Mathematics Is My God

Yes, my God is mathematics, my people, the Jews. It's taken me a while—more than seventy years—to distill these views.

To many, my meaning mightn’t be too clear: Am I not American? Do I worship math? some might ask in exasperation, perhaps in fear that I’ve lost my marbles or some even in wrath. But no, I really should take time to explain, describe the meandering path that’s led me to make these perplexing claims. Spiritual beings we are and crave the transcendent; social animals, we, with ties to ancestors’ names so of six millennia’s traditions I’m not independent; ‘my’ history: good, bad, proud, ignominious runs through me, me, of David descendent.

Okay, you say, but wonder, can I really be serious about my God—my God is mathematics? Hold on. No, I’m not delirious. I’m not being one of those egghead heretics who make of abstract thought an idol, a Supreme. And it doesn’t take lengthy hermeneutics to give you a feeling for just what I mean. Think! The universals I ponder and by myself invent are of me, in me, in a real sense never seen.

Yet in Asia, Europe—wherever under our firmament—there are others who resonate to, or create, similar constructs and ideas—are they heaven-sent? To that I’d say no. But to me there’s nothing as great as this oneness, this universal, this, yes, this transcendent.

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