

Manuscripts, notes, ^{and} correspondence, 1930-1968

IL SAGGIATORE

Il Saggiatore di Alberto Mondadori Editore
Società per Azioni
Capitale interamente versato L. 500.000.000

Sede di Milano
20122 Milano Corso Europa 5
Tel. 791.531 - 780.441-2-3-4-5

Uffici di Roma
00194 Roma Via Barnaba Oriani 91
Tel. 803.051 - 803.052



Copia

Milano, 11 Marzo 1968

Caro Professor De Santillana,

faccio seguito agli accordi da Lei presi con Alberto Mondadori e sono lieta di inviarLe il contratto di edizione della Sua opera "COSMOLOGIA ANTICA".

La prego di volermi restituire il contratto firmato dopodiché Le invierò la copia di Sua spettanza firmata da Alberto Mondadori all'indirizzo che Lei mi vorrà cortesemente comunicare.

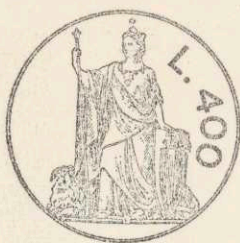
Ho anche inviato il contratto di traduzione a Romano Mastromattei, con il quale sarà bene si metta Lei direttamente in contatto, accordandosi anche per quanto riguarda la correzione delle bozze.

Voglia gradire, gentile Professore, i miei migliori saluti.

(Maria Laura Boselli)

Professor
Giorgio De Santillana
Hotel Boston
Viale Lombardia 47
R o m a

Originale inviato all'indirizzo di Roma



Tra Il Saggiatore di Alberto Mondadori Editore S.p.A. con sede in Milano, Corso
Europa 5 (di seguito indicato come « Editore ») e il Signor **Giorgio De San-**
tillana (di seguito indicato come « Autore »)
residente a Boston - Beverly (Massachusetts)

Premesso

— che l'Autore garantisce di essere l'autore e l'unico titolare di ogni e qualsiasi di-
ritto di proprietà intellettuale sull'opera intitolata:

"COSMOLOGIA ANTICA"

(di seguito indicata come « l'opera ») e di averne la libera disponibilità,

si conviene e si stipula quanto appresso:

1) L'Autore cede all'Editore, che accetta, i diritti esclusivi di pubblicazione per le
stampe, sia in volume che in periodico, e di messa in commercio dell'opera in lingua
italiana, ~~di traduzione in qualsiasi altra lingua~~, di adattamento e sfruttamento radio-
fonico, televisivo e cinematografico, di riproduzione meccanica, di elaborazione, nonché
il diritto di utilizzare parti dell'opera per ogni possibile uso e di cedere ad altri i
predetti diritti in tutto od in parte, ~~per l'Italia e per tutti i paesi del mondo.~~

2) La cessione dei diritti esclusivi suelencati avrà la durata di 20 anni decorrenti dalla
consegna del manoscritto che si intende avvenuta alla data del presente accordo.

Nel caso di perdita o di distruzione del manoscritto l'Editore rimborserà all'Autore il
solo costo di una copia dattiloscritta.

Il presente contratto si intende automaticamente rinnovato di anno in anno qualora
una delle parti non abbia dato all'altra disdetta per lettera raccomandata non meno
di tre mesi prima della scadenza del contratto medesimo.

3) La cessione del diritto di pubblicazione per le stampe e messa in commercio del-
l'opera in lingua italiana si intende tra le parti costituire contratto di edizione a

d) 50 % per la cessione dei diritti di sfruttamento cinematografico;

e) 50 % per ogni autorizzazione a pubblicazioni di primizie e riproduzioni di brani;

f) 50 % per la cessione del diritto di elaborazione e per qualsiasi altra utilizzazione consentita dalla Legge;

g) 50 % per la cessione a Clubs del libro.

Le trattative per tutte le suelencate cessioni verranno curate esclusivamente dall'Editore.

9) Ove l'opera risulti esaurita e l'Editore dichiara che non intende ristamparla, l'Autore potrà, previa comunicazione raccomandata all'Editore, ritenere risolto il presente contratto e riprendere la disponibilità dell'opera, senza diritto a qualsivoglia indennizzo o compenso.

~~10) L'Editore provvederà a spese dell'Autore ad adempiere le formalità del deposito~~

~~previsto dalla legge sul diritto d'autore ed a rinviare i manoscritti dell'opera alla S.I.A.E.~~

~~È in facoltà dell'Editore di provvedere all'adempimento delle forma-~~

lità di protezione del Copyright negli Stati Uniti d'America a spese dell'Autore. È in ogni modo esclusa ogni responsabilità dell'Editore per il mancato adempimento di dette formalità.

11) L'Autore concede all'Editore un diritto di opzione a sensi dell'articolo 1331 c.c. per le opere che creerà nel termine di 10 anni dalla data del presente contratto, alle stesse condizioni o ad altre che verranno concordate dalle parti e che non potranno essere comunque inferiori a quelle del presente contratto.

12) Solo competente per ogni eventuale controversia derivante dal presente contratto sarà il Foro di Milano. Le spese di registrazione saranno divise a metà fra le parti, qualunque sia la parte che abbia dato luogo a tale registrazione.

Fatto in duplice originale in Milano il **11 Marzo 1968**

L'AUTORE

L'EDITORE

Galley 135

" That kind of time always tends to run off
into forms of timelessness "

Here Dante + Columbus

If you take a single point of light
and you take an image of it through
a pinhole, you get a series of concentric
rings called a diffraction pattern
and this will spread ~~out~~ out

Suppose one had two, you would
have 2 series of rings, and what
you could not locate a single
point on the image plane, you
could calculate from the
intersection

Each point in the object
will have a representation
everywhere in the image

On this basis you should be able
to calculate backward to the
initial picture from a single
pinhole

If you fly over ocean, the pattern
of the ripples is related to
the pattern of water or of winds

with a monochromatic source
of coherent light like laser
you split the beam into 2
parts with a half-silvered
mirror, part of it goes
through a half-silvered
mirror

light reflected from
the ambient into the paper
the beam will in phase
or out. If in phase,
intensity, otherwise cancels

Every point has a point
of view on the whole
ambient with respect
to the laser light.

Image is restored as if
light came from everywhere

A Fourier Transform or spatial
frequency analysis of the
pattern of light from the
objects

what these men are lined up for—an unemployment registration office. Here is the beginning of the Thirties, “Depression and Hard Times.”

This particular juxtaposition is powerful and effective, but, interestingly, it is achieved by a device that is contrary to the principles of the multi-media technique. In multi-media, the different media are supposed to complement one another, sound, picture and the rest all aiming for the same effect, but in the transition from the Twenties to the Thirties, the sound of Harlem culture is distinctly upbeat while the picture of Harlem is grim. There is this same dichotomy between picture and sound where it is not intended in the show, in galleries where photographs and music coexist. The problem is that Harlem’s creative spirit, transmitted by the sounds of its music, evokes a radically different response from that evoked by the economic realities of Harlem, reflected in the photographs. One senses that Schoener wanted all the elements of this exhibition to work together toward a moderately optimistic conclusion, but the camera, having no preconceptions or point of view, can show only what its lens sees. In Harlem, in all decades, this has been worn faces, broken-down tenements, and the other aspects of poverty. (Despite the implied exclusiveness of that long corridor, massive unemployment has, of course, been a Harlem problem not just in the depressed Thirties but in the gay Twenties and the militant Sixties as well.)

FUNKY SONGS and proud poems, piped in through the ceiling of the Met galleries, are absurdly inadequate in the context of the devastating photographs that shroud the walls. The negative power of the pictures is so much stronger than the affirmations of word and music that to suggest that Harlem’s creative spirit is in any way a compensation for its material deprivations is to make a cruel joke. And yet this is what “Harlem on My Mind” wants to say. To have conceived of this exhibition, the planners must somehow have imagined a thriving black culture in isolation from the slums. One senses how this could have happened by envisioning Thomas Hoving at the stereo in an Upper East Side apartment, “tuning in” to the soul sounds of Aretha Franklin.

Schoener shares Hoving’s naïve appreciation of the romanticized Harlem.

“There is an urban black culture,” Schoener proclaims in his foreword to the exhibition catalogue. “Harlem is its capital. White America’s mores are not universal. . . . If the white community can stop expiating its guilt by rebuilding Harlem to mirror a white middle-class image, both black and white America will be happier.”

THIS IS SILLY. Ask any ten Harlem residents and see whether they would prefer the life of the white middle class. If urban renewal worked, they would happily sacrifice the “heart” of their Harlem for a clean apartment. Schoener, acting on his own unreal assumptions, works hard to deny this, despite the sad evidence of the photographs. As one moves inside the exhibition, one comes to realize that the street sounds and the strobe-like effect of the slides are not devices to increase the viewer’s understanding of Harlem, but rather noisy interruptions to distract him from the grim reality on the walls. They are a gloss to give the pretense of vitality to a community that is gasping for breath. □

Blaro! BOOKS IN BRIEF

REFLECTIONS ON MEN AND IDEAS, by *Giorgio de Santillana* (MIT Press, \$20.00). There are writers who can put whole libraries between the covers of a single book, and Professor de Santillana, historian of science at MIT, is one of them. Moreover, he writes with skill and wit; he has examined everything. He has re-examined everything. His Leonardo and Newton are not quite the ones whose names we bandy about. His portraits of Volta, Toscanelli, and Galileo are really complete biographies miniaturized down to an elegance that loses nothing in the reduction. Fat is the universal disease of prose; de Santillana is as lean as a stake. The three essays on Fate, masterpieces of prose, prove that good dry thought can still have design as sharp as a Mondrian and can modulate a music of ideas as pleasing as a Brahms quartet. Most of these studies were made for the fifty-minute lecture and many of them for the inelastic pages of periodicals. Sense clarifies under compression. Prof. de Santillana has freed himself from the vicious notion of progress; the labyrinth of thought contains the astrologers of Ugarit as well as the mathematicians of Ulm. As philosophy continues to sound like something which men with nothing to think about can

think about, and as practically all meaning drains from the magnificent word *Humanist*, it is both encouraging and exciting to see real knowledge diagrammed by real intellect. This is by no means a book for the specialist alone; its center must be somewhere near the inexplicable source of energy generated by curiosity—the mind wanting to know how and why. History sweeps its inexplicables under the carpet; Prof. de Santillana is an inspector of intellectual housekeeping (he thought of this humble image himself). A more informative image might be that of geographer, a master of the whereabouts and the boundaries of thought. Four of these 26 essays are in French, six in Italian. The binding is a disgrace.

G. DAVENPORT

JAMES W. MARSHALL: A BIOGRAPHY, by *Theresa Gay* (*Talisman*, \$10.00). James Wilson Marshall (1810-1885) was, for the first half of his life, a moderately successful carpenter with a taste for adventure, a farmer, a soldier in the Mexican War, indistinguishable from hundreds, even thousands, of other unsung Americans. But midway along the road that led from his birth in a substantial New Jersey farmhouse to his death in a California shack, Jim Marshall did something that few men have been given to do. On January 24, 1848 he substantially and irrevocably changed the course of American history. He recreated the legend of the earthly paradise and began the process, not yet complete, whereby the *mores* of the American West have superseded those of the East. In a sentence, he discovered gold at Sutter’s Mill and created the myth of California. It was, of course, a kind of triumph—he had been looking for gold, and he found it—and for millions it held out the prospect of a better world. But much more than triumph, it was tragedy for him. In the course of a year, he was hounded by other prospectors who thought he could divine the presence of gold, and narrowly escaped death at their hands when he could not. He interfered on behalf of the local Indians in a dispute with the miners (an act everlastingly to his credit) and was nearly lynched for his pains. His Mexican title to his land was disallowed. When, after a time, he turned to raising grapes, growers with greater resources forced him out of business. A pension was reluctantly granted him by the state, and withdrawn when it was discovered he used a portion of the money to buy liquor. A lecture tour was arranged, and failed because Marshall was no lecturer. Flaws in his character that might not have mattered in a carpenter and vinticulturalist were ruinous in the discoverer of California’s gold. The book (an exhaustively documented, thirty years’ labor of love) can be read—despite a somewhat stodgy style—as an Aristotelian tragedy in nineteenth-century America.

J. C. LOBBELL

Dunque sì, la scena nell' 'Acheronte' è il
primo passo che si risente di Virgilio. Non
siamo più nel mediocre, e il Maestro lo
riprende. Ma non è un copiare. Anzi:
Un bel copiar non fu mai scritto.

Sansone
Roma 68 44 42 81 p. Spagne Piero 12
Martedì Venezia
11 Venerdì 14-15

Mastroratta Giordano 19 59 11 235
Fondaz. lin. 89900

Colonus ^{partes} on P. D'Ailly survey Mund.
And Aeneas Sylvius Historia Rerum ab. gestarum of (Dante)
A fountain There is in Paradise

which waters the garden of delights &
which is diffused in the 4 rivers

According to Isidorus, John of Damascus
Bede, Strabo & Peter Comestor -- is a long

distance by land & sea from our habitable
world; it is so high that it touches the
lunar sphere and the waters of the
Flood never touched it. The waters which
descend from this very high mountain
form an immense lake. The fall of such
waters makes such a noise that the

people are born deaf. ... From that lake
as from one source flow the four rivers
of Paradise. Phison which is the Ganges,
Gyon which is the Nile, Tigris and
also Euphrates

of "sumps ~~at~~ aquas fons del cat ^{manibus}"

È, volse mesche proprio nel mattino --
di Jersene, dove? Forse andi verso il Sud Africa

Ère chiaro, in parte di Marino di Tiro, che
Tolomeo avrebbe corretto, tanto che Colombo
annota: è chiaro che il mare è navigabile
in pochi giorni, vento costante. Fu il capo
della Spagna e l'inizio delle Indie la distanza
è poca -- perché il mare si estende
più di 180°

Già solo insieme che tutto il mare fra
Indie e Spagna non è molto, per dar un
Africa

Tant'è vero che esche due dei sei/7 del globo
sono abitabili. E lo confermano Ambrosio
e Agostino che considerano esche un profeta
il ~~modo~~^{grado} essendo $56\frac{2}{3}$ miglia romane

No' Arley diffusa ancora più de Tolomeo
normando le word. ulisti

The idea being that Arzium, unobtainable maps
was not at the middle of habit. earth, but
further, good off. Acc. to the phyllographer and
Perry, the dist. between Morocco & the eastern edge of ^{Spain} ~~is not~~ ^{is} much.

June 20, 1968

~~own time like Franz Boll, and some dedicated Jesuits who worked~~
~~on Babylonian astronomy~~ ^{They} could not only decipher the ^{Chaldean} text, but di-
 vine the feats of observation and calculation, of intellectual
 creation that it took to fit those features, that manifold puzzle,
 a veritable hologram, revealed by numbers into a complete, compact
 cosmos which could answer the eternal questions.

~~Boll and Deimel are gone like those archaic fathers. They~~
~~are equally forgotten by now. That is the way of things, and of~~
~~people's changing fantasy. Men have died, says Realind, and worms~~
~~have eaten them, but not for love. Our task was clearly set: to~~
~~rescue those minds of the past from oblivion and render them the~~
~~love and respect they deserve. It is at this point that our paths~~
~~converged, moving down from the science of the pre-Socratics, I~~
 found Dr. von ^{"Dackie"} ~~Dechend~~ ("Dechend" for her English friends) who put
 her wealth of ideas, her creativeness, her immense knowledge of
 ethnology in the service of our joint project. She brought lore
 from West Africa, from Oceania, from Mexico and from ~~the~~ buried
 Europe to the project. On the common foundation of astronomy,
 the book got itself written, so to speak. Over the years, thanks
 to a grant from the Twentieth Century Fund and the hospitality
 of M.I.T., she spent a term each year in this country.

~~This book reflects our gradually deepening conviction that~~
~~first of all, respect is due to our fathers. The early chapters~~
 will make, I think, for easy reading. Gradually, ~~as~~ [→] we move
 above the timber-line, the reader will be beset by difficulties
 which are not of our own making. They reflect the difficulties
 of a science which was essentially reserved, above our conception.
 The greatest difficulty was that we could not use our good old

June 20, 1968

simple catenary logic in which principles come first, and deduction follows. This was not the way of the archaic thinkers. They thought in terms of which we have called a fugue, in which all notes cannot be constrained into a melodic scale, and certainly cannot be played all at the same time; in which one is plunged right w away into the midst of things and then has to follow the order of time which relied on their own thoughts. For there is a rule of music that notes cannot be played all at once.

To: Method

Doctor Perplexum

1

Our period may some day be called the Darwinian period, just as we talk of the Newtonian period of two centuries ago. The simple idea of Evolution, that one does not have to look into any longer, spreads like a tent over all those ages that lead from primitivism into civilization. Gradually, we are told, step by step men produced the arts and crafts, this and that, until they emerged into the light of history.

Those soporific works "gradually", and "step by step", repeated incessantly, are aimed at covering an ignorance which is both vast and surprising. One should like to inquire: which steps? But then one is lulled, overwhelmed and stupefied by the gradualness of it all, which is at best a platitude, since no one is willing to imagine that civilization appeared in a thunderclap.

We could find a key in a brilliant TV production on the Stonehenge problem given a few years ago. With the resources of the ^{puissant} ~~puissant~~ techniques of ubiquity, various authorities were called to the screen to discuss the possible meaning of astronomical alignments and polygons discovered in the ancient Megalith, since the time when Sir Norman Lockyer, the famous astronomer, published his first investigation in 1906. Specialists, from prehistorians to astronomers, expressed their doubts and wonderments down to the last one, an archaeologist who had been working on the monument itself for many years. He had ^{more fundamental - How could we} ~~no~~ doubts. We did not realize, he said, that the builders of Stonehenge were barbarians, "howling barbarians" who were utterly incapable of working out complex astronomical cycles and over many years at that. The uncertain coincidences must be due to chance. And then, with perverse irony, the midwinter sun of the Solstice appeared on the screen rising exactly behind the Heel Stone, as predicted. The "mere" coincidences had been in fact ruled out, since Gerald Hawkins, a young astronomer unconcerned with historical problems, had run the positions through a computer and discovered more alignments

than had been dreamed of. Here we had the whole paradox. Howling barbarians who painted their faces blue must have known more astronomy than their customs and table manners could have warranted. The lazy word "evolution" had blinded us to the real complexities of the past.

That key term of "gradualness" should be understood to apply to a vastly different time scale than that considered by the history of mankind. *In that history taken as a whole, even racialism is an evolutionary episode. But in that whole, Cro-Magnon man is the last link, all of proto-history is lost forever. Now*

But the while biologists were wondering, something great had come upon the scene, ^{to us} arriving from unexpected quarters. Sir James George Frazer was a highly respected classical scholar, who while editing the Travels of Pausanias was impressed with the number of beliefs, *practices*, cults and superstitions (the very name means "left-over") spread over the classical landscape of Greece in classical times. This led him to search deeper into the half-forgotten strata of history, and out of it came ~~his~~ his Golden Bough. The historian had turned ethnologist, and extended his investigations to the whole globe. Suddenly, an immense material became available about fertility cults as the universal form of earliest religion, and about primitive magic connected with it. Tylor's "animism" and his theory of a uniformly widespread belief in "mana" was its psychological counterpart. This appeared to be the humus from which civilization had grown - simple deities of the seasons, a dim multitude of peasants copulating in the furrows and building up rituals of fertility with human sacrifice. Added to this, in political circles, the vision of war as both inherent in nature and ennobling - the law of natural selection applied to nations and races. Thus, many materials and much history went to build the temple of Evolutionism. But as the theory moved on, its high-minded aspects began to wane, psycho-analysis moved in as a tidal wave. For if the struggle for life and religions of the life force can explain so much, the subconscious can explain anything. As we only too well know today.

The universal and uniform conception of gradualness had defeated itself. Those ~~key~~^e key words come from the earth sciences in the first place, where they had a precise meaning. Crystallization and upthrust, erosion and geosynclinals are the result of forces acting constantly in accordance with physical laws. They provided the backdrop for Darwin's great scenario. When it comes to the evolution of life, the terms become less precise in meaning if still acceptable. Genetics and natural selection stand for natural law, and events are determined by the rolling of the dice over long ages. But we cannot say much about the why and the how of this instead of that specific form, about where species, types, cultures branched off. Evolution remains an overall historical hypothesis supported by enough data - and by the lack of any alternative. It raises an appalling number of questions to which we have no answer. Our ignorance is vast but not surprising.

And then we come to history, and the evolutionary idea reappears, coming in as something natural, ^{with all scale lost.} The accretion of plausible ideas goes on, its flow invisibly carried by "natural law" since the time of Spencer that is so well forgotten. It all remains within an unexamined kind of Naturphilosophie. For if we stopped to think, we would agree that organic evolution has ceased since before the time when history, or even prehistory, began. We are on another time-scale. This is no longer nature acting on man, but man on nature. People like to think of a constancy of laws which apply to us. But man is a law unto himself.

Was far as the human "fate" is concerned

The modern, sociological preconceptions are here apparent. It is quite reasonable to say: given the invention of the steam engine, or of the credit system, or of the diode, or of bacteriology, such and such consequences were due to come about. But we should not forget that this concerns a certain type of activity within a given context. The only doctrine which has boldly raised the preconception to a dogma is Historical Materialism. According to it, man is a special transforming agency which works out forever the objective possibilities inherent in the situation of the moment. Gradualness is then so much of the essence that quality and form themselves appear only by way of the famous Umschlag, whereby the accretion of quantity 'tilts over' at a certain point into a new qualitative configuration.

Three powers are then converging from different corners to impose a certain view of history: evolutionism, sociology and Marxism, studiously affecting to ignore each other, yet natural tribal allies, since Darwin is their common deified ancestor. They have spawned an incongruous brood with shambling names, anthropological psychology, psychological anthropology and the like, which allow them the new vast and permissive dimension of the unconscious. Their medium is shapeless history and faceless man, the mass effect being brought to bear at every point. They explain away at a great rate, borrowing concepts from each other and shuffling them purposefully across the board, so that at last they have covered the whole ground with the safe kind of theory, the one which is plausible, unfalsifiable and insignificant. The vested patrimony they have developed in the way of skills and jargons has turned these allied sciences into a veritable bureaucracy, endowed with the usual regressive attitudes: they know how to avoid facts, how to combine effectively in ignoring or covering up inconvenient evidence, they lead minds away from the results of past research by means of an affected orthodoxy of the New. As these schools have never troubled to study the data accumulated by scholars

over a century, no wonder that their ignorance should turn out to be vast and surprising.

The trouble is that such a syndrome itself is not so new as it would like to appear. It turns up whenever there is social power within reach. The mind is led back to the Aristotelian syndrome of past centuries, and even more to that other brilliant and aggressive bid for power, the French Encyclopédie, where a will to misrepresent the nature of science as practical led to a weird alliance between smug Baconianism, revolutionary atheism, and certain religious forces ^{that like to work in the dark.} ~~clear~~. Intellectual dishonesty is one more of those things which build up gradually.

But deep down beneath the current flow which tends to erase the shape of the intellectual landscape, thought has been going on, and an obstinate research to restore the actual features, the physiognomy of the past, however unfamiliar it may look to the modern imagination.

The enterprise of restoring very ancient thought has a long history. When the Renaissance started uncovering and glorifying the remote past, adventurous minds put together a Lost Tradition, a vast effulgence of remote universal wisdom, of lost revelation, and mysterious truths with which, it was said, mankind had first been endowed by divine grant, to lose it progressively down the ages. "A lost source?" said Bruno with heroic arrogance *Say rather man's long buried that send forth new shoots ^{lost seeds} what sprout again magnificently*

November 4, 1968.

Dr. Hertha von Dechend
6 Frankfurt Main
Myliustrasse 31
West Germany

My dear:

I went down to the Gambid office this morning, and had a long talk with Mark after all of the interruption. He has received your proofs and is looking forward now to receiving more. Your telegram explaining the delay, from Rome, came in as a blessing. It was my fault and my son's in not having sent the manuscript "special delivery", but anyway now, "all is well that ends well".

I took the liberty of showing your memorandum 'to whom it may concern' to Mark, and he was extremely patient and gentlemanly about it. He says he will write you a letter about all the problems of diacritical science, and the other things of which you complain. Moreover, he is going to send you a letter signed by Lovell himself, which contains, I trust, the equivalent of our contract, and the expressed mention of the copyright both to you and to me, together. I hope this allays your apprehensions.

On my part, I have added the missing section to the preface, which I had to complete, with the cooperation of Sivin. You will get a Xeroxed copy of it. This should cover at least a few of the problems of today.

Love,

GdS:jjb

x
A work of profound erudition, it explores vast areas of archaic myth and wisdom, involving thought forms long forgotten, but still pertinent to modern science. To read it is a rich and strangely moving experience."

loren Siseley

> A few

~~Some~~ masters of our own time have rediscovered
them. Dupuis and Boll are just like these archaic
fathers. They are equally forgotten by ~~the~~ ^{now} the
~~the way of things, and of people's changing fancy~~
volumes have come out ~~on~~ ancient philosophy ^{to not think away} by ~~the~~
science of the past flowed into philology and
archeology. Our task was clearly set: to rescue those
minds of the past ^{far and recent} from oblivion and under the
we love and respect they deserve. "Thus saith the
Lord God: 'come from the four winds, O breath,

and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." Such
~~scattered~~ ^{scattered} ~~bones~~ ^{bones} ~~rise~~ ^{rise} ~~rebermenter~~ ^{rebermenter} ~~noqa~~ ^{noqa}, we had to revive.
"This book reflects our gradually deepening
conviction that, first of all, respect is due to
our fathers. The early chapters ~~are~~ will make, I think,
for easy reading. Gradually, →