Three Is Aloneness

I was walking down a Maine beach with my girl. To be more accurate, though, I wasn't walking 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 rear 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 dancing madly 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 bound 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 real effect on that puppyfriendliness of hers. She was talking to him now. They had sat down on a log. They had brought up in the old tradition that all strangers were sex maniacs, a tradition that had real effect on that puppyfriendliness of hers. She was talking to him now. They had sat down on a log. They had said, "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 him formally, "David, this is Jack Marney. Jack, I'd like you to meet David Palmer." He said, "Do—do—you-do and shot forth a sandy hand. Two things registerd simultaneously about this boy: I didn't like him, and he was entraded by Jean."

(Continued on Page 2)

Transitions

1. In the numbing time when foam froth 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 seemed then from melting skies, and wind tossed hunks 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 forget the rain's face, forgot the grace of snow.

2. I said to Him, "The trees are thin as bones, the fields are stone, the waters withered into bleak, blue ice, the earth silenced, without birds chirping, the trees, the songs you have made you have stricken dead." "Thus—thou, look around thee: nothing dies," he said. I looked around me: and I saw a tree

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

4. The burning-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.
Three Is Loneliness

(Continued from Page 1)

"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. She was not annoyed, which I was. The boy wasn't paying much attention to me anyway; he was staring at Jean. People were always parading out their exhilaration for this world, who could have known I was the one. Her magic formula. All her lines had ruined 'my picture, and I swept my hand over the sketch, thinking vaguely about the fact that I might ask her to run again.

"Sure, you kids take her along too. The old lady doesn'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. That was a true 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 alone. 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 motled pink. Purples leaped off shore, sprouting white foam, their slick black bodies weaving patterns in the water. "Isn't it beautiful?" said Jack. "Isn't it natural?" she added at that.

(Closed from 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 the reader's imagination.

This kind of judgment becomes purely a matter of taste. It seems to me that the validity of a system of thought and the richness which unfolds it, 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 aspects.

The cumulative manifestations of art are important only in the sense that, inasmuch as they defined 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 covenant—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 light 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—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 separation 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. The impact of industrialized and mechanized living has fomented a revolt in the form of an amateur movement of extraordinary dimensions which has brought to its side an instinctive reaffirmation of 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 fulfills 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 homogenous 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 is done from contemporary ills. It is not for the first man to overcome his insecurity and, without having quite bargained for it, gave rise through his simple artifice to the religious human accomplishments. Even through a naught that is 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 an awesome fabrications frighten us. What he has is that he has forgotten largely the use of his hand, his voice and his music in a subtly productive activity, and because he considers them irrelevant.


11-Bend lines.
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, then, responsible for the accidental in human affairs, and hence determine that of which God has perfect knowledge. But this is impossible, it states, up to date any esse 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 schoolings which the traveler receives in free will are dramatic statements 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 aimed at that view 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 expressed to the total knowledge of human experience. Certainly, growth of will, to which all action and all contemplation is subsequent, must be the only theme, for the others which though restatements in other terms, yet are distinct in that they can be expressed differently. Each runs parallel to and depends on the other. The function of will cannot be extricated 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 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 the Divine. Fate is kind if her oscillations make men aware of 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 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 desires 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 result. In that sense, will is said to lead to God, not merely to man, 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. The treatment of predetermination 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 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 man possess, implies freedom of judgment, and the free will to desire and refuse oneself. But is this so, if foreknowledge of God means that what is foreseen must, of necessity happen? The answer is no, there is no reason why 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 is occurring 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, and is of God's will. If 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 be foreknowledge of God. Dante's solution really defines the bounds of man's freedom. Man is free to act his destiny, while, to God, this destiny is already known. As he has stated, freedom, for Boethius, increases as one approaches God, the first mover. St. Thomas stated
Truth And The Cosmic Number

by Antarees Pavlovec

A very famous article by the late Sir Arthur Eddington begins thus: “The Cosmic Number $N = 3.16227766$ 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 which this one is likely to leave the reader pretty except perhaps for a brief comment on the patience of the funny man who bothered to count all the electrons.”

From this one can conclude that Eddington is talking about the number of protons and electrons in the Universe. However, it is clear that this number is not unique, since we can arrange the particles in any way we want. Therefore, we can conclude that Eddington is talking about the number of protons and electrons in the Universe, which is a number that is not unique and is not the same for all possible arrangements.

But what about the number of protons and electrons in the Universe? This number is not unique, and we cannot determine it with certainty. However, we can say that the number of protons and electrons in the Universe is a number that is not unique.

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 “The Nature of Scientific Truth,” the participants repeatedly stressed that the conclusions or predictions of science are perfectly valid, but only within the framework in which they have been conceived. Indeed, in the recent symposium “The Nature of Scientific Truth,” the participants repeatedly stressed that the conclusions or predictions of science are perfectly valid, but only within the framework in which they have been conceived.

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A Called Hysteria

by David E. Schwab

The advance of western civilization throughout the ages has been marked by a struggle for liberty. In the earliest times man had to struggle for himself from the elements, from the cold and heat, from the wind and wild beasts, haunts of the supernatural, 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 struggle to free himself from oppressive masters who seek to reduce his life to mere existence.

The court of our time is dominated by the minority view of the justices. The majority view is that liberty is an individual right and that the government has an obligation to safeguard it. The minority view is that liberty is a social right and that the government has an obligation to promote it.

The United States has traditionally been a stronghold of freedom and liberty. The oppressed peoples of Europe and Asia came to the shores of this New World at the present time. Many of these people have been able to escape freedom only because they have chosen to be free. The American experiment is built on the premise that free men in a free society can govern themselves wisely. The American system of government is set on the premise that free men in a free society can govern themselves wisely. The American system of government is designed to protect the individual right to freedom of speech, of the press, and of religion.

The struggle of the nations is not only a struggle for power. It is also a struggle for freedom. The nations of the world are striving to be free from the control of the international community. The nations of the world are striving to be free from the control of the international community. The nations of the world are striving to be free from the control of the international community.

The door opened slowly and he marched into the room. With a slight grimace he bent over the bureau and made concerted sniffling sounds over the result of the small fire I had started the year before. After I had fired I 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 had 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 sitting and say, "Why did you burn that beautiful wood?"

(Continued on Page 9)

The Brothers

by Ray Rudnik

Page Five
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—
a little row of shifting numbers,
And the ears elaborate
The levels missed.

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:
As blatant
As a dish dropped in the Automat;
Bartering for food with little brown windows,
Engaged in becoming a part of the movement,
In a fatuous, insistent image of a nowhere woman gone—
Poked in the ribs by a tray
And smiling.

Indolent the mind—
Tales, square and oblong
Obstacles to space, involving the floor
With more or less vertical people—
Demanded a city kind of dissonance, requesting gentle resolution,
Perhaps a cup of tea.

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
Even the outside
Is not beyond dissolution.

II

Impotent
As a lazy longing to repeat
An unsure moment of existence,
The hopeless quest for quintessence;
Bookey-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 solid floor.
He stamped in the firm feet, stressed the instep, imagined the flesh
Pressed close to the grey rock by the downward weight of the round
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 faster 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,
Increasingly 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
elevated. 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 lead us to the Crucifixion (one set of toes points to us, the
other aspers upwards), to realise 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
Calvin's feet with earth is shouted in a dialogue of sounds twisting away,
Mingling, twisting away again. Christ walks on Tintoretto's turbulent
sea... Rubens' lashed his peasant dancers in a rapid sere, 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 us with them. In a

(Continued on Page 9)
Intellectual History

by Lewis Wetmore

Intellectual history often called "The History of Ideas," is a field of study known in this country only from the beginning of the nineteenth 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 work, enjoyed the highest prestige among the intellectual classes. Art, poetry, and the arts are recognized and are reevaluated; there is a 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 apply 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 and was described as "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 group is the historians of the present, and it is concerned with the total pattern of men's activities, and especially emphasizes the interrelationships 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 splitter forms. One of the important subfields of cultural history is the history of ideas, dealing with the meanings to which men have reacted toward the stimuli of the present.

From articles appearing in the Journal of the History of Ideas, the writings of Henry Steele Commager (a leader in the movement during the last part of the nineteenth century) from which I have taken the opening sentence, one can see that the question being asked as far as the conception of the Zeitgeist is concerned is this: What is the nature of these ideas? What are the basic assumptions of the age? Are they 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 really find a single set of answers given to these questions. Ideas, like colors, often mix and blend, thus changing the appearance of the body of our present, but the historian should be able, like a prism or a defraction grating, to separate the mixture into its constituent parts, though not only the obvious ideas, but it also requires a recognition of concepts that have remained or have been subtly changed from preceding ages, 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 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 historicist method uses the genius or great men theory of social change. The historian of ideas will usually conclude that this approach has partial validity, but holds that it does not allow for a complete description of the interactions of the society and the culture if the Zeitgeist is not adequately studied. At present, we assume that all historical, including intellectual change, has both ideational and material forms, 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 parts of a continuum.

The third main problem of the historian of ideas concerns itself with some basic problem of any adaptive society: the identification of the Zeitgeist of a certain period. He looks for the answers to the questions: Who 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 rights 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? What is the Zeitgeist of our time?

How are all these questions interrelated in the whole drama or epic of human history to its latest instant merging into the next instant?
as to Purgatory. The incontinent sinners have failed to use their minds in moderating their will to act in response to their natural desires. Still, not all sinners are 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 souls to particular levels of torment. The souls feel no remorse for one another and feel no connection with God. As Dante goes deeper into hell, the progressive darkening and cooling represent the conditions of will which he has directed toward more extreme fashion away from the highest good. It should be stressed that the highest good, which ultimately is God, can be pursued for its sake only through religion and through secular activities as well. The era of good popes and lawful empire is an ideal. Thus, Judith, Brunetto, 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 depth 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 contrition, would open the door of Purgatory. Though the experience of repentance may be brief, it must be intense. It must embody the free decision to unburden one’s sins in the hope that God can understand. Virtue can very nearly through repentance, in either case the will has been exerted. In the former, contribution toward a more extreme fashion away from the highest good. It should be stressed that the highest good, which ultimately is God, can be pursued for its sake only through religion and through secular activities as well. The era of good popes and lawful empire is an ideal. Thus, Judith, Brunetto, 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 depth of hell.

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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 quant­ity plus its counterpart. In these cases, such measurement must necessarily have a probability scatter if it is to resist the vagaries of the measurement's operator. 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 un­derestated by both our physicists such as Ewen Schrodinger and from the intuitionist school in mathematics. Both these critics demand the elimination of the confusion by formally accepting that plurality is an illusion.

Eddington only went a few steps further and tried to draw some numerical conclusions from such an attitude. In his posthumous book, Eddington said, "...the seat, so she sat on such
invariant with measurements, is be clear that statements about a monist universe cannot have a qua­ntity plus its counterpart. In these cases, such measurement must necessarily have a probability scatter if it is to resist the vagaries of the measurement's operator. 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.

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Eddington only went a few steps further and tried to draw some numerical conclusions from such an attitude. In his posthumous book, Eddington said, "...the seat, so she sat on such a large area 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," began the voices. "They sting."

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

"So will you," I said softly. "We'd better go." "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 buried himself down to comfort her. He put his arm over her shoulder and said, "Don't, Jeanie, stop it, please." She kept her body rigid, moved away from him and came to kneel, at my side, not touching me. Jack, looking at the shore, made a perfect perspective line with the feet and beach. Finally I reached out my hand and touched her head. It was like touching the spring in a jack-in-the-box. Jack-for a second, I grinned at that one. She was 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 quietly, and smiled blearly 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, sniffing as I stroked her hair in rhythm with the squealing oar strokes.

A God Called Hysteria
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moments policy is determined by the needs and desires of the citizens. "Those who may be well truly that equal opportunity no longer exists in a pure form in the United States, it is equally true that every group can make its vote heard and its needs known."

Yet, in 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-clad, 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, who have been elected to serve the people, have been muzzled by the Communist Party. It has been made clear to them that to vote in favor of a bill would mean the loss of their seats. In many cases, this has resulted in a loss of the vote for the president and for our country.

The radio, television, and movies industries have already succumbed to the current hysteria. Actors, actresses, and writers have been fired and boycotted by the industry. The reason given is that they are "potential disloyalists." These are people who have been accused of making unproven allegations about the government and its policies.

The Government, however, is not the only group to suffer from this type of hysteria. The students, who are the future of our country, have also been affected. Many of them have been expelled from college for supposed "disloyalty." This is a result of the fear that any deviation from the established order may be a threat to the country.

Finally, it is with塞mans, immediately after the impressionists had dissolved the body of things in light and had cultivated the eye at the expense of touch, that the thinnest that exist in the folds of rock or hollow bowls of trees have their own floor. Our eyes and 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 bart­quins 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 annihilated 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. What are we today, nor are there any necessary truth left in perspective's measurings. Perhaps, if this floorless sense caught up our ordinary lives, desp­ite the charts would surround us, we 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 floor, then another floor, and my head is piled on level, and all simultaneously communicate. If we need a road 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 by.

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.
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.