Special Literary Edition

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Three Is Loneliness

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 pop 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, touch home base as it were, take my free hand pensively (I had my sketch pad in the other), and walk along sedately for a while. Then she'd start hopping 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 tides having ceased to be of external noise, it welled me up 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 for the water, and two things registered simultaneously about this boy: I didn't like him, and he was entranced by Jean.

(Continued on Page 2)

Transitions

1. In the numbskull time when foam froze and the birds fed from the tides, and fields like great grey paving-stones hid green grass now, and the land: when air rang to cock's crow as a glass to a finger nail, we had so long a dance, praise of snow we had forgotten rain. But rain seemed from melting skies, and wind tossed hung of grass: 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 silent, without brother or friend, in the things you have made you have stricken dead." Thou fool, look around thee: nothing die, he said. I looked around me: and I saw a tree limbed earth's nipples; and a seeded field: a sky curtain of the rolling sun, waters like whirlpools tingling for the run . . . I felt in all my flesh and all my blood the rearing world, held, by the writings of Him.

3. I had not seen till then a lawn, frisked white and blue: or guessed that long could make fields froth like tubs: conceived the meek-faced grass, verdant-willed, hid force like Purles' heads. But then, that said, that spray, that wild green under pray!

4. The bursting-out of buds in spring range the power of the sun; I saw the river walk up the road on the fierce hoves of rain; the wind was its own bellman and struck an enormous longueur; 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.
Three Is Loneliness (Continued from Page 1)

"Jeanie says you're my 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 when I was drunk, and she knew it. I put my hand on her shoulder to show her I wasn't 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 intelligence, 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 ecto-plasmic phenomenon.

"Oh, nothing. Just that I have a rowboat, and Jean—you two—could borrow it if you want to so 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, I guess. I guess she's feeling a little more lenient today, and we walked up the road to buy food. She spent too much, buying all kinds of sandwiches, hand rolled eggs, bread and beer. Jack carried the gathering in his many 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 me 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 neck of his pet. It was a purely artistic concept; the blood running from his fair hair, down that sleek-stinted neck, onto the fayed 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 close hitch a few days ago, and she wanted to show me off. What could I do anyway? I was feeding us the moment we got to the island, insisting on doing everything herself. She gave me the first sandwich, and it was spread thickener than his. We lay on the sand and rested for a time, and I was just as well, with beer. She reached for the second, and 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 contest that point 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 head 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 interesting 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 slimmer hand in hers. They would start to run again.

I was concentrating on my sketch. It turned out nicely; I had gotten the feeling just perfectly. They tore around the bend of the cove, then. I knew from their expressions that I had been right. She stopped a disappointed 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 petticoat, and sat quietly smoking while I continued to draw unnecessarily. I saw that the lines in my picture, and I swept my hand over the sketch, snudging the charcoal. "David?" she cried plaintively. She liked to save my things. Every darn dab, 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 drowned picture, and moved over to help me. Jack mothered 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 myself, turning my head to catch the glow on my face. Jack started talking to her about happiness, of all the foolish things. "What would it take to make you happy?" he asked facetiously. She thought. It was probably the first time I'd 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. I'm not true, so god damned true. That's all it would take for me. 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 moody pink. Poppies leaped off shore, spraying white foam, their slick black bodies weaving patterns in the water. 'Isn't it beautiful,' said Jack, 'Isn't it natural' which she wince at that"

(Continued on Page 9)

Art And The Subtle Mind (Continued from Page 1)

―better, truer, and worthier‖ than that other particular kind of knowledge which art produces, discards, replaces, modifies and—here is its significant difference—renewes.

This kind of judgment becomes purely a matter of taste. It seems to us that the validity of a system of thought is its connection with reality, 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. Art speaks 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 organisation in the individual work, from conceptual, formal, and technical points of view. Here the cumulative character of the science is not so 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 coven— 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 labor 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—whether 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 fortunate individuals here and in other industrialized nations elsewhere who "understand" works of art without this learning process.

The vocational separation which in the United States has gone farther than in the rest of the western world has made this immediate influence to art almost impossible. The process of industrialized and mechanized living has fomented a revolt in the form of an amateur movement of extraordinary dimensions which expresses an instinctive reaffirmation of man's faith in the civilizing and healing powers of art. With it, however, runs American individualism, 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 salutation from human fragmentation, as an escape from contemporary life. It is not 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 prehistoric human accomplishment. It is not to point out how a relatively broad and deep understanding of nature, we have again come to an impace where a man, a part of the natural world, because of his awesome fabrications frightens himself. Even though 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.

2. Gold mine.
Will In The Divine Comedy

by Jud Levin

St. Augustine demonstrated that to God the past, present, and
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 God has always known? If men do have freedom, they
are, then, responsible for the accident in human affairs, and hence
determine that of which God has perfect knowledge. Yet this is
impossible, without an influence over Divinity.

The attempt to rationalise the existence of will in a given universal
order is older than Christianity. Dante does not contribute anything
to this new rationalism 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 schoolmen,
who the Divine Comedy in a free will implicate dramatic restatements of known
and accepted ideas. Dante’s distinctive accomplishment, rather through-put
the Comed, is to experience that creative faith which was
the main art 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 his own.

It is impossible to say that the Comedy is entirely the process
of learning what will is, becoming aware of its defects and achieve-
ments, and of perfecting it. And it is equally impossible to say that
the Comedy is entirely some other development in which the
poetry can be read. For the immense range of human experience,
all aimed at a happy human future, the attributes of this
idea of Dante, and the total experience of this book, are
true. This, of course, allows no growth of will, to which all action and contemplation is
subsequent; it 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 expressed
from the darkness to light, but through the helping hand of the
blinding light to sight, from the broadening of space and time, from
the cumulative definition of the divine, from the projection of images; for
we, human beings, are said through these means.

If one substitutes Dante for the Boethius who is addressed in the
Consolations of Philosophy, this book can be taken as the key to the
Divine Comedy. The chief import of the little book is that all
paths lead to God. Fortune is kind if her visitations make men aware
of what the last and valid goals are. When an individual is able to
succeed, it is the same road. At the same time it is the sum-
mation of all we can say and learn about it, since it is fully included
in the total experience of St. Thomas. Men can grow up wrong, but
always correct the causes of human experience. Certainly,
by his own words, justice, and by the theory of his own actions. In fact, the opposite.

Dante 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,”
with 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 operat-
ing in response to the light of reason. When man sins, God has
withdrawn his gifts and it is “hardening” man to sin for some reason. St.
Thomas wrote that God has predefined some souls to heaven from
evenly; others he has denied heaven or “handed” them to evil.
Dante, however, does not stress that God ultimately foresees and hence controls
all actions. In fact, the opposite.

Boethius’ treatment of predestination and free will is associated with
five words: chance, fate, necessity, 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. 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.

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Within this system there is free will, for the power to reason,
which all men possess, implies freedom of judgment, and the free-
dom to refuse oneself. But is this so? Is it possible for God to know
what is foreseen, must, of necessity happen? The
answer depends on point of view. All things must, of necessity, occur
from that 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
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simultaneous.
Truth And The Cosmic Number

by Antares Parvulescu

A very famous article from the late Sir Arthur Eddington begins thus: "Cosmical Number 72.196.214 is most picturesquely described as 'the number of protons and electrons in the Universe.' Like most figures—especially large figures—produced by the contemplation of the universe, this one is likely to leave the reader dubious, except perhaps for a brief comment on the patience of the funny man who would count all the electrons.

However, something so essentially unique is claimed about N that we must interrogate it 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 dysomorphic tendencies of physical measurements, with their paraphernalia of demagagic 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 are a priori right to credibility in the vague world and language of our primary experiences. The scientists 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 it be the epic of his own case. The poem is, so to say, possession structure, elegance, and power. Its analysis—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 at that? The translation requires a dictionary: the job is Physic's; and that of Physic's her. 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 wisen or kennen, does X mean that there are 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 belon to who could also speak terrestrial slang. In the meantime, the same poem is interpreted in hundreds of different sense, not one of which the puzzled critic, you, dare endorse.

In this confusing situation, scrotal 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 inaccusable 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.

Here exist examples, however, of physical statements having universal validity in contradiction to the usual wariness about definitions. One such example, more respectable than may appear at first, is the 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 little room for easy to understand a figure is meant, geometry is simply, for the statement has the property of remaining invariant for all so-called topological changes, such as bending and stretching. Of course, it is possible to come up with a case 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 commonsense 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 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 an examination might tell us something about the limitations of the measurement-technique of our particular nature. This is exactly the meaning of Eddington's cosmical number. His N is to be understood as the maximum number of basically distinct "things" that we may ever measure. In other words, N is the large number which implicitly divided the universe into pictures. 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 . . . .

The actual proof is somewhat beyond the scope of this report, but some of its essential features are easily understood. 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 subject 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 for something could be said about it. The only property of the entity 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 (Continued On Page 8)

Daisy And The Snow

by Myra Rosenau

The late afternoon sun streamed through the window of the first language design on the third floor of the old house, the skylight branches jumping in sharp squares of window pane. The oak staircase rested in shady darkness. The heavy front door at the bottom of the landing was always closed, 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 peeked around the banister at the top of the stairs. From the far end of the room, the little girl stared, her 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 pressed 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 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 crying. There were a few dreadful moments of silence and then the man spoke.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Father. I . . ."

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

A short pause. Then, "Father, maypleasethaveabirhdayparty?"

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. You are a little brat 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 such a birthday party, you will have to have it by yourself. Daisy Cook, go back to your room. Stay there until the morrow. You will have to 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. 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 curteyed 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 a big snow pile, and turned and turned and turned and turned. She picked her up and tossed her high into the air. She rose far into the sky and became a snow angel and flew over the fields. Soon a strong wind saw Daisy and blew her into a circle. She fell into a 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. Schware

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. 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 right 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 try 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, a set of ideas, 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 the Third World share the New World as a Promised Land. To many of these Americans, the Constitution of America is a beautifully written document that sets forth the belief in the sanctity of human rights and the right of every American to seek the full development of his individuality. In the United States, it is a deeply felt principle that economic freedom is just as important as political freedom. It is the belief that the government should not interfere with the free enterprise system, but should protect its citizens from the exploitation of others.

Today we are in a world that is more complex than ever before. We live in a world where technology has advanced at an incredible rate, and where the borders between nations have become blurred. The United States is a powerful nation, but it cannot act alone to solve the world's problems. We must work with other countries to find solutions that will benefit all.

In the United States, this belief in freedom is embodied in the Constitution. The Constitution is the foundation of our government, and it guarantees the rights of all Americans. It is a document that has stood the test of time, and it is one that we must continue to uphold.

As we look to the future, we must remember that the struggle for liberty is never ending. We must continue to work for a world where all people are free, and where they can live their lives to the fullest. Only then can we truly call ourselves a land of freedom.
Poem In The French Style
by Alex Gross

I
As latent as a chair
in a furtive 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,
it's 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—
demoted fifths, a cloudy kind of
dissonance, requesting gentle resolution,
perhaps a cup of tea.

IV
permeated by orange odour,
awareness floats on the rim—
a fusion of prickly sensations,
union almost achieved:
and now at last the intellect,
patetic 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 green
of 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 lion to repeat
an unsure moment of existence,
the hopeless quest for quintessence;
boogy-man necessity, the absolute involver,
brings solace only to his worshippers,
and beauty is lost in intricate foldings,
one more, enlivened by an artifact,
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, armed the instep, imagined the flesh
pressed close to the grey rock by the downward weight of the rotund
figure. 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 lifted 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
soles 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 piercing feet confront
us. In Giotto's Pietà a woman held Christ's feet in a tender embrace;
we feel 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 realise the Crucifixion (one set of toes points at us, the
other aspiring upwards), to realise Christ's death in our own hands.

With the seventh 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 sea.
Rubens' lashes his peaceful dancers in a rapid sprewer, 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 up back to the pictorial surface, back to a more
Byzantine network. The spring feet carry the air with them. In a
(Continued on Page 9)
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, with their classification and morphalogy (disciplines which are derivative, respectively), gave great impetus by the creation of the doctrine of evolution. Darwin's works, enjoyed the highest prestige among the intellectuals. His ideas, which were revolutionary in their own right, were the most extreme pressures to become "scientific history," a study which aims at an accurate, objective reconstruction of past phenomena. In an attempt to bring into their own discipline the advances made in biology, the late nineteenth century historians splintered their inquiry into the unified stream of past events into the non-uniformed histories of science, 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, in the mind of one man, and in the "group mind" of a research team. So, too, with the historians, and their method of inquiry. Today, perhaps more than ever before, the writers about the past are beginning to take cognizance of the interacting forces that determine an idea's actions and building their theories with data from many areas of social research. This synthesis is called evolutionary psychology; it is concerned with the "total" pattern of men's activities, and especially emphasizes the interactions between the subjects matters of fields that were isolated separately in the past.

This type of historiography, too, has developed subfields of study, but the subfields are more consciously aware of the relatedness of their activities than those who pursued the older splinter forms of inquiry. One of the important subfields of intellectual history is dealing with the meanings to which men have reacted in the past, and are reacting in the present. In the Journal of the History of Ideas, from the writings of James Harvey Robinson, Merle Curti, Henry Steele Commager, and John Higham, I have synthesized my notions of what constitutes intellectual history.

At present, it might imply, the history of ideas is a narrative concerned with thought as it serves to generate man's past events.

From psychology I 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, which then reaches toward the meanings of primary stimuli, rather than toward the primary stimuli themselves. This may be diagrammatically shown as:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stimulus</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Response</th>
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It is in the formation of meanings that we have the essential part of the intellectual process, and it is in the knowledge of the history of man's thought we must take into consideration three main factors, first, the personalities and the cultural background of the individual thinker, as he perceives the past as he views, second, the immediate stimulus external to the reactor, and third, the response of the individual.

Intellectual history is investigating two kinds of thought. The first includes all verbal and written thought concerning science and philosophy, or metaphysical thought. The second kind is unmetaphorical thought, under which is grouped all the products of the thinking processes in politics, literature, 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 the communications, 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 in their development and relation to each other in time and space, in how and why they appeared and spread as a particular event or concrete event.

The students of intellectual history pose for themselves four main problems about a society under scrutiny. First, in what way does the history of ideas influence its present? Second, in what way does the history of ideas influence the history of ideas? Third, in what way does the intellectual consciousness change its mind? Fourth, in what way does the intellectual consciousness change its mind?

By the term intellectual class I mean all those persons who inspect and reflect on the "meanings," who do not include only the well-organized group of thinkers, not only the philosophers, scientists, theologians, and scholars in any real sense, but also the creative leaders, the artists, the popularizing minds, the inhabitants, and the intelligent reading and listening public.

With the progress of the organic chemist learns to identify complex molecular compounds through the use of certain routine tests that answer such questions as, how many parts make up this compound? How much weight of this compound has been produced? Is its absorption spectrum? Is its characteristic reaction? 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 "Why 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 live to the world of societies in which this society is a part? Why? Is the function and destiny of the society in which I live to the world of societies in which this society is a part? Why? Is the function and destiny of the society in which I live a part of the world of societies in which this society is a part? What is the world of societies in which this society is a part? What is the world of societies in which this society is a part?"

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 preserving climate (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 the unique and/or characteristic symbols and words? What are the significant differences of opinion of? This approach is highly complex and subject to many dangers because it involves cross-sectional and longitudinal analysis of an arbitrarily isolated time sequence, and we rarely find a single set of answers given to both questions. Indeed, ideas change the appearance of the totality they present, but the historian should be able, like a prism or a deforming grating, to separate the pure light from the debris of analysis not only requires a separation of the obvious ideas, but it also requires a rethinking of the concepts that have been changed or modified, or modified and changed, from preceding era, and an awareness of these notions that have not yet developed to their more mature form.

At present, the historian of ideas has to take the problem that faces the historian of ideas to do with the dynamics of the past, that is, the causation of change that takes place in thought patterns and symbolic patterns, and the mobility changes that can be seen from the mobility changes of the past.

In solving this problem, the historian must investigate both the intellectual and the material realms, and in doing so, he must use the whole spectrum of the social and natural sciences. It is in dealing with this aspect of history that the historian assumes the fullness of his symbolic function.

In the past (as well as the present), some scholars have faced the problem of historical causation by using the concept of super-natural 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 historic al 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 ideas, including intellectual change, have both ideological and material origins, and that to study the process and dynamics of such ideas we must take into account 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 advanced civilization. It deals with the effect of the intellectuals' changing Zeitgeist on the large mass of non-intellectual people. In this case, we are studying a study of the intellectual change, has both ideological and material origins, and that to study the process and dynamics of such change we must take into account the relative effects of intellectual, economic, technological, political, and social events as part of a continuum.

One way of looking at this is the "time-lag and possible re-interpretation of a concept as it moves throughout the various intellectual strata; another. An excellent example of culture change that comes quickly into mind is the example of shifting biological theories. (Continued on Page 19)

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 dream of splashing 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 inconstant 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 have willfully sinned and have died in their state of sin. They are sent to a second realm whose order concerns mainly in the assignment of particular sins to particular levels of torment. The souls face comradeship for one another and feel no connection with God. As Dante descends further into hell, the progressive darkening of the world represents the conditions of wills which have directed themselves in more extreme fashion away from the highest good. It should be appreciated 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, Julius II, the 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 fear, 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 unbind 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 purifying. The more ordered terrals its both darkness and light, its ritual are both a setting for and an expression of the purposeful wills that embryonate the will toward perfection 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 free agency is demonstrated in Purgatory.

Having chosen Purgatory, a soul manages its own purification. Each knows his spiritual condition and alone decides at which terraces to stop 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 purification; contrition is the purification; sincerity assures the judgment.

Statius explains to the two poets that the shaking of the mountain announces that a soul has felt itself cleansed. The last act of will in purification, then, is to decide when the cleansing is sufficient. Dante, the traveler, learns the importance of will as he moves on. The very facts of the universe, he is aware of his own will and knows that he eventually must purify 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. Each will has to find its own way. The path of humanity naturally tends toward a form in whom fulfillment is found, and he knows completely what it is that prevents this natural movement.

The story of Eden all the rational equipment which will enable him to overcome the obstacles to this divine gravitation is his Virgil’s work is finished. “Here have I brought thee with wit and with art, and without eyes to see the things that takes leave. Dante’s know’s now equals Virgil’s, he is capable of guiding his will alone, . . . And were 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. The souls in Paradise have obtained it directly through contribution toward divine perfection on earth or indirectly through Purgatory. Either case the will has been extirpated. In the former, the life of the soul is exemplary to other living men since it represents secular achievement. St. Francis of Assisi, who taught men that God could be found in the simplest experiences, one of many who earned heaven through religious achievement.

Lessons in will, all of which emphasize the exacting discipline of will requisite in razing hell. 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. 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 the natural risk to the will when their terms were established. They were practical in yielding to expediency, while their absolute faith was not unaltered.

In the next cantos (V) Dante asks whether or not broken vows can be repaid with any other holy act. Beatrice in reply states an attitude which is practical up to this point implies strongly. The greatest gift of God at creation was the freedom of the will (V, 71). Taking the vows is a consecration of this freedom of will. Since the degree 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 magnificient assault upon God. God is conquered by love and His love perimts the conquest. The eagle of Canto XX tells Dante—"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence from warm love and living hope which conquers the divine will; not in fashion wherein man subdueth man, but conquereth it. Love of God is willing to be conquered, and conquered, with its own bensignity 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 all such conquests and allows in the realm of sacrifice comes supreme pleasure, if the sacrifice found 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 themselves are (0,0), (1,0), (0,1).

Two observables provide a measurable—either of the observables serving as a yardstick for the other; thus four entities are needed for a measurable. By the arguments made above, we may say 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), (0,1,0,1), (0,0,1,0), (1,0,0,1), (1,0,1,0), (0,1,0,1).

It is already apparent that there is some form in our theory of measurement. Of course, our measrurables 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 temporally 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 symbol which, without detraction from their validity would provide the practical computational tools of a well-developed branch of algebra: matrix algebra and its associated structure. From the moment of transposition into symbolic language, the theory of measurement follows the systematic line of reasoning and emerges with the number N, becoming in the process indispensable to the general public.

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

In the first place, Einstein adopts the pluralistic attitude toward 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. Einstein’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 of a world made up of exactly N individual particles. His proposition, then, is universal truly 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 Concept of N is not infinite. In fact, he seems to be assuming that he assumes the world to be an Einstein universe; this assumption, too, is explicit enough in the mathematical development. It may seem too, that he commits here the danger of a vitalistic principle; 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 concept of pluralists, although Einstein’s relativity theories are based on continuous measurements having probability scatter. To give our reason our reasons would be rather involved, but we shall discuss this more extensively elsewhere.

We have seen earlier that physical statements, such as the one noting the number of sides in a shape, or the number of exactly four, may have

(Continued on Page 9)
Truth And The Cosmic Number

(Continued from Page 8)

a universal character, as least in those cases in which the statement in- volves instead of continuum measurement, and when they are in- variant with respect to "topological" transformations. It should also be clear that statements about a monist universe cannot have a qua- litative 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 measure- ment 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 im- plicit (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 Edwin Schrodinger, 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 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 agree- ment with the most accurately measured values. This would seem to show that the use of the hybrid mono-pluralistic attitude does not pro- duce different results, but only invents them with a probability measure of uncertainty consistent with the pluralistic view. In this sense, the measured con- stants always have a standard deviation associated with them, indicat- ing the scatter of the measured values. When Eddington's most of the results become fully understood, we might find ourselves in the position of putting all the physical sciences on the three metaphysical postulates of pluralism, nihilism, and realism.

Foundations

(Continued from Page 6)

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

In Washington, the Congress has established committees em- powered to delve into a man's private life, as a substitute for the usual practice of making charges of unproven or unjustified allegations of treason or sedition. Senate committees are probably the most usual and best method of doing this. The committee on the communication of the Congress, protects always by the cloak of congressional immunity.

The radio, television, and movie industries have already succumbed to this unmerited hysteria. Actors, singers, writers, and others have been blacklisted, and boycotted from the industry for potential "disloyalty." More mention in a private publication known as "Red Channels" often contains prima facie evidence of a man's beliefs and actions to the United States. The Socialist, the reformer, and even the New and Fair Dealer, are thrown with the Communists as "potential dangers" and cultivated the eye on the public for the Camera. If we could get the support for a genuine and honest investigation, we might have a better chance of getting the facts about the people who are blacklisted.

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.

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Intellectual History
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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 reaffirmed 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 answer. 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.


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Service Station

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Walt Bean, Proprietor

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What More Can
We Say —
Ten Broeck
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