sounding around the world. No international convulsion answered this enthusiastic labor

At the time of the Russo-Japanese War, the most inviolate institution in the world was the Bank of England. In 1915 when floods of American gold were pouring across the Atlantic to finance the extermination of Germany, he ventured a statement that the bulk of these loans would never be paid—a statement that never reached print, that was not even seconded by a single verbal aye, so far as was heard. Germany has now come out bluntly to state that she is done—for so far as reparations go, not necessarily that she will not, but that she cannot—

A show-down, but not the first, for Britain preceded her in voluntarily discounting her sacred unit, the pound

Yes, the world has been a long time getting to today.

The Last Enemy Is Not Death

When a man has meditated long and of his visionings made decision and action, the power gradually comes to him to dwell in serenity on the borders between sleep and waking; to be of the two planes of externalized results, psychic and physical, yet at the mercy of neither, because of safe contact with his spiritual will

He is *gudakesha*, as the Hindus say, and is said to sleep no more, yet he is a man continually rested, having lifted himself out of the destroying friction of the opposites, day and night. In identifying himself with his eternal consciousness,

the temporal barriers between the subtle and the gross are softly lifted out

When this saving barrier is prematurely destroyed by worry, stimulus, shock, ungovernable temper and the continual smiting of sound in shattered rhythms, the human being lies without rest in full view of his profitless days and buffeted about by the whimsical deviltries of the psychic plane. This is sleeplessness

"Put me to sleep, Doctor!" but the physician can no more restore the disrupted cushion than he can equip his patient with a conscious creative will.

He may resort to sedatives and hypnotics, but the more he knows, the more horrible the gathering dilemma before his eyes as he does so

Old people sleep lightly, but the fruits of even a decent life make for a semblance of peace as the passing point approaches. The disintegration of a wasted life is a restless torment, either before or after the change called death

What is true of the individual is true of the dying civilization at the present moment. Deep restful sleep is becoming more and more difficult to millions. The cities of the world are bedlams of maniacal sound. One passes for a moment from the crazing din of the streets to be shaken into wide-eyed staring by the imps of dream; the uncontrolled activities of the subconscious rising instantly to control the unprotected body as the day-brain sinks over the horizon

What is true of the individual is true of the planet itself. Humanity's misuse of creative force, man's many inventions without human-ness of intent, has destroyed the laws of night and day governing planetary life, and has loosed upon himself the collective frights of the ages

What is to be done about it?

Leave the cities for the woods and shores and hills. Mother Nature is the physical shadow of the Great Mother Herself from whom all rest and healing comes—

Take a sea-voyage. Yes, take two voyages, and leave the rest of the family to draw on the community chests. Leave your domestic animals to the humane societies. All will be investigated at once, and then further investigated—

Better for most to stick it out to the end in the concentrated nests of unreality which cities are—the last strongholds of that which is to pass—but in sticking it out for the sake of others to call upon the real stamina of Self

In its central meaning, this which seems like pandemonium is the result of a play of force designed to impel individuals one by one to identify themselves with their true sources of strength, to learn where their real treasure lies. As outer establishments falter and betray, one by one we must either disintegrate with them or withdraw from them, placing our reliance elsewhere

Thought and decision precede action. One cannot safely uproot himself from where he is without consciously weighing the results, but one who dares identify, to consecrate his life to that which shall not pass, to the new social order of spiritualized workmanship already bulging under the cracking cases of the old; who dares to stand by his own group, his own people, doing everything humanly possible to carry out his part—such a one will not be left unprotected before the last enemy which is not death, but sleeplessness

As for one's correct attitude to sleep, probably the most important admonition is that sleep should be wooed, never fought or feared; that one should never say, even to a physician, "I cannot sleep!"

It is possible to practice to prepare for sleep confidently, making the most of where one is and what he is doing in daylight hours, knowing that the lovely laws of inevitable union will do their part for him even in the midst of decimation and distress

This subject is so important that it may be said: There is nothing so good in this place where we now find ourselves as seven or eight hours of fair rest out of twenty-four

Sleep is our Ex-Calibur

With right rest we are empowered to organize control to meet the strains and be ourselves through them. In sleep our bloom is restored, our table of receptivity to inspiration and every spiritual force is cleared, our inimitable instrumentality made ready for fresh experience and fresh expression

In sleep we are cleansed. Through sleep our life's meditation can be rationally sustained through the balance of the

day's cycle, and Humor, the essential oil of spiritual attainment, empowers us softly and deftly to meet occasions

Through sleep, earned sleep, our crowning pyramid of brain cells, the winnings of all past endeavors and meditations, is restored for fresh contact with inspiration enabling us to keep up with our stars in their ever-changing adjustment, and this means no less than to be our immortal selves as we go.

Letter To The Charter Company

With this, the third from last issue of the Glass Hive, the binding schedule is broken. The two to come are not called for in exact periodical sequence. They should be all the richer for some leisure and spontaneity. In this word spontaneity there is perhaps a hint of our future work together

Though the need to supply a certain quantity of writing at a certain time is removed, there is no law to prevent the circulation of an utterance that seeks its own. If such an utterance is definite enough it will create its own form

At no time here has the closing of the Glass Hive meant an end of inter-association. We may safely dispense with many words, in coming into the nature of the Word itself. If it be true, as we believe, that a spiritually familiar note has been insistently sounded from the beginning of this work, it is time that the note be carried on by others. It is not enough in an Art to know how to begin, even how to carry on; one must know when to stop

Nothing higher can be said of a product of the human heart and hands than that in contacting it, the initiative of another is ignited and fanned

In closing periodical activity, our material as well as spiritual accounts must be settled in some kind of order. Toward this end during coming weeks bills are to be sent out. This can only be done according to our files, which do not contain in all cases the exact arrangement. For instance, I have always been loathe to cut a name when one has stated that the work is being used but payment inconvenient. At times I have even pressed continuance, and at other times urged acceptance without thought of money return—

So if bills appear in instances like this, let them not be received in the sense of exaction or demand. They will not be repeated; there will be no held-over accounts after the last periodical issue. To the numbers of people who have overpaid and paid for others, we have unending gratitude; and to those who recognize certain material obligation and are able to pay in part if not all, we shall also be grateful. . . . However well we have carried on the spiritual task, we have no sense of having conducted the material part in a satisfying way. A priestly blur has existed, the sole value of which lies in a deep and lasting lesson to sin no more in any such mixed or uncertain vibration

A Spectator At Geneva

From a letter:

... Other summers in Geneva, I have been in literary and social work; this year, I saw more of the Assembly and Council, and I was present at almost all the recent meetings apropos the Manchurian situation. When I think of the patience, the courtesy, the sagacity, the steadiness and unswerving loyalty of men like Briand, Cecil, Salter, de Madariaga and others of similar calibre (though I grant there aren't many) and of how these high qualities persist, day after day, hour after hour, under every test, and the acidest test of all—routine and drudgery—I take off my hat to the Internationalists of today.

... I've seen Salter and de Madariaga go through days and months that begin with appointments over their morning coffee and end at one or two in the morning with disarmament speeches or delegation decoding of messages still going on. Not one day or two like this, mind you, but all their days—call after call, demand after demand. And most of them important demands.

... I've seen both of them so tired they could hardly crawl out of their cars and into the elevator and to bed. But I have never once seen either of them even the faintest bit irritable or impatient with a living soul, or anything but absolutely courteous and kind and ready to help—really too good-naturedly—when the forty-eleventh person rang for the forty-eleventh demand. And in addition to all this real goodness and self-discipline—their brains!

... Another thing that has struck me very much is how seldom the man who has done the important thing gets the credit for it. De Madariaga worked for a week getting Mexico into the League—I suppose he'd worked weeks and weeks before the Assembly began. You read in the papers that "Mexico was proposed by

the British (or I forget which) delegation," and seconded by another. Never a word of the man who did the job. You have read today that forty nations have signed the disarmament truce sent out by Briand. Not one paper mentions that de Madariaga headed a sub-committee and drafted a formula (on which they worked one month and nearly lost their minds) before they could arrive at a formula that even the representatives at Geneva would consider.

... They claim no credit. They seem never to think of what they have done—too busy doing more. They seem to have learned the technique taught throughout the Gita and all Hindu philosophy of throwing their entire energy into the work in hand, but without wasting emotion over the results. I remember at the end of last year's Labour Conference, in one meeting a certain delegation spoiled the work of weeks by casting a negative vote—whereupon the whole Conference went negative—and the vote on forced labour was lost. But next day I saw Maurette, one of the men who had worked the hardest. "Well," I said, "that was tough luck. What will you do now?" Smiling, with perfect good humor, he replied, "Oh—on recommencera!"

... All through this Manchurian business, a perfect welter of tangled motives and conflicting international interests, the really big men have worked as no labouring man would work, from morning till night, and from night till morning. And when it all comes to nothing or seems to, do they get discouraged, angry, or seem beaten? They go right ahead finding some other way. ... This is what I hope to have learned from this summer: To work steadily and calmly and thankfully—making success and defeat (those two imposters) just the same. And thanking God for the gallantry and beauty of amazing souls met along the way.

The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

1919

Many of us have been taught to affirm that there is no evil, and we have done so while the taint of the breath of our bodies gave us back the lie. Affirming that all is good against organic proof of an ulcerated tooth may help the tooth, but it leaves us softer-mouthed and less able to cope with things as they are. If you can demonstrate here on the ground that fear is a sham, which it is, and with your spiritual power transcend it, you have earned the right to say that this evil is illusion, but still you will see its force working on in the midst of the many in the torture chambers below.

If you can summon your own higher force and so charge your molecular body that it levitates, you may talk with authority about escape from the pull of the ground, but you will still perceive the old attraction bending the spines of the myriads.

Through affirmation to shut your mental windows to the storms of planetary life, while your whole house rocks and disintegrates, is not only going against the truth, as it works in the detached points of view of the mind, but it is adding a crook to the mind itself—a crook which later must be straightened out through mystical offices of pain.

The knowledge of good and evil is the reward we gain by making this passage, but to blind ourselves to one or the other, while the pairs of opposites still have power over us, is to break discrimination, the use of which is a preparation for Knowledge. The man who writes stories makes most of the mistakes possible in his years of preparation. Through these, as well as his less wobbling efforts, the laws of the game unfold for him. His final product, if it be good, is a sort of balance of how and how not to do it. Reaching the consummation of his art, he sees that he could not afford to have missed a single one of his botches. . . . Evil is as good as another word for this stubborn and binding and clinging hold upon us of materials, through which we are forced to grow wings for liberation. We must learn these toils one by one to escape their thrall. It is true that we regain certain powers through them, but they are evil to us just so long as we are victims of them.

. . . In these paragraphs, most naively, I have intimated only the physical and obvious down-pulls: nothing of the gray brothers of the shadow who test and torture us in the emotional areas of the passage, nor the winged blacks who winnow, purge and screen, with subtlety upon subtlety, until the last malignity

of our mind-power is isolated, conquered and rendered into allegiance with the Spirit. Evil is a young and trivial term for the tests back of the physical—until we are fine and superb enough to pass.

2

As a man gets the various grades of hell out of his own system, everybody else looks better to him. This means not only throwing out his fears and passions and angers and cupidities of the temperamental realm, but the opinions and partisanship and bigotries of the mind. The mind has been trained by all these and the training is necessary before that selfless flexibility is accomplished by which he sees the fleeting intimations of the Real in the external universe and receives the veritable admonitions from within. A man merely thinks before that; afterward he begins to express the Knower.

Every human relation is sacred—an extension of the self. Your relations with those about you form a picture of your inner life. All whom you cast away is a casting away of yourself; all whom you deny is a denial of yourself. The one whom you dare call an enemy is a sick and sealed part of your own being. If you are afraid of anyone—it is the unmanageable of yourself. If you are not at your best with certain people in the room, it is because you are not in command of your own inter-relations.

All that has to do with the Mystic Road is a teaching of the command of self—the ordering of one's room, one's shop, his house, appetites, tastes, his nervous system, his family, business relations, emotions, his mind, his world. These are all one, all you. They commend or betray you. There are no secrets.

A glimpse of the Plan reveals that every outer condition is an externalization of one's own being. If anyone can bring you hurt of any kind, he brings you a gift, an incomparable and perfectly-adjusted opportunity. He isolates one of your weaknesses so that you can correct it. In the infinite generosity of the Plan, he, or a similar agent, will come again and again, until his offering ceases to hurt you. The tough matters to contend with in house and town and social affairs are perfect diagrams of the contrary elements of your own life.

The way to liberation is a making straight of every path. If you are true, and in ardent determination to make everything straight *this time*, the man to whom you owe debt or obligation cannot die until your chance has come. Every debt paid and amity restored is a release or your own powers. It does not matter what

another thinks at the time, if you are straight. The thing is already done within him when you are right. He will bring the rightness of it down to matter presently. As the concord of your own being is restored step by step, the magic of all outer beings and things appears. You see the immortal back of the mortal, each significant and inimitable—the sons of God in the eyes of passing men, your relation to each ancient and endless—never less than now.

All required is faithful allegiance to the Plan; to become convinced of its greatness and fascination and magnitude beyond any comprehension of the mind or finite grasp; to see the inner and outer working unerringly together in tests, in travels, in the passing show of the world; in every relationship—ininitely different movements and vibrations of one working force called Law. . . .

We have been at the mercy of our own detached and disrupted mind-powers too long, trying to paint heaven with the dim pigments of an earthy spectrum, trying to span the heavenly universe according to our own minute and imperfect orbits. Do not be afraid that a thing can be too good to be true. Can you not see how tragically we have lost the capacity to endure joy, to conceive harmonic beauty—when we dare to call this torture chamber Home? The truth is that in our most exalted moments—in our bravest song and noblest vision, we pitifully diminish the Real. . . . That which one adores unfolds for him. One may safely give his adoration to the Plan, his allegiance step by step and day by day increasingly to the Law.

3

Thousands of ages hence when this humanity has really reached Open Country, there will not be anything like the amount of talk about God. We are still in the incubation-stage as a human family, and distances are short in the shell. It is long after we emerge as chicks that we begin to realize the vastness outside of our own coops and yards, and before we even dimly discern the Fancier Himself; long after that, very long, before it dawns upon us that the Fancier has also a Lord.

That which we eat today is poison to our bodies tomorrow. Mental convictions by which we have helped to order ourselves up the ages have been discarded one by one for ampler and sounder theses; every class or cult which has sustained us for a time has become a vise when we remained too long. The Basic Nature is restored and stabilized by the ever-growing, ever-changing, ever-refining activities of the mind. It is just as fatal for the mind to be-

come fixedly established in the sense of its own opinions and convictions, as for the body to try to endure upon its own poisons.

The mind that is strong, flexible, swift to change and excellent in discrimination is the only mate possible to associate with, from the standpoint of the Soul; for the Soul can only awaken and bring up the wonders of the Great Deep, as the mind becomes progressively eager and tolerant and spacious to enfold. As the mind is dependent for health and power upon the balance of assimilation and elimination in the body—so the functions of the inner growth can only be held in equilibrium, when the mind is as selflessly swift to cast off the old as to take on the new.

4

Consider that we must have centers to receive powers; that we are connected with larger dimensions of life only as we quicken within which answer to the new vibrations.

. . . There is a system of interurban railways covering these valleys and shores. In some canyon stillness, or at the edge of a sea town, or back among the ranch lands, one finds the power stations—soft purring dynamos, as you approach. These low brick buildings, stone-floored, solidly-founded and gracefully vined, are noticed attentively by few. The whirring of wheels is a mere matter of silence to the many; the steadiness of the production of power effaces itself like a spiritual source, from eyes accustomed only to noise and show and shine. . . .

As days follow days of travel on the Road, the great patience comes. At first, one is very anxious to get somewhere, and his untrained endurance is stimulated from time to time by intimations of an approach to another powerhouse along the road. He examines himself daily for travel stains and listens at evening for the whirl of wings that will bring the fulfillment of the heart.

Luckily we are not abandoned for being so short-sighted. The outpost Christian who talks with a personal God in terms of desirous petition, is not abandoned. He shall come to see how the Working Forces are let down through innumerable artifices of reduction, as the main current from the power-house is reduced point by point until it flows modestly into our desk-lamp or tea-kettle. By infinite and marvelous artifices the Forces of Recreation are lowered, that we may find their magic in the grass, in the roll of hills and clouds, in the beneficence of still waters and the fragrance of flowing winds.

... Circuit by circuit, we turn on the lights within to endure the increase of light from without. As we ascend the grand highway, power-house after power-house is found upon the Road, and each has its answering ganglion within ourselves. The quickening of these centers within is our awakening to the broader beauty of the Plan.

Travel-stains are forgotten in the great cleanings of the night; and faith, always the structure stuff for bridging the planes, comes in good time; faith to know that the master will appear when the disciple is ready. Each day we adore more heroically, and by our adoration, the Plan unfolds; each day in the splendor of the Plan, we perceive that the centers within are built thought by thought, as the power-houses of the great electric system are built brick by brick, the dynamos installed with great labor and ingenuity, the road connected up and scheduled, division by division. As above, so below; as within, so without. . . . We know at last what Whitman meant when he cried out that he did not want the constellations any nearer—that no array of terms could explain how much at peace he was about God and about death.

5

The man who can set a woman free is worth watching. Mentally and physically to set a woman free means to overcome passion, jealousy and the sense of possession. It means to travel fast in team-work, because a freed woman unfolds incredibly. As two go on and up together, the balances become so delicate that everything amiss outside is a barrier between them. She is sometimes the last to praise and first to blame; invariably the first to warn.

Spiritually a woman is separate from a man so long as he dominates her mind and body. All the strength of his arms and authorities of his mind and the laws of his world will not make her his. She has not real self to give until she is her own.

To be lost utterly in each other is but a preliminary to the great love story. Rather the neighbors may entertain a suspicion that two are joyously becoming one in the higher sense, when they are found often back to back, forming a center of spiritual radiation in the world.

We never pass the love-story. No one has seen beyond it from this place; no Avatar out of the Unlimited has brought us a glimpse of a loftier means to regain the happiness of our birthrights. All love is of the Spirit. When a man's love for a woman is passionate and possessive, it is merely because the force of his

spiritual giving to her can only express itself mortally, the centers of his spiritual expression through the body not being awakened to carry the finer drive direct. The instrument reduces the vibration.

All love is bestowal. We bestow ourselves as we can, as we are, at the time. We externalize ourselves in those we love; and that spiritual force which is awakened within us through the outpouring never recedes. The dimensions of Love never end. It is only when we are ready for a higher dimension that we begin to encounter pain from the action of love as it is being expressed in us. The world has not yet learned anything like the real beauty of the passionate and possessive love—without which the spiritual dimensions of romance cannot be entered.

Through the Glass

It's a time to hitch over in one's house and in one's life. Better to alter one's life pictures of competence and material well-being than to hold on until they are crashed. Insistently the note is sounding through the messages of the enlightened that these are days of unparalleled opportunity; that joy is underneath and after all the nature of this vibration whose outer garment is depression.

Japan didn't relax in the matter of fighting in the Russo-Japanese War, but relaxed in the arbitration that followed. She was bewildered with the eyes of all Europe fixed upon her and by the ingratiating sinuosities of European diplomacy. Certain of the fruits of her fighting were relinquished. She has since lost her respect for Europe, even for guile of her "ablest" ministers. She will not make the same mistake again.

Mother India; the warmth of her pulse is felt in the world again, her renaissance. She does not slay her white child, the British foundling; she merely withdraws her breasts, and not until drained to the point of her utmost prostration. Now she has risen and is moving about her own business of recovery. She is forming an invisible government, carrying her own letters, making her own goods, living her own laws. She is clearing her house; she is becoming herself again. As the past and its evil dreams are forgotten, we shall presently begin to hear her song above the humming of the charka.

The Third from the Last Issue

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

THE GLASS HIVE	-	(Years 1928, 1929, 1930). For each ten issues	\$1.00
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