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Artykuł umieszczony jest w kolekcji cyfrowej Bazhum, gromadzącej zawartość polskich czasopism humanistycznych i społecznych tworzonej przez Muzeum Historii Polski w ramach prac podejmowanych na rzecz zapewnienia otwartego, powszechnego i trwałego dostępu do polskiego dorobku naukowego i kulturalnego.

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Tekst jest udostępniony do wykorzystania w ramach dozwolonego użytku.



This volume of "Organon" opens with Czesław Miłosz's speech at his official reception of the Nobel Prize in Stockholm. Why have we decided to include it in a journal devoted to the philosophy and history of science, and to its methodology, while the prize itself is for literature rather than in any of the sciences? It would be trite just to point out that Czesław Miłosz belongs to the scientific community as professor at Berkeley and as the author of many essays and of an academic textbook in literary history. The real reasons for our decision are more profound.

Czesław Miłosz's work, as well as his speech, recall the problem of the kinship of science with poetry. This is a great problem in European culture—the only one in the world that created science without destroying poetry. The Renaissance, which we are so fond of returning to as the epoch of the origin of our scientific hopes and disappointments, revealed that problem in its full scope. This is seen above all in the work of Leonardo, who viewed human destiny as composed of two great wings—painting and mechanics. This is seen in the scientific effort of Copernicus and in his interest in poetry, especially in his vision of the world as reflecting the harmony and order of beauty. This is seen in the scientific poetry of the Renaissance, which has recently been recalled by Albert-Marie Schmidt in a book written half a century ago but only recently re-edited (*La poésie scientifique au XVI^e siècle*, Paris, 1970).

This new edition is by no means accidental, for just recently we have begun to sense intensely the kinship of science with poetry to be deeper than any divisions between them. That kinship was pointed out by Gaston Bachelard in several studies, it was discussed by B. Meilakh in his Leningrad book *The Alliance of Science and Art*, that kinship too set recently off a fascinating discussion on the problem of lyrics and physics. Grzegorz Białkowski, a Polish physicist wrote in this connection: "The trends of science and poetry are in fact convergent. Both are powerful motive forces in the process of conquering the world by our species."

It is only by superficial approach to science that we may divorce

it from the entire human experience and put the knowledge gained as external and pragmatic truths in opposition to man. A more profound approach will not involve the attempt to link scientific knowledge with its use but also, if not above all, with wisdom. Poetry is perhaps a call for such an alliance. Czesław Miłosz's poetry is certainly that. His poetry helps us to probe the secrets of human nature more deeply, to penetrate the very essence of man, who also creates science.

It is a characteristic trend of our times that we tend to reach out into depths. We try to go beyond the horizons of the reality around us as determined by empiric knowledge, we look for hidden forces and postulates that ultimately decide about the mode of perceiving the world by science. Do we need to recall T. Kuhn's paradigms thought to govern all that happens on the surface of scientific life? Do we need to recall Foucault's search after an "archeology of knowledge"? Do we need to mention the recent book by M. Dufrenne, who seeks a great a priori that conditions everything in human culture—art, morals, science?

But if science is rooted in the human condition, then not only is it true that science directs human beings but also that human beings direct science. This unveils the great and important problems of the role science plays in modern civilization, which attracted Czesław Miłosz in his studies and which in their disquieting and dramatic substance are a source of human anxieties and hopes. "What are we to think of a civilization," wrote Miłosz in his *Private Duties*, "that makes stupefying scientific discoveries, launches vehicles to the other planets, but simultaneously recognizes itself in a writer such as Beckett?" What is the Godot modern man is waiting for, killing the time of waiting with scientific activity, which turns out to be not only a rescue but also a danger?

Miłosz always worried about the role of science in modern culture. Recalling William Blake, he endorses the latter's call "not to apply the tactics of the Romantics to lease the 'objective' truth to Locke and Newton and to reserve the 'world of inner experiences' for themselves." According to Blake, wrote Miłosz in his *Garden of Sciences*, "it was Locke and Newton that lived in an illusory world, alas a murderous one, for they justified the 'laws of nature and society,' that is, slavery." Unfolding this charge in his *Land of Ulro*, Miłosz indicates, however, that "imagination points to where rescue may come from: not from charging accusations against science purported to be responsible for all annihilation but from a picture of man and world quite different from the one offered by eighteenth-century science and its derivatives down to this day." This is why any attempt at getting out of the *Land of Ulro*, as Blake calls it, of that "barren land" is so important and right.

This is the obscure, albeit the only path for the future. Bitter and upsetting is the reflection that goes with that quest of man from an inhuman world toward hope. But, Miłosz asks, "what are those to do to whom heaven and earth are too little and who are unable to live unless they can await another heaven or another earth?" Will science reach out its helping hand to those people or will it only provide them with useful though unnecessary information?

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