The OPEN COURT

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

FOUNDED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER

JANUARY, 1931

VOLUME XLV NUMBER 896

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW

EDITED BY

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OF THE SAGE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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THE COAT OF ARMS OF DEATH
ALBRECHT DÜRER.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

Volume XLV (No. 1) JANUARY, 1931 Number 896

SURD

BY H. LLOYD MORRIS

FEET by feet by feet of dank cubic vacuity in the greasy earth of a shunned island—dark and low-lying under the imminence of dawn that looked forth in supernal remoteness through bars of black and red and gold! Feet by feet by feet of cubic matter that once was pulsing humanity; and now—unlovely carrion stacked in long, thin white pine boxes on the cobbled floor of a wharf clammy with exuding damp; cold with the humid caress of drifting scarves of mist; desolate beneath the desolate sky. . . .And between waiting matter and prepared space—a waterway outstretched below the broad murk of heaven like a flat black band: moving soundlessly; passing tenebrously from obscurity to obscurity!

The cry of a lonely gull wheeling on a rising wind that sighs as a brief exhalation through the visible cavern of Being: here beheld arched by the firmament; paved with corruptibility; and pillared with spreading beams of light angled from earth to heaven—ladders of glory which to our knowledge bring portent of storm; but to our eager fancy have become loved symbols of radiant epiphanies that are the yearning hopes of ancient faiths!

Tainted odor on the tang of brine-laden airs from distant fields of spume; the uneasy slapping of water against rotting green piles; the far call of seabird to seabird; the rising tremolo of regnant wind; the eastern sky cracked wide and dawn in fountains of light spilling through the crannied welkin—morning and the mournfulness of day over the desolate wharf and the dead naked to the wild sky; morning over the island: lighting there a solitary cross; roughhewn a squat and sombre against the far horizon!

Many dead are there on that island; but only one cross; squat

and scranneled. From arm to shaft descending, the growing illumination reaches downward to the tooled plinth; and under the thin trembling fingers of light leaps out to everyman the challenge graven there, that; *"He calleth His own by name. . . ."*

". . . Be still in your boxes, Children of Mortality; not yet is the call for you. First must you Dead go to the dead—vagabond to vagabond; prostitute to prostitute; tatterdamalion to tatterdamalion; age to age; infant to infant. From this Gotham Town wharf, up the sliding river, through the strait called Hell Gate to Hart's Island, you solid must be taken to fill the vacuity: your catafalque an ancient steamboat your requiem, felons' curse and jest. . . . Hell Gate and Hart's Island! what punning quip of cartographic nomenclature is this; unmatched in mordancy by the ribald quirk of convict gravediggers' salacious burlesque of Poor Yorick!

"—Be still, Little Ones; I know your vestment is rough and cold; but you wear it at the expense of dogs' kennels, old garden sheds, and other useful structures that might have had it or patches . . . !"

Two-and-four-and-six—thirty adult-sized boxes—One-two-and-three-and—fourteen little cases. . . . "But there are forty-five of you to be called by name—!"

"—What name is yours, Littlest One, sharing your mother's box? Man never gave you one; it must still be lying in the heart of God. . . . What name is yours, child, lying in your own little case?—You don't know! . . . How should you know when your mother never knew—you infected spawn of alcoholic bacchanal! —Sss-h! you, too, will be called by name—No, your mother is not here . . . she is in the lapping water, the wreathing mist, the sullen clouds—she is everywhere; for she went up in smoke. First she had a nice fluid injected into her: she was frozen and thawed and frozen; her insides were cut out and put outside; her legs were off; her eyes were out, and then when she was done with and the last student had paddled her bits about on the slab, she went up in smoke—Husheen! and rockaby, Bantling; husheen! and lap-you-warm!—yes, she will be called by name. . . ."

Pound by pound by pound!—two tons of human carrion at twelve dollars per carrion; for that is what it will cost to dispose of today's batch of Gotham Town's unclaimed, unwanted corpses.

What courageous effort against overwhelming circumstance;

what despair, what sacrifice; what hates and passion and cowardice lie unrecorded here? To some in this world of fitful approvals and vulgar requitements, are insignia of commemorative honor for wounds received or life laid down in the bestial enterprise of gaudy war. For some we trim our gay suits with posies; set forth dainties, and hang gallant garlands on every cottar's door: because that in dull butchery man vilely did deface some human thing, or take the lives of fellowmen. Here, too, in this waiting consignment of decomposition and dishonor, may surely lie unknown soldiers who without drum-beat or trumpet's shrill fanfare or tumultuous reverberation of concerted acclaim, quietly died in drab economic battle; waged that some one dear beyond their own life might live. Yet no posy is here to grace the dead: from all the rich furniture of our life's boasted amplitude we have spared not one smallest superfluity of garniture to deck these poor remains. Even the successful trickster in death is forgiven and bidden God-speed. Even the stark little domestic pet, that in its brief life was a feathered joy or furry delight or boisterous companion of leisured rambles; is wrapped away in kindly little cerements dampened perhaps by children's tears; and remembered with a pang when on broad landscapes the solitude recalls a bounding companionship now quiet beneath a mulch of Summer's braveries in a corner of some familiar garden. But here will sound no elegaic farewells to somebody's kith and kin; of life the jest; and in death the butt of ribald salicity.

Come, young Lovers, still new in nuptials; leave your firstborn sleeping in its satin lined cot: come and see where through life's dread vicissitudes of circumstance, her little head after terror and pain may pillow its dancing curls. Come mothers, come and see to what dire departure may come the fruit of that ecstacy over whose entrance into life you screamed in the red anguish of pain; over whom you watched through sleepless nights of murmured prayer. Come, father, and behold the place, the box in which may lie your pride and joy; whose well-being put lines in your young face, black care in your heart and white upon your immature head. Come Plutocrat, and view to what, despite your schemes and legislative safeguards, your adored grandchild may here be heir to. Living, you forge deed and instrument of mortmain to be your servitors; when from beyond the tomb you would seek to preserve to your generation that you have garnered for them—who are you;

what powers and prescriptions, what incantations are yours to command, to check the strange sad ways of destiny, wherein Man squirming through his temporal day, registers in riot and revolution, sociological progress? Come, Hedonist, come Libertine and contemplate what your few minutes worship in the Temple of Venus has produced in Eternity!—look upon the face of your high-priestess—what there is left of it—kiss it; you kissed it once! Come, Priest and Prelate; Lay Sister and Professed Nun! Come, children of high degree, leave your woolly bears; they cannot answer when you call, nor romp when you would; but these infancies here would have danced to your piping. Come, Farmers, let us leave the upland and the prairie and take the road to Gotham Town. Come, Honorable Legislators in Congress Assembled! Come one, come all—here hath been murder done, but no trap will be sprung; no switch shot home. Come then, Citizens, without fear and behold what the dimensioned world and our social structure produce; come, and let us, murders each and all, take remedial heed of that over which we have jurisdiction and responsibility; lest what we here witness shall, when our own comely funerals are done, be the obsequies of those we love and leave behind us—for riddance at twelve dollars per carcass—!

"—You Dead!—did the whole forty-five of you, when living, produce the cost of one of you dead?—Speak! Speak! say that one of you was not all sot or satyr or slut! . . . That you lie in this sad wise is nothing: nothing that you died most miserably; or that your living moments were epic or comedy of pain and sorrow and privation—"

The outward circumstance is of itself without significance, but the inward response is all. And if but one least portion of merit be here indifferently abused with the reprobate; if but the most vile and contemned in this pregnant mass of dishonored death was once animated by a spirit that under the press of integrating circumstance failed and faltered but never wavered from the ideal; learned not to pay for bitter bread with bitter coin; and went down with the uncomplaining joyance of a happy galliard—then marvel and rejoice, thou, Passer-By; because that there is hope and glory for this living world; and in this tonnage of incipient putrescence, nothing for tears. . . .

"—What sent you here, you Dead? Some adulterated mess of

Syrian Pottage, cruel Semetic Mask or philosophic doubt? Where was your Olivet; of what goblet did you drink, in what strange Gethsemanes? What lights lit you along the road to this Golgotha? —strange glows from levin infernal; or tongues of flame that touched your heart, bewildered your eyes, wavered and went out? Rum and hunger; cold and wet; venereal disease, murder and suicide were behind the fine names that appeared on the death certificates as agents of your presence here—you offals from the social organism—are you, also Divine vomit?—Sss-h! lie still; according to the standards of men you failed, but—*'He calleth His own by name'*—two tons of you! . . . living, you were a trifle more—

"—No, old hunger-slain scholar, who will totter into no more public libraries, the difference does not represent the weight of your immortal parts. In life some of you who had two eyes and a nose, now have only one eye and no nose. Then, too, there are the emanations. . . ."

A little newsprint shall serve to obstruct their emission from one creviced box which presently shall act as seat whereon a convict negro driver will sit and belch wind over the girlish face that was once the dear delight of a quiet colonial mansion beside the Potomac—!

"—Tut, tut! a very great Divine ruled that such things are only the mechanical operations of the Holy Spirit! . . . take the newsprint whither you go; it tells of a living Divine whose mouth smeared with butter and crumbs of toast, declares that we have here brought to fruition the greatest nation this world has ever known. We have here a vast christian community of fellowship (loud applause) wherefrom poverty has been discharged; (renewed cheering) and in the faces of our happy healthy children, and our prosperous contented citizenry is witnessed the triumph of those immortal policies which have given liberty, and opportunity to each and all (prolonged cheers). . . ."

"—Sss-s-h! quiet, quiet!—you say, 'the cop should not have kicked an old man like you in the stomach; that the house was an empty house, and you were only lying quietly on the doorstep waiting'—Waiting for what?—Oh!—well, you have it now; and you know the policeman was a servant of the public, and you were only a public charge. . . .'"

"—Ho! there; cheerily, Old Soldier, cheerily; you're pretty

straight in your box aren't you?—rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, the general is coming; you'd better get ready to present arms—you—'haven't any—!'"

"—And you, Young Sir; you were—'a Poet'—Oh!—well, let's lift up a merry stave:

Hark, Hark, the Dog Star's bark!
At Saturn's rings, at Saturn's rings:
Mars and Venus in the dark—
Poor Tom-a-Bedlam; poor Tom-a-Bedlam—!

You had what?—'tender sensitiveness too delicate for contacts with the harsh industrial world'—Then why didn't you go back to nature—polar circles—tropics—lots of nature free, that hasn't been industrialized—You what?—'could not have lived alone in the wilds'—Umph! so you acknowledge your dependence on organized society. And what pray, was to be your contribution to united human effort in return for its advantages?—Eh!—Oh! well you needn't repeat any more of it—ah'm! you'd better keep quiet, all of you: there's authorities—biological, sociological, theological—all the 'ological authorities littered all over the place explaining and classifying you in the flora and fauna of Society. You appear under endocrine functioning; sociological synapses, and silent areas in the social consciousness—pretty nasty, that; you'd better be quiet, no one likes to be called a synapse. . . . Besides, you are a disturbance to the devotional calm in the neighborhood religious edifices; so seemly and candle-litten—"

"'—The cost of one candle would have saved you from dying of hunger!' . . . My, child, it is the Lord's candle. . . . I cannot tell you, Little One, what you did that it was your portion to live your little life so painfully and die so miserably. . . No, no priest or clergy are here to be by your side, and there are no flowers—Oh! sweetheart, thou art thyself a floweret of blossoming eternity, draggled and stamped into finite slime. . . ."

"—Be still, You Chemical Experiments; out of the municipal lodging house on the quay side, living men are shambling. For their lodging for the night they must pay by loading you on a boat that in past years carried happy excursion parties; and resounded with frolic and fun. . . ."

Music and dancing feet; and phantom echoes from the tripping steps of dancers of a day that is done! None but the dead know

the dead; to the phantom ear come phantom sounds of bells across the sea where the dayspring is earlier than here; and all among the stately habitations of men beside quiet rivers and turbulent sea, the Bells of Christendom are ringing—"yes, Child, there are 'other bells than the bells of Christendom; other seas; other hills. . . .!' "

Feet by feet by feet!—"Hear them! the sullen paces of convicts who have been driven from their pens on this island to unload you, Dead from the boat; and drive you in carts to the pit. . . !"

Pound by pound by pound!—" 'Gee-gees?'—yes, Little Fellow; they are pulling the trucks—Sure, the trucks will be heavy with all your weight—No, the gee-gees are not cold. They have a nice thick warm blanket to cover their backs—I know you 'never had any thing thick and warm like that to wear' my brave little fellow. But you see, the horses are carried on the books as an asset; and assets have to be conserved. You were carried on no one's books and are a liability of twelve dollars wholesale; and more individually—You're 'glad the horses have a nice warm blanket'—That's my gallant boy; I knew you wouldn't mind the horses being kept warm. . . ."

Emanation, emanation, emanation!—A trilogy of Matter in tainted odor! . . . We are nearing the Pit: we have passed the Cross, and are rolling on in our trucks. . . .

Time, time, time!—The quadrature of dimension—"Hear them, the Bells of Pelham. . . . 'Tis Sabbath Morning—!"

" 'What's o'clock? my hearties! what's o'clock?' you cry! Why its Olympiad o' the Quaternary Morning; and never a finer since first the Cosmic Clock did strike out its chiming hours of Zoic time. . . . !"

Relativity, relativity, relativity!—The Quintessence of Dimension!—O, Earth, Mother Earth, whose barren curvature of virginity uncovered to the Universe, was kissed of the Firmament and didst bring forth these Children conceived in the Finite and begotten of Infinity; we come again to Thy Womb. . . . Earth to Earth, committing in regeneration. . . . Dust to Dust, the bodies. . . . Ashes to Ashes, of These. . . . Time to Time, dearly beloved. . . . Abstraction to Abstraction, our Brothers and Sisters transcendent now and clean past the Tyranny of Dimension. . . . !

IS MAN A MECHANISM?

BY EDWARD O. SISSON

WHEN a hypothesis succeeds, it tends gradually to take on the aspect of absolute truth; men forget that it is a hypothesis at all and proceed as if it were a proven item of knowledge. This is what has happened widely in the case of the mechanistic-deterministic theory of the universe. This hypothesis may well be considered the most successful single movement in the whole history of thinking; it is the central principle of modern science, and the science which has been built upon it is lord of the thought and action of the present age. No wonder that the hypothesis itself has mastered the minds of men and become the very image of the divine in the realm of the intellect. To question its ultimate validity has become almost a sign of mental weakness, upon which the seeming-superior intelligence of the mechanist looks down with pity or contempt. Its final triumph is embodied in the designation of man himself as a mechanism: from La Mettrie's "L'Homme machine" to the present day, this doctrine has grown and spread until it pervades not only biology and psychology, but also sociology (in the broadest sense) and ethics.

It should be clear that the supreme duty of the philosopher is to question this sweeping conclusion. Never was Socratic scepticism more demanded by the situation. All the forces of intellectual fashion and etiquette,—as powerful in the life of reflective thought as elsewhere,—are on the side of the mechanistic interpretation. IF the final metaphysical dictum of mechanism is *not* true, then the present state of opinion concerning man and the universe is the supreme example in history of the *facilis descensus Averni;* its consequences might well be as terrible as Romanes apprehended them fifty years ago when he wrote:

> "Never in the history of man has so terrific a calamity befallen the race as that which all who look may now behold

> advancing as a deluge, black with destruction, resistless in might, uprooting our most cherished hopes, engulphing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless destruction."[1]

My own first proposition is that the metaphysical theory of mechanism is totally unproven, and that philosophy has no more urgent duty than to push to the furthest limits a criticism of the grounds of the theory. This is a logical undertaking of the first order, as we shall see at the outset of the inquiry itself.

Nothing could be more unwise and impractical than to underestimate or in any way depreciate the truth involved in the mechanistic theory. The first obligation, and the primary qualification, of the opponent of metaphysical mechanism is to be possessed of a reasonable comprehension of the gigantic success and validity of scientific mechanism, warm and a sincere appreciation of its beneficient achievements. Inestimable damage has been wrought to the cause of a non-mechanistic view of the universe by quasi-religious pleas which blindly attack the solid and admirable achievements of science: this is too familiar a spectacle as to need no extended treatment; the anti-evolution movement is perhaps the best example. But it is so far out on the obscurantist wing as to be of little service in orientation for us. Any sincere and hopeful attack upon metaphysical mechanism must put a whole world between its view of science and that of the typical anti-evolutionists.

More to us is the case of highly intelligent and critical minds oppressed by the same type of fears as Romanes, who have lamented rather than challenged the ravages of mechanism and have been led by their grief into false views of the beneficient results of mchanistic science. Of this type Krutsch's "Modern Temper" is a notable and brilliant example. We cannot believe that lyric utterances of this nature can avail anything in the needed inquiry.

1. *Terms and Concepts Involved*

We must first invite the mechanist to join in a careful, logical scrutiny of the terms and concepts involved in the problem. These are in the main two: *machine* and *mechanism*. Behind these English words are of course two classic terms, Greek *mechanē* and Latin *machina;* the Latin *machina* we may pass over as practically equivalent to English *machine*. But the Greek *mechanē*, the oldest

[1] *Candid Examination of Theism*, 1787, p. 51. Also quoted in *Darwin and Modern Science*, Cambridge University Press, 1909; p. 486.

of the set, carries, as we might expect, a deeply different sense, at last from our English derivatives, not only *machine,* but also *mechanism* and *mechanical,* etc. That is, *mechane* signifies any means or device by which a desired end can be achieved; it is hardly more than a way or manner of doing something. Thus it has a breadth and looseness of application far different from the hard and fast limitation of the English terms machine and, in its primary sense, mechanism. This is of vital importance in understanding the processes of thought in this field. The common idea in *mechane* and *machine* is that of purpose. But the purpose, of course, is not in the mechane or the machine: it is in the maker and user of these things. So that while mechane and machine both imply purpose, it is not their own purpose, but the purpose of the maker. That they both connote, inexorably. No purpose, no mechane, no machine. Both are *devised* to achieve and end; and such devising takes place only in what we call minds; to talk of devising means to end and in the same breath to deny mind is to talk nonsense. This is a logical crux and the discussion must hold to it. It is useless for us to talk with each other unless we are willing to mean something by our words, and to keep on meaning the same until we give fair warning of change. There are too many Humpty-Dumpty's to whom "a word means just what I want it to mean, no more and no less." When we say mechane, with Greeks, or machine with our own speech, we must mean purpose. Note that I have not said that the English word *mechanism* implies purpose. The biologist has borrowed the term to describe the operating structures of living beings, especially skeletal and muscular structures for locomotion and other movements. Biological discussion had to have a term for these structures, and it got its term in the commonest way, by adapting from the Greek. But between the time when the Greeks were still using *mechane* in their own sense and the time when the biologist adopted,—and adapted,—the term to his use, the *machine* had swum into the region of reflective thought, and the term mechanism was all infected with a non-Greek conception of *machine.* So biological "mechanism," which would have been a simple and innocent word to the Greeks from whom the form was borrowed, now carries a sense of machinery, of cog wheels, crankshafts, pinions, steel, iron, brass, and so on ad lib., a hard, "mechanical" feeling, quite remote from and hostile to thought and purpose.

Nothing of this sort would have been felt by a Greek accustomed to the rather genial and free word *mechane.*

Thus we come by a perfectly proper linguistic process to possess the word *mechanism,*—with the usual set of derivatives,—which is sharply different in meaning from its original, and also from the Latin parallel term *machina;* in that these terms both imply purpose in the maker of deviser, and the new English term explicitly does *not* imply purpose, is indifferent to purpose, and indeed, as time goes on, tends to be hostile to purpose. Yet at the same time all these new "mechane" terms still bear the fragrance of the old Greek *mechane,* and can avail themselves at need of the breadth and freedom of that old term. Such is the subtlety and elusiveness of language: and no inquiry into processes of thought can evade or safely deny these elusive aspects of the meanings of terms, for they presently turn out to have rigidly logical consequences. This is eminently true in the present great debate on the mechanistic interpretation of the world and Man.

We repeat then, that the common idea of *mechane* and *machine* is purpose in the mind of a maker; and that the modern terms mechanical, meachanism, mechanistic, etc., have sloughed off this idea of purpose, and retained simply an idea of operativeness or efficacy. Let us now take the next step in this simple logic of meanings: that is to see that Greek mechane and English machine differ sharply in an important aspect of their meaning, and one which concerns us materially: whereas *mechane* is any sort of means or device, if only adapted to the end and adopted for the end,—machine strictly means something *put together of parts.* This is certainly not true of the Greek original; probably not of the Latin form; indeed, it is quite possible that in earlier English use the word machine might sometimes mean something quite simple,—what we call a tool, for example. But in modern use the term machine rigorously implies complexity, and complexity due to the conjoining of parts, and of parts which work together to accomplish the desired end.

2. *Man-made Machines and Natural Mechanisms.*

The modern world is chock full of machines in this sense,—all the way from an egg-beater to a Hoe cylinder press, a Wright whirlwind engine, or a radio-compass. Whoever says machine or mechanical today is talking about all these things: he may not mean

them directly, but when his word strikes the ear-drum of his listener and reverberates in his association areas, the dim form of all these steel and brass contraptions loom in the fringe of his consciousness; certainly they are operative in his "thinking," or else all modern psychology is mad. And a logic which ignores psychology is no logic at all, but only pompous Humpty-Dumptyism. When I use a word it means what my hearer thinks in response to it, no more and no less: and if I say machine or mechanical to a twentieth century civilized man, these words inevitably make him think of Ford cars, typewriters, diamond drills, oil derricks, and so on ad libitum. This is part of the rigorous logic of machine and mechanical, and must be recognized by those who use the terms.

It is clear that this put-togetherness of the machine brings in the maker and his purpose in full strength: the machine does not put itself together: on the contrary the leading business of civilized man today is making parts of machines and "assembling" them into machines. Ford himself is the mighty Maker of all the millions of cars that bear his magic name; under him swarms a vast hierarchy of lesser makers, some with much mind, whom we call engineers, some with less mind, called mechanics, and others who need no mind, but only bodies, called laborers. And as is Ford so are the McCormicks, the Edisons, and the other great Machine-Makers. At the other end, as soon as the Makers have perfected their task and the machines stand ready in serried rowed (or any other convenient array!), the millions of users seize them and rush about in the manifold activities made possible by these modern miracles. Such is the Modern Machine Age, and poor is the intelligence that does not sense it in some degree: and it is this Age whose ghost is raised whenever the words machine and mechanical are offered and accepted in intellectual traffic.

But in all this maze of purpose and achievement, the machine itself is purposeless: it neither thinks nor feels; the machine age is the fruit of infinite purpose and intelligence, in a double sense: first it is purpose and intelligence that generate the machines, and then the machines open the way for the further expansion of purpose and intelligence. But the machine is without purpose and without intelligence; so much so that *machine-like* or *mechanical* naturally become the terms to denote activity complex enough to suggest purpose and intelligence, but in itself devoid of both. That

is the sting of a philosophical mechanism, that it implies even if it does not always assert, that man himself, being a mechanism and part and parcel of a mechanistic universe, is also devoid of purpose; or at best that his supposed purpose is but an epiphenomenon lacking all force and validity,—an illusion stretching like an immaterial veil over the hard realities of the cosmic machine.

Mark now the confusion which issues from the two sharply divers denotations of these terms: on the one hand we have the simple machine with which any child is more or less familiar, made by man, used by man for man's purposes. Never before has this fact bulked so large as now: as already pointed out, it has given our age its most fitting name and is its most conspicuous feature. On the other hand, we have the scientific concept of the whole material universe as mechanism also. Electrons and atoms and molecules, cells, tissues and organs, organisms themselves, all are studied according to mechanistic concepts and looked upon as mechanistic operations.

In the first case we know the history of the machines from the very start, and know that they emerge in response to our purposes and by virtue of our intelligence. In the second case we find the mechanisms, or at least what we call mechanisms, in action; of their origins we know nothing. Out of this ignorance perhaps as much as from any other source has arisen the concept of God, at least so far as the intellect is concerned; the "argument from design" is still the best of the logical "proofs" of the existence of a Divine Being.

So far as machines in the simple and original sense are concerned, it is clear that man is the machinist and not the machine. Homo Faber is a better definition of the species now than ever before. The making first of tools and now of machines is perhaps the most conspicuous expression and embodiment of man's purposive and intelligent life. The very purposelessness of the materials out of which machines are made offers the opportunity for the fullest play of the purposeiveness of man. Certainly from this angle of the problem, all the logic tends to make purpose the essence of the human factor involved: it would be a strange perversion to argue the blindness and subjection of the machine back upon the maker thereof.

Now no one would be so quick as the mechanist to deny that man is a machine made, as man's own machines are made, by a higher

being for that higher being's purposes. Yet if a mechanistic philosophy is to rest upon a solid basis of knowledge, it must have recourse to the machines we know about, our own, and not to a universe of mechanisms which is after all a postulate or rather only a working hypothesis of science. Of course comparison of man to a lawnmower or a gas engine is mere childishness: not even the lowest organic creature can be closely compared with any such put-together thing as these or any other machine. Nothing is more essential to organic life than that it is not put together and cannot be taken apart. Its organs are not mere parts, and cease to be what they are when separated from the organism. It would be more sensible to say that nothing in the material universe is more unlike a machine than is an organism. And of all organisms man is the least machine-like.

When we turn to the mechanisms, so-called, of the physicist and the biologist, we admit freely that man's body is apparently on the same general plane with the bodies of all other living creatures, and is subject to the same general laws and principles of operation as they. Flatly man is an animal: this is one of the main lights that came from Darwin's work or rather which his work made available for the mass of thinking people. If an animal is a mechanism, then in the same sense, man is a mechanism: but this is mechanism in a figurative, almost a poetic sense, far removed from the simple concept of the lawnmower or eggbeater.

3. *Is the World a Mechanism?*

Here we meet again the easy conversion of a laboratory hypothesis into a demonstrated proposition. It is surprising how many intelligent people just assume that the world is a vast mechanical contraption, like Huxley's imaginary clock, all wound up and going its inexorable fore-ordained way. That the physico-chemical world is just this is one of the commonest of assumptions; it is treated as a basis of solid concrete upon which to build the most imposing logical structures. Not only the mechanist but the anti-mechanist, if he is to share in the indispensable boons of science, both practical and speculative, must adopt the use of the hypothesis in enormous ranges of his thinking. So this most admirable of intellectual devices tends ceaselessly to become the most subtle enemy of a full philosophical grasp of the problem of the World-All. It is a sort of intellectual *summa jus summa injuria.*

Yet the mechanistic character of the universe is totally unproven: it is at most a brilliantly successful working device and an enticing and alluring speculation. Even in its genuine and true rôle as working device, it seems to have flaws when pushed to extreme and checked by the newest methods of precision and computation,—methods so abstruse and complicated that only an expert dare try to talk about them. How much havoc is the Heysenberg principle of indetermination to work in the extreme refinements of determinism? Will Millican's cosmic ray save the universe from the antinomy of the law of entropy?

Then there is the profound logical difficulty involved in the fact that the so-called laws of science are always based on conditions that never obtain in the concrete processes of the very nature they purport to describe: the law of falling bodies is really a law according to which no actual body ever falls; Newton's first law of motion holds "except insofar as (the body) may be compelled by impressed force to change that state;" and it is evidence that the exception is really the universal rule, so that the "law" is a useful tool of thought and computation but useless as description of nature in any form.

It is a wholesome discipline for the mechanistically inclined mind to consider the case of a profound mathematician and physicist, Charles Pearce, who sums up his universe under the title "Love, Chance, and Logic," and insists that contingency is integral to the world of nature; he even coins the name *tychism* for his theory of reality. Haldane, an expert in the stronghold of mechanism,—biochemistry,—flatly declares that the mechanistic principle falls far short of validity and efficacy.

Looked at in the full light of present-day science the universe still refuses to submit tamely to the mechanistic shackles. Clear from electrons and protons up through the hierarchy of being to man, it eludes the logic of determinism and powerfully suggests something far different. It is noteworthy that the physicist in a struggle to portray the behavior of atoms is forced to use humanistic, even sentimental terms, and say that the atomic family is satisfied or dissatisfied according to the presence or lack of its appropriate assemblage of infinitesimal members. Thus mechanism traced to its furthest limits seems to consort with something not mechanistic at all: logic refuses to decide whether mechanism or sentiment is really prior; that is then left to personal preference, and on that preference the thinking world splits.

It is hard to avoid the feeling that the physics and biology of today would be sounder in its larger implications and tendencies if they took a page from their humble predecessors,—"natural philosophy" and "natural history." We have come far from the time when prevailing opinion agreed that "the undevout astronomer is mad"; without wishing to go back and bolster up the theological argument from the starry heavens, is it too much to wish that modern science should look up occasionally from its engrossment with microscopes and calculus? More attention to the gross facts of the world need not shut out any of the minutiae, and would be likely to lessen the tendency toward mechanistic and deterministic *ipse dixits.*

Let us turn natural philosophers or natural historians and look at the cosmos in the large. It is full of two things,—movement and variety: it is eternally going on, and that as though it had always gone on and would always go on. But the largest of all frames into which the mind of man has fitted it,—the frame of evolution,—is essentially a going from somewhere to somewhere else. Two significant formulas must be reckoned with, each the fruit of a great mind,—creative evolution and emergent evolution; whatever flaws there may be in the particulars of the work of these two thinkers the main thesis stands firm: and that thesis in no wise encourages any extreme mechanistic theory of reality. To the two men who gave us the formulas the sum of things is essentially non-mechanistic: to Bergson it is life, to Lloyd Morgan, it is spirit. In both cases there is room for Pearce's "Love, Chance and Logic," and that is more than can be said of a purely mechanistic theory.

The logic inherent in the once honored verse, "The undevout astronomer is mad" is still as good as it ever was, only that it has lost its specifically theological direction; it still points to elements and components beyond the present scope of human understanding. The vast swing of the infinite and the unwearied elusiveness of the infinitesimal, and the endless play of variation, mutation, shades of being, unforeseen emergencies, the eternal new in the flux of time, all tend to throw doubt upon a mechanistic metaphysics. We have no coercive proof on either side, only more or less vague indications and suggestions, and these abundantly present on both sides; we can only conclude that categorical assertion on either side would be dogmatic and presumptuous. In all this I refer to the so-called

material or non-human universe; for we must now turn to Man himself,—that is ourselves.

To the question "What is man" the first and most authoritative answer for each of us is "I am Man." I must follow the counsel of Socrates and Fichte and examine myself. Here is the source of all concepts and the significance of all terms. Vital as is the laboratory it can tell me nothing about my own essential being which contradicts my own immediate experience of that being. Obnoxious as this may sound to some ears, it is really a logical truism, for objective science when true to itself repudiates any contact with the inner data here referred to: the rigorous behaviorist would agree logically, indeed extremely, for he would declare that those inner data are nil and non-existent; and that science has no concern with such non-entity. In all of which he is right and wrong, as usual.

5. *What Am I?*

I, myself, am eternally the "base of all metaphysics"; the Alpha at least; whether or not the Omega also is a distant question. Here the mystics are sound and safe, and speculative thought today needs nothing so much as to listen to their voice. To drink of the doctrine of the pure spirit without being drunken is perhaps the supreme test of the metaphysician: if Emerson had written a system instead of aphorisms he might have surpassed all the rest in this achievement; in poetry Walt Whitman has actually done it.

I, myself, to myself, am "less données immediates de conscience." These aboriginal gifts of experience are absolute and indefeasible: scepticism toward them is mere perversity, a form of pseudo-knowledge poised upon nothing thumbing its nose at both sound philosophy and ordinary common sense. What I am, see, hear, feel, in any and every way experience,—all this is just what it is and brooks no refutation, for the simple reason that nothing in the universe has any competence to refute it. These are Dewey's "being and havings," prior to and determinative of all knowledge. To pragmatism they are indeed not knowledge at all; but still they are more certain than any knowledge. It would be as valid terminology to say that they are knowledge *par excellence,* except perhaps for the advantage of saving the term knowledge for the great operative region of language and reasoning which is built by life and speculation upon or out of the basic gifts of the experience of the Ego.

Yet all this is sadly out of fashion in these latter days, and not without cause even if not thoroughly reasonable. So often philosophy has looked at the within and become enamored of it, and so lapsed from the clear-cut processes demanded by speculation into mere mystic adoration. And at the same time the physical sciences have made such a grand success by ignoring and forgetting their own mother-lode of primary personal experience, that the philosophers have run after them and so abandoned all hope of any philosophy. One must admit that something more than nine-tenths of all intelligent people would turn gladly from Fichte or Hegel or Bradley to Darwin and Huxley and Faraday and the host of their modern followers.

Nevertheless, "though fiends and all things ill should wear the brows of grace, yet grace must still look so;" no matter how badly the Ego-philosophers have erred, the Ego is still the starting point for both life and thought: no matter where we want to go we must start from where we are: and where I am is in myself. So we may as well brave the lifted eyebrows of the arbiters of intellectual fashion, and proclaim the doctrine of the Self as "the beginning of wisdom" in speculative thought.

William James discussing Kant's categories suddenly blurted out in one of those inimitable sallies of his, "Of course we know we have no such clanking machinery inside us. "What could be a more natural utterance for the brilliant mind which first taught the world to think clearly and vividly of "the stream of thought?" His *Principales of Psychology"* is full from beginning to end of the sort of true description of the life of the Self which we are now seeking. Most vital of all is his insistence upon the totality and unity of the primary form of experience: "After discrimination, association," is the formula. His description of the infant's life as a "buzzing, blooming confusion" may suffer from his fondness for the picturesque, but it is eloquent of his sense of the unity and continuity of experience at its start.

But the adult mind does not lose this primitive unity and continuity, as one might be tempted to suppose; it does gain an ever increasing manifoldness and variegation; it gradually acquires a whole world of details and systems, but the infinite manifold is still bound up and integrated in an unbroken unity and coherence. Above all does experience refuse ever to reveal fragments, disjecta

membra, bits joined together; always fluency, totality, connectedness; there is always a way to travel from any point in the whole to any other part with coherence at every transition. This is personality: or more strictly it is this experienced unity of one's own experience, plus the postulate of other selves, that yields the concept of personality as inhering in ourselves and other beings outwardly similar to us.

It may be noted in passing that this concept of a practically infinite number of persons, each with its own world, no two of the worlds being supposably identical, is at the same time near-inconceivable and inescapable. Solipsism if feasible at all would be a happy escape from such a gigantic demand upon the mind. But of all the many solutions of the world-riddle that are logically possible, but practically objectionable, solipsism is doubtless the most hopelessly absurd.

Now if any two things in the whole range of our conception are diametrically different, this "I" and a machine or mechanism are. The machine is put together of parts, each part having an entity and possible existence of its own. In the machine proper,—the only mechanism of which we have any competent knowledge,—the parts exist prior to the machine and can survive it,—as every second-hand Ford dealer well knows. But in the "I," the whole exists first, and the "parts,"—we should have another name, such as phases or moments,—arise in and through the whole, never having any entity of their own, either before, during, or after the whole.

The pattern of mechanism is one of discontinuity and incidental contact and interaction; the pattern of the I is fluent, coherent, and genetically rather than incidentally interacting. The notable facts of sleep, and other forms of unconsciousness and of death so far as we know anything about death, not only do not mitigate this contrast, but increase it, for they are all processes totally beyond the range of behavior or machine or mechanism. To point out that so-called living mechanisms parallel these strange interludes or cessations is again to bring into relief the gap between mechanism in its true sense and even the lower forms of non-mechanistic existence.

But, it may be said, all this unity and coherence, this fluency and total entity, may be mere illusion, and if only seen clearly and acutely enough, would turn out to be mechanism, with parts too small to be perceived by our powers. This is a very triumph of

infantilism in intellectual high places: it is of a piece with "why the sea is boiling hot and whether pigs have wings." True, it can be said with words: and true also there is no coercive logic to oppose to it; all of which may be said of solipsism. The only bar to it is a practical one, just as is the case with solipsism: if we suppose these primary experiences to be illusion, then down comes every conceivable form of reliable knowledge: the mystic dictum is fulfilled and "All is Maya or illusion." Solipsism is far better than this doctrine of illusion, for solipsism does give us a coherent and understandable picture of a universe, and a simple and logically charming one, even if it is practically outrageous and abhorrent; the doctrine of illusion annihilates all firm and livable reality and plunges us logically into a waste of mist and ignorance.

There are then two senses in which we may understand anyone who declares that man is a mechanism: first, that he is essentially like one of his own machines, and this is so absurd that the mechanist himself repudiates it with all vigor. Second, that man is like natural mechanisms, and that necessarily in a figurative or symbolical sense, and this is quite harmless and poetic, unless and until accompanied by adequate specifications. In any case neither form of the mechanistic proposition in the least degree invalidates my direct and authentic sense of the fluent, coherent, unified and purposive nature of my own existence. Practically this means the continued function of the moral life and of ethics as part of philosophy.

WHAT AND WHY IS PARADOX?

BY JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM

THE makers (and unmakers) of literature, like the representatives of science—and sometimes philosophers themselves—are accustomed to use the universal concepts and forms of thought without stopping to examine them. They employ them with careless ease, hardly aware that they are using *Logic*—or abusing it—and with little consciousness either of responsibility or opportunity in connection with this ancient and essential discipline.

It would be captious to condemn this procedure. To demand that writers, in whatever field, should familiarize themselves with the principles and processes of thought before undertaking to express themselves, would be like requiring that one should learn diatetics before venturing to eat. Nevertheless, an acquaintance with the science of thought cannot be of great advantage to authorship, and a thorough knowledge of it would open up unrealized possibilities in literature—as does science in every field of practise.

The neglect of Logic on the part of Literature has been to the serious loss of both. Just as of late the more thoughtful representatives of the natural sciences have begun to examine the concepts which they have been using with so naive an assurance, so the representatives of literature might well look into the principles of Logic which they have been employing with so much of carelessness and unconcern. In this way literature might regain somewhat more of its former strength and significance.

I

The various forms of statement and the so-called "figures of speech" all call for more careful scrutiny than they have ever received. One of the most arresting and effective of these is Paradox. What is its root and warrant? Has it logical status? Or is

it amere device for "putting across" novel but shoddy ideas? Is it a superficial device, or does it root in the very subsoil of the mind and for that reason often yield such colorful and fragrant blossoms and wholesome fruit?

Defining paradox, with Professor W. K. Stewart, as "any statement which contradicts what has been taken for granted,"[1] the problem becomes: *what is that quality in truth which permits of its expansion so as to include and transcend real, or apparent, contradiction?* In other words, how is it possible for a paradox to unite and fulfill two apparently hostile concepts? Or, to put it in another way, how can *opposites* become *apposites?*

The answer to this query may be found, I submit, in what is called the "polarity of truth." It appears in such familiar pairs of opposites as subject, object; finite, infinite; human, divine; temporal, eternal; matter, mind; freedom, determinism; the ideal and the actual.

One term of the polarity seems, at first, to deny its opposite; but upon reflection each is seen not only to require the other—so that it cannot be understood without it—but to be capable of uniting with it in a *synthesis* which embraces both in a higher unity. This polar relationship may be termed *contrapletion*—each pole being the *contraplete* (contra-opposite, *plere*, to fulfill) of the other.

Paradox, then, as a *literary* form, may be interpreted as *arising out of the attempt to express and apply the polar relationship in the realm of thought.* It is closely related, that is, to the logical process of *dialectic.* Since the relationship is in itself arresting and challenging, paradox has in it a dramatic element, often occasioning, at first, a shock of surprise or even of resentment, which, however, almost immediately disappears in convinced assent.

What is the origin and *rationale* of the polar relationship? It may be traced, I think, to a source which Plato recognized, and Kant clearly defined,—and of which all of us are more or less distinctly aware—i. e. *the dual nature of selfhood.* Here is the birthplace of paradox. We are in our very being twofold—body and soul, psycho-physical and spiritual,—and because this is our nature it emerges in all our activities and relationships and ideas. Being himself *subject-object,* man regards all things in the light of this duality. Many have been the attempts to dissolve this inherent

[1] A Study of Paradox, *The Hibbert Journal,* October, 1928.

self-dichotomy—an enterprise in which a prominent school of psychology is now strenuously engaged—but all of these efforts seem doomed to failure because constantly refuted by experience, which, in various forms, attests that the distinction of body and soul, mind and matter, nature and spirit—cannot be persistently denied or ignored.[2]

Our human problem (by no means merely intellectual) appears to be to bring the two elementary elements of our nature out of our environment into a vital harmony—a result which can be achieved only by moral and spiritual as well as mental activity. In this enterprise Everyman is engaged from the cradle to the grave. It is at once the major task of the individual and of society. For this purpose it is essential to clearly distinguish polarity, or contrapletion, from *contradiction*, on the one hand,—in which one opposite if true eliminates the other—and on the other hand from *contrariety*, in which the opposites are inherently hostile (i e. good and evil) and can never be harmonized. Paradox, therefore, cannot be rightly employed in either of these cases. If the attempt is made the result is a false paradox.

II

To express and emphasize this essential duality in human experience of nature and spirit and at the same time to suggest the unity which underlies and transcends it and calls for its resolution —such may be defined as the office of paradox. This accounts for its prominence in the teachings of all great moralists, notably in that of Jesus. Two of the Beatitudes, e. g., are striking paradoxes: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is a Kingdom, and, Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit. Here, too, is the key to that striking saying of Jesus which goes to the heart of personality: "He that findeth his (physical) life shall lose it (the life of the spirit) and he that loseth his (physical) life shall find it (the spiritual life)."

Many mystics and poets are adepts in the use of paradox, for the reason that they perceive so clearly its spiritual significance.

[2] The conception of the body as "part of self," which Professor Hacking adopts in his *"The Self; its Body and Freedom*—while it conserves to some extent the closeness of the relation attested by experience—fails to do justice, to the value distinction involved. Whole and part, or part and part within a whole, is not adequate to express the deep-seated consciousness of the superiority of the self of the body.

One may instance Paul's "When I am weak then am I strong," or the line of Francis Thompson,

"To eat, deny thy meat."

The deeper the study of *personality* goes, the more it discovers the polarity which underlies paradox running through all the subtle and sensitive relationships and activities of personal life. Especially is this true of the relation of finite and imperfect personality to Self-subsistent and Perfect Personality, as one finds it expressed throughout the literature of religion. The inter-relationship of dependence and independence, determinism and freedom, finds striking expression, e. g., in Paul's "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." You and God; God and you—in this paradoxical cooperation lies redemption. Tennyson gives paradoxical expression to the same relationship in the moving lines,

"We feel we are nothing
For all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something,
That also is from Thee;
We feel we are nothing,
But Thou wilt help us to be."

Francis Thompson's "The Kingdom of God is within You," beginning "O world invisible, we view Thee" is a succession of mystical paradoxes, growing out of the interplay of the spiritual and the natural, the divine and the human. So also is his great poem, "The Hound of Heaven."

III

Returning now to *paradox* in its more technical use in literature, it should be possible, if this is its underlying principle, to understand it somewhat better, in its differentiation from other literary forms and to further its true and more rational use.

It is manifestly as difficult to keep paradox from confusion with other *expressional* forms as to keep polarity, or contrapletion, from confusion with other *logical* forms. It should be distinguished, e. g., from *hyperbole,* which may be described as a form of statement so manifestly exaggerated as to be self-corrective,—serving thus for purposes of emphasis. If alliteration, as some one has said, is like a *sheep-bell* which serves to keep a sentence from becoming lost in the wilderness, hyperbole is a *salvo* which serves to call at-

tention to an idea and make it memorable. Jesus, as a master of figures of speech, made frequent use of hyperbole, as well as of analogue, parable and paradox. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off . . . if thine eye . . . pluck it out." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle . . ." Such hyperboles have been the saving of sayings which might otherwise have long since passed into oblivion.

Hyperbole, like paradox, is a favorite instrument of poet and sage, as well as of moralist. Thoreau perceived its value and used it to the full, justifying himself with the following sagacious statement: "I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundations of a true expression."[3] Hyperbole often accompanies paradox. The arresting sentence from Heine which Professor Stewart quotes, "Apple-tarts were then (i. e. in my boyhood) my passion; now it is love, truth, freedom—and crab-soup," is hyperbole rather than paradox, though it "produces the effect of paradox."[4] Crab-soup is evidently introduced by the poet in the interests of candor and "normalcy" and in order to save himself from a priggish claim to be scott free from all carnal desires. It is thus as refreshing to the mind of the reader as it was to the palate of Heine.

[3] *The Heart of Thoreau's Journal*, p. 191.

[4] Article cited, p.

IV

This suggests an element often present and more than incidentally, in both paradox and hyperbole—*humor*. Humor, like beauty, is "its own excuse for being," but when united to *wisdom* it is doubly grateful and refreshing. Thoreau's writing, e. g., is full not only of wise paradox (as Stewart points out) and of hyperbole, but of the "dry" humor which cheers but does not inebriate. One may instance that fine bit of paradoxical hyperbole, "Why should I be lonely? Is not our planet in the milky way?" Volumes of dissertation as to the joy of companionship with Nature and the friendliness—vs. the distance and coldness—of the starry skies would not say as much as is encompassed within this cryptic but eloquent sentence. Happily humor has not wholly fled our glum and war-worn (when it it not superficially gay) generation. Have we not Bernard Shaw—who also knows the art of paradox? Chesterton, too, an unfallen Falstaff, not without skill in the use of

paradox, as when he remarks: "A yawn is a silent yell." Even Will Rogers knows something of the force of hyperbole, if not of paradox.

Another characteristic which often attaches to paradox, forming one of its subtle fascinations, lies *in what it leaves unsaid* and relies upon the hearer, or reader, to supply,—which, if unsupplied, leaves one either sorely mystified or quite misguided. This often calls for reading into a word a meaning, suggested by but essentially different from its accepted usage. For example, the famous motto upon the familiar trade-mark of the Aldine Press consists of a saying of the Emperor Augustus, discovered by Aldus, *Festina lente* (Hasten slowly)—which finds a happy parallel in Shakespeare's paradox, "Too swift arrives too tardy as too slow." The point of the Augustan paradox, as applied to the Printer, lies, in reading into *lente* the meaning of *deliberately* or *carefully*, suggested by *slowness* but not at all the same thing. *Diligenter* would have conveyed the meaning more accurately but would have missed the piquant contrast with *festina* which makes the paradox so appropriate a motto for a printer—especially when symbolized by the Aldine figure of the swift and sportful dolphin.

V

Being of so subtle and nimble a nature, this Ariel among literary forms, Paradox, is exposed to frequent and sorry abuse. Not every would-be sage is a Prospero in his treatment of it. Professor Stewart aptly alludes to the "grovelling paradoxes" (he might have called them Caliban paradoxes) which so frequently debase literature. There are also derisive paradoxes which defame life, and tinsel paradoxes, which glitter and coruscate but have no real worth.

Here, too, enter the dragons of sententiousness and epigramism that wait ever upon both writer and public speaker. How tempting is it for epigramist, as well as for dogmatist, to avoid the interruption and drag of *qualification*, even when simple honesty, —to say nothing of comprehensiveness, or catholicity,—demands the use of this very essential brake upon the too headlong movement of assertion or denial!

It is not always easy to detect the falsity which lies within a misconceived or misapplied paradox. The well-known lines of

Pope, quoted by Professor Stewart with quite too lenient a comment, will afford an example:

> All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
> All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good;
> And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
> One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

This succession of plausible paradoxes at first attracts and then repels. The attraction lies in the pertinent and wholesome idea that if one could only station himself near enough to the center of existence, instead of wishing to shatter this sorry scheme of things, with Omar, and remould it nearer to the heart's desire, everything would assume for him a changed aspect; he would find direction, harmony, good, where now he sees only chance, discord and evil. Such a thought is surely worth cherishing, provided it does not blind one to present realities. But, instead of affirming that there is art running *through* Nature, and that there are signs of direction *in the midst of chance*, and harmony mastering discord—and instead of holding out the hope that all things are moving toward a worthy goal and will eventually reach it—Pope's lines declare that this ideal state of things is already here and imply that all which appears otherwise is illusion. Such an attitude flouts experience, discounts reason, and tends to paralyze all effort to make things better than they are. Especially repugnant to the moral sense, as well as to the rational intelligence, is the claim of the climactic line. "One truth is clear, whatever is, is right." Existence and rightness are not *contrapletes;* they belong to different categories and this is a false paradox. Such mistaken paradoxes do not, however discredit paradox itself but only serve to warn against its misuse.

What wealth of meaning, as well as of symmetry, what possibilities of use and abuse, lie enfolded within the narrow and cryptic confines of Paradox! Startling yet attracting, disturbing yet restoring, perplexing yet illuminating, it awakens us from our slumber in the prosaic and commonplace to the vivid contrasts and inexhaustible meanings of the Larger Reality which is about and above and within.

PROHIBITION—A STUDY OF THE PROBLEM AND THE REMEDY

BY CHARLES KASSEL

Part One—The Problem

I.

AMONG the vexing problems of the time the liquor question is far the most troublesome. The entire nation is being rocked on the surge of the discussion and there is scarcely a community in which the subject is not the chief topic of conversation. At no time since the beginning of the temperance agitation in this country has there existed so widespread a feeling of despair. Prohibition, whose coming thrilled the hearts of many zealous well-wishers for their kind, has proven a delusion and a snare. If the system has remedied certain evils which inhered in the old order it has given rise to a new and fearful variety of its own. So far as experience thus far justifies a verdict the solution of the problem is yet to come.

A relaxation of the prohibition system is inevitable. Many of its former champions are conceding the hopelessness of the present method and are finding its evils worse than the evils of the old order of things. With the confusion of present conditions, the futility of prosecutions, the rapid spread of the drink habit to quarters which in the early days were never invaded, with the open flouting of the law on every hand, to say nothing of the enormous sums poured out by the national government in the effort to operate an unworkable plan and the social and economic disorders which have followed in the wake of the illicit traffic, the moderates of the old day, who opposed the open saloon and absolute prohibition alike, may at last come into their own.

That good in sundry directions has come from the present experiment—sufficiently "noble," in the language of Mr. Hoover, so far as concerns the motive behind it—no one can deny. Here and there the system has fulfilled its promise. The habitual drunkard

is less in evidence than in the old days, since sale to an habitual drunkard is an unwise procedure for the illicit vender. Even the social tippler now finds fewer occasion, on the whole, to challenge his favorite weakness. The working man, also, of the lower order, who found the proximity of the bar too much for his feeble will, now escapes temptation. These advantages are not to be despised. They represent a distinct benefit to a goodly portion of the population. Offset against them, however, are a group of evils so terrifying in their nature that the stoutest champion of prohibition is given pause. The drink habit, once confined to the saloon, has spread like a deadly cancer under the knife to more vital parts of the social organism. The private home has become a brewery. Women and children, formerly protected against their insidious influence, are now in daily and intimate contact with intoxicants and are acquiring the appetite. The family circle, always free under the older system from the vicious intrusion of social drinking, takes the place in some measure of the proscribed bar, and pride in the preparation or possession of an article banned from legalized channels moves the host in the privacy of the home to offer liquor to guests who were rarely subjected to such temptations before the eighteenth amendment.

On top of all this we have the amazing spectacle of rival groups of bootleggers in the great centers of population debauching from the almost limitless profits of the illicit traffic the instrumentalities of law and order, taking virtual charge of the community, levying tribute upon legitimate business in every direction, declaring gang-law as the authorities in emergencies declare martial law, pursuing with murder and arson their deadly feuds with one another, and with the same weapons punishing resistance on the part of the citizen where lesser means will not avail—a state of things for which no adequate parallel exists short of the French and Russian revolutions. That a condition would ever arise when millions of peaceful inhabitants in the great cities of the United States should stand helpless before a coterie of criminals, purchasing protection for their offenses with the fruits of a forbidden traffic, is something that could never have suggested itself even to the wildest opponent of prohibition before the Volstead act, and it is a mocking commentary upon the fatuity of the prohibitory plan that the minor disorders in the cities, which so greatly exercised the eloquence of the prohibition advocates in the old days, and which in all likeli-

hood were only partially due to the open bar, have now been displaced by major disorders directly traceable to the illicit traffic and almost insurrectionary in extent.

Nor is it only from the illegal sale and use of the commodity the citizenship suffers. On the side of the government itself, striving through over-zealous or fanatical instruments to enforce an impracticable system, comes the ever-present terror of prohibition agents battering down the doors of private homes without warning and taking life with impunity upon the highway and even at the fireside. Our cup of tribulation is sufficiently full from the outlawed traffic and the vexation that springs from an unlawful business bursting all bounds and overflowing into areas always before free from intrusion. For the government itself to add to the people's misery by a system of espionage of which only Czarist Russia would not have been ashamed—but without which, as we are told, the law can not be enforced—is to impose a burden beyond the capacity of a free people to bear.

The danger to the enforcement agents from the desperate character of the outlaws engaged in the traffic does not alter the case, resulting as it does, only too often, in the death of some courageous and conscentious officer. It is the tragedy of the situation, indeed, that the ablest and bravest, whose experience and natural feeling would protect the innocent, are precisely those to whom the hazardous tasks are assigned, while the pettier types, so easily spoiled by a badge and firearms, are given the easy job of demolishing the motorist on the highway who has no means of distinguishing at a glance between the enforcement agent and the high-jacker,—or laying out on his own hearth-stone the peaceful citizen who, knowing nothing of the finely-drawn technicalities of prohibition enforcement, imagines he posseses still the traditional American right of protecting his home against violent invasion.

In addition to the forbidding aspects of the problem we have mentioned there are the fearful consequences resulting from the large-scale consumption of inferior liquors, made by vicious or inperienced hands and sowing ill-health, blindness, dementia, paralysis and death wholesale through the land. These tragedies, occurring everywhere, and blighting homes in all communities, give no concern to the extreme adherents of the present system, who argue with cool indifference that the best way of advertising the dangers

of bootleg liquor is to let the patrons of the bootlegger taste in broken minds and bodies the folly of their course—wholly forgetful that when prohibition was as yet in the future, they made precisely the opposite argument and urged in favor of the prohibitory plan, with impassioned appeals to the emotions, that the banishment of the saloon would remove from the path of our weaker brothers a commodity which was a menace to health, an enemy to efficiency and a curse to the unborn child. Just how the partisans of prohibition hope to justify this reversal in the whole tenor of their appeal is a problem for their own solution.

Though no reasonable mind espouses the return of the open saloon, certain it is that beside the modern speak-easy, whose number is legion in all centers, and is generously represented even in small communities, the drinking-place of the old days was a model of order and innocuousness. Adequate laws effectually prevented sale to minors, to habitual drunkards and to others upon notice from their families and, being open to public gaze, its activities were readily confined. The speak-easy, however, secret and hidden from view by its very nature, and free from inspection and supervision, lapses readily into an agency for the promotion of vices infinitely more menacing to the well-being of society than the worst of drinking dives in former days. Let any reader interested in this aspect of the question consult the reports of the Committee of Fourteen, devoted to the suppression of commercialized prostitution in the city of New York and in the light of those findings determine the price society is paying in all large cities for the present experiment,—a price easily calculated notwithstanding the committee's own unwillingness to pronounce judgment.

Even the most irrational of the prohibition advocates must admit that at the end of the first decade's experiment with the plan conditions are ghastly. With liquor in millions of homes which knew neither its look nor taste before—with the flask naturalized from an alien and almost unknown thing into a necessary adjunct of many social functions—with the bottle to a terrifying degree grown familiar to the lips of boys and girls in their gatherings—we have a state of things under prohibition which, had it obtained when the open saloon existed, would have brought down upon the professional venders of liquor a veritable avalanche of public rage, with mob vengeance, probably, here and there. Yet the very classes which in such a case would have cried out for the gun and the

halter as fitting remedies for such unspeakable evils now look with complacency on the same evils as inevitable incidents in the eradication of the drink habit.

It is a safe wager that had any ardent and enthusiastic prohibitionist before the adoption of the eighteenth amendment been asked to forecast in advance the actual working of the measure, he would have anticipated a group of enforcement agents negligible beside the enormous army which now exists—a fund for the administration of the system trivial in comparison with the oceans of treasure annually dispensed—a few bootleggers, here and there, eking out a furtive and meager existence, instead of the many thousands in every state living openly in new-found splendor—the homes of citizens safeguarded at last from the defilement of alcohol instead of those same homes turned into amateur theatres for the exercise of the brewer's and vintner's art—children strangers even to the appearance, to say nothing of the touch and taste of drink, instead of the horror which now confronts every second or third parent in the hidden flask and the habit of its use formed and fixed—none of which awful catalogue of abuses held so fearful a place in our life during the reign of the saloon, bad as that reign was in other ways. Beside the vender of liquor today, indeed, the old time saloon-keeper was a radiant angel.

II.

To rehearse the evils of prohibition, however, is not to solve them. No good comes of ranting against the plan and pointing out that the fruits of its operation are precisely what the moderates predicted. "I told you so" is a dreary and futile comment. The question now is what to do. With the clamp of the eighteenth amendment upon the federal powers of legislation the area for discussion is limited, and the repeal of the amendment, or even its modification, for this generation at least, may not be practicable. None the less an early and radical change is necessary within the limit of state and congressional powers and it is the character of that change which presents the immediate challenge to statesmanship.

As always happens under such circumstances the whole discussion has drifted away from its logical position. The real principles which should control the problem are largely lost sight of in the

multitude of incidental considerations. The student of the subject, earnestly wishful of reaching a just conclusion, must take his bearings anew. On an uncharted sea, far out from our starting point, the safest course is to go back to the beginning and check over the lessons of experience with legislation in this troubled and treacherous domain.

We must not forget that the subject is as old as man. In the earliest books of the Greeks and Hebrews, and in the sacred writings of India and Persia, we read of the subtle potion, lurking in the chalice of the grape, which robbed men of their reason; and, as we come down the ages, we trace in the history and literature of all peoples, the vice of intoxication—the Bacchanalian revels, by which the maudlin Greek and Roman celebrated the rites of the wine-god—the wild festivals of the Saxons, during which the mead-horn was lifted high in drunken orgy—the carouses of early England, when sack and sword held equal place in the eyes of the higher classes and the red lattice of the ale-house was seen for the entire length of a street with never a tradesman's shop to break the succession.

But if the vice is as old as the race, the effort of rulers and philanthropists to wean man from his thralldom to its spell is quite as old. From the time when, in China, a thousand years before Christ—and again in Thrace during the reign of Lycurgus—all vines were ordered uprooted, to our own day, law-givers and reformers have sought to banish drunkenness from the world. The edict of Draco, which made death the price of inebriety—even though that law rest only in tradition—bespeaks the habits which could suggest so terrible a decree; and the command of Mahomet, ten centuries later, which banned the wine-cup forever from the lips of the faithful, is no less strong a token of the practices at which the prophet aimed his blow.

In our own day, however, owing to the greater complexity of human relations and institutions, the problem is far more difficult than was the case in by-gone centuries, nor can we use against the evil the weapons which proved so effective in ancient times. In the simple civilizations of old, where the will of the monarch was the supreme law and punishment was swift and sure, the imperial command, however harsh, failed never of obedience; but in our own age, when law is the reflection of the popular will, legislation which

is hysterical, vengeful or ever-severe is self-destructive. The enforcement of laws being lodged in the people by virtue of the jury system, popular prejudice annuls the statute by making verdicts impossible.

In this day, therefore, and particularly in our own land, the thoughtful legislator shuns endless severity and strives so to fashion his statutes as that, while achieving their purpose, they shall as far as possible be backed by the united sentiment of the community. Wise statecraft rejects legislation passed and sustained by the might of a mere majority. In no democracy does the machinery of law enforcement operate with the precision which obtains in monarchies, whether absolute or limited, and where the voice of the masses, speaking through jury verdicts, decides guilt or innocence, an enactment is still-born and hopeless from the beginning which tells against the feelings and prejudices of a large minority. In such situations is behooves the legislator to avoid extremes and feel his way forward with moderate measures.

In the United States, however, the battle-cry of the temperance reformer was from the beginning "absolute prohibition"—a Draconian method of dealing with the problem which is plainly out of keeping with modern principles of legislation, but which, however subject to objection in the abstract, did, in agricultural districts and small towns, when backed by the predominant sentiment of the community, prove successful. Whilst in larger towns, almost universally, the prohibitory plan fell notoriously short of its end, this circumstance did not retard the progress of the movement. Upon the contrary, it was gathering impulse and in the southern and western sections of our country was fast drawing great states to its support when national prohibition became an accomplished fact.

The extremists who advocated and the moderates who opposed absolute prohibition were in truth largely agreed that the open drinking place was without justification on moral grounds. It need excite little wonder, therefore, that with us, in the absence of an adequate plan for the elimination of the evils surrounding the liquor traffic the widespread feeling against the bane of intemperance should have found outlet in a movement which, impatient of further delay, sought the difficult end of destroying the demand by abolishing the supply.

State prohibition, as distinguished from local option, was tried and abandoned in many states. In each of these states the enforcement of the law was found impracticable in larger towns and cities. Nor, indeed, were the results commonly better in the larger towns situated within local option communities, however successful in the rural districts, though even in the case of larger towns it would seem that the traffic in liquor could be effectually prevented as against the sentiment of a considerable minority of the citizenship where those towns were within reach of non-prohibition sources of supply and the avenues of communication were not obstructed by statutory restrictions tying the hands of the common carriers. It was in reality this "safety-valve," in the form of a ready communication with a non-prohibition center of supply, that in such places protected the machinery of prohibition from breakdown.

The history of the liquor agitation in the United States discloses a cycle which reflects the mass psychology upon the subject and may serve as a prophecy of the future. The pioneer experiment by Maine in 1846 was the beginning of a prohibition wave which during the middle of the nineteenth century seized one state after another until eighteen in all stood commited to absolute prohibition. Then, little by little, the wave receded as experience demonstrated the inefficiency of the method, until in 1906 only three prohibition states remained, namely, Maine, Kansas and North Dakota. The local option plan then began an intensive growth and its ideal adaptability to conditions of rural communities and small towns gave the movement an immense vogue so that many states became almost entirely dry. The local option community, indeed, situated near enough to centers where supplies could be easily and lawfully obtained, enjoyed practical freedom from the blind tiger, but even in local option communities situated far from non-prohibition centers of supply, and where, in consequence, illicit sales went on, conditions were not seriously objectionable, since the evasions of the law were limited in extent and the commodity sold was free from adulteration.

The prohibitionists in reality might well have been content with these results. They represented very nearly all that could be accomplished by methods of legislation. Any effort to achieve much more hazarded the defeat of its end. It is characteristic of the prohibition agitation, however, that its leaders have never been

content with a wise compromise and have always sought to bludgeon the system through to unqualified success. Refusing to believe that the presence of nearby wet centers was in reality the salvation of the prohibition method in local option communities they again took up the battle for absolute prohibition, particularly in the south and west, and with the enactment of the Georgia law in 1907 the movement spread a second time so that in the year 1918 prohibition was once more widely in effect. Reenforced by acts of Congress preventing shipments of liquor into dry states, cutting off the safety-valve of lawful importation, conditions were growing rank in all prohibition states, and a complete breakdown was again imminent, when the hysteria of the European war created the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act. Thus was realized at last for its unreasoning enthusiasts the long-cherished dream of national prohibition, so soon to turn into a nightmare of horrors.

We may take it as the chief lesson of our experiments with absolute prohibition thus far that while men would prefer to withhold patronage from the illicit dealer, where they can with moderate inconvenience obtain supplies from legitimate sources, they will not hesitate to countenance an outlawed business where they can not otherwise satisfy their wants. The illegal traffic cannot compete at short range with the legalized sale of drink, in however restricted a form, and the illegitimate trade dies for lack of sustenance where the inhabitants of the closed community can easily and quickly secure supplies through lawful channels. With this qualification prohibition is successful, but not otherwise.

Another phase of prohibition, as commonly enforced in the old days, is of importance in connection with our discussion. Under systems of this character the illicit vender was usually the sole object of punishment, as indeed is the case now. The purchaser went scot free, though equally guilty in act and intent. It is notorious that in prohibition states druggists were often forced against their own wishes to make a secret traffic of dram-selling for the accommodation of their general patrons, knowing that a refusal would mean a gradual drift of their custom to less scrupulous competitors; and it was not in keeping with sound principles of legislation to punish the sale, but not to punish the purchase, when both parties knew equally that the act was a violation of the law.

That this principle of legislation has not thus far found a place

in the armory of prohibition is due purely to the drastic nature of the prohibitory plan. It is recognized on all hands that enforcement of penalties against the purchaser would rarely be possible. Few, indeed, of the leaders of opinion on the prohibition side will be heard to champion such an enactment—the shining example of the distinguished author of the eighteenth amendment to the contrary notwithstanding—and no movement for the enactment of such a law can ever be successful. Courts and juries may now and then convict the seller but only in very extraordinary cases, indeed, would the same court or jury apply the same punishment to the purchaser.

To punish the purchase of liquor from illicit venders would moreover seriously hamper the enforcement of prohibition. A large proportion of the convictions now obtained arise through purchases made by government agents who, while morally parties to the crime, are free from punishment and as accomplices to the violation of the law turn state's evidence. The practice of inviting the commission of crime for the sake of inflicting punishment is, indeed, as the prohibitionists insist, an indispensable necessity and the circumstance offers to the patrons of the bootlegger the strongest assurance that no law will ever be enacted which cuts off all lawful source of supply and at the same time closes to them the illicit channels by penalties against themselves.

All this, however, has to do with the present system. Supply to the citizen who now supports the illicit traffic a legalized means under a system of regulations neither too loose nor too rigid and the situation is sure to change. No court or jury would hesitate to assess the penalty where, with a lawful source of supply before him, the purchaser deliberately chooses the outlawed agency. Here and there, perhaps, in an exceptional situation the speak-easy might thrive but the instances would be too few to give to the owners the immense power and profit which the embattled violators wield today, and it would only be cases of extraordinary emergency which would move a citizen to imperil his freedom by visiting such resorts with lawful sources open and accessible. Participation, moreover, by the government itself in the very offense it seeks to punish might be dispensed with, releasing for wholesomer and more beneficent activities the many agents who now so joyously pander to crime.

III.

That prohiibtion upon a national scale can meet the shortcomings of state-wide prohibition—an argument constantly used when the conspicuous failure of local or state-wide prohibition in all large cities was urged in the old days—is now definitely refuted. Our large cities without exception are flowing seas of liquor. Not only so but with national prohibition the small community, measurably protected under local option, has equally with the large city become the haunt of the home-brewer and the illicit distiller. Orgies of drunkenness, confined to quarters before the Volstead act, are as every one knows, common isolated incidents throughout the land. The "wild party" is thoroughly domesticated and almost respectable.

A sane solution of the drink problem, urged by the moderates during the prohibition agitation and scorned by the extremists, would have abolished the open saloon and permitted the sale of liquors in sealed packages under license and regulation, with penalties against consumption on the premises and against consumption, likewise, in any public place—except, possibly, in the case of light wines and beers with meals on trains and at hotels and restaurants—leaving intact the local option system for particular communities which preferred that plan. That this is as far as the prohibitory system should have gone is now frankly conceded, in the light of present experience, by many of those who stood forth for the plan actually adopted. It is perhaps not too much to say that the evils of prohibition turn largely on the effort to carry the system beyond that sane and rational limit.

Had temperance legislation stopped with the banishment of the open drinking place and the interdiction of public drinking, with reasonable limitations such as we have mentioned, the operations of the bootlegger, with their lurid accompaniment of gang-wars and racketeering, machine-gun massacres and political corruption and terrorization, would assuredly have remained in the limbo of fanciful things for the use of blood-and-thunder novelists. That any man, believing himself unable to dispense with alcoholic liquors, would choose the illicit in preference to a legitimate channel for obtaining his supplies is inconceivable, particularly in the face of possible punishment and when the legalized source carries an assurance of purity and care in preparation wanting to the other; and even though the illegitimate vender might try to undersell the lawful

agencies—which would hardly occur since it did not happen under high license before prohibition—the number of his patrons would be few. If, then, a means had existed for legally obtaining alcoholic beverages, under whatever restrictions, the bootleg traffic, which is now one of the country's major industries, and which uses its unbelievable profits in debauching the public service and corrupting business and degrading social life in all large centers, could never have reached anything like its present scale.

A benefit by no means to be despised in connection with the more moderate form of liquor regulation is the protection it would afford against the poisonous connections which now destroy health, vision and sanity and in the aggregate throughout the land take a fearful toll of life. In this aspect, the open saloon, little as can be said in its defense, was by comparison a wholesome institution, and even the lowest dives were guiltless of the savagery which on every hand today coins into money through murderous beverages secretly vended the well-being and even the very existence of the unsuspecting.

It is a tragic aspect of the problem in this regard that even those who would otherwise shun alcoholic drinks, even of the purest brands, are forced, out of considerations of courtesy, as guests in private homes where liquors are served, to imbibe against their real wishes liquors of the vilest variety. If the substitution of absolute prohibition by the regulated traffic along the lines suggested should do nothing more than deprive alcoholic beverages of their fancied value as an aid to goodfellowship and thus protect unfortunate guests in private circles against deadly potions served by deluded hosts as "pre-war" and "imported" and "guaranteed pure" it would be worth all the agony and turmoil the change is sure to cost.

The manufacture of liquors in the home—now so common that the odor of brewing beer and fermenting wine is a daily experience—would, under the more moderate system, come to an end, and, however pure, as a symbol of welcome in private residences, become as rare as in the days of the saloon, since nothing so easily obtained by the guest himself in the channels of commerce could have the unique appeal it now posseses as a token of hospitality. With the ubiquitous bootlegger, moreover, starved out of business, and the avenues of lawful supply cut off from minors as in the era of the saloon, the use of intoxicants by boys and girls should become as unusual as it was then, and certainly the hip-pocket flask

at social gatherings of young and old would lose its present dignity and become as disgraceful as such things were at all refined functions in the days when liquors of all kinds could be readily obtained at lawful places of supply.

The spirit of bravado, indeed, which now moves young people to indulge in intoxicating liquors is something distinctly traceable to prohibition. It might have been foreseen that the very ban placed upon the possession and use of strong drink would carry a challenge to youthful daring. It has always been so. During the days of the saloon young men grew convivial and partook to excess, and the practice was bad enough, but there was no incentive to indulgence apart from the occasion. In these supposedly soberer times the imperious demand to abstain in the name of the law is met by a contemptuous defiance, and youthful impatience of restraint converts the forbidden cup into a gage of battle. No more illuminating commentary is possible upon that spirit of the American youth than the indifference of many young men to liquor in the old days when it might be easily had and freely used.

Indeed, the whole tone of social life, which has markedly deteriorated since the coming of prohibition, would be elevated by a modification of the system in favor of a less extreme plan. There can be no doubt that the common use of liquor by women and girls since the passage of the Volstead act is poisoning social life at its source. It is against masculine human nature long to retain a reverence for womanhood, in the fine sense of the old days, where liquor reeks upon the breath of maiden or matron. The prejudice against tippling, even for men, learned in childhood and reenforced later by private and pulpit eloquence, cannot be so easily forgotten.

In the case of any system which shall provide, under whatever regulations, a legalized channel for the purchase of liquors it is certain that the present terrorization of legitimate business by gangsters and racketeers—of which Chicago is only an outstanding example destined, doubtless, to more or less open emulation in all large centers—would come wholly to an end. Angry declarations by partisans to the contrary notwithstanding, the sober judgment of every thinking man traces these ebullitions of criminality directly to the illicit liquor traffic.

It was a favorite practice of the prohibitionists in the days before the eighteenth amendment to attribute to the legalized liquor traffic every item in the reeking catalogue of crime. The actual working

of the prohibition system has forced apologists for its abuses into precisely the opposite contention. They now vehemently deny that the crime wave, which has existed coincidentally, with prohibition during the past ten or twelve years, is attributable to the bootleg liquor industry. The ingenuity which they utilized in the old days for tracing connections between crimes of all kinds and the saloon they use now in arguing away the palpable relation, evident to all beholders, between the use and sale of liquors in outlawed channels and the saturnalia of criminality which has co-existed with prohibition from the very beginning.

Rational consideration of the problem leads inescapably to the conclusion that with liquors obtained in legitimate channels, even though barred from public use or consumption on the premises, and with whatever modifications in the case of light wines and beers upon trains and in hotels and restaurants, the bootlegger's vocation would languish and with his dwindling custom would go the power which now threatens to convert our leading cities into armed camps of constabulary and citizenry, on the one hand, and bootleggers, gangsters and racketeers on the other.

One of the unexpected enigmas of prohibition psychology is the ready excuse any enormity finds on the lips of men and women otherwise deeply sympathetic where the end sought is prohibition enforcement. Natures which in all other relations are stirred instantly by tragedy and pathos look with cold and unfeeling eye upon spectacles in our courts which would move a heart of stone. It is the blight of fanaticism, which in whatever department of human affairs seals up the well-springs of pity and neutralizes kindness at its source. With the whole weight of prohibition enforcement falling, not upon the millionaire bootleg-kings and their immediate associates, who enjoy practical immunity, but on the miserable underlings who try to eke out a precarious existence for themselves and their families by ministering furtively to the enormous demand for intoxicants in every community, the sight of broken men and white-haired women cast into prisons for years because of trivial offenses against the liquor laws, either on pleas of guilty or convictions for want of powerful counsel, has become so common as to attain the proportions of a national scandal; yet the same voices which in the old days rose above all tumult in denunciation of a traffic that demoralized the working man and snatched the food from the mouths of his wife and babes sees no

cause for commiseration in the appalling human wreckage which prohibition enforcement is leaving in its wake.

The illicit liquor business in the gradations of the traffic below the upper levels of highly organized and powerfully entrenched groups has become a catch-all for the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, running into hundreds of thousands throughout the country who, denied comforts or luxuries otherwise, fall back on the ever-ready resource of liquor-vending, until prisons everywhere are crowded to overflowing and prison-riots on a scale of savagery and desperation unprecedented in the history of penology testify to the threatened collapse of our whole penal system.

For many years before national prohibition became an accomplished fact, and for several years after, magazines of the higher type admitted to their pages with doubt and trepidation any discussion of the liquor question. The ground was so far monopolized by partisan speakers and writers that few deliverances, either of tongue or pen, were free from the taint or, to say the least, from the suspicion of propaganda in the one direction or the other. It is matter for deep rejoicing that so baneful a period in the history of so momentous a question has passed. No omen could be darker for the solution of any great problem than an impassioned state of sentiment which divides the thinking public into warring armies. In such an hour the voice of reason is lost. The field is seized on both sides by shrewd figures, practiced in the arts of organization and leadership, and the calm accents of philosophy and statesmanship go unheard. At such a time, indeed, even the organs of opinion whose pages usually are fountain-wells of light are prone to silence, either from considerations of prudence or considerations of self-respect. It is precisely this last which is the unhappiest aspect of all periods of tumult in a great democracy.

(End of Part One)

PHILOSOPHY AND ANIMAL FAITH, MATTER AND ESSENCE

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

OF all contemporary metaphysicians and philosophers, Mr. George Santayana, formerly of the Harvard University and the United States, but always an urbane and candid internationalist, is perhaps the most original and independent. He has few formal followers, but all schools of philosophy treat him with affectionate regard. He is romantic, skeptical, subtle, cultivated, severely logical, yet never dogmatic or pedantic. He writes uncommonly well —is, in fact, a poet as well as an exquisite prose writer. He loves distinctions, shades and nuiances, but he never mistakes hypothesis for demonstrated theory, assumption for fact, and he never ventures beyond proof without warning his readers or auditors of that excursion.

Mr. Santayana is a gifted and happy phrase-maker. He does not, however, take his intriguing and thought-provoking phrases too seriously. "Animal faith" was his invention, and he remains loyal to the doctrine expressed or implied in that phrase.

He has just published the third and concluding volume of his philosophic trilogy, and he entitles it "The Realm of Matter." In previous volumes, that deserve to be better known than they are to the younger students, he discussed the realm of essence, skepticism and the sort of instinctive, unescapable faith he called "animal."

His leading ideas are now quite clear, and it is possible to analyze them and examine the arguments advanced in their support in the three attractive, erudite, graceful and profound books.

Mr. Santayana calls himself a materialist, but his materialism is his own and is different from the cruder and more naive material-

ism of older schools of thought. He is evidently satisfied that the new physics, new metaphysics, new mathematics, new logic and new psychology have not rehabilitated either idealism, spiritualism or dogmatic religion. He has been reproached by some critics for ignoring the remarkable contributions of Whitehead, Eddington, Jeans and other eminent contemporary philosophers who build on scientific foundations, but the criticism is hardly fair. It is clear that he is conversant with the best work of the thinkers named. Their quintessential contributions have not escaped his notice, but he believes, and rightly, that those conclusions do not seriously affect his position or his main line of argument.

After all, whether one is a materialist depends on his definition of the term materialism. Santayana calls himself a materialist, because his definition of that term is not the traditional or ordinary one. Here is his explanation of the prejudice felt against the term.

The objection to materialism, he holds, is due to two cardinal misconceptions—first, that matter is inert, or dead, or gross and vulgar, and, second, that in a material universe there would be no place for what moralists, philosophers and artists call values. But nothing could be more arbitrary or absurd than these conceptions, he affirms.

Special manifestations of matter are distinguishable from its essence. The human body is material, but so is wind or sunshine. "Weight and figure are not more characteristic of matter than are explosiveness, swiftness, fertility and radiation." As to values, they are defined by Santayana as expressions of human preference, and certainly preferences are in one sense objective facts. Human aims and aspirations are not determined by this or that description or even interpretation of the universe.

What, then, is the relation between our material constitution and our spiritual and moral values? Santayana answers:

"Reason is not a force contrary to the passions, but a harmony possible among them. Except in their interests, it could have no point of application, nothing to beautify, nothing to dominate. It is, therefore, by a complete illusion, though an excusable one, that the spirit denies its material basis and calls its body a prison or a tomb."

But philosophy should not fall into the same blunder, excusable

as it may be to the moralist. Philosophy should not deny the material basis of life or of human value.

What is the most important implication of Santayana's materilism? This—that the external world is real and substantial. The human mind cannot indeed question the reality of the world. It may do so in words, but the words are without meaning. They express no idea. "The postulate of substance—the assumption that there are things and events prior to the discovery of them and independent of this discovery—underlies all natural knowledge," while the denial of the postulate "rescinds that animal faith or that common sense which is the beginning of art and science."

Yet the postulate must always remain an *assumption*. We cannot prove it. But the proof is not necessary to any human activity. Animal faith suffices. We cannot think or act without the faith, the assumption. With it, we can do that which as human beings we wish to do in our own moral world. The obstacles are within us, and so are the means of overcoming the obstacles.

Nothing is to be gained by adopting a strictly idealistic attitude, for idealism has to be abandoned the moment we undertake to act, or to apply our thoughts to actual problems. That is, the idealist cannot dispense with animal faith or common sense. He denies the postulate even while using it. Such futility discredits philosophy and metaphysics.

At the same time, the assumption in question does not exclude a certain kind of Skepticism. Santayana claims to be a thorough skeptic. For he holds that skepticism, if kept in the right place, safeguards and even increases the freedom of the spirit. "Ultimate skepticism," he says, "is a sanctuary from grosser illusions."

In the realm of matter animal faith of necessity counts as knowledge, but there are vast realms beyond matter, and these realms are the possession of the spirit.

Man lives on several levels, Santayana maintains with the other humanists. But the lowest level is the substructure of the highest. Spirituality adds consciousness in man, but does not abolish instinct. The ideal world of man emerges from the real world, and the latter is the less important though of course essential.

How skepticism leads to pure enjoyment is thus explained by Santayana:

"When by a difficult suspension of judgment I have deprived a

given image of all adventitious significance; when it is taken neither for the manifestation of a substance, nor for an idea in the mind, nor for an event in the world, but, simply, if a color for that color, and if music for that music, and if a face for that face, then an immense cognitive certitude compensates me for so much cognitive abtention. My skepticism at last has touched bottom, and my doubt has found honorable rest in the absolutely indubitable."

The skeptic and the materialist is also a neo-Platonist. Animal faith is not in his philosophy incompatible with contemplation of the realm of Essence. Essences are more than ideas; ideas are born of matter and are instruments of science on the plane of existence. But essences, he says, are not exhausted by their utilitarian character. They remain and give the highest value to human life. To live spiritually is to live in the realm of essences. Beauty is an essence, and the spirit revels in it. It cannot be isolated or imprisoned within any given idea, and it is certainly not a property of the low level of substance or existence. But beauty is absolutely indubitable, as are other essences. By contemplation of essences man at last transcends animal faith and becomes spiritual and human.

Santayana's philosophy has been described as "the æesthetic way of life." That does not seem to be particularly apt. Life without art and æsthetics would be animal indeed, but Santayana is not blind to moral beauty—beauty in conduct and in social relations. He demands the full, abundant life for all, and the only question is, What is the road to that goal?

To Santayana, the answer is—Through animal faith, in the first place, or candid and courageous facing of Reality; then through the practice of a gentle skepticism in the vast realm of Matter, which realm is yet to be treated as real and substantial, and, finally, through the right steps in the realm of Essence.

There are modern, scientific thinkers who assert that science and philosophy are reverting to Berkleyan Idealism, to the view that nothing exists save pure thought, either in human minds or, in the last analysis, in the mind of the Creator. To Santayana this conception is utterly unscientific and even empty of any meaning. Nothing we say disposes of the distinction between matter and idea, or essence. Why not accept the distinction and see what we can build on it? Santayana has built upon it, and his system, called

romantic, is in truth very substantial. His terms may appear arbitrary, but we cannot argue away the facts and realities which they denote.

Time and philosophic tide may work out a reconciliation between the old idealism and the new and critical realism. But meantime there is no virtue or guidance in the postulate of a Creator who is unknowable and inscrutable, and whose designs are unfathomable. In the realm of essence there is no need or room for God, unless God is merely another name for nature in its totality and infinite complexity and diversity.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

BY J. T. GIBBS, D. D.

THE Scientist seeks to know all kinds of things. The Christian has the highest assurance that searching will not reveal the deep things of God. The conflict is due to confusion of thought and lack of faith. The first is treason to science, and the second the worst possible offence to religion.

Science is the collection and classification of appearances. It uses the telescope to extend its sight thru the inconceivable immensities of the universe, and the microscope to search out the smaller details of creation. It uses millions of miles as a yardstick and thousandths of an inch as a foot rule. It weighs the lightnings. It devises cunning instruments for its searching and reveals wonders that stagger the imagination. In all this it seeks nothing that cannot be made apparent to the senses.

But the world is so full of things that mere observation proves inadequate to the task of searching out their relations. So the real scientist must be a man of constructive imagination. A hundred years ago the astronomers pictured a solar system of eight worlds, but seven were all that had ever appeared to the human eye. The exact position of the other world was calculated and the great telescopes directed to that spot. The new world was there. So science figures what ought to be, and then finds it.

Some of its theories seem incapable of absolute proof, but that is far from calling them false. Truth is truth, whether man ever finds it or not. An illustration of this is the famous theory of evolution. It is hardly conceivable that it can ever be demonstrated that man actually evolved from lower orders of creation, but most scientists would appear to think that he did. Shall we call that theory a wicked dream? It has resulted in a wonderful stimulation

of scientific research and many real discoveries of important laws of life. By its use such wizards as Luther Burbank have added immeasurably to the material wealth of mankind. The theory is prized because it works.

But here we come to one of the main conflicts between science and religion. If man has developed from monkeys to say nothing of the development of monkeys from snakes and of snakes from little drops of living jelly, what becomes of the fall of man? And if there was no fall, how could there be a redemption? The conflict is there, and it is serious.

But to get to that conflict a number of assumptions are necessary. One of those assumptions is that science has discovered an absolute fact of creation. Now modern science does not even claim to make such discoveries. Its business is to see all that can be seen and to reason out the relations between the different discoveries. It reaches evolution not as a fact, but as the best known system of reasoning to account for a multiude of facts. It roughly arranges all life, past and present, in one ascending scale. It points out the fact that Albermarle pippins may be developed from crab apples. Like Pharaoh's magicians in the presence of Aaron, it duplicates a few of God's miracles, but candor drives it back to Sir Isaac Newton's confession. He called himself a child gathering shells on the shore while the unexplored ocean of knowledge stretched before him. It endorses St. Paul's declaration that we know only in part. Its more reverent devotees exclaim with the founder of chemistry, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee.".

Science presents an amazing picture of common things analyzed into strange forms. First, it reduces all substances into molecules too small to be seen under the most powerful microscope. These molecules it divides into atoms very much smaller than the molecules. Then it takes the atoms and reduces them to protons and electrons so small that the atom looks like a big pond of nothing with a handful of very small minnows swimming around very fast. Finally it guesses that the whole thing is just a manifestation of electricity, which in turn is not matter at all but inconceivable power. So its whole study is to find out how an unknown power acts. What appears to you and me as a tree is described as something very different, but not a bit more true. The scientist reduces it to power just as you and I trace it back to God. No man can say that the

one explanation is truer than the other. Our advantage lies in finding our explanation more satisfying. The scientist has not found any means of learning why his power acts the way it does. The Christian explains it all as an exhibition of love that passes understanding. Then it would be well to give up understanding and seek the proofs of love.

Now science undertakes to examine all the evidence and give a true verdict. In nature it finds power and law in a universe so vast that no telescope can reach its borders, and so complicated that no microscope can search out its details. Religion discovered both in the dawn of history. Science finds love in living creatures, but fails to penetrate the mystery of the Eternal. Religion says that men have felt the love beyond their sight. It means some of these men and accounts for their greatness. Can science account for it otherwise? These lives and their greatness are facts of history.

Certain fishermen in the Roman province of Galilee began telling a story two thousand years ago of wonderful experiences they had with a man brought up in the carpenter's trade. And a little later a great scholar declared that this man, who had died and been buried, had spoken to him from the sky. These men were beaten and imprisoned, and finally killed, but their message lived. And that message, thru the centuries, has been the most important element in the improvement of human society. Modern science would be impossible but for the interest in education aroused by a desire to place that message within reach of all men and women. Shall science study rocks and bugs and ignore the greatest facts of human experience?

Granted that science is not equipped to weigh the evidence of divine love, is it not equally bare of equipment to disprove that love? Take the radio as a wonderful achievement of modern science. The air is full of music because great artists perform at the broadcasting stations. Receiving sets all over the land catch the sound, and all kinds of people listen, some in delight, and some in disgust at lovely harmonies wasted on souls that feel no response. The Master said long ago, "Hearing they might not understand." And again he said, "Cast not your pearls before swine." God made human hearts to receive his message. No device of man can per-

form the fact. What would you think of a man who tried to catch music with a fish net?

The evidence of God as friend and redeemer are where they might be expected, and not elsewhere. The Bible is a record of human experience. If I would judge the truth of Genesis, I must follow God as Abraham followed Him. If that course results in my consciousness of God's friendship, I can believe that God dealt with Abraham as the Book says he did. But I can't disbelieve until I have tried that experiment. And I don't dare rest my faith on miracles. It is written, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." It is tempting God to ask Him to prove His word by a miracle. When Jesus was asked for a sign, he called the people wicked and faithless and said no sign should be given but his own death and resurrection. He said also, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, they would not believe though one rose from the dead." With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and your searching of signs and wonders will not find out God—is the teaching of Christianity—and it is desirable to keep clear the claim of religion as well as that of science.

Science reasons backward from what it sees, tastes, hears, smells and handles; it doesn't hope to come within a million years of the "First Cause." The beginning is entirely outside the range of its study. Religion is different. The first sentence in the Bible is about the very thing which science cannot approach—the Beginning. Science puts its truth in sight. The Bible lays the foundation in faith. It teaches not merely the unseen but the unseeable. There is not necessary conflict, but a clearly marked difference of procedure. Science is an endless, indomitable search. The Bible is a beacon pointing out the unsearchable.

Science says, I know nothing of God. It says I see immeasurable distances and inconceivable power controlled by perfect law. Behind these things is the great unknown. My business is with things as they are. I try to use these to the best advantage and waste no time asking why they are thus and not otherwise. Two things I hate. One is lying, for my whole method is a search for truth. The other is selfishness, for my whole spirit is impersonal; what I know I tell the world. Religion says, the spirit of man can know the unsearchable. It says that the story of Jesus made a new way of life so great that civilization took a new direction and gained a new power—and these things are merely secular history.

Now this is a distinct force in the world. Its power is very great. Its source is entirely outside the sphere of modern science. That source of power is beyond the range of scientific investigation. The most that science can do is to investigate the manifestations of this force. The invisible may seem unreal, but it is not always so. Many of our greatest physicians testify to the value of religion as a healing power. Dr. Howard Kelly, one of the most distinguished of them all, has recently organized an association of Christian physicians. That ruthless man of blood and iron, Otto Von Bismarck, recognized unseen forces controlling the destinies of nations. He called them the imponderable—which means the unweighable or incalculable. And modern statesmen still consider the great moral currents which will not yield to their manipulation. The unknown—the unknowable if you please—is not always the unreal. It is in part the basis of all reality. There are many things subject to man's knowledge and control, but the ways of God are still past finding out.

And right here do science and religion join hands. Religion helps science; for it says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now the man that loves like that is willing to share whatever he may learn. And sharing knowledge is just as important as getting it. The little that one man sees in one short life wouldn't make very much science. For science must see the veriest of trifles thousands of times, and in many relations, before it can be sure that it really saw what it thought it saw and not something entirely different. And even then it must test this thing which it really saw by all the knowledge that it has. For science believes that all truth is one, and simply cannot bear the thought of any contradictions. To its way of thinking, every fact in the universe must agree with every other fact. While science has very little to say about love, it absolutely refuses to admit any man's right to know any scientific fact and keep that knowledge to himself.

And science helps religion, for it exalts the truth. It may not care whether the truth is good or bad, but it does insist on its being truth. The real scientist is both honest and thorough as far as human strength and resolution permit. He knows that only truth can endure, that the world will patiently weigh his work until it has sifted out and rejected every error. Slipshod or dishonest work is sure to be revealed some day, and likely to bring him dis-

credit very quickly. A great host of the world's brightest minds is eagerly watching everything he does, and criticising without mercy. For the work of science every day is a day of judgment, here and now. Religion seeks for favor, but science is interested only in the truth.

There are unworthy scientists just as there are unworthy Christians. Some scientists are befuddled. Are there not Christians likewise afflicted? Some scientists are mercenary. Did you ever hear of a selfish Christian? And if the scientific world embraces charlatans and fakirs, is the church entirely free from hypocrites? But when you compare the profound aims of science with the ideals of Christianity, you certainly find points of agreement. As a matter of history, the church has its martyrs and science has them too. As a matter of fact both religion and science are leading men away from degrading superstitions and dangerous vices. And as a matter of fact both science and religion have their thousands of sincere and zealous seekers after truth. Are the builders of a better world or the scrambling seekers after place and power and favor the more entitled to consideration?

Now if we have two groups of people seeking the same thing they ought to help each other instead of quarreling. The leader of all true Christians tells them to know the truth. Scientists are seeking the truth too. Christianity undoubtedly helps science when it teaches people to be unselfish. And we find science making much faster progress in Christian lands than in any other. Science is teaching one of the most important of Christian doctrines when it seeks to know the truth for the truth's sake alone. The great founder of Christianity told us the truth would make us free. Shall we repeat the error? When Jesus restored an infirm woman on the Sabbath, he asked what man would not loose an ox or a sheep on that day; and if it were worse to loose the woman that Satan had bound for many years. Isn't science still loosing people—not only from disease but from drudgery and loneliness as well?

But the truths of science are often so disturbing. So are the truths of religion. The ancient prophets were so disturbing that they were beaten, imprisoned and even killed. Jesus and the apostles preached such unwelcome truth that they were taken to the cross and to the headman's block. No man putteth new wine in old bottles. The world will have scientific truth whether the

churches want it or not. And because all truth is God's truth, the churches will take and use the contributions of science, even if they have to discard some of the most important traditions of men. Galileo was imprisoned by the Church for declaring that the world moves. In his day people understood the Bible to state the contrary. We no longer read the book that way. Along the path of history are the wrecks of many theories both scientific and religious.

The old order changeth, giving place to the new, lest one good custom should corrupt the world. We need new faith for the new day, just as we need new knowledge. Scientific theories have their day and cease to be. Other theories result in finding God's truth, which is eternal. Religion can afford to adopt the policy of Gamaliel—if God is not with those who introduce alarming new ideas they will fall of their own weight; if He is let us be careful not to be found fighting against God. Who knows but that God is revealing his glory to modern science as truly as he spoke to the prophets of old? We of today may be as blind as those who cried out, "Crucify Him."

Religion cares for the fatherless and widows. Science doesn't oppose that kind of thing. Neither does it say, "Be ye warmed and filled," and give nothing needful for the body. On the contrary it works the magic of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. It digs sewers, builds highways, multiplies the comforts of existence. Religion cares for people's bodies and welcomes the help of science in so doing. True religion is not Jonah sitting at the well at Ninevah, but works with science for the good of even that cruel heathen city.

There is no real conflict between science and religion. They help each other, but it is also true that they deal with widely different aspects of events. Science seeks and obtains material blessings. Religion seeks the fruits of the spirit—love, joy, peace longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Science is at the bottom of modern prosperity; it is seeking out the mysteries of nature, and making it easier for man to subdue the earth. Religion in its teaching love, faith and the other spiritual fruits has no rival. We depend on science for our knowledge of rocks and bugs and greater tools with which to labor. We depend on religion for our knowledge of the greatest facts of human experience.

As a nation and as a world, we are rich and troubled, wise and

perplexed building a mansion of prosperity upon the shifting sands of human knowledge and human resolution. Ought we not to seek a rock that can resist the storms? Does not the fine linen of Dives often cover an aching heart? Happiness needs a foundation that can never fail. Prudence counsels that we look for something that can never change. For this the Christian offers his Bible. Why not let science help in the interpretation of that Book? Parts of the Bible may have been misunderstood but its genuineness as a record of human experiences has never been successfully impeached. And the experience recorded there is experience with God.

THE DEVIL IN LITERATURE

BY MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN

OF all the myths that have come down to us from the East, and of all the creations of Western fancy and belief, the Devil has exercised the strongest attraction upon the human mind. The imagination of man has from earliest times persistently played with the Personality of Evil. The fiend has never failed in fascination. He is an everlasting fountain of pathos and poetry, a perennial power for interest, inspiration and achievement. So large a place has Diabolus taken in our imaginations, and we might also say in our hearts, that his expulsion therefrom, no matter what philosophy may teach us, must forever remain an impossibility. Whether or not we favor the belief in the Devil's spiritual entity apart from man's, we always show a deep interest in his literary incarnations. All intelligent men and women, believers and unbelievers, may be assumed to hold a unanimous opinion with regard to the Fiend's fitness as a fictional character.

It is generally admitted that, as a poetic person, the Devil has not his equal in heaven above or on the earth beneath. In contrast to the idea of Good, which is the more exalted in proportion to its freedom from anthropomorphism, the idea of Evil owes to the very presence of this element its chief value as a literary theme. Lucifer may have been inferior to St. Michael in military tactics, but he certainly is his superior in literary æsthetics. The fair angels—perfect in their virtues—are beyond our ken, but the fallen angels, with all their faults and foibles, are of our kin.

Of all Christian supernatural beings, it is the Devil who, as a poetic figure, is superior to the pagan divinities. In poetic possibilities no mythical personage can be compared with the Christian Devil. "The fallen archangel," said Father Duchesne, "is not only superior to the old Pluto, but is perhaps the richest dramatic type, on account

of his stormy passions." In Chateaubriand's opinion there is no poetic character, ancient or modern, to equal the Devil in grandeur. Contrasting Milton with Homer, this French writer finds nothing in the *Odyssey* comparable with Satan's address to the sun in *Paradise Lost*. "What is Juno," Chateaubriand asks in his *Génie du Christianisme* (1799-1802), "repairing to the limits of the earth in Ethiopia, compared to Satan, speeding his course from the depths of chaos up to the frontiers of nature?" "What is Ajax," he exclaims, "compared to Satan?" "What is Pluto," echoes Victor Hugo, "compared to the Christian Devil?"

The poetry of the Christian religion is mainly manifested in the Prince of Demons. Paradoxically enough, the beauty of Christianity is finally reduced, in its poetic aspect, to the Adversary. Of all Christian characters, Satan has appealed most strongly to the poets of all ages and languages. It may be said picturesquely but not inaccurately that the Devil has dominated most literary forms to the present day. To call the roll of the writers who celebrated Satan in verse and prose is to marshal the names of almost all great men of letters.

While most writers content themselves with recording the Devil's activities on this planet, there never have been lacking men of sufficient courage to call upon the Prince of Darkness in his own proper dominions in order to bring back to us, for our instruction and edification, a report of his work there. The most distinguished poet his Infernal Highness has ever entertained at his court, it will be recalled, was Dante. The mark, which the scorching fires of hell left on the face of the Florentine poet, was to his contemporaries a sufficient proof of the truth of his story.

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Lucifer looms large in literature. The "Morning Star," hurled from heaven, shines brilliantly in the firmament of fiction. The discrowned archangel has waxed truly formidable in literary stature. Beelzebub bears on his shoulders the burden of *belles-letters*. It is a significant fact that Diabolus has been the principal *motif* of inspiration for the world's greatest masterpieces. Strike the Devil out of the reckoning, and you strike out the pith and marrow of Dante, Calderon, Milton, Goethe and Byron. Sorry, indeed, would the plight of literature be without the Devil. Lacking the Devil, there would simply be no literature. With the Devil eliminated, there

would be no plot, no complication, and consequently no story. Syllogistically stated, the idea may perhaps be expressed as follows: All real stories depend upon plots; all plots depend upon the intervention of the Devil; consequently, all real stories depend upon the Devil.

Thus, figuratively speaking, the Fiend is the fountain-head of all fiction. The novel, that wanton fable, may, without straining at the figure, be considered the work of a special demon who has the function of agitating the quill. Mr. H. G. Wells, in *The Undying Fire* (1919), affirms, "Satan is a celestial *raconteur*. He alone makes stories." Barbey d'Aurevilly, the French diabolist, prefaces his story "Happiness in Crime" (in *les Diaboliques*, 1874) with the following statement: "In these pleasant days, when a man relates a true story, it is supposed that the Devil has dictated it." Jules de Gaultier, the great French paradoxist, is of the opinion that Evil came into the world to promote and perpetuate the art of story-telling.

The literary and artistic value of Evil cannot be overestimated. There is a fascination in Evil which allures men to the edge of the pit to gaze at all the writhing horrors within, execrable as these misshapen things may be to the stern moralist. The existence of duplicity, sensuality, knavery, and malice prepense, is not to be denied by the Realist or Romanticist—who portrays these moral abominations without greatly exaggerating their sway. These imaginative writers know that goodness and mercy are but partial ingredients in the composition of human nature, where the struggle is going on between the higher and the lower natures. It is generally admitted that a happy nation has no history. Nor can a wholly virtuous person be used as the protagonist of a novel. It is thus proved that the Diabolical is essential to all forms of fiction.

If Diabolus is essential to the novel, he is even of greater validity and necessity in the drama. There could certainly be no drama without the Diabolical. "True dramatic action," says the German dramatist, Friedrich Hebbel, "arises only when the Devil ranges himself as antagonist." As for poetry, no proof is needed that the Prince of the Pit is a patent and potent power in verse. "Poetry," recently said the French poet, Raymond de la Tailhède, "is nothing but revolution"; and it is obvious that the Devil, by his very nature, is the spirit of revolt and rebellion.

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The Devil has never been absent from the world of letters, just as he has never been missing from the realm of politics. Though the subject-matter of literature may always be in a state of flux, the Demon has been present in all the stages of literary evolution. All schools of literature in various times and tongues have set themselves, whether consciously or unconsciously, to represent and interpret the Devil; and each school has treated him in its own characteristic manner. We must remember that there are fashions in devils as in dresses; and what is a devil in one century or one country may not pass muster as such in another. Each generation and each nation has a special and distinct devil related to its own temperament. The Fiend reflects the faith and philosophy of each period, each people, and each personality. Different lands each have a distinct fauna of imps, as of animals. The German devil is as different from the French devil as the racial complexion of the German is different from that of the Frenchman. Each mind, moreover, stamps the Devil with its own individuality. Thus there are as many kinds of devils as there are men and women writing of them. The literary historian will find devils fascinating and fearful, devils powerful and picturesque, devils serious and humorous, devils pathetic and comic, devils fantastic and satiric, devils gruesome and grotesque.

The Devil is an old character in literature. Perhaps he is as old as literature itself. He is encountered in the story of the paradisiacal sojourn of our first ancestors; and from that day on, he has appeared unfailingly, in various forms and with various functions, in all the literatures of the world. From his minor place in the Hóly Scriptures, the Devil grew to a position of paramount importance in the works of the Christian poets of all lands and languages. It is an interesting fact that the first literary document distinctly English and Christian (we refer to Cædmon) contains a personification and deification of the Power of Evil. The medieval writings simply swarmed with the spirits of hell. The illuminations of medieval manuscripts were full of ferocious demons. On the medieval stage, the Fiend even frisked in the flesh. Diabolus was undoubtedly the most popular actor in the mystery-plays, calling forth half-terrified interest and half-enthusiastic respect. Although the Devil was hailed by our medieval ancestors with such laughter

as still rings across the ages, it need not be inferred from this fact that his audience did not stand in awe and trembling of him. It is a well-known psychological fact that we strive to laugh ourselves out of our fears and to grin away our apprehensions.

The Reformation left the Devil's position intact. Indeed, it rather increased his power by withdrawing from the saints the right of intercession on behalf of the sinners. In Protestant poetry, the Devil was both the abstraction of Evil and the personal tempter of man. He was at once the great fallen archangel of heaven and the painted clown of the country-fair; the unconquered adversary of the Almighty and the buffoon baffled by book and bell.

The Renaissance, on the other hand, meant a serious setback for Satan. In its reaction against medieval thought, it disdainfully turned away from the Devil. The classical school, particularly in France, dealt Diabolus a still deadlier blow. As a member of the Christian hierarchy of supernatural personages, he could not but be affected by the ban under which Boileau, who dictated the classical creed, placed all Christian Supernaturalism. The writers of that period treated the Devil at best allegorically or satirically.

In the eighteenth century, the belief in the Devil was fast disappearing. In fact, all faith in good as well as evil was at a low ebb. This *sæculum rationalisticum,* which was such a bitter enemy of the Supernatural, showed itself particularly loath to employ Lucifer in literature. The writers of that period even scorned to mock at Moloch. Voltaire, who, though believing in nothing, believed in ghosts for tragedy (*Sémiramis,* 1748), opposed the introduction of the Devil into poetry as violently as did Boileau.[1] But even this devil-despising generation produced two master-devils in fiction, LeSage's Asmodeus and Cazotte's Beelzebub—both worthy members of the august company of literary devils. The novel, considered a frivolous diversion by the French Classicists in imitation of the ancients, escaped the observation of the lawmakers of French Classicism and was, happily enough, not bound by the rules and regulations of a criticism not even deigning to pay it attention. A distinct reaction in the Fiend's favor was, however, brought about at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

[1] Henry Fielding likewise gave preference to the ghost in literature. He states in *Tom Jones* (1749): "The only supernatural agents, which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts."

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Satanism, and Supernaturalism in general, in nineteenth-century literature sprang from such varied roots, developed according to such various methods, and served such a variety of purposes that it is very difficult to enter into a detailed investigation of its different aspects. Supernaturalism was an important element in the Romantic movement of all European countries. It was an essential part of the Romantic recoil from the rationalism of the previous period. In their revulsion against the *salons* of the eighteenth century, the men of the nascent nineteenth sought refuge in the nursery. Thus the revival of a belief in the Supernatural was fated to come as the predestined swing of the pendulum. But this belief received a great impetus, particularly in France, from the revolutionary wars. For war spells atavism, a re-emergence of the primitive in man. In moments of danger, we always return to the faith begotten of the deep feelings and fears of childhood. When the dread of death is upon us, all thoughts which hitherto have lain hidden in some remote chamber in the back of our brain forge their way to the fore. In hours of calamity, nations as well as individuals show a tendency to return to the pious beliefs of the past.

Moreover, in times of war, the mystic notion is generally revived that the war waged upon earth is but a part of the great cosmic conflict between the powers of Good and of Evil, with each belligerent claiming the Deity, of course, for himself and assigning the Devil to his enemy. Our recent war has furnished abundant illustrations of these propositions.

The Devil, furthermore, comes into vogue during a revolution. In fact, each of the great poetic personifications of Evil appeared during a critical moment in the world's history, when the old order was disappearing to make way for the new. Periodical upheavals in the social and political world give men a renewed realization of the fact that a power of evil is always at work in their midst. This new realization of the Devil as the controlling power in the world's affairs takes form in the imagination of a Dante, a Luther, a Vondel, a Milton, a Goethe, a Chateaubriand, a Soumet, a Victor Hugo, an Anatole France, and a Bernanos.

It may also be noted in passing that most of the re-creators of the Devil were exiled from their country or ostracized from the community of their class. We need but refer to Dante, Luther,

Vondel, Milton, Byron, Heine, Lermontov, Quinet, and Victor Hugo. These men, suffering imprisonment or banishment from their country for their opposition to a tyrannical government, were naturally attracted to the archangel banished from heaven for having, in the words of Milton's Satan, "opposed the tyranny of Heaven" (*Par. Lost* i. 124).

Satan was the great inspiration of the Romantic generation. The Fiend was the very fount and foundation of the Romantic movement. He was at first dimly seen as if behind a veil. The veil was soon lifted, and he appeared in all his fiendishly fascinating beauty. Satan's shadow was cast over all the works of the Romantic period. Romanticism is thoroughly suffused with the spirit of Satan. Satanism is not a part of Romanticism. It is Romanticism. It may well be said without any levity that Satan was the patron saint of the Romantic School. He impressed it with his personality to such an extent that it was soon named after him. The expression "Satanic School" applied by Southey to the Byronic group in England was accepted by Victor Hugo as an epithet of honor for the corresponding movement in France.[2]

Of all European countries, France showed herself particularly eager to make amends for her long lack of appreciation of the Devil's poetic possibilities. Whether or not the Devil was indigenous or an importation in France, it is certain that he enjoyed a greater vogue there than elsewhere. The rebel of the empyrean was actually the rage of the revolting Romantics in France. The interest which the French Romantics showed in the Devil, moreover, passed beyond the boundaries of France and the limits of the nineteenth century. The Parnassians prostrated themselves at the altar of Satan in the form of Prometheus. The Symbolists, for whom the mysteries of Erebus had a potent attraction, were particularly obsessed by Diabolus. Even the Naturalists, who certainly were not haunted by phantoms, often succumbed to Satan's seduction. Foreign writers, turning for inspiration to France, where the literature of the past century perhaps reached its highest development, were also caught up in the French enthusiasm for the Devil. In fact, the prevalence and persistence of the personality of Evil in the literature of the past century constitutes one of its chief and characteristic charms.

The Devil, to be sure, did not again assume the prominent posi-

[2] *Cf.* S. Osgood: "The Satanic School in Literature," *Christian Examiner*, XXVII (1839), 145-61, and the present writer's essay: "Satanism in French Romanticism," *The Open Court,* XXXVII (1923), 129-42.

tion he occupied in medieval literature; but if he is a less important, he is a more imposing character in the literature of modern times. In our days, the Devil is not an object of contempt, but of consideration. He is treated not comically but seriously, nay sympathetically. We have come to realize that there is so much of us in the Devil and so much of the Devil in us that it would not be fair to treat him harshly.

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It is related that, after the glory of Greece had departed, a mariner, voyaging along her coast by night, heard from the woods the cry, "Great Pan is dead!" But Pan was not dead; he had fallen asleep to waken again as Satan. In like manner, when the eighteenth century believed the Devil to be dead, he was, as a matter of fact, only recuperating his energies for a fresh start in a new and nobler form.

The modern Devil is a great improvement on his prototype of medieval days. He differs from his older brother as a cultivated flower differs from a wild blossom. Diabolus has lost the awe which he exercised in the Middle Ages. He is no longer the old monster with horns, hoofs and tail, as described and illuminated in the medieval monastic missals and legends, and as he is still seen today on the capitals of the medieval cathedrals. Satan has nowadays added to that dignity of person, already conferred upon him by Milton, a corresponding nobility of character. The Devil as a human projection is bound to partake in the progress of human thought. Says Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust:*

> "Culture, which the whole world licks,
> Also unto the Devil sticks" (i. 2495-6).

The Devil advances with the progress of civilization, because he is what men make him. He has benefited in characterization by the modern leveling tendency. Nowadays supernatural personages, like their human creators, are no longer painted either as wholly white or wholly black, but in various shades of gray. The Devil, as Renan has aptly remarked, has chiefly profited from the relativist point of view which now prevails in ethical judgments, and which no longer permits any rigid interpretation of good and evil, or any strict division of men into saints and sinners. The Spirit of Evil is better than he was, because evil is no longer so bad as it was. The Devil is no longer a villain of the deepest dye. At his worst he is the general

mischief-maker of the universe, who loves to stir up the earth with his pitchfork.

We no longer look upon Lucifer as the opponent of the Lord, who seeks to frustrate His providential plans for the human race. We regard the Devil, on the contrary, as one of the instruments in the government of the world and the education of the human race. Willingly or not, Beelzebub is the benefactor of mankind. The Devil declares himself in Goethe's *Faust* as part of that power which, though it always wills the bad, is always working for the good. Diabolus is the necessary, though unwilling, instrument of man's betterment. He supplies the motive power, without which man would soon reach the stage of stagnation. We must know the spirit that denies if we are to learn the truth. The Spirit of Negation is not man's enemy, but his companion on the path of perfection, rousing him out of his lethargy and thus prompting him onward and upward. In Nietzsche's words, the Eternal Malcontent is "man's best force," inasmuch as he represents our progressive, inquisitive nature, which will not permit us to remain satisfied with lesser achievement, but urges us on to higher and nobler aims.

In modern literature, the Devil's chief function is that of a satirist. This clever critic directs the shafts of his sarcasm against all the faults and foibles of men. He spares no human institution. In religion, art, society, marriage—everywhere his searching eye detects the weak spots. Among the recent demonstrations of the Devil's ability as a satirist of manners and morals, we may mention Mark Twain's posthumous romance *The Mysterious Stranger* (1916) and Leonid Andreev's equally posthumous work *Satan's Diary* (1920).

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