



IV

HOW THINKING FEELS

WHAT IS AN INTELLECTUAL?



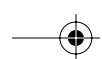
One of the major charges against intellectuals or intellectualism is that intellectuals are so unemotional as to be not quite human. It's not cool to be so cold.

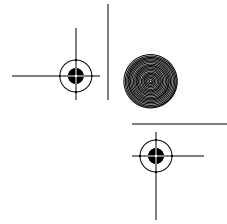
I scratch my head and ask, "Where did that come from?" Ideas turn me on. They excite me so much that sometimes I have to rise up and lay aside what I'm reading—a brilliant novel or work of philosophy, for example—because my emotional temperature is reaching boil. Is this odd? Not, I think, to most people who spend a lot of time thinking.

Scaling the Mountains of Truth

I have already quoted Newman on how the mind works. He is worth quoting again:

The mind ranges to and fro, and spreads out, and advances forward with a quickness which has become a proverb, and a subtlety and versatility which baffle investigation. It passes on from point to point,





gaining one by some indication; another on a probability; then availing itself of an association; then falling back on some received law; next seizing on testimony; then committing itself to some popular impression, or some inward instinct, or some obscure memory; and thus it makes progress not unlike a clamberer on a steep cliff, who, by quick eye, prompt hand, and firm foot, ascends how he knows not himself, by personal endowments and by practice, rather than by rule, leaving no track behind him, and unable to teach another. It is not too much to say that the stepping by which great geniuses scale the mountains of truth is as unsafe and precarious to men in general, as the ascent of a skilful mountaineer up a literal crag. It is a way which they alone can take; and its justification lies in their success. And such mainly is the way in which all men, gifted or not gifted, commonly reason,—not by rule, but by an inward faculty.¹

Newman catches the excitement that often comes with thinking: thinking hard is like mountain climbing—dangerous to the climber and his friends, but exhilarating. No seasoned mountain climbers let the fear of danger—the imminent possibility of reaching an uncross-

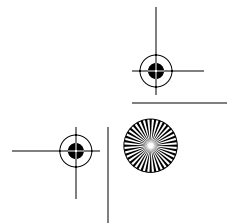
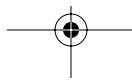
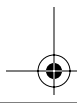
We can catch a glimpse of the working of our mind, vague and not much more satisfactory than was the X-ray screen twenty years ago, but its nature must remain a mystery among many other mysteries.

ERNEST DIMNET
The Art of Thinking

able ravine or looking up at the unscalable crag that blocks the way—keep them from the thrill of the ascent. Nor do any intellectuals—any regular thinkers—let the fear of error stop the pursuit of truth. Cold, are they? Yes, if you mean that they put aside the terror some feel in facing a tough problem. Unemotional? Not at all, at least not usually.

Joy is more often the emotion that characterizes serious intellectual endeavor. Listen to A. G. Sertillanges describe the intellectual at work:

The intellectual is not self-begotten; he is the son of the Idea, of the Truth of the creative Word, the Life-giver immanent in His creation.





When the thinker thinks rightly, he follows God step by step; he does not follow his own vain fancy. When he gropes and struggles in the effort of research, he is Jacob wrestling with the angel and “strong against God.”²

And listen as well to systematic theologian Ellen Charry of Princeton Seminary describe her student days at Temple University. She was studying the Augsburg Confession, puzzling over a concept that as a nonbeliever she found intriguing but hard to understand:

Justification by grace through faith . . . justification by grace through faith— what are they talking about? So I decided to try it on. I lifted my arms up and I put over me like a dress, the doctrine. I tried it on myself. It wasn’t just words. I tried it out. And I fell off the chair. It was in July, it was very hot; I was on the third floor in my study. . . . I tried it on like a dress, and I just fell over.³

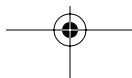
In this chapter I want to address directly *how thinking feels*. What characterizes the life of the mind? The method I here choose to answer this question is fraught with danger and the possibility of misunderstanding, for I will examine only one aspect of the life of the mind. I am going to cordon off the humming intellect from the re-

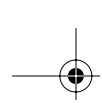
Vibrating strings . . . [make] others vibrate, and it is in this way that one idea calls up a second, and the two together a third, and all three a fourth, and so on; you can’t set a limit to the ideas called up and linked together by a philosopher meditating or communing with himself in silence and darkness. This instrument can make astonishing leaps, and one idea called up will sometimes start an harmonic at an incomprehensible interval.

DENIS DIDEROT
D’Alembert’s Dream

mainder of the human person, the thinker from the actor—even, to some extent, the activity of the mind from the quest for truth, the intellectual in general from the Christian intellectual.

Impossible, you say? In the final analysis, yes. The more I think about the connection between seeking truth and seeking the king-





dom of God, the more radically different—the more distinct from other intellectuals—the Christian intellectual becomes. Knowing and doing are so intimately related that if you do not act in the light

Ideas are not the sum and substance of thought; rather, thought is as much about the motion across the water as it is about the stepping stones that allow it. It is an intricate choreography of movement, transition, and repose, a revelation of the musculature of mind.

SVEN BIRKERTS
The Gutenberg Elegies

of what you claim to know, you do not really know it. Moreover, as Christians we know that what we believe to be true should be integrated into our lives. The Bible is replete with condemnations of hypocrisy.

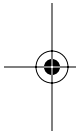
Still, one can distinguish without dividing, and that is what I hope to accomplish in this chapter. In the following chapter I will try to show how the life of the mind discussed here becomes a vital part of a full-orbed life in Christ.

The Life of the Mind

What, then, characterizes the life of the mind? What is it like to be an active thinker? Let us return to the definition of an *intellectual* I gave in chapter one.

An *intellectual* is one who loves ideas, is dedicated to clarifying them, developing them, criticizing them, turning them over and over, seeing their implications, stacking them atop one another, arranging them, sitting silent while new ideas pop up and old ones seem to rearrange themselves, playing with them, punning with their terminology, laughing at them, watching them clash, picking up the pieces, starting over, judging them, withholding judgment about them, changing them, bringing them into contact with their counterparts in other systems of thought, inviting them to dine and have a ball but also suiting them for service in workaday life.

Where in this definition, one might again ask, is “the pursuit of





truth"? Should it not be singled out as the first characteristic of an intellectual? Yes, if we were not to include in the class of intellectuals those "thinkers" who have abandoned this pursuit because they have lost hope either in finding truth or in the notion that such a thing as truth exists. We would have to exclude from the class of intellectuals figures from the past like Nietzsche and from the present such postmodern pundits as Richard Rorty. It is no use to point out that rejection of the notion of truth is self-contradictory or self-refuting: the attitude characterizes an important segment of thinking people. So to incorporate "the pursuit of truth," I prefer to let an adjective such as *Christian* or *Enlightenment* or *traditional* modify the word. The next chapter will pursue one such adjectival intellectual—the Christian intellectual.

Moreover, many who are not intellectuals also pursue the truth but do so from a stance of faith or an attitude of acceptance of an authority they trust to convey the truth. Many who devote themselves to a life of nonreflective faith do so because they are confident that their faith is justified by reality. They do not need to "think" or "reflect" profoundly to have truth high on their list of priorities. The

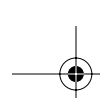
Can there exist pure knowledge without feeling, without that species of materiality which feeling lends to it? Do we not perhaps feel thought, and do we not feel ourselves in the act of knowing and willing?

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO
The Tragic Sense of Life

intellectual life, however, is one of whirring intellectual activity, a fusillade of firing neurons. "The brain is always working; the turbines that I desiderate exist, they turn, they set in motion a wheel-and-pinion system whence ideas fly like sparks from a dynamo at full pressure."⁴

That is what the above definition attempts to capture. It is a mind that, as Newman says, never stops ranging to and fro, never stops clambering up mountains. So let's look more closely at the mind in motion.





The Intellect in Love

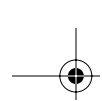
An intellectual is in love, in love with ideas. Everyone loves something. My wife loves trees and mushrooms.⁵ A forest for me is the panoramic vista, the play of color, light and shadow; a forest for her is the trees, even more, tree after tree, specific trees with technical names. The forest floor is a hotbed for mushrooms—fly aminitas, death caps, puff balls. My son loves the fine craftsmanship of wood-working and building construction. When we toured together a few museums in Europe, I perused the paintings; he feasted on the antique furniture. I saw the medieval architecture and thought about its history; he examined the machinery that hung the doors and thought about his own craft of cabinetmaking. Scientist and philosopher Michael Polanyi insists that “personal, intuitive ‘intellectual love’” is at the heart of science. Drusilla Scott summarizes his view, noting that intellectual love “belongs in the house of science in all its splendour, and if the rules don’t allow for it they will have to change.”⁶

Intellectuals qua intellectuals love ideas—all ideas, true ideas, false ideas, common ideas, odd ideas, simple ideas, profound ideas, exciting ideas, dull ideas, constructive ideas, devastating ideas. Show me an idea, the intellectual says, and I will salute it, deconstruct it, rebuild it, find its origin and predict its destiny. All the time there will be an excitement that in its quiet way—for the intellectual may all the while be sitting calmly—is like a sports lover’s emotions watching Michael Jordan slam-dunk the final winning basket. Outward calm masks internal turbulence. And all for love, love of ideas.

Take this description of Octavio Paz written by a friend in his memory not long after his death:

Conversation with him was a constant exploration. Although he did have the “irritable nature” that Horace ascribes to poets and was invariably serious about all issues, he could also show an almost childlike enthusiasm in the breadth and degree of his intellectual curiosity. Large themes fascinated him and he wrote about them at length: reflections on poetic creation and language; his vision of the





course of Western poetry from the enthusiasm of Romanticism to the ironic vision of the modern avant-garde, in which he compared not only works in different languages but placed them against the background of other, non-Western poetics; his thoughts on modern culture, politics, and society, always emphasizing the need for a careful, critical outlook on the world. And he was excited by new scientific discoveries or intellectual inquiries; the latest theory on the Big Bang, debates about the nature of the mind or the decipherment of the Mayan script. . . . Then unexpectedly—and the idea of “unexpectedly” signaled by a sudden change of gesture or of manner marks my memories of him—his conversation would swerve toward unpredictable subjects: French erotic literature of the eighteenth century, the political maxims of an ancient Chinese scholar, medieval theories on love or melancholy.⁷

Here is the quintessential intellectual—excited about almost any idea, any theme, any notion, so long as its tentacles touch something significant in culture.

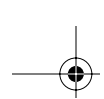
All intellectuals are in love with ideas; not all intellectuals are in love with truth. Some whom I am willing to call intellectuals do not even believe there is truth of any substantive kind. Everett Knight, for example, asserts, “The hunger for food may be satisfied, not that for the Truth, because there is none; and it is probable that the real revolution of our time is the discovery that while something can be done about hunger, nothing can be done about spiritual hunger.”⁸

Christians need not be—are not!—so pessimistic. We will, therefore, have much reason to return to notion of the “love of truth,” and will do so in chapters five, six and ten.

The Intellect as a Tumble Dryer

Intellectuals are dedicated to clarifying ideas, developing them, criticizing them. Fuzzy thinking is the bane of intellectuals. When they see an idea ill-conceived, poorly formulated, twisted out of shape by bile or bias, they bring it into focus, straighten it, examine its implications and attempt to determine how true or accurate it is in doing





what it claims to do. When intellectuals find an idea clearly expressed, it is a cause for rejoicing. When they clarify a confused idea, they take pride in their work—sometimes of course too much pride, for sometimes they do not do for an idea as much as they think. Intellectuals are not always right, even when—especially when—they think they are absolutely right.

The intensity of the dedication to this task is fundamental. As Jacques Barzun says, “The analogy of athletics must be pressed until all recognize that in the exertions of Intellect those who lack the muscles, co-ordination, and will power can claim no place at the training table, let alone on the playing field.”⁹

Intellectuals turn ideas over and over, seeing their implications, stacking them atop one another, arranging them. The intellect is a mental tumble dryer. Perhaps nothing so characterizes intellectuals as their perpetual mulling over an idea and its cohorts. Ideas can be arranged in an infinite variety of ways. Intellectuals know this and sometimes have a hard time stopping their perpetual rearrangement



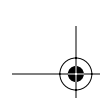
**What a phantasmagoria the mind is and meeting place of dissemblables.
At one moment we deplore our birth and state and aspire to
an ascetic exaltation. The next we are overcome by the smell of some
old garden path and weep to hear the thrushes sing.**

VIRGINIA WOOLF
Orlando

long enough to release them to the public domain. There is always one more permutation to try. Recall Newman’s description. He thought with pen in hand, says Ker, and the result was multiple drafts of his books before publication.¹⁰

When turning over ideas becomes a deliberate but unfocused act, it is called *lateral thinking* and can be a great stimulus not just to problem solving but to the emergence of new thought patterns, new paradigms and original ideas.¹¹ The creative intellectual raises such thinking to an art, but it is possible for the less intellectually endowed to do as well:





We possess the ability to see things and make things in patterns that have never existed before. We can gather materials, attitudes and patterns to interact randomly until a “fit” occurs and things not correlated before come together in a unique creation. Every human being can do this and does do this.¹²

The Intellect in Silence

Intellectuals sit silent while new ideas pop up and old ones seem to rearrange themselves. This aspect of the intellect is one of the most mysterious. We do not know where ideas come from. They often simply “pop up.” There they are: we didn’t have them before. We have them now. Gilbert Highet says it well:

We are all cave men. The cave we inhabit is our own mind; and consciousness is like a tiny torch, flickering and flaring, which can at best show us only a few outlines of the cave wall that stands nearest, or reflect a dangerous underground river flowing noiselessly at our feet, so that we start back in horror before we are engulfed.¹³

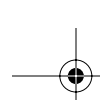
We do not know very well how the mind works; but we know that passivity is its first law. Still less do we know how inspiration comes; but we can notice that it utilizes our unconsciousness more than our initiative. We go forward amid difficulties like a rider in the night; it is better to trust our mount than to pull unwisely on the bridle.

A. G. SERTILLANGES
The Intellectual Life

Or better, I think, when we start back in wonder. Philosophy and poetry have more in common than is usually thought: both begin in wonder.¹⁴ On this score Josef Pieper is eloquent:

To perceive means to listen in silence: . . . The invisible alone is transparent, and only in silence is hearing possible. Moreover, the stronger the determination prevails to hear all there is, the more profound and more complete the silence must be. Consequently philosophy . . . means: to listen so perfectly and intensely that such receptive silence





is not disturbed and interrupted by anything, not even by a question.¹⁵

Like the ancient and medieval philosophers Pieper distinguishes between *ratio* and *intellectus*. The former is “the power of discursive thought, of searching and re-searching, abstracting, refining, and concluding.” The latter is “the ability of ‘simply looking.’” Here “the truth presents itself as a landscape to the eye.” As Heraclitus might say, the *intellectus* “listens-in to the being of things.”¹⁶ In full-fledged thinking both *ratio* and *intellectus* are involved.

We will return to this mysterious matter of the mind when we turn in chapter seven to the practical ways we can stimulate thought, or at least recognize when it is occurring. Here we need only note that the best and freshest thinking often takes place when

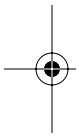
Thinking is the soundless dialogue that we carry on with ourselves in solitude. It does not directly yield knowledge as the sciences do, nor does it directly result in practical wisdom. It is always “out of order” and “contrary to the human condition.” Thinking requires a withdrawal from the common-sense world of appearances; it is characterized by reflexivity and has a unique self-destructive tendency.

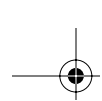
It is like Penelope’s web; it undoes every morning what it has finished the night before, and the metaphor that Arendt thinks is most appropriate to characterize the activity of thinking is the one that Socrates used—the metaphor of the wind.

RICHARD BERNSTEIN
“Thinking on Thought,”
The New York Review of Books

the mind is at ease, not trying to think but simply, say, *paying attention* or *reflecting*, not so much pursuing ideas down endless corridors as letting ideas pursue us, being receptive, letting reality come to us.

So the intellectual at work may indeed appear to both herself and others to be very much at leisure, a silent mental receptacle for ideas that emerge as if from nowhere.¹⁷ These ideas enter, sign in, state their name and become players in the game of intellectual life. To





the intellectual there is often in fact a genuine sense that it is a game that is being played.

The Intellect at Play

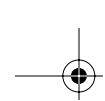
Intellectuals play with ideas, pun with their terminology, laugh at them. This may seem an odd characteristic to attribute to intellectuals. But if thinking persons do not have the distance from ideas that is necessary for humor, if they cannot laugh about what they think, they stand in grave danger of being ideologues. The ideologue's devotion to one central idea excludes any ability to see its potential flaws or any reasonable objections to it. The ideologue is a plague on intellectual life. The search for truth ends because it has been found—and bound. The mind of the ideologue is now locked tight, guarding the truth from creeping doubt, from being assailed by any alternatives that would call even part of it into question.

Better to play the role of the medieval jester who could “dispense with the usual proprieties because he was outside the social hierarchy.”¹⁸ The king's fool could tell the embarrassing, perhaps awful truth, with less fear of reprisal than if it came via the courtiers. Today this role is played by cartoonists with an intellectual bent and sometimes even by professors outside the corridors of power.

Lightness of heart was, according to many who knew him, a quality that Isaiah Berlin held in abundance. In the midst of complex intellectual prose Berlin's *joie de vivre* broke through: “He left the moral quality of his voice behind him, in the long tumbling paragraphs and the clauses within clauses of his best essays, and it is to these that we can turn when we need to remind ourselves what intellectual life can be: joyful, free of illusion, and vitally alive.”¹⁹

The intellectual “delights in the pleasures of thinking,” says sociologist Lewis A. Coser. “Indeed one test of a true education is that it sits lightly on the possessor. He knows better than anybody else how thin in spots is the mantle which others would pluck from him,” chimes in literary scholar Jacques Barzun.²⁰ And farmer-poet-novelist Wendell Berry agrees: “By taking oneself too seriously one





is prevented from being serious enough.”²¹ Reflecting on the vital life of many Catholic intellectuals, Mary Jo Weaver puts it well: “When the heart is rooted in God, the mind is free to play. Free to have fun.”²² Humor, punning, laughter: these foster humility. They lighten the load a true intellectual begins to feel when the burden of truth—disagreeable as much truth about the human situation is—becomes too heavy to bear. For the “truth” is that, save God alone, no person—intellectual or otherwise—has all the truth. The one who thinks so is not only insufferable but just plain wrong.

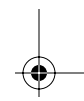
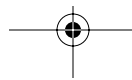
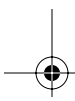
Some intellectuals, of course, do not yet have the truth they seek but are so devoted to it that they abandon their connection to the world and its personal relationships. Such is the case with what George Steiner describes as the “absolute scholar”:

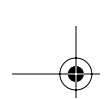
The absolute scholar is . . . instinct with Nietzsche’s finding that to be interested in something, to be totally interested in it, is a libidinal thrust more powerful than love or hatred, more tenacious than faith or friendship—not infrequently, indeed, more compelling than personal life itself. Archimedes does not flee from his killers; he does not even turn his head to acknowledge their rush into his garden when he is immersed in the algebra of conic sections. . . . The archivist, the monographer, the antiquarian, the specialist consumed by fires of esoteric fascination may be indifferent also to the distracting claims of social justice or familial affection, of political awareness, and of run-of-the-mill humanity. . . . Hence not only the legends that cluster about Faust, the tale of the man who sacrifices wife, child, home to the breeding of the perfectly black tulip (an old story told by Dumas).²³

It is the ideologue who deserves all the anti-intellectual dismissals taken note of in chapter one. My father was right: “An intellectual [read ideologue] is indeed a person who is educated beyond his intelligence.”

The Intellect as Battlefield

Intellectuals watch ideas clash, pick up the pieces and start over. No one knows the clashing noise of contradictory and incoherent ideas bet-





ter than the intellectual. Philosophies lie like dying soldiers on the pages of history. Aristotle bests Plato; Plotinus leapfrogs Aristotle to save Plato by transforming him. Augustine raids the neo-Platonic Plotinus and Manichaeans, then rejects the latter and transforms the former. Aquinas raids Aristotle and transforms his philosophy. These are not the sounds of ignorant armies clashing by night; they

Thinking is a tiring process; it is much easier to accept beliefs passively than to think them out, rigorously questioning their grounds by asking what are the consequences that follow from them.

L. SUSAN STEBBING

Thinking to Some Purpose

are the sounds of ideas launched by bows and cannons and missile launchers, fended off by shields and bucklers and pillboxes, or detected by radar and destroyed midair.

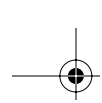
The intellectual battlefield is strewn with corpses. Then out of the barracks of the universities come new heroes, young intellectuals. Each one surveys the field, spies a corpse or perhaps a battalion of corpses, breathes new life into the bodies, and a new army forms. So arise the neo-Aristotelians, the neo-neo-Platonists, the neo-gnostics, the neo-scholastics. Freedom fighters or guerrillas—take your pick—from the ranks of the pseudo-intellectuals join the fray—the deconstructionists, the mere sociologists of knowledge, the post-modern brokers of power.²⁴

So long as humankind exists “under the sun,” so long as there is an open society where ideas are still allowed to be freely expressed, intellectuals will be there to stimulate, curb and redirect the flow of ideas. After the most devastating of intellectual disasters someone will be there to pick up the pieces.

The Intellect as Cautious Judge

Intellectuals judge ideas and withhold judgments about them. It is important to emphasize this dichotomy, sometimes paradox. Intellectuals must not draw their conclusions too quickly. Thinking takes time—





at least for most human beings. Unlike a giant computer that grinds out inevitable answers according to program, intellectuals are both limited and fallible. Bias, preconceived but erroneous ideas, hasty skipping over relevant details, inordinate desire for a given outcome, fear of the implications of an idea, unwillingness to accept the

Intellect is the broom with which to clear the mind of cant.

JACQUES BARZUN
The House of Intellect

consequences of correct reasoning: all these and more stand in the way of the mind's reaching a worthy judgment.

True intellectuals, therefore, reach their conclusions with deliberate humility and caution. Again, Isaiah Berlin represents the best of a type: "He was superbly unpretentious and unpretending."²⁵

The Intellect as World Traveler

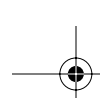
Intellectuals bring ideas into contact with their counterpart in other systems of thought. We no longer live in a unified world—socially, culturally or intellectually. We live in a pluralistic world.

To think effectively is to think to some purpose. To pursue an aim without considering what its realizations would involve is stupid: the result may be fortunate but it cannot be wise.

L. SUSAN STEBBING
Thinking to Some Purpose

In more specific religious terms, pluralism no longer means that some of us are Baptists and others Methodists, or some of us are Protestants and others Catholics. It now means that our next-door neighbors may be Rastafarians on one side and purely secular, non-religious folk on the other. Down the block they are building a Hindu temple and across town a mosque. Our hairdresser may be meditating each morning for twenty minutes on a seemingly meaningless mantra; our grocer sits in a yoga position for a half-hour





each evening; our boss takes New Age management training from the Forum.

Everywhere we turn we find someone with a view different from ours—each one contending that he or she is free to hold this view and quite content to let us continue to believe whatever we want. As Leon Wieseltier, literary editor of *The New Republic*, tells us: “The sidewalks are crowded with incommensurabilities. You live and work and play with people for whom your view of the world is nonsense, or worse.”²⁶

True intellectuals have a clear view of the panorama of worldviews; this allows them a breadth of perspective and enables them to see every idea in the larger context of new twenty-first-century alternatives. They will understand what the presuppositions of their own ideas really are and grasp as well those of others with whom they engage. They will have pondered such questions as, What is fundamental reality—God or nature, matter or spirit? What constitutes the basic character of human beings? What is their relation to fundamental reality? How can anyone know anything at all? What is the foundation of human morality? What, if any, is the meaning of human history?²⁷

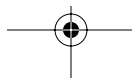
The Intellect as Celebrant and Servant

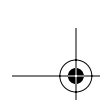
Intellectuals invite ideas to dine and have a ball. That’s a bit metaphorical, a bit over the top, you say? What it suggests is that intellectuals revel in the whole process of thinking. It’s a feast, not a fast. The ideas may have been recognized and cultivated in solitude, the ban-

**Yes, the outer world—both visible and invisible—is ultimately a mystery.
So too is the other world we inhabit—the inner world,
the world of the mind. Not one of us knows what his own
mind can do, or will produce.**

GILBERT HIGHET
Man’s Unconquerable Mind

quet may be only private, but it won’t seem that way. In the mind of an intellectual ideas take on a vibrant life of their own. Sometimes





they play the music of the spheres, sometimes a monkish chant, sometimes the few and friendly chords of folk music. Sometimes they beat a jazz take-five rhythm or sound an improvised birdland wail. The life of the mind is not quiet.

Intellectuals suit ideas for service in workaday life. Intellectuals have often gotten a bad reputation for just this aspect of their work. Paul Johnson's description of the "intellectuals" in *Intellectuals* is a devastating diatribe against those publicly active thinkers in the past who he believes have led the Western world astray. But there are those who have had a much more beneficial effect. Think of some modern examples: C. S. Lewis, Francis Schaeffer, Jacques Ellul, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, all of whom served up a plethora of ideas that have improved our world.

In any case, intellectuals are not to be seen simply as armchair philosophers. In Richard Weaver's words, ideas have consequences. Intellectuals cannot help but be a part of the process by which ideas affect human life. Best they be true ideas applied appropriately, of course. And with that observation we begin to broach the subject of the next chapter.

