

The PHALANX



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Special Notice

The PHALANX is the successor of the former journal, "Adiramled." It will appear monthly, subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Aside from an occasional quotation, it will be entirely the expression of ONE, who will employ it as a safety valve. It will contain things of interest and value for those who understand, and who have time to think it over. While considerable attention will be given to the discussion of occult science, as relates to the hidden laws of natural production and eternal renewal of life-forces, its chief aim and object is to awaken interest in the establishment of a New Social Order. Its ideals will be supplemented and exemplified by practical methods for attainment and realization. Address all communications, and make all orders payable to the editor, Delmar DeForest Bryant, Box 858, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

*It is the path of the passions that has conducted me
to philosophy—Rousseau.*

*As the yellow gold is tried in fire, so the faith of
friendship must be seen in adversity.—Ovid.*

The Light of Life.

And lo! from out the Eastern horizon
There streamed a light of wondrous brilliancy,
Strange hued, as some weird, mystic fire, reflected
From fanes and firesides of a fairy world,
Rubescent, sapphire, opaline and grey,
Quivering with kaleidoscopic change,
Soft beaming aurora orientalis—
The Christ-light, harbinger so long fortold,
With faith and hope through all the centuries,
By sages, saints and pious devotees
Of olden time, by poets seers and prophets
Of the new, the Light has been expected.
But in procession from the Central Sun,
As Daniel passing from the Lion's Den,
Through all the long primeval Lunar night,
Ruled by the Crab, wherein the waters teamed
With lower forms of life, a silent sea
Without a shore for waves to break upon—
Back through the age of Gemini wherein
The Solar-Lunar Light, the Elohim,
Brought into form and being those expressions
Of itself called Things, which culminated
In the evolution of the Human Race,
From whence the story of that paradise,
Of Adam-Eve, the typical Gemini— —
With Sol involved in man, in woman Luna—

And so began the history of Mind,
 Which brings us through the Taurean age,
 Wherein the Bull was worshiped as the sign
 And symbol of creative energy.
 Thus Love was born and Imagery unfolded,
 When, by precession of the cyclic wave,
 The world did pass through Fire—the torch of Mars
 Swept o'er the earth to purge and purify,
 Wherein the fittest could alone survive—
 The weaker perished and the strong stood forth,
 While Aries developed Intellect—
 Thereafter merging in that Silver Sea
 Symboled in astrologic lore by Pisces,
 Wherein the bi-une forces operate
 To bring forth action from the balanced mind.
 In this age Consciousness becomes acute,
 And Conscience educated into form—
 Convention, Art, Imagination, all
 Receive new impulse from the Jovian ray
 Cast o'er the natus of the period:
 While mystic Neptune from the Spirit Sea
 Puts forth his trident, and within the Mind
 Is formed the concept of a Trinity:
 The Father-Mother-Child is metamorphed
 In God, the Son and Holy Ghost, with all
 The strange illusions of religious thought.
 We pass the Ages Dark, and near the time
 Of NOW, the present age, revealing what
 Will seem to us more glorious still
 Because it is a revelation of those powers,
 Unknown, but long suspected to inhere
 In what through lack of wisdom men call matter—
 Though e'en the word itself concealed the truth,
 For matter, *Mater* is, mother of all—
 The web of Nature, wherein there is woven
 The Spirit woof, to make the magic Form,
 The mystic garment of the visible.
 Oh, wondrous age of now! The seas divide,
 New Continents appear, while out of sight
 The dewy isles slip in the Shining Sea,
 Engulfing in the quiver of a lash
 All that the pride of man hath reared—

All stately shafts commemorating deeds,
All lofty buildings, monuments and works,
All customs, laws, inventions, writings, arts—
All these sink out of sight as from the East
There flashes over all this strange weird Light,
That, growing brighter, brings to view
A Silver Mist, or rain of Shining Pearls,
While on the purpled arch above is cast
A myriad, marvellous mingling rainbow tints,
From out the New Land risen from the Sea—
And, bathed in moisture from auroral skies,
There springs a beauteous vegetation forth
That growing decks the barren land,
A mantle spreads of grasses purple-blue,
And silver shrubs and golden trees with leaves
Resplendent with an amethystine hue,
While every gem known to the world agone
Finds semblance and enhancement in some form
Of life in this New World. Spell bound I stand
And view the year as one brief hour creative.
I see no sun, and yet the warmth of day
Encompasses, while flooding light betrays
The presence of some hidden orb. The moon
Is nowhere visible, and yet I feel
Night's cooling breath, voluptuous drowsiness,
That sense of romance, mystery, half dread,
That Luna's light upon the mind doth shed.
Aquaria, the vapory, shadowy deep,
Outflowing upwards meets the fragrant dew
Shed as a light, enveloping and soft,
From Taurus bold and forceful as the day,
A tremor vibrant runs from shore to shore,
Sweet waters lave the lands conjoined,
New life and beauty spring up everywhere,
The past fades like an ugly dream of night,
Eternal day o'erspreads the universe,
With endless joy, the recompense for all.

“A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.”

—*Bacon.*

Gemini.

The astrological sign of Gemini rules from the 21st day of May to the 20th of June. As the season advances, the mystery symbolized by the signs of the zodiac deepens.

What is the origin of these signs?—No one knows. They are older than antiquity and antedate all history. Modern astrology wishing to speak with some authority correlates them to the various constellations, which in some unknown manner are found to exercise certain potencies, producing certain effects upon terrestrial objects, more particularly upon the life and activity of the human race.

The symbols of the signs are supposed to be merely modified forms of hieroglyphs originally used to picture the fanciful objects formed by the various star-groups.

This, however, is mere conjecture. There is really less resemblance between the symbols and the configuration of the several constellations than there is between the constellations and the objects they are presumed to represent.

The true key to the zodiacal mystery is to be found in certain occult writings, wherein it is shown that the signs have reference more to certain phenomena connected therewith than to any grouping or movement of starry masses. The signs, it seems, originated from a contemplation and study of terrestrial rather than celestial phenomena, the original science formulated therefrom being alchemy, rather than astrology.

Owing to the mutations of time, this foundation science, or "mother-knowledge," became lost or greatly obscured. Out of the preserved fragmentary writings of the ancient adepts, who formerly were accustomed to veil their ideas in astral symbology, the modern science of astrology has been constructed or evolved.

From which it is not to be concluded that astrology is a false science. On the contrary, it is true because based on truth. But in its exoteric presentation it is only correspondentially true, in accordance with the Hermetic maxim, "As above, so below." Without a first knowledge of the Below, man could never reasonably have been expected to come into any knowledge of

the Above. All that appears without proceeds from within, all that appears above exists below.

Astrology will never be restored or rounded out as a true and perfect science till it is intelligently correlated with its twin science, alchemy. There is no real understanding of either of these sciences without the other, together they form one complete science.

Take, for example, this sign Gemini, "the twins." Is there any valid reason in astrology why this sign should be so called? Again, it is said to be "governed" by the planet Mercury—why? Can astrology explain why some other planet might not as well govern? I think not, only it is "tradition" that these things are so.

But once we follow the alchemical leading, the meaning of these symbols and their application becomes more plain. It is in the month of May that Mercury, the unique, vivifying essence that emanating spontaneously from the perfected union of the universal "twin" entities, or substances, "Sol-Luna," begins to manifest in the Vase of Art. To those who have not actually seen this, the application will not be wholly clear. Yet, there is no one who has not witnessed the wonder in nature, where it is so common that it ceases to be a wonder.

This substance, though commonly invisible, operating throughout nature more like a spiritual force, may, nevertheless be rendered tangible by a very subtle chemical process, in which form we are enabled to study its qualities and characteristics.

It is of a peculiar volatile nature, more volatile than any known gas, and requires a degree of fixation before becoming visible or utilizable in art. It is described as a "subtle emanation" arising from the conjunction of the "Heavenly Twins," otherwise known as the Dioscuri—Castor and Pollux—the Elohim.

In the occult work these bodies are said to enter "purgatory"—the state of death, dissolution, probation—in Capricorn. "Capri" the Goat is a symbol of the substance which contains in greatest abundance the Solar material, while "corn" is Horn, symbol of the Moon, that is, the Lunar substance. Again, January, from Janus, the "two-faced," symbolizes the same thing. Saturn is said to rule this stage, because Saturn is a Judge

—the judge which tries out the substances in combination, and rectifies them.

In Aquarius takes place the "separation of waters," alluded to in Genesis, which by the way is another description of this work, having no reference whatever to the creation of the earth as usually supposed. In this period the "Man," typified by Aquarius, that is to say the Mind, the universal Ens, or cosmic intelligence, begins to manifest phenomenally. Saturn still reigns, because the "work of judgement" is not complete.

In Pisces, the forms of Sol and Luna—the substances of the original mixt—become, as it were outlined, thrown on a screen, something as one sees the outline of the chick after the first few days of incubation. But the outlines being vague and shadowy, are spoken of as "two Fishes in the Sea," whence the term, "Pisces," fishes. Jupiter, the beneficent, in this reign brings light from darkness—a soft yellow tint, a prophecy of the Golden Age to follow.

In Aries, new powers begin to manifest. Strength is in evidence. The color changes from yellow to red. The "moon is turned into blood." This is the period of partruition, preceding seminal birth.

In Taurus, nature puts on a mantle of green, and we know that the hour approaches for the unfoldment of the Flower, the supreme mystery of mysteries. The Plant putting forth its green leaves absorbs the magnetic potencies of the solar ray transmitting them to the inner life-plan. Thereupon one notes the phenomena of budding and blossoming—the Love of the Flowers, and this is the season of Maya, "the great," Maya, the mystery, the illusion. In the vase of art at this period we note a change from green to white—from aquamarine to transparency. This whiteness is what later on will produce the immortal blossom of the Amaranth.

The origin of the bloom in the Vase of Art, in Man or Nature, is Mercury ("mer," the Sea, "cury," Lord—the "lordly sea," or divine water). This is the origin of the Holy Water of the Catholic church. What the priest symbolically sprinkles is Mercury, the substance of immortal life, the Christ or resurrection principle, the savior of the world.

“He that ascends is the same as he that descends”—Mercury is pictured with wings on the heels, indicating its volatile nature. In captivity, “incarnate,” it sublimates and transforms by ceaseless activity. It abhors contamination and will not abide corruption. Only when Sol and Luna, its natural parents, are correlated or counterparted does it actively manifest itself in the work of regeneration and reconstruction.

It is personified as “Cupid,” or Desire, because desire is the one manifestation of its presence and proximity. Without desire there is no Cupid, no Mercury, no Christ.

People born in the sign of Gemini possess certain distinctive characteristics which bear analogy to the nature of the sign and its governing planet. One of the most noticeable of these is their dual nature, subject to periods of extreme depression and elation—unusual powers of expression both in speaking and writing—intuitive, quick, active, witty, versatile, spontaneous—all mercurial characteristics. Also like Mercury these natures are very changeable, committed to the “virtue of inconstancy.” Usually very self-centered and practically devoted to self-interest. As a model of the Gemini type, highly evolved, may be mentioned the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

“It is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.”

—Walt Whitman.

✿ ✿

“Let us shoot with the rifle of concentration and not with the shot gun of scatteration.”

—Harry Jamison.

✿ ✿

“Knowledge is the knowing we cannot know.”

—Emerson.

✿ ✿

“There is no hope for a woman as long as she is looked upon as a cross between an angel and an idiot.”

—Havelock Ellis.

“The Pearl of Great Price.”

Bonellus in the Turba says: “All things live and die at the beck of God, and there is a nature which on becoming moist, and being mingled with moisture for some nights, resembles a dead thing; thereafter it needs fire, till the spirit of that body is extracted, and the body becomes dust. Then God restores to it its soul and spirit. Its weakness is removed, and it is raised incorruptible and glorious. Our substance conceives by itself, and is impregnated by itself, and brings forth itself—and this, the conception of a virgin, is possible only by divine grace. Moreover, the birth leaves our substance still a virgin, which again is a miraculous event. Hence we cannot but call the conception, birth, and nutrition of our Stone supernatural and divine.”

Alphidius tells us that our Stone is cast out into the streets raised aloft to the clouds, dwells in the air, is nourished in the river, sleeps upon the summits of the mountains; its mother is a virgin, its father knows no woman.

These ancient Sages also knew that God must become man, because on the last day of our magistry, that which generates, and that which is generated, become absolutely one; then the old man and the child, the father and the son, are indistinguishably united. Hence they concluded that the Creator must also become one with the creature; moreover, they knew that man was, alone of all created beings made in the image of God.

Plato wrote the Gospel, which many years later was re-written and completed by St. John, even as St. Augustine recites in the eighth book of his “Confessions.”

Our Magistry depends quite as much on Divine influences as upon the operations of Nature, and the successor of the artist. How difficult, how mysterious, how wonderful, how arduous must it then be for the artist to attain to so lofty summit of spiritual insight. We may well call this Magistry a divine and glorious mystery, which transcends not only Nature, but the godlike reason of man; for even man cannot comprehend the mystery, except by direct inspiration or by circumstan-

tial oral teaching, combined with minute ocular demonstration.

Though the phraseology of the Sages be obscure, it must not therefore be supposed that their books contain a single deliberate falsehood. Those for whom the knowledge of Alchemy is intended, will be able, in course of time and study, to understand even the most obscure of Alchemistic treatises; for they will be in a position to look at them from the right point of view. It is only the wise and God-fearing whom we invite to this banquet; let those who are not bidden refrain from attempting to cross our threshold. The books of our Sages are only for the Sons of Knowledge.

The remarkable agreement of all the Sages demonstrates that this Art is more certain than any other. There is amongst them a wonderful speculative and practical harmony, and their contradictions are only verbal and superficial. The whole Magistry of our Art can be learned in a single hour of one who knows—which is the case with no other science or Art. Yet one who can perform the practical operations of Alchemy is not yet an Alchemist, just as not every one who speaks grammatically is a grammarian.

Such persons still lack that knowledge of the causes of things, which exalts the mind of man and raises it to God.

“Heaven is where we dare be ourselves.”

—*Edward Earle Purington.*

Karma.

Whatever may be the oriental idea of Karma, it is plain that when it has passed through the mesh of occidental mentality it comes out quite a different concept.

Instead of its being simply the expression of a universal condition of things synthetized in the saying, “As ye sow, so shall ye reap,” which is the true idea of Karma, it has come to express something very akin to the hell-fire-and-damnation doctrine of orthodoxy, as summarized in the phrase, “Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.

The idea is that if one sins or commits a crime in this life, he must suffer punishment and expiate the crime in the next, or some future life.

Now what is the difference whether a god pronounces the doom and a devil turns the spit, or Fate condemns and Time grills the victim? It is but a change in the dramatis personæ, and in the setting of the scene.

What is sin, and what is crime? Is it anything more than somebody's *idea* of something? Who made sin sin, and crime crime? Is there any reality or actuality to either? Mental science has, I think, abundantly shown that there is not. Both sin and crime are purely mental concepts, and have no existence per se.

Even orthodoxy which is responsible for fastening the belief of sin upon the race, practically repudiates its own doctrine in the declaration, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

If sin can be forgiven and its effects wiped out, why insist on punishing the sinner and calling it retributive justice? Is not the execution of such punishment a crime in itself, which, by the law of Karma will have to be expiated? Who or what condones the act of the judge or public executioner? Will not the karmic law inevitably follow such as a Nemesis throughout future lives, the same as it is supposed to follow the adjudged or condemned? And what sort of a law is it which is to be avenged but upon which no vengeance may fall?

The more we think and reason on this, the more apparent becomes the absurdity of the idea that any such law can exist outside of man's consciousness. It is only ignorance that conceives of error as reality—only ignorance that devotes effort to its extirpation. Sanity—mental soundness—in the race is commensurate with the degree of its emancipation from this belief in crime, and conversely, the persistence of this belief in the race indicates a certain condition of insanity, and it is the belief which necessitates restraint. The bondman must be bound that the free may enjoy his freedom—hence, police, courts, jails,

As we advance into the Higher Light, we perceive that in all the known universe—its activities, expressions, phenomena,—there exists nothing that can be accounted

error or evil. Evil is a purely personal, sentient concept. Men in their small, narrow, selfish lives judge a thing evil that affects them at the time unpleasantly.—that is the entire basis of the concept. Experience teaches all men that good comes out of evil, that evil is most frequently only good in disguise.

Evil forgives, or forgets itself so that it does not need to be forgiven. It vanishes with time—gives way to the good of which it was the pioneer.

I know, you are about to put the extreme question: Is it not a crime to kill? That depends upon what you mean by "crime," and what you understand "killing" to mean. It certainly is insanity on the part of the slayer—ignorant insanity, always this, nothing more nor less.

If the slayer KNEW THE TRUTH, which is that his victim cannot be slain, that he is never so much alive as when dead, he surely would not, *could* not, raise a hand to strike the blow. In the same way, if the ignorant, human law-makers knew that in depriving an adjudged criminal of life they but freed him to do a thousand fold more mischief than he could ever do imprisoned in the body, they certainly would abolish capital punishment.

But how readily do men stultify reason to suit convenience or caprice. What reason or consistency is there in training vast bodies of men to go to war and slay each other indiscriminately, rewarding them for such "service," and still insist on hanging one man for slaying another in private life? Why, it would be considered almost treason to speak of the army as a band of murderers, but where shall we draw the line? But no, they are not the murderers—they are but a sword in the hand of the murderer, who wields that sword.

They were our brothers and friends, our countrymen and kin, and to have done any one of them bodily harm would have meant summary punishment, when lo! *somebody* drew an imaginary line in our midst and called it Mason and Dixon's, and forwith those on either side of the line became bitter enemies and rushed together in deadly combat, slaying each other like fiends, nor was there ever any thought of punishment or redress.

Tell me, if we are anything but savages, what are we?

We sigh and say, alas! it *had* to be—fools, hypocrites, cowards. It had to be only to show us that it did not have to be. We do not, in our inner conscience, believe in war, or murder under the name of war, neither do we believe in depriving an individual of life as punishment for crime. We permit these things because we are selfish and afraid. To “protect” ourselves, more precious and worthy to live than *other* selves, we delegate to higher powers, the official, the state, God, the business and responsibility of protecting *us* from danger both here and hereafter. To our agents we give immunity from crime. Whatever they do in our service and for our protection is no crime, but a virtue or brave act.

As Christians we are unable to endure the thought of future punishment for our sins, of which by our education we are poignantly conscious, and so we hired the priest to solve our difficulty, which he did by inventing vicarious atonement; and it does not seem to strike us as barbarous and horrible that one poor man should hang on a tree and die a wretched death to “save” us from a punishment which we know we have merited. Like the noble and brave men that we are, we accept the vicarious sacrifice, just as we do vicarious vengeance when we deputize others to deprive our fellow men of liberty and life.

If Karma, or the “god of justice” rules the lives and actions of men, then we must regard the so-called “criminal” as the ordained deputy or agent of this god, and we cannot consistently punish such a person, certainly not without placing ourselves likewise in the criminal class. Perhaps, on closer analysis, we shall find that is where we all belong: Who are thou that judgest?

“Ideas are like seeds. He who discovers a new germ has distinction, though he may not ascertain its nature or uses. When another causes it to germinate and proves it to be of value, he in his turn has reputation and honor. He is not the same as the discoverer, but he may be greater, as he who made the first steam engine is greater than he who first discovered steam.”

—G. J. Holyoake.

“Vengeance Is Mine.”

Under this caption a writer in a recent number of “Green’s Fruit Grower” gives her ideas of Divorce. The article begins with the query, “What action shall the woman take who has married the wrong man?”

The writer goes on to state that there are 100,000 disconsolate women in this country who have made bad matrimonial bargains, and as many men. A case in point is cited:

An estimable, beautiful and accomplished girl has married a man of wealth of fine family and high social position. This man not only lacks virtue but also lacks all sentiments of common decency in his conduct towards his wife. He is discourteous, rough and uncouth to her, while to others he may be genial, polite and attentive.

The woman endures the situation for nine long years, and then leaves her elegant home and takes up her abode in a distant town. She is twenty seven years old, and now a complication arises. She falls in love with a young man.

The question is raised as to what should be her course of action under these circumstances. The writer of the article takes the stand that the woman has no right to encourage the attentions of the young man. The entrance of the third party at this juncture is regarded as extremely unfortunate since the “till-death-do-us-part” pronouncement of the erstwhile priest has indissolubly wedded her to another man.

Arguments are drawn from nature, as for instance the mating of birds and some animals for life, to prove the unnaturalness of divorce. Again, children add to the marital obligation and greatly increase the difficulty of separation. The fact that the law usually gives to the father the custody of the children causes women to frequently sacrifice their own comfort and happiness to be with their children.

The sequel of the case in point was that the mother who had the child with her, a little girl of three, was summoned to the bedside of her husband who had undergone a dangerous surgical operation. He however re-

covered somewhat, whereupon he refused to let the child go from him, and renewed his former harsh treatment of the mother.

The article closes with this singular paragraph to which I desire to call special attention:

“Courts are powerful, wars bring about marvelous changes, but there is an agency greater than law or wars. This great agency came to the relief of the disconsolate mother. This agency was death. The vicious man died while upbraiding his wife for leaving him a short time to recruit her worn out energies in the fresh air and sunshine. “*Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.*”

Note the argument: The woman must suffer until the vengeful Lord steps in and kills her husband, after which she is free. The Lord is guiltless, the woman suffers no reproach, all is good!

But unless this capricious and indulgent deity had condescended to straighten out the tangle, the intolerable conditions would very properly have had to remain *in statu quo*. It would have been a high crime for the woman to have done what the Lord did, or to have gone with the man of her heart's choice, with whom she might have been happy and have come into the fulness of life and joy. It was her duty under the circumstances to have returned to her husband whom she detested and allow him to abuse her as long as he lived, even if he lived to break her body as he already long since had her heart, sending her to an untimely grave. Such a course would have satisfied Christian ethics and the social proprieties.

In the language of Xenophon: *Tauta phemi fluarias*, “I say these things are damphooleries.” More, they are the froth of delusion, fomented by prejudice, and stirred by ignorance. For the love of Heaven, friends, let us pull out of this foul morass of social hypocrisy and falseness, and betake ourselves to the highlands of truth, and the tall timbers of serenity and sound sense wherein abides the crystal spring of reason from whence flows the pure river of understanding. Let us leave the vipers of the pool to backbite and besmirch each other. “*Come out from among them and be ye separate!*”

The Power of Thought.

A corollary of Vedanta which we find constantly iterated in our scriptures is: "As a man thinks, so he becomes." Like other jewels of wisdom, this apothegm, apparently embodying a simple truth stands at the head and is the outcome of a whole series of the deepest truths of life. We see this if we try to analyze it.

"As a man thinks"—what does a man think? What CAN he think? A man is limited by himself. He is the product of his habits, experience and purposes. He thinks as far as his limits allow. He can go no further. These limitations again are the result, primarily, of the tendencies carried over from his last existence, secondly, of prenatal influences, and finally, among factors, of the early associations, training and opportunities with which he started life. The series not only embrace the present life but stretch beyond into the past.

A man can think only what he has made himself capable to; in other words, as the sum-total of the forces of his life now stands; as he is. To be able to think, therefore, he has to be; his thinking a thing depends upon his being it. Hence the very first step 'to become' a certain thing, is to try and 'be more' than what we just now are.

To be more than we just now are. Is it not possible? We at any moment of our lives *are* what we can express of ourselves. It is beside our purpose here to discuss and fix the true limits of our potentialities. It will be enough to say that the potentialities of every man and woman are at least commensurate with the highest achievements of those we are accustomed to think as the greatest human beings of all ages and lands. Not only is the divinity of the soul a sacred fact with the Vedanta and with almost all the higher religions, but the truth of Emerson's teachings—

"What Plato has thought he (every man) may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand * * * A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a

thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded in the first man—”

has again and again found corroboration in the thoughts and deeds of men.

Taking then, as basis, the proposition, that every man has the potentialities of being at least equal to the greatest of his kind,—the simple requisites for the movement upward, or as we have said, ‘to be more,’ being the consciousness of power in oneself to be and an understanding of the gradatory nature of progress,—we can correctly say, that of the ladder of progress, consisting of innumerable gently ascending steps, each man representing a certain mental and spiritual culture stands on a step, from whence he can, if he likes, pass on, without much effort, to the next higher one.

PRABUDDHA, BHARATA.

“Fortune is God. All you endure and do
Depend on circumstances as much as you.”

—*Shelley.*

Los Angeles.

When Shakespeare said, “What’s in a name? A rose would smell as sweet by any name,” he ignored unwittingly or otherwise a very important principle. No doubt the poet entertained the popular belief that names are applied in an altogether fanciful manner, and that in themselves they have no special significance or value. Nothing could be further from the fact. Names, like other words in the language, come into existence very much like any natural organism. Like the organism, they may be said to be born, to live and to die.

In every name there inhere certain potencies which show forth in the object or individual to which it is applied as radiating vibrations. Success or failure, happiness or sorrow, in human life depend much upon the essential nature and character of these radiations. There is, therefore, everything in a name, and all names should

be chosen with great care, and never arbitrarily or capriciously. While names often appear to be applied accidentally, it will usually be found that there is some destiny or unaccountable design in the application.

Take the names of places. Some names are in themselves enough to "kill" any town. They are a standing menace to the prosperity and progress of the community, which rarely is able to survive and grow under such a handicap. Others again radiate inspiration, and inspire enthusiasm. Optimism, energy and confidence combine to push forward, so that the rise and progress of the place is amazing.

Los Angeles is such a city. Los Angeles, "The Angels"—wonderful word, word of marvelous meaning! a word to conjure with to bring forth from the invisible environment all things beautiful and desirable. Is it not true? Have we not the verification of it in the history of this remarkable city, the City of the Angels? Where can you find on this continent, or in the world for that matter, a city to compare with Los Angeles?—Such enterprise and growth, such development and expansion, and all as you may say transpiring magically from nothing previously existing.

The city itself is not backed by the usual material resources that are supposed to be necessary to the development of cities—no navigable river, no natural harbor, no large manufacturing interests, no rich agricultural country surrounding, and yet it grows apace, exquisitely, beautifully, like some rare cameo being carved out of space by invisible artists, coming more and more into shape and prominence daily—phenomenal, wonderful!

And the inhabitants, environed by this magic aura, feeling the spell of its virile influence, awaken to new enthusiasm and respond continually to the inspiration of the name, Los Angeles. The result is that people of various kinds and conditions who come here, some broken in health, others in fortune, many dispirited, all begin to mend—the sick to get well, the poor to make money, the sorrowful to smile.

Though our readers may be disposed to idealize, investing us as inhabitants of this angelic community with radiant robes, winged propellers and seraphic visages,

we will have to plead "not guilty." An angel is simply "a messenger." Everyone here has a message which in essence is "'Rah 'Rah for Los Angeles, and the Glad Hand to all new comers!"—Ask the Squadron if we did not make good.

Los Angeles may justly pride herself on being both an intellectual and a psychic center. All cults and cultures thrive to perfection in this genial climate. There is no lid on this town. When anyone strays too far from the path of rectitude, like Mr. Mills, for example, we have plenty of churches to unite in prayer for their restoration.

Here may be found every kind of an "angel." One of the best, and most interesting of any that we have met up with is a certain fallen one, known to literary circles as "The Little Devil," who, tiring betimes of the monotony of Paradise, played hooky, took a spin through space, and dropped in suddenly upon this angelic colony with some Hot Stuff that made all the cherubims and seraphims sit up and take notice.

And there are others.

"To discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man."

—*De Gaston.*

Don't Worry.

My old friend, Moses Harman, has just written me that he has been on the verge of nervous prostration. I do not wonder. Moses is a martyr to the cause of what he earnestly believes to be a very much needed reform. He is advocating *EUGENICS*, or the right of the child to be well born. A great many people are interested in this subject and think just as he does; in fact, no one capable of thinking logically and without prejudice can disagree with him. And yet, the censors appointed to guard the public morals have ruled that an open discussion of this subject is in "bad form." Therefore

some copies of "The American Journal of Eugenics" were tabooed, and not permitted to pass the mails, and Moses has had a fight on his hands.

But don't worry! Give these outsiders a free swing. Permit them to be *badly born* a few more times and they will get *enough* of it, as you and I have. Until people get out from under the spell of priestcraft and prejudice, of prudery and pride, it is useless to argue with them or attempt to "*reform*" them.

Don't worry! Let them go on breeding dogs, cats, cattle and horses, and ignoring their *own* offspring if they like to do it. A man is above a beast, no matter *how* badly he is born, and the beasts need help.

I notice that over in Holland the orthodox element is up in arms because the Queen is backing an eminent Dutch scientist in an expedition to go to Africa for the purpose of attempting to create the "missing link" of Darwin by crossing the lowest type of negro with the highest type of anthropoid ape. The church-people say it will degrade man to do such a thing, but they forget how *much* it will raise the ape.

"God doesn't mind the restitution of man alone, but of all nature," says Philalethes. Man, the higher, has got to reach down and lift up the lower. And this is what is being accomplished all the time in society by the indiscriminate, and apparently ill-assorted unions. Some souls are coming into life that way that never *would* get back to earth, if the ideals of the stirpiculturists were effectually carried out.

It is a very ticklish subject to broach anyway at this stage of human evolution, this subject of human hybridization, when people as a mass are as ignorant as horses and a hundred fold more vicious and unreasonable in matters where their passions or prejudices are at stake.

The people who object so strenuously to freedom of speech along certain lines do so because they instinctively know that the logical outcome of free discussion means exposure of their own sins and a possible curtailment of their present priveleges.

Matrimony is at present a cloak for salacity unparalleled by the libertinism and licentiousness of the demi-monde, and men, particularly men resent any innova-

tion or remodelling of the system which might interrupt the unrestrained expression of their libidinous impulses. Selfishness whispers: "Keep it dark, and keep out of the range of the bull's-eye!"

But I'm not sure but the thing will work itself out and shape itself up better than the would-be reformers could do it, even if they were given a free hand in the putty box and a chance to model things just to suit themselves.

It certainly is to laught to note how the primal professors of the New School go about it. Over in Germany a certain Herr Doctor-Professor is trying out the matter in a very practical way. A "model pair," according to the Herr Doctor's idea has been "selected" and duly "espoused." All foolishness like courtship, love-dreams, romance etc., have been cut out. The Divine Pair have been first "educated" along the lines relating to the solemn business they are about to engage in, and enter it with all due seriousness. They meet but once, like the nuptial flight of the queen bee, and are thereupon parted by their respective chaperones to undergo further post-nuptial training. The prospective mother's environment is made as ideal as possible. She is surrounded by pictures and statues. Someone is detailed to read poetry to her, another to play music, etc. It is not known whether she is competent or qualified to appreciate and enjoy this regime, but she has it administered, nevertheless. We have not yet learned the result of this experiment, and doubt if we ever shall. It is quite likely that it was not worth publicity. My private opinion is that though the child was expected to be a second Newton, Raphael, Beethoven, or Christ, it is more likely to have proved an ordinary pumpkin-headed kid. I am certain that it never cracked a smile—the convent life of the mother would have done *that* much to establish the influence of environment.

And, from all I can observe, it would seem that our American brand of stirpiculture veterinaricians rather incline to the conviction that nothing is so much needed to bring about a sudden boom in racial values as that they themselves, or men of their exact type, should be permitted to "take the road," and leave their impress of per-

fect manhood on each passing community, at least once—in order to sort of “breed up” a slowly degenerating species by infusion of good blood and superior qualities. This very naturally is resented by the Philistines who regard such proceeding more in the light of a freakish pastime—a mere Mormon variant—yet the most bitter objectors to the scheme will be compelled to admit that such a course would be preferable to straight polygamy as it would avoid complex family obligations and save a lot of domestic hair-pulling.

I do not see any valid reason why a cultus of this sort might not be satisfactorily established, at least for experimental purposes. There would at first be considerable difficulty in establishing the pedigrees of the sires, and a damsite more of the dams perhaps. Anyone who has trained church choirs as I have can see breakers ahead in this business. Suppose you have two or three soprano singers in your choir. Do you imagine your life safe if you voluntarily select any one of them to sing *first* soprano, or a solo?—You try it. Now, I can imagine the men taking almost *any* part assigned to them, but the women—n—n! each one wants the *front of the stage!*

But I forget that in the far-off time when our cultus is to be established, vanity will be a thing of the past and only good sense will reign. At the present time, I know of nothing better than falling in love in the old fashioned way and taking the consequences. Don't worry! it will all come out in the wash.

Courtship, the modern kind, is a more or less prolonged intoxication indulged in by two people who spend most of their time in tickling each other's vanity. Ananias on this occasion is outdone in compliments, and each party tries to outdo the other in pushing the velvet.

Marriage is a sobering-up process, wherein both parties are compelled to face each other and realize how they have lied. But, being in a sense conspirators and accessories after the fact, they rarely *dare* make an open confession, but set about according to disposition and temperament to make the best of the situation and if possible fool each other some more.

And the children?—Yes, I know they will follow and be regular little savages—all children *are*. It cannot be helped. It comes naturally in the course of their evolution. Only a few months before they were tadpoles, then fishes, then frogs, then monkeys—and so on through the gamut. But, as in the second regimen of the Great Work of Art, they pass all these stages quickly and they will emerge from the savage stage as quickly if they be given a proper environment and a chance to grow out of it. But be careful lest your “civilizing education” does not make them less civil and more barbarous.

However, don't you worry about the kids! They will take care of themselves. Get out of the notion that they are “yours” that you “made them,” and they are “your very flesh and blood.” They are nothing of the kind. They are independent, immortal souls, as old or older than you. You merely were the vehicle by which they came back to earth. You allowed them to pass in. You formed their little bodies?—Not a bit of it. They made themselves. They spun every thread of the garment they wear as much as the silk worm spins its cocoon. And you were as passive in and to the operation as the kettle to the concoction of the viand it holds. Is the kettle mother to the dumpling? So you are mother to the child. And don't take so much credit to yourself about this “dumpling.” In nine cases out of ten you would have scorched it or overturned it in the fire, had you had your way about it, but an overruling destiny kept you “straight up” and the fire just right, and things came out lovely, and you *had* to acknowledge yourself pleased for the neighbors were standing around.

I knew a mother who resorted to everything but the Caesarean operation to destroy her child, and yet the child was born. Now you prenatal fatalists what do *you* say happened?—that the child hated its mother and humanity generally, becoming a vicious criminal, killing several people and being finally electrocuted?—Not the answer: The child was born a most loveable and loving baby, conceiving in its infancy an unusually inordinate affection for its mother, which has never abated. He grew up, became highly educated, and is today a

model young man, and as far from any inclination to criminality as can be well imagined.

But really, I do not believe much in heredity nor much in education. I believe the child is born very much as the old man died, and that the old man dies very much like the child that was born. It is a round. There is something playing through and acting upon this human sphere that permeates and changes it. Man is a vehicle for the expression of action, and there is an agency impelling the action and apparently identified with him. This agent is the Will, which is the only recognizable thing or attribute affecting change. The will gives experience and that makes for growth. So don't worry, it will all come out as it *will* come out!

There is a subject so much above purification of propagation that the latter by comparison sinks into insignificance, and that is the subject of physical regeneration. Generation is and never can be anything more than a continuation of the present reign of birth and death. To be sure it has not dawned on the mind of "generators" that there is any such thing as regeneration possible, apart from that old saved-by-the-blood-of-the-lamb-in-kingdom-come doctrine,

Yet there *is* something working in and through humanity to accomplish purposes the end of which is unperceived, some hints of which however are thrown upon the foreground of the present consciousness, revealing to us certain future possibilities.

Why is the instinct, or impulse, manifested in the race to destroy its offspring, or prevent it from materializing, growing, and why, as the race progresses do we see such a constant diminishing of the procreative tendency? Only the lowest types of people are given to propagating like Belgian hares or white rats. The more intelligent and advanced types have fewer and fewer children.

There is a meaning in this, and the true answer like a voice from Sinai silences forever such ignorant mouthings about the "advisability of large families" as we hear from our great War Chief, and puts to rest the anxieties of those like dear old Moses, who unquestion-

ably is sincere in wanting to lead the Children out of Egypt.

The answer is this: *Behold the day cometh when not a child will be born on this earth!* Beasts will continue to be born, but not men—nor will the coming race be called “men.” An ideal type, far removed from the present race, will appear on the earth and will endure for ages. This race of beings will have mastered and utilized the secret of Nature’s eternal renewal or perpetual renovation—a secret which Nature jealously guards within her breast, revealing it only on the rarest occasions.

Does this sound like romance? Suppose in the reptilian age, some serpent had prophesied that an age would come when creatures would walk erect on two legs and that their young would no longer be hatched from visible eggs, but be brought forth alive, wouldn’t that have started a laugh around the saurian circle? I think so. But what can be said of the lesson afforded by our humble little neighbors, the busy honey bees?—They have already discovered an Elixir that transforms a common worker larva into a creature a hundred fold more wonderful—a queen or drone. Compared to the ordinary bees these are as a race of Divine Beings, endowed with comparatively wonderful powers—and all accomplished by a simple process of feeding.

Is it not a greater thing to learn how not to die than to figure out how better to be born?—Not more important to learn how to purify the body as it exists, and render it invulnerable to the attacks of time and circumstance than to go on immolating ourselves on the altar of Moloch, casting our children as sacrifices into the fiery flames?

Watch and pray, for behold the day cometh when we shall be as the angels in heaven, “neither marrying or being given in marriage,” when life shall be devoid of its many miseries and disappointments, and become one endless dream of love and soul communion. In that blessed day each will have learned to know that it is more blessed to give than to receive. So, *don’t worry!*

One thing reform agitation accomplishes—it clears the road and makes a free passage. Therefore, pass on, Moses, out into the bed of the blood red sea! Nothing would be more cheerful than to see the maddened Egyptians unhorsed, squirming in the turbulent flood. But in our triumph, let us not forget that “we stole their jewels and precious things.” Our captivity was good for us, and gave us a “start in life.”

And lead on McFadden! Lay the ax to the root of the Upas tree of Prudery. Cut down the whole woods, and cut close. Do not leave a stump, a bush nor so much as a fig-leaf for these shame-faced prudes to hide their painted blushes behind. Let them, if too much ashamed, imitate their ostrich prototypes and stick their pin-heads in the sand. I believe in this case we will have to summon the Irish or Italian shovel brigade and bury the altogether too conspicuous and nauseous remains of them also under. This will get Comstock.

And to arms, Warren! Say, *you* have the big end of the battle, after all, out there in Fort Scott. You are, or imagine you are, fighting the bread-and-butter fight for the masses, who, as Lawson says will stand and “grin” at you, and ask you why you don’t “come off.” You are not going to get any thanks from those you are trying to benefit, and only maledictions and mal-treatment from those you oppose and expose. But you don’t care. God bless you, you are the kind that DON’T WORRY. You know that some bodies must fill the gulch before the artillery can pass over to do effective work.

If you boys enjoy playing this game, go ahead. I will applaud you from my Tree where I am sitting, engaged in a little sharp-shooting diversion with the enemy. I shall be glad from the bottom of my heart if you win out (and you will), so that ultimately we shall have free speech, and a free press, I want to hold my roost in the tree.

But be consistent, boys. In your battle for free speech, , remember you have no right to cross a man’s threshold and talk sassy to him, without rendering your-

self liable to get licked on the spot and bump the bumps adown the banister. Now a city, a state, a country is but an enlarged dwelling, where a lot of people live together like a family. If one man has a right to throw down a challenge, another has a right to pick it up, and soon you have a free fight on hand, and an endless feud between the classes.

I believe we *may* be twisting away at the wrong screw. The loose screw in the machinery that blocks the gears we haven't perhaps discovered. *But don't worry, we shall find it!*

“For women to become economically free means more responsibility, and because they dread and are afraid of responsibility is the reason many yet prefer to be beggars and serfs.”

—*The Fra.*



“A puppy plays with every dog he meets, but an old dog has few associates.”

—*Josh Billings.*

The Other Folks.

My old friend, Frank Theodore Allan, has begun the publication of a little magazine that is a hummer in its line. I like it for its individuality, and fearless tone. Frank has hunted a long time and in a good many places but has never found a thing to be afraid of. Besides he is chuck full of original ideas.—*Astrological Iconoclast*, Watsonville, Berlin P. O., N. J. Price 25 cents per year.

Swastika, “Magazine of Triumph,” edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor Tyndall, rings true in every line. All hay-seed and rot—all trivial and true—all commonplace and platitudinous—all paradoxical parodies of orthodoxical offeratories—are punctilliously weeded out of this splendid little magazine, which is supported by a

number of very able contributors.—“The Swastika,”
1742 Stout St., Denver, Colo. \$1.00 per year.

“To-Morrow” by Sercombe himself is one of those bold champions of truth that flings down the gauntlet unflinchingly, and has the nerve to back up the challenge. The promise of To-morrow is surely the hope of Today. “To-morrow,” \$1.00 per year, 2238 Calumet Ave, Chicago, Ill.

“The Humanitarian Review,” a magazine of rationalism and ethical culture, edited by Singleton Waters Davis, at 854 E. 54th St., Los Angeles, Cal., subscription price, \$1.00 per year. As a journal of the higher criticism and advanced thought it is one of the very best.

“The Occident,” edited by L. Frances Estes, Brockton, Mass. Bi-monthly, 25 cents per year.

This journal contains some very clever and interesting expositions of occult word—and letter-analysis with original practical applications.

