Windelband is typical of what is by no means the only example of some, very-real-life, mass effects of miseducation, miseducation about some very practical facts and topics which might be met within the inefably remote domains of recent programs of higher learning. My present selection of his case, rather than some others, is premised upon the relevance of his kind of special emphasis on the historically crucial fact, still today, that the roots of all modern European civilization are to be found within the philosophical history of ancient Greece.

Although, his interpretation of the philosophical issues posed by that past part of our present history is categorically flawed; unlike the relatively simple-minded positivists and post-modernists of today generally, he was focussed on the proper choice of field of contention respecting those ideas of European civilization in general, over nearly 3,000 years, which continue to be of crucial importance for global civilization today. He had the wrong answer to the most crucial questions, but, as I shall show in the body of this report, he focussed his attention on the right questions.

My treatment of the subject of logic here, includes consideration of important contributing causes of certain very practi-cal, very important effects for society as a whole today. These are causes like those which have contributed, in principle, to the present, self-inflicted, deadly state of ruin of our U.S.A. as a whole, as the world as a whole has sampled these effects now, in the outcome of the current Bush Administration’s awful negligence, in the coastal regions of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. In writing this report, I am considering, thus, the effects produced by the awful negligence of that rather empty-headed President, and also by the defective moral inclinations, the wild-eyed sophistries produced out of what malicious humorists might name as Bush’s own, and his cronies’ mental powers. However, I also emphasize Bush himself less, than I blame the corruption of the public mind which permitted a figure of such abysmal lack of fitness to come to occupy that office of the President today.

Windelband, although of a much nobler character than is shared among the clownish Bush cabal, typifies one kind of the most profoundly damaging of such widespread, relevant problems created by the influence on our institutions such as the Presidency, by modern academic disorders. In the matter of the failures of public opinion expressed by the selection of that President, I point here and now to the ancient roots of the

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Heine on Immanuel Kant

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) was one of Germany’s most beloved poets and commentators, known for his biting criticism of Romanticism. The following is excerpted from “Concerning the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany,” Heinrich Heine, Selected Works, trans. by Helen M. Mustard (New York: Random House, Inc., 1973).

The history of Immanuel Kant’s life is difficult to portray, for he had neither life nor history. He led a mechanically ordered, almost abstract bachelor existence in a quiet, remote little street in Koenigsberg, an old town on the northeastern border of Germany. I do not believe that the great clock of the cathedral there performed more dispasionately and methodically its outward routine of the day than did its fellow countryman Immanuel Kant. Getting up in the morning, drinking coffee, writing, giving lectures, eating, walking, everything had its appointed time, and the neighbors knew for certain that it was half-past three when Immanuel Kant, in his gray frock-coat, his Spanish cane in his hand, stepped out of his house and stroled to the little linden avenue called after him to this day the “Philosopher’s Path.” Eight times he walked up and down it, in every season of the year, and when the sky was overcast, or gray clouds announced a rain coming, old Lampe, his servant, was seen walking anxiously behind him with a big umbrella under his arm, like an image of providence.

What a strange contrast between the outward life of the man and his destructive, world-crushing thoughts! Truly, if the citizens of Koenigsberg had had any premonition of the full significance of his ideas, they would have felt a far more terrifying dread at the presence of this man than at the sight of an executioner, an executioner who merely executes people. But the good folk saw in him nothing but a professor of philosophy, and as he passed by at his customary hour, they gave him a friendly greeting and perhaps set their watches by him.

If, however, Immanuel Kant, the arch-destroyer in the realm of ideas, far surpassed Maximilian Robespierre in terrorism, yet he possessed many similarities with the latter which invite comparison of the two men. In the first place, we find in both the same stubborn, keen, unpoetic, sober integrity. We also find in both the same talent for suspicion, only that the one directs his suspicion toward ideas and calls it criticism, while the other applies it to people and entitles it republican virtue. But both represented in the highest degree the type of provincial bourgeoisie. Nature had destined them to weigh coffee and sugar, but Fate determined that they should weigh other things and placed on the scales of the one a king, on the scales of the other a god.

And they gave the correct weight!