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THE MAN BETRAYED

THE betrayal of man by his environment has long been a theme of serious modern novels. The "hero" in these stories is usually a simple and good man—a type of the "common man"—and often a man of sensibility. In any case, he is caught by forces far beyond his control. He may wriggle and squirm; if he is articulate, he may denounce; but he can never escape. The great betrayals of the 1920's were recorded by men like Dos Passos, Scott Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson, and, if playwrights be included, Eugene O'Neill. The English, taking up the theme a little later, gave it a more "symbolic" treatment, such as is found in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World,* in *The Ascent of F-6,* by Auden and Isherwood, and, more recently, in George Orwell's *1984.*

While forms differ, the essentials in all these versions of betrayal are much the same. Some young man who stands for our common human clay is continuously tortured by "society" until there is left only the twitching trunk of sensibility, the suffering psyche of a man who would not, or could not, adapt and "go along."

Since the war, a new twist of self-consciousness has been added to the drama. While the familiar frustrations are retained, the betrayed men are now made to betray themselves, and this development, including the peculiar agonies it introduces, seems worthy of investigation. We have in mind novels by Charles Yale Harrison and Jerome Weidman, both writers who have mastered the nuances of contemporary sophistication, and who, if not artists of depth, are certainly accurate in their portrayals. Harrison's *Nobody's Fool* has an improbable plot to which no attention need be paid; the significance of the story lies in the types of people that staff a public relations firm whose business it is to assure a "good press" for miscellaneous wealthy clients. It is a vastly lucrative business which requires the services of a special sort of human being—people who have the faculty of understanding, and therefore, of manipulating, the psychic reactions of the population at large. Jerome Weidman's *The Price is Right* deals with the inner workings of a concern that sells comic strips and "columns" to the newspapers of the country. Both Harrison and Weidman construct their stories around three human types: (1) a bright young man, not yet disillusioned, like some of his colleagues, but tending in that direction; (2) a simple, salt-of-the-earth character who is touched by some sort of genius, is unbelievably "sincere," and who is exploited as a "find" by the professional makers of public opinion; and (3) a supporting cast of talented and tipsy word-magicians and executives who represent the moral corruption that the stories are really about.

We do not refer to these books because of their sterling literary qualities, nor even recommend them for reading. Rather, they seem important simply as symptoms of the attitude of contemporary intellectuality toward its own activities. For example, the most convincing aspect of these novels is in the revulsion of some of the major characters for what they are doing. Harrison has the most talented writer in his story employ the jargon of the professional prostitute in speaking of his work—a characterization that seems to fit. Weidman, at the end of his book, leaves the "hero" in a dark mood of self-disgust—looking back at a course which has brought death to the "good" character, and a soiled feeling to himself and the girl he loves. It is possible for the intense reality of these situations to come out in novels, and not in the socio-psychological science of the day, for the reason that writers of fiction are free to deal with the constitution of civilization in terms of *caste*—a conception which is anathema

to the popular "democratic" orientation of the social sciences.

In our industrialized and acquisitive society, the effective priestly caste unquestionably includes all those callings which have to do with marketing—with, that is, the creation and the shaping of the demand for goods and services. And, as modern business has grown to overshadow and largely control the functions of government, a naturally close relation has sprung up between the political propagandist and the merchandising and public relations expert. It is this priestly caste which declares the values of "civilization," while the administrators organize and institute the mechanisms of their pursuit, safeguarding them by legal and military means after they have been obtained.

Ideally, in a democratic society, values are arrived at by the independent thinking of private citizens. Something like this ideal was reached in the epoch of the founding of the United States, when certain illustrious "private citizens" of the American colonies gave voice to the conceptions embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. In time, however, the values of the Founding Fathers were crystallized into formulas and slogans, and these, in turn, became the means of preserving the control of special interests over the resources of the land. Values which once represented the spirit of freedom, the longing for education and greater human capacities of every sort, were perverted to the service of "profits" and "prosperity," to the expansions of "Manifest Destiny," "The American Century," and what is euphemistically called the "American Way of Life." The making of these ideological attitudes and slogans is now a specialized task performed by a caste of intellectuals.

In the course of the past fifty years, virtually all the arts and sciences have been absorbed by one or another of the aspects of industrial enterprise. In the 1920's, manufacturers were introduced to the blandishments of "industrial design," thus giving the artist a place in industry. Pavlov's discovery of the conditioned reflex and the further researches of the American Behaviorist school of psychology turned modern advertising into a laboratory of clinical psychology applied to the masses. With the advent of enormous corporations, the "institutional advertisement" was born, in which the captains of American industry conducted their own sort of "fireside chats" with the great American public.

"Culture," in other words, which used to have clear subdivisions, rapidly became "total" during the first half of the twentieth century. It grew toward total devotion to commercial processes, with the result that it became possible for a unified "interpretation" of American life to be made. Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* and *Babbitt* afford handy generalizations of the way in which typically "American" life was turning out, under the unifying influence of commercial values. Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses* analyzes the same broad tendency of Western civilization.

Meanwhile, starting with the epoch of the first world war, a resistance movement sprang up among artists and writers—people who refused to "sell out" to the spurious ideals of commercialism. In the '20's, one might say, the upward-and-onward caravan of popular American social philosophy came to a jerky but decisive stop, and instead of figures in public life, people who represented some common ideal of "progress," Americans began to admire people like Al Capone.

To make a homely but not entirely inaccurate analogy, America was no longer a covered wagon train carrying people to the fulfillment of their pioneer dreams: it had become the dining room of a great hotel where you stuffed yourself with over-rich food, sneered at the waiters, complained about the room service and planned clever ways of avoiding the check. It was essentially a degrading situation, but the food was good. The successful and respected novelist was a man who could depict the degradation against a remote and

stereotyped background of sound, decent manhood, and make the story sufficiently entertaining to hold the reader's attention.

With the stories by Harrison and Weidman, we are taken into the inner sanctum of the religion of profits. There is sound sociological knowledge in this latest development in the novel of betrayal. A civilization that has stopped moving forward as a cultural unity immediately begins to ferment, to scatter its energies without rational direction and to engage itself with substitutes for constructive enterprise. These tendencies inaugurate the epoch of control by the symbolisms of propaganda, which take the place of the earlier, more natural emotional outlets. The child, instead of the adventure of hunting wandering cows in a wooded pasture, reads a comic book. His father, instead of working with the raw materials of his physical life as a farmer or artisan, finds a pseudo challenge to his ingenuity in the detective story. The tired intellectual, instead of asking himself how he can be useful to the society in which he is born, reads Kafka and Kierkegaard, is confirmed in his suspicion that the cosmos is opposed to usefulness, anyhow, and has another drink. In these wastelands, the novelist finds psychological materials with which to dramatize human impotence.

A major irony in this unfolding pattern of popular culture is the contrast between the shallow optimism of the "literature" which is manufactured to sell at a profit to millions of readers—the comic books, the pulp magazines and books and magazines of adventure—and the unrelieved pessimism of "serious" literary undertakings. In neither case is there any balanced study of human existence. The protagonist of the comic book or the adventure story always triumphs over circumstances. He is literally invincible. His apparent failures are never more than momentary deceptions intended to demonstrate how powerful and victorious he really is. This is the literature our culture presents to children and to childish minds. But when the child grows up—when he begins to do "serious" reading—the situation is exactly reversed and external circumstances, the forces of evil, become all-powerful. Now it is the successes of the hero which become merely temporary devices, while his failures convey the actual conviction of the author. All the polarities of the plot are changed, and instead of the dream of endless victories the reader is introduced to the "reality" of endless defeats.

This, perhaps, is the only way in which a civilization such as ours can attain to any sort of emotional equilibrium—by setting against the false optimism of the commercial "lie" the equally false pessimism of the "truth" of human helplessness. And, perhaps, again, the deep sense of inevitable betrayal found in contemporary novels represents an indictment that ought to be directed against the world as we have made it, instead of against the world as it is.

Conceivably, we are overtaken, first, by a sense of being betrayed, and then, in the most recent evolution of analytical fiction, by a sense of having betrayed ourselves, because a genuine betrayal has taken place, in two sequences and in the same order—but a betrayal *by* man, and not a betrayal *of* him by some outside power. Suppose that, in fact, the first step was in the making of material acquisition a virtually religious activity—a brutal attack on the natural material environment. Here was the initial betrayal, the betrayal of Nature, soon followed by the profit-and-prosperity theology in justification, which became a practical betrayal of man.

If moral experience is natural experience, then morality is a part of nature, and the threatening circumstances of our lives are in reality the response of external nature to the sort of lives we live, in and with the natural world. Either this is the case, or man is a wholly unnatural being, an alien without place or part in the cosmic scheme. Why, for example, should the "facts" of nature persuade us that "death is the end," that man's inward aspirations and longings for a spiritual

existence are irrelevant to the blind physical forces which rule the world? Men of other times, and a few, rare individuals of the present, have come to quite other conclusions about the forces of nature. The cold indifference of man to the purposes of nature. Man has gutted and ravaged his Mother Earth, and now the earth and the forces of nature respond in kind.

Taking the analogy a step further: men have harnessed not only nature, but other human beings, too, for private, material gain, and now the social universe constructed by the motives of acquisition, by ruthless hunger for power, has become a monstrous system of psychological imprisonment in which the disregard of man for man finds its logical reply from the laws of collective *human* nature. And, blind to the causes behind the oppressions which they, as the most intellectually and pyschically aware members of our culture, feel more than other men, the novelist-philosophers write only of the frustrations and defeats which seem to be everywhere closing in.

It is the disillusionment of the myth-makers themselves—the people who shape the ideological vocabulary, who coin the slogans and fabricate the chants of the modern, commercial success story—that suggests that the time has come for a clean break with the dominant ideas of the age—for a conscious new beginning. All that can happen, now, in the way of a further development of the commercial lie, is the hardening of the patterns of the present socio-economic system into the rigid form of military totalitarianism and the final subjection of the individual to absolutes of conformity, ending in the loss of all significant self-consciousness.

The need, according to this analysis, is for a new philosophy of man *and* nature—a creative, evolving man, and an intelligent, living and *purposive* nature—in which man may become his own savior, if he wills it, by learning the purposes of nature which only he can fulfill. The need is for such a philosophy and for a dynamic pattern of human life which gives it expression. This is only the seed-idea, perhaps, of a new life and a new literature, but it is one which holds promise of a life that is unbetrayed by either nature or man, and of a literature that offers more than alternations between shoddy illusions and miserable despair.

Letter from INDIA

BOMBAY.—A vital point of political controversy in India today is whether, and in what sense, the State should be secular. Ever since the partition of the country, and especially with the assassination of Gandhi, the conception of a secular State has held the centre of the stage in popular as in more pedantic discussions. This is perhaps as it should be; but what is eminently unfortunate is the glib and unthinking use of common terms by almost all parties concerned. In his wordy warfare against the tyranny of religions, the devout defender of secularism may become an unwary victim of the tyranny of words.

To plead that the State should not patronise communal institutions or to contend that religion should be no bar to a citizen's enjoyment of all the common rights sanctioned by the constitution is to state the obvious. Few of the fanatic followers of orthodox religions in India are so naive as actually to ask for a full-fledged theocratic State, modelled on a medieval monarchy guided by *pandits* and *purohits.* But when, in the name of secularism, a section of the Indian intelligentsia tends to become submerged under the general wave of modern materialism, and repudiates the eternal values of true religion, things begin to happen.

We say this because two distinct tendencies of thought are arising among the educated citizenry of India. There is, first, the fervent argument that, even if India be a secular State, the fundamentals of Hindu religion should be taught in schools and colleges, and that concessions to communal minorities should not be withheld in the matter of education, and appointments to public offices. On the other hand, there is the unrestrained enthusiasm of those who would erase all religious feeling in the mechanised and militarized India of their dreams.

The plea for orthodox religious education, while made with passionate sincerity, either obscures or ignores the obvious dangers of dogmatic indoctrination. The defence of communal concessions is even more strange and unfortunate, put forward as it is by a Minister of the Madras Cabinet, who in the course of a recent broadcast, protested that such concessions, far from being "anomalous or antagonistic to the secular idea," can "pave the way for equality which is the surest foundation for a secular State."

Meanwhile, impatient secularists who have no use and no regard for things spiritual assert that the religious quest is a shameful leftover from medieval India, the barbaric relic of a bygone age. This attitude of antagonism towards all that seem to conflict with the incomplete ideal of a "secular democratic State" was ably attacked by Dr. Radhakrishnan in his Convocation address to the Lucknow University delivered early this year. All that such a State connotes, he maintained, is respect for the conscience of all individuals, which means, "not to be non-religious, but to be deeply spiritual." That, in fact, no legal or constitutional significance attaches to the words "secular State" has been clearly brought out by Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri.

It is being slowly recognised, however, that a secular democratic State need not be boastfully indifferent to the religious urge in man, nor indissolubly wedded to scientific materialism. The conviction is spreading that a merely "liberal," democratic or humanist outlook is no effective and enduring answer to the totalitarian regimes of our time. One need not endorse in its entirety Mr. T. S. Eliot's idea of a Christian society to agree with him that the "quick and simple organisation of society" for material and mundane ends has no chance of survival in a changing world. It is only by returning to "the eternal source of truth" that we can hope for a social organisation which does not contain within it the seeds of inevitable decay. In short, a positive social and spiritual philosophy must mould and motivate all the actions of even a secular State.

Such a philosophy is to be found, according

to a minority of thinking men in this country, in the authentic tradition of ancient Indian thought and practice, as embodied, for instance, in the edicts of Ashoka, the code of Manu and, in our time, in the writings of Gandhi. Discerning disciples of Gandhi, especially, are convinced that his dream of *Rama Rajya* is far nobler and profounder than the negative and simple conception of a secular democratic State. "For me," said Gandhi, "there is no politics without religion. Politics bereft of religion kills itself. Religion must be secular and politics must be more than secular."

In this view, the State, in its constructive service of the common good, should be subordinated to the inspiring ideal of *Dharma*, which, though admirably incarnated in the ancient Indian polity, is itself no more ancient than it is modern, but is timeless and eternal. The administration of such a State would scrupulously respect the obligations of justice, the purpose of society, and the meaning of life. The law of love and duty would be the preceptor and principle of Gandhi's *Rama Rajya* as of Valmiki's *Ayodbya* and Shelley's renascent Athens. The distinction of such seers is that they appeal to the most sacred hope, to the faith that the good in man is stronger than the evil, while religious preachers and secular legislators appeal to men's fears—and fail.

INDIAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW
PEACE OF SURRENDER

IT can hardly be a secret, after two years of publication, that MANAS reviewers are not enthusiastic about high-church religionizing. The reason for this is our persistent belief that psychological dependence upon God, priest or ritual undermines the sort of self-reliance and individual courage which are necessary to any civilization worth having. But the trouble with declaring this position in a weekly periodical is, of course, that in order to demonstrate just what is meant, some practical illustrations of "what is wrong with theology" have to be given, and—in these morally passive rather than "tolerant" days—anyone who discusses theology critically is almost certain to be charged with exhibiting anti-Catholic prejudice.

These remarks are simply for the purpose of informing readers that this Department's conception of legitimate and important criticism at times creates difficulties which puzzle us, and that if we do, unbeknownst, have a prejudice against the Catholics, we are not trying to indulge it here. But now we must proceed, nevertheless, to say unkind things about Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen's latest book, *Peace of Soul,* a sort of Catholic best-seller. And if we say more unkind things than we have ever said about any other book or author, it may be partly because we feel that Mgr. Sheen never has to run the literary gauntlet in the way required of non-religious authors. The *New Yorker,* for instance, would have itself a tremendous field day with Mgr. Sheen's book were it not a "religious" book, and were the Catholics not such a powerful pressure group. The *New Yorker* specializes in suavely devastating exposes of inconsistency, and would find *Peace of Soul* a veritable gold mine of contradictions, were it not for the fact that anything Mgr. Sheen writes is understood to be in forbidden territory.

We have selected a few passages from *Peace of Soul,* chiefly from the concluding sections of this book. It may, of course, be argued that the Monsignor's enthusiasm for conversion runs away with him towards the close of his efforts at authorship. But whatever the reason, it seems beyond debate that he has here furnished some choice examples of what George Orwell, in *Nineteen-Eighty-Four,* calls the "double-think." One might even suspect, if publication dates would allow, that Orwell had read Sheen before he wrote his brilliant novel on what is wrong with the modern mind (reviewed in MANAS, July 13), or that Sheen unconsciously borrowed from the novel when he was preparing his own treatise. Take this passage, for instance:

> Life may be likened to children playing. The totalitarian would build them a playground where all their movements are supervised, where they are ordered to play only those games which the state dictates—games which the children nearly all detest. The result is that freedom of choice is, of course, lacking; but, in addition, all hope and spontaneity are lost to the children. But the playground established by the Church might be a rock in the sea, surrounded by great walls; inside of those walls the children may dance and sing and play as they please. Liberals would ask the Church to tear down the walls on the grounds that they are a restraining influence; but if this were done you would find all the children huddled in the center of the island, afraid to play, afraid to sing, afraid to dance, afraid of falling into the sea. Spiritual authority is like those beneficent walls. Or, again, it is like a levee which prevents the river of thought from becoming riotous and destroying the countryside of sanity.

Hidden toward the end is the assumption upon which the entire "playful" analogy rests; and on which, for that matter, the Church itself rests, including ecclesiastical tradition and its interpreters like Mgr. Sheen. Here is the dogma of the original depravity of man, scarcely concealed by Monsignor's pseudo-psychiatric mood. Notice how the children, bereft of theological control, would be "huddled in the center of the island, afraid to sing, afraid to dance, afraid of falling into the sea. . . ." If it be granted

that man would be thus disorganized psychically by loss of spiritual authority, the rest of Mgr. Sheen's arguments follow easily. And it follows, also, that his authoritarianism is all right on *principle,* while other authoritarianisms are all wrong, also on *principle.* We discover, too, that sanity, which does not *naturally* exist, may be *created* by spiritual authority, and even then it does not belong to the individual—the only place it really belongs—since it will leave as soon as the "spiritual authority" leaves.

Mgr. Sheen finally works himself around to the position where he can come to his main point: "The real choice offered today is not between freedom from authority and submission to authority; it is rather a matter of choosing which *kind* of authority we will accept." But in order to justify this "necessary" authoritarianism, it is obvious that freedom has to be redefined—for people in democracies, for some reason, have a complex on the word "freedom"—and Sheen obliges in this manner:

> Every man who loves surrenders his freedom, whether his passion be love of a woman, the love of a cause, or the love of God. When a man loves a woman, he says, "I am yours," and the surrender of freedom gives him a sweet slavery. Every man in love with God says, as Paul did, "What wilt thou have me do?" (Acts 9:6) and adds, as we do in the Our Father, "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." In both instances, Freedom is surrendered for the sake of a greater joy. Freedom hoarded is of little value—spent, for something we love, it brings peace and perfects one's personality in the law and love of God.

Mgr. Sheen's basic argument, of course, is directed toward securing converts for the Catholic faith. His attitude toward conversion is perhaps best expressed by his discussion of the opposition which unworthy folk manifest toward the man who enters the fold of the Church, for in this case, he explains, the Catholic's position is a moral "reproach" to all those who (foolishly) would try to make the best of "two worlds." There is only one world worth mentioning, it appears, and that is the Catholic world—a world which can be reached only by admitting the essential depravity and weakness of human nature. If we allow ourselves to believe that most of the powers assigned by Catholicism to God really belong to *Man,* we reveal a presumptuous conviction that we can solve our own moral problems. We may even believe that *our own thinking* should be the center of our universe. This, Sheen says, is folly. For the best that independent thinking can do is to create peace of mind, which is something far inferior to "peace of soul":

> There is a world of difference between peace of mind and peace of soul. Peace of mind *is* the result of bringing *some* ordering principle to bear on discordant human experiences. It is the false peace of the man who built his house on the shifting road, so that it vanished with the floods and the storms.
>
> If a man is physically sick he does not try to cure himself by expecting medicines to develop within his own body. Neither can a soul spiritually sick completely heal itself by its own efforts, without an energy and a power *brought in from the outside.* (Our italics.)

But on this definition of "soul," we are at a loss to distinguish between "soul" and "body." The body, we had always thought, is that part of man which is primarily affected by external forces, and we had also thought that the only good reason for using a word like "soul" is to indicate the "something" in man that is affected only by moral or *internal* energy.

So, Catholic prejudice or no, we have to report our opinion that Monsignor Sheen is a poor writer, a worse logician, and an advocate of all the original-sin and man-is-weak dogmas which have degraded human beings for centuries. If readers would like more persuasion on any of these points, we suggest that they refer directly to more of Mgr. Sheen's own words, as found, for instance, on pages 155, 256, 281, 289, 290 of his book.

COMMENTARY

FREEDOM-LOVING PUERTO RICANS

FROM March to June of this year, eight draft-age Puerto Ricans were tried before a U. S court at San Juan and found guilty of violating the Selective Service Act. All but one were immediately given prison terms, up to two years and a day. On July 15, six were transported to the United States to serve their sentences.

Puerto Rico was ceded by Spain to the United States in 1898. Of its population of nearly two million, about 212,000 young men were expected to register during August and September, 1948, as required by the law. But Puerto Ricans were intensely opposed to the draft, and only 152,000 registered.

Not many of the non-registrants have been hunted out. Among those found by the FBI and given opportunity to register, only those actively identified with the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico refused to comply. Only Nationalists, therefore, were brought to trial.

The defense of the convicted non-registrants is of particular interest. They admitted all the facts alleged in the indictment but contended that because they have no constitutional equality under the laws of the United States, the draft law has no legal application to them. Puerto Rico, they maintained, is not a part of the body politic of the United States. The island is neither a state nor an incorporated territory, and it sends no voting representative to Congress. Thus the draft law, for Puerto Ricans, means conscription without representation. They claimed that the United States is bound by the Charter of the United Nations to administer the Government of Puerto Rico with the interest of the people as paramount, and that to impose a draft law on politically impotent Puerto Ricans is not in conformity with the meaning of this provision of the UN Charter. They argued, finally, that—

> No other colonial power has ever imposed compulsory military service on its colonies. The colonial powers abstained from doing so because those colonies have not equal representation in the parliament of the said colonial powers. No other colonial power has violated the obligations incurred in the signing of the Constitution of the United Nations that apply to non-self-governing territories such as Puerto Rico.

The motion to quash the indictment on those grounds was denied by Federal Judge David Chavez, and the young Puerto Rican Nationalists are now serving their terms in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

[In discussing the problem of how best to introduce children to a balanced use of money, we have been concerned with youngsters old enough to perform some fairly important tasks around home. But attention should also be given to the needs of younger children, whose "financial" relationships begin soon after they learn to walk, so integral is "money" to every phase of modern life.

As has happened before, we feel it unnecessary to attempt to surpass—or even to equal—the excellence of Carl Ewald's dialogue in the treatment of a little boy's problems. Readers will note how many aspects of commendable child psychology are directly suggested in the dialogue, as, for instance, when Ewald allows his son to make a financial blunder so that he may do his own learning for himself. This extract is from the *Woollcott Reader*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

IT has been decreed in the privy council that my little boy shall have a weekly income of one cent. Every Sunday morning, that sum shall be paid to him, free from income-tax, out of the treasury and he has leave to dispose of it entirely at his own pleasure.

He receives this announcement with composure and sits apart for a while and ponders on it.

"Every Sunday?" he asks.

"Every Sunday."

"All the time till the summer holidays?"

"All the time till the summer holidays."

And we employ this restricted horizon of ours to further our true happiness.

That is to say, we calculate, with the aid of the almanac, that, if everything goes as heretofore, there will be fifteen Sundays before the summer holidays. We arrange a drawer with fifteen compartments and in each compartment we put one cent. Thus we know exactly what we have and are able at any time to survey our financial status.

And, when he sees the great lot of cents lying there, my little boy's breast is filled with mad delight. He feels endlessly rich, safe for a long time. The courtyard rings with his bragging, with all that he is going to do with his money. His special favourites are invited to come up and view his treasure.

The first Sunday passes in a normal fashion, as was to be expected.

He takes his cent and turns it straightway into a stick of chocolate of the best sort. He sits by me, with a vacant little face, and swings his legs. I open the drawer and look at the empty space and at the fourteen others:

"So that's gone," I say.

My accent betrays a certain melancholy, which finds an echo in his breast. But he does not deliver himself of it at once.

"Father . . . is it long till next Sunday?"

"Very long, my boy; ever so many days."

We sit a little, steeped in our own thoughts. Then I say, pensively: "Now, if you had bought a top, you would perhaps have had more pleasure out of it. I know a place where there is a lovely top: red, with a green string round it. I should be greatly mistaken if the toy-man was not willing to sell it for a cent. And you've got a whip, you know."

We go over the way and look at the top in the show-window. It is really a splendid top.

"The shop's shut," says my little boy, despondently.

"Yes, but what does that matter to us? Anyway, we can't buy the top before next Sunday. You see, you've spent your cent on chocolate. Give me your handkerchief: there's still a bit on your cheek."

There is no more to be said. Crestfallen and pensively, we go home. We sit a long time at the dining-room window, from which we can see the window of the shop.

On Sunday morning, we are on the spot before nine o'clock and acquire our treasure with trembling hands. And we play with it all day and sleep with it at night, until, on Wednesday morning, it disappears without a trace, after the nasty manner which tops have.

When the turn comes of the next cent, something remarkable happens.

There is a boy in the courtyard who has a skipping-rope and my little boy, therefore, wants to have a skipping-rope too. But this is a difficult matter. Careful enquiries established the fact that a skipping-rope of the sort used by the upper classes is nowhere to be obtained for less than five cents.

The business is discussed as early as Saturday.

"It's the simplest thing in the world." I say. "You must not spend your cent tomorrow. Next Sunday you must do the same and the next and the next. On the Sunday after that, you will have saved your five cents and can buy your skipping-rope at once."

"When shall I get my skipping-rope then?"

"In five Sundays from now."

He says nothing, but I can see that he does not think my idea very brilliant. In the course of the day, he derives, from sources unknown to me, an acquaintance with financial circumstances which he serves up to me on Sunday morning in the following words:

"Father, you must lend me five cents for the skipping-rope. If you will lend me five cents for the skipping-rope, I'll give you *forty* cents back. . ."

He stands close to me, very red in the face and quite confused.

I perceive that he is ripe for falling into the claws of the usurers:

"I don't do that sort of business, my boy," I say. "It wouldn't do you any good either. And you're not even in a position to do it, for you have only thirteen cents, as you know."

He collapses like one whose last hope is gone.

"Let us just see," I say.

And we go to our drawer and stare at it long and deeply.

"We might manage it this way, that I give you five cents now. And then I should have your cent and the next four cents. . . ."

He interrupts me with a loud shout. I take out my purse, give him five cents and take one cent out of the drawer:

"That won't be pleasant next Sunday," I say, "and the next and the next and the next. . . "

But the thoughtless youth is gone.

The first time, all goes well. It is simply an amusing thing that I should have the cent; and the skipping-rope is still fresh in his memory, because of the pangs which he underwent before its purchase. Next Sunday, already the thing is not *quite so* pleasant and, when the fourth instalment falls due, my little boy's face looks very gloomy:

"Is anything the matter?" I ask.

"I should so much like a stick of chocolate," he says, without looking at me.

"Is that all? You can get one in a fortnight. By that time, you will have paid for the skipping-rope and the cent will be your own again."

I do not have to wait long before I learn that his development as an economist is taking quite its normal course. "Father, suppose we moved the cent now from here into this Sunday's place and I took it and bought the chocolate-stick. . . ."

"Why, then you won't have your cent for the other Sunday."

"I don't mind that, Father. . . ."

We talk about it, and then we do it. And,

with that, as a matter of course, we enter upon the most reckless speculations.

The very next Sunday, he is clever enough to take the furthest cent, which lies just before the summer holidays. He pursues the path of vice without a scruple, until, at last, the blow falls and five long Sundays come in a row without the least chance of a cent.

Where should they come from? They were there. We know that. They are gone. We have spent them ourselves.

But, during those drab days of poverty, we sit every morning over the empty drawer and talk long and profoundly about that painful phenomenon, which is so simple and so easy to understand and which one must needs make the best of.

And we hope and trust that our experience will do us good, when, after our trip, we start a new set of cents.

FRONTIERS

Pantheism: The Religion of Science

THE religious tradition of the Western World (Europe and the Americas) has for many centuries been based on the belief in a personal god. The prevailing HebrewChristian tradition and the pagan religions of the Greeks and the Romans share this common personalistic conception.

But ever since the days of the ancient Stoic formulation, pantheism has occasionally emerged as a rational sublimate from the boiling ferment of personalistic religions. And when one compares the values of these two conceptions of the nature of deity, it becomes clear that pantheism has incontestable advantages over all personalistic rivals. The greatest virtue of pantheism is that it is (at the present time) the only conception of Deity consistent with the spirit and achievements of science: that is what Giordano Bruno, Spinoza, Emerson, and Albert Einstein can teach mankind.

Belief in a personal god who confers favors on men is based on the doctrine of miracles and revealed truth; it has its origin in superstition and its culmination in a corrupt ecclesiasticism which preys upon the credulity of the ignorant; such a religion is pre-scientific in origin and anti-rational in outcome. In order to show why this is so, and to bring out as sharply as possible the contrasts between the two types of religion, let us set down the oppositions which characterize the two attitudes:

Assumptions of Orthodox Religion, Based on the Belief in a Personal God

I. God is a personality outside of (distinct from) nature. He is an Infinite, Perfect Being, the all-wise author of love, justice, and so forth.

II. God is the Creator of the Universe and all that is in it, animate or inanimate.

III. God can reach down into the universe He created and work miracles and specia1 providences, as He sees fit.

IV. If the world is destroyed by an "act of God," He will still continue to exist throughout all eternity.

Assumptions of Pantheistic Religion, Based on the Belief in an Impersonal God

I. God is not a personality distinct from nature. Deity refers to an indwelling spirit or field of influence interwoven with the visible physical universe. Behind the phenomena of nature which man investigates by way of his senses there lies a universal, real substratum which is open to human intelligence. This *substratam,* as it is termed in A. E. Milne's cosmology, I shall designate as the *Harmonic Base*—borrowing a term from Mr. F. L. Kunz.

II. The universe—the space-time-energy world in its totality—is eternal and uncreated. But within the cosmic continuum we find creation still taking place in local areas and on all levels of "matter," "life," and "mind." Miracles and special providences, however, do not occur. There are no uniquely "revealed" religions, and the belief in the "verbal inspiration" of the Bible is false.

III. The universe is one, interrelated and dependable. Nature works according to uniform, predictable patterns which make possible the discovery of what man calls "laws of nature."

The fundamental assumption of scientific method and of pantheism is that the universe can be understood: nature will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion. The abundant success of science confirms this faith—a "faith" which is expectation based on experience.

IV. The universe cannot be destroyed by an "act of God." Einstein's principle of the equivalence of matter and energy is a statement of nature's equilibrium between the *manifest world* in the space and time of perception and the *unmanifest world,* the field plenum of an invisible cosmic guiding genius which extends outside (but not independent of) the four-dimensional space-

time universe of physics. This cosmic energy continuum is what is called the *substratum* or *harmonic base* of reality.

In pantheism, Deity is conceived to be a guiding field of influence, giving form to that which was formless. This guiding field operates on all levels: at the lowest level, in the transition from undifferentiated cosmic energy to "particles" and their subsequent control by the "ghost waves" which show the particles where to go; on the biological level through the individuation fields which control embryogenesis; on the psychological level through the cortical fields which produce mental synthesis; and on the human level through the integrative fields which produce social synthesis.

If the quality of deity is connected with the guiding fields which impress the forms of unity upon the structures of emergent evolution, then "evil" is associated with the forces of disorganization (chaos) which oppose such integration. Of course, these two forces are correlative and complementary. "Good" and "evil," therefore, have no moral significance until cosmic energy reaches up into human consciousness as an integrated human personality. The energy of evolution thunders up into human consciousness as the vehicle of moral choice—the growing tip of freedom and creativity.

Evil in man is the enemy of the unification of experience, just as evil in society is that which obstructs social synthesis. A world organized around the concept of man-at-his-best as the being of supreme value in the universe and man-at-his-worst as the most ignoble thing in nature would be a significant social experiment. In such a world, man's endless capacity for self-evolution would be directed toward the achievement of new freedoms. The divinity in man would no longer be crushed by organized churchianity. And the god-in-man would be recognized as nothing other than the endless striving toward the future goal of wholeness which, in the visible world, is the space-time-energy unity of nature. This highest (most inclusive) unity is the pantheistic substitute for the mystical trinity of religion, and the "worship" of this trinity is simply the feeling of awe and reverence which man experiences in the presence of what Mary Everest Boole called the As-Yet-Unknown.

University of Pittsburgh OLIVER L. REISER