

The Importance of Scientific Pedagogy in Challenging the False-Axiomatic Assumptions Which Have Brought Civilization to the Abyss

In this Special Issue of *Fidelio*, we have chosen to feature a presentation of Carl F. Gauss's 1801 determination of the orbit of the asteroid Ceres, which was commissioned by Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr., in 1997. This presentation is part of an ongoing series of Pedagogical Exercises highlighting the role of metaphor and paradox in creative reason, through the study of great discoveries of science and art.

The reason it is necessary to study and master such material is not academic, but existential. The world is currently in the midst of a civilizational crisis, which can only be compared to that of the Fourteenth-century New Dark Age. As can be seen from the so-called Asian financial crisis, we are faced today with a systemic, global financial crisis, far worse than the collapse of the

EDITORIAL

Venetian-controlled Peruzzi and Bardi family banks in 1343-44, which sparked the Dark Age then.

In the Fourteenth century, the sovereign nation-state with a commitment to public education and technological and scientific progress, had not yet emerged. Today, the same Black Guelph faction, which fought to prevent the emergence of the nation-state in the Fourteenth century, is

thoroughly committed to turning the clock back, destroying the nation-state and imposing a supra-national, neo-Malthusian order.

British Lord Rees-Mogg has been most prominent in arguing that, as in feudal times, only five percent of today's population need be educated, to rule on behalf of the financial oligarchy in the Information Age. The

Pegasus in Yoke

Perhaps it was to Haymarket—a horses mart,
Where other things into commodities were changing,
That once a hungry poet brought
The Muses' steed, to be exchanging.

The Hippogriff did neigh so bright
And in parade did prance with pomp so pretty,
Astonished stood each one and cried:
“The noble, kingly animal! But pity,
That doth an ugly pair of wings its figure fair
Deform! The fastest mailtrain were it gracing.
The breed, the people say, is rare,
Yet who will through the air be racing?
And no one will his coin be placing.”
At last a daring farmer stood.
“The wings, indeed,” says he, “not useful does one find them;
Yet one can always either clip or bind them,
Then is the horse for pulling ever good.
A twenty-pound, on this to risk I’m willing.”
The shyster, much amused, the wares now cheaply selling,
Agrees at once. “One man, one word!”
And Hans trots with his booty freshly for’d.

The noble beast is now in yoke restrained.
Yet feels it scarce the burden so unwonted,
Then runs it forth with flight desires undaunted,
And flings, from noble wrath enflamed,
To chasm’s edge, all that the cart contained.
“All right,” thinks Hans. “I may be to this beast confiding
Alone no cart. Experience doth cunning make.
Come morn will passengers be riding,
I’ll hitch it to the cart the lead to take.
Two horses shall this lively crab for me be saving,
And with the years will fade its raving.”

At first it went quite well. The lightly-winged horse
Enlivens the old nag’s step, and swift the cart is flying.
But now what’s this? With one look at the clouds turned course,
And ’customed not, the ground with solid hoof to plying,
Forsaking soon the safer cart-wheel trail,
And true to nature’s stronger hail,
It runs clear through the swamp and moor, tilled field and hedges;
An equal frenzy doth th’ entire post-team seize,
No call doth help, no rein its haste doth ease,
At last, to wand’rer’s fearful ledges,
The wagon, smashed apart from endless jolts,
On steepest summit of the mountain halts.

remaining ninety-five percent of the population—to be treated as feudal serfs—need not be educated at all, he writes in the pages of the leading London press.

In the last three decades, this process of de-education or de-schooling has been far advanced. Through “outcome-based education” and other mind-destroying so-called reforms, our youth have been “dumbed-down,” becoming increasingly illiterate. “Post-industrial,” ecologist anti-scientific hoaxes, such as “global warming,” are widely accepted, contrary to scientific evidence. The unchallenged acceptance of such false-axiomatic assumptions, leads necessarily to the entropic doom of civilization.

The only proven alternative to such civilizational devolution, is an emphasis on fostering those powers of cognitive reason, which distinguish man as created in the image of God (*imago Dei*), in contradistinction to all other species. Mankind only emerged from the Dark Age of the Fourteenth century, through the emphasis placed on intellectual growth by a succession of world-historical individuals, beginning with Dante Alighieri, Francesco Petrarch, Gerard Groote (founder of the Brothers of the Common Life), and Nicolaus of Cusa, the key organizer of the Council of Florence.

“That just is not the right way ever,”
Says Hans, his face contorted much by doubt.
“Thus will it be successful never;
Let’s see, if this mad dog be brought
Through meager food and work to tether.”
The trial will be made. Soon beast with beauty rare,
Before three days did fade around it
To shadow was reduced. “I have, I have now found it!”
Cries Hans. “Now quick, and hitch it here,
Before the plough beside my strongest steer.”

“Tis said, ‘tis done. In ludicrous procession,
One sees on plough an ox and winged stallion.
Unwilling mounts the griff and strains with final might
Its sinews forth, to take as old to flying.
In vain, delib’rate doth the neighbor stride
And Phoebus’ steed so proud, to steer must be complying.
Till now, consumed by long, resistant course,
The strength from all its limbs is thinning,
From grief, now breaks the noble, godly-horse
To earth it falls and in the dust is spinning.
“Accursed beast!” at last breaks Hans’ abuse
Loud scolding out, whilst from him flies a beating.
“So you then e’en for ploughing are no use,
The rogue sold you to me was cheating.”

As Lyndon LaRouche has emphasized, if our civilization is to survive the current crisis, we must not flee, as Shakespeare’s Hamlet did, from the cognition of “the undiscovered country,” which is necessary to lead society from an “*n*-fold manifold” to an “*n+1*-fold manifold.” The capacity for cognition can be fostered, not by Aristotelean methods of rote learning, but rather, only in the manner employed by the Brothers of the Common Life, which was to encourage the student’s replication of great scientific discoveries in his own mind. Only then does the individual truly know how to think, to assimilate and generate those new ideas which civilization requires in order to make the advances necessary to survival.

To succeed in establishing a New Bretton Woods system, as LaRouche has proposed, we need to rediscover the childlike joy of discovering profound ideas, by mastering such discoveries as those of Gauss presented in this issue. Only then shall we be truly free of the yoke of serfdom, which Lord Rees-Mogg and his British oligarchical masters would reimpose on the vast majority of humanity. This is the quality of mind, which Friedrich Schiller captured in his beloved poem about the liberation of creative genius, “Pegasus in Yoke.”

While yet in him doth rage of anger last,
The whip doth swing, comes cheerful now and fast
A merry fellow on the road with footsteps fleeting.
The zither sounds forth in his nimble hand,
His hair, an ornament of yellow,
Is plaited through with golden band.
“Whereto, that pair astonishing, my fellow?”
He calls the peasant from afar.
“The bird and ox a single rope is binding,
I ask of you, what is that pair!
If for a while you’d be confiding
The horse, to make a test, to me,
Look out, you shall a marvel see!”

The Hippogriff unyoked doth stand,
And smiling now the young man swings upon its haunches.
The beast scarce feels the master’s certain hand,
Then gnashes it the bridle band
And climbs, and lightning flashes from inspired glances.
No more the former creature, kingly-wise,
A god, a spirit, doth arise,
Unfurls it suddenly with stormy splendor
Its winged pomp, shoots roaring to the sky,
And ’fore a glance can follow nigh,
It glides into the high blue yonder.

—Friedrich Schiller