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SPECIAL LITERARY EDITION

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Art And The Subtle Mind

by Stefan Hirsch

"Great readers, who exclude other activities, are not distinguished by subtlety of brain. They tend to be timid, conventional thinkers." This passage from Alfred North Whitehead's lecture on "Technical Education and Its Relation to Science and Literature"¹ fascinates and amuses me, coming from a man whose major writings deal with the rationale of science. It points so patently at the practice of the arts for its specific healing values, its importance for war casualties and delinquent youth as well as for over-specialized bookworms and scholars. Whitehead goes on: "No doubt this is partly due to their excessive knowledge outrunning their powers of thought; but it is partly due to the lack of brain stimulus from productive² activities of hands and voice."

Only a machine age could think of "discovering" and urging the therapy of the skillfully creating hand. While Whitehead speaks here mainly about technical education, he specifically mentions the arts which his inclusion of the voice makes even clearer. This wholesome employment of the body is the great gift from the world of brutes to the world of man. To have trained forelegs for activities other than fighting, killing and devouring was as great an accomplishment as it was to have taken over the rudimentary empiricism of the beasts and to have forged it into imagination, skills, speech, and latterly into deductive and inductive reasoning.

But even the brutes, at least their higher species, use their voice, body, and extremities for diversion and play, and the signal importance of this heritage is that it led man directly to the arts.

I submit that this empiricism and this play instinct were primevally acquired and elaborated through the willed application of body, limbs and voice to making and doing and that from these early practices derive all human abilities and achievements which were only facilitated by a set of already highly developed sense organs. Of these achievements the arts are the initial and most enduring ones.

The first tool fabricated from natural objects was one of the beginnings of art, of recognizing relationships, of particularizing and of generalizing, of abstract thinking. But this limited combining of natural objects for practical needs alone did not relieve the great sense of insecurity primitive man felt in the face of a threatening and largely unintelligible nature. Such fear could only be allayed by playful invention of geometric and rhythmical patterns applied to deeds and things: graphic patterns, rhythmic gesture of the moving body or voicings and incantations, all non-natural and therefore symbols and assertions of individual and communal security. This need for a self-made, formal world vis-a-vis an apparently chaotic universe had to be further satisfied by the contriving of techniques and by the often incredible refinement and perfection of artistic skills way beyond the call of practical needs. Thus the crafts supporting these arts became highly systematized disciplines long before the dawning of the first truly scientific ideas, and have remained so ever since. From these crafts and arts emerged through the millenia those values and ideas which men have and hold, simply because they are human beings and no longer mere beasts.

In our contemporary, highly industrialized civilization it has proved dangerous entirely to disavow our cultural beginnings in those primeval modes or even in those of the child who starts our individual lives as a little savage and is only painfully tamed to become adult western man. Any disclaimer of such origins, any large-scale attempt to obliterate these roots, result in the kind of personal or communal schizoid situations in which we find ourselves today where the specialist flourishes but is seldom more than half a human being; where the sciences, the social studies, commerce, industry, religion, the humanities, and the arts fight for supremacy, and disdain each other because each thinks itself especially blessed with the most valid insights and ways of life.

The fact, alleged by me, that the primitive arts furnished the impetus for all technology, all scientific discourse, all philosophy, all religion, and all existing arts, does not ipso facto make art more worthy in our age than any other human enterprise; nor does their antiquity make them less so, unless one holds that the new is obviously more excellent than the old. But those who maintain this are usually the same who bewail the passing of the good old times when art, manners and morals, had not yet gone to the dogs of modernity. The schizophrenia of this is too obvious for refutation.

Such discriminatory evaluations of the arts in comparison with other disciplines, however, are presently and widely current. This is of course partly due to the immense cash value of scientific advances and exploits but also to the assumption that the particular kind of knowledge which science produces and perpetually discards as obsolete and perpetually replaces by modification and innovation, is

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Three Is Aloneliness

I was walking down a Maine beach with my girl. To be more accurate, though, I wasn't with her. She was racing around like a pup off the leash, running up the shore, swooping for shells, splashing through the water's edge in her bare feet. Every few minutes she would tear back to me, to touch home base as it were, take my free hand penitently (I had my sketch pad in the other) and walk along sedately for a while. Then she'd start tugging restlessly and I'd give her a little shove and she'd be off again. Frankly, I was happier when she was away; there was nothing then but the sea, the sand, the sky. The sound of the ocean had ceased to be an external noise, it welled from me with the roaring rhythm of a heartbeat.

She was far up the beach now, and as I watched, a man appeared from behind a sand dune. She stopped quickly, spraying sand, and looked back at me to make sure I was within rescuing distance. She had been brought up in the old tradition that all strangers were sex maniacs, a tradition that had little effect on that puppy friendliness of hers. She was talking to him now. They had sat down on a log. I watched him offer her a cigarette, watched her refuse, then change her mind, accept, and bend her head for a light. The breeze lifted that dark hair like a flag. I was within earshot now, and I heard her say, "Just a minute, Jack," and she ran back to me.

"What's his grandmother's maiden name?" I asked.

"Don't be silly. His name is Jack Marney and he lives down that road. He has a rowboat, and he says he'll lend it to us. We could row out to that island—the pretty one."

We'd come up to the boy now—he was a boy, a few years younger than I. About her age, I guessed. She introduced us formally. "David, this is Jack Marney. Jack, I'd like you to meet David Palmer." He said how-do-you-do and shot forth a sandy hand. Two things registered simultaneously about this boy: I didn't like him, and he was entranced by Jean.

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Transitions

1.

In the numb time when foam froze
and the birds fed from the hand,
and fields like great grey paving-stones
hid green grass through the land:
when air rang to cock's crow
as a glass to a finger nail,
we had so long sung praise of snow
we had forgotten rain.
But rain teemed then from melting skies,
and wind loosed lungs of brass:
and each man, with the first man's eyes,
saw the green of grass.
And each man sang the water's praise
and the wind's praise, and lo!
We, who forgot the rain's face,
forgot the grace of snow.

2.

I said to Him, "The trees are thin as bones, the fields are stones,
the waters withered into bleak, blue ice,
the sky silenced, without birdbill cries—
the things you have made you have stricken dead."
"Thou fool, look around thee: nothing dies," he said.
I looked around me: and I saw a tree
nuzzling earth's nipples; and a seeded field;
a sky certain of the rolling sun,
waters like whippets tingling for the run . . .
I felt in all my flesh and all my blood
the rearing world, held, by the wrist of Him.

3.

I had not seen till then
a lawn, flaked white and blue;
or guessed that long frost could
make fields froth like tubs;
conceived the meek-faced grass,
violent-willed, hid force
like Furies' heads.
But then, that sud, that spray,
that wild green under gray!

4.

The bursting-out of buds in spring rang the
power of the sun;
I saw the river walk up the road on the fierce
hooves of rain;
the wind was its own bellman and struck an
enormous tongue;
the frost had left, the spring had come,
but not enough of long.*

This is the first section of a two section poem, made up of eight parts.

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Three Is Aloneliness

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"Jeannie says you're a first-rate rower," he said. She looked at me in panic. She was always offering little bits of me to people as a gift, only this time it was more worthless than ever. I couldn't row worth a damn, and she knew it. I put my hand on her shoulder to show her I was not annoyed, which I was. The boy wasn't paying much attention to me anyway; he was staring at Jean. People were always entranced by her when she was in this mood. Her ebullience, the wild elation must have been somehow charming. They didn't know the black moods that inevitably followed nowadays.

"What's this deal about a rowboat?" I asked, expressing myself in his idiom. He looked at me in surprise, as though I were some ectoplasmic phenomenon.

"Oh, nothing. Just that I have a rowboat, and Jean—you two—could borrow it if you want to go someplace."

"We could buy food," she said eagerly, "There's a store near his house, and we could buy food and have a picnic." A picnic. Jesus. I didn't say anything.

"Please, David," she begged. Please. Her magic formula.

"OK, that's a good idea," I said, "Why don't you come along too, Jack?" She fell in with this idea almost before I finished uttering it.

"Sure, Jack, you come too." He agreed as quickly as she had, and we walked up the road to buy food. She spent too much, buying all kinds of spreads, hard boiled eggs, bread and beer. Jack carried the groceries back in his manly arms.

"Let me row," she asked when we reached the boat, "I row well, don't I, David?" She did, too, she was sea-raised. Jack of course refused to let her, and I climbed quickly into the bow. I didn't want to have a damn thing to do with the problem. It ended up with him rowing and her sitting in the stern, gazing happily at his broad shoulders. Me, I stared at his back. I thought about cutting a straight line across the nape of his neck. It was a purely artistic concept; the blood flowing from his fair hair, down that sweat-glistening back, onto the faded grey wood of the seat would be a beautiful thing.

"Here, David, why don't you tie the beer cans on the painter and we'll tow them so they'll stay cold." She had taught me to tie a clove hitch a few days ago, and she wanted to show me off. What could I do? I took the beers and tied them on the rope I presumed to be the painter. People are always tying cans to painters, I thought.

She was prattling away to Jack, telling him how much we liked the place and how it reminded her of home. "Are you two married?" he asked, looking for a ring. She shoved her left hand in her pocket, and looked at me frantically. I made my eyes blank and stared off at the curved horizon. The silence lasted so long that Jack finally said, "Oh. All right." She told him all about it then, about the lies she had had to tell her parents to get away, how we'd saved up money, how she felt when I signed the hotel register 'Mr. and Mrs.'—things I wouldn't tell my brother. I don't like my brother anyway.

She started feeding us the moment we got to the island, insisting on doing everything herself. She gave me the first sandwich, and it was spread thicker than his. We lay on the sand and rested for a while after the meal, drowsy with beer. She reached for my hand, but I moved it. I said: "Why don't you kids take a look around the island? I'm going to sketch." She knew better than to hang around when I was working, so she got up, thought about kissing me, changed her mind, and started to walk away. "Come on, Jack," she said, needlessly, and they started to run, raising a cloud of sand. The Bobbsey Twins, I thought.

I knew what was going to happen. I knew exactly. When they were out of my sight he would take her hand and she would let him. She liked to run hand in hand. Then they would get tired, and he would suggest that they rest. He would lead her up to the bank, helping her solicitously over any intervening twigs. They would sit and pant for a while, and then he would try to kiss her. She would be horrified, disillusioned at this break of faith. Once she had made friends, she expected nothing but virtue. He would apologize fluently, and they would get up and walk on slowly, sobered by this edifying experience. In a few minutes she would start feeling sorry for him, and take his repentant sinner's hand in hers. They would start to run again.

I concentrated on my sketch. It turned out nicely; I had gotten the feeling of vastness perfectly. They tore around the bend of the cove, then. I knew from their expressions that I had been right. She stopped a discreet distance from me. Jack puffed up to my shoulder and said, "Oh. That's nice."

"Are you finished, David?" she asked.

"Not quite," I answered, although I had been finished for some time. She climbed up on a rock, towing her protegee, and sat quietly smoking while I continued to draw unnecessary lines. I saw that the lines had ruined my picture, and I swept my hand over the sketch, smudging the charcoal. "David!" she cried plaintively. She liked to save my things. Every damn daub, good or bad, that she could get her hands on she squirreled away. I crumpled the sketch and

threw it into the ocean. The sea on paper was now paper on the sea.

I joined them on the rock. She knew she was responsible for the ruined picture, and moved closer to me. Jack moved closer to her, and there we sat, a ridiculous huddle of humanity, bounded by the horizon. I took the cigarette she offered, but refused the light. I lit it myself, turning my head so she could not see the shadows on my face. Jack started talking to her about happiness, of all the fool things. "What would it take to make you happy?" he asked fatuously. She thought. It was probably the first time she had thought about it.

"I don't know," she said slowly, "A place to live, enough to eat, a library card, and—" There was silence, and I knew she had nodded towards me. I was so angry my body trembled. The damn bitch. It was true, so god damned true. That's all it would take for her. I moved quickly so she wouldn't feel me shaking, but she did. Of course she wouldn't know why, though. I wished they would shut up: I wanted the sea inside me again. She was quiet soon. She leaned back, looking at me, sighing deliberately, loudly.

The sun was starting to set, turning the ocean purple, and the sky a mottled pink. Porpoises leaped off shore, spraying white foam, their slick black bodies weaving patterns in the water. "Isn't it beautiful," said Jack, "Isn't nature beautiful?" Even she winced at that

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Art And The Subtle Mind

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"better, truer, and worthier" than that other particular kind of knowledge which art produces, discards, replaces, modifies and—here is the significant difference—renovates.

This kind of judgment becomes purely a matter of taste. It seems to me that the validity of a system rests on its internal consistency, whether it be science or art. The difference between these two systems of human behavior lies in the more highly extrapersonal nature of science and the more highly individual nature of art. One doesn't speak of a "work of science" quite in the same sense as one speaks of a "work of art" because what counts in science is more the cumulative, collective result of the work of many scientists over certain material. What counts in art is the internal consistency of organization in the individual work, from conceptual, formal, and technical points of view. Here the cumulative manifestations of tradition are important only in the sense that, inasmuch as they affected the individual artist, an awareness of them helps the spectator to get access to the work, to "understand" it. In science this understanding of the past—back to the cavement—is unnecessary. One is less likely to speak of "the influence of Kepler on Einstein" than of "the influence of El Greco on Orozco", their respective contemporaries. Those residues of Kepler's labors which are still useful to modern science come to it digested through the labors of all intermediate scientists, already incorporated in the valid body of science. The influence of El Greco may come to the modern artist in similar ways if intermediate artists happen to have digested it—which up to Cezanne they had not—but is more apt to reach them in direct and immediate impact, and what matters is the degree of consistency with which Orozco digested and integrated this influence and organized his own work. The determination of the quality and consistency of a scientific or artistic achievement requires instructed familiarity with these fields although there are some few fortunate individuals here and some less specialized nations elsewhere who "understand" works of art without this learning process.

The vocational separatism which in the United States has gone farther than in the rest of the western world has made this immediate approach to art almost impossible. But the devastating dreariness of industrialized and mechanized living has fomented a revolt in the form of an amateur movement of extraordinary dimensions which represents an instinctive reaffirmation of primitive man's faith in the civilizing and healing powers of art. With it, however, runs American individualist, anti-authoritarian faith which will bring this whole movement to naught. The self-expressive potential of art, that is to say its utter freedom, is not its main therapeutic feature. It is its craftsmanship and its perfectionism which fulfill this function. The vast number of students who choose to study the practice of an art belong to this amateur revolt. Their efforts too will come to naught unless they accept the responsibility of creating, at least in their own work, an internal consistency of conceptual, formal, and technical means through a systematically organized critical discipline which in the last analysis constitutes the homogeneous synthesis of art's intellectual content with its emotional one, the latter of which is not explicit in scientific or industrial achievement.

The general thesis of this paper is not to recommend the practice of an art to everybody as a salvation from human fragmentation, as a cure from contemporary ills. It is more to point out how a fearful early man managed to overcome his insecurity and, without having quite bargained for it, gave rise through his simple artefacture to the most prodigious human accomplishments. Even though we have arrived at a relatively broad and deep understanding of nature, we have again come to an impasse where a man, a part of the natural world, because of his awesome fabrications frightens us more. And he does because he has forgotten largely the use of his hand, his body, and his voice in a subtly productive activity, and because he considers them irrelevant.

1—"The Aims of Education and other Essays" Williams & Norgate Ltd. London 1932 page 79
2—Bold mine.

Will In The Divine Comedy

by Jud Levin

St. Augustine demonstrated that to God the past, present, and the future are as one moment of which He has perfect knowledge. If this is so, how can men be responsible for their actions, since what God knows will happen must happen. If men do have free will, they are, then, responsible for the accident in human affairs, and hence determine that of which God has perfect knowledge. But this is impossible since men can hold no influence over Divinity.

The attempt to rationalize the existence of will in a given universal order is older than Christianity. Dante does not contribute anything new to rationale of his time beyond a variation in emphasis. The solutions represented by the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas are, for the most part, assumed in the *Divine Comedy*. The schooling which the traveler receives in free will are dramatic restatements of known and accepted ideas. Dante's distinctive accomplishment, rather throughout the *Comedy*, is to experience the development and highest fulfillment of the will in the system under which he wrote. This system, in a sense, can be considered as his creation, for in reaffirming it he made his own art out of what was not his own.

It is quite possible to say that the *Comedy* is entirely the process of learning what will is, becoming aware of its defects and achievements, and of perfecting it. And it is equally possible to say that the *Comedy* is entirely some other development in function of which the poetry can be read. For the immense range of human experience, all aiming at a final vision of man's highest place in the universe, admits the paradoxical existence of many exclusive interpretations. Dante takes us on a long road toward the final brilliance. Though there may be several names for this road and several means for describing it, it is still the same road. At the same time it is the summation of all we can say and learn about it, since it is fully intended to include and order the totality of human experience. Certainly, growth of will, to which all action and all contemplation is subsequent, must be a central theme. It cannot be the only theme, for there are others which though restatements in other terms, yet are distinct in that they can be expressed differently. Each runs parallel to and depends upon the others. The formation of will cannot be extracted from the darkness to light journey, from the blindness to sight to understanding journey, from the broadening of time and space, from the cumulative definition of love, from the progression of images; for what is said of will is said through these several means.

If one substitutes Dante for the Boethius who is addressed in the *Consolations of Philosophy*, this book can be taken as a prelude to the *Divine Comedy*. The chief import of the little book is that all paths lead to God. Fortune is kind if her vacillations make men aware of what the lasting and valid goals are. These are all to strive toward God. If man's goal is happiness, no aims of men short of God can achieve it. "Since men become happy by acquiring happiness, and happiness is identical with divinity, it is plain that they become happy by acquiring divinity."* The degree to which man is free varies directly with his contemplation of God. Man is captive to his baser qualities when he turns from God. Philosophy proves these statements to her pupil. The pupil is convinced. The next step is actually to take a journey which will lead to God, not merely to find Him, but to live through the process of finding him. Dante makes this journey.

Both Boethius and Dante used themselves as protagonists. Dante was in the habit of personifying Philosophy as did Boethius. These similarities suggest a direct influence of the *Consolations* on Dante.

Boethius' treatment of predestination and free will is associated with five words: **chance, fate, providence, free will and necessity**. If a man digs a hole for the purpose of cultivation and finds a pile of gold, a chance happening has occurred. Something done with one intention has resulted in something unintended. Chance is an extreme aspect of the change or liberty of event in all things. The ordering of all change is known as fate. Fate is part of a higher order known as providence. Providence is the absolute order of all things, all actions. It is God's order. Therefore, He has perfect knowledge of all events, past, present, and future, since providence is His creation. Fate is the working out of providence; it emanates from providence.

Within this system there is free will, for the power to reason, which all men possess, implies freedom of judgment, and the freedom to desire and refuse oneself. But is this so, if foreknowledge of God means that what is foreseen must, of necessity happen? The answer depends on point of view. All things must, of necessity, occur from the point of view of God: actually, all things are always occurring, for all time is merely a present to God. He orders and observes simultaneously. What He is observing must, of necessity, occur. From the point of view of men, then, there is no necessity; there is perfect freedom. Free will, for Boethius, occurs from God's point of view. God knows, in His presence that free will can cause change; He knows whether it will act and how it will act. Thus the will is free, but it cannot escape the foreknowledge of God.

Boethius' solution really defines the bounds of man's freedom. Man is both free to fix his destiny, while, to God, this destiny is already known and planned. As has been stated, freedom, for Boethius, increases as one approaches God, the first mover. St. Thomas stated

the implication that follows, that God must have free will. He wills, not of necessity, but by His own choice.

St. Thomas reached the same conclusions as Boethius, and, in addition, filled in gaps left by him. Since man is rational, he can exercise free judgment. Reason or judgment may follow several courses; man is not committed to the selection of any one course; therefore; he has free will. Boethius did not explicitly relate free will to God, except to say that the highest act of will is to direct oneself toward God. St. Thomas considers free will as the power to choose. It is a power, not a habit. Choice for him presupposes the help of God, for "the natural light of reason" is a gift from God to man.

Fate is the ordering of random happenings. As in Boethius, fate is ordered by providence. The relationship between the two is more clearly defined by St. Thomas. For every effect in the universe a cause exists. These causes may be of two kinds; first, God himself; secondly, "mediate" causes which He creates for the purpose of producing effects. All effects for which God directly is the cause are directly in the realm of providence. Effects attributable to mediate or created causes are subject to fate. Actions ordered by fate do not occur of necessity (because of man's free will), but with regard to providence, the same actions must necessarily occur. The further something is from God, the more it is subject to second causes or fate. The creation is an example of an effect, the cause of which is God directly.

There are other causes or "agents" producing effects as one moves outward from God. Sin is an effect of a defective "proximate agent," the defective will. Sin cannot be attributed to the first cause, since only wisdom and goodness flow from God. Man has the power to choose, but there is no guarantee that he will use this power correctly. God assists man by providing him with reason, which—if exercised—can distinguish right from wrong. Man must find the light of truth for himself.

Under the thick smoke on the terrace of wrathful, Marco Lombardo teaches Dante that men, not God, are responsible for the corruption and evil on earth. His words correspond somewhat to the teaching of St. Thomas. Men are wrong, he explains, to attribute all causes to the heavens, for this negates free will, which he assumes to exist. The heavens do initiate all impulses, but whether these impulses are expressed in good or evil actions or not depends on the intervention of the will. To assist men in acting rightly, God gives the "light" to know good or evil. The same double point of view exists here as in Boethius and Aquinas. From the point of view of man the will is free. But to God, will is a created cause. Dante, however, does not stress that God ultimately foresees and hence controls all human actions. In fact, the opposite. Marco says, "Ye lie subject in your freedom to a greater power and to a better nature; and that creates in you, mind, which the heavens have not in their charge." Man, thus, has will, the knowledge of good and evil, and he is free to choose either. For Dante, man has to do a little more work than under the system of Aquinas.

St. Thomas wrote that when man does good, he is clearly operating in response to the light of reason. When man sins, God has withdrawn his gifts and is "hardening" man to sin for some reason. St. Thomas wrote that God has predestined some souls to heaven from eternity; others he has denied heaven or "hated" from eternity. And even though St. Thomas found free will in man, the degree to which this will determines man's destiny is far less than in Dante. Dante places more emphasis on man, and will becomes a more crucial determinant of man's spiritual condition. God gives man the stuff to work with; He orders the universe in which man operates, but after creating a man, He leaves him largely to himself. It seems as if Dante's God is less interested in man. Actually, He is interested in men who by their own energies can find Him. If man wishes to share in the perfection which is God, he must achieve with no more help than the reason God gives him. The genuine quality of experience and sentiment, not the quantity or appearance alone determine whether or not man does reach God. And only will can set the tone both of true inner feeling and action through which man approaches God. Dante nowhere writes this completely. He refers to the importance of free will in moderating action in the face of heavensent impulses (Purgatory, XVI, 73-78). Impulses become varying types of love in this Canto. The will must arrest tendencies toward the wrong kinds of love, i.e. perverted, defective, excessive. In treating redemption (Paradiso, VII, 115) Dante writes, "... For more generous was God in giving of Himself to make man able to uplift himself again, than had he only of himself granted remission." Here, God prefers that man find his way out of guilt by his own energies. It is a stern system. And there is no chance for sham or fraud in it, for Dante is relentless in his evaluation of men. And when God is achieved, the accomplishment is unmistakable. One cannot go through the motions of rising to God. A sustained exertion of will, which is itself master of this exertion is necessary. Nothing short of the whole *Divine Comedy* in conjunction with several particular passages conveys this idea. The *Comedy* is the formation of such a will.

Hell is a vast catalog of improperly exercised wills. Virgil's words, "We are come to the place where I told thee thou shouldst see the wretched people who have lost the good of the intellect." If "intelletto" (of Inferno, III, 18) is equivalent to *mente* (of Purgatory, XVI, 81) then hell represents the sins and torments of poorly guided wills. This is the lesson that Dante learns in Purgatory, Canto XVII. What this Canto teaches about miscarriages of love applies to hell as well

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Truth And The Cosmic Number

by Antares Parvulescu

A very famous article by the late Sir Arthur Eddington begins thus:¹ "The Cosmical Number $N=3/2.136.2^{256}$ is most picturesquely described as 'the number of protons and electrons in the Universe'." Like most figures—especially large figures—produced by the contemporary scientist, this one is likely to leave the reader pretty cold, except perhaps for a brief comment on the patience of the funny man who bothered to count all the electrons.²

However, something so essentially unique is claimed about N that we must interrogate very closely its meaning and its background. For N has nothing to do with any of the measuring instruments of the empirical scientist and has not been determined by the usual methods of physics. It has been exactly and literally **calculated**, and evidences none of the deviationistic tendencies of physical measurements, with their paraphernalia of demagogic averages, belts of confidence and mean errors. The cosmic number is just so big, not one proton more or less—a unique property indeed for a number divulged to us by a professional physicist.

We have all been accustomed to consider numbers and measurements as being the domain of mathematicians and scientists, and to ascribe to them no universal validity or "truth" beyond the theoretical framework in which they have been conceived. Indeed, in the recent symposium on the Nature of Scientific Truth, the point was repeatedly stressed that the conclusions or predictions of science while perfectly valid among the sharply defined concepts invented by the scientist, lose all a-priori right to credibility when translated into the vague world and language of our primary experiences. The scientist plays with symbols of his own creation to fashion in his own meter an epic of Everyone's world. Whether Everyone is sold on the poem or not depends only on his poor undiscriminating taste which demands that the story be reminiscent of his own cave. The poem *per se* certainly possesses structure, elegance, and power. Its analysis—call it Mathematics or call it New Criticism—can be carried out even in the absence of a dictionary; the rhymes are clever, the rhythm convincing: the poem is **good**. But does it describe anything in the world?—and well at that? The translation requires a dictionary; the job is Physic's: and the disorder begins. No one in his right mind would try to translate from a strange language by mere use of a dictionary: does **hote** mean host or guest, does **know** mean wissen or kennen, does **X** mean three feet or three meet minus a hair's breadth? And still, this is what science has continually to do, in the absence of a nature of the world beyond who could also speak terrestrial slang. In the meantime, the same poem is interpreted in hundreds of different ways, none of which the puzzled critic, **you**, dare endorse.

In this confusing situation, socratic in the extreme, there emerges Eddington's claim to the absoluteness of **one** number. And what a number! It involves nothing less than the most inaccessible of all physical entities, the electron, jointly with our entire astronomical universe. Furthermore, this cosmic number is to be accepted beyond any doubt, without one single physical measurement having been carried out. And further still, the actual proof is said to be completely intelligible only to about seven people in the world today.

There exist examples, however, of physical statements having universal validity, something contrary to the usual wariness about deviations. One such example, more respectable than may appear at first, is the simple remark that if a "square" is that which has four corners, then it must have four sides. This is a physical statement, but there is no probabilistic no-man's land about the figure "4"; nor is there any difficulty about whether the square is meant geometrically or empirically, for the statement has the property of remaining invariant for all so-called **topological** changes, such as bending and stretching.

Not much surprise can be elicited if we claim that "a square has four sides" is a universal truth. The determination of the "cosmical number" evidences a rather striking similarity to this trite example. Let us examine the reasoning on which Eddington bases his claim to the universality of N .

The entire argument rests on the very commonplace fact that Physics is based on the measuring process, and that this process has a very definite form. No matter what it is that we measure, we do so by comparing the "thing" with some kind of yardstick; this remark is so trivial that it may seem unproductive to try to draw conclusions from it. After a moment's thought it should become obvious though, that most of the conclusions of, say, geometry, are deduced from trivial-sounding axioms such as "a line may always be drawn through any point." And the theorems of geometry have never seemed trivial to any student that we know.

A careful examination of the process of measurement might therefore be expected to tell us something about the kind of results obtained through measurement; in particular, such analysis should be able to tell us something about the **limitations** of the measurement-technique of finding out about nature. This is exactly the meaning of Eddington's cosmic number. His N is to be understood as the maximum number of **basically distinct** "things" that we may ever measure. In other words—in Eddington's words—"the proposition is that, as soon as we become obsessed with the idea that the right way to find out about the universe is to measure things, we are committed to an analytical conception which implicitly divided the universe into $3/2.136.2^{256}$ particles. Naturally, in the course of counting the particles we shall arrive

at a mathematical specification of that which is being counted. From this specification we can . . . identify them with protons and electrons . . ."³

The actual proof is somewhat beyond the scope of this report, but some of its essential features are easy to understand. In the first place Eddington considers the most primitive entity—that would be an entity of which nothing could be said except that it does, or does not exist. It is clear that such an entity could not be subjected to any kind of measurement, for then something could be stated about the result of such a measurement. Such an entity could not even be **observed**, for observation requires a relationship with the observer, and therefore something could be said about it. The only property of the entity is that it may exist. Eddington carefully refuses to discuss the "reality" of such an entity, considering this a metaphysical question.

A pair of such entities becomes, however, somehow visible: something can now be stated about the pair as a whole, which is called by Eddington an **observable**. Again, the only things that can be said are that it exists or not, but in this case the alternative is no longer so simple between yes-exist and no-exist. Depending on the individual yes-exist (1) and no-exist (0) of each of the two entities composing the observable, the observable may yes-exist once when the entities

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Daisy And The Snow

by Myra Rosenau

The late afternoon sun streamed through the window of the first landing. It made a long oblong design on the thick stair carpet of sketchy branches jumping in sharp squares of window pane. The oak staircase rested in shady darkness. The heavy front door at the bottom of the stairs stood patiently, looking as if it had not been opened in a long time. The clock heaved, shuddered, and struck four o'clock.

A small head covered with long sunny-bright yellow curls peered around the bannister at the top of the stairs. From the face, two wide brown eyes stared. For a moment the little girl stood still. Then she came to the head of the landing and walked slowly down the stairs.

When she reached the bottom, she stopped and peered around again. Her eyes became fixed on the door on the other side of the stairs. After standing there for several moments, she finally walked to the door and knocked timidly. The knock must have been very soft, for there was no answer. She knocked harder. Then a deep voice said, "Come in."

The girl hesitated, then quickly opened the door and stepped into the big, dark library. And there they were: the big man sitting at his desk writing in a book with many pages and the little girl dressed in a thin blue dress standing in the middle of the room trying to keep from shaking. There were a few dreadful moments of silence and then the man spoke.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Father, I . . . I . . ."

"Go on. Go on! I'm a busy man. What do you want?"

A short pause. Then, "Father, may I please have a birthday party?"

There was another awesome silence. The father, shocked, stared at the trembling girl. For a few moments he appeared unable to speak. At last he spoke.

"Daisy Cook. You are wicked. You do not eat your cereal. You do not learn your lessons. You are not kind to your nurse or any one else. You do not think of others. You leave your toys all over your room and never pick them up. Daisy Cook, I tell you, you are wicked and thoughtless. Daisy Cook, you are not **good**. How can you think of having a birthday party? Who will come to it? Not I, certainly. What friends do you have who will come? None. If you have any birthday party, you will have to have it by yourself. Daisy Cook, go to your room. Stay there until the morning. You will have no supper. Leave this minute. I can't bear to look at such a wicked girl another second."

As her father spoke, a strange light came into Daisy's eyes. The heat of the room pressed against her. It entered her head and burned. She breathed heat. She saw heat. She was heat.

When her father's last words ended, Daisy stood staring at, but not seeing, her father. She turned suddenly and walked out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Then she ran out into the snow. Cold air rushed at her and blew the heat away. Daisy ran across the snowy field, through a grove of trees, and came out into another field. She breathed and breathed the coldness. She looked at the snow with delight. She didn't stop moving.

She danced, she leapt, she ran in the snow. She picked it up and rubbed it on her face and in her hair. Daisy was a snow maiden. Tiny white men ran up to her and curtsied at her feet. Daisy was a ball of snow. She fell and rolled and rolled. She rolled into a stream and flowed under a bridge. She landed on a bank and changed into a snow slide. Laughing children slid over her again and again. She became hard and slippery. The children went away. But Daisy slid into the stream again and turned into another snow ball. A little boy picked her up and tossed her high into the air. She rose far into the sky. She became a snow angel and flew over the fields. Soon a strong wind saw Daisy and blew her into a circle. She fell into the snow field again and split into a hundred pieces. The sun melted all the pieces into a hard knot of pain in Daisy's chest.

There was darkness everywhere and Daisy knew no more.

A God Called Hysteria

by David E. Schwab

The advance of western civilization throughout the ages has been marked by a struggle for liberty. In earliest times man had to free himself from the elements, from the cold and heat, from the wind and rain. Later, haunted by superstition, he strove to free himself from the power of supernatural gods. Still later, freed from mystical bonds, he found himself enslaved by human masters and tyrants. The struggle for liberty is not over. Even today man must strive to free himself from oppressive masters who seek to reduce his "life" to mere "existence."

What is this liberty that man has struggled for? Is it the rights stated in the **Declaration of Independence**—of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness? Is it the freedom to speak freely, to write as one chooses, to be secure in one's home? Is it the right to trial by jury and to the protection of **habeas corpus**? Certainly it is these! But liberty is more. Essentially, the freedom that has led men on through the ages is a belief, an idea, a state of mind. It is the firm conviction that each individual is entitled to full liberty of action so long as his actions in no way injure his neighbor.

The United States has traditionally been a stronghold of freedom and liberty. The oppressed peoples of Europe and Asia came to the shores of the New World as to a Promised Land. To many of these America gave a completely new life, far surpassing their wildest dreams and imaginations. America gave them a place to work, speak, write, above all to believe as they pleased. In addition it gave them an opportunity to gain the leisure time so necessary for spiritual and intellectual advance. In a word, America gave them true freedom.

Today we are in danger of losing the free society of which we have been so proud. The international crisis is grave. We are in the midst of a "shooting war" in Korea, of a "cold war" throughout the rest of the globe. The chance of involvement in total war in the near future is great. In the tense atmosphere created within our borders due to the international situation, we are tempted to doubt the validity of America's traditional freedoms. We are tempted to cast aside the propositions upon which our nation has succeeded, to sacrifice the fundamental tenets of American democracy to a god called hysteria.

The most obvious symptom of the growing reign of hysteria is the demand throughout the country for orthodoxy and conformity. From the pages of our newspapers, from radio loudspeakers, from television and motion picture screens, we are being instructed as to what constitutes "Americanism." We are being told what the "American" point of view is, what "loyal" citizens believe. We are warned that only those sympathetic and faithful to the Russian cause are dissatisfied.

Contrary to these views expressed through our mass communications media and in patriotic, though often thoughtless, Fourth of July speeches, the American way of life is not committed to any specific set of conclusions. It is not committed to the recognition or failure of recognition of any foreign state. It is not committed to the system of private enterprise. It is not and must never be, committed to the status quo, for belief in the righteousness of the status quo would commit the American ideal to racial discrimination, to economic inequality, to some misery and much poverty. Nevertheless it is committed. It is committed to a method, to the democratic method. It is built on the premise that free men in a free society can govern themselves wisely. The specific conclusions as to what constitutes wise policy for some future date cannot be predicted. Nothing can be set down as universal everlasting truth.

The history of our western civilization shows clearly that we cannot determine any truth with certainty. The dominant view of one day may be the minority view of the next. Socrates, put to death for "subversive teachings" by the Athenian democracy, can become, as the years pass, the "wisest of the wise." In all, truth is not absolute; liberal views may become reactionary, heresy become dogma.

It is because the government cannot know which views are "true" and which "false" that it must be unwilling to demand orthodoxy from its citizens. But there is another reason. Orthodoxy is an enemy of progress; orthodoxy and conformity can come only to sterility. This is especially true in the academic community. Educators, whose only commitment is the never-ending search for knowledge, are the sine qua non of a progressing society. Most men are too involved in their everyday concerns to delve into the pure speculations of the scholar. Yet it is these pure speculations which lead to the innovations which will characterize man's life tomorrow.

Our academic institutions serve two purposes. In one respect they provide a working place for the scholars of the nation where they may devote their time to study and learning. Secondly, they provide a training-ground for future generations, both for the scholars and for the leaders of tomorrow. It is essential that thought be free in our institutions of learning. Scholars must be free to question everything, to teach the youth to question everything. In a penetrating discussion in the Magazine Section of the New York Times, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas warned the nation of the dangers of hysteria and orthodoxy.

This fear has affected the youngsters. Youth has played a very important role in our national affairs. It has usually been the oncoming generation—full of enthusiasm, full of energy—that has challenged its elders and the status quo. It is

from this young group that the country has received much of its moral power. They have always been prone to question the stewardship of their fathers, to doubt the wisdom of traditional practices, to explode clichés, to quarrel with the management of public affairs. . . .

But a great change has taken place. Youth is still rebellious; but it is largely holding its tongue. There is fear of being labelled a 'subversive' if one departs from the orthodox party line. . . .

And so the lips of the younger generation have become more and more sealed. Repression of ideas has taken the place of debate. There may not be a swelling crowd of converts to the orthodox, military view. But the voice of opposition is more and more stilled; and youth, the mainstay in early days of revolt against orthodoxy, is largely immobilized.

Here, in the words of an outstanding Justice, is the situation and the danger. Our academic institutions are being forced to conform by mass hysteria. The road leads us backward, not ahead.

What is the cause for this growing demand for orthodox "Americanism?" I believe it is the widespread belief that democracy is not a workable system.

Ever since the successful Russian Revolution of 1917 many people in the United States have felt that "it can happen here", and that we must be well prepared. They fail to realize, however, that the conditions leading the Russia experience are in no way duplicated in the United States at the present time. Pre-revolution, Tsarist Russia, was a completely authoritarian dictatorship. The needs and desires of the great mass of Russian people were of little or no concern to the ruling class. America today is a far freer society. Much of govern-

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The Brothers

by Ray Rudnik

The door opened slowly and he marched into the room. With a slight grimace he bent over the bureau and made conceited sniffing sounds over the result of the small fire I had started the year before.

"If I were you" he whispered with desperate restraint, "I wouldn't set fires in this room!"

"Well," I replied, forgetting everything, "that burn might be interesting except for the fact that it is a year old—of course that does not make my burning it any less foolish or despicable, but why have you waited all this time to tell me about it?"

It was a weak approach and he knew it. He didn't even consider my question. Instead he had the courage to come over to where I was lying on my bed. "Why did you burn that beautiful wood?" He even added a low little growl after the last word.

Instead of answering I slowly lit a cigarette, not overlooking of course, the irony of offering him one. Then I flicked the still burning match in a high arc toward the wastebasket. During the afternoons I often do this to amuse myself. I am quite adept at it. He made a furtive halfstep toward the basket to see if the match was really out. Then he realized that such a step would make a farce of the dignity he was trying to accumulate in haranguing me, and he steadied himself.

"I had nothing to do one afternoon Oscar, and did not feel capable of devising any constructive kind of amusement. In such a state I soon became irritated by the neat way you had arranged the room and determined to inflict some small but decisive hurt to it. I picked the bureau and it as simple as that. I made that very ugly burn."

He made a very loud gasping sound and fixed a really disgusting righteous look on me. He twitched considerably around the nose and gesticulated senselessly with his right hand. But it was easy to see that all this was a considered nervousness. Action was always out of the question for such a wretch, and any time he had a violent impulse he merely acted out some petty symptom of it—and so he felt angry at me and put on this childish demonstration.

"You're angry at me!" I said with just the slightest touch of incredulity.

Now the proper answer for the whole incident, considering his point of view and not omitting exact knowledge of the limits of his temperament, would have been to ask me for a cigarette, a light and then after a few puffs calmly walk over to the bureau and burn it worse than I did. Don't ask me to explain why but I just feel that this would have been in keeping with the nature of our conflict. (It also might have ended in the firing of the entire room in slow stages—I a chair—he a table, etc.) But poor Oscar simply screwed up his face into an expression of the most elaborate disgust and rushed out slamming the door behind him, causing a great piece of plaster to fall from the ceiling and thereby further defacing the room.

As for me I considered the affair from the original burning to his discovery of it highly entertaining. Oscar has no legitimate complaint—after all the furniture is at least half mine. Indeed he could have very well considered the burnt part mine (although I burned it with the idea that it was his) and ridiculed me for destroying my own property . . . But of course he has not the imagination for this . . . Soon I will be mature enough to leave filth on his smoking table . . . This act will rid me finally of his tiresome sniffs and perhaps will be forceful enough to teach him what it means to share something in this world.

Poem In The French Style

by Alex Gross

I

As latent as a chair
in a fatuous office
when thoughts begin to stick
and tempers curl:
a young man sits arranging words.

the brain is peppered, disconnected,
sliding its way along the surface
of a distant drudgery.

three o'clock passage, asking no one,
folded into an overcoat,
twice-folded into an elevator—
a little row of shifting numbers,
and the ears elaborate
the levels missed.

II

a revolving door
encountered and conquered,
an over-all image argues for acceptance.

the sky is inevitably blue:

pendant love with its purple ball
floats heavily over the city,
to winter so much added pressure,
never emerging, blocked perhaps
by the pasty brown buildings;
indistinct the whole,
a badly printed
two-color woodcut.

only inside against the cold.
come pirated aromas of the spring:
beauty is easily by-passed,
its outward form so bombastic,
that its intricate foldings
are deftly eluded.

III

As blatant
as a dish dropped in the Automat;
bartering for food with little brown windows,
engaged in becoming a part of the movement,
insistent image of a nowhere woman gone—
poked in the ribs by a tray
and smiling.

indolent the mind—
tables, square and oblong
obstacles to space, involving the floor
with more or less vertical people—
demented fifths, a cloudy kind of
dissonance, requesting gentle resolution,
perhaps a cup of tea.

IV

permeated by orange opium,
awareness floats on the rim—
a fusion of prickly sensations,
unison almost achieved:
and now at last the intellect,
pathetic tail-chasing mongoose,
levitates itself away,
the walls dissolve into openness.

the certainty of a long
Broadway bus moving
by itself—assurance

of a point of view
by a sandwich man,
mounted police, and greyish
grass of City Hall,
the people, just as grey,
inviting admiration.

the nowhere woman looms the stronger,
life for the moment and loosely
seems more than a mere arrangement of words
if only by being between
but even the outside
is not beyond dissolution.

V

Impotent
as a lazy longing to repeat
an unsure moment of existence,
the hopeless quest for quintessence;
boogey-man necessity, the absolute involver,
brings solace only to his worshippers,
and beauty is lost in intricate foldings.

once more, enlivened by an artifice,
a return to passages and encounters
with those enclosed in pasty brown buildings:
the levels missed are meaningless,
they blur that vague subsistence, somewhere
off-center in the universe, where man
is enfolded; phantoms, they do
no more work than words, and are
far beyond a young man's mind
to understand or reconcile.

Foundation

by Daniel Newman

Perhaps it was one of Giotto's lesser apprentices who one day
drew down the feet of Christ to walk upon the earth's stone floor.
He brushed in the firm feet, stressed the instep, imagined the flesh
pressed close to the grey rock by the downward weight of the rotund
figures. It may have happened with Giotto in furious work on the
opposite wall, eyes turned away. In blind, forgotten spaces the deeper
revolutions form.

In Byzantium, Christ's physical feet had been forgotten. Embodied
in the wall, he stood, not on an imagined floor, but high in a geometric
network vaster and more silent than his own spine. He spoke straight
out, through the narrow corridor cast by his stern gaze, to the believer
beneath the wall. Christ's world was floorless. Dialogue between
foot and earth was impossible.

Giotto drew Christ down, gave him substantial feet, broke the
hieratic network, gave him his own spine. He placed him, finally, on
a horizontal floor which extended back into depth, in a natural hall
through which the Savior might take imaginary walks.

Until the last moments of the nineteenth century, this floor, in-
creasingly extended into depth, at times twisted or heaved, yet re-
mained firmly with us. The room sense was brought into nature.
The ceilings might pop off, the walls recede, but the floor remained.
Nature pounded up her solidity through man's feet. The floor, striving
to slip off into the limitless, was held in a geometric network that
vanished into two final points. The geometric units that had erected
Christ in the Byzantine wall were tilted back to checker the floor in
perspective's laws. Man now stood in his own vertical strength, a
complement to the earth's measured floor. The contact was focused
in the evermore individual feet.

In Giotto, the foot is at rest, shown bulky and bare beneath the
heavy robes. Its arch is pressed almost flat against the floor. The
toes are still. The great masses of body and earth meet in quiet
juxtaposition. By Piero della Francesca's time, with the floor measured
to fit man's scale, the foot never lifts itself; or, if the foot of a rider,
is extended in a parallel horizontal, close by the horse's flank. Even
Christ on the cross, rather than hung from his arms, is given a little
platform to stand on; his feet so founded, his spine erect, he seems
to hold out his arms in an embrace. For Piero, the greatest dignity
for man was to stand quietly in pure vertical rest, self-contained,
individual, earth's and man's architecture met in monumental feet.
If grace be desired, then for the Florentine Botticelli the heel is elevat-
ed. It is a toe world, with elastic arches, feet hovering as if spring
breezes had separated with the slightest fraction of air the dancing
toes from the sea's surface or flowered floors. In Florence, then, to
match her architecture—the massive foot; to hold her natural grace—
the breathing foot.

In the later Renaissance, the foot becomes almost an entire world,
capable of final drama. In Mantegna's dead Christ, the body is thrust
toward us by extreme foreshortening. Christ's pierced feet confront
us. In Giotto's Pieta a woman held Christ's feet in a tender embrace;
we observe a self-contained action. Here, though, the feet, so palpable,
so directly before our eyes, ask us to reach in, to grasp them ourselves.
They call us to realize the Crucifixion (one set of toes points at us, the
other aspires upwards), to realize Christ's death in our own hands.

With the seventeenth century shift of vitality to the north, where
Calvinist man stands in the most dread isolation, or acts with warrior
or explorer fury, the feet of man begin to tense, move, run, leap, while
the earth's floor begins to undulate. The silent massive contact of
Florence gives way to a shouting dialogue of sounds twisting away,
mingling, twisting away again. Christ walks on Tintoretto's turbulent
sea. Rubens' lashes his peasant dancers in a rapid swerve, their feet
now seeking earth, now leaping, tumbling, twisting, all in violent unrest.
Yet for all the upheaval, the horizontal floor still founds this deep
nature. There is yet a world to be walked through.

Only one Baroque painter, El Greco, in his flaming leap, has his
figures draw the floor back up to the pictorial surface, back to a more
Byzantine network. The sprung feet carry the air with them. In a

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Intellectual History

by William Lewit

Intellectual history often called "The History of Ideas," is a field of study known in this country only from the beginning of the twentieth century.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century, the biological sciences, especially taxonomy and morphology (disciplines dealing with classification and structure, respectively), given great impetus by Darwin's works, enjoyed the highest prestige among the intellectual classes of the Western world. Taxonomy and morphology are studies demanding concentration on details, and in response to the need for accurate reconstruction of minutiae, biologists, once masters of geology, chemistry, and physics, in addition to their own science, lost their broad view and became separated in their work and tended to approach the living world as if they were creating an encyclopedia with little continuity, except for cross-references. At that time, too, under the influence of continental historians who were greatly impressed by the rapid advances made in biological thought because of this new specialization, historical inquiry was undergoing the most extreme pressures to become "scientific history," a study which aims at an accurate, objective reconstruction of past phenomena. In an attempt to duplicate in their own discipline the advances made in biology, the late nineteenth century historians splintered their inquiry into the unified stream of past events and into the non-unified histories of art, of science, of politics, of literature, of philosophy, etc.

However, in the past two decades, many scientists have become aware of the dangers inherent in over-specialization, and there has been a trend to coalesce many separate fields, if not in the mind of one man, then in the "group mind" of a research team. So, too, with the historians and their method of inquiry. Today, more than ever before, the writers about the past are beginning to take cognizance of the interacting forces that determine men's actions and are building their theories with data from many areas of social research. This synthetic activity is called **cultural history**; it is concerned with the total pattern of men's activities, and especially emphasizes the interrelations between the subject matters of fields that were studied separately in the past.

This type of historiography, too, has developed subfields of study, but workers in these subfields are more consciously aware of the interrelatedness of their activities than those who pursued the older splinter forms of inquiry. One of the important subfields of cultural history is the **history of ideas**, dealing with the meanings to which men have reacted in the past, and are reacting in the present.

From articles appearing in the *Journal of the History of Ideas*, from the writings of James Harvey Robinson, Merle Curti, Henry Steele Commager (a leader in the movement since the end of World War II), F. L. Baumer, J. H. Randall, and John Higham, I have synthesized my notions of what constitutes **intellectual history**.

As its name might imply, the history of ideas is a narrative concerned with thought as it served to generate man's past events.

From psychology we learn that behavior in animals with less complex nervous systems can be described in terms of **stimulus-response**, but that this type of description is inadequate for animals with more complex nervous systems, and especially for man. For the latter type of animals we have developed a more complex-causal chain. In its simplest form, it may be stated that a **stimulus** sets up a **meaning** as its immediate response in the organism, and that this meaning in turn becomes the stimulus for overt action. In other words, this organism reacts toward the meanings of primary stimuli rather than toward the primary stimuli themselves. This may be diagrammatically shown as:

Stimulus—meanings—response.

It is in the formation of meanings that we have the essential part of the "thought process". Therefore, in a study of the history of man's thought we must take into consideration three main factors, first, the past experiences and the cultural heritage of the individual in any time period as he views them, second, the immediate stimulus external to the reactor, and third, the response of the individual.

At present, intellectual history is investigating two kinds of thought. The first form includes all verbal and written thought concerning science and philosophy, or **methodical thought**. The second kind is **unmethodical thought**, under which is grouped all the products of the thinking processes in politics, literature, art, etc. In its most mature form, the history of ideas embraces theology, philosophy, the natural and social sciences, **belles lettres**, fine arts, popular literature, and almost all communicated concepts, ideas, and data. It is not essentially interested in the "absolute" value of the ideas it studies, nor in their accuracy or logical consistency, nor in their aesthetic force, but rather in their development and relation to each other in time and space, in how and why they appeared and spread at a particular time, and in their effects on concrete events.

The students of intellectual history pose for themselves four main problems about any time period under scrutiny. The first of these deals with the construct of the *Zeitgeist* or "ideational climate" of the time, and generally limited to the intellectual class because they are the only group which has consistently left records of their thoughts. By the term **Intellectual class** I mean all those persons who inspect and question their "meanings"; it includes not only the comparatively small group of original thinkers, not only the philosophers, scientists, theologians, and scholars in general, but also the creative literary men and artists, the popularizers, and the intelligent reading and listening public.

Just as the organic chemist learns to identify complex molecular compounds through the use of certain routine tests that answer such questions as "What is the molecular weight of this compound? Its melting point? Its absorption spectrum? Its characteristic reactions?" etc. So the historian of ideas has begun to ask certain questions to

identify the *Zeitgeist* of a certain period. He looks for the answers to "Who am I? What am I? Am I a machine in a fixed mechanism? Or have I some freedom of choice and action in the world of which I am a part? Where am I—in the world? What is the intrinsic reality of the world in which

I find myself?

What has been going on in the world through time, is going on in my time and is likely to go on tomorrow? What do I need and desire?

What is the function and destiny of the society in which I am; to which I owe many qualities of mind and temper? What are my right and duties in society—my privileges of self-fulfillment and my obligations of self-sacrifice?

What are the responsibilities of the society in which I live to the world of societies in which this society has its function and destiny?" 1.

How are all these questions interrelated in the whole drama or epic of human history to its latest instant merging into the next instant?

The identification of the climate of opinion may proceed quite extensively along the approach outlined above; and with some of the questions that follow, we come close to achieving an exhaustive definition: is there a prestige science (such as evolutionary biology during the last part of the nineteenth century) from which ideas cross over into other intellectual disciplines? If so, what is the nature of these ideas? What are the basic assumptions of the age? What are its unique and/or characteristic symbols and words? What are the significant differences of opinion?

This approach is highly complex and subject to many dangers because it involves cross-sectioning phenomena through an arbitrarily isolated time sequence, and we rarely find a single set of answers given to these questions. Ideas, like colors, often mix and blend, thus changing the appearance of the totality they present, but the historian should be able, like a prism or a defraction grating, to separate the mixture into its constituent parts. This type of analysis not only requires a separation of the obvious ideas, but it also requires a recognition of concepts that have remained or have been subtly changed from preceding eras, and an awareness of these notions that have not yet developed into their more mature, more easily recognizable form.

The second main problem that faces the historian of ideas has to do with the dynamics of the past, that is, the causation of change that takes place in thought patterns and symbols from one era to another. In solving this problem, the historian must investigate both the intellectual and the material realms, and in doing so, he must use data from the whole spectrum of the social and natural sciences. It is in dealing with this aspect of history that the analysis assumes to be the fullest its synthetic function.

In the past (as well as the present), some scholars have faced the problem of historical causation by using the concept of supernatural powers imposing their will on men and thus directing history. This approach may or may not be "true", but for the purposes of rational inquiry it is irrelevant, it is necessary to confine our study to a natural world of observable and verifiable forces. Another historical method uses the **genius or great man theory of social change**. The historian of ideas will usually concede that this approach has partial validity, but holds that it does not allow for a complete description of the interactions of the genius and his culture if the *Zeitgeist* is not adequately studied. At present, we assume that all historical, including intellectual change, has both ideational and material origins, and that to study the process and dynamics of such change we must weigh the relative effects of intellectual, economic, technological, political, and social events as part of a continuum.

The third main problem of the historian of ideas concerns itself with a basic problem of any adaptive society. It deals with the effect of the intellectuals' changing *Zeitgeist* on the large mass of non-intellectual people. In this case, the investigation is centered about the **time-lag** and possible re-interpretation of a concept as it moves throughout the various intellectual strata; it is a study of the **cultural-lag**. An excellent example of cultural-lag that comes quickly into mind is in the example of shifting biological theories.

(Continued on Page 10)

He Makes Good Music Out Of Homer

by Ray Rudnik

He makes good music
Out of Homer. Pounding
The plywood table, he finds
Deeper meters for our lesson.
A spear of sunlight keeps rushing
Through the classroom to strike his mouth.

Perhaps the sun which hung
Over Illium sent that
Light through darkness time; and the tree
Which richly fills the Gothic window
Was fathered by the forests of Troy.

My teacher is a happy man
Who loves this source. He could learn of Greece
In any wood which lacked visible frame,
And held rich deep secrets in the ageless green,
Where the most foolish birds make ancient music.

Will In The Divine Comedy

(Continued from Page 3)

as to Purgatory. The incontinent sinners have failed to use their minds in moderating their will to act in response to their natural appetites. The violent, the fraudulent, and the malicious sinners have willfully sinned and have died in their state of sin. They are sent to a dark realm whose order consists mainly in the assignment of particular sins to particular levels of torment. The souls feel no comradeship for one another and feel no connection with God. As Dante goes deeper into hell, the progressive darkening and cooling represents the conditions of wills which have directed themselves in more extreme fashion away from the highest good. It should be stressed that the highest good, which ultimately is God, can be pursued for Dante directly through religion and through secular activities as well. The era of good popes and lawful empire is an ideal. Thus, Judas, Brutus, and Cassius, whose sins were most opposed to this ideal union under God of church and well ordered state are shaken for all eternity in the mouths of Satan, in the frigid stillness, at the depths of hell.

Dante seems to say that the moment force of will directs one toward the highest good, heaven becomes possible. A tear, a sentiment of regret, a repentant instant may be the margin between hell and Purgatory. Though the experience of repentance may be brief, it must be intense. It must embody the free decision to unburden one's sins at the cost of any suffering. God can judge whether or not the repentant emotion is authentic. If it is genuine, the ordered, rational mount of Purgatory is accessible to the soul.

The will wins Purgatory, which—to accomplish its purpose—then calls forth further acts of individual will. God provides the terraces, the guardian angels, the means of purging. The more ordered terrain, its both darkness and light, its ritual are both a setting for and an expression of the purposeful wills there contained. For the substance of the forms provided by God is will. The statement made earlier that Dante's God wants man to attain perfection through his own forces is clearly demonstrated in Purgatory.

Having chosen Purgatory, a soul manages its own purgation. Each knows his spiritual condition and alone decides at which terraces to settle and how much time to spend at each terrace. The steps before the gate of Purgatory are—sincerity, contrition, and love. Love gives purpose to the purgation; contrition is the purgation; sincerity assures that the cleansing is adequate.

Statius explains to the two poets that the shaking of the mount announces that a soul has felt itself cleansed. The last act of will involved in purgation, then, is to decide when the cleansing is sufficient. Dante, the traveler, learns the importance of will as he moves. On the terrace of the envious, he is aware of his own state and knows that he eventually must purge himself of pride. By the time he passes through the flames at the top of the mount, he has seen all sin and all expiation. He has had sensory, dramatic, and rational contact with each area he has entered. In Purgatory, the vision becomes part of his experience. He has learned to evaluate, as far as rational mind permits, the actions and spiritual conditions of all men, including himself. He knows how will turns man from divine perfection and how it enables man to participate in it. His seven P's are gone. Emerging from the flame, he has lost the last remnants of contamination and is able to cross the garden of Eden where the first man lived without sin. Dante began his journey from a dark wood in which he knew neither himself nor his purpose, nor the faculties within him which would assist him in fulfilling his purpose. Early in the *Paradiso* he learns how things naturally tend to God in whom fulfillment is found, and he knows completely what it is that prevents this natural movement.

In the garden of Eden all the rational equipment which will enable him to overcome the obstacles to this divine gravitation are his. Virgil's work is finished. "Here have I brought thee with wit and with art . . ." He takes leave. Dante's knowledge now equals Virgil's. He is capable of guiding his will alone, ". . . And 'twere a fault not to act according to its prompting." There are hints all through Purgatory that Dante is going to eclipse Virgil. One knows that Virgil is denied God because of his position in Limbo. He explains this to Statius, in case the reader should forget. As the poets rise in Purgatory, Virgil becomes a questioner; Dante always is one. Virgil does not know the way very well; he cannot answer questions completely when Dante strikes upon something which requires a familiarity with faith. He refers Dante to others, who—he knows—can give more satisfactory answers. He asks questions himself. Dante acquires all the aid that reason can give in guiding the will; Virgil's mission is over.

In Paradise, a new dimension is added to the representation of will contained in the *Comedy*. Paradise reveals will in varying degrees of perfection. All the souls in Paradise have attained it directly through contribution toward divine perfection on earth or indirectly through Purgatory. In either case the will has been exerted. In the former, the life of the soul is exemplary to other living men since these souls earned heaven during their lives on earth. Justinian, the codifier of laws, is one who represents secular achievement. St. Francis, who taught men that God could be found in the simplest experiences, is one of many who earned heaven through religious achievement.

There are more lessons in will, all of which emphasize the exacting discipline of will requisite in gaining heaven. The Piccarda episode is taken as an example. Piccarda had offered the vows of a holy sister. She was forced to leave the convent, thus breaking her vows. In the divine eyes, aberration of will was involved, in spite of the fact that

she was forced. Piccarda is not excluded from heaven; however, her sphere is the one closest to earth.

Beatrice explains that the will simply cannot be bent without itself yielding. Both Constance and Piccarda could have returned to their convents, even though at risk to themselves. But their wills were practical in yielding to expediency, while their absolute faith was still unchanged.

In the next canto (V) Dante asks whether or not broken vows can be repaid with any other holy act. Beatrice in reply states an attitude toward will which the *Comedy* up to this point implies strongly. The greatest gift of God at creation was the freedom of the will (V, 19-22). Taking the vows is a consecration of this freedom of will. Since nothing of higher value exists, what can be offered of equal worth if the vows are broken.

The dedication of the will to God demands sacrifices of earthly pleasure. Regarded differently, this dedication is a magnificent assault upon God. God is conquered by love and His love permits the conquest. The eagle of Canto XX tells Dante—"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence from warm love and living hope which conquereth the divine will; not in fashion wherein man subdueth man, but conquereth it because it willeth to be conquered, and conquered, with its own benignity doth conquer." Love and will, two sides of the same idea, must work simultaneously and constantly in order for one to find God. There must be will to act out love in the face of earthly distraction, but this will is insufficient unless built on a firm love. Finding God turns out to be a divine marriage of two lovers, a man and God. Like lovers, each conquers and allows himself to be conquered. Out of sacrifice comes supreme pleasure, if the sacrifice founded on will and love be authentic. Dante must travel far and learn much to be capable of this realization.

*Book III, Prose X

Truth And The Cosmic Number

(Continued from Page 4)

are (1,1)—while it will no-exist three times—whenever the entities are (0,0), (1,0), (0,1).

Two observables provide a measurable—either of the observables serving as a yardstick for the other one; thus four entities are needed for a measurable. By the argument used before, a measurable may yes-exist only once—when its four entities are all (1,1,1,1) while it can no-exist fifteen times, for any of the arrangements: (0,0,0,0), (0,1,1,0), (0,1,0,1), (0,0,1,1), (1,1,1,0), (1,1,0,1), (1,0,1,1), (0,1,1,1), (1,0,0,0), (0,1,0,0), (0,0,1,0), (0,0,0,1), (1,1,0,0), (1,0,1,0), (1,0,0,1).

It is already apparent that there is some form in our theory of measurement. Of course, our measurables are extremely simple: we can only detect that two observables are equal or different in their existence-quality. But fundamentally all measurement—say the length of a black table measured with a white yardstick—ignores the temporarily irrelevant qualities of color, etc. in favor of the co-existence of the molecules at the end of the table with the molecules at a certain gradation on the ruler. The main body of physics is contained in these 15+1 possibilities.

The form of these existential statements suggests to the mathematician the use of a symbolism which, without detracting from their validity, would provide the practical computational tools of a well-developed branch of algebra: matrix algebra and its associated group structure. From the moment of transposition into symbolic language, our theory of measurement follows a mathematical line of reasoning and emerges with the number N, becoming in the process indigestible to the general public.

It has been often stated that the mathematical argument used by Eddington is beyond the comprehension of even most contemporary scientists. This may be partly due to the conciseness of the article; he was planning its expansion just before his death in November 1944. We believe that we have been able to follow to a certain extent this reasoning, but will not claim complete apprehension. Certain main postulational steps emerge, however quite clearly from this article.

In the first place, Eddington adopts the pluralistic attitude towards the universe when he assumes that it can be analyzed into a bunch of distinct entities having a definite individuality. To talk of primitive entities having (or not-having) existence implies that we may somehow examine them regarding this predicate. Eddington's calculation is therefore, not a factual statement about the Cosmos; he establishes a relational proposition which says that if you are a pluralist, then you must be reconciled with the idea that the world is made up of exactly N individual particles. His proposition, then, is universally true only in the form "if pluralist, then N." This restriction is clearly indicated several times in the article.

In the second place, he, of course, presupposes that this pluralistic Cosmos is not infinite. In fact, he seems even more restrictive, because he assumes the world to be an Einstein universe; this assumption, too, is explicit enough in the mathematical development. It may seem, at first, that he commits here the crime of *petitio principii*; our opinion is that he can adopt this position by merely postulating a finite Cosmos. There is no contradiction between the Einstein universe and the discrete universe of pluralists, although Einstein's relativity seems based on continuum measurements having probability scatter. To give our reasons here would be rather involved, but we shall discuss this more extensively elsewhere.

We have seen earlier that physical statements, such as the one about the number of sides in a square being exactly four, may have

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Truth And The Cosmic Number

(Continued from Page 8)

a universal character, at least in those cases when the statements involves counting instead of continuum measurement, and when they are invariant with respect to "topological" transformations. It should also be clear that statements about a monist universe cannot have a quantitative form unless they are obtained by continuum measurement; such measurement must necessarily have a probability scatter if only a finite time is available to the investigator. In this case the measurement plus its scatter reduces again our factual universe to a kind of discreteness. Both situations actually arise in modern science and mathematics.

It seems thus to the writer that science, as long as it is based on measurements, is doomed either to an explicit pluralism, or to an implicit (and confused) combination of monism and pluralism. The confusion in this hybrid is very real in modern physics, and has been under intensive attack both from physicists such as Erwin Schrodinger⁴ and from the intuitionist school in mathematics. Both these critics demand the elimination of the confusion by formally accepting that pluralistic science is the only one science possible.

Eddington only went a few steps further and tried to draw some numerical conclusions from such an attitude. In his posthumous book, *Fundamental Theory*, he calculates most of the constants of nature, just as he did for N , from the basic ("fundamental") theory of measurement. His calculated, exact, values are in exceptional agreement with the most accurately measured values. This would seem to show that the use of the hybrid mono-pluralistic attitude does not produce different results, but only invests them with a probability measure of uncertainty, nonexistent in the pluralist view. The measured constants always have a standard deviation associated with them, indicating the scatter of the measurements. When Eddington's method of reasoning becomes fully understood, we might find ourselves in the position of basing all the physical sciences on the three metaphysical postulates of pluralism, finitism, and realism.

FOOTNOTES:

1. Proc. Camb. Phil. Soc., 40, 37, 1944
2. N is about 286 billion billion billion billion billion billion billion.
3. Further considerations enable Eddington to calculate other physical constants as well; the agreement with the experimental constant, is striking. For instance, his gravitational constant is 6.6665 (exact) while the measured one is 6.670-|-0.005.
4. E. Schrodinger, *Science and Humanism*, Cambridge U. P., 1951.

Three Is Aloneliness

(Continued from Page 2)

one. Her good mood was fading rapidly. She was huddled up now, with her head on her knees, staring intently at her bare toes. She tried to lean her head on my shoulder, but I kept it stiff, and she straightened up again. Jack was staring in obvious concern at this brazen misery. Go ahead, kiss her, I thought, make her all well.

A large wave slammed against the beach and retreated, leaving a flopping jellyfish, weak and beautiful, beyond the reach of the next waves. She jumped off the rock and ran down to it. "Don't touch it," Jack called, "they sting." Boy scout.

"I know," she said, tragically, "but it will die."

"So will you" I said softly.

"What?" She'd heard me.

"So will you die," I said loudly, "only you won't shimmer." That did it. She turned her head from me and started to cry quietly. I leaned on my elbows and exhaled, watching the smoke take on the colors of the sunset. Jack glared at me, then hurled himself down to comfort her. He put his arm over her shoulder and said, "Don't. Jeannie, stop it, please." She kept her body rigid, moved away from him and came to me, kneeling at my side, not touching me. Jack, standing on the shore, made a perfect perspective line with the far beach. Finally I reached out my hand and touched her head. It was like touching the spring in a jack-in-the-box. Jack-in-the-box—I grinned at that one. She was up on the rock in a second, with her head in my lap, her arms wrapped around my thighs. Jack turned his broad back and stared at nothing. She stopped crying quickly, and smiled blearily at me. "I'm sorry," she said.

"It's all right, Jean." It was, too, it was just fine. Jack rowed home, and we sat in the stern, facing him. There was not enough room on the seat, so she sat on the floor, her head against my knee, snuffling as I stroked her hair in rhythm with the squealing oar strokes.

A God Called Hysteria

(Continued from Page 5)

ment's policy is determined by the needs and desires of the citizens. Though it may well be true that equality of opportunity no longer exists in a pure form in the United States, it is equally true that every group can make its voice heard and its needs known.

Yet it is the belief that democracy is not strong enough to withstand the attacks of another system that drives us to demand conformity from our fellow citizens. In order to avoid being dragged down by another less desirable system, we feel compelled to grasp the symbols of "Fourth of July" Americanism as a drowning man grasps a straw. We fear the man who talks of racial inequalities, for he may cause us to weaken our grip on the straw. So, also, we fear the man who tells our working population to unite for their protection, and the man who talks of "one-third of the Nation, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-fed."

The results of this hysteria are everywhere for us to see. Unfortunately, there are too many of us unwilling to look.

In Washington, the Congress has established committees empowered to delve into a man's private beliefs and associations. Senators such as Joseph McCarthy and Congressmen such as J. Parnell Thomas, have been allowed to smear men's reputations and destroy their careers by making unproven allegations on the floors of the Congress, protected always by the cloak of congressional immunity.

The radio, television, and movie industries have already succumbed to the current hysteria. Actors, actresses, and writers have been fired and boycotted from the industry for potential "disloyalty." Mere mention in a private publication known as "Red Channels" often constitutes prima facie evidence of disloyalty to the United States. The Socialist, the reformer, and even the New and Fair Dealer, are thrown with the Communist as "potential dangers".

The scandalous action of the Board of Regents of the University of California shows the degree to which hysteria can affect the field of education. Professors were fired there for refusal to sign a "loyalty oath". Fortunately, many of our outstanding universities objected violently to the California action and still stand for the principles of academic freedom so necessary to a progressing society.

The god called hysteria is a god with clay feet. As with the god of ancient days the rain may come and wash its foundation away. Thus, the awesome idol will fall to the ground. Belief in the adequacy and strength of the democratic system will wash away the present hysteria. However we cannot act too soon. The fear is growing. It may soon lead us to commit crimes against some of our citizens which can never be undone. Our strength lies in the freedoms we grant to each individual. Let us not lose this strength to a god with clay feet.

Foundation

(Continued from Page 6)

final ascension of Mary the lowest foot of an accompanying angel barely touches the topmost earth-flower. The sky takes over most of the surface, a limitless upward spiral seeking the final light, beyond. If in Florence the feet of man echoed the massive power of ordered nature; now, in the Baroque, the foot's individual energy draws the earth's surface with it.

Finally, it is with Cezanne, immediately after the Impressionists had dissolved the body of things in light and had cultivated the eye at the expense of touch, that the horizontal floor illusion is boldly attacked. With forms akin to El Greco's, Cezanne's late-work destroys the illusion of a continuous natural floor, of a horizontal limit-line, not through the Grecoesque leap of figures, but by the leap of light, from objects, into objects. Bibemus quarry, a leap of light made stone, is hollowed and thrust forward from the white canvas, the only floor. The painting rectangle in itself is a formal garden; the lower and upper worlds are no longer divided. Air lurks in all creases and foliage hollows. Sky is no longer a solid weight or a vacuum above the earth; blue is hidden everywhere. We cannot imagine a bodily walk in this world. Entrance comes only through our illumined eyes.

In recent paintings the single floor is altogether gone. Every object, every world, even the tiniest that exist in the folds of rock or hollow bowls of trees have their own floor. Our eye or mind's eye finds them and brings them to momentary life on a true floor, the canvas. Klee here is the leader, as Giotto once was. His birds walk around the margin of the page; all ways are right-side up. Objects materialize out of vague washes; architecture is waved across the page, each bend a new floor. Even in Picasso's most theatrical world, the early harlequins stand in a spare landscape. The foot's touch seems unreal, the figures silently hovering or drifting. There is no downward weight nor any upward pounding of the earth. In the more recent *Guernica*, even amidst architecture, the floor has sudden rifts, deep calm chasms that make a running foot clutch the earth with anguished toes. So, the single floor gone, there can no longer be a simple contact between foot or earth. Or the foot may become an entire being, as along Miro's endless beach. Nor is there any necessary truth left in perspective's measurings.

Perhaps, if this floorless sense caught up our ordinary lives, desperate chaos would surround us, nature would lose her solidity, objects would shift and fade and call forth barbaric demons. Yet, it may be even more liberating to follow the painter's vision, to realize that if we walk on one seeming floor, there are a million floors beneath. I walk on a tar road; beneath, there is the soil floor, and the alley-way of a burrow, another floor, and yet another, a vein of iron. Level is piled on level, and all simultaneously communicate. If we need a room to move through, it is of our own making. If we would find a final floor, it may have only the footprints of a God that passed yesterday. There are a million poundings beneath our feet and the feet of objects about us; as many moods within our sinews. To touch the earth is no longer simple, unless we walk with springing joy through our ascending and descending, vast, calling world.

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Intellectual History

(Continued from Page 7)

For example, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, Spencerian and Darwinian doctrines of the "struggle for existence that leads to survival of the fittest through a process of natural selection", all key words in the cultural atmosphere of the period, were enjoying the greatest popularity, and then in the early 1900's, biologists amended these doctrines to show that cooperation, integration and adaptation are more important to survival than struggle and competition. However, it has taken over fifty years for these new concepts to reach any but a small number of the total population of America; and it would appear that the best method of survival is one of the most important questions presented to mid-twentieth century America.

The fourth problem of the historian of ideas is formulated very simply: "Why study the history of thought?" To this question every man must give his own answers. My response is, in part, that it puts one's own thoughts and actions into a broader perspective and framework. It provides certain insights into the "blooming buzzing Confusion" around the individual, and even more important, it brings him an awareness of his intellectual environment, which is one of the main ends and means of education. It is only by increasing his ability to perceive and control himself and his environment that a student can hope to achieve the strength and dignity of the mature man.

Footnote: 1. C. A. and M. R. Beard, *The American Spirit*, 2.



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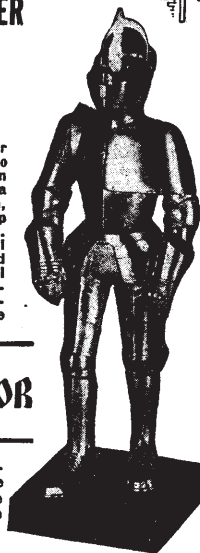
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