

Thus the author sums up superstition and its cure, but places the cure so deep in Utopia that he practically promises a long life for the disease.

So we will go on trying to keep from spilling salt, breaking a mirror, killing spiders, sitting at a table with thirteen, while we religiously carry a rabbit's foot, a lucky coin, and wear a bag of asafetida around our necks.

Long live superstition, if for no other reason than because it is one of the last ramparts of human frailty in a machine age.

You'll like this book if you like people.

