

KUHN: . . . the normal-scientific tradition that emerges from a scientific revolution is not only incompatible but often actually incommensurable with that which has gone before . . . the scientist's perception of his environment must be re-educated . . . he must learn to see a new gestalt. After he has done so the world of his research will seem, here and there, incommensurable with the one he had inhabited before. Just because it is a transition between incommensurables, the transition between competing paradigms cannot be made a step at a time . . . it must occur all at once.

BERLIN: human goals are many, not all of them commensurable, and in perpetual rivalry with each other. To assume that all values can be graded on one scale, so that it is a mere matter of inspection to determine the highest, seems to me to falsify our knowledge that men are free agents, to represent moral decision as an operation which a slide-rule could, in principle, perform. If the claims of two (or more than two) types of liberty prove incompatible in a particular case, and if this is an instance of the clash of values at once absolute and incommensurable, it is better to face this uncomfortable fact than to ignore it, or automatically attribute it to some deficiency on our part . . . or, what is worse still, suppress one of the competing values altogether . . . since some values may conflict intrinsically, the very notion that a pattern must in principle be discoverable in which they are all rendered harmonious is founded on a false *a priori* view of what the world is like. What if [men] found that they were compelled to make a choice between two incommensurable systems, to choose as they did without the aid of an infallible measuring rod which certified one form of life as being superior to all others . . . ? Was it, perhaps, this awful truth, implicit in Machiavelli's exposition, that has upset the moral consciousness of men, and has haunted their minds so permanently and obsessively ever since?

JESUS (MATT. 7): "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again"

DUKE: "'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death;/ Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;/ Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure'"

JESUS (MATT. 5): "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them

that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. . .

ISABELLA: How would you be
If He which is the top of judgement should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority . . . like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep

. . . authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault . . .

More than our brother is our chastity
. . . were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame . . .
Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

ANGELO: She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted who sins most, ha?
Not she, nor doth she tempt; Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good?
What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wondered
how.

ISABELLA "Tis best that thou diest quickly.
CLAUDIO O hear me, Isabella—

Enter Duke as a Friar

DUKE Vouchsafe a word, young sister,
but one word.