

It is with great pleasure that Hist-Analytic introduces a series of papers which first appeared in the *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society*. When the first true historian of analytical philosophy, J. A. Passmore, explained his criteria for inclusion in his monumental work *A Hundred Years of Philosophy* he remarked:

My criterion was: to what extent have the ideas of this writer entered into the public domain of philosophical discussion in England? Would the reader of *Mind* or *The Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society* be likely to encounter his name? (*A Hundred Years of Philosophy*. Penguin Books. 1966. p. 7.

I recall my first encounter with the pages of *The Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society* during the Summer months of 1967, during my first semester as an undergraduate at Roosevelt University in Chicago. I sunk beneath the noise of the political events of that year into the warm waters of G. F. Stout and G. E. Moore. I was intrigued by how much I might discover by reasoning, as did these gentlemen, about the familiar world of earth, air, fire and water. It was a pastel world of soft "brush strokes" and sheltered contemplation which for me mingled young love with a newly formed belief that if I were to live and think as did these philosophers then, for me, a long life would be justified as something containing what for lack of a better word is beauty. Such were the first impressions created by a total immersion within the pages of *Proceedings*. The idea of adding as many pages as possible to Hist-Analytic came about following an experience which caused anguish and anger.

Thirty five years, plus, later I returned to my alma mater, after many years living in the Boston area. I went to the library of Roosevelt University, a school once distinguished, given its very modest means, by having some very fine philosophers and an excellent curriculum. I took my Alumni Association card and proceeded to the stacks where *The Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society* would most likely be found. They were gone. I asked the librarian (for some reason I've always had difficulty with librarians) where they were. I was told: "Oh, we disposed of those volumes to make room for new materials." I will spare the reader by saying merely: "I threw a fit!" I flew out of the library just in time to hear a voice whispering around the corner "We have a mad man in the library." I remarked that I was an angry mad-man and not, simply, a mad-man. In fact it was my way of expressing despair. What was to be done? Salvaging the college was hardly within my means. I wrote my donation to the school of performing arts, which had always been a jewel, but I was unsatisfied. It was then that I decided to make the attempt at getting as much of this journal online as possible. I contacted Rachel Carter, Executive Secretary of the *Aristotelian Society*. The Society was accommodating. There will be new titles added. The pleasures of my youth might be unknowingly shared. Such are the "little pleasures" of life at the margins. – Steven R. Bayne (Nov. 2006)