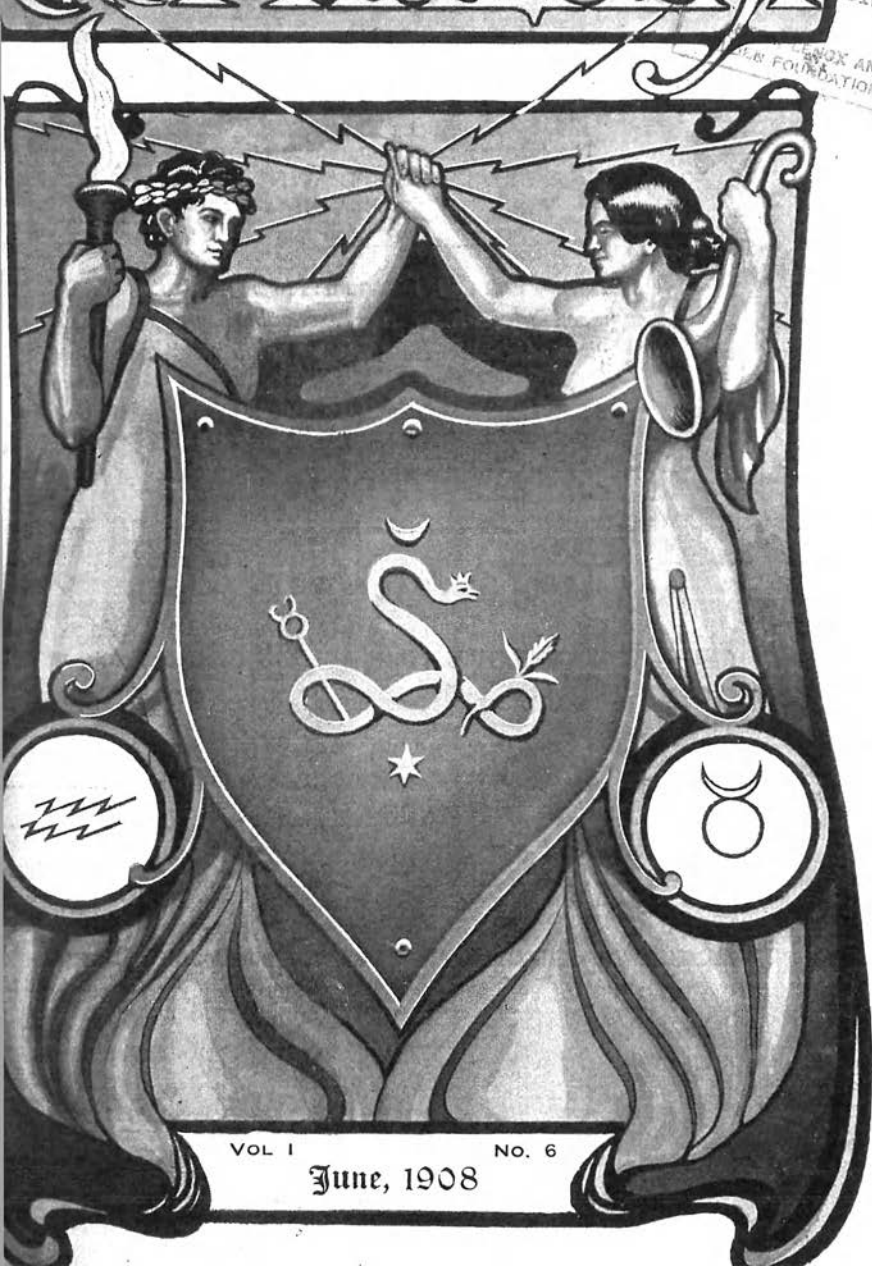


The PHALANX



VOL I

No. 6

June, 1908

The Phalanx

(The Phoenix of Adiramled)

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

The Inspirations and Outbursts of One,
DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT
Assisted by the Muse Herself.

The Ideas in this Journal are presumed to be mostly original. Any recognized plagiarisms are ascribable to unconscious cerebral kleptomania. At least, give us credit for the clothes.

We take our hat off to a few,
The names of whom are scattered through—
Who said the thing we wished to say,
But said it better every way.

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The Phalanx

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little more as I grow older.

—Montaigne.

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

—Young.

Give All To Love.

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope;
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope;
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wings unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,
It will reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—
Keep thee today,
Tomorrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

Emerson.

O to escape utterly from other's anchors and holds!
To drive free! to love free! to dash reckless and dangerous!

—Whitman.

If we resist our passions, it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

—La Rochefoucauld.

The deepest truths are best read between the lines, and for the most part, refuse to be written.

—Amos Bronson Alcott.

Cancer.

The sign of Cancer rules from June 20th to July 21st. It is governed by the moon, its color being white, corresponding to silver. As in all astrological signs, these correspondences are without particular meaning or significance, unless we look to the alchemical object lesson alluded to in our last issue.

As stated, Mercury begins to manifest in Gemini (producing gems) being in truth the product of the two potencies, or bi-une substance, undergoing development in the magistrery.

The actual appearance is that of white smoke or vapor, being a fine sublimation of the "moon-matter," or Luna, which is the maternal principle of Silver, incubated in the crucible of art by the "sun-matter," or Sol, the father-influence.

The result of this operation of the elementates brings the artist to what is known as the "white work," one of the important stages, mile-stones or stations, in the path of the adept's pilgrimage to the Mystic Mountain.

To speak of it as "white" is to put a stumbling block in the way of whomsoever attempts to elucidate the matter by purely mental processes without taking the path; for, when one thinks of white, he naturally pictures some white object, as a white house or a sheet of white paper, but in reality such objects are *not* white in a true, scientific sense.

Thomas Norton, in the Ordinal, endeavors to set the inquiring student right on this subject, yet many read over his suggestions without understanding them or taking them to heart.

He says: "Because in this art you are specially desirous of obtaining a color which abides the fire, you ought also to know, before you set about its production, how colors are generated, for every color that can be named is seen in our work before the white color appears. But we can have no real assurance respecting the white color, except in a *very pure substance*. You will be materially assisted in your task by a knowledge of the way in which colors are daily generated." And now

observe how he sums up the matter: "Color is the extremity of every *transparent* body; a *clear substance* is here beautifully consummated."

Again, he speaks of the "transparent splendor" produced through the influence of air. True whiteness, then, is like the transparency of air or light. As is well known, white light is resolvable into all the colors of the rainbow, showing that it requires a mixture of all colors to produce the optical effects of whiteness or brightness. Let no one, therefore, think of opacity as a quality of the Lunar state.

The quote from Open Entrance: "When the reign of Jupiter comes to an end toward the close of the fourth month, you will see the sign of the waxing moon, and know that the whole reign of Jupiter was devoted to the purifying of the Laton. The mundifying spirit is very pure and brilliant, but the body that has to be cleansed is intensely black. While it passes from blackness to whiteness a great variety of colors are observed, nor is it at once perfectly white; at first it is simply white—afterwards it is of a dazzling, snowy splendor. Under this reign, the whole mass presents the appearance of liquid quicksilver. Its intermediate colors are more white than black, just as in the reign of Jupiter they were more black than white. The reign of the Moon lasts just three weeks. Whenever you look at it you will have cause for astonishment, particularly when you see it all divided into beautiful but very minute grains of silver, like the rays of the Sun. This is the White Tincture, glorious to behold, but *nothing* in respect of what it may become."

Anyone who can read this lucid description and still persistently apply the meaning to the "stars" or to "man," must certainly be wanting in perception and intuition. It seems to be a plain statement of a plain fact or phenomenon—nothing celestial or metaphysical, but wholly terrestrial and physical, actual and visible—when once the meaning is apprehended.

The writer (Philalethes) evidently used the term "Jupiter" to express beneficence, for, from all observation and analogy, several intermediate influences have been successively in operation through the months of proba-

tion that have passed, notably; Mars, Venus and Mercury. But Jupiter is known to be the prevailing influence, owing to the predominance of yellow or orange. As Norton explains this, "If pure white and pure red be well mixed, the result is a beautiful orange color."

Yellow is a primary color and cannot be produced by composition. It appears in the spectrum through the influence and operation of the Sun itself, so that "Jupiter" is merely the name of the agent of such solar influence. Thus we see how subtly and yet masterfully the sages were accustomed to veil the secrets of the magistry in astral symbology, a literal interpretation of which would be ridiculous.

Nothing is more sensitive to discoloration or change than transparency. For this reason all objects stand out prominently in the light of day. Thus, during the reign of Luna in the Work of Art, one sees a great variety of forms, suggesting various analogies in Nature, hence the wonderful diversity of legends, tales and symbolic utterances that have come down relating to this mystery.

The substance under consideration changes form constantly, becoming liquid and coagulating a hundred times a day. Strange as it may seem, this condition exhibited in the primal or model work of Nature, finds almost perfect correspondence in the "mind-stuff" of the race. Cancer people are more sensitive than those born under other signs, often hyper-sensitive, timid, shrinking, changeful—shadowy and vague, like the light of the moon.

Again, because the Lunar substance broods at this stage, Cancer comes into expression as the maternal sign, conservative, restrictive, and economical to the verge of parsimony, since every particle or "egg" must be held in the "nest" and "turned daily" to advantage, or the Chicks of the Philosopher will never hatch.

Cancer is alchemically allied to the Crab because in the "clear transparency" of the period in question there is hidden in the heart of every white corpusele a blood-red atom which will later tinge the entire body, coagulating at the bottom into an object fancifully similar in

general appearance and action to the Crab. Not only so, but the substance at this time, like the sun at the summer solstice, appears to stand, and then crab-like to go backwards. Observe the succession of the ruling "planets" of the different signs up to this time; Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Moon—conjuncting Sun (July). Then we have an apparent retrogression through the planets; Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. This will be explained more fully as we proceed.

The Cancer native has very many characteristics of the crab of which the lobster is an advanced type. Like the crab, Cancer is extremely tenacious and once it fastens itself on an object, it will lose a claw rather than relinquish its hold, for which loss it deserves no special commiseration, since it knows intuitively that another claw will grow in its place.

You may catch a crab easily without a hook, simply by a piece of pork tied to a twine string and dropped into the water, and the crab having once seized the bait holds on till drawn to the surface and landed in the fisherman's net; so the Cancer native, once attached to the object of its desire, becomes oblivious to surrounding conditions, and even of passing opportunities in its own sphere, clinging fatuously to the lure, though it lands in Gumbo.

It also remains unconscious of, or unawakened to, its own inherent potencies, having apparently no knowledge or knack of how to turn these into practical account, save in one way; by working others. Its most remarkable characteristic lies in its ability to dart at will in any direction, particularly backward, with lightening-like rapidity. Inventors are now working on a new model for an ocean liner to embody this very principle or peculiarity exhibited by the lobster, by which it is expected to greatly increase the speed of the old fish-form boats and supplant them by a new type of vessel. Thus the lobster may yet prove of higher commercial value than simply contributing to the gustatory delight of the Chorus Girl and the revenue of the resterauteur.

The alertness and quickness of Cancer is a compensation for its inherent frailty and weakness, while its hard shell is its constant protection. Cancer people live very

much within a shell and limit themselves to the extent that they are never very expansive or progressive. Of themselves, they are usually nothing, being but a medium through which others operate, and with which *sometimes* they effectually cooperate.

Cancer, from its natural restrictiveness and extreme conservatism, appears to represent what may be termed sublimated selfness, and cumulative egoism, of which it appears unconscious and which outwardly is seldom displayed. As an example of a well rounded-out Cancer character, we have John D. Rockefeller.

All.

“Throughout the world thou wanderest, Oh, my soul!

Seeking and will not rest;

Like an uneasy fool, thou wanderest far,

Into the nether depths,

Or climbest where the dim lit star

Of outermost heaven rests;

Behold! the peace of Brahma and the goal

Lie hidden in thine own breast.”

There are two extremes of folly; one to chase the world over seeking without understanding or wisdom to grasp the elusive All, the other to sit idly by, proclaiming its possession. The one is a will o' the wisp which leads across bogs of uncertainty into the mire of delusion, the other, an echo, whose hollow words come back to die dully in the heart of disappointment.

There are two lamps, Intuition and Reason, the wick of the former threading out through innumerable lives into the fires of the infinite, that of the latter burning brightly by the oil of observation in the atmosphere of experience. Intuition is the light and shade impinged by soul-forms upon the sensitive plate of mentality; reason, the dark room and chemical that brings out clearly to the consciousness the form of the negative. To obtain a perfect picture, both are manifestly necessary.

Metaphysicians who follow intuition without reason are like skytravelers with telescopes gazing afar into

space, who voyage in improvized balloons without compass or control. The further they proceed, the more diminutive and distorted become the retreating figures of the world, nor do they get visibly nearer the stars. Suspended on spires of hallucination or plunged in rivers of doubt, the end is fatality, though the shock may restore to sanity and stimulate more rational search.

Physicians who follow reason without intuition are grave-diggers and curio collectors—Egyptologists, paleontologists, homologists, ornithologists, entomologists, anatomists—that dig and delve, divide and subdivide, analyse and classify. Peeping through microscopes they discover germs, microbes, bacilli, atoms, molecules, but in the end touch not so much as the hem of Nature's robe, nor find one footprint leading to the Chamber of the Mystery.

Religion fails because it rests on pure speculation and tradition, which is but past speculation. It holds to the shades of truth, grim and ghostly as cathedral shadows, the superstition of its devotees, and the self-interest of its priesthood forbidding the unfoldment or explication of the symbolism hidden within its archives and clustering about its ceremonialism; so that the thinking, reasoning world can never do otherwise than regard it with commiseration and contempt.

If the golden nuggets of truth and the crystal gems of wisdom concealed within the sacristy and canonized with saints could be brought to light, it would be understood why, in spite of its ignorant, selfish, brutal administration, the church has become deeply rooted in the human conscience, surviving all cataclysms and growing more and more powerful with advancing years.

The church is the conservator of art as the cemetery of bones. It stimulates science and makes for illumination in the same way that the stone develops light, producing friction—being the first thing interposed for the phosphorus of great minds to rub against and overshine.

Science fails because resting wholly upon observation—on the judgments of undeveloped human sense—it postulates truth according to appearance, often mistaking the unreal for the actual. Adhering to the pro-

cesses of what is termed "pure reason," it ignores imagination or speculation and bases its so-called facts upon purely hypothetical postulates. Nevertheless the trend of science, freed of scholasticism and pedantry, is progress-ward.

Religion, voiced as theology, makes bigots; science, expressed by schoolmen, opinionists. The *logos* of *theos*, "discourse of god," ends as it began in dogmatic assumption compiled in a thousand tomes to furnish precedents for prelates. The idea of God can never be understood by definition or argument. Since it proceeds through vast silences which only Wisdom can comprehend and Intuition divine. Likewise the various *logoi*, or discourses, distinguishing the different departments of science, end in catalog and cyclopaedia—a heterogeneous mass of arbitrary observation classified by pedagogues.

The true science of Nature is not discoverable by abstract reason or pure intellection. Its divination is alone possible through the intuitional faculties. The process, however, is analogous to life expression in general; the germ of truth unfolded from the sphere of the subconscious mind is nourished by thought, bedewed by reason and warmed by desire until it attains definite shape and stature in the conscious mind and can be artfully wrought in material mould.

Man will never attain to a knowledge of the Fundamental Truth by dreaming, by declaring or by doing—not by any of these processes alone, but by all together. Definitely the process is this:

Desire to know the truth: Believe that it is to be known: Work to find it.

What is truth? Truth is not the silent, unfathomable, inland sea, but the rushing current of a mighty river flowing through the land. Its depth, its velocity are determinable from the surface and measurable by the flow. It is never fixed but ever fluctuating. At one point it runs quietly and deep, and only by floating objects—passing events—is its movement recognized. At another point, it becomes a roaring torrent, and anon plunges a mighty cataract over the mountain precipice.

Why strive to change the onflow of this river? To be

sure, it may, in cases of dire emergency seem necessary and expedient to build levees, cut artificial channels and blast out obstructions so as to modify undesirable temporal conditions; but the current of truth itself is mighty and who shall permanently prevail against it?—And how foolish to stand on the banks and rail against it, or throw pebbles and mud at it! How it laughs to drown our scolding voices as it swallows our puny antagonisms and moves on majestically!

The moving current of truth is beautiful, yet it is not alone its beauty but its utility that interests and concerns us. This we find in its adaptability, its progression, its momentum. In the stiller, deeper water, ships are launched and commerce thrives while through rapids and waterfalls power is generated to set humming a myriad wheels and to illuminate the world.

The might of truth prevails, but by no fixed or sluggish processes, like, for example, religion, which in effect, is a dam in the river of truth, or more like a narrow canal diverting it into some small baptismal pond where the sparkling element soon stagnates, exhaling miasma. And the pond gradually fills and grows over—a sort of charnel house, solidifying soil by the disintegrating bones of its devotees.

Even in this situation truth eventually will triumph, springing up in new and varied living forms.

A purpose has been achieved, but not the highest purpose of truth, which is to water the world and wipe away its transgressions—to obliterate, refine, purify, transmute—to travel far out into the eternal sea—to return in vapor and cloud and rain—to refresh, revive and restore parched lands,—to enter its course anew, to perform new labors for humanity and the world.

Fundamental truth is that which relates directly to man, which is of immediate interest and value of him. This truth lies not in heaven, not in the stars or sky, but in the earth and within the sphere of man's attainment. It is the very truth of life and is intimately related to man's own sphere, being not in the least concerned with gods, devils, angels or imps, nor yet with spiritual processes and future states.

It is the truth which makes life more abundant and

consciousness more acute. It is knowledge of occult powers and forces latent in substance—things veiled from the ignorant and hidden from the thoughtless, who were it possible for them to grasp the knowledge, could but misuse and misapply it.

Who would learn the truth?—the school is here—the books are at hand—the master sits at the desk—enter thou!

Affinities.

I am asked to define the term “affinity,” and incidentally to tell what I think of “them.” This is a very delicate topic, but I will do my best.

The word “affinity” is from two Latin roots; *ad* (euphonically changed to “af”), meaning to, or near, and *finis*, the end—therefore, literally “to (at), or near the end.”

In chemistry the term is used to express “that force by which the atoms of bodies of dissimilar nature unite in certain definite proportions to form a compound different in its nature from any of its constituents.”

In law it implies, “artificial relationship between persons of different blood, regarded as analogous to consanguinity,” as the relation created by intermarriage, adoption, sponsorship, etc.

In a general sense the term means intercourse or acquaintance, indicating a natural liking for, or attraction to, any person or thing.

Again the term “affinity” is used synonymously with sweetheart, lover, or the more recently discovered “soul-mate”—the person of opposite sex to whom one is particularly attracted. As I am quite sure my questioner had this application of the term in mind, I will confine the discussion mainly to this order of affinities.

The proofs of affinity are at hand and abundant. In our daily intercourse with people, we continually experience the feeling of like or dislike.

Social relationship—society itself—is founded on personal attraction, in other words, on affinities. “Birds of

a feather flock together." No argument is needed to establish this point. It is simply a matter of observation and experience.

Granting, then, that there is an affinity between certain people, resulting, as we see it every day in comradeship and friendship, it follows that there must necessarily be *degrees* of affinity. Now, we all recognize the fact that we like certain people better than others. And if we go over the gamut of our likes, casting out the less likely factors, we discover at last just one remaining one that can neither be eliminated nor reduced. This, apparently, is the number of prime importance in our life's equation—integral, perfect, harmonious. To find this result requires oftentimes the working out of a long complex problem by a most laborious operation.

Affinities represent similar correlated planes of mental, spiritual and physical unfoldment or evolution. Society has no provision, nor science any method, so far as known, for recognizing or determining with any certainty the subtleties of this law of affinity. It is a law that cannot be regulated, except mechanically, by convention or legislation. Such regulation is mere restraint and not expression in any true sense.

Two people may be educated along similar lines, have quite similar tastes, belong to the same church or set, and still be naturally antagonistic to each other. And their intuitions may not be sufficiently developed to recognize this all at once. Or again, one may discover it and the other fail to do so.

There is something here that transcends calculation and entirely upsets every known theory—a law that is a law unto itself and bides no regulation, dictation or suggestion. And this law is one of Soul Chemistry, which in essence re-echoes the law of the physicist and says: "There is a principle, or force, inherent in substance itself, by which apparently dissimilar magnetic substances rush together and coalesce, forming a new combination and condition—arriving 'at the end'—*affinis, affinity, rest.*"

Thus, "as above so below"—the spiritual law correlates the physical, and the proof, the *highest proof*, of

the actual condition is manifested in the physical relationship.

Now, do not make the mistake that so many make in supposing that there are spiritual affinities and mental affinities and physical affinities—all three separate and distinct. A true affinity is a perfect response *on every plane always*. Therefore, if on any plane you find irresponsiveness, you certainly have reason to doubt the existence of the ideal affinity.

“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I declared my Word.” A new truth, or principle, is always unfolded to the consciousness of the race, and proclaimed, through the medium of the ignorant and unlearned, who by nature are usually the most sensitive to psychic impressions, but for this reason, the new truth, appears to the world for a long time disreputable, and is not sanctioned by the “best” people.

After being thus tabu for a time, it begins to force itself somewhat on the notice of the “respectable” element—“recognized” scientists take it up—finally a chair is given it in the universities, and lo! the despised subject becomes enthroned and men forevermore bow down to it.

For a thousand years the church, and for other thousands, custom, has united the sexes on about the same principle that a carpenter seizes two pieces of boards that lie conveniently for his purpose spiking them together.

The interstitial crack is covered by putty and varnish and much rubbing with rotten stone, sometimes the job is dove-tailed and veneered over and the plank publicly displayed as One Piece. It has also for a long, long time been fashioned into the bars of a reeking cross on which millions of human hearts have been impaled to slowly bleed to death, while the victims of this hideous custom died in an agony of soul starvation—and the world has looked on stolidly, satisfied for the race to be perpetuated only.

But the time has arrived when the old nails have rusted off and the varnish cracked apart, and the boards themselves become so warped assunder that the passer-

by may look in and see what dire havoc the worms have made. In fact, the old cross is rotten at base and core and ready to topple over. Only a Moujik or a Musselman gets down in the mud any more to bump his head to it. The enlightened look up, and choose a path as *far* from the grewsome relic as possible.

The term "affinity" applied to human relationships, like the term "anarchy" is likely for a time to become a term of reproach, and not to be considered respectable, simply because certain impressionable erratics proceed to try it out according to their untrained and unrestrained impulses.

It means now in the minds of most people, especially those who get their education through the Yellow Press, "the woman a man deserts his family to elope with." So words, like money, become "tainted" by association. People do not stop to consider that in nine out of the ten newspaper cases the "new woman" comes no nearer "filling the requirements" than the first, as evinced by the fact that the "man in the case" soon *discovers* that he has to look further for the Ideal. Therefore, reasons society, "There ain't no such thing as an affinity."

I agree with society, on society's plane, there ain't. But all the same we have to admit that flying straws and cockle-burrs indicate the prevailing direction of the breeze. There is a mighty unrest becoming manifest in the ranks of the yoked and harnessed, and broken traces and bursted dash-boards—runaways and kickups—are becoming the pastime of society and the order of the hour. The Bit of State is taken in the teeth, while the Reins of Church are snapped like tow-strings—and anon you will find the "fillies" rubbing noses congenially in far away pastures, as much as to say: "What asses we *were* to allow ourselves to be driven *so long* by senseless custom." Even a horse, you see, can learn, and it is dangerous to goad an ox to desperation.

A bill recently passed the Chamber of Deputies in Paris making possible divorce at the request of either party to the marriage. This means free union and free divorce for France. And it will usher in the dreadful

era of trial marriages. Well, suppose it does? What, I ask, is marriage anyway but a trial, or a *series* of trials?

Not so very long ago we did business strictly under the *caveat emptor*, "let the buyer beware," rule. It was the seller's one aim to drive a good bargain, and the buyer, if bit, was held to it. Now all that is changing and we get to take the goods home, try them on and if they don't suit, return them and get our money back, and no wry faces or argument.

Time was, likewise, when the chief fattened up his bevy of girls like so many geese to make them as desirable as possible in the matrimonial market, where they were exchanged to the highest bidder for so many cows, skins or other desired commodity. So, the modern mamma with a string of marriageable daughters, all the while making voracious inroads on her patrimony, imitates in another way the tactics of the savage chieftain, seeking by every hook or crook to unload. And naturally, so long as woman is raised and educated a dependent on somebody's hands, it is simply a matter of *business* to dispose of her in *some* fashion, and, deplorable as are the results of the practice, people may be exonerated for employing a little strategy to accomplish their purposes. Furthermore it is simply *policy* to "stick the buyer," and protect one's self so that there can be no easy "come-back"—hence laws are enacted creating the "bonds" of matrimony.

But as woman demonstrates that she is neither the weakling nor the fool that man has so long considered her and her own sex acknowledged her to be, that she is competent mentally and physically to enter almost any department of labor and do it as efficiently as man ever did it, that she is as much entitled to a choice of vocation, and, if she wishes it, to emancipation from the ordeal of maternity—when she discovers that her *only* bondage is her bondage to custom and convention (cruellest of masters)—when this happens, look out.

And then, after she has dug out clear and clean from all the accumulated superstition and nonsense that has descended upon her as an "heirloom" from out the hoary past, when at last she stands fearless and free, an

individual, Nature will still assert itself, but now intelligently, whispering the "old, old story" that something is lacking before she can come into her very own and realize the Ideal for which her soul ever longs, and that something is summarized in the word, affinity.

In her old, enslaved condition it is something to be afraid of, to shrink from, but in the New Life, it is the one condition to be eagerly sought and joyfully welcomed.

The potential possibilities of true affinities on the high plane of earnest thought and endeavor are something wonderful, immeasurable, unfathomable. The resultant expression is *divine, creative*—a New Thing rises from the old, as pure wine flows from the lees. It is, in fact, the renovation of old bottles for the *reception* of new wine.

Certain substances may be pulverized ever so fine, so that they appear to mix and form a new compound, but chemical test will show that there has been no union whatever between the particles—*that* is matrimony. There are other substances that when brought together under certain conditions coalesce and blend, losing their individuality and becoming one, a new substance—*that* is marriage.

There are at least ten thousand cases of matrimony to one of marriage. Matrimony is "mother's money," a union of dissimilar entities for either maternal or mercenary considerations. Marriage is an "age-blending"—an outflowing, inter-blending of souls that meet and mingle by natural, spontaneous, ungovernable law.

In all branches of art, harmony and symmetry are recognized as basic principles, while in mechanics and the exact sciences they become fundamental laws. The two tones forming the interval of the seventh will forever give forth a disagreeable dissonance, the harshness being accentuated by prolongation, whereas the sixth remains purely consonant, the sweeter and more satisfying the longer the tones are sounded together. How long will mankind refuse to recognize the principles of harmony in life which are so apparent in art and in the universe?

Thoughts and Things.

A correspondent requesting a sample copy of THE PHALANX, "wonders if the price of the Journal will be popular"—which wonderment provokes a bit of discussion regarding prices and values of literary production, and incidentally some other things.

As stated in our first issue, we are *not* catering to public taste and shall not be disappointed if we do not achieve great popularity, which in a certain sense is akin to vulgarity. A thing to be actually popular must be mediocre, or less. No, we are not hunting for the feather to tickle the popular fancy, but simply writing for the one object of Self Expression. And we are paying too for the privilege as we would the tuition in a school. It is a school.

The Phalanx at its present size will cost us to publish and mail at third-class postal rates about \$1,000 per year, therefore, it is evident that we shall have to "throw in" up to the time when we shall have one thousand subscribers. There *ought* to be more people than this in the world interested in the subjects to be discussed in this journal, once we get them located. But whether we do or not we are not worrying a bit about the outcome of our venture. We had rather attract a small, select *live* audience, than a full house of dead ones, dozing off.

The Postal Department by its rulings, like other governmental departments, apparently favors the Big Toads in the puddle, whose interest it is, of course, to freeze out the Little Polliwogs before they get a chance to grow up and croak. Owing to a lot of arbitrary rulings, which appear to get more and more technical all the time, it is next to impossible for a small journal now to get a foothold. Without capital, it is a dead sure impossibility.

The theory upon which the Post Office ruling relating to the eligibility of a magazine to Second Class privileges is based, is that the magazine must be shown to circulate purely on its literary merits, which are gauged by its popularity, and presumed to be shown by a bona-fide, unsolicited subscription list.

The time was, perhaps, in the early history of journalism, when this theory might have been reasonably true, but at the present time everybody who knows anything about it knows that it is wholly erroneous, inasmuch as no periodical published today circulates purely on its literary merits, but by reason of its advertising pull.

All our big newspapers and larger journals and magazines would have to speedily go out of business if they had to depend on voluntary subscriptions. They are restricted by another ruling from blowing their own horn to any extent through their own publication. They are even restricted in the matter of sending out sample copies with a view of increasing the circulation. Why not get a circulation through the news agencies, you might say? But news agencies will not handle a periodical that has not been entered as second-class, since it subjects them to the onerous third-class rate. So, you see, it is a rub to get a start in the publishing business.

You can get no advertising without circulation, and there seems to be no easy, legitimate way to get a circulation, all the powers conspiring to prevent it, so it means simply, to put up or shut up. This by the way is a fair sample of the outworking of American "protection" to the vested interests which the dear public ignores, rails against, and calmly goes on perpetuating.

And if any of us don't like the rules of the game or the way it is played we are politely informed that we can go to———Canada, or Mexico. Thanks! We have paid the price to get into the show, and we are going to stay in and see it out. It is really of scientific interest to us to know whether or not the law of the survival of the fittest will work out. We believe it will. First, the little fish will either be swallowed outright, or pushed into the shallows where they will naturally starve to death. And then will come the battle of the Whales, the Sharks and the Octopusses—which is already on. How will it end? It never will end!

Therefore, don't imagine, dear reader, from any of our "violent outbursts" that we are greatly exercised over the condition of things, or that like the regulation Socialists and Anarchists, we are endeavoring to reform the world and society. As well endeavor to level a moun-

tain or bale the ocean with a tea spoon! The people we *ought* to hit in an engagement of this kind we never get within gun shot of, besides, they are the sort that if we should hit 'em they wouldn't know it, so what's the use? And if there is no use, *what* are we talking for at all? Why not go mum, and reduce our conversation to the simple "Aye, aye and nay,nay," or remain wholly non-committal?

We observe that the Master who gave this suggestion spent his life in teaching and preaching "Philosophy and Friendship," and incidentally, on occasion, lambasting hypocrisy and the hypocrites—the administrators of religion and law, the Church and the State, which then as now, were the principal obstacles in the way of progress and illumination. So we go on preaching.

We must have larger freedom—a free hand, free thought, free speech, free action—not to injure but to increase, not to backbite, but to bless. Therefore, unmuzzle the press! Let every man write, indite, print, paint, cut, carve, stamp or stain, any idea that he may wish to formulate and express. To L with *lese majesty*, or any thing resembling it! Americanism is an evolution. It was rooted in blood, reared in hardship, and is just coming into the glory of strong manhood. Why should it be necessary for it to contract the plagues of medievalism—the scurvy of monarchism or the leprosy of catholicism—and perish prematurely from off the earth a victim to paresis and parasites, like Rome and other ancient civilizations? Are no lessons to be learned from history, or must history forever go on repeating itself?

There is nothing so conducive to longevity, health and happiness, whether of an individual or a nation, as Free Expression. And why may we not have free expression? Because we are too indolent to either think or to express, and so delegate the business to others. We are so mentally weak and incompetent that we must have teachers and preachers, and doctors and lawyers—to whom we surrender our initiative as well as our rights, and who rule us with an iron hand. And we pay them a fancy price to do it.

It is all right to cry out against caste and creed, and snobbishness and flunkeyism,—and that we want democracy and the people's rule, according to the ideals of Jefferson, Paine and Lincoln—but think: who establishes caste and perpetuates creed and toadies to the snobs and flunkys—the people. It is useless to talk about a democracy to people who as a mass desire to be ruled rather than to take the trouble to rule themselves.

The fact is, the Common People, of whom we hear so much, are a slice off of the identical cheese with the “bloated artistocrats.” They possess the same selfish natures, have the same desire to excel—to be above their fellows, to have better clothes, better food, better dwellings—to create in the minds of their neighbors envy, recognition, servitude.

They fail presently of being well up in the scale of aristocracy because they inherited from their fathers or grandfathers perhaps a *little* sense of delicacy and honor. Possessing this remnant of “honest nerve,” they are incapacitated for modern competition. The money king, the successful financier, has either to be born *without* any sentiment of honor, or else have the entire nervous apparatus of honesty deadened to insensibility. He must be as conscienceless as a highwayman, and as hardened as any criminal. He must scruple at *nothing*—not lives, not hearts or hopes, not homes or happiness, to accomplish the purpose in view. He must become a desperado *par excellence* and play the game boldly to a finish.

On the plane of his special activity, he demonstrates himself a master, and the world, being at heart on the same plane, bows down to him and serves him. That is the explanation of the whole matter.

Talk about “honesty in business.” It is a misnomer. Honesty is not in the game of business, unless it be the Joker to take the last trick—the game being to take as many tricks as possible by any method possible. He who pauses to consider the method usually falls down in the game.

At best, honesty is only “best policy.” It is a form of selfishness. We want in the New Order of the Phalanx a better word than honesty. What shall it be? We have it already coined. It is ALTRUISM. Honesty is

effort put forth in the best interest of Self—Altruism is effort for the Other. “Love one another”—“Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.” Here we are right back to the original Christ doctrine, and on solid rock. Altruism is the dividing line between selfishness and selflessness (which really is selfishness sublimated) the true effort of the self, guided by the intelligence and understanding that “He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth it, FOR THE SAKE OF TRUTH, shall find it.”

The value of a literary production, be it an essay, poem, magazine, book—what you will—lies in the fact that it gives one food for thought, awakens or stimulates thought. It may also have a divertive value. The great mass of literary production has this alone in view—to interest and amuse—to dissipate serious thought.

We respond mentally to exactly what we are, what we have experienced. If a thing sounds “good” to us, it is something that sometime we have tried out and proved good to our satisfaction. The author has rediscovered our own find, and his delineation arouses interest and pleases us. We do not accept any new truth from him, though we imagine we do. We believe only what we already know or desire to believe.

Yet, all the time we aspire, reaching up somewhat to hands or means that are able to lift us out of ourselves and the ruts in which we have been running, otherwise, no growth would be possible. We read a hundred books to find a *single line* which brings out hidden or forgotten knowledge within the soul, and this amply repays us for the search. Was the line alone valuable, or should we not consider *every word* leading to the line of *equal* value?

To drink wine and consort with a company of the beautiful is better than practicing the hypocrisy of the zealot; if the lover and the drunkard are doomed to hell, then no one will see the face of heaven.

—*Ruba'iyat.*

Various Views.

My Dear Delmar:

"Say, the Journal is the best ever. Where is your Muse?—What inspiration has arrived lately? This is the best I have received. You have climbed to the highest mountain peaks this time. You have spoken from the heights a message that is charged with Truth, whose vibrations are of the highest potency. Whence came this message?—What angel hath proclaimed these truths?—What musician hath struck this "lost cord?"—What voice is this coming down the ages? Has the veil been lifted? Have the Masters spoken? Doth man comprehend and know? Doth Isis speak and proclaim the Pearl of Great Price? Let him that hath ears to hear, hear!"

—A man who understands.

Dear D. DeF. Bryant:

You have a genius for poetic thought and some talent for poetic expression and which might be made large. The poem you print in May number is pretty good, I should think—but there is no poetry worth calling that—except pure love stuff—and that as you know, is about the rarest condition in this pig of a world. What makes you try to reform all the damnation you see? Don't you know you *can't*? You may cry over it, you may brow-beat it, you may give it a helping hand and if you don't dispel the *ignorant* spirit which produces all this, you might as well be still. I wish you w'd be still and make more poems—and the other kind. Philosophy isn't poetic—it's scientific. Why not go at the social crime poetically? * * * I hate all social "cranks." I don't want you to feel however that I hate any of those folks personally. It is only their curious hair-brain courses I hate. A good opposite *example* w'd do, more *practical* good than all the words of scold and curse in the world. Are there not more divorces than ever? There *should* be. You can't prevent "experience." Women marry for "experience." They get it. Men marry for a worse reason and they don't get it—because divorce happens. Both are learning. There ought to be the example of a "psychic union" and no failure in it. That is all wo-

men need to start a new course. Educated women hate marriage, but they *love*.

There sh'd be schools to teach better physiology. Women don't *realize* what is ahead of them. A student *does*, if she *waits* a good while and gets her sister's experience. And there are plenty of old maids on account of it. Why not get a bit into that deeper physiology? It is irrational for men and women to separate wholly; they should unite to love. If they want to raise a family—that's different again. That calls for physical mating. Very few women in these United States are fit for physical marriage, yet they must *start* in it. They become intellectual by *degrees*. This is growing. It would be better if they did not need to make the mistakes, because it is life-long and unutterably sad. Fine natures (if they are also intellectual) c'd not dream of the present day marriage. It's a pig-sty. Now, if you'r only going to wrangle, Delmar DeForest Bryant, don't send me any more stuff—because I don't like it—it's a waste of postage. I don't want to feel you'r wasting that lovely poetic quality. It may anger you a minute to get this criticism, but who cares? It may do you good. Everybody sh'd be slaughtered once in an age. I'm slaughtered every day and get a new Phoenix. Luck to you with good wishes.

—A woman who thinks.

Dear Mr. Bryant:

I've just rec'd and read the May number of the "Phalanx," and it's so good I hasten to voice my appreciation. I don't agree with all you say—If I did, my commendation would be as worthless as an echo—but you'r a real stylist and you have sense. Which makes your work interesting to

Yours cheerily,

Leigh Mitchell Hodges,

The Optimist.

Dear Friend:

This month's Phalanx is so interesting. It is getting more and more alive and quickened by your fine spirit. I see you are still rather revolutionary, although advocating evolution. If, say, every one—wives, husbands, children, friends should strike, as it were,—get up and go (where to?)—what would happen? Cannot the

"within-ness," and the Holy of Holies there, cleanse and purify circumstances, and do not circumstances change with evolution? I know they do. For the present, as you say, there seems no better way than the old fashioned working out of the law—so-called—All the same, I wish a special adjustment of life. —*Nephrata.*

D. D. Bryant,

Dear Friend:—I have greatly enjoyed the last number of the Phalanx. It is the finest common sense I have read for a long time. *Friend James.*

Mr. D. D. Bryant:

The last number of the Phalanx was a scorcher. Tell us about the Utopia you have in mind.

—*The Wise One.*

How differently the same writing or composition strikes different people! It is interesting to read the various comments and criticisms that we receive. One correspondent writes, "Every number of your journal is priceless. It is food and drink to me. I fairly live and grow upon it." Another writes, "I do not understand what you are getting at; you might as well stop the paper."

That is the way it is. Sometimes you shoot under and sometimes over, but occasionally you hit the bull's eye. We are not at present taking any very particular aim, for the reason that we are not gunning for any special game. Arrows twanged from the bow of impulse sometimes hit a rock and rebound, and sometimes they sink deep. There is a law guiding their flight. It is the law of attraction. Whosoever loves the truth and desires to possess it, to him it shall flow.

To tell the truth, we are doing the stunt of the foot-light actor, who comes out in front of the asbestos to keep the audience quiet and together until the stage is properly set for the real play. Something is doing behind the curtain that will, when it goes up be mighty interesting to you all, we are sure of that. For the present we will crack a few jokes and get better acquainted. A little later, look out for the spectacular—the *REAL THING* in stage-craft. So don't go away disgusted till you have seen the whole show, moving pictures and all!

The Other Folks.

“Sex-Mating,” by Mae Lawson (herself), published by the Raven Press, Findlay, Ohio, price 25cts.

This little brochure should be read by everyone who thinks, as well as by those who haven't thought, along the line of sexology. It is a think-stimulant—a strong and sensible word, well spoken and with the right ring. Here is what it says to the fathers, which I presume is meant to include the mothers.

“Fathers, teach your growing-up sons to look, without any false shame, upon a beautiful, innocent, Divine female form, dressed or nude, with thought as pure and holy as they might glance up at the beautiful stars in the flower-garden of the Almighty One. Teach them that woman's being is interwoven a trifle closer than man's with the strange mysteries of birth, life and death. Tell them to always vibrate thoughts so pure for all woman-kind that if the ‘lid’ to their think-tanks should happen to be left open they'd have no need to hide their faces in very shame. Tell your boys, both big and small that she whose heart-beats have forced her own blood through the veins of an Immortal Offspring, knows something which he, as man, cannot know. Talk to them about the marriage relation; tell them the only true union there is or ever was, is the union of two souls—two half-souls melted and moulded into one—nothing but pure and unadulterated love will ever weld the divine link so tightly that no jerk or jar can pull it apart. Yes, tell them these two souls must have as affinity for each other, an affinity so strong and sure—well, it's a feeling that begins at the crown of the head and creeps gradually down to the souls of the feet, with no stopping place. Tell them that marriage is so solemnly sacred that themselves and Infinite Good have imminent partnership therein. Tell them that love isn't bought or sold with a maudlin kiss or a flippant caress of venal wealth, but must be free, pure and as beautiful as the charming and variegated tint on a tiny hummingbird's wing; and tell them, in order to have it entirely durable and absolutely lasting as well, that both should be able to present some new

phase of character each and every day of their married life. You might tell them too, that the wonderful thing called 'love' don't come at command, neither will it depart at the danger end of a shot-gun. It must be its own excuse for being, the same as life. It must never be bound or clutched, but must be a *rare* gift from HERSELF to HIMSELF. Tell them that neither State nor Church has any mortgage on it at any time!

A typographical error, of which unfortunately there were several last issue, made us say that "all trivial and *true* is weeded out of the splendid little magazine, Swastika. 1742 Stout St., Denver Colo." For "*true*" read *trite*, which was copy, and sets the matter right.

The Purity Journal, edited by J. B. and Maria Charlesworth Caldwell, Morton Park, Ill., published quarterly, 50 cts per year. Devoted to race improvement through heredity, pre-natal culture, improved environment, wise sex instruction and development of the will.

"The Divine Life," a Mirror of the Soul, edited by Celestia Root Lang, published at 255 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. One dollar a year. "It is only through a union of myself with myself that I myself can know the All-Self."—metaphysical, pure in thought, on a high plane of expression.

"Notes and Querries," monthly, \$1.00 per year, published by S. G. Gould, Manchester, N. H. This journal is in its 26th year, and is too well known to need introduction. It is devoted to history, folk-lore, mathematics, literature, science, art, arcane societies, etc.

"Power and Poise," published at 2183 E. 74th St., Cleveland, Ohio, \$1.00 per year, samples free. This is a new, up-to-date and very interesting and instructive journal, "devoted to building health and building character—to the development of well balanced men and women of high efficiency. The editors are Dr. and Mrs. Virgil P. English, the well known phrenological lecturers and practitioners.

Philosopholets.

The infant who cannot or does not kick and squeal stands a poor show of ever reaching maturity.

—*Frank Theodore Allan*

Nature, like the cuckoo, laughs at law, placing her eggs in whatso nest she will.

—*Alfred Austin*

Temptation is to finer souls another name for opportunity.

—*Canon G. E. Mason.*

I have a vision of the soul of Life, and love alone is worthy.

—*John Davidson.*

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

—*Carlyle.*

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.

—*Lowell.*

He who would search for pearls must dive below.

—*Dryden.*

Only so much do I know as I have lived.

—*Emerson.*

All great writers, those before as well as those coming after, copied Emerson.

—*Bryant.*

Silence is the mother of Truth.

—*Disraeli.*

The pathway to success is in serving humanity. By no other means is it possible, and this truth is so plain and patent that even very simple folk recognize it.

—*"Fra."*

There are six requisites in every happy marriage. The first is Faith and the remaining five are Confidence.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

—*Emerson.*

