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EDITORIAL

Do You Know What You Are Doing?

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Have You Passed the Feeding Stage?

The Work Chapter from Midstream

W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

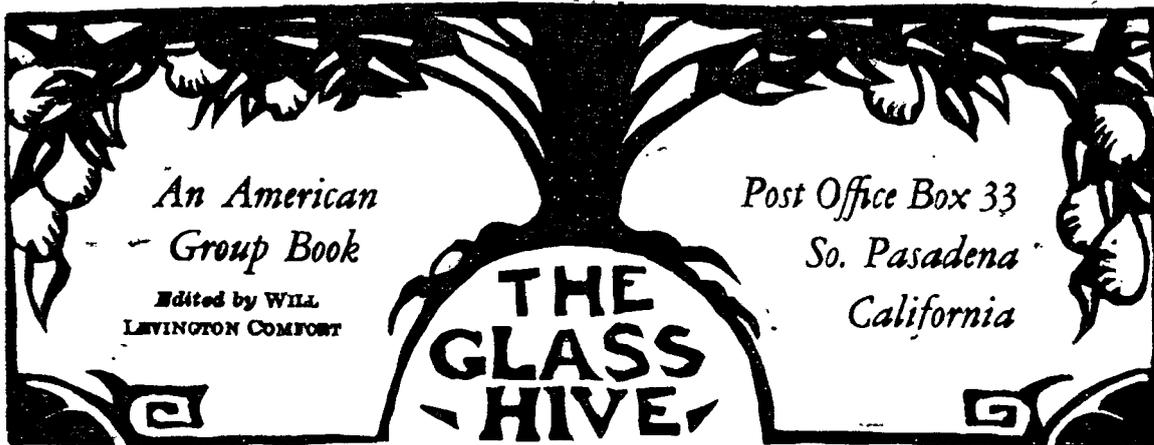
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## *Do You Know What You Are Doing?*

What is meant by Wholeness?

Why should the saying, I am Whole! be designated as the new American mantram?

What does it mean to say this, and what are apt to be the results from saying it with such concentration as we can muster?

What is the relation of Wholeness to Consciousness, a word we have been using incessantly for years to express the same thing?

Several years ago in the progress of the later Letters, a saying became current through the issues to this effect: "We must know what we are doing. The time has come for us to know what we are doing!"

This could only come from a realization that we did not know what we were doing; that even in moments of inspiration and fluent expression we had not really been aware of what we were saying and doing

Realizing this, we felt a great and growing need to know, and this we see now as the opening of our receptivity to Wholeness, to Consciousness

We should like to be very clear in this number as to what we are doing when we say I Am Whole! In the Eastern teaching we were taught to say Om Mani Padme Hum; that illimitable efficacy was in these words, yet the meaning was never made clear to us

We have a suspicion, and more than that, that to say I Am Whole! is quite as magic and efficacious, yet we must know what we are doing as we begin and carry on

The Eastern teaching tells us that uttering the Sacred Word brings us home to peace. We have found rather that it brings us every struggle and test and obstacle; that it arouses every force of antagonism and inertia in our being. These two statements do not contradict, except in the painful realm of time. The obstructions loom that they may be disintegrated on the way home to peace

Yet we must know what we are doing. No twirling a prayer-wheel or insensate muttering of mantrams now

The myriads of people on trains and ships, moving up and down town from day to day, all with the appearance of

going somewhere and doing something—are subject to illness and accident and frustration of their plans. Man, rightfully and originally, is not so. He is a creative being to whom the Heavens are a flawless blueprint and the earth a bench of tools and materials. He has only to come to his own place at the bench and consciously to take up his own tools and task to become invaluable and irreplaceable to gods and men

The myriads have not reached their place; yet touch on the shoulder any man or woman of the busy rushing throng and whisper, "You are not Conscious!" and your sanity is instantly questioned; in fact you are in danger of arrest

Yet the time came when we found that we were not Conscious, that our plans did not inevitably carry; that it was usually better for us that they did not; that we had no sure immunity to sickness, accident, senility or death; that we were putting up a front to the world that we could not back; in fact, that we were quite miserable and ineffectual as a whole

It did not help a particle to hear from others that we were helping them, that we were saying just the right word at the right time. We were not right with ourselves. We knew it, and that we must get right or quit

We had to know what we were doing. This was the call to Wholeness, to Consciousness

What has come of this call or challenge to Wholeness, or Consciousness? We shall try to be explicit. All that we thought we were, all our ideals and ambitions as a personal creature, had to be taken down, had to get out of the way, for the free passage, or free channelship, between the blueprint and the bench

It is needless to say this is not accomplished. We are speaking of the call or challenge only

To be more explicit still, we found that a wall had to be taken down and a connecting bridge built between two sets of faculties in the brain; that in the ordinary human being, there is little or no connection between the blueprint and the bench

That an abyss stretches between the conceptual and the technical, between the vision and the performance

Between the spiritual and the material, the general and the particular

Between the real destiny of man and his immediate engrossing relationships and occupations

That to become Whole or Conscious, these must softly and incessantly interact and become one

The interaction postulates the need of a meeting-point, or center, open to the Pattern and the performance at the same time—a transformer. This does not casually happen in the human brain. It is gradually built in by concentrated pondering on one hand and consummate doing on the other, by an adequate balance of silence and action

There is no hope of operating in Wholeness, or Consciousness, from the merely technical faculties; nor is there any value to inspirations or even visions, without the ability to make them come true in materials. Yet the first is of three-space and the personal life, and the second is of higher space and the spiritual life. The higher includes the lower; that is, a spiritually awakened man has the power to bend an irresistible will upon the personal performance he chooses, while the man with merely technical faculties developed may be utterly closed to inspiration. Wholeness, or Consciousness, requires a smooth interaction between these two simultaneously in one human brain

Can you fancy a master of life entering a city grocery store on Saturday night—radio clamor, traffic passing, tired clerks, vegetables, meats, customers—yet still preserving his arrived idea of his

part and purpose in the cosmic scheme? With pity and understanding, entering the distractions, yet not caught in them? Leaving a memorable smile or courtesy in the midst of turbulent faces; softly operating in the midst of frictional force and his native spiritual force at the same time?

This is a suggestion of what it means to be aware of the minutiae of performance and the visional idea of what we are here for; what it means to aspire to Wholeness, or Consciousness

It means to surpass the fatigues of the mortal body with a serene spirit. It means to contain, even to consume, one's angers, fears, desires; to be aware in the mind of each vibration of force that surges up from the subconscious, yet not to act upon it; to suffer and understand its nature, to use its force and consciously disintegrate its form

In the attainment of Wholeness or Consciousness, one makes fuel of old forms, and releasing the force of them, directs that force to the particular goal of his being

Two distinct dimensions, no less, and in most human minds there is a definite partition between them. A man works either in one or the other, but separately. Only a few so far have even opened to the vision of themselves or their tasks; and such few for the most part have not been struck with the need of carrying out the vision here in three-space

Smooth, instantaneous interaction of two dimensions of mind power is required; all the personal grit blown out of the lower set of faculties infallibly to respond to the higher. This is but a manner of expression, for there is no higher and lower in Wholeness. What is sought to be conveyed is that man in his ages of separative thinking and activity has walled himself against Reality

This wall must be suffered to be taken down

It is as if one lifted the black card from between two negatives already ex-

posed, and a further shot of light enhanced the lineaments of each, instead of smudging them into nothingness. It is as if one were able to change from high to low gear in a car by the pressure of gas instead of formal manipulation

Something of this supernormal facility is required to move softly and easily from one to the other

To be Conscious then means realizing one's higher states and functions and at the same time controlling, even mastering, materials in the performance of his vision

All this in reference to the mantram, I am Whole!

One saying this, bringing to the saying all the power at his disposal, begins to lift out the black card between two dimensions of his being

A dangerous thing to do because this partition protects him from the intervening psychic realm between the spiritual mind and the technical three-space mind. If one has not adequately prepared himself through restraint and the development of simplicity of purpose on either side—the disintegration of the partition is apt to mean demoralization

One must know what one is doing

It is easy to teach mantrams; it is easy to suggest the desirability of Wholeness. The accomplishment is another thing entirely, requiring the finest steel of character, the highest development of human faculties on one side and the vastness of ages of experience treasured in the Soul. Yet if one answers to the challenge—if one feels the smother in his heart for Wholeness, and the trained eagerness for doing in his hands; if one has sensed the Primal Will behind the human will—he may safely dare to breathe, I am Whole! He will presently find himself on his own line between the Pattern and his particular performance, and in the inter-play of force, he will realize that he is of All there Is.

## *Have You Passed the Feeding Stage?*

G. de Purucker's new book, *Fundamentals of Esoteric Philosophy*, is announced. One of its chapter headings is:

*Physiology, Psychology and Pneumatology of the Universe. Ten and twelve Planes of the Universal Solar Systems Intermediate Critical Planes. All manifested Being a Graded Continuum of Interrelated, Interlocked Hierarchies. Sistas and the "Surplus of Life."*

A great thing to handle all those subjects in one chapter. It gives one a sense of importance just to peruse the text under such headings. We remember when we turned out the light the last thing at night with such books on the floor and chairs and even with us in our narrow solitary bed

In fact, we had a stubborn and protracted case of such readings, and even essayed to tell the world somewhat about the higher planes of life on our own hook. We weren't managing our households with adeptship, nor our business affairs, health nor friendly relations, but we were *Way Out There* in the Universe. . . . It was a stage; we cried for it and wouldn't be comforted without it. We drank deep and paid the price in losing track of our feet on the ground—in losing the most priceless gift of life here below, the common touch

For years we have been fighting to get back the lost treasure. The paradise we have sought to regain is not in heaven, but solid straight contact again with the tricky ephemera of daily life on earth—not super-consciousness, but understanding

The Glass Hive has been the arena of this battle to return. Such progress as we have made has lost us friends among the visionaries, as our earlier departure lost us friends among the hard-grained men and women to whom mention of "the intermediate critical planes" suggested the need of an alienist

Two considerations sum up the situation:

What little we know now, we know in the body; what little we are sure of, we use in the body; yet we are not spiritually bereft. Our experiences leave scars upon the physical and wisdom of a sort to draw on—to draw on at sight—from the Soul. We believe there is little but danger and confusion in disembodied knowledge

Yet in the great kindness of the Plan, we seem to be given periods in which to absorb vast arcanums of the extra-ordinary. To a degree we are protected; yet sooner or later the call comes to use. If we miss that call we find ourselves relegated again among the incorrigibles of mental self-gratification, out of touch with life above and below

To each worker who begins to use what he knows, the high-soaring visions of others gradually fade. Such a one knows he must gain his own unduplicable understanding of the Law. We are reminded of Ouspensky giving years to the study of occult treatises, finally "breaking through" the first and even the second veils for himself, only to find conditions there not at all as they were purported to be in books he had given his earlier life to. He saw for himself; each must see for himself

Each of us must begin to use for himself

After a life of meditation and austerity, Gandhi is called to sit in the midst of the severest and subtlest testers on earth—a group of British super-tradesmen, whose hands but just recently have been pried from the central throttle of world affairs. Up to the present moment Gandhi has held true to his own spiritual integrity. The world will not get over this simple achievement while human memory lasts

"The growth of the human spirit is from simplicity to complication, and back to simplicity again, each circle in a nobler dimension of progress. There is the simplicity of the peasant and the simplicity of the seer. Between these two lie all the confusion and alarm of life; a passage of disorder well-designated self-consciousness."

In a later period of this self-consciousness, we begin to amass occult knowledge and become so infatuated with it that for the time we lose the power to use, lose the sense of the importance of the power to use. For a time also all seems extra well with us, yet one by one, each of the feeders must stop feeding at a given time and begin to use. Each one who does this will come to smile sadly at all talk of the Universe, for man in three space can see only the underside—the "wrong" side—of the universal fabric. Each, moreover, sees it differently

The second consideration is this:

There is no attainment of the spiritual simplicity of the seer without man's linking one way or another with his eternal destiny. As vast reading on super-physical subjects appears to be one of the means, this is certainly no criticism of the de Purucker lectures, for they serve that part of the human crowd in its vast feeding stage. Such a process may or may not be necessary, but one thing is never to be avoided and that is complete submersion—a baptism that takes—in the terrific sea of confusion and alarm which is self-conscious life on earth

No peasant, however simple, could sit in the House of Parliament and command Britain to say "Yes" or "No." Our path from physical or animal simplicity is through the mazes of self-conscious life, back to that spiritual simplicity of body and mind, which commands the worldly labyrinth, even the treacherous waters of the psychic sea.

### *The Work Chapter from Midstream*

Work and life to me mean the same thing. Our hereditary foes are the priests and formalists who continue to separate a man's work from his religion. A working idea of God comes to the man who has found his work, and the splendid discovery invariably follows that his work is the best expression of God. All education that does not first aim to find the student's life-work for him is vain, often demoralizing; because, if the student's individual force is little developed, he sinks deeper into the herd under the levelling of the classroom.

There are no men nor women alive of too deep visioning nor of too developed capacity for the task of showing boys and girls their work. No other art answers so readily. This is the intensive cultivation of the human spirit; this is world-parenthood, the divine profession.

I believe the time will come when every man who shows mastery in any work will serve for an hour or two every day among the schools of his neighborhood, opening to younger minds the mysteries of accomplishment, and watching for his own among them.

All restlessness, all misery, all crime is the result of one's work not being done. You would not see the hordes rushing to pluck fruits from a wheel, nor this national madness for buying cheap and selling dear, if as a race we were spurred to finding our own tasks.

The value of each man is that he has no duplicate. The development of his particular effectiveness is the one important thing for him to begin. A man is at his best when he is at his work; his soul breathes then, if it breathes at all.

. . . Revelations rain down, according to our receptivity. All our struggle and training is to reach this receptivity to inspiration. Mastery of the body first; then the brain. . . .

All pure preparation for expression in the work we love integrates the immortal. All the tests and temptations of the world are offered merely for us to gain strength from them. All evolution from the rock, through lichen, limpet, lizard, through the rising spines to manhood, and through man's living soul to prophecy and divinity—is but a perfecting of our receptivity to the revelations awaiting the World-men.

We refine to higher and higher receptivity, each revelation which we receive changing the world through our expression of it. The roof of earth is the floor of heaven. The upper node of human receptivity touches the lower plane of spiritual revelation—and the result is a memorable human utterance. The orbit of the satellite has intersected the orbit of its primary. All dimensions of evolution are reached in this way; the highest plant becomes the lowest animal. The first resulting flashes of contact are only suggestions of the steady flame to come.

The highest expressions of human genius in the past are but suggestions of that which is to be the steady consciousness of the World-men of the future.

Give a man his work and you may watch, at your leisure, the clean-up of his morals and manners. Those who are best loved by the angels receive not thrones but a task. I would rather have the curse of Cain than the temperament to choose a work because it is easy.

Real work becomes easy only when the man has perfected his instrument, the body and brain. Because this instrument is temporal, it has a height and limitation to reach. There is a year in which the sutures close. That man is a master who has fulfilled his possibilities—

whether tile-trencher, stone-mason, writer or carpenter, hammering periods with nails. Real manhood makes lowly gifts significant; the work of such a man softens and finishes him, renders him plastic to finer forces.

No good work is easy. The apprenticeship, the refinement of body and brain, is a novitiate for the higher life—for the purer receptivity—and this is a time of strain and fatigue, with breaks here and there in the cohering line.

The achievement of individual mastery brings with it the best period of a human life. After the stress, the relaxation. In its very nature, this relaxation is essential, for the pure receptivity can only come when the tensivity of the fight is done. If your horse is trained, you do not need to picket him and watch lest he hang himself. Your body has learned obedience; you may forget it in the trance of work. Indeed, the body becomes automatic and healthy alone when it permits you to forget it, for that is the nature of its servitude to the soul. Having mastered the brain, you may turn it free. All its equipment will come to call. . . . You lie in the prairie—looking at the majestic stars, Polaris at your head, your arms stretched out to Vega and Capella, your eyes lost in the strong, tender light of Arcturus—your animals at peace about you in clean pastures. They have earned their freedom because they have learned your voice.

The best period of a man's life; days of safety and content; long hours in the pure trance of work; ambition has ceased to burn, doubt is ended, the finished forces turn outward in service. According to the measure of giving is the replenishment in vitality. The pure trance of work, the different reservoirs of power opening so softly; the instrument in pure listening—long forenoons passing, without a breaking-in of self-consciousness, desire, enviousness, scarcely an awareness of body.

A man must rise above the self to utter for the world, must rise above the brain, if he is to be the instrument of forces which drive the world. In the same way that one's vanities and one's emotions throw out the purpose of an artistic production, so does the brain with what it knows and what it hears and reads. The brain's uppermost thought is an obstruction that invariably breaks the line of the still higher instrumentation. The brain's business is to receive. This is the old law for the attainment of the higher life—the yielding, the submission of self; the Thy Will Be Done of matter to spirit.

Every law that makes for man's finer workmanship makes for his higher life. The mastery of self prepares man to make his answer to the world for his being. The man who has mastered himself is one with the world. All the folded treasures and open highways of the mind—its multitude of experiences and unreckonable possessions—are given over to the creative and universal force—the same force that is lustrous in the lily, incandescent in the suns, memorable in human heroism, immortal in man's love for his fellow man.

This force alone holds the workman true through his task. He, first of all,

feels the uplift; he, first of all, is cleansed by the power of the life-force passing through him. . . . This is rhythm; this is the cohering line; this is Wholeness. . . . But there are no two instruments alike, since we have come up by different roads from the rock; and though we achieve the very sanctity of self-command, our inimitable hallmark is wrought in the fabric of our tasks.

I would have been dead long since, and detestable in every detail before the passing, but for the blessedness of work. I have emerged from hideous dissipation—shaking, puerile, as ripe seemingly for the merciful bullet as the insect-tortured beast loose in the field to die. Again and again have I been so, yet by God's good plan I have found myself once more, here at the machine, as now. I have felt my own body resume life, its wastes and poisons relaxing their death-hold, answering the movements which mean life. I have sensed the devils leaving my brain and prevented their return—through this godly guardian, work. Every utterance worth the making from this instrument has done more for me than it could possibly do for another. I love my work. As a servant of it, I am here, on my way, and all is well.

## A Page from Unity Magazine

Our time has witnessed no more impressive spectacle than that of Mahatma Gandhi in Lancashire. The picture of the great Indian walking through the idle factories and silent homes which he had devastated with his boycott of English cloth reminded us of the famous picture of the compassionate Lincoln walking through the streets of Richmond laid waste by the destructive power of his victorious arms. In both cases there was the conqueror surveying his field of conquest, with no pride or joy in his heart, but only with pity and sorrow welling up from a tender soul. What is especially significant about the Gandhi episode is the frank confession, thus at length revealed, that the Indian campaign against English cloth has been supremely and terribly successful. Hitherto in Britain it has been the practice to ridicule the Mahatma's war against the cotton trade. It has been told us a thousand times that he was accomplishing nothing. If there was industrial depression and widespread unemployment in Lancashire, it was only because of the general business conditions prevailing everywhere throughout the British Isles, and indeed throughout the world. But why was Gandhi asked to go to Lancashire if his boycott had not silenced and emptied the factories? Was it to give the English a chance to jeer at his feebleness and gloat over his failure? On the contrary, it was to show the victor the magnitude of his victory, and to appeal to his pity for relief. Once the Mahatma arrived upon the scene, there could be no further concealment. The little man in the loin-cloth was here triumphant over the greatest empire of modern times! What Gandhi saw, of course, moved him to the bottom of his soul. But as he looked on the poor and hungry of these factory-towns, he forgot not "the dumb and semi-starved millions" of his own land. And with true statesmanship as well as utter compassion, he pointed the way out— independence of India, which would release the Indians from exploitation, and enable them to co-operate with their English comrades in the common service of their common interests. Gandhi conquers not to destroy, but to save.

We have seen no better statement of the real meaning of Ramsay MacDonald's action in forming a National Government in the face of the English financial crisis in September last than that made by the Socialist rebel, Sir Oswald Mosley. Every other consideration to one side, it is to be remembered that MacDonald's Labor Government was a *Socialist* Government. It represented, in other words, that type of political thought which has always prophesied the collapse of capitalism, and pretended at least to welcome this collapse. Yet—to quote Sir Oswald Mosley:

When the day arrived which they had awaited ever since Karl Marx put pen to paper, Labor had the unique advantage of being in office. When the great moment came they had the whole resources of the State at their command. The day dawned, but Labor resigned! What were they to think of a Salvation Army which took to its heels on the Day of Judgment?

It may be argued on MacDonald's behalf that he at least did not resign. When the crisis came, he did not take to his heels, as did most of his colleagues in the Cabinet, but stood by to meet the full brunt of the awful blow which was impending. But in both cases, with MacDonald and Snowden exactly as with Henderson and Clynes, there was a refusal to act upon a situation for which these men, if they were true socialists, had been impatiently waiting for years. In other words, the moment they saw capitalism cracking up, *they rushed to save it!* For those who resigned had their program also for rescuing the existing system! All of which means, or at least suggests, that the English Socialists have been playing with ideas all these years and have not the slightest intention or desire of doing away with capitalism! One can imagine what Lenin would have done in such a crisis. Right or wrong, the Bolsheviki at least had the courage of their convictions, and were willing to pay the price of their ideals. The English Laborites are a shoddy lot. We sympathize with the young left-wingers who want to clean the slate and begin over again.

## The W. L. C. Letters Re-Published

1931. Here are the Ninth and Tenth Letters practically as written. They are the first of the series so far to stand up without considerable editing and cuts. They were written early in the year 1919. At that time, just after the close of the War, though America had begun to bustle with prosperity, we believed that the world had never been so dark. Yet that was a midnight blaze of stars compared to the unpricked density of black which characterizes these hours before the Dawn. The psychic pressures which made for inordinate thought and action, for insanity itself, during and at the close of the War, were not nearly so heavy and close to bursting as now—

### 1

1919. If you were a checker on a board, mysteriously moved about with others from time to time; and at last after ages you were able suddenly to see the two great beings sitting on either side of the table, it might be difficult to convince you that they were not Gods.

If you were in the consciousness of sandfleas, which is a hopping, hungry sort of consciousness, considerably confined to kelp and stranded clams; if you could not conceive orders of beings larger than sandfleas, except through the magnetic vibrations of their decay, which to you meant the attraction of food—and suddenly your vision opened to perceive the whole sloping strand at low tide and a great meditating company of gulls and plover and tern gathered there for their quiet hour facing the sea; and presently, before your amazed eyes, one of these great creatures leisurely spread wings and lifted into higher space—would it not be difficult for you to conceive immediately that there were any Gods beside or beyond such beings?

I am trying to afford a glimpse of what the Open-Consciousness means. Also, in these figures I seek to impress more memorably the meaning of the word *Co-ordination*. Through Silence and Action we are seeking to co-ordinate the objective with the Essential Consciousness, the surface mind with the Spiritual. As your way clears through the constant correction of self and loving kindness toward others, the thing called *Co-ordination* will become a sustained quest.

Steadily we have been gathering our forces in from the drift of the arts and the philosophies and the sacred writings for the drive straight as possible to *Polaris*. This, in itself, expresses the idea of *Co-ordination*.

### 2

One becomes simple again. One does not judge another; one has no opinions; one does not use the mind to state what is and what is not; one's mind is becoming still, listening; abandoning for the present the areas of endeavor represented by world culture. One becomes a little child. This is a process in the accomplishment of *Co-ordination*. This is the attitude of mind which is making ready for the Voice of the Silence.

The mind must surrender itself to the Spirit. Its ways have long been opposed to spiritual ways—to *get* instead of to *give*; to fancy itself a separate thing that must fight to live and fend off others to breathe. For very long the mind has told you that it was *you*—that it was all. Now it must dimly realize Yourself before it can be brought, even in its highest moments, to the point of rendering itself back. There are many tantrums, many battles, even after these first dim realizations. Such are the toils of the Road.

Perhaps this clears still more what meditation is—the stilling of the mind power, the steadying of the mind power toward the Spirit—as the face of a tired desert traveler is held toward his city after the first golden flash of its minarets. Focalization—a drive of the mind into the heart-center; daily a more steady and sustained offering of itself to the Real, a making straight of the path that the Spirit may come forth. . . . Since the nature of the Spiritual Being is loveliness itself, it awakens and comes forth as the mind prepares for spiritual beauty. The mystical way inspires the mind to loveliness in every expression. . . . As the lover passes, the face of the Beloved appears in the window.

### 3

This is the eager awakening of the Spirit, as the mind quickens and clarifies to renew its primal allegiance. . . . You have seen the beauty looking out of the eyes of those souls kindled in great ministrations. The mind, by rendering itself in silence and its bestowal of self in action of loving kindness, has quickened its nature to the point that its highest vibration can reach the lowest sweep of the Spirit. The two are one that instant—that is *Co-ordination*.

The way that is safe and the way that is fast is the daily, hourly correction of one's faults on the one hand, and the daily, hourly giving of oneself in devotion to the world on the other. This is mystical, but not occult.

The mind delighting in arcanums will become somnolent in this sort of clarity. In fact, the mind still caught in the great astral drift of world-culture will find stuff like this lacking pigment and perfume, but it is getting somewhere for those who care to drive straight to Polaris.

## 4

The more you know—the more you can believe. Fear, doubt, superstition and the like are matters of ignorance, which is lack of unfoldment. As you co-ordinate the spiritual nature with the mind, one begins to see more than flesh in faces; more in the movements of men than crooked patterns on the floor. As the mind gives itself to the play of your greater powers—it enters a fellowship with the Self which is of the nature of grace and loveliness and power essential.

## 5

... You awake one morning on an Island with all the past rubbed away. There are twenty-five other beings of your degree on this Island, and each carries on his breast a different and most mysterious figure. One is shaped like this, H; another like O; another, S; another, A, and so on; twenty-six in all, and no duplicates.

Each feels himself complete and detached, secretly conceding that his figure is quite the most unique and attractive, doubtless freighted with deeper and finer potentialities than any other. You move about together on the Island (but distantly within) each carrying his imperishable mark, like a separate birthright. The more you center upon yourself—the grayer the sky, the more foreign the faces of others and sinister their symbols; the more drab and squat life generally.

But there is one among you—call him U—who breaks apart, unable to breathe in this ghastly haunt of self and separateness. He wanders—trying to remember something—trying to look ahead to some better day; yearning for something beyond, for some *beauty that he cannot yet imagine*. In all these hours of agony—unknowingly—U is doing a very potent and splendid thing. He is forgetting himself. ... At last a vision came that changed the world. U saw himself and all the others gathered together on a plain. From the mark on each breast a line went up to a very bright peak. Like the ribbons of a maypole it was, and they all merged into one at the Top.

But that was not all. The thing called the WORD, which was the merging together above, had a use and meaning beyond dreams. It was a shining Center, which, lowering itself,

broke down in *words*, capable of expressing all thought, all wisdom, humor and loveliness; the real meaning lost so long as to be forgotten by the Islanders. More than all, U now saw himself and the others differently. Every movement they made together had meaning.

A went with M and I felt a marvelous thrill of meaning as he stood before them. M and A went with N. W and E moved apart and saw strange loveliness in each other's eyes. The ways and movements were endlessly wonderful, possibilities infinite, on and on; each with the other, each with each of the others in endless variety and beauty, not one possibly taking any value from the other for his relations to one. ...

## 6

We are just beginning together. The way looms clearer and clearer. A great period of diffusion has ended; integration begins. It is a drive—one pointed, but we sing on the way. Liberation, we ask, from all that is less than veritable, less than equitable, less than heroic in performance. ...

## 7

What is back of this endless inner yearning of the heart? ... Still up the ages the ceaseless yearning.

We cannot go on and on dying for shadows. That which the heart cries for above all pain and passion and man-handled ethics is a real need: The most important thing in this life, in this place (all degradation and war and paralysis and disease and depravity notwithstanding) is the love of man and woman. It is greater than the relation of mother and child, because its ideal includes parenthood.

We have discovered that our romantic natures flag, at least after a short time, when we try to drive all the love energy of our being toward one. Anguish, if we persist, forces realization that such love is passionate or possessive, not spiritual. There is a remote and there is an intimate love. Experience teaches that love is still a restricted, imperfect thing if our separation from the loved one does not bring about a corresponding spiritual *nearness*. But only a few so far have the faculties of the remote love developed. ... Plainly, moreover, the intimate love of a personal nature that gives itself to several or many is a sick and paltry traffic. What is there left? The best of the world is crying out—what is there left?

## 8

... The whole ghastly disorder is in our concept of sex. This is the reigning distortion

of the earth. It is degraded, overdone, subject to misuse, perversion, violence, preyed upon by every evil teaching—our minds bewildered in seven separate ignorances—innocence nowhere—every tissue of social life involved, our bodies an accumulation of centers of disease and nests of desire.

The first business is the correction of this sex concept. There must be a restoration of something like equilibrium in our bodies before the mind can regain its balance. We may reform ideals in a few months, but our bodies require longer dealing-with to overcome the evils of the ages transmitted through inheritance.

Any book or teaching which offers immediate gratification to the bodily "needs" is an abomination. We have become lower than clean-mated tiger and cobra pairs in following these same desires which have been falsely called needs. The advice of no physician or minister accustomed to deal with worldly usages can do other than lead us farther astray. Such follow man-made dictums—which is to say, they are desire-made. Neither literature, art nor the professions approach the verity we demand now. So far as I have known, the so-called Sacred Writings do not contain a clear statement of the Law.

## 9

Beauty and balance—rarely met together—are required to deal with these affairs. The old orders of renunciators accustomed to paralyze the organic functions by hatred of all that has to do with the sex-opposite; the meditative practices of associating desire with all that is hideous and shameful and corrupt, and thus ridding the mind of it through artificial loathing; the teaching that degrades women and takes its neophytes to the inaccessible hills for the destroying of all temperamental restlessness—none of these have any save traditional interest for the new social order.

Such doctrines have had their place, but have been found out. Those elder mystics who have come up through such shocking ordeals of self-mastery—up from the Lower Cities to the Plains, to the High Hills—whose austerities have been called "the envy of the Gods"—all these, and not less, have yet to learn that woman is still opposite—not above, not below, but eye to eye; that she is utterly and forever man's need, because she is the latent part of himself.

He may hide within the inner cordon of the Peaks, in the uttermost parts of the deep—if she is not already waiting for him, she will find him there. Not only in the birth of children, but no creative work on any plane is carried on without her—woman, either exter-

nalized or creatively at work within, or both. And this is equally true of woman to man in every creative field.

## 10

It is passing strange that no man finds her as he runs forward in desire. He is obstructed from the *real* of her by his own fierce wants. He must overcome all that meant love to him yesterday in order to find the way to the Way which woman is today. A delicate trail. One must restrain desire, yet one must not kill out desire. One must refrain from taking, yet one must not renounce. One must love more, yet increasingly restrain. No placation possible, yet love goes on and up—revealing, enthralling, liberating.

Long before one sights the higher mysteries and the gates of freedom, one perceives even in the physical mating a loveliness under the Law that passes the highest sustained dream of any worldly poet. But there is not a chance of reaching the place where this vista opens until one has given himself over to the development of the inner and higher faculties.

One cannot know the Recreative love while one remains in the thrall of the passional; the passional plane must be surpassed, viewed from above, before the beauty of its pattern may be perceived. . . . There is no law of physical well-being that we have not broken as a race. We must not only cease breaking the laws, but we must restore vitality and equilibrium to the physical nature which has been disrupted by the sins of our fathers and violated by the ignorance and perversion of our own lives. The energy of regenerate desire alone cannot heal our bodies, but add to this *clean action* and Restoration is begun. It is only possible as we cleanse the currents of the generative impulse.

This is not only healing, but conquest. The physical is not shameful in itself. It has been shamed. We cannot awaken our spiritual faculties while we are at the mercy of physical habits of misuse or violence. Men and women cannot come into the reverence for each other which is a fundamental for spiritual growth together until each is his own master. A woman has nothing to give until man sets her free. She cannot unfold her inner beauty for her lover until his eyeballs no longer burn with the red lights of desire. She might wish to, but she is locked in herself.

No matter how romantic an impetuous lover appears to himself, nor with what gay appearance of pride his tumult is received—the spirit of woman withholds her true magic, knowing he would do it violence. In fact, man and woman have the keys for the awakening of each other's powers. . . .

## *At The Water Tower*

*Perhaps the chief value of these closing issues of the Glass Hive is the opportunity furnished to those who care to discriminate between the high-ranging inspirational writings of the earlier period and the present-day run of work. This point is recurring in all that is written; in fact, in the whole make-up of these later numbers—the abyss that lies between the vision and the reasonably controlled performance. . . . There has been in the mails of late to the Glass Hive that which make these closing numbers a privilege and a virtual ceremony. The years have brought fellowship, not dependent even upon personal acquaintance; the years have brought understanding. . . . In the earlier phases of our task together—at the closing of the Letters, for instance—there was sorrow and a sense of parting. The notes of comment on the ending of the Glass Hive venture with the coming March number are carrying the realization of power continuing through the change of outer forms; of fellowship in new ventures of the Spirit; the eager freshness of setting out, and gladness to escape repetition and institutional bondage. We do not dwell upon accomplishment, merely look once and well at these indications of actual group interplay.*

. . . Deeply I regret the coming break of the Glass Hive's continuity. The editorials have concerned myself better than I knew. The magazine became the complement of the Tarot studies, priceless. Re-reading disclosed jewels unseen, with the thought recurring—how much beauty must lie hidden therein which my consciousness does not grasp.—M. C.

. . . No other magazine can substitute for the Glass Hive. It is for writers and thinkers. It is for workers, also; but it does not hold a mirror up to the work. It rather excites the creative energies of the worker. There is something indescribable about the Glass Hive.

Through it one is always making fresh occult connections without this phase of the work being even mentioned.—E. O. S.

. . . When I took the September number of the Glass Hive from my box I began to feel very unhappy as though about to hear bad news. I hastened to my room and quickly looked over the magazine, saw it looked different, then read the letter to the Charter Company. For a few moments I felt as though the bottom had dropped out of my world. No more Glass Hive—it just couldn't happen! Then I began to think—without changes we could not progress—as most of us know from our own experience that what has appeared to us as a great catastrophe has been but the stepping stone to something higher.—E. R. A.

. . . I shall miss the Glass Hive, but I feel certain you are right in your decisions concerning it, except, maybe, that someone else could go on with it. My imagination cannot encompass such a possibility. Its individuality would be lost. I hope it will be laid aside just as it is—a testimony to the passage of a ray of incandescence through the world consciousness. That light ray has been given form; it is recorded down here. Nothing can change or erase it. Beyond a certain point those who give cannot shoulder the entire responsibility. Moreover, the time, I believe, is close upon us when the sounding of warnings and the pointing out of pathways will be of small avail. Individuals must be thrown upon their own resources that they may discover their own guiding stars. It is no small achievement to have kept the Glass Hive an unpolluted channel for almost five years. The spectacle of one recognizing when a certain phase of his work is finished is also most refreshing. All too frequently an effort is made to continue indefinitely with resultant degeneration into dreary lifeless repetitions.—M. W. W.

For years we have had recurrent suggestions to publish the Work Chapter from Midstream. In this, the fifth from final issue, the time and the place come together.

## *A Gem from the Tea Trade*

In response to your request for some information regarding my part in the tea trade: The most interesting aspect of the business is the fine quality tea to be seen at times; to observe how, when the rainy seasons of indifferent quality are past and the fine quality (dry weather) periods come, the pluckings from Ceylon and South India high elevation estates begin to improve, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly (occasionally receding a little) until in about two or three months the culmination is reached, and at times one almost marvels at the quality and flavor inbuilt into the finest—not into the flower, but in the leaf. (Anything like this is not obtainable unblended by the consumer.)

And likewise in certain parts of North India, and especially Darjeeling, where the finest quality and most attractive-looking leaf is produced in the first half of June, just before the break of the monsoon. Darjeelings are grown

in the foothills of the Himalayas from under 2000 feet elevation up to 7000 feet, and the finer, in addition to their rich or delicate and distinctive flavor, have a subtle quality that is very inviting. One cup calls for another. And I have long thought that through these fine quality periods there must be an outmanifestation of the Divine, widespread and continuing (like unto the Peace of Christmas Eve, or a very occasional day or two late in May or early in June in years past, for there seem no longer such days).

Only in this way can I account for the transformation taking place, which tea men from the East have not been able to explain. From "Samadhi" I presume your favorite is China black tea (Keemun Congou) and incidentally the Los Angeles water is anything but good for tea-making, much of the flavor and quality are lost.—D.

## *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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