

The Revelation of Doctor Snew

Dedication

This essay is dedicated to all those stentorian bores who have informed the on-going dialogue of civilization by their delineation of the grand themes linking the science, art and history of this century with the deathless truths of the past, that in tones of dire prophecy caution us about the potential threat to the survival of Western Civilization posed by the glorious achievements of the Scientific Method. The British Isles seems to have led the way in their adumbration of this indispensable intellectual duty, sheltering sages of the stature of Malcolm Muggeridge, Jacob Bronowski, Lancelot Law Whyte , C.P. Snow, Kenneth Clark and the incomparable Sir Peter Medawar. Nor have we been chary in our contributions, having given to the world Buckminster Fuller, Gerard Piel, Kenneth Boulding, Harold Bloom, Jonathan Schell, Walter Kaufmann..... Theirs bewail the 'Legacy of Empire'. Ours promote the 'Demise of the American Dream'

The bond that links all of them, so distinct in politics, intelligence and imagination, is a perverse unquenchable affection for the ponderous. C. P. Snow, as one of the most boring, that is to say, successful, practitioners of the art, is here presented as the exemplum for all the others, although aspects of several of them appear in this portrait of Ignatius Y. Snew; yet still with a great deal left out, else he would be unbearable.

These elders are not New Age prophets. They are worthy of my satire. I would not waste my time ridiculing the " New Age" .

Prologue

The narrator, a college dropout from Mushposh University still lives in its college town, Lamely, South Carolina. In 1980 he is privileged to meet and converse with visiting scholar and artist in residence, Dr. Ignatius Y, Snew, whose very original ideas on the Two Cultures Dilemma bear a surprising resemblance to those of Dr. C. P. Snow.

" In the moral [life], [scientists] are by and large the soundest group of intellectuals we have..."

The Two Cultures , C.P. Snow

-"Industrialisation is the only hope of the poor. I use the word 'hope' in a crude and prosaic sense." *-Ibid., op.cit.*

" Although I believe that the acceptability of transcendent answers must be valued by the degree to which they bring peace of mind, I believe I was mistaken in thinking that empirical congruence - that is, the correspondence of explanation with real life which is the distinguishing mark of scientific explanations - can be left altogether out of account, for whatever else we may expect of transcendent answers, we also expect that they should not be outrageously incongruent with the world of experience and common sense - for if the incongruence is flagrant and barefaced, we shall lose peace of mind."

-The Limits of Science, Sir Peter Medawar

" I once said in an interview on the BBC that I had had a marvelous life because I'd always been paid to do what I liked - just like a prostitute.....But, of course, technicians love what they are doing, and therefore, for instance, it is quite certain that all those people who worked in Los Alamos were going to blow that bomb; you couldn't stop them..."

-Magic, Science and Civilization; J Bronowski

" The liberal mind, effective everywhere, whether in power or in opposition, particularly so during this period of American world domination..systematically, stage by stage, dismantling our Western way of life, depreciating and deprecating all its values so that the whole social structure is now tumbling down, dethroning its God, undermining all its certainties, and fully mobilizing a Praetorian Guard of ribald students, maintained at the public expense, and ready at the drop of a hat to go into action, not only against their own weak-kneed, bemused academic authorities, but also against any institution or organ for the maintenance of law and order still capable of functioning, especially the police."

-The Great Liberal Death Wish (1970) ;Malcolm Muggeridge

*""Man', I cried, ' how ignorant art thou in thy pride of wisdom!
Cease; you know not what it is you say!'"*

-Frankenstein, Mary Shelley

I tend to look upon the decades of my life spent in the college town of Lamely, South Carolina, seat of Mushposh University, as largely wasted, yet there were compensations. Among these I must include the encounters with distinguished

thinkers , many from abroad, who came for engagements of a year or more. None was more memorable for me than the visit, during the school year of 1979-1980 , of the internationally acclaimed philosopher, scientist, novelist, social critic, cultural historian... and so forth and so on: Ignatius Y, Snew.

Snew's sojourn at Mushposh was far more than a compliment to us , it could better be called arrant flattery ! It remains a mystery to me that someone at his level of intellectual distinction would bother to linger in Lamely even a day. His emolument was drawn from 1810 Endowment , set up in the year of the death of the founder of Mushposh , Vladimir Huxley.

Huxley's name is a household word in our town , the only Lamelyite to achieve recognition in the outside world. Although he is well known to scholars of the Enlightenment, his reputation has not reached the educated majority , and his name does not appear in any of encyclopedia. I therefore append a brief sketch of his life and works:

Vladimir Huxley to Lamely is like Benjamin Franklin to Philadelphia. He came to this part of the world in 1753, an immigrant to the 13 North American British colonies from northern Novaya Zemlya, the uppermost of a pair of islands , (Severny) , off the coast of Siberia in the Barents Sea. Not much of his life is known before he came here. He was born in St. Petersburg in the 1730's in an aristocratic household, joined an archaeological expedition to the island as a college student , and once there decided to stay . He could not have been out of his twenties when he came to Lamely, for him to accomplish everything that he did.

Historians have ferreted out an indirect connection between him and the family of British writers and scientists. Authorities on both sides of the Atlantic have reached a consensus that Vladimir Huxley is the closest relation to the English Huxleys from the Russian branch of the family. However, 'Huxley' is not a Russian name; nor is 'Huxleyski', or 'Huxleyvitch', nor any variant thereof. 'Huxley' is the closest approximation in English spelling to a word in archaic Finno-Ugric, an honorific that means something like 'diabolical medicine man'. He undoubtedly earned this title through his activities with the indigenous nomadic tribes of Eskimos and Lapps.

The reason I know all this is because stories of Vladimir Huxley's life and deeds are drilled into the minds of Lamely's schoolchildren in a kind of high-pitched sing-song from an early age. When we get to high school, (not before), we also learn that his hasty departure from the island was connected to a scandal in which an English actress, one of the members of a Shakespearean troupe vagabonding through Siberia under the invitation of the Empress Elizabeth, was somehow implicated. This is not the version Huxley gives in the biographical fragment, written in English, found among his papers after his death. There he states that he was driven off Severny into the Matochkin Shar, (the one and a half mile strait separating the upper and lower islands), by a mob of superstitious Lapps whom he'd

terrified by his investigations into " *ye ellektric realitie of ye lightnings shaftt.* " ¹

Yet Vladimir Huxley never did become fluent in English, even

after many years in the colonies, and contemporary Huxley scholarship

tends to argue that the word ' *ellektric* ' is actually a misnomer.

There is

no word for electricity in archaic Finno-Ugric, and it is likely that Huxley used it as a substitute for some cognate notion he did not know how to put into English. Since all words in the languages of the natives of Novaya Zemlya derive from observations of natural phenomena, there may even be a metaphor at work in the word "*shaftt* "!

Well! Going under the reasonable assumption that this fickle Ophelia did have something to do with bringing the family of the great English Huxleys into existence, to her also belongs the credit for the transmission of all of Vladimir Huxley's higher genes !! For the Russian Huxley was the incarnation, if not the re-incarnation, the standard bearer, the quintessential representative, even the exemplum, nay the very paragon, of the cultivated *two-new cultured mind* !: artist; scientist; artistic in his science, scientific in his art; sometimes artist, sometimes scientist; sometimes both artist and scientist; *when* scientist then

¹It is instructive to compare this date, 1752, with that of the researches of Franklin and d'Alibard.

assuredly artist; *if* artist then indubitably scientist; veritably poly-artist and multi-scientist in ones, twos, threes, fours, and manifolds besides!

Huxley prepared a catalogue of his inventions and supervised its publication; it fills several old vellum tomes . We can at most make a selection from among the most remarkable of them:

He designed a steam engine safety valve which roasted a side of mutton when opened . He installed a pipe organ in his own home which did double service as a blast furnace. He built an ingenious cuckoo clock:

the door on the face of the clock opens at midnight to reveal a transparent fertilized cuckoo egg. Every hour on the hour it opens again and announces its progress through the stages of cleavage and differentiation. At 10 PM it produces a complete foetus. At 11 the new-born chick breaks its shell. The door opens every five minutes after that to mark the growth of the bird to a mature cuckoo. At five minutes to midnight it disappears, leaving a new egg in its place.

He drew up blueprints for a fiendishly sharp razor, dubbed by him the 'Occam's Razor', for excising *ad hoc* hypotheses from scientific texts. There is documentary evidence to suggest that Joseph Priestley availed himself of this instrument to help him in reading books and papers in chemistry that promoted the phlogiston hypothesis.

He concocted a miraculous poison, a death-delivering potion which so works upon the brain of its victim that in his dying

moments he sees Christ's Passion projected before the mind's eye with awful vividness, thereby assuring him of eternal salvation! Like most of the enlightened scientists of his day, Huxley was either a Deist or a Mason. Certainly he subscribed to no conventional religious hocus-pocus. It was owing to reasons of humanity alone that he invented this poison, to relieve the hearts of devout Christians looking for some way out of this earthly misery without having to worry about spending time in Hell.

Every penny of the fortune Huxley accumulated from his inventions was sunk into the establishment, in 1786, of Mushposh University. Although it has since become as opportunistic, hypocritical and irrelevant as universities everywhere Mushposh was, for the times, both far-sighted and courageous. In the founding document it is stated that Mushposh was to be dedicated:

" TOO YE FURTHERENSE OF YE CONKATENATION OF ALL & YVRY SPIESIES OF YNTELLECTUELLE AKTIVITIE ! "

Rarely has the world witnessed more boldness of educational philosophy! All candidates for a teaching post at Mushposh were required to deliver a public lecture about some subject in their field in the language, concepts and style of some remote, or even completely unrelated discipline. The earliest issues of the Mushposh Annals, founded in 1795, carry much delightful material. One finds, for example, the text of a two-hour peroration by a musicologist which presented an overview of 18th century Estonian piano music in the terminology of Lamarckian biology. He depicts Neapolitan chords as 'acquiring

characteristics' through association with other chords over time. The sonatas by Latvia's leading composers are analyzed with reference to their digestive tracts and circulatory systems, and he develops a model, based on parasite-host symbiosis, of the relationship of the performer to the score... and much more of the same.

These learned dissertations were published in the *Mushposh Annals*, the *Transactions of the Mushposh Academy* (circa 1825) and in *Lamely Postcripts* (1836 to the present). It was expressly stated in their contracts that all faculty members had to contribute to these journals on a regular basis: Vladimir Huxley was the first American college president to enunciate, without beating around the bush, the doctrine of publish or perish.

Standards were higher then, judgments more absolute, penalties more severe. It is amusing to read in the *Transactions* of a certain vulgar fraud who was not only refused a post at Mushposh, but was snubbed out of Lamely altogether for having the effrontery to deliver a lecture on violin playing in the language of anatomy, entitled "*Sensitivity of the Gut* "!

Another presumptuous sophist delivered a talk whose title was, in essence: "*Human Psychology Described by Newton's Laws of Motion, with Applications to Alienist Practice*"

Someone in the audience took the trouble to compute the numerical value of his fundamental equation:

**PROFUNDITY = (MOMENTA OF ATOMIC SENSE IMPRESSIONS)
INTERSTITIAL SIGNIFICANCES OF MEANING DYADS**

It was discovered that the lecturer had divided by zero! The fraud was tarred and feathered, then run out of town on a rail. Oh, they were tough in those days!

Vladimir Huxley died in 1810. The Huxley Memorial Endowment follows the terms laid down in his will. It underwrites the residence, for a year at a time, of creative intellectuals who, in the world's estimation, have made substantial contributions to experimental aesthetics , artistic research, or theoretical culture. Recipients receive the stipend of a full professor, access to all facilities, and, apart from their slight contractual obligations, endless free time in which to follow their fancies in their unique quandry of disciplines. In exchange, a VHM Endowment fellow delivers two public lectures in each of the terms of his residence, and maintains at least 5 office hours a week for students during the school year.

" Granted that the foregoing teleological theorem of the cause and process of genius articulation is acceptable for understanding what Einstein means by man's 'doings' being motivated by either fear or longing; granted that genius is responsible for the progressive inventions by man; and granted that the genius, like all others, has to eat (economics), it becomes of interest, in a study of the vital motifs and trends underlying man's history to trace the patronage of the artist throughout the ages of our particular civilization."

-Nine Chains to the Moon; Buckminster Fuller

From the moment that Dr. Snew moved into his suite in the faculty quad the question “What’s new in Lamely?” could not only, for the first time in 200 years, be given a positive response, it became redundant! ²

The town's only newspaper, a rag read by nobody, named "*The Lamely, Weekly*" , printed its first headline since the Civil War. A dozen new faces were sighted on the streets of the downtown area. They did not stay for very long. Lamely's last hotel went out of business in 1730, 10 years before the arrival of its' patron genius.

Dr. Snew brought several unusual items with him, gathered from diverse regions of the globe for his manifold research interests. They provided much material for public curiosity and rumor in the diners, barbershops and poolrooms where public opinion is made . Included among them were: a painted, ornamented and jewel bedizened octopus tentacle in a tank of formaldehyde; an hourglass with sands that spontaneously and unpredictably flowed uphill, evidence for the fluctuations in the 2nd Law of Thermodynamics predicted by Ludwig Boltzmann; an anti-matter Geiger counter; the eraser from a pencil used by Albert Einstein in writing the drafts of his first paper on

²Our little jokes. Provincial way- stations like dear old Lamely cultivate a kind of humor that may not be very sophisticated, yet leaves a fond aftertaste of nostalgia in the hearts even of those fortunate enough to kick its' dust from their shoes, never to return.

relativity: a project that had engaged Dr. Snew's attention for many years was the deciphering of the fragmentary bits of equations embedded in its' eraser; a book that was locked up in the Mushposh Library's Limited Access Collection on the day of his arrival , a pornographic novel banned in all civilized nations that, in graphic detail , catalogued all the conceivable positions of coition to the points on the boundary of the Mandlebrot Set!

He also had in his possession an egg that grows real human hair!

Dr. Snew set a high value on this object. In his first Vladimir Huxley Memorial Lecture, he told the audience that its purpose was to refute the “egg-head” stereotype that the ignorant apply to intellectuals. “Behold!” he exclaimed, raising it above the podium and pointing to it with his right index finger : “ An egg is not necessarily bald; and a bald man - unless he be Humpty-Dumpty, a figment of the imagination invented by my late lamented colleague, Dr. Dodgson - is not an egghead!”

I knew that I wanted to consult with him privately about the difficulties I'd encountered in my long academic career. I soon realized, however, that he was very popular with both students and faculty, and that it would be impossible to see him for more than a few minutes during his posted office hours. When not required to be on hand, Snew shunned the campus like an embarrassing relative. I suspect that much of his time in North America was spent going to bookstores in the US and Canada to promote the sales of his novels. This led me to the devising of a

scheme for dropping in on him unexpectedly in his quarters . 6 months passed before it could be put into effect.

In the end it turned out to be remarkably simple. The night watchman of the faculty high-rise apartment building at the south-eastern rim of the Mushposh campus was known to belong to a familiar species of alcoholic, characterized by sociability and garrulousness. At the cost of a fifth of Scotch and an hour and a half of putting up with a stream of largely incomprehensible babble , I had the run of the building by midnight.

Dr. Snew was not in his suite, but the door was open and he'd left the lights on in his living-room; he was probably somewhere in the building. I began a search on all the floors which led to my discovery of him at work in a warehousing area taking up the north end of the basement. He was deeply engrossed in his work. Every square foot of this large expanse had been converted to serve some aspect of his multi-disciplinary research. Dr. Snew was seated on a high laboratory stool before a long vinyl-topped worktable overladen with books, glassware, electronics and other equipment. Leaning his paunch against the table, he was peering through his plate-glass spectacles , by the dim light of a neon fixture loosely dangling from the ceiling , into the objective of a microscope . Though advanced in years , his brow deeply furrowed , almost bald with a bit of grey around the temples , and decidedly overweight, Dr. Snew remained active and alert, from what I could judge, altogether in excellent health. A delicately trimmed goatee, groomed sideburns and floppy blue beret rakishly cocked over his left ear

gave him the appearance of an Impressionist painter.

Hearing the sound of footsteps entering the room Dr. Snew started up out of his seat. Surprise quickly gave way to annoyance when he turned around to confront me. My presence was acknowledged with a shrug and a deep sigh. He knew, of course, why I'd come.

“ I must say”, he grumbled. lifting himself off his stool, “Your sort has persistence!”

I emitted the silly, self-deprecating laugh that is one of my recognizable characteristics.

“ I will grant you a *very* brief interview”, he went on. glancing compulsively at his watch , “on the condition however that you promise me that you will not encourage any other friends of yours to disturb me after midnight.”

Feeling very much like an intruder , I turned around as if to leave. But he raised his voice, calling me back :

“ Please don't go away! You're here already! For the moment I must admit I'm rather relieved to have somebody with whom I can have a chat . The work I am doing”, he rubbed at his eye sockets and yanked his jowls, “ is very strenuous.”

He waved me onto a high stool identical to his own, at the right side of the worktable. From my new vantage I could now distinguish the individual items around the room. It was cluttered without being disorderly, intimate without being cramped, with additional elements of excitement provided by the sounds of trains and river boats, the noise of distant traffic and

the night's impenetrable opacity entering in through the rows of rectangular windows along the sides and at the far end of the basement. Although the racket produced by steam and hot water burbling through the pipes made me feel we were under machine gun fire , I soon ceased to notice it.

At the upper left hand corner of the room stood a writing desk . In various places I discerned a large freezer, a desk computer, an oscilloscope, a Warburg spectrometer, the anti-matter Geiger counter, a refrigerator, a large bottle of distilled water, a tuba, a harpsichord, a bazooka, a scrambled pile of the kind of junk one might pick up at a garage sale, numerous gadgets whose function I could not identify, and rows of opened and unopened boxes. Barely visible in the dense shadows around the back wall I recognized the outline of an electron microscope. The wall to my left was completely covered from floor to ceiling with files, books, journals, reprints and papers.

My curiosity was aroused by the presence of a strong and repellent odor, quite unlike anything I've ever encountered before or since. To feign ignorance of this horrible odor was impossible. Dr. Snew, the epitome of refined academic courtesy at its height, observed my discomfiture at once and quickly identified its source.

“Oh , I *am* terribly sorry.” Snew walked to the front of the room and soon returned, bearing the jewel-encrusted octopus arm, now in an

advanced state of decay. I nearly fainted with the stench. With the adroitness of much experience he wrapped it in aluminum foil, then put the package into the freezer.

“ I’d forgotten that visitors aren’t used to the smell. I don't notice it anymore.”

“ Does that tentacle figure in one of your experiments , sir?”

“ Indeed it does, young man: I’m investigating the decomposition of a work of art!”

As he spoke, I realized that Dr. Snew was glaring at me with a fascination amounting to obsession. Springing with alacrity off his stool , he quickly walked over to me . What he did next mystifies me to this day. Using the thumb and forefinger of his left hand he grasped me on the scalp and below the nose. Then he circled about me a quarter turn and squeezed my temples between his right hand fingers . Twisting my head to the left, Snew stared into my eyes for an intolerable length of time. Letting go with the left hand, he started tapping on the apex of my skull with the middle finger's foreknuckle. The reverberation resembled that of a struck wood block. He kept repeating this operation.

With each tap of his knuckle on my scalp, a smile spread broadly across his face. Finally he released my head, thereby earning my gratitude, as my neck was nearly broken. After which he walked , rather he waltzed back to his side of the table , with something excessively smug spread, like cream cheese on a bagel, over his features, chuckling softly to himself as from some private joke. He climbed back onto his perch and resumed his intent and embarrassing, though I would say not unfriendly stare. From his

confused mumbling and giggling I was able to extract a reference every now and then to “ *...457 cycles...* ”. Whatever the meaning of that odd remark, I'd passed the test; or so I imagined. As I watched him with some anxiety, it seemed as if a black cloud of doubt at the back of his eyes had crossed over from the right side to the left side of the brain.

“ I must ask you this in all seriousness”

The venerable Dr. Ignatius Y. Snew placed a forefinger to his lips to indicate silence. A quiver rolled through his wise and beady eyes, and an isolated strand of hair at the top of his head unraveled and fell over to the right. He leaned backwards on his stool, pressing his spine against the edge of the table while continuing to regard me fixedly in a haughty manner. The execution of a quick 180° maneuver left me with a full view of his back and nothing else. Slowly he twisted his head to the left and, like a guerrilla peeping out of the jungle, glared at me over his shoulder.

Once again emitting an exclamation of delight, Snew twirled around and around on his stool while clapping his hands, as if he'd found the merriest sport known to man! Then he stopped abruptly and looked me square in the face. With his right hand he covered his mouth and scratched his sideburn with its' thumb. Then he said:

“ What I must absolutely know is this: Are you a Philistine?”

Again the upraised finger to the lips!

“ You’re going to have to answer my questions. I won’t talk to you if you’re a Philistine. To begin with, you’ve got to tell me all that you know about the parity non-conservation experiment of Lee and Yang.”

My state of panic was complete:

“ Ha, ha!” I cried, “Ho, ho ho! Well, sir, as they say: parity begins at home! ... and take my word for it , non-conservation may be bad for the economy, but I don’t scare easily ! I’m ready for anything! “ (followed by a fit of laughter) “ And that goes around twice for microcosms ! If you ask me, people who don’t know a boson from a fermion shouldn’t be in the civil service! Not in this high tech world, with competition from the Japanese ! Am I right now? And between you, me and the cyclotron , I don’t care it if was Lee and Yang, or Crick and Watson, or Abbot and Costello! Basic science is a discipline, my honest fellow! A discipline! Not a circus act! Ha, ha, ha!!!.”

I crumpled forwards on my stool . Sweat poured from my brow and my limbs trembled. My fear of giving the wrong answer had spent my forces , and I lay across the table, gasping for breath. Dr. Snew went on placidly observing me with a mixture of curiosity, suspicion and amusement, like some fascinating species of bug.

“That reply...will do “, he said at last, with a separate emphasis on each word, “ You may in fact not be a Philistine after all. Tell me you're not the kind who's likely to be steeped in Wagnerian opera, are you? In that case , let me remind you that

in the first act of *Siegfried* , Mime must give correct answers to each of Wotan's three questions. Do you know why?

"No." I whined in a pitiable whisper

" To save his head!" As an after-thought he added, "He fails, of course."

There was something so sinister in this remark, particularly in the way the hiss preceding the final syllable combined with the flinty gleam in Snew's eyes, that I gripped the lapels of my jacket with both hands and steeled myself to fight for my life, if necessary . Oblivious to my distress , Snew went on:

" My next question is this: Trace the evolution of the interior monologue in the modern novel , from Marcel Proust's *Du Côté de Chez Swann* , to the magical realism of Carlos Fuentes in , say, Part II of *Terra Nostra* . Or you can use Part I, I don't care. Don't Mime your words! Wotan knows! Tralala!"

" There is no interior monologue", I howled, " Interior and exterior designate the alternatives of a false dichotomy in an incompletely formalized metatheory! There is likewise no exterior monologue either! Between monologue and dialogue there is little choice; even less is there to be found any real difference between C.P. Snow and Humphrey Bogart ! "

This last observation threw the elderly savant into a dither.

" That's radical thought!" he muttered, "Radical...457 cycles... exterior monologue... interior monologue no exterior, no interiormonologue, dialogue...Bogart, Snow ., my word; what would Sir Peter Medawar say to all this? "

Snew stumbled off his stool and shambled to his desk; whereupon he threw himself into a swivel chair, opened a journal and began, in a wild frenzy of creativity, whirling in dervishlike fashion, to write. His head bobbed up and down like someone drowning, and he shouted:

“You’re going to be in a book of mine! C.P. Snow is no different from Humphrey Bogart! That’s priceless! Magnificent! My God, sir...that’s stupendous!”

Over the next hour Snew's pen did not once stop moving. I fidgeted in my seat, spellbound, afraid to move or utter a word. At last his inspiration peaked. He lowered his arms to his side and bowed his head, drained of energy; nothing remained to be said. Removing his reading glasses, he wiped them with a piece of silicon tissue and put them away. With a fatherly sigh he heaved his pachydermous bulk out of the swivel chair and tottered back to his laboratory stool.

“Is that how you write all your books?” I asked him, after he was again seated.

“That’s right. I write up conversations like ours in my notebooks. Then I shuffle the sketches together in a pile, call the whole thing a novel and contact my publisher.”

“How would you characterize your method? As a form of improvisation?”

“Why of course, young man! Isn’t that the avant-garde trend? That’s how I really think of myself: as an avant-garde artist! *Chance must rule: Reason can at most supervise.* Remember that!

Remember that, young man! It may be the most valuable thing I can teach you!"

I. Y. Snew then turned his back to me and, as if I no longer existed, resumed looking through the microscope. Like a dense fog that, without warning but from conditions already present in the atmosphere, arises to blot out the sun, a reactive cloud of confusion had been stirred up by his hour of compulsive writing. It manifested itself in the aimless manner in which he shuffled his papers, as well as in the performance of an incredible number of small superfluous gestures. Every bodily motion came pre-embalmed in its aura of purposelessness. He was having such trouble concentrating, that the thought crossed my mind that it might help him if I showed an interest in his work. Meekly I muttered:

" Dr. Snew: can I see what you've got under the microscope?"

Honestly, the eminent doctor shot bolt upright as if his bottom had hit a tack! Through my indiscretion his morass of befuddlement had merely been replaced by a fixation on some horrible thought. He sat immobile, bobbing his head in Lissajous figures , staring wildly into space.

I waited for him to return to an awareness of his surroundings; which he did, eventually , with something of a crash, slamming his elbows onto the table and burying his overwrought brow in his hands. For a long time he held this posture, his body rocking in mute anguish.

Suddenly I realized that without my noticing it he had locked his head in the crook of his left elbow and that his swollen eyes were glowering at me from the center of his face. Never had I seen anything so baleful!

‘ You appear to have forgotten, darling, that you haven’t answered my third question!’

Dr. Snew raised his head, pulled himself erect, gesticulated erratically in the air with the fingers of both hands like a drunk conductor and sighed, as if his unique burden of cares rendered him the most miserable of men:

“ I will not talk with a Philistine. Any person who hasn’t heard of the Lee and Yang parity non-conservation experiment is a Philistine. If you can't carry on a discussion with me about the Second Law of Thermodynamics, you're a total wash-up in my book. Any member of our God-forsaken species who cannot explain upon cross examination the difference between the interior monologues of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce is a Philistine. Your final remarks, sir, were most perplexing: for if Humphrey Bogart be no different from C.P. Snow , then how, I ask you, is Ignatius Y. Snew different fromwell.... Kermit the frog!! How indeed!!” he groaned aloud.

Just watching him moved me almost to tears. The poor man groped about the books on his worktable, coughing, moaning, shaking his head to the sound of somebody's Requiem in his inner ear.

“ Dr Snew!” , I yelled, " get a grip on yourself! You’re a famous

man! If you belittle yourself, take some thought for the world, that reveres you! Can you imagine Leonardo DaVinci carrying on like you're doing? Pythagorus? Blaise Pascal? Benjamin Franklin? Vladimir Huxley? For shame, sir! Why, what you're doing is cowardice! That's all it is, sir: arrant cowardice! It is your part to lug the burden of fame on your shoulders every day of your life; do it like a man!"

This reproach brought him to his senses. His eyes twinkled and color returned to his cheeks. Perky as ever, he pulled himself upright on his laboratory stool.

"Are you now ready young man", he asked. "for my third question? "

I'd thought he'd forgotten all about that. My blood froze .

"My third question is this: How may we best supplant the pseudo-aestheticism infecting the spiritual consciousness of the West, emanating for the most part from the stew-pots of the Parisian Left Bank, by edifying Analytic Empiricism, while at the same time avoiding the Socialist Realism bugaboo of the Marxist-Bolshevists?"

Asking me about my politics gets my hackles up. Seeing my resistance stiffen, Dr. Snew wagged his right forefinger in my face like a puppy-dog's tail:

"I might as well let you know that I'm constantly being plagued by unwelcome interruptions from Philistines.

Philistines! Parlour

Pinks! Trots! Green Revolutionists! Ban the Bomb fanatics!

Pseudo-

aesthetes! Do-gooders of every stripe and complexion! Just so much wretched rabble, sir, who accumulate on my doorsteps like the cans of garbage during a dustman's strike! Answer me! Answer me, young man, or", he winked , " by Wotan: I'll have your head! Tra-La-La!"

A thrill of pure terror coursed unalloyed through vein, lymph node and synapse. One and only one answer would do. That I was sure of. That and nothing else.

By good fortune it was my very state of gawking muteness that saved me. With paralyzed tongue and mouth open, staring moronically at his lips I began , through an automatic locking of kinematic responses, to emit the same phonemes as he did. " *...iPTTEhhh...* " Dr. Snew leaned into to my face to coax the sound from my glottal depths:

".....*ECCHHhhh.....* ". His 'ech' sounded more like 'eschhh'

".....*NNNAHHHHHHHH.....* " In my insensibly terrorized state it seemed as if I would never let go of this nasal hum. However, Snew himself broke the feedback overload by screaming out the rest of the word: "... SOPHY!"

My jaws shut down with such force that they locked. Snew helped me pry them apart with a serving spoon.

"That's right, darling! That's right my good man! Hurrah! Bravo!"

The sagacious Dr. Snew did a little hornpipe, chewing like a ghoulish on the piece of elastic which served to connect the arms of his glasses around the back of his skull:

**“TECHNOSOPHY! TECHNOSOPHY! TECHNOSOPHY!
The salvation of the world!”**

Snew brought his dance to an end and returned to his stool. His manner had once again become friendly:

“ Isn't it about time you told me your name? I find you particularly apt. If you care to listen, I can teach you something of the greatest importance. I very much doubt I'm going to find anyone else in this educational shantytown who could begin to understand it.”

“My name's Modus Ponens.”

"Your middle name?"

" That's been excluded.”

" Obviously.” We both chuckled

“Very well, Modus , tell me something about yourself.”

“Dr. Snew: I'm what they call a burnt-out case. Within the last two decades I've majored in almost every degree program offered at Mushposh; no mean accomplishment since, as you know, every course is obliged to incorporate two or more unconnected disciplines.

My studies began in 1963 when I enrolled in Cybernetic Choreography; within a year I'd changed my major to Algebraic Politics . I flunked out at the end of that year and went to work as a poolroom attendant. In 1967 I re-enrolled, determined to excel in Linguistic Sculpture. I soon got sidetracked into Phonemic

Lithography, which , despite superficial resemblance's , is a completely different subject. In the Spring Term I took a leave of absence to avoid flunking out a second time. This pattern has been repeated, with only minor variations, half a dozen times since then. Not only don't I have a degree after all this time, none of my credits can be applied to any degree I may want to acquire in the future.

All my education's done for me is to make me unemployable. I'm unable to relate anymore to the people I used to work with in drugstores, poolrooms, five and dimes, greasy diners and so on: we've got nothing to talk about and I'm totally intolerant of their mores. Yet I've got no training for doing anything else.

Nor can I strike out on my own: I know a little bit about a whole lot of things and can't apply any of it. I'm doomed, Dr. Snew - doomed! I'm going to remain on South Carolina's welfare rolls for the rest of my life! ”

Even as I spoke, the smile on Ignatius Y Snew's face grew until it lay in his face like a jolly crescent moon above the sands of the Gobi Desert. Evidently he was proud of my dismal history of failure!

“Good!”, Snew cried, “Very good! Very, very good indeed! Modus : I do believe , more and more, that you're the only person I'm going to encounter during my stay here who will prove not to be a total waste of my , (that is to say mankind's) , valuable time. I 'm going to explain to you why you aren't a failure. Modus! Listen to me! You aren't even an ...er...'burnt-out case', a quaint Americanism, I dare say. Yes sir! Yes

indeed.....That poor man, Modus Ponens, is , unknowingly, merely the victim of the staggering burden of the dire *two cultures dilemma* ³ now confronting Modern Man...threatening him with extinction itself, lest he mend his ways!”

Dr. Snew remarked that he was feeling a bit hungry. He gave me some money and sent me out across campus to the New York Deli a few blocks away to pick up sodas for both of us and a cornbeef sandwich for himself . This errand consumed the better part of an hour.

When I returned it was to find the learned Snew once again hunched intently over his microscope. So absorbed was he in his work that he didn't hear my footsteps when I entered the room. Nor did he notice that I had resumed my place on the high stool to his left. His reaction of shock when he lifted his head and saw me sitting there took me completely by surprise. With his right index finger he pushed his glasses up onto the bridge of his nose ; then he squinted at me with suspicion. His tone of voice was hostile and vaguely confused:

“ Whom might YOU be?”

Had he tried to strangle me with the octopus tentacle, I could not have been more astonished.

³ (Editor's Note: The 'two cultures' as defined by C.P. Snow, are the arts and science, though he is really talking about literary people and physicists. The 'two cultures dilemma' is the apparent lack of communication between them.)

" Surely you remember me, Dr. Snew ! Weren't we having a conversation here less than an hour ago? "

"What's that? An hour ago? That's irrelevant! "Time" isn't one of my scientific interests , young man! An hour; a year; a century! So what? Empires can crumble in half an hour! Monsters can be conceived", I distinctly saw him shudder, " in a few short minutes! I haven't the foggiest notion of who you are! Furthermore, I consider it most impertinent for you to be disturbing me at this late hour while I'm engaged in research of vital importance to civilization's survival into the next century !"

"Dr. Snew!", I implored, "Surely you remember you sent me out to get you a cornbeef sandwich?"

"Well? Where is it? Give it to me!" Snew's outstretched fingers reached greedily for the package, which he yanked out of my hands and tore apart with animal savagery. Even as he stuffed the sandwich down his throat, the flow of his conversation continued uninterrupted :

" Sir ! You don't seem to realize that, granted you were conversing with me within this past hour, (which I very much doubt) , and supposing, in theory, that I did send you out on some sort of errand, which may even have been to get this sandwich... why, hang it , man! All this is besides the point, don't you see? You conjure up no mental image, I don't know you from Hammurabi! I observe somewhat lazy and dissipated features, vaguely hominid if I may say so; I've the impression you're a harmless sort, and so on. But you may very well be quite

different from the person you claim to be - for all the difference that would make! "

"What person are you referring to, Dr. Snew?"

" Weren't we just talking about him? " He sat there and stared at me , momentarily perplexed.

"Well; never mind. Just give me your name and I'll report you to Public Safety. " I slouched against the wall , realizing once again the impossibility of getting out from under the authorities of Mushposh. My sense of defeat was total.

" Your name, sir? Your name! Come on, out with it."

" Modus Ponens."

Snew tossed his pencil into the air. It flew across the room and embedded itself in the scalp of the hairy egghead :

"Modus

Ponens! Why the hell didn't you say so in the first place?"

" Picture yourself being stuck on the *Pons Asinorum* . "

"Very good, sir, very good. Here. Take the pickle; I never eat it." Snew enlisted my admiration by picking up our conversation where we'd left off:

" Vladimir Huxley is of indisputable greatness. The fact remains that there is no longer any correspondence between his ideas and those of the world we live in - nor has there been for a century or more. Modern Man simply doesn't employ those things they used to call 'ideas' in his thinking anymore. The modern equivalent to an idea could be called something like an - er - 'schizophrenia'. We must applaud Vladimir Huxley's noble effort to bring unity into the thought of the Enlightenment; our

desperate need today is for a '*unification of the schizophrenias.*'
"

I reached for a pen and paper:

" Dr. Snew; do you mind if I start taking this down? I might be able to get an article into the student newspaper."

" Go right ahead. Only if you want to quote from my books you've

got to contact my publishers. Let's go on. Where was I?"

"You were talking about Huxley's inappropriateness to the modern day."

" Yes - good - thank you. Mushposh reached its apogee in or around 1859, the year of the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of the Species' . In those days, it smacked of genius to require every teaching candidate to deliver a long-winded lecture on his subject in the language of another subject.

We've come a long way since then, baby! Modern avant-garde thinking has depreciated the market value of antiquated views like Huxley's to virtually nil. Today we're dealing with notions such as *arming for war ; prosperity through spending ; balancing the budget through lower taxes ; minus matter bubbles in empty space ; exotic statistics ; negative capability; unconscious pain ; wave-particles ; dictatorship of the proletariat; criminal justice; substance abuse ; feasible deniability.....* you know what I mean.

Hang it, man! Mushposh doesn't live in reality! One has a right to expect much more from today's professoriat than what was required in the 18th century! This is how it ought to be done:

anyone applying for a university faculty position will have to be able to deliver a paper in his discipline *as if he in fact believes it to a paper in some totally unrelated discipline !*

My novels are a good example: I don't give a hoot when some critic disparages their artistic merit , knowing as I do that what I'm writing is really science. And what difference can it make to me if their veracity is thoroughly debunked? Works of art are not required to be historically accurate! If you want to criticize me seriously , you must attack the integrity of my schizophrenic delusion that I'm producing art while in fact I'm really doing science or the contrapositive ! D'you get my drift?"

I nodded in dumb amazement. Never had I hoped to encounter an intellect of such dazzling brilliance.

" Modus! Master the art/science of technosophy ! Technosophy is... (I take note of your astonishment; you're in good company . I obtained much the same reaction when I walked about the high table at Cambridge asking the so-called scientists if they had anything to say about the historic role of T.E. Hulme in the creation of Imagist verse) a neologism, an oxymoron, a portmanteau, a coinage of my own crafting , combining the Greek “..techne” , manufacture, with – “sophos” , that is to say, wisdom.

You're witnessing an example of technosophy at work. You've no doubt figured out , my boy, what I'd doing with this microscope?"

" Microbiology...or could it be 'Bacterial Epistemology ' ? "

" Nonsense , old chap! Have you really noticed nothing at all since coming into my studio? What about this?" Snew crooked a finger up towards his floppy beret, "Or these? Ho, ho!" He tugged at his goatee and frisked his sideburns.

I shook my head in mute incomprehension. Snew stretched forth his hands in a gesture of eloquence and cried:

" I'M PAINTING ! In the new way, the avant-garde way, the only really modern way to paint! Modus; come over here and take a look. "

Snew pushed aside a stack of calculations and graphs to make it easier for me to look through his microscope. He alighted from his stool and I climbed up onto it. Staring into the eyepiece for several minutes I could discover nothing more than mobs of bacilli squirming about in some nutrient medium. The look of sheepish despair with which I turned to Dr. Snew brought forth a gale of laughter.

"Well, what is it, Modus Ponens? What is it ? Come on! Out with it!"

I shrugged obsequiously: "Dr. Snew: I've no idea how painting comes into what I've seen you doing."

"Well, it's useful, isn't it?"

" I suppose so, but..."

" Then it's far in advance of painting, let me tell you!

Research like

mine would have done more to reduce the infant mortality rate of the 18th century than any pursuit hitherto designated as painting!"

"But, sir, speaking with all due respect, that doesn't make it..."

" Now, now Modus: this *is* painting, radically modern painting . Your confusion stems from pre-conceived notions of the true goals of Art. You still believe that people paint, (or compose music, or write poetry, or whatever), because they want to produce an object called a painting, a symphony, a sonnet, and so forth. That kind of thinking, I'm very much afraid, is fundamentally flawed. The *real* purpose of these pursuits is to enable the person who does them to IMAGINE himself a "painter", "composer" , "poet" , and the like ."

Like a Bacchic gnome, Snew raised two fingers on each hand to indicate quotation marks.

" *Quel malheur!* Such activities in the past had never been of any use to anyone. This is the VERY ESSENCE of the Two Cultures Dilemma! Just imagine it, Modus: if Rembrandt had used those magnificent eyes God gave him to peer through van Leeuwenhook's magnifying lenses, instead of wasting humanity's time in the production of useless paintings, merely because of his immature need to say to his friends, " I am a painter!" ... When I think of those millions of wretches dying of tuberculosis, merely so that this one man could gratify his ego fantasies!!!" Snew blubbered: a mixture of agony and mucus clogged his windpipe.

" Pardon me, Modus." Snew dashed to the other end of the room and vomited into the sink. I went over to assist him but he pushed me away.

" No need. Modus! No need", he muttered, " It must have been the cole slaw. "

He got back up on his seat and sat there for awhile, abstracted and dazed . Then he picked up where he'd left off:

" The great beauty, Modus, of applied technosophy is that normal human beings can derive all the ego-gratification required to maintain themselves in a state of happiness, while at the same time doing something that's of some real value to the human race, finding a cure for cancer, building bridges, draining swamps: things like that. The enlightened two-cultured being of the future world utopia will believe that Mathematics is Poetry, Computer Programming is Dance, Biology Painting, Chemistry Music, Engineering Sculpture..."

" My God, Snew!" I cried, " That sounds like the extinction of all the arts!"

" Not the extinction, darling! Far from it! The fulfillment! Your name may be Modus, but your ideas are terribly outmoded. Just imagine: if Tennyson had believed that high finance was a form of poetry , the balance of payments quandary would have been laid to rest more than a century ago! - no World War I - no World War II - Universal Bliss! "

Snew gave me a genial wink, as if to indicate that I was not at all the failure I imagined myself to be, merely a talented soul who'd fallen victim to the evils of bureaucracy .

" Now you see , Modus, why you've flunked out of Mushposh time and again. The educational philosophy of this once great institution derives from utter ignorance of the great truths of technosophy. What was that subject you were telling me about? Cybernetic Choreography? I sat in on a few classes in that subject shortly after my arrival. Finally I got up and walked out, sadly shaking my head. As it's taught at Mushposh, it appears to be an attempt to apply Norbert Wiener's - (yet another unfortunate victim of the two-cultures divide , I'm afraid . A regular fellow by the way; we've often chug-a-lugged together) - cybernetics to ballet and modern dance.

That's thoroughly wrong-headed! What the truly cultivated man of today needs to do *is to convince himself that, even though he is working for an insurance company as a computer scientist, he is every bit as much of a dancer as Baryshnikov* ! The sweeping socio-economic revolution proclaimed by technosophy may be summarized as follows:

All engineering schools should be labeled art schools ; all art schools should train engineers. All medical schools should call themselves conservatories ; all conservatories should be teaching their students to become medical technicians . All..... .. but you get my meaning.

"Your ideas are bound to encounter considerable opposition at Mushposh; after someone graduates from here he's not able to do anything. "

" Yes, I'm well aware of that. I've already been the recipient of more than my share of dim-witted prejudice . Mushposh

University is the ultimate case history of an academic backwater. Mind you, some wonderful work has been done here, and still is being done. None of it addresses the requirements for a modern society. Let's stick with the example of Cybernetic Choreography: for the first two years, students translate all of the classic choreographies from Labanotation into Fortran. Then computers cut them up and paste the pieces into myriad permutations and combinations, subject to constraints based on the current fashions in aesthetics. One can be certain that any choreography deconstructed and reconstructed by these means will never be accepted as a thesis unless it is completely undanceable by any human being, past, present or future."

"I'm beginning to understand you, Dr. Snew. You believe that the students in Cybernetic Choreography ought to be producing dances that *can* be performed!"

"Nonsense, my boy! You haven't understood a thing I've said: *everything* about Cybernetic Choreography reeks of the Ivory Tower. The realistic approach to this subject is this: the teacher takes the class down to a computer center with a program for processing air pollution statistics in some major city over the last 25 years. As the computer crunches the numbers, the entire class dances "Appalachian Spring" in front of it!"

"Don't you think 'The Golden Calf' would be more appropriate?"

"Golden Calf? Golden Calf? Are you talking about Arnold Schoenberg's modernist rubbish? What's it got to do with this? What the deuce are you talking about, young man? You know,

Modus, the way your generation thinks remains a complete mystery to me! Well: what d’ya think of my ideas?

" Dr. Snew; they are breath-taking! I feel as if I'm on the cutting-edge of knowledge. They're bound to be immensely helpful to me. Before I go I want you to know how grateful ..."

" Oh, Modus! Please don't go! Not just yet. I work so hard and there are so few people I can talk to. You're probably finding all this talk about such weighty matters of philosophy just a bit boring. I agree! Even a great artistic mind ⁴ like mine wearies from too much dedication to its mission in life. Let's make - small talk! Nothing in the world so refreshes me as academic gossip. Tell me about some of your local scandals."

This request from the learned doctor took me completely by surprise.

“Well, Dr. Snew: hardly anything ever happens in Lamely. There’s only been one really big scandal here in the last two hundred years: Vladimir Huxley’s lightning experiment. Even that happened over in Siberia before coming here.”

“ That sounds fine. I don’t know a thing about it. Tell me more .”

" Vladimir Huxley came to Lamely from Novaya Zemlya in 1753..."

“ That much I already know. Go on. ”

“ It’s commonly believed that the real cause of his exile was some impropriety involving a young actress.”

⁴ ho,ho!-raised index finger

Snew's face dropped a foot: " An actress? What kind of actress? Where was she from?"

" The biographies state that her home was in London... "

"English!" he rasped. " No! That's impossible!" In his excitement Dr. Snew knocked over the microscope , spilling the Petri dish and all its contents onto the floor.

" That has to be impossible! But Modus...tell me: what sorts of roles did she play?"

"The way the story goes, she was celebrated for her performances as Ophelia.."

Dr. Ignatius Y. Snew emitted a blood-curdling wail that froze me to my seat:

"Then it's true!" he cried. He tore off his glasses, jumped off the stool and stumbled erratically about the room, colliding into pillars, chairs, the freezer, the electron microscope, falling into the harpsichord, kicking at the boxes and the piles of junk. Collapsing over the worktable he sobbed:

" There's no hope...absolutely no hope at all.."

As I had not the slightest idea of what had occasioned this new fit I could do nothing but allow it , as with all the others, to pass over in its own time. Snew raised his tear-streaked face from the tabletop and turned to me, begging for mercy:

" Modus, you've got to help me! Please !..."

"You must tell me what's the matter, Dr. Snew. Couldn't it just be a figment of your imagination? "

“Out of the question! It all fits in too perfectly. The truth must be known. THE TRUTH MUST BE KNOWN , MODUS PONENS, AND THE TRUTH SHALL BE KNOWN! ”

Dr. Snew stood up and strode over to me. Seizing me by the lapels of my jacket he screamed into my ear:

“VLADIMIR HUXLEY IS MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT- GREAT- GREAT-GRANDFATHER!!!”

I fell back into my chair, stunned. Not because of his revelation; I was afraid he'd broken my right eardrum. When I realized I wasn't injured, I feebly croaked: “That's ridiculous, Snew! Vladimir Huxley is the closest relative to the famous English Huxleys on the Russian side of the family.”

“ Young man”, Snew barked, professorially jabbing his octopus- slime encrusted index finger at my eyes:

“Vladimir Huxley is the most direct ancestor of the Snews on the *Eskimo* side of the family! I've only just now learned it from you. I'll explain everything.”

Snew walked to the refrigerator and threw open the door. After a certain amount of digging about inside he returned with a wide-bellied bottle that he held up to the light. Within , preserved in formaldehyde, lay a foetus. Snew held the bottle up to the light and tapped it with a blackboard pointer:

“ *This !* ” he cried, glowering in morbid triumph, “*This* is the child of Vladimir Huxley by that English actress!”

I pressed my temples between my hands. The room was spinning around me:

“ Dr. Snew! You must explain everything to me before I go mad!”

He spoke to me in a low voice, in tones of strictest confidence, interrupting his discourse at frequent intervals to compel me to an oath of confidentiality.⁵

While he spoke the bottle rested upon his knee. At key moments, when his discourse became unusually animated, the bottle’s contents were shaken with such vehemence that the limbs and body of the ancient corpse did a kind of minuet around the fluid. How fortunate it was that he, and not I, who had eaten the greasy cornbeef sandwich!

“ Very few persons”, he began, “ know the real reason for Vladimir Huxley’s sudden departure from the idyllic life he’d made for himself among the Eskimos of Novaya Zemlya: that ‘lightning experiment’ is a real corker of a euphemism ! Huxley lorded it over the natives for many years as an all-powerful medicine man , thereby providing himself with the wealth and leisure required for the tranquil pursuit of the life of an artist/scientist. The great project on which he worked unremittingly for 10 years *was the artificial creation, through a combination of scientific, artistic and magical means, of a living being !*

“A year or so before he fled”, Snew rattled the foetus with such violence that my stomach turned over, “ He had perfected

⁵Under the circumstances, I have seen fit to break this trust.

the complex technology required for the *in vitro* creation of a humanoid entity. Yet *Vladi'mir Hux'ley*, (he lay emphasis on every syllable), a scientist to the manner born if there ever was one, momentarily hesitated before the realization of his dreams. ”

Ignatius Y. Snew bent over and whispered in my ear: “*He needed a control!*”

The blood drained from my face. The horror of that moment has not left me to this day.

-”a child created *within a living womb* using the methods he'd developed, to compare to his other, autonomously conceived creature ! From what you've just told me, it was this English actress who conspired with him in the production of this control experiment. Alas! Alas!!! Huxley was forced to flee Novaya Zemlya before he could realize the fruits of her labor! He was never to learn that his control experiment never went further than this bottle which I am holding up to you in my hands at this very moment. It was not, therefore , his liaison with the actress that was the cause of his being hounded from the island, but the existence of his artificially created Frankenstein monster, christened Yevgeny.

Yevgeny was human in shape only, and that but a caricature. The old chronicles state that his gaze alone sufficed to cause miscarriages and cardiac arrest . Yet he was of a superior intelligence, owing to genes installed in him by his maker, the so-called *two-cultures genes* .

So great among the Eskimos was the awe in which Huxley was held that it was only after *he had kidnapped a woman of the*

tribe and forced her to submit to Yevgeny - (Ah! the scientific integrity of that great man!) - that a mob of enraged hunters drove him onto an ice raft in the Matochkin Shar, with only a plank torn from the floor of his laboratory to use as a paddle. The child of this union - that of Yevgeny and the tribeswoman - was passably human , and was adopted by the English actress who took her back home with her when the troupe set sail in the late spring.

I am the direct descendent of the son of Yevgeny. The name Huxley was Anglicized to Huxlew, then later shortened to Slew. Somewhere in the 19th century it became Snew.”

All of this sounded so incredible to me that, unless he were making fun of me, he had to be raving mad.

“ Very well, Dr. Snew; but then how do you account for all those other Huxleys: Thomas, Leonard, Aldous, Julian, etc...? ”

“That’s it! That’s the whole point Modus!”, he cried out pitifully,

“Don’t you see?”

“ I’m sorry , Snew, but what you’re saying makes no sense to me whatsoever.”

“ Don’t you see? This actress figures in the genealogical tree of the English Huxleys. Yet, since this pickled foetus is also unquestionably hers, and it is well established that I am Yevgeny’s direct descendent, then it must be the case that they are descended from....from.....from...”

“ FROM WHOM, DR. SNEW? FROM WHOM?”

**“ FROM VLACHESLAV! VLACHESLAV
VLADIMIROVITCH HUXLEY ! But he died! He must have died!
Unless... she brought him to England... and the records were
destroyed...and...and...But don't you understand,
Modus?...THEY, TOO, HAVE THE GENES!! ”**

Snew's rantings were beginning to fall into place:

**“ You mean, Dr. Snew, that Vladimir Huxley also created ,
either directly in the laboratory, or indirectly through Yevgeny,
another proto- human named Vlacheslav, who, until this very
moment, you believed had not survived but who, you are now
convinced, was in fact the true original,
ancestor of the famous English Huxleys..”**

“ It must be so. But that means that....that....”

“ That what, Snew?”

**“ THAT I AM NOT THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD
TO POSSESS THE TWO CULTURES GENES!! Without which
one cannot be a true artist/ scientist! Or understand how Lee and
Yang's non-parity experiment is connected to the interior
monologue of James Joyce ! Or how technosophy will save the
world! Lacking which the Second Law of Thermodynamics ceases
to be a cultural paradigm! MY genes , squandered on the
Huxleys! Rivals to my transcendence! SHARERS OF THE
BLOOD OF THE MASTER RACE!!! ”**

**Blinded by rage, his mind in chaos, Dr. Snew roamed at
large about the basement . He pulled the fire-ax from the wall and
started to advance wickedly in my direction . I jumped up onto
his worktable and hurled myself through the windowpane. My**

last memory before losing consciousness was of the sound of shattering glass.

Two weeks later I emerged from my coma to find myself lying in a bed in Lamely General Hospital. Four months passed before I remembered that I had visited with Dr, Ignatius Y. Snew and began to recall parts of our conversation. He'd gone back to England by that time and I don't expect I'll be seeing him again. I consider this something of a personal loss, for I have a number of questions I'd very much like to ask him.

- Why have the family of Snew (Slew, Huxlew) preserved the stillborn remains of Vladimir Huxley's only *in vivo* experiment in a pickle bottle through almost three centuries?

-Can anyone not possessed of the two cultures genes hope to practice technosophy successfully?

-Did Vladimir Huxley create yet another creature right here in Lamely?

-If so, couldn't there be members of the master race of two-cultures -genes people now living in North America, or South Carolina, or even here in Lamely itself ?

AND THEREIN LIES THE TRUE HORROR ! Might it not be the case that ALL of us who dwell here in Lamely , South Carolina, on the banks of the Wheeze, are but the sons and daughters of (who can say how many?) monsters forged in the furnace of Vladimir Huxley's foaming genius?

#45...

#46...

#47...