



# The Phi Kappa Psi

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# The Alanx

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THE JOURNAL OF THE LITERATURE OF THE

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The *Alanx* is a journal of literature and art, and is published monthly. It is a journal of the American people, and is published for the American people. It is a journal of the American people, and is published for the American people.

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SHRIMAN CHHOTALAL JIVANLAL



# The Phalanx

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A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

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*O, to be absolved from previous ties and conventions!  
—I from mine, and you from yours.—Walt Whitman.*

*Love is wisdom in tender operation; having no rights,  
but though a spendthrift, hourly growing richer by usurious giving.—Urania.*

---

## Ode to the Bell.

Ring out, clear bell,  
At Christmas-tide and tell  
The weary world of peace,  
A season of release  
From trouble, toil and strife,  
In which to realize the joys of life.

Ring on, bright bell,  
For all with us is well  
Within the universe,  
If but we could disperse  
The shadows of delusion  
That make for sin and sorrow and confusion.

Ring up, dear bell,  
Those memories that dwell  
In sacred recess hidden,  
That come forth all unbidden  
To soothe and charm the sense,  
A kind of sweet and solemn recompense.

Ring in, sweet bell,  
With thy enchanting spell,  
A new and happier hour,  
With wondrous magic power,  
When love reveals the truth  
Of man's dominion in Eternal Youth.

L'envoi:

Ring out, ring in, ring on forever,  
Thy musical notes of vibration shall sever  
The heart of the world from its load of grief,  
And bring in effulgence, and joy and relief;  
The Savior of Men dwells in Consciousness  
Which, cleared of dark doubt, is potent to bless.

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Resignation is no virtue;  
Better be a bucking bronco  
Than a patient ass.



## The Origin of Christmas.

---

A great many writers all over the world try their hand once every year at writing fairy tales about Christmas, but among many thousands of such tales one rarely finds one that contains so much as the kernel of the real truth about Christmas and its origin.

Many would have us believe that the festival of Christmas originated with the birth of Christ, and that it is, therefore, purely a Christian festival. Such, however, any well-read person knows is by no means the fact. The festival itself is undoubtedly of pagan origin, and, like all or nearly all, other festivals adopted by the Romish Church, dates away back to the times of sun-worship.

Many things in the ceremonialism of the church prove this, for instance, the Catholic hymn which is sung in church on Christmas—*dies solis*—"Day of the Sun," which certainly can have no reference to the "son" of God—the personal Jesus Christ, though undoubtedly the clergy would have us believe that.

As nearly as can be determined historically, Christmas is the relict or "tail end" of the old Roman feast known as the "Saturnalia," or Feast of Saturn, which lasted several weeks, and which was a time of unrestrained license for everybody, even the slaves.

Now, Saturn is the god that the Church has metamorphosed into Satan. Is it not queer how unconsciously



the clergy succeed in getting tangled in their theology—to adopt from the calendar of his Satanic Majesty a day on which to celebrate the birth of their revered Lord and Savior? Perhaps, as we look into the matter more closely we may find that in doing this they have not really erred so much as might at first appear.

In the ancient festival of the Saturnalia, so far as we can learn, people quit work and turned loose for a general frolic. During this particular period custom sanctioned doing anything and everything that at any other time or season would be quite shocking to the proprieties and contrary to the civil law.

In a word, people by common consent, broke away from all conventional restraints, and for a brief season behaved in accordance with the dictates of their innate inwardness—a custom which unquestionably afforded many surprising exhibitions of the futility of moral culture among a people dominated by primitive instincts.

It would certainly be interesting, and make the best sextuple-hippodrome look like “thirty-cents” to witness a modern Saturnalia. We get a little touch and taste of it on Hallowe’en night, which used to be the beginning of the old Saturnalia. People do have the temerity, still dominated by the tyranny of custom, to turn the kids all loose for one gay-sad night, to cut up all sorts of mischief and deviltry, while they themselves sit at home shivering over the probable outcome of it all.

Another relic of this original Bacchanalian orgy is seen in the Mardi Gras festival—a little out of season, but undoubtedly a survival of the Saturnalian days.

The question which we would like to get at is, not so much what people do, but why they do it. Why is it that on a particular day like Christmas everybody stops work, dresses in gaudy colors, prepares an abundance of superior food, buys costly gifts for friends, in a word, behaves as differently from his normal self as possible?

What possible connection can be supposed to exist between such behavior and the birth of an obscure Jewish child in a manger two thousand years ago? It has no more connection to it than to a Teddy Bear, if as much,—nor do I think that it can bear any relation to the low



position of the sun on the ecliptic, and the fact that it is about to begin its return voyage through the wintry heavens in order to gladden the hearts of men.

The astronomical solution of the question is, to be sure, far more consistent than the ecclesiastical one, and yet there are many things about such explanation that are not satisfactory to us. While the return of Sol, or the "new born Horus," might explain the sentiment of joy among the dwellers in the northern zones, how about those south of the equator—should they not be weeping at the time those in the north are rejoicing, for is not "their god of day" receding?

Besides, unless one understands science sufficiently well to know about the winter solstice, there is nothing in nature at the Christmas season to induce special ebullition of spirits, nor the exhibition of unusual feeling—in April this might be reasonable, but not in bleak December.

And yet the fact remains that something—some illusion—takes possession of people at Christmas-tide, what is it? We must, I am certain, search for the cause outside of any suggestiveness afforded by times or seasons. The cause lies deep in the heart of nature, which beats in consonance with the heart of humanity, and moves to unconscious action.

Christmas, or as it was anciently called, *Ricknishnoor*, was celebrated by the people of Atlantis. Its present ceremonies and traditions hark back millions of years to a time when these ceremonies really meant something of vital importance to the people celebrating them.

To illustrate how a custom may persist long after the idea which gave rise to it has been forgotten, suppose that a million years hence the whole world, or certain portions of it, should religiously stop work on a certain day and proceed to fire off crackers and guns, and manufacture every sort of infernal noise and din that was possible, would not the idea of the thing to a philosopher of that day be puzzling and almost inexplicable, unless he was in possession of the history of Yankee Doodle? People might even then aver that they were celebrating the birth of some god that had come to wash away their



sins, but that might not satisfy the philosopher, and might not be the right reason.

Christmas, singularly enough, contains its explanation in itself—in its very name. It means literally, "Cross-mass," or the mass of the cross—and what does that mean?—The "cross" referred to here is something as remote in idea from an implement of Roman torture—as different, in truth, as a plant growing by the roadside differs from a telegraph pole.

The true Cross is a living thing—a force—brought into being, or effected, by the union of the two universal forces of nature, somewhat loosely differentiated as positive and negative. As a matter of fact, this "cross" has been effected in every creation, or natural object, in existence; but in the particular "cross-mass" which gave birth to the custom of celebrating Christmas, something very extraordinary, and quite out of the line of common productions is referred to.

It is something never witnessed in this world save by the true Hermetic sage (in Atlantis every man was a sage). The cross in this case is the intimate union—atomic crossing of the substances in the Vase of Art, resulting in a *mass*—itself dark and shapeless, and well symbolled by the "manger" as its inner golden principle is by the infant "Christ."

Every priest when he says mass unwittingly symbols this mystic union in the sacrament of the Holy Host—the Wine and Wafer. But he has no idea of the real meaning of this ceremony, no more than the veriest urchin on the street. He knows, or alleges, a metaphysical, spiritual, reason, but that is imaginary and far-fetched.

Christ-mas, or the cross-mass, marks the end of philosophical labor, for it denotes the birth of the real Christ, Hermes, that is to say, the Stone of Wisdom—the Stone rejected by the builders, which found its way ultimately into the Royal Arch.

It is no wonder people "give gifts" to celebrate such an event, for, to one who had truly accomplished the master-work, it would mean limitless wealth. With such mastery would come the ability to bestow the most costly



gifts—to bestow them wherever desired without any diminution of the supply from which they were drawn.

Santa Claus typifies the magic dispenser of gifts—the color of his garb, his snow-white whiskers, his unique entrance into the expectant household, his mode of travel over the mountains—all these have a peculiar occult significance, and serve as pointers to whomsoever would find the Keystone amid the rubbish of the Temple.

Verily, at this season, the days of Saturn, god of wealth, are at hand. For this reason Saturn rules this period. Even the “fires of Satan,” the red robe of Mephistopheles, the Devil’s horns, hoofs and tail—even *this* symbol is suggestive and fits into our legend almost as well as Santa Claus, for, without “heat and redness” there can be no hope of prosperity.

It is a grand thing for us to hold fast to these fairy tales, and cherish them—such tales as Santa Claus and Satan. Teach them to the children. Let them go on believing in them in their childish way—they lead to the unfoldment of the poetical idea—poetry is crystallized imagination—and once you have developed imagination, it will be possible to “see through” such “men of straw” as Santa Claus and Satan—and beyond the Veils, where the Golden Signet of Solomon is to be claimed by the successful neophyte.

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Conformity is deformity;  
To bow and scrape, big bugs to ape,—  
Only a slave would thus behave.



### Capricorn.

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The sign Capricorn becomes regnant December 21st and continues its reign till January 19th. It is represented by the Goat and its dominating planetary influence is Saturn.

The origin of the term Capricorn is somewhat obscure. To be sure *capri* is “goat” and *corn* is “horn”—“goat’s-horn”—but this etymology does not appear to throw any



real light on the subject. What, indeed, can the goat's-horn have to do with this sign? And, furthermore, when we learn that Capricorn "governs the knees of the Grand Man"—what sense is there in that?

Like all astrological terms and symbols, Capricorn conceals an idea which is to be grasped only by understanding the real origin and application of the term itself. It happens that *Capri*, in this instance, has nothing whatever to do with any "goat." The term is a contraction of *Cabiri*, a name applied to a very ancient priesthood, or school of mystic philosophers, in Egypt.

*Corn* is from *cornus*, a horn, meaning the "horn of Diana"—the crescent moon,—not, however, referring to the visible heavenly orb.

Since these ancient priests administered the true and sacred rites of the Universal Wisdom, the syllable *Cab* came to mean "head"—Latin, *caput*, Spanish, *cabeza*, English, *cap*, *captain*, etc.

*Gab-riel* was originally the "angel of the moon," and *Gab-ritius* the occult name for the potency of the Lunar Substance in the Vase of Art. Thus we read in the Hermetic Arcanum of the "union of Gabritius and Beia."

To get to the bottom of the matter, *Gabri-corn*, or *Capri-corn*, expresses the condition of the Lunar Substance in Nature after impregnation by the potency of Sol—the very condition that exists at this season of the year.

During the long summer, Earth has thrown her arms wide open to receive the fervent embraces of Sol. Nay more, she hath decked herself out in gaudy garlands and multi-colored robes, hath put forth a thousand seductive points of leaf and blade to attract the magnetic substance of Light, so essential to her life and unfoldment.

When wildly she hath disported herself and madly revelled in the torrid caresses of her lover, she awakens at last to the consciousness that she is being deserted. The caress grows ever colder, the Sun hiding his face from her, often for days at a time. She trembles with dismay and apprehension and losing hope begins to relax her hold on external things. Environment to her has lost its mean-



ing and life its charm. She has no longer it seems anything to strive for. The breezes that served in summertime to cool her passion and bring forth murmuring love-sighs from a myriad leaflets, have changed to cutting winds that cause her to shudder and moan, as they tear away the loosened leaves and scatter them far and wide.

There is no longer any doubt of her fate, Sol, the Lord of her life, is departing—is going far way. Already she feels herself widowed and alone. But shall she in her frenzy and grief inconsiderately bare herself to the blasts of Boreas, to be seamed and cracked and disfigured?—Not so. She is yet conscious of holding deep within her bosom the precious love-germs of life—she has not forgotten and she will not forget—the work that has been given her to perform.

Perhaps there may, after all, be the best of reasons, known only to the silent gods for this separation—she will believe it so—she will bow to the higher will and go forward with her allotted work. So she wraps about herself for protection a warm, snowy mantle, and lies down to slumber and wait.

Meanwhile, within her bosom, there is going on the greatest and most wonderful of all mysteries—the mystery of life's awakening—creation. The soul of heaven mingles with the heart of earth while she slumbers and waits. This is what the occult writers refer to as “the marriage of Gabritius and Beia”—the former representing the solar, the latter the lunar potency.

The winter season is the wedding feast and honey moon of Nature. Under the congealing action of ice and snow, the earth becomes a veritable sealed vase—similar to the Vase of Art—in which to bring to life and visible expression all the wondrous things seen in the natural world. These are said to be born in springtime, though, as a matter of fact, they are conceived within the frozen earth during the winter.

There must always be a vehicle or body—something to attract, bind or hold this Celestial Lord—otherwise his energy can have no transforming influence. We observe everywhere the effort of Nature to retain as much as possible of this revivifying substance.



Take the sand of the sea-shore or desert—the sun beats down upon it day after day, but apparently without effect. The radiation is nearly as rapid as the absorption—nothing is germinated here—not even a blade of grass shows forth. The retentive principle is yet wanting. By and by the sand will begin to have more substance, due to the infiltration of moisture, and finally it will become hard—soil, which will hold the heat, so that we shall begin to have vegetation, plants, shrubs and trees springing up spontaneously.

These in turn become regular crucibles for the distillation of heavenly essences. In them is to be found an igneous, oleagenous principle which, after ages, becomes concentrated in the bowels of the earth in the form of coal and oil deposits—these being essentially solar fire held in solution by a subtle, earthy matter. When they are ignited and the body of the essence broken up by heat, this solar potency takes wings to fly away. In that moment of liberation, it becomes enslaved by the wisdom of man of perform the work of the world. It is Prometheus bound—Vulcan at the forge.

Now we see why Rockefeller is King, and how he maintains his supremacy undisputed. He has tapped the world's supply of stored-up solar energy—he has made himself thereby master of a most royal slave. He holds under his dominion the very power which rules the earth, and which at his command is able to illumine the darkness, to propel great engines and complex machinery, and to accomplish everything that the mind of man is capable of conceiving. All hail to the Oil King who has made this Wonder possible!

Also, we understand now why the Coal Barons have so long held sway—and how a Weyerhauser, by getting possession of all the timber in the land becomes a rival monarch. These men control the great source and supply of World Energy as known at the present time. They may incidentally have become “frenzied financiers” but, after all, they are justly entitled to be called “Captains of Industry.” Not in a thousand years would governments or institutions have developed these industries as



individual enterprise has developed them in the last century.

But listen! A greater king shall arise, to whom all these lesser princes will bow as suppliant slaves. Such an one will be he who, impatient at the slow and laborious processes of Nature, discovers at last in the air itself not only material but a vase for the production of all, and more wonderful things still, than ever have been found in the secret archives of Nature.

All the gold and silver, the diamonds and rubies—all that men, from intrinsic worth or rarity deem valuable, and for which they risk life and limb in damp and dismal mines,—all these things do we breathe in the common air, thoughtless of our extravagance.

You shall see, you shall see, sweetheart! I will place about your neck one day pearls that came not from the diver's boat—and on your brow a diamond coronet that no naked slave ever picked from out the clay—and on your fingers golden rings and ornaments that never seamed a rock or felt the smelter's fire.

And will this not plunge the world in financial ruin by destroying the values of precious things? Demonetization!—bah! Let them fondle their idols and play with their precious chips, stamped with the images of authority; "Thou shalt have no other gods before ME—thou shalt not make unto thyself *any graven image*—thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them, for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous god."

We will not incur the jealousy and displeasure of *our* God, who giveth increase and abundance to those who seek and find. We will keep *our gold* unspotted and "untainted" from the world!

It is enough to have plenty. Let us praise the Lord and be silent!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Capricorn people who live largely on the mental plane where they are able to respond to the inner influences of the sign are able to make some very wonderful demonstrations. Capricorn is distinctively the sign of wealth and acquisitive power. The Capricorn mind is peculiarly adapted to formulating and carrying out vast enter-



prises. The Capricorn native will succeed best in those things that require management and movement. He possesses a most profound desire to know the secrets of nature, and many of our best occultists are to be found in this sign. Withal, the Capricornian has a nature hidden and often difficult to fathom—in fact, to the common herd he is usually an enigma. He lives much within himself—is apt to be unsocial and something of a recluse—but once you come to know him intimately in his hermitage, you are conscious that you have found a prince (or princess). An hour with such a one is worth weeks spent with shilly-shally flippants and flatterers—the moths that flitter about the flame in our social bazaars.

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The pious rogue to get relief  
Kneels to some god and begs;  
The beggar is but a weak-kneed thief  
Too lazy to pray with his legs.

✿   ✿

## The Book of Life

### III. WHENCE AND WHITHER

---

The greatest of all mysteries, save one, which envelopes the mind of man, and, sphinx-like, imperturbably refuses to reveal itself to the consciousness, is birth, the origin or beginning of life.

The other great mystery is death, and somehow these two mysteries seem inseparably related. They appear to come together and blend at the welding-point of the great circle of life. And yet, all that relates to either birth or death is a matter of hope and belief—desire and intuition—rather than knowledge and conviction.

It would seem to the mind accustomed to reason out everything by intellectual, inductive processes, that it is absolutely impossible to pierce either of the veils that, under condition, part momentarily to admit and to receive into the conscious world-sphere, that wonderful entity called the human soul.



Yet, we have found out so many things that were previously unknown and believed to be impossible of explanation—the accomplishment being the result of eager desire for knowledge and incessant effort to attain—that we have confidence that we may come also to the solution of this most vital question, the question of birth and death.

It ought to be apparent that it will never be solved through vain imaginings—by postulating realms of fancy peopled by fairy forms, or celestial lands where we think it would please us to repose free from irksome responsibilities, or heavens from which, once refreshed and recuperated, we take our periodical departure for the earth realm again, descending like mariners from the hurricane deck to the hold.

We shall find it in no other way than through a study and observation of our natural environment, the sphere in which we live, move and have our being, of which we obviously are the product and result. We shall learn it, if at all, at the knee of Nature.

What is birth? Really, if we once think about it, we see that we have misapplied the term by applying it loosely and without much thought or reason to a certain phase of the life phenomena only.

We are accustomed to say that the young of the animal species, including man, is “born” at the particular moment it exchanges its restricted, uterine life for the freer life of the individual in the open of Nature. But if birth be synonymous with beginning, then we become lost to know where to place it and how to define it.

When, for example, is the butterfly born? Is it when it comes as a worm from the egg, or when it emerges from the chrysalis of the worm, a butterfly?—Here it would seem that we have an instance of two births—two totally different phases of life—in one incarnation. And when shall we say that a potato is born?—In this case we have the vine, the seed-bulb, and the new potato all as results of a single “eye” placed under ground, and which shall we say constitutes the birth, or thing born?

The more deeply we look into the subject the more clearly it appears that birth is but one of a series of



phases or phenomena, a link in the endless chain of life's continuous unfoldment.

The true birth of the individual species is really, logically, at the moment of conception. It is the moment when the two distinct and separated elements that eternally co-operate to constitute individuality unite. The greatest of all mysteries is the mystery of this moment. What are these primal elements and why do they unite as they do?—To answer these questions is to solve the mystery of birth. And to know why they separate is to know the mystery of death.

Once conception has taken place, we may closely and satisfactorily observe every step in the process of development—the nutrition and growth of the embryo, its final separation from the parent, its independent unfoldment as an individual. But let us return to that vitally interesting moment—the precise moment of conception.

From the field of Scorpio, Sagittarius, the archer, shoots a quiver full of arrows at the disc of Capricorn. But one of these will hit the mark and win the prize. Is it chance, or is it intent?—is it caprice or is it law?—It cannot be chance, it must be law—but what law?—Can it be aught other than the universally recognizable law—the law that is seen everywhere operative—the Law of Attraction, embodied in which is the rule of the survival of the fittest?

When the queen-bee takes her nuptial flight, she rises straight up, high into the air. Ten thousand drones will follow her, but only one, the strongest and most perfect one, will be able to attain her height, and on that one, and her natural selection, depends the future of the hive.

It is precisely so in this natural selection of the spermatazoa by the ovarian life-cell—only one will have the requisite magnetic impulse, which might almost be termed “wisdom,” to succeed to the irresistible embrace, which as in the case of the “king”-bee means individual immolation and death, but at the same time life to a generation of individuals of higher types.

The term “individual” becomes really a misnomer after the moment of birth-union. Prior to this there are literally and actually individuals, then, instantly these be-



come transfused into a biunity—a two-in-one form at force—from which spring a myriad other similar but differing biunities. The unit-cell becomes the multicellular organism with all its wonderful divisions, adjustments, powers, activities—in reality a hive of cells, each of which has its active, intelligent tenant—all under the dominance of the Queen Cell—the mind.

It is useless to ignore or deny the fact of heredity—no other fact is more apparent than that the characteristics of the parent reappear in the offspring, and yet they seem to be as a tint or tincture rather than a distinctive disposition. The child may have the form, the features, the ailments and idiosyncrasies of the parent, but deeper than all it has a nature of its own, foreign to and distinct from these.

This leads us to believe that the fortunate arrow which sunk into the quivering disc was selective, rather than selected, though it may be that the disc selects (attracts) the arrow, something as the queen-bee does her king. But the selection has to be made from the material at hand. Something like the man of architectural mind, who placed in the midst of the primeval forest, will construct his dwelling of rude logs. Later on, when he is able to procure sawed timber, he will build a more shapely edifice, and if, in course of time he have access to brick and iron and stone and mortar he will create still more enduring and beautiful structures. But, wherever he is he will build, and you behold the same outline and spirit of his plan running through all his handiwork.

There is a Builder of life-forms. This, anyone who has made an intimate study of embryology will admit without question. There is a builder who builds from the foundation—but what a tiny speck! Eight thousand laid side by side will barely cover the span of an inch. Try to see the hundredth part of an inch—impossible. Try to conceive of the one-thousandth part—it is next to nothing. Yet from this unimaginable speck—this almost nothingness—the Builder constructs huge forms. Size is nothing of importance. The brain of an ant is declared by scientists to be the most wonderful cell in the world—



apparently capable of thinking, planning, reasoning, acting, as well in its sphere as man in his.

I had occasion recently to observe the manner in which the direct current of electricity is passed from out the transformers into the alternating current. A thousand volts pass across a wire the size of a silk thread to move an engine of many horse-power, operating a mighty pump that lifts water out of the earth from a depth of several hundred feet. The size of the wire is nothing—the important thing is condition. This wonderful little electric bridge is of copper—must be of copper. Construct it of thread or lead, or even of silver or gold, and the mighty machinery remains motionless, inert, dead. Insert the copper wire, and its mighty pulses throb, it lives, moves, acts.

Right here we discover the universal Father force, and incidentally the Mother energy at work co-operatively. Substitute any other forces or energies than the right ones, or attempt to introduce any other conditions than those demanded by nature herself, and your labor is in vain—nothing is doing, nothing is created, nothing is born.

There is no such thing known as the creation of force from nothing. There is such a thing as correlation of force—the substitution or conversion of force. Any given form of force expended in any manner loses its specific form but reappears in a new form. It may seem to disappear, but it then assumes the condition of latency, and whenever it appears to originate spontaneously it but awakens from its erstwhile latent condition. This fact explains the phenomena of birth and death. Birth as we recognize it is simply the moment of awakening from a passive to an active state—death the reverse, the relapse from the active into the passive condition.

Both birth and death may in a way be considered as culminations—as the ebbing and flowing of universal forces. In smaller cycles than that of life, say of a day and a night, there is a smaller or lesser culmination. In each of these periods, readjustment takes place and equilibrium is established without any apparent diminution and certainly without a cessation of the life-force, yet



this smaller cycle is a very perfect replica and representation of the larger one of birth and death.

It is the Moon that causes the ebb, and the Sun that causes the flow. If these forces to which the human life and human structure are now alternately subjected or dominated, be perfectly equilibrated within the individual sphere—if the moon become subservient to the dominating influence of the sun, then there will no longer occur the phenomena of birth and death as we now experience them, but there will be perpetual individual existence.

This idea is no more extraordinary than the fact or phenomena of the spontaneous systole and diastole of the heart, which in itself for the time being expresses the perfect equilibration of the life forces. It represents an alternate birth and death moment, at a rate of vibration so great that life—the intervening moments—appears continuous. Like the rapidly moving films in the picture show, or as when one whirls a lighted torch it appears a circle of fire. That is life. Let the movement wane till you can trace the individual point of light and see the intervening darkness till at last the point comes to rest—that is death.

The phenomenon of renewal that takes place momentarily in every atom of the living organism is simply a transfusion of the universal force of the sun, which latently abides in every particle of matter, ready, on condition, to awaken into activity. It is in every atom of food, every atom of air and the body or organism is the place in which the wonderful substitution takes place—it is the transformer of forces which are imminent and eternal.

Then what is to hinder the endless continuation of this phenomenon or activity? Nothing save the arch enemy of life—inertia, which strives to bring everything to rest within the limits of time and space. But there is a way in which this natural retardation of the vital force may be arrested and the impulse maintained at a normal rate.

And the method, the details of which it is impossible to explain in this benighted age, when death is more sacred than life, and the "life beyond the grave" the ideal



of the race,—the method broadly stated consists in the correlation of energy—solar and lunar energy. The solar is made to transmute the lunar and the lunar the solar, alternately—the resultant vibration being equivalent to perpetual motion—a motion that will endure just as long as the solar and lunar forces remain dominant in nature.

Such a phenomena has not been openly witnessed and its possibility is at present generally discredited. It has, however, been satisfactorily demonstrated, and the principle or model established through occult chemistry, there being no longer any doubt of the fact among those at all familiar with this principle and its outworking in nature.

It goes without saying that death is at the present time a necessary sequence of birth. It is just as true that regeneration will follow generation, that is to say, regeneration will never be experienced till generation has ceased.

---

“Smile, gol durn ye, smile!”

Three-fourths of anticipated troubles will never happen;

The one-fourth that does happen will season the sauce of life.



## The Picture of Sun and Moon

[In my office hangs a very beautiful piece of oriental work, the alchemical Sun in gold and the crescent Moon in silver, the whole formed of tiny plates, or discs, placed one upon the other to form the picture. In the center of the Sun is the photograph of the wife of the giver, a Hindu adept of distinction, and his likeness occupies the center of the Moon in the picture.

A lady who possesses a remarkable gift in symbology studied the picture for some time and then wrote the following as her idea of the meaning. It contains so much occult truth that I deem it worthy of reproduction.  
—Ed.]



The Moon with the man in it is a clear lake whose waters are augmented by a spring which sends forth an exceedingly small stream whose potency is very great. This spring is 4 and the lake is 5. The potencies of 4 and 5 equal 6, or the Moon with the man in it.

We have a Sun whose center is a woman and there is a background of sky filled with stars. What does it mean? The Moon with the man in it is a negative substance which has absorbed a positive one—the Salt of the Sages. Turn on the gas and evaporate this water and there arises a vapor—Aphrodite—Eve—mercury. This vapor carries with it all the essential qualities of our moon. It is soul, spirit and body. It has started on a journey and it keeps traveling until it comes to a place of rest, where there is another conjunction of Sun and Moon, by means of which our ascending Moon, or woman, has become clothed with the Sun. She is then 7.

She now descends to earth to find her own and be united to him forever: 7 and 8 equals 9. In this way there is effected another conjunction of Sun and Moon by which the Sun becomes entirely absorbed into the substance of the Moon. This regenerated moon is 9. The volatile has become the fixed. Is not this the mercury of the Sages? Is not this the “whale” that swallowed “Jonah?” It puts out into the great human sea. It is a real substance which carries in its bosom the spark of Life. It can return to the place from whence it started and deposit Jonah a purer atom than he was at the start.

Thus the world goes round in circles. If our atoms of life can become more and more permeated with the eternal sunshine every time they make the circuit, they should attain to a great degree of perfection. This mercury should be transmuted in the crucible of the body, finally into gold, for it contains the seeds of gold. Might there not be a solution permeated through and through with atoms of perfect gold?

If by some process or other you could eliminate everything except those atoms, you would have the gold. The woman clothed with the Sun is Osiris. The Moon with the positive element in it Isis. Osiris shut up for a year in the Ark of Isis will become regenerated. This

age bordering on the sublime for one to face public opinion (always wrong) and tell the keen-edged truth about the dog question.

Your illumination of the sex question comes as the day star of divine consciousness; shining in the dark places of materiality. May the gods approve.

*George W. Carey.*

Dear Phoenix:

The October Phalanx is great. Can you send me three more copies? I enclose a silver dime and quarter dollar therefor. The tide that seems to have been ebbing for sometime for *us* is now evidently turned and coming in. The cleansing, healing flood *ought* to permeate our being with ecstasy. So may it be.—*Elene.*

### **Valedictory, 1908**

Friends, Comrades and Countrymen:

I stand before you today without a grievance. The year has been one of the most momentous ones of my whole life! I have visited heaven and passed through hell and come through unsanctified and without a singed hair.

The PHALANX was born in a seething cauldron, stirred by witches and fired by imps. Caesar crossed the Rubicon and did battle with the barbarians, and had it not been for superior generalship and excellent discipline of his cohorts—and especially the Phalanx-form of handling his reserves, he might in the beginning have been easily put to rout, and Europe now be a howling wilderness. But there was and still is a God of Battles, and to the victor belongs not only the spoils but the honor of having triumphed in a righteous cause. All hail to Caesar and his hosts!

Amid all this conflict, nothing has so acted as a sedative to overwrought nerves and a relief from strenuous hours as the moments spent in communion with Egeia, the wisdom-giving Nymph of the Fountain, from whom I have drawn much inspiration and, as an oracle, muttered strange words in my sleep.

I must congratulate you on your patience in listening



to all my ravings and ramblings. I have not stopped to apologise for any of them, because as friends you did not require it and my enemies, if I have any, were not listening. But now, after it is all over, in sheer self-justification I am constrained to confess that the whole of the first volume of The PHALANX has been sketched while travelling hither and thither on railway trains, hastily revised, hurriedly printed and proof-read, as evinced by some straggling typos.

This is not my beau-ideal of doing things, but anyone who knows about the magnitude of the enterprises that I am carrying forward will be willing to exonerate me for all shortcomings, and wonder, as intimate friends often do, how I ever find time to scribble. But this is my one safety-valve, and is the one thing that keeps me in touch with my world.

The question now is, Can you endure any more of it? Are you getting anything vital out of the thoughts and ideas presented in The PHALANX? I would not willingly force my logic on anyone. I requested you in the beginning not to criticise, because I knew I would have no time to "talk back"—and it riles me not to have the last word.

I do not, as I formerly stated, expect The PHALANX to be "popular." It is too exclusive and individualistic to ever find much favor with the masses. It tries to be original, and that is considered a crime. People just cannot endure originality, and they will not stand for it to have their Teddy Bears held up to ridicule. They love the Same Old Things, and want to go on loving them to the end of time. At the same time they love to be coddled a lot. They find plenty of reading to give them the pabulum they desire.

Very few journals of the present day have the nerve or the pocket-book to stand up for any principle in the face of public disapproval. I recall one particular one, now widely known and boasting a large subscription list. This journal started out poor and small—a veritable out-cast—not hardly respectable—and it continued poor and small as long as the individual anima behind it *expressed herself*. To me at that time it was as a message from the



gods—to a few others likewise. But the founder and purveyor of original, vital thought at last lost heart and said, What's the use?—Then she determined to do like other journals and “get popular.” So she invited in as collaborateur the celebrated Ella Willer and a coterie of the other accepted adorables, who know how to hand out bunches of twiddle and bouquets of twaddle and dote on doing it over their signature. This enabled her to compile a bulky paper at small expense in which she practically obliterated her own personality, which had seemed to be the obtrusive element—and the result?—Success, instantaneous and unqualified. And the public sing their peons of praise for what they once turned up their noses at.

It is what they demand—hodge-podge, and great gobs of it. Examine the bill of fare at a down-to-date restaurant, and you gain an estimate of the modern appetite for mixtures, which is very akin to the insatiate maw of the masses for news-gossip—variety—the vaudeville show—that's the popular ideal.

I said long ago I would not cater to it, and I won't—“I'll die first,” as the girl said when asked to renounce pickles. But, I do earnestly want to make The PHALANX menu better and better, though I realize full well that I cannot do it by calling in a promiscuous lot of cooks to “spoil the broth.” THIS IS MY SPREAD—and it seems to me that it is cheap enough to be attractive, if for nothing else. A dollar a year, and me furnish the sauce and service—and lick all the stamps! It's barely enough to hire the dishes washed respectably.

But, I am going to take a chance at setting it up again and at the same price! I would have thrown in a Christmas-tree—but those who thoroughly digest the articles in the present issue on Capricorn and Christmas may be able to conjure their own trees and lade them luxuriously—which will make the '08 PHALANX not a bad investment, after all.

Now then, the Ushers will please pass the Plate, while the Choir peels a Gloriat. REMEMBER THE ORPHAN! *Benedictus: Pax vobiscum.*



Poets are all who love,—who feel great truths and tell them.

—*Bailey.*



He that feeds men serveth few;  
He serves all who dares be true.

—*Emerson.*



As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

—*Lowell.*



The one great danger to legitimate personal liberty lies in linking it with unbridled license.

—*William Randolph Hearst.*



The thing you are at  
Is the thing to perfect;  
So just you stand pat,  
And be of the elect.



To be persistent  
Beats being consistent.  
And to be an assistant  
You must be resistant.



Let us revel, friend, O revel!  
With our merry friend, the devil;  
Better tobog on the bevel,  
Than linger on the level.  
We're not of the theocracy,  
Nor blue-blood aristocracy;  
But proud of our democracy,  
And only hate hypocrisy.



Our frontispiece this month presents the likeness of Shriman Chhotalal Jivanlal of Baroda, India, the distinguished editor of Mahakal, a luminous and progressive publication in Gujarata that is shedding a bright light and aiding very greatly in the awakening of India to its new era of enlightenment and prosperity now dawning.

Mr. Jivanlal is the Indian representative of our several industrial enterprises in America, the leader of an advanced ethical society, or brotherhood, in India, a man of progressive spirit and unusual mental qualifications, who is greatly esteemed and loved by all who know him.



# THE ORDER OF THE PHALANX

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A correspondent writes that he fears the standard of the New Order is placed so high that it will be impossible for ordinary mortals to attain it. On this point let me say a few words:

1. That which is desirable is attainable. The fact that only a few will attain means simply that only a few will desire to do so.

2. It is the remotest of all things in the minds of the founders of this movement to restrict the membership of this Order to any certain class. In truth, the cardinal principle involved necessitates the complete abolition of class and caste.

3. Nevertheless, I believe that on an average only about one in a million will be attracted to this movement, and those who come into it will naturally be people of an unusual type of mentality.

4. The reason I have said there are no laws, rules or regulations in this Order is because it is in its very nature and constitution an orderly Order—not requiring to be dominated by fear or subjected to authority. Every law enacted for the good of society implies a condition of frailty and fear—the condition from which, through strength and fearlessness we wish to be emancipated. We overcome the lower, not by prohibition and repression, but by obtaining a foretaste of the higher.

5. We are planning the erection of a great Temple of Wisdom. It is to be constructed of steel and concrete as symboling solidity and strength. It will be a structure of unique form and design, of fine workmanship and exquisite finish. Thousands shall behold it and wonder, but only those who gain admittance to its inner sanctuaries will understand. It is designed to be a School of Wisdom wherein the real, inner truths of life may be learned by those eager to acquire them. The Word is spoken. The spiritual Thought becomes the nucleus for the materialization of the Idea. So mote it be!