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# The PHALANX



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# The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Edited for the Edification of the Elect by DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

Being an attempt to find the way in, the trail through  
and the path out.

Herein I think my thoughts aloud  
And scatter them afar  
And, if I aim above the crowd,  
And sometimes hit a star,  
It beams and streams and seems to say  
You jolted me the other day—  
But I thank you for the jar.

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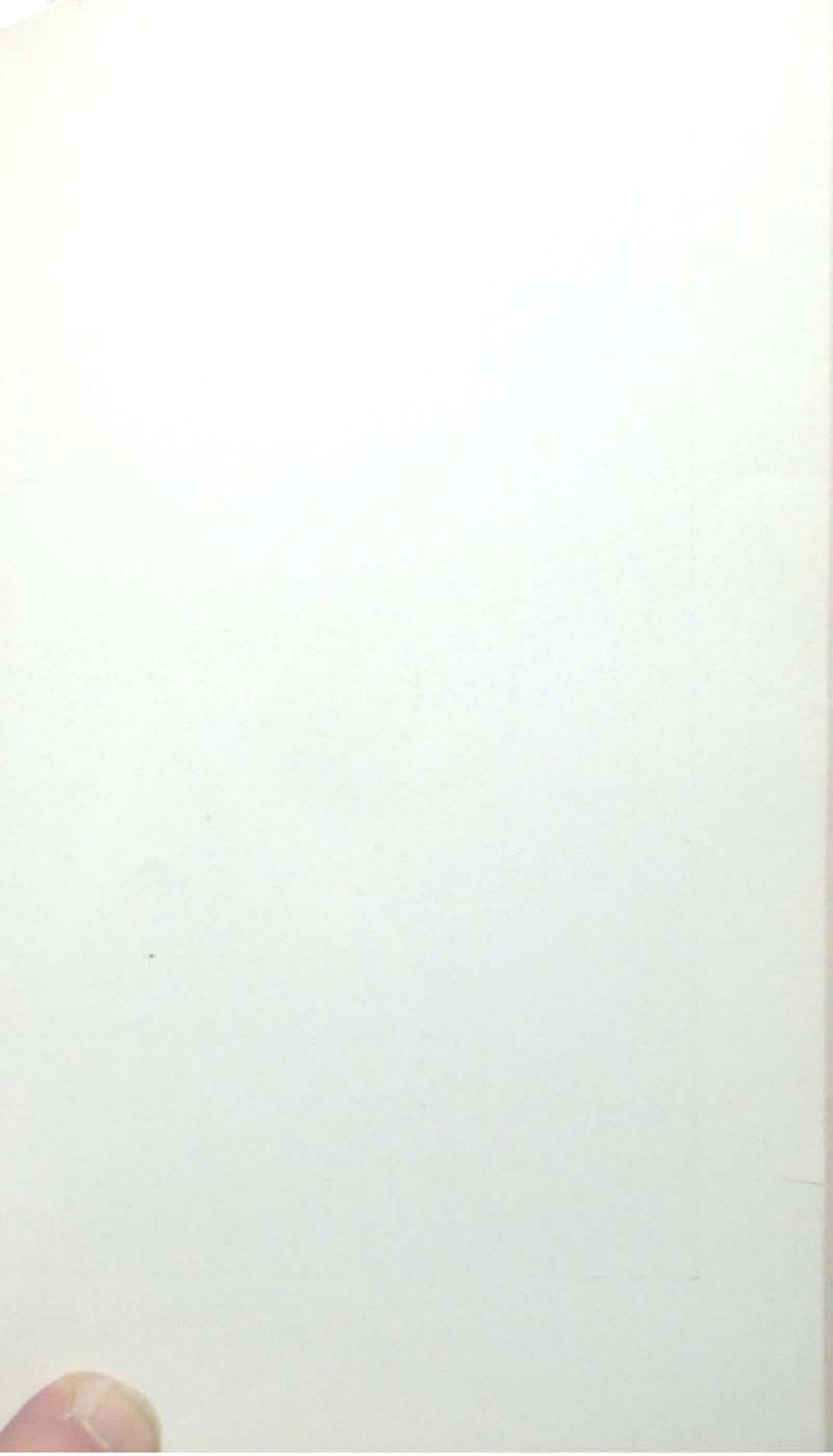
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MR. ARDHAN ISHVERBHAI.

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FEBRUARY

No. 2

Vol. II

*Philosophy consists not  
In airy schemes, or idle speculations;  
The rule and conduct of all social life  
Is in her province.*

—Thomson.

*Well chosen friendship, the most noble  
Of virtues, all our joys makes double  
And into halves divides our trouble.*

—Denham.

## A Toast

Here's to the girl with eager gaze,  
Her face abeam and her eyes ablaze,  
Who is frank and confiding  
And quick in deciding—  
Perhaps a bit wild,  
For a chit of a child,  
But for her you need have no fear.

Here's to the maid with soulful mien,  
Eyes soft as a moonbeam, hair like a sheen,  
Neither flip nor affected,  
But poised and collected—  
She never is rude,  
And is not a prude,  
But the jolliest sort of a dear.

Here's to the woman of wondrous ways,  
Of charming demeanor, the perfume of praise,  
She's the woman who understands  
Whose presence respect commands—  
In exchange for a heart  
She will treasures impart  
That grow richer year after year.



## Knocks

A woman, God bless her, who has assumed a sort of maternal protectorate over me, and who does not make any bones of lariatting me, and pulling me in line whenever she thinks she perceives me wandering from the Straight and Narrow—or sniffing Forbidden Pastures, has just presented me with a token of her esteem, and covertly conveyed her sentiments in the gift, which is a neat little brochure on the cover of which is a hammer, with the suggestive legend NOX, which being interpreted and orthographed means “knocks.” ’Tis pretty and quite apropos. It says in sweet and unmistakable words, “My son, *you* are a knocker!”

Guilty, mother, I confess it—Get the strap! But wait just a bit before you lay to—Let me plead my cause, and *perhaps* I will get off easier.

Don't you honestly believe the world *needs* knocking, and that it grows better through knocking, and that it therefore owes a real debt of gratitude to the knockers? Hasn't it really taken a *deal* of knocking to get it in any sort of shape, habitable for semi-civilized beings, and is it not likely to take a deal more to bring it into anything like ideal form, as we, even at this stage of the game, conceive it?

Acquiescence is, indeed, the open road to sycophancy and sophistry, while he that kicketh like a green bay steer, though he may be considered outside the pale of the eminently respectable pastures, will nevertheless escape the yoke, the halter and the fateful sledge.

Think it over, and say, tell me, was there ever *one* thing of consequence accomplished in this world through mushy concession or nilly-willy non-resistance?

Now, don't refer me to the patient Nazarene, and the smitten jowl that turns to invite a second slap. The same authority, on another occasion and in another mood affirmed that “not peace but a sword” should be sent out.

The doctrine of non-resistance is the doctrine of annihilation and would, if carried literally into effect, mean the triumph of brutality.

Non-resistance as applied to Nature and her forces is a complete misnomer—there is no such thing known in

Nature. All things are formed, sustained, grown, developed, through resistance—and man is no exception. It is not possible for him to progress socially, or unfold mentally, by any non-resistant process—a fact proven conclusively by history and experience.

There are, however, various kinds and methods of resistance. There is the purely physical method, as, for instance, when Mamma seizes the strap—and there is the mental method, when the Little Darling assumes a sorrowful mien, so that Mamma wilts, and Darling gets hugged instead of chastized. But this action of the part of the real “cute” kidlet in playing upon the tender strings of his parent’s sympathy, rather than getting black in the face and screaming with resentment, is *not* to be classed as non-resistance. “He that ruleth his spirit is more to be commended than he that taketh a city”—because calmness means power—resistant power.

Consider the physical constitution, and you observe that we live in the physical form and exist by reason alone of a complex set of resistances set up against an opposing set of destructive and disintegrating forces. Every breath we draw serves to reinforce our resistant potency, and when from any cause this potency is unable to cope with its antagonists, there is a sudden invasion of the swarming, barbarian hordes surrounding, which quickly overrun and devastate our personal estate, leaving it as a dead and desolate waste.

Again, if you look into the history of the social and intellectual life of the race, you learn that it has been one long, long fight. Inch by inch the victory has been contested and won, and men have from the beginning deified the heroes that struggled in the forefront to achieve such victory.

Not that we are out of the jungle, not by any means—the same warfare is still being waged—but, after all these years, men have acquired just that which resistance alone can give, viz., strength and subtlety—sineu and sense.

From the bow and arrow to the Maxim repeater is a far and sad cry, but it has brought to the world comparative peace, with some of its resultant blessings—a lull in the frenzied madness of bloodshed, wherein



commercialism is exchanged for militarism—and the fight goes forward on a higher, different, plane. It is a chimera to presume that we will ever secure peace by disarmament. Peace will be attained and maintained only when hostility is made impracticable or impossible, and then, though we may have immunity from the present brutal form of warfare, we shall still not have peace in the sense of freedom from struggle.

And what, pray, is the end of all this struggle and strife? The end is in the *result* accomplished, which is, as you may say, experienced daily, momentarily—the acquisition of more resistant power—which we name *character*, and regard as the true unfoldment of the individual.

The tired ones, those with the Sarsaparilla Feeling, have pictured it to be after the order of a big camp-meeting, where they, together with a few of their relatives and members of their social club, will be permitted to sit around a Great White Throne, all twanging away on a monochord and singing Glory Hallelujah forever.

I have known many female sopranos and an occasional male tenor who I believe would be perfectly content to do this stunt everlastingly, *providing* they were permitted to sing First, and were given lungs of sufficient capacity to drown out the other members of the choir, but, as a general proposition, we can easily imagine that the monotony of this everlasting chant would become maddening to anyone but an imbecile, and yet people on this plane of thought do not seem to think so, though it is probable that they contemplate another promised feature with more avidity than the musical part of the program which is that they will be eternally next to Jehovah's corn-crib and potato-bin—while angels and seraphim run the cuisine and wash the dishes. I am certain that anyone imbued with the gospel of work and the spirit of action would much prefer to shovel coal and poke the fires in another locality where they could honestly earn their rations.

But, I am getting away from the subject. Just imagine, mother, what would become of us without the hammer? We might have had boards and nails but without the hammer, we never would have had the house. We might have had quarries of rock, and mines of coal and gold, but we never could have utilized them



about the hammer—nor could the iron once mined  
and melted be forged and beaten into the thousand and  
one shapes necessary and essential for our use without  
the hammer—to break up the resistances in the metal.  
By the hammer we reconcile ourselves to adversities—"the  
blows and arrows of outrageous fortune"—they are all  
hammered us into shapes of greater usefulness. With-  
out the hammer and the hammering we would be and  
could remain but fossils—replicas of ancestral types in  
the body and mind.

Strike, then, O hammer, with thy mighty weight!  
Break me and crush me and shape my fate.  
The pains I suffer from the cracking bones,  
And all my shrieks and cries and groans,  
Shall change to laughter, joy and glee,  
To realize that I am free  
Of that old, pachydermal hide,  
And the horror of being ossified.

## The Transformers

Ingersoll, the earthquake that toppled towers, crum-  
pled cathedrals, cracked creeds, swallowed up supersti-  
tion, and threw up landscapes new of rugged outline,  
form and shape.

Hubbard, the storm, that sweeps the new made land,  
with its driving, pelting rains and floods, disintegrating  
and dissolving, laying bare, and by attrition rounding  
it in beauty lines the jagged rocks, while of all debris  
it creates an economic mould in which to germinate and  
grow a new and wondrous flora.

Ingersoll, the iconoclast, broke all the grinning gods  
and laughed at the solemnity and servile devotion of  
the worshippers.

Hubbard, the modeller, finds in the wreckage of de-  
livered deities, materials from which to form a gallery  
of new gods—speaking gods, human gods—gods, like  
the alate, that step from stony pedestals to perform some  
living service to a waiting, wanting world. And as for  
the order of Melchizedec, it abideth uncomfortably, the  
pallet of the doughty Fra, and falters timorously to  
finger button up its ecclesiastic choker behind and pre-

sent its florid face unflushed and unashamed. For the eyes that look up from cushioned pews no longer present the old-time, stolid stare of imbecility, nor the open-mouthed, fishy smile of credulity, but reveal a clear glitter, the penetrating gaze of skepticism—a skepticism born of awakening intelligence and independent thought—so discomfitting to dealers in dogma.

Ingersoll blazed the path, Hubbard follows to finish the smooth, hard roadway. No longer doth the weary pilgrim, foot-bruised, and brier-scratched, aspire to drag himself up Zion's straight and narrow trail in order to gain free admission and a subsidized lounge in God's free hostelry. He travels now from choice in a Limousine along the King's highway, with the searchlight of his smile and the magneto of majestic manhood. Verily, the gods have come to earth to walk again with men.

## Sin

BY ALINE.

In one of the ancient languages the word Sin is the name of the moon. Sin is also the name of one of the Hebrew letters, the form of which is a tri-glyph—three branches from a stem—three principles emanating from a point—a pictorial emblem of the trinity, or universal tri-une potency.

Sin, once a luminary in the heavens, like its paternity, Lucifer, the morning star, has in these modern days fallen and become morally stigmatized—all the work of theological tinkers (*not* thinkers).

Sin occultly is the name of that force, or element, in nature which induces change and fluctuation—a force called by occultists, Luna, and related to the Moon. Terrestrially it is allied to water, being the cause of all decay and death—mutation and transformation.

The reason of Sin's excommunication from the current religious creeds is that its recognition as an essential world-factor would completely upset the dogmatic structure of the church—a structure based on the idea that personal happiness and eternal felicity is to be attained through belief in the efficacy of vicarious atonement and maintained in idleness, and dependence on the bounteous favor of a capricious deity.

Without the acceptance of such an ideal by



the fagged-out, slavish masses, the church would go speedily out of business, for labor, *per se*, is held to be a sin, being the result of a curse, Adam's transgression—a sin which demands expiation through a life of suffering and death, the only hope held out as reward to the faithful being a heaven of everlasting do-nothingness.

Once you establish work as the ideal and make effort the price of attainment, you controvert the whole doctrine of the church and upset its entire scheme of salvation, restoring Sin to its erstwhile position of master and maker of the world.

You may, in argument, always run orthodoxy up a tree by the simple query, "Why don't God kill the Devil?"—in other words, *why* does the Sinless One permit sin, and *how* can the sinless punish the sinful?

Christian Science has mixed all together in a complaisant batter and turned a fair-looking flap-jack in which there is said to be no evil, but *only* good. Still, even Christian Science gets the creeps up its backbone upon the approach of Animal Magnetism, the beastie—which only goes to prove how difficult it is, after all, to get an hereditary taint or naturalized microbe out of the human cosmos.

As a matter of scientific truth, Sin remains the one only positive force in human life. It is the sun's ray operating through the lunar sphere. It is the direct cause of all action, all vital phenomena. It causes pain, sorrow, sickness, death on the plane of human consciousness, the same as it causes dissolution, disintegration, decay, etc., on lower material planes. But, after all, is not change the highest concept we can have of life? Without the active operation of this God of Change, or Sin, there would be no life.

My friends, we are in the darkness that precedes the dawning of a New Day. Human understanding at the present time is befogged by superstition, clouded by ignorance. All images are seen inverted. Error masks as truth and hides in shadows behind the tall timbers, so that truth is constantly being mistaken for error. The highest extolled virtues on analysis resolve themselves into transgressions of natural law, while vice is found to be the fertile soil from which all reformation and progress proceed. The nobility is most ignoble,

while from commoners the most uncommon genius springs.

The reputed transgressors, the violators of law and established order today, as of yesterday, are the ones who break the shackles of a tyranny that otherwise would keep the world groaning in chains until the crack of doom.

Sin is supreme. It counts its devotees by millions. It is worshiped everywhere, both openly and secretly. Its shrines are set up in all places—in the household, in the mart, in society, in state—under the very altars of the church even.

All this warring and preaching against sin is the verriest pretense and hypocrisy. The warrior and the priest, after the tournament of arms or oratory, go out together and worship with the rest.

Humanity is one, the passions are ever the same, and passion rules the world. Passion is the scepter of Sin, which all men and women implicitly obey, only through false teaching they are ashamed of their homage to this god and worship it in secret places, under cover of darkness.

Only the Soul is supreme. The Soul it is that inspires true action. Inspiration is the only light. Intellect is a will-o'-the-wisp. Without inspiration man could neither walk nor talk, neither think nor calculate. Inspiration is from on high, and the Soul is its medium. The Soul, therefore, abhors the things which men do unnaturally. The Soul shines through the worm, inspiring it to rise from its lowly, crawling estate to flutter forth in higher atmospheres, breathing new airs, displaying new powers and achieving new possibilities.

The cardinal "sins" of today are physical—and what are they?—eating, drinking, breathing—the triune destroyer, and at the same time the builder of formal life. We "eat to live," but in eating food we take poisons into our system which it requires the energy of a great dynamo to destroy, and which ultimately, as the dynamic forces run down, become the death of us. The power which runs the dynamo is in the breath.

The breath is fire. It burns up daily the great mass of garbage which we load into the human furnace—but all this process is strictly, scientifically, in a physical



sense, sinful, since it ends in the destruction of the form—in death and dissolution.

When, finally, the Soul has triumphed, as one day it will triumph, there will be no more mentation, operation, causation nor cessation. The chrysalis will emerge a butterfly—the finer ethers absorbed at every pore will be food and drink for the spiritual body, and we shall revel in the ecstatic effulgence of Sin transformed. Lucifer, the light-bearer, will be elevated from his lowly service of poking gastric fires and given a seat on the highest throne of Mind. The furnace of the visceral Hades will be forever quenched, and, viewed from the supreme heights of man's advanced spiritualized concept, will be regarded as the crater of an extinct volcano. Sin will sit upon Sin-ai and give utterance to the Law of Life!

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## What Will Become of the Children?

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My views on the adjustment of marital infelicities and incompatibilities appear to be arousing considerable comment and discussion, and I am receiving a great many letters containing various suggestions and criticisms.

Among the objections offered to divorce, none is more frequently urged than the injury that it is supposed to work on the offspring, and the question is continually being presented, What will become of the children? It is a question certainly worthy of deep consideration.

According to our educated notions, and the prevalent social arrangements, the parents are presumed to be the only ones having any actual interest in the children, being by law, penalized for bringing children into the world to the extent of their care and keep up to a certain age.

This notion is, of course, part and parcel of an arbitrary law, or custom, handed down to us from the hoary past, having no special sanction either in reason or righteousness.

After a certain stated age the child becomes independent of its parents and from that time forward virtually dependent on the state,—working for the state if able-bodied, fighting for the state in case of

war, cared for by the state in case of indigency, physical incapacity or mental unbalance.

In a more advanced and ideal society, every child would be when born regarded as a ward of the community. In such a society it would be understood that children do not *belong* specially to the parents. If the parents desired to stand as guardians to them, and were qualified to do so, well and good, otherwise society itself would assume a protectorate over them.

We are rapidly, and without realizing it, coming to this very idea. People who would undoubtedly be shocked at the suggestion of the state's stepping in to assume control and direction of their children, and who would consider such an act a usurpation of their personal rights, yield the point gracefully in giving over their education to the public schools and universities. And what a relief it is!

The parents consider they have fulfilled their duty in paying taxes for the support of schools—a duty, however, which is frequently quite onerous, and the cause of much grumbling. Children, as a rule, have very little home discipline and training, and often little real home life. In the case of wealthy, or well-to-do people it is pride, while in the case of the poorer classes it is self-interest (the children contributing to the support of the family), which keeps up the established custom of ownership in children up to the legal age.

If this custom or belief were set aside, society, or the state, needs go but a step further than it already goes to accomplish the stated ideal in caring for all her children from infancy up, and doing it too far more scientifically and a hundredfold more beneficially to the children than is done at the present time under present methods.

A great deal of specious verbiage and sentimental bombast is indulged in by speakers and writers about the home's being the bulwark of society, the ideal of the coming race, when as a matter of fact, the home is but an institution existing as a relic of paternalism, the same as government, which is a relic of the clan. Individual development means the breaking up of institutions—more separation and less segregation—the truly developed individual does not recognize the nec-



essity for any institution. Institutions are for the unevolved—for people in the formative state.

Love is a beautiful thing, whether in the home or out of it. True love is something apart from selfishness, and, judged by that standard, seldom indeed do we find love in the home. Very few children are welcome at birth, and the majority are cared for after birth from a sense of duty or pride. What affection there is is developed through association, which would be and is manifested the same when children are adopted as when they are born. Inborn filial instinct is a poetic myth.

The children who are ostensibly well-cared for are often the worst neglected—being frequently indulged in the things which are most injurious to them, and denied the things they really ought to have—and a great many are spoiled by the vanity and egotism of parents, whose prudery and prejudice, however, seal the book of most essential knowledge from the eager child, compelling it to learn the truths of life through the bitterest of experience, and from associates whose suggestion and influence poison the mind and lead to incalculable evils.

It is, of course, too much to aver that any system of state fostership and oversight would correct all of such abuses, but unquestionably a right system of education would greatly mitigate and minimize them. In such a society it is plain that the children of divorced parents would be cared for the same as any others, but what about the present society? It may be a thousand years before we attain the ideal of a free society, and the question still remains unanswered, What will become of the children? It seems to me that the question is pretty well answered by another—What *does* become of them? Are there many instances where they have failed to grow up into just as good and useful citizens as the children of parents, who stick together?

One thing is indisputable. It is an unqualified blessing for a child to be deprived of a home where the parents go on living together in a state of mutual abhorrence and hatred of each other. Can a worse condition be conceived than this? Is it not easy to perceive that the example and atmosphere of lovelessness are bound to operate deleteriously on the mind of the children kept in such environment? Such a home is not home in any true sense of the word—home ideally is a place of

happiness, not a scrapping ground. A home, or house, full of inharmony and discord is bound to harden the child mind, stimulating therein the baser instincts and passions, such as hatred, ill-temper, duplicity and deceit.

What fanaticism and blind unreason do we see exhibited on the part of churchly synods, who from time to time meet to discuss divorce and pass resolutions for the more rigorous enforcement of marital laws. Such minds are just of a calibre to conceive and believe in the Calvinistic ideal—"hell paved with skulls of infants damned"—and they advocate the best and most effective course to create and sustain just such an hellish pavement. \*

It is a physiological fact, and one that is to be observed an hundred times a day, though passing unobserved far more frequently, that, owing to uncongenial relationships existing between the parents, children are dwarfed, distorted—damned, if you please—before birth, not to say anything of the blighting of their lives thereafter—and all this in respectable (?) homes, under the system of legalized marriage.

I am ashamed for the intelligence of my fellowmen and women who are so soaked in priestly prejudice and religious superstition—so bound by fear of public opinion to the traditions of the past and conventional usages of the present—that they cannot, *will* not, perceive all about them the curse of licensed licentiousness that masks itself under marital respectability and goes on taking the name of decency in vain, committing more heinous crimes and unpardonable sins every day in the year than all the policemen, courts, jails, penitentiaries and asylums can correct in a lifetime.

The so-called "love-children," those born out of wedlock, even when deserted and unsuccored,—something for which the intolerance and prejudice of society is usually responsible—have, nevertheless, usually grown up exhibiting superior mental and physical capabilities. Nature is no respecter of laws outside of her own. By her immutable law the only ones in the wide world fit to bring a living soul into life are bona fide lovers. Therefore, as marriage is primarily understood to be an institution for the begetting of children, only such lovers should marry. In the eyes of nature, and the



God of nature, all true lovers *are* married, and those who do not truly love are in a perpetual state of divorce.

Call it free-love if you will, in God's name, if love is not free, then *what* in the universe is free? God himself is love, and surely God is free. I do not say but what society should place some wholesome restraints upon conditions that are inimical to the unfoldment of the best and highest in the individual, but really what is society doing today to correct the real evils that arise from the abuse of sex? Nothing. On the contrary, it continually aggravates and perpetuates those evils, making it next to impossible for a purging and a reformation. It mocks at the holy and scoffs at the pure. It enforces degradation and subverts all ideals. It lives at the bottom in its baser senses, and piously, hypocritically, denies all knowledge of sensation. It places its bar sinister on the Children of Light, and legitimatizes the imbeciles of its secret orgies—passion slaves, who, being in the vast majority, sit in judgment and make hideous laws for the free-born, who by virtue of their superior intelligence *ought* to rule the earth.

Have no anxiety concerning the children of lovers, or the waifs of the unyoked. Pity only those—and their number is legion—who are herded in unwholesome homes, slapped by angry, cruel fathers, scolded by irritable mothers, chilled by lovelessness, and made vicious by neglect and abuse. Pity those also, whose number is legion, who are brought up in a surfeit of cant and hypocrisy in Christian homes where the Christ is daily denied and belied, and who escape, as in so many notable instances, taking a straight course to the Bad Lands. How blessed the child whose creation is premeditated, whose advent is heralded by sweet expectancy, whose makers rejoice to behold their handiwork, whose childhood is bathed in the radiance of parental love and agreement.

\*   \*

In the new world of the ideal we shall all be like children, and no other children will appear. Birth is not creation, it is reproduction, producing over—a step in nature's evolutionary process—in a sense likened unto a curse, pronounced by nature upon ignorance. The fulfillment of the curse is in death. So long as birth continues death will ensue. At the approach of death

we observe nature redoubling her efforts to separate the vital from the moribund elements, in order to perpetuate the special form of life.

If all the cells of the body were perfect, and if the life forces emanating from the central-soul had free and perfect interplay so that cellular re-creation could ensue normally, such a condition would constitute individual birth, or rebirth.

Sex that contains the secret of imparting to the separating ovum cell an individual impulse, likewise contains the secret of imparting a similar germinal impulse to other cells. All cells should be on a plane with the more perfect ovum, and the re-vitalization of such could then be effected automatically and voluntarily.

I am well aware that such statements will sound visionary, even absurd, to a large number of people accustomed to look upon birth as an inevitable occurrence and the most normal of processes, but there are some few minds awakening to the conviction and understanding that in the New Heaven and the New Earth, birth will of necessity be entirely done away with. No one, not even the most orthodox, ever conceives of births occurring "in heaven," and what is heaven but the supreme and ideal realization of earthly possibilities?

In heaven we are assured that there is to be "no marrying or giving in marriage," but that we are to "be as the angels of God"—divine messengers. This "heaven" is nothing more nor less than the perfected body of man, and we shall come into the realization of the meaning of the many sublime figures used by the Christ in its portrayal when we step forward in the path of attainment. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I declared my Word, saith the Lord."

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## Statutory Statistics

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At the convention of the Episcopalian diocese of California recently the committee on social service made the following remarkable report:

"Statistics show that nearly 80 per cent. of all divorces take place between couples with two children or less, and abundantly prove that the presence of children



operates against divorce, but as an independent problem, this evil assumes the proportion of a world menace."

The committee went on to advocate that divorce be allowed only for the statutory crime.

Is there anything in nature to equal the density of a bishop's brain as revealed by his lack of logic whenever he essays to employ his voice outside of the litany? I think not.

Statistics probably do not lie. Certainly children *are* a handicap to divorce. Every child that is forced upon an unwilling mother is but another ball and chain riveted upon her free limbs. She is bound then by a certain duty and maternal affection which will operate to keep her on the weary treadmill, and will go on and on until broken upon the wheel—and *that* to the bishop seems a perfect solution of the problem! It is the solution of greatest interest to the church, as it is to the recruiting officer—more communicants to pay pew rentals—more food for cannon—the only thing required to keep up the old regime of kingcraft and priestcraft being to raise sons and daughters to raise more sons—taxes and tithes—for without these the bishop and the ruler, together with the great swarm of parasites who part the raiment of the poor and live off the sweat of the slaves would have to go to work like the rest of us.

Then *this* is why you do not favor divorce, Mr. Episcopos, you fear for empty pews and a flattened purse. Say, suppose you read the message that the Lord Jesus Christ, whom you pretend to revere and follow, once wrote in the Silent Sands—suppose you remove the ban of your accursed condemnation from the Magdalen and see what beautiful and noble sons and daughters would be brought into the fold, that now, stunned by your anathemas, stigmatized by your reproaches, starved by your pharisaical refusal to help, aid or assist, find untimely graves in gutters or perish upon haughty doorsteps, while the shrinking mother, bride of thy Christ is driven in desperation to the hells which your intolerance creates and sustains. Even *there* you will not let her rest, but drag her forth to deride and humiliate her until she ends her wretched persecution in suicide. Then, at last, you are satisfied. The "outraged public conscience," which is web and woof of your edicts and

sophistries, is appeased. Your diabolical work is finished, and you call it of God.

You want *no* unions that you are not permitted to bless and *no* children that you cannot baptize. But why, if your blessing and baptism sanctify aught, are you unwilling to administer them to *any* child of God? I know your loop-hole, and how you will attempt escape. These, you say, are children of the devil, and such you cannot bless.

Mr. Episcopussy, you have posed as the vicegerent of Almighty God long enough. You stand revealed as a hypocrite, an imposter, a grafter. The world knows you at last. Your power wanes rapidly. Public sentiment is dead against you. Paine pulled aside your surplice, Ingersoll knocked off your miter, Hubbard unbuttoned your collar behind. You are shown up as a very ordinary type of human being, indeed.

If you have any special pull with God, *now* is the time for you to show it. People are weary of your preaching and pretense. Your prayers neither bring rain nor stop floods. Earthquakes, cyclones, accidents sweep the best and fairest from the earth in a twinkling all unbeshriven—toppling over churches and cathedrals, saloons and gambling halls, burying saint and sinner alike in the ruins. When God is angry with the world, he hears not your voice—when on his vengeful march, he becomes deaf to your entreaties. And then you side in with God to justify your weakness and incompetence. We are opening our eyes to the fact that your God is even a bigger humbug than you—that if he be half as bad as the Good Book portrays him he is little better than a fiend.

Statutory crime! Yes, I know, the religious superstition that infiltrates the blood of the race still goes on kowtowing to the hoary and ambiguous edicts of Sinai. Tell me, how do you fellows *know* that the Seventh Commandment has anything to do with the relation of the sexes? Who among you is qualified to define the *meaning* of adultery? From the standpoint of Christ and Paul, the Christian Fathers and the Holy Catholic Saints, marriage *itself* is adultery, then how do you in modern times get your authority for sanctifying marriage by a mumbling of words? Perhaps you have received a special Mormon dispensation.



Fie on it, O fie! There is one tribunal, and one only, competent to decide the meaning of adultery. It is not the pulpit of a priest, it is not the bench of a judge—it is the Royal Arcanum of Nature. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—Are the children of your Holy Matrimony better and purer than other children? If not, then why not? Goodness and purity are not the result of any words you have spoken in the presence of the conjugally affected, but is due to the fulfillment of nature's law untrammelled and unviolated.

Ah, if you were wise enough to perceive *when* the true bond existed and in what degree—that would be different—then you *would* be a true priest, and your counsel and sanction would be welcome and invaluable—a blessing to the world. But you ignore all this, you never examine your marital applicants as to their mental or physical compatibility—they may be exact opposites in temperament, antagonists in purpose, mentally unmatched, physically diseased and totally unfitted to marry, but you will go ahead and pronounce the ceremony for a fee, declaring them wedded by God—you set your seal on a living lie, license a living crime, sanction a living death, and the bringing into society of monstrosities, degenerates, malefactors and fools. Ah, you are a false priest and a bum bishop—out upon you and your recommendations!

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The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom—the love of mankind is the end.



Not once in a hundred thousand times do you find a man and wife who have reached a state of actual understanding.—Finck.



Incompatibility comes from misunderstanding and misconstruing motives, or more probably, attributing motives where none exist. And until a man and woman comprehend the working of each other's mind and "respect the mood" there is no mental mating, and without a mental mating, we can talk of ownership and rights, but not of marriage.—Hubbard.

## Invocation

BY GOVERDHAN ISHVERBHAI.

Oh, ye, Hermetic Sages all,  
Hear ye a seeker's humble call!—  
I pray with fear, I pray with tear,  
That ye come near, my way to clear—  
Come soon, with boon, and show to me  
The Key to see the Mercury.

To my prayer listen, Oh, Bright One,  
Open my eyes to see the Sun—  
Symbols divine, illumine with thy shine,  
And point the line to the soular sign—  
Come soon, with boon, and show to me  
The Key to see the Mercury.

What is Azoth? What is Tarot?  
What means the Night, what is White Light?  
Reveal the seal of Supreme Will,  
Oh, hear my cry, hear my appeal!—  
Come soon, with boon, and show to me  
The Key to see the Mercury.

Desire so keen and Faith serene  
Bid us to soar, our wings to preen—  
Like showers of dew on flowers ne,  
Your blessings strew on the faithful few—  
Come soon, with boon, and show to me  
The Key to see the Mercury.  
The law is the one unhangable thief.

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When two people earnestly desire to be together, a hundred cannot keep them apart.—English proverb.

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Thought is supreme—all things come through desire  
and every sincere prayer is answered.—Elbert Hubbard.

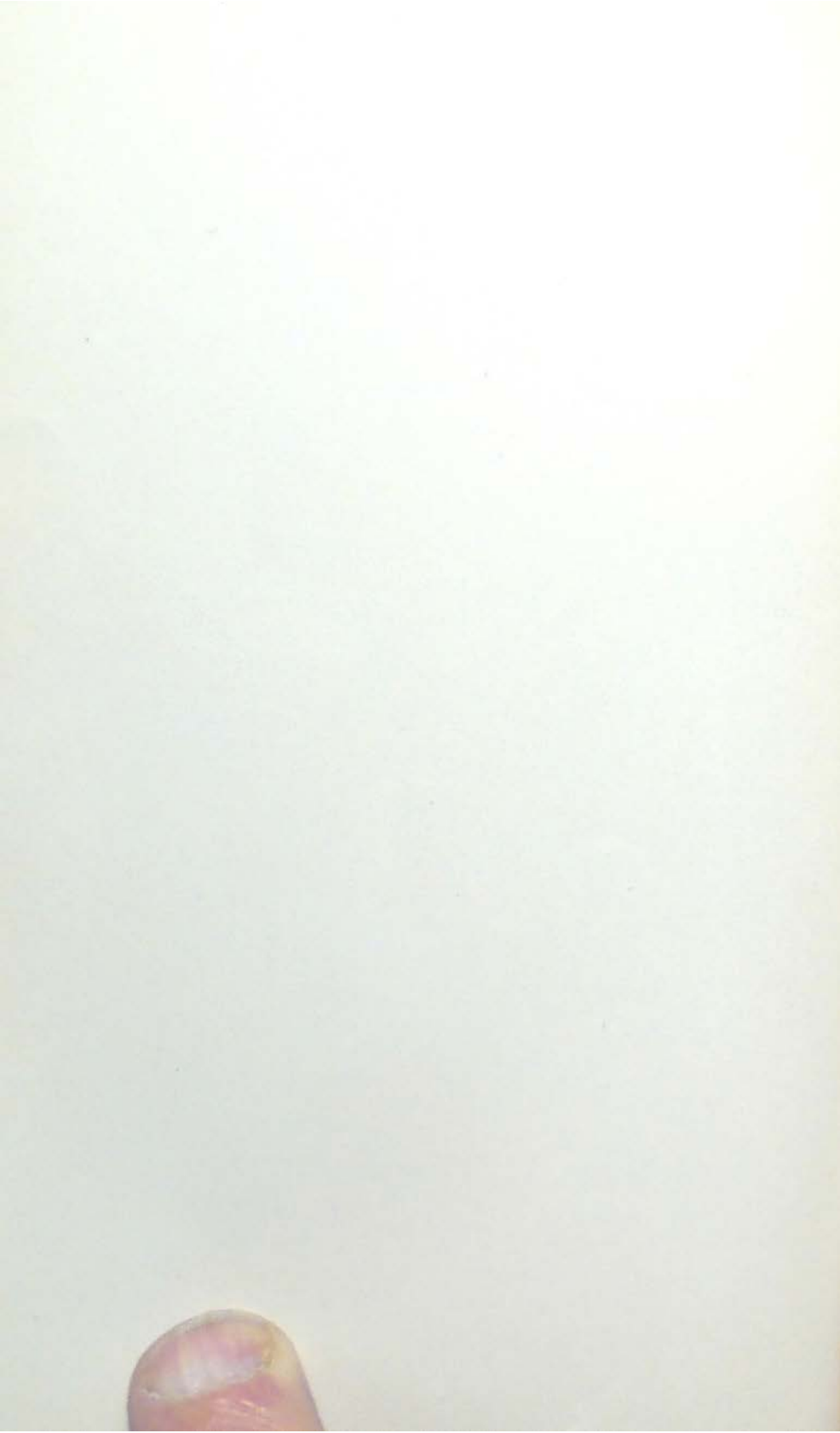
✻ ✻  
No star is ever lost we once have seen,  
We always may be what we might have been.

—The Girl of the Golden West.



We present this month the likeness of Mr. Goverdhan Ishverbhai, of Baroda, India, a young man of singularly brilliant intellect, a philosopher and student of the deeper mysteries and a most enthusiastic co-worker in the Order of the Phalanx.

Goverdhan whose native tongue is Gujarata, a dialect of the ancient Sanskrit, has attained a fine mastery of the English language and writes English more correctly than a great many Americans. He possesses unusual powers of inspiration, expressing himself naturally and fluently in poetical measures. One of his impromptu poems, "Invocation", is to be found in this issue of the Journal.





# The Order of the Phalanx

## OUR CREED.

We believe in FREEDOM—free Thought, free Speech, free Action, free Love, free Life—EVERYTHING FREE.

We believe in granting freely to every man and woman the freedom we claim for ourselves.

We believe in the freedom of women from men, and men from women—absolute social independence.

We also believe in the freedom of men and women from themselves.

We believe in the rule of the INTELLIGENT MINORITY.

We believe that truth and justice and virtue are the normal offspring of intelligence, having nothing whatever to do with any religious training or moral restraints.

We believe that crime and criminals increase in direct proportion to their recognition and the effort put forth to suppress them.

We believe the thou-shalt-nots of the decalogue have instigated more malfeasance, and led to more transgression of natural law and order, than all the original sin in Adam's race.

We believe that the highest, the noblest, the purest and the sweetest realizations possible in life come through counterparted companionship of a man and a woman mentally and physically mated and related.

TO FIND THIS IS TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THE REST.

What's the earth  
With all its art, verse, music, worth—  
Compared with love, found, gained, and  
kept?

—Browning.

