

PROLOGUE
THE HOLE IN MODERN MIND

Love and moral sensitivity versus survival of the fittest and selfish genes—which is to prevail?

Which is to rule in our homes, neighborhoods, schools, communities, cities, industries, religions, and nations? Which is to seize and shape our minds? Which is to govern our perceptions and our actions? To guide the hand that fondles, slaps, or grades our children, creates experiments in science, guides policy in business and government, calls down the blessing of religion, writes our books? Embracing and driving all of this, which of the two halves for Darwin’s theory is to triumph in the end game for the evolution of our species and our planet?

This remains the question in continuing the trilogy *Darwin and the Battle for Human Survival*.

While much else is covered in this book, second for this trilogy, a primary purpose is to provide a new look at two things that have lured, diverted, and enslaved our species on its way to the better world that an overwhelming majority of us yearn for.

One is something that in varying terms progressive psychologists, sociologists, political and systems scientists, historians, novelists, film-makers, philosophers, theologians, and crusading journalists have warned us of for many years. It is of the over-riding and monumentally destructive ancient mindset that still controls the lives of billions of us from cradle to grave. Armed with more aspects than an octopus has tentacles, it’s been given many names.

We’ll return to this in chapter one. The other problem is the great hole in modern mind into which the dream of escape for us has so often been dumped.

Book I, *Darwin’s Real Revolution*, took the reader behind scenes during the battle over the theory and story of evolution, which raged throughout the 20th century. Book III, *Up Against the Paradigm*, will take us behind scenes within the multinational spread of a bold venture to end the battle and lay the scientific

groundwork for a better 21st century.

Like so many other battles throughout our battered history, at the core for this one was a classic misreading, a widening misunderstanding, and both the scientific and social distortion of what after all these centuries should have been clear as a bell.

Among the shocks that digging for answers uncovers is the hole in modern mind revealed by the recovery of Darwin's lost theory—more specifically, the uncovering of what Darwin wrote to *complete* his theory of evolution. Mysteriously ignored for more than a century, massively contradicting the embedded mindset of “survival of the fittest” and “selfish genes,” is the evidence that for Darwin love and moral sensitivity were the prime drivers for evolution at our human level of emergence.

On first coming to this head on reversal for what we've been taught was the beginning and the end for Darwin's theory of evolution, the reader faces a problem. Despite the appearance of being open-minded, most of us live in a self-protective maze of invisible armoring designed to shield us from threat to entrenched belief.

So powerful is the hold of what we've been taught that the recovered Darwin will at first seem to be merely another novelty, of no great meaning, or in any case remote from present day concerns. But what the battle of the books we are to look at reveals is the pit, as if for fighting cocks or dogs—a pit which opens into the great hole in modern mind into which, blinded by paradigm, we've stumbled; a pit we now must climb out of or see all we value perish as time goes by.

To be sure of what I began to glimpse in the late 1980s—to be sure, that is, that this inconceivable burial and cover-up of the real Darwin was actually true—I turned to the seemingly harmless world of books to advance the investigation this book records.

In addition to my prior reading and scanning of hundreds of other books bearing on evolution, I carefully read page by page through 153 of the main biographies, commentaries, and books specifically on human evolution and moral theory spanning the 20th century.

The first, most obvious bundle of books to probe were the biographies. Of the 153 books out of the much wider reading, 14 were full-scale biographies and one was a biographical novel. Here I found evidence that the authors were aware that Darwin had anywhere written more than in passing, or superficially, about love and moral sensitivity in only two of them.

As for recognition of the fact that for Darwin moral sensitivity was the central driver of evolution at the level of human emergence: none. And what of the rest?

Of the 153 books I sampled for the century, 128 dealt with evolution theory and 32 with moral theory. Here I found what any reasonable person would be forced to concede was an astounding lack of an awareness of what Darwin had actually passionately asserted was the moral high end drive for human evolution. In a whole century I could find only twelve people with any awareness of it—and of them only *four* who actually read and to any appreciable degree comprehended the significance of what Darwin had written. This, in contrast to 139 who displayed no awareness of it.

As for recognition that in his sequel to *Origin of Species*, Darwin was going on in *The Descent of Man* to complete his theory of evolution, *as he clearly tells us*—that in this book he was laying out not just something peripheral about an old hat "moral sense" in a book mainly about sexual selection and the "hinder ends" of monkeys—other than in a long out of print book by one other, I could find only a single instance among all the scientists and evolution theorists.

The lone instance was of a cautious line to this effect not from a scientist but from a theologian.

Let me be clear about this. I am not accusing any of them—or for that matter, myself, for I was as blind as all the rest—of conspiracy, fraud, or any other great social or scientific sin. Again in this book, as with its predecessor and successor, I'm writing this trilogy to demonstrate the incredibly disastrous power of a particular over-riding mindset, ideology, or paradigm on all of us.

But there the dots were, staring at scientists and scholars in all other fields alike. Fairly calling out for us to simply fill in the lines from one dot to another were Darwin's three years of study for the ministry at Cambridge. The revelation of all the private notebooks he filled during the period in his youth of his most intense and far-reaching creativity, on on his return from the voyage of the Beagle. And at the high point for his fame, page after page of *Descent* given over to his pursuit of the deeper evolutionary meaning for the drive of love and moral sensitivity.

Yet for a whole century practically everyone who called himself or herself either a Darwinian or an evolution theorist did precisely what they would have lambasted and flunked their own students for doing.

To put it bluntly in the context to which I will return in the Epilogue, as with

myself they skip-read Darwin with no more diligence than a sophomore with his or her mind on the date for the weekend. Then to compound the omission they plunged on—as Darwin’s disciple George Romanes, in dying, first decried—to credential themselves and dutifully pass on from generation to generation a theory and a story with the great hole in it.

Or rather with the top half missing, as if we had donned our pants or skirt in the morning but forgot to add the shirt, brassiere, or blouse.