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NEW YORK—Dr. Frank B. Robinson, head of 'Psychiana', asks his followers to 'throw power of spirit of God' against Russians.

In New York

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NEW YORK, Dec. 8—Dr. Frank B. Robinson of Moscow, Idaho, who, by his own proud admission, profitably retails religion under his own label—"Psychiana"—dropped into New York for a spell and may have found the populace indifferent to his beguiling faith.

But New Yorkers can be forgiven, for in this town is assembled as diffuse an array of divinities as is gathered, probably, in any other metropolitan corner of the world.

Worship of many gods in Gotham is in itself an eloquent sermon for democracy. Though some may deride Dr. Robinson's Psychiana as a dubious route to Heaven, none will deny him the privilege of proclaiming it here. And in the same wise, many an esoteric faith finds its own small, flourishing sect in Manhattan.

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For example, only a few who hurry by the prosaic building at Thirty-Sixth street and Broadway realize that instead of being a dusty business loft, it is one of the four Mormon Tabernacles in Manhattan, branches of the faith that were extended eastward by the disciples of Brigham Young.

A scant few devotees there are of the Vedanta Society, whose shrine is in a modest building on West Seventy-first street. A scant few when you regard New York's seven million people, for the Vedanta cult consists of four hundred parishioners who subscribe to the East Indian philosophy of a gentleman named Swami Vivekananda. He introduced his way of life at the World's Fair of Chicago in 1893.

Only the other day a bearded aesthete of Long Island incorporated his new faith under the laws of the state. It is his Temple of Aphrodite and he beckons to his midst those who see the goddess in the light that he has witnessed her inspirationally.

What that light is has not been made clear.

There are 30,000 Chinese in the Oriental population of New York. It is estimated that one-third of their number is Christian. But a safe, conservative guess is that all the rest make obeisance to their respective Bhuddas by kindling the joss sticks before their shrines.

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While some of New York's "cult" religions go their quiet, unheralded ways, Father Divine's Heaven does not lack for the limelight.

Father Divine's mass meetings often end with mammoth banquets in a Harlem ballroom or one of his "Heavens"—at a flat price, sans cover charge. His faithfuls don't waver, outwardly at least, in their trust that he is of providential stature, although his Angel Mary waxed rebellious some time ago and slipped into limbo. The Divine devotee persists in his beliefs.

Perhaps you never have heard of a faith known as The Liberal Socialists, except as a political faction.

But there is a "religion" by that name. Its flock convenes at the Labor Temple and the service demands that the orthodox sit for a long time before a 7-foot pendulum which swings to and fro relentlessly while they chant some indescribable words and tunes.

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The odd varieties of worship in New York are too numerous, as a matter of fact, for a casual summary. You would have to include those two restaurant fellows of midtown who, being of genuine Parsee stock, take time off at the traditional intervals, so they may worship Zoroaster, ancient god of the Persians.

And then there is the Negro church in Brooklyn which bears the name "The Glorious Pentecostal True Holiness Association."