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Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

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Is Progress Possible?, 1921.

LECTURE BY RABBI ABBA H. SILVER,

ON "IS PROGRESS POSSIBLE?", AT

THE TEMPLE, SUNDAY MORNING,

DECEMBER 4, 1921, CLEVELAND, O.



Organ a tenth was here

Is progress possible? I believe that very few people today, especially in our country, have asked themselves this question: Is progress possible?

Everything about us is conducive to the tacit assumption of progress. We move, we change; and in many minds movement and change in themselves are signs of progress.

We have made remarkable advances in material comforts.

There are many people who still remember the days of the candle light. Now we passed from that to the gas light, and then again from that to the electric light—rapid changes of progress.

There are some who remember the days of the stage coach. From that we passed to the railroad, and the automobile, and the airplane, --marvelous advances. There are some who have seen towns of a few hundred or a few thousand suddenly, within the short space of a generation or two, become great cities of millions. And so it is but natural for them to assume that the world is progressing.

Cuetan

And of course we have democracy. In the olden days they had kings; in the olden days nobody voted, and now everybody votes. And so, of course, that is a manifestation of real progress. In the minds of most people there is some vague, undefined conception of evolution—everybody talks evolution; and evolution, of



course, means a constant change from the lower to the higher, from the less to the more; and especially applied to the human being, evolution in itself is a marvelous indication of human progress. I suppose the average man reasons: Once upon a time we were monkeys; and look at us now!

Now, really, the answer to the problem: Is progress possible? is not as simple or as certain as all that. The War gave us a terrible jolt. Here was a highly organized civilization, with airplanes, and wireless, and electric light, and big cities, and marvelous universities, plunged in a day into a war which, for brutality and destructiveness and suffering entailed was unparalleled in all the annals of primitive and savage man. Why, in the olden days, at least when they fought, there was a certain amount of chivalry about it. In the feudal days when lords would go out to fight one another there was a certain amount of form about it, and there was a parley, and trumpets sounded; there was an exchange of compliments. They cut each other's throats like gentlemen.

In 1917 all that disappeared, and in its place came gas, and dirty trenches, and filth. Where is progress? You get a more terrible jolt when you start reading history. I think everybody ought to read history. There is nothing more fascinating in the world. You take



the story of the successive empires that ruled over large parts of the civilized world, so-called: they all tried to do the same thing in the same way--to conquer the same strip of territory; they all set up governments and rulers, built roads and cities. And somehow they all collapsed. There was Egypt with a marvelous empire; Babylon and Assyria and Greece and Rome; and a little later the Mehammedans tried it; a little later Charlemagne tried it, then Napoleon, and then England, and then Germany,--doing the same thing, conquering the same countries, setting up the same form of government.

They lasted for a while and ceased to be.

I remember the day I stood studying the walls, the ruined walls of the city of Jerusalem. There is a city that, from the day that David conquered it from the Jebusites until the day that Allenby conquered it from the Turks, probably saw twenty empires besiege it, conquer it, destroy it, rebuild it, besiege it again, conquer it again, destroy it again, rebuild it again. Why, you can read in the walls of the city of Jerusalem, in the character of its building, the size of the stones, the history of ten empires.

Where is progress? I read that in Vienna, in the year 1921, mobs break into shops in order to get bread. One is reminded of the bread riots in Rome in the days of the Gracchi, two thousand years ago.

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where is progress? One is reminded of Russia where a hundred millions of people are today passing through exactly the same experiences that Europe passed through during the Black Plague in the thirteenth century, with its plagues, starvation, the country swept by marauders, bandits, demoralization, disorganization, degradation.

Where is progress? A few days ago I visited
New York City and passed through one of the squares of
the city, and there, on the one hand, were beautiful
limousines passing by, with persons in them warmly clad
in very costly furs, and all round them were these
towering skyscrapers—evidences of scientific progress;
and on the benches in the park were huddled together men
and women, shivering from cold, hungry, out of work.

where is progress? Is our government today more efficient than it was two thousand years ago? Are government officials more honest? Is justice enforced and administered better than it was centuries ago? | Why, only this year our city had to subject itself to a critical appraisal and investigation in order to find out the reason for the collapse of the administration of criminal justice in our city.

What is progress? Where is it? Are the books we write better than the books that the ancient Hebrews wrote, or that the ancient Greeks wrote? Do we

Shorthand S Reporter S write better plays than they wrote? Do we we more beautiful pictures today than the Italians of the Middle Ages did? Do we put up more beautiful structures? France, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, took a hundred years to build a beautiful cathedral. We take a year to put up an ugly office building.

Is it progress? We are afraid today of communism; we are afraid today of socialism because they are new things, but really they are not new at all. The world has seen communistic states, the world has seen socialistic states, democratic states, aristocratic states, oligarchic states, monarchic states—all kinds and forms, and we are just back again where we were.

What is progress? What is it? Some people say it is a joke, it is a hoax, it is a superstition; there is no such thing as progress. Remember what Koheleth says: "The wheel goes round and round and round, and never gets anywhere." That is how society moves—in a cycle; it always returns where it started. The nomina, the names, change; the numina, the substance, the realities, remain the same. We go through the forms of mction, but we really get nowhere.

Evolution does not mean progress at all.

Evolution just means change; adaptation to altered and changed conditions; it may be retrogression as much as progression. for example, stated quite clearly

Shorthand S Reporter CIFVELAND that he did not at all believe the human race was getting better or nobler; they may be gaining more knowledge, learning a few more things, but that didn't contribute to their happiness or their nobility of soul, of character. There are great thinkers today who say there is no progress and there is no retrogression in life--it is just one eternal conflict, that's all; and going round in a circle. You might have seen those curious mice that chase their own tails--gyrating things. Well, that is what the human race is doing, claim these men.

George Bernard Shaw says that civilization is a disease,

a disease produced by the practice of building societies with rotten material. You recall the book popular notvery long ago, by Edward Carpenter, called "Civilization, Its Cause and Its Cure." Walt Whitman, perhaps the greatest of American poets, said that there will never be any more perfection in the world than there is today. And religion itself, more especially Christianity, took as its basic conception that progress is impossible in this world; progress is only possible in the hereafter, in the kingdom that will be established in the world to come; this earth is a sinful world, a vale of tears, one must pass through it as quickly as one can; perfection is impossible in social life.

Now, these considerations have led some people

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to say that there is no such thing as a law of human progress, and that history is not a science. Gourmond, one of the great French thinkers, says there is no science to history, and it is futile to try to discover laws in human history or in the history of social development; history is a series of episodes or anecdotes, disconnected and unrelated, with no basic law running through them at all; an empire is born, it grows and dies, just the same as a human being is born, grows and dies; there is no reason why one empire falls and another empire rises.

Now, there is a challenge in all this; there is a decided challenge to the thinking man and woman. Of course, most of this is pure speculation; and one speculates as one likes to speculate, according to one's temperament. If one is of a romantic temperament, if one is young, one likes to think of a goal out there toward which we move; one likes to think that the world is perfectable, that the world can be made increasingly more perfect and increasingly more fine. Youth, the spirit of romance, and the spirit of adventure, and the spirit of enterprise, postulates progress even if it is not a fact.

If one is of a realistic disposition, if one happens to be old, a little tired; if one is in the observation car and is not in the engine, with his hand



on the throttle, driving the machinery of life; if one is just a spectator looking back upon things—an historian—then one would be tempted to speak of life as of a series of cycles and of nothing else. Both, those who believe in progress and those who do not believe in progress, suffer from the same weakness, I believe, and that is the weakness common to all of us—to generalize. Oh, how we like to generalize! It simplifies truth so readily if we can look down a general law.

We always like to talk in generalizations; we always like to talk in superlatives. Children always talk in superlatives. "Oh, this is most beautiful!"

"This is most marvelous!" "This is the grandest thing I have seen!" A weakness for superlatives; a weakness for firm affirmations. People like the swagger and the fury that goes with affirmation. Less down a law! There is something magnificent about it. We like to iron out all the wrinkles of life by generalizing. Simplification and generalization are the two besetting sins of mankind.

But life is not sinful at all, and we cannot, on the few faulty data that we have, scientifically generalize ab out anything. Science has come to acknowledge that fact. The period of human life of which we have record is so short that it is almost impossible to lay down hard and fast laws describing them.

There is, to my mind, truth in both these

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contentions. It is true that progress is not continuous, is not steady, is not in a straight line. Progress is like a spiral stairway rather than a perpendicular climb. In the moral life of man, in the moral life of the individual man, there has perhaps been very little progress. One can readily assume that a man who lived three thousand years ago was just as honest, just as truth telling, just as industrious, and just as brave as the man who lives today, because that kind of progress does not depend upon time at all, or upon experience, or upon increased knowledge. That kind of progress is merely the attempt to realize an ideal standard which somehow has been with the human race from the earliest of times. I suppose the morality of Moses, of Buddha, of Confucius, cannot be excelled, and perhaps never will be excelled. There is no possibility, really, of progress in those directions.



In the intellectual life we have advanced; we have gained more knowledge because we have lived longer; we have gained more experiences. Now, it may be true that this increase of knowledge hasnot made us happier, but, then, happiness is not a criterion at all.

Knowledge is an end in itself. The race has made progress not so much in quality but in quantity. There is more of things today than there was yesterday; there is more of education today in the sense that more people have



write, and only a few of them. Today literacy is growing and illiteracy is decreasing among the vast millions of people. There has been a democratization of education, an extension of it. There is more of wealth today, and enjoyed by more people. In the days of feudalism poverty was the norm, the standard; most people were poor and so they didn't speak of poverty at all. It was only the feudal families that could boast of a certain amount of comfort and luxury; the average man lived on the verge of penury and starvation. Today in many lands comfort is the possession of almost the government.

When you think of a hundred years ago in

London how few people had their own vehicles of

conveyance, and that one had to be a lord or exceedingly

wealthy to have a servant, and when you think of Cleveland

in 1921, with a hundred thousand automobiles, and hundreds

and thousands of homes having their servants, one

realizes how much more of wealth has been distributed

among peoples—a sort of democratization of wealth.

There is more freedom today in the sense that more people enjoy it. There perhaps isn't more in the sense of quality, a higher kind of freedom, but there is more in the sense of quantity. The great Greek empire, of which we speak so praiseworth, was, after all, built

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Shorthand 5 Reporter 5 upon a thick, ugly, sub-stratum of slavery. The world has, in a sense, destroyed slavery and freedom has now become the possession of most men; and that is a decided gain, a decided progress. We have conquered nature, and one of the signs of civilization is the conquest of nature. We are learning more about it; we are still tremendously in ignorance of things, but we know much more today than we did a thousand years ago. There is progress along certain lines, though not along all lines.

People sometimes ask why is it that we move so slowly. Why, if we know these things, can't we make progress more rapidly? Well, it is very simple. In the first place, the mass moves very slowly. The individual may move quickly; the mass, because of its weight, moves very slowly. The prophet is always ahead of his people by a thousand years, or by ten thousand years. The individual may catch a glimpse, a projected vision may see the ultimate, may find the solution, but before that vision permeates the rank and file and becomes the driving force in the lives of millions of the mass, centuries elapse.

The prophet becomes very impatient; the mass becomes very impatient of the prophet, because the prophet disturbs the peace and the quiet of the mass. That is how life moves--slowly, crawlingly, haltingly, hesitatingly, with falls and failures and retardations; and then a lurch

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forward and a reaction again, and another lurch forward takes it a step in advance.

In the second place the reason why we move so slowly is that we have got to begin all over again every thirty years or so. A child is born a savage; the father of the child may be a perfect human being, but the child is a perfect heathen and a perfect savage, and the whole process of education and civilization must begin anew with every new child born. You shut your schools for ten years and stop education for thirty years in this land beautiful city and in this beautiful and you will have a well-pair.

The work must be done continuously and must always begin at the bottom again. That is why things move so slowly. If the child could begin where the father left off, what a wonderful world this would be! Then there is another reason why we move so slowly: because we hate to move quickly. We are lazy! We don't want to exert ourselves; we are afraid of originality; we are afraid of innovations. Because any new idea disturbs our slumbers; any new theory requires a new adjustment, and that means effort, and that means exertions, and people do not exert themselves unless they have to. People do not want to know the truth because truth is disturbing. There is enough dynamite in truth to blow up the whole world.

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When Galileo constructed his telescope and discovered the satelites of Jupiter, that was a marvelous discovery. When he told the people to come and look through the telescope and see the satelites, do you think they wanted to look through it? They did not. Why? Well, they said, in the first place, there are no satelites. In the second place, if we look through it the devil will make us see them. In the third place, we had better not.

We do not want truth, really. And we hate to think. Oh, how we hate to think! It is the most difficult thing in the world to think, really. People imagine that all that is required to think is to be honest and to wish to think, and then you can think. It is not so at all. You must go through a very severe and vigorous course of training before you can think aright. As a rule, you think that you are thinking; but really you are only trying to find excuses for certain things that you would like.

In other words, you start out with certain prejudices, certain predilections, certain predispositions, certain conventions, certain traditions--unconsciously, most times, and then you look around and try to find the facts that would chime in with these prejudices of yours and justify them, and you think that you are thinking.

You are not at all. One must learn first how to



emancipate himself from the terrible hold that tradition and the past and his environment and the conventions about him have upon him before he can begin to think straight. Why, in each one of us there is a racial rythm. We think as our race has thought; we feel as our race has felt; and in each one of us there are stirrings of the past. You don't know how much you and I are the slaves of the past. We think we are masters of ourselves, but very often we just go through certain motions that were projected a thousand years ago.

We do not think; we think we think. a lovely strike going on our city now -- the milk strike. It has been going on for a month. I wonder how much real thinking our community has done on that subject. Back of that strike is a real wickedness, a desire on the part of one trust to break another trust. There is an organization that is practically monopolizing the milk industry of our city, never for a moment stopping to ask itself in this process of intensive organization whether such an organization was justified, or moral, or ethical. It just did it. And for the last four or five years it has been doing a rather successful business under a closed shop arrangement, where the men had organized for mutual protection. Now that the war is over and men are out of work, the company has suddenly realized that it may make a little more money if it



would smash this labor organization; and it proceeds to do it, and the city sends its guardians of the peace to follow religiously every truck that parades through our streets. A beautiful sight, a fine evidence of our economic order (or disorder); and I suppose this process will continue until the labor organization is smashed.

And here is a citizenry of eight hundred thousand complacently watching this thing.

I maintain that this is an evidence of supreme wickedness in our economic organization; that while it is small evidence, it is a highly significant evidence. We don't want to think. And I suppose those that do want to think will find sufficient arguments to justify this cause because they believe them, of course.

There is another reason why we don't make progress: we get tired too soon. I know many people that started out life--radicals, great reformers--impatient, full of energy, and then when they got to be forty or fifty they settled down; they lost their original impulse, they lost their original fervor. Why, they got tired, that's all; just got tired. There was a man who spoke here Friday evening, a man who was a champion of reform in this country, and he spoke as one who was just weary and tired. "What is it all about? The wheel goes round and round; what's the use of fussing, anyhow."

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One of the greatest of American thinkers,
Mr. Henry Adams, in writing to a friend of his on the
tendency of history, says this: "Those of us who have
reached or passed middle age need not trouble ourselves
very much about the future. We have seen one or two
great revolutions in thought, and we have had enough.
We are not likely to accept any new theory that shall
threaten to disturb our repose."

They pass through one or two revolutions of thought and they have had enough. We get tired. That is what makes the progress so laborious, so slow and so difficult. What is my belief about it all? I think that whether progress is or is not—and we are not yet ready to lay down any hard and fast affirmation—we ought to live as though progress were. Call it an illusion, but an illusion is much more important than a fact. A fact is not half as important as poetry; because a fact which we think is very important may a hundred years from today become just an incident and of no consequence.

It is the things we believe in, the illusions of our days, our ideals, yes, our fancies, our whims, be it only whims of gossamer and gold--frail things; our fugitive moments of ecstasy, when we set out as though we can conquer the world, as though the world is worth conquering, that is worth while, that is progress. It is like the flowing river that ultimately falls to the



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sea level and dies, but in its fall it creates power; it is beautiful in its progress, even if it does not go anywhere.

The goal is not the important thing at all;
none of us will ever reach a goal worth while in life,
because if our goal is worth while, it is so far distant
that no body will ever reach it. No body ever realized a
great ideal; it is only the petty ideal, not worth while,
that we realize. It is not the achievement that is
important, it is not the accomplishment: it is the reaching, it is the doing, it is the effort, it is the
enterprise, it is the energy you generate while doing
things; it is the happiness that comes with the exercise
of all our faculties, with your life free, purposeful,
energetic; it is living that is the important thing.

as though progress were a fact. Let us live as though everything we do is to be another pillar or another stone to the temple of life. Let us live as though every act of our life, whether tremendously important or significant, is like a pebble that is thrown into the bosom of the lake, whose ringlets of influence widen and widen until they touch the farthermost shore of eternity. Let us live as though every moment were eternity. What care we what the ultimate is or what the goal is?

Let us construct for ourselves a kingdom, but

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in that kingdom we should grade ourselves in our climbing from the lowest subject unto the king himself. And for civilization let us work for greater freedom, let us work for better organization, let us work for more science and for greater morality, for this is civilization.

More and more of individual freedom, and more and more of beneficent social organization—that is civilization.

To live as freely as possible without infringing upon the freedom of your neighbor—that is civilization. To live a complete free life in a complete free social organization—that is civilization. And that requires extension and increase of opportunity—economic opportunity. So long as there are economic slaves there is no freedom.

That means educational opportunity. So long as there is illiteracy and ignorance and superstition, there is no freedom. That means more knowledge, because the worst kind of slavery and the worst kind of shackles is ignorance; and that means higher standards of conduct and morality. And that is really the highest test of civilization.

Remember, friends, it is not how fast we move, or how far we speak, or how tall are the structures we rear, that is the real test of civilization. They are a certain criterion, but not the real criterion. The real test of civilization is how far has the level of the





average human being risen; not of the exceptional human being, because he might have been as perfect three thousand years ago as he is today, but how far has the common level of right conduct and right living and right thinking risen. That is your gauge for civilization.

And that is a challenge to every man and woman. There is much to be done in life; and the greatest enemy of all, and the greatest enemy to human progress is complacency, indifference. Progress does not come in and by itself; progress means agony of mind and soul, it means sweat, it means struggle, it means suffering, it means sacrifice, it means experimentation, it means failure. But it means ultimate success.

Progress is an act of will prompted by our highest intelligence. That is the challenge and that is the answer to the question: Is Progress Possible?

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## Henry Adams

"Those of us who have reached or passed middle age need not trouble ourselves very much about the future. We have seen one or two great revolutions in thought, and we have had enough. We are not likely to accept any new theory that shall threaten to disturb our repose" -

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