2. A symptom of this is his confusion about the nature of a species. When Dombrowski says that the only way to extinguish a species is to kill its members, he is mistaken. A species with few members can be sterilized, and no killing need occur. The root of this mistake is to confuse a closed class, where all members are present at any given moment, with an open class, where new individuals may or may not be added later on. A species is an open class, not a closed one.

3. That we know ourselves more fully through encountering that which is larger and other than ourselves is a point given systematic metaphysical expression by Fichte, Hegel, Marx, and Sartre. There are extensive discussions of the sublime in eighteenth century aesthetic theories, such as Kant's Critique of Judgment.

4. Another mistake is that contrary to Dombrowski, not all religions postulate a God whose role it is to preserve value. Most Eastern religions do not do so.

A Creature Like A Chorus

All of man's crashing of self-hatred and disdain creates the vast vacuum of his death; all his whirling-dervish motion of sick cupidity and annihilation is the final silence and the cold quietude.

But into that -- piercing into that insensate void of man's departure -- presses the choir of some fresh species, the laughing and mellifluous music of living throats proclaiming again God's astonishment.

And what is this chorus, this wild harmony?
Some new enchanted animal the human frenzy could not sweep away, drag with it to extinction; some form of purer living up-pouring from the resonance of earth; a creature man could not imagine, and so could not befoul; a straightness flaming in values man reviled; a sounding of innocent and generous symphonies that nature hinted at before the rack of mortal conflict and ambition broke the bonds of galaxies, severed the tendons of perceptible law.

The dying scientist whose facts had plundered love, whose predictability was the world's altar -- grew dumb.
The fist of human historical authority shattered inaudibly under the pressure of that newer atmosphere -- the extra-sensory beings from mystic flying objects scoffed at in those final days.

And here, here, at length, and for a long and prosperous span, stands up this rolling beauty of fierce singing, this primitive and savagely moral animal -- impetuous, affectionate -- man might have been.

George Abbe