

Handwritten: *Handus Betig*

# A babérliget- könyv



## Hexakümion



Béla Hamvas

**The Laurel Grove**  
**Book Hexakümlion**

Béla Hamvas  
**The laurel grove book**

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## THE LAUREL GROVE BOOK

I was sailing among the southern islands, and one day I came to a place where the inn stood in a laurel grove. I had seen few laurel trees. I thought if it grew naturally, it was just a bush. Here were fine, tall, deciduous trees, at least three hundred in the garden. During lunch and dinner I smelled its spicy scent in the deep, dark green shade. Freshly fried fish, red wine,

and grapes, laurel-scented air! If you can, take a week, you won't regret it.

I came early for the meal just to sit here longer. I looked out to sea, to the small harbour, crowded with workers, fishermen, women selling figs. Further out in the bay, tiny islands with cypress trees, a monastery in the middle. There I sat idly in the shade, while outside the white stones glowed in the sun and the sea sparkled. After lunch, when I had finished my Turkish coffee, I leaned back on the couch, put my feet up on the chair and enjoyed the heavy, fragrant tobacco. Several times I dozed off for a few minutes, then looked up again. I was tempted to sleep, but the beauty I saw did not let me go. I could not choose between sleep and wakefulness. The midday sun, the soft breeze from the sea, the spicy air was more like a dream than I could dream.

Suddenly I thought that I had no book. A book that would feel good to read right now. The thought came to me slowly, ever so slowly, as the cigarette smoke floated in the green shadows, unhurried and untroubled. What have I brought with me? A travel book, a ship's deck book, a twilight book. Not a single laurel-leaf book. I wondered, which one could it have been if I had brought it: Chinese? French? Greek? English?

Then I decided to write a book for a similar occasion, not for anyone but myself, or not for myself but for anyone else, one day, if time and the Muses allowed. A timely book that can be put down immediately when the soup is brought. You can pick it up again and read fifty lines before the anchovies arrive. Maybe a hundred. Between two sips of wine and a black coffee. Two pages before dinner. A book that doesn't offend you if, while reading it, you look out on the beach and stare at something you've forgotten the next moment. You can lose it and you can give it away.

It will be worth nothing in the room, at home, or in the library. Reading it is not even recommended. It can only be enjoyed with a spicy bay leaf. Best after coffee, when one is reclining in a reclining chair, smoking a fragrant cigarette, reading a page and a half of it, and then taking a sweet nap while the seagulls circle over the blue water.

## **MEDITATION ON A HILLTOP AT DUSK, OR THE METAPHYSICS OF HUMAN ACTION**

An island is the name given to the land surrounded on all sides by the sea. The definition is exact; yet, when I was on that island for the first time, where I went up the hill and saw water all around, I was astonished. It is quite different from the definition. I was touched.

I stayed there for two weeks, and every afternoon when the heat subsided, I went up the mountain. I would sit on the steps by the little chapel in the expansive scent of yellow rosemary. I read, mostly out loud so the sea could hear. And when I looked up, my eyes tracing the edge of the shore all around, I laughed and said: island.

To the southeast, on the edge of the horizon, lay a city. Lost in the misty air by day, it was visible only at dusk, when the lights came on. The island was inhabited by a hundred and fifty fishermen, the boat brought the mail twice a week, and so my only contact with the cultural world was this distant lantern light. I did not mind or care; I merely took note of the twenty or so thousand people living there and going about their usual human business.

I turn towards the fishing village. A handcart loaded with oil arrives in front of the outlying house. The man takes the oil on his shoulders, carries it ten paces and sets it down. He goes back, picks up the other wolf, carries it away, puts it down. Then the cart is empty. Then he picks up one of the logs again and puts it on the buck. He takes the saw off the nail by the door and puts it on the log. When the logs are sawed off, he picks them up again and puts them on the log-wood, takes out the axe, chops the wood and puts the axe down. He picks up the chopped wood, puts it in the basket, picks up the basket and takes it into the house. In short, he takes it out, puts it in, takes it up, takes it down, takes it away, takes it down, takes it in.

I once watched how they build the big iron bridge on which they will build the railway, the carriage, the car, the man, the army. The worker picks up the nail and drives it in. He takes the steel plate off the car, puts it on the bridge and sets it down. The other worker takes it, picks it up, puts it down. He takes the nail out of the package. He sets it on fire. When it's on fire, he takes it out, puts it on the bridge and drives it in. Only to have the man carry across the bridge what he has taken out and put in and taken out and taken over and put down.

Vagy elgondolom, hogy mit teszek reggel, amikor fölkelek: a lábamat a takaró alól kiveszem, a hálóinget leveszem, a kancsót felveszem, a vizet belőle kiteszem, a kancsót visszateszem, a szappant fölveszem, magamat bekenem, a vizet magamra teszem, a törülközőt felveszem, leteszem, a

take the cup, put the toothpaste on the brush, put it in my mouth, put it all out, put on the shoes and clothes, put the stuff in my pocket. In short: put on, put off, take off, take in, take off, take away, take off.

I thought about this there on the island, on the hilltop, at dusk, without any particular melancholy or gloating, while I watched the lights come on and wondered what those thousands of people were doing in such a cramped place. What are they doing? Going about their usual human business. And what is this human activity? Laying wood, or building bridges, or dressing up. In other words: putting it out, putting it in, putting it on, taking it off, taking it away, taking it down, taking it in. Many people no longer do it habitually, but with patience, enthusiasm, earnestness, conviction, in many respects with excellent learning, with practice, with pride, with professionalism, but they put it out, put it in, take it out, put it on, take it off, take it away, take it down, take it out, take it in. The fact that we do this activity is usually ascribed a meaning. If we are disturbed, we are able to get angry, if we are challenged, we try to learn the right thing. A small child already takes the breast milk out, puts it in his stomach and puts out the excess. He picks up the rattle and puts it down. Later, at school, he picks up the pen, puts it in the ink and puts it on the paper. All this is of unheard-of importance.

Without irony.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FLOWER- PICKING

*It is easier to tear off the iron handcuffs,  
than a wreath of flowers.*

*Abbé Constant*

When I come to the Angel of Death at the end of my life, I think I will be able to follow him into the unknown without rebellion. Did you miss something? I answer: I don't think so. But if he says: are you sorry to leave something behind? I'll say: the flowers.

I will gladly and easily give up what lives on earth, but flowers, flowers!

The Angel says: you will see that the world of the intellect is richer than the world of images. There you will see from within. It's like when deep

in deep meditation. Disconnected from the earth, you have no experience other than the immaterial bustle; you float happily and liberated in the boundlessness. In the great moments of love, when the wall between the outer and the inner worlds breaks down and you no longer know where the outside is and where the inside is, the body becomes soul and the soul becomes body; in the great moments of religion, when the wall between the here and the beyond breaks down and you no longer know where the here is and where the beyond is; you will live in a state in which your separate consciousness of yourself will disappear, and you will experience the stages of the spirits leading you to God, so that you will finally reach Him, and then you will reach the goal.

And I: Holy Angel! In my life I have had the grace to obey voluntarily the laws of existence. In humility I went on my own, and had neither to be forced nor dragged. I am going now because I must, because I am glad to obey, and because I know that the world I am entering is higher than the world I have just entered. Nothing hurts. There is peace in my heart. But the flowers, the flowers!

I was half a child. I remember the place, at the foot of a hill, at the entrance to a cool valley, sitting on the wall beside a ruined house, in front of me in the shady place on a pink orris. When I was a little boy, my friends and I agreed that the orphan chalices were the Hungarian soldiers, the yellow baby chains the enemy. We exterminated the baby chains where we found them, but no orphan was to be harmed. Now, as I sat there on the wall, I thought of this, and of how many soldiers, a whole battalion of them, had gone into camp, or perhaps were preparing for battle, and were going round the troops of the child chains from the rear. I rejoiced in their triumph and wished them victory.

At the same time, I must have been eighteen, a strange thing occurred to me. Why do people tear off flowers and decorate themselves with them? What was the mysterious compulsion that made us go to the brook to pick snowdrops in March, lilies of the valley in May, and poppies and cornflowers in June? Why are the girls glad when I give them flowers? Why are there vases in my room at home, and why are there lilacs in the spring and chrysanthemums in the autumn? I have come this far. Then I resolved to think about it, and only when I had found the secret would I rest. I will write the psychology of flower-picking.

Of course, at that time I had no idea about psychology, I only understood that the flower is picked by the soul. Why? I still don't know. Obviously there is some kinship between them. The more soul one has, the more flower. The woman.



Especially a girl. The child. Especially the baby. Women's names are Violet, Rose, Viola, Little Red Riding Hood, but there are also men's flowers: Narcissus.

Twenty-five years have passed since then, and when I remembered the vow I had made on the stone wall, I felt I had a debt to pay.

The first thing to talk about is the name of the flower. Flower names are the most beautiful words in the language. In Hungarian as in English, French or Latin. I have spent many afternoons and evenings, especially in winter, by the stove, looking up flower names in dictionaries and delighting in them. I often attached arbitrary pictures to them, sometimes inventing whole stories.

I will tell you just one. Once in spring, in a shady, sheltered spot on the north side of a ravine, I found a white flower. Although I loved to wander around with a plant finder when I was a student, and ever since, I didn't know this flower. It grew among the lily-of-the-valley leaves, its leaf was fuzzy, with yellow stamens between five, six, even seven soft, velvety white petals. Smell? How shall I put it? Spicy and fragrant, delicate, a little lily-like, but milder and sweeter, subtle, lush, and as if it had no substance. It was white pear, Alpenrose in German, Anemona in Latin. I called it White Anemona to myself. I know of a place where it grows from an army in Room Square. I will visit the place in mid-May, and there is little earthly in this visit. I bend down over them, and I have the feeling that if I had met, when I was eighteen, the girl I had always wanted to meet all my life, and the girl, still half a child, blonde, her skin white as the petals of the Anemona, had spoken to me, this fragrance would have emanated from her lips. Love, religion, beauty, soul together, like the fulfilment of an unfulfillable desire.

This fragrance and this name reminded me then, and ever since, of Lethe, the water of oblivion. I felt a connection between the name, the smell, the whiteness of Anemona and forgetting: the happiness of having a drink that would wash away all my memories with its cool magic, and I could start to live again, as if I had just been born for the first time.

In the autumn, I passed by again and found strange, tiny eyes wrapped in white wool. It was like a swarm of tiny and bustling worms hatching from an egg, or rather the fruit of a White Anemone. Boundless tenderness, I wondered, to wrap the flower's children in such a light, warm, soft white swaddle, so that when they were buried in the ground in winter they would not be cold.

If someone asked me who I wanted to live with, I would say the white Anemona flower. If I looked at her, I'd forget everything else, the L  th  

would look out of her eyes, her touch would be velvety, and she would need to be cared for like a white velvet petal. Jung calls the woman whom he has held in his heart from birth and whom he loves with a real and eternal love, Anima. Anima and Anemona. Soul flower. Flower of Happiness. Flower of the immortal virgin.

Now I ask you: can I stop myself from tearing it down? No. And there is something that goes without saying. I know it's wrong for people to kill and eat animals. It is wrong to cut down a tree, build a tree, or burn it. It is wrong to deprive living creatures of their existence just to feed or comfort themselves. There is only one exception: picking flowers. It is not wrong to pluck it, take it home, put it in a vase and look at it every half hour to see how beautiful it is. It is quite natural to tear the flower, weave it into a wreath, pin it into a buttonhole or pin it to your hat. Why? I don't know. It's the simple fact of plucking flowers that holds the most secrets. Children tear them carelessly, maidens go mad for them, hikers pick large bunches, gardens are cut into bunches, and all this is and ought to be as neat as possible. The flower is a living thing, and to pick flowers is to kill. But it is free. No one stops to pick violets at the edge of the forest in April. It is a mystery before which I stand helpless and stare in incomprehensible wonder.

In my book, which I read outdoors, there are always flowers. In the south, I like to tear the myrtle, the rosemary, the tiny purple saltwort, or the fig leaf, the buttercup. At home, I feel like tearing almost any flower that comes my way. I used to have a herbarium, but I left it, because it's more like a museum. I still carry a few lavender stems in my notebook. I picked it last autumn, sometimes I take it out and rub it and I can't get enough of the smell.

Sometimes the only way to preserve one's integrity is to give it up. The only way to stay innocent is to keep committing a crime. The only way to stay alive is to die. This is the mystery of religion, of love, of art. And picking flowers.

Every man has known the girl he loved to be a charming, warm, precious creature when he was a bride, and then to discover during marriage that she was full of the faults of a conceited, vicious, domineering, cruel, vulgar soul. But if he has not lived through it, he will certainly live through it, for this experience is the *unavoidable*, inevitable stage of a man's destiny. A

of the bride: the flowery one. That is why she must be showered with flowers, and why it is true that the bridegroom cannot go to his sweetheart without flowers. The man thinks he is marrying a flower. But he does not. The notion that woman and flowers are related must, alas, be demolished, for it is not true. It is strange that the origin and root of the false, lying, feeble, annoying, crushing and disappointing qualities in a woman is not selfishness. I mean: if she used these qualities to maintain her own existence and defend herself against them, even against men, she could still be a flower. Because I am not deluding myself, the fate of the plant is not idealistic, but harshly selfish, because it has to solve many tasks, quite wild and difficult, without mercy. It is enough to think of the work of the roots: it is not a game how it feeds. It is not an idealistic struggle that he must pursue for space and light. But it's okay: maintaining its own existence justifies being vigilant and selfish. In woman, the qualities which enrage, depress, crush, and finally deprive man of the second greatest beauty of life, do not arise from woman's natural instinct for subsistence. Here is the greatest difference between woman and flower. Woman is therefore not a flower. Evil arising from sheer selfishness is always forgivable and forgivable. For in this we are all equal and cannot throw anything in each other's eyes. The evil in woman, destructive and diabolical, which may be as vile and vulgar as the woman is beautiful and charming, is an entirely unjustifiable, senseless, independent evil, not belonging to natural destiny. It is not a necessity in her self, but the service of evil Powers outside her being. I do not say that it could be otherwise, but that it is.

I have never had a more poignant experience in all my life. Not all at once, and not all at once. My Daimon spared me from it because he knew I would not have been able to bear it. After all, women were, as is quite natural to me, and as all men immediately understand, infinitely more important to me than myself. Slowly, through all the years, every year just a drop. So I had to finally come to this realization when I had the strength and superiority to endure it.

To replace the real woman, as they say, the real one has evolved in the man's soul. Anima is the name given to the female soul of man, the woman he carries within him, perhaps as a creature formed in countless previous lives, as I say, not the real one, but the true one. Many have proved by experience that

that it is so. For my part, I do not give much credence to such things, because I am averse to any notion that has been empirically established. It may be that the Anima evolved from the real woman to save the man from total collapse and to keep the image of the real woman alive and intact in him.

Shelley says: some of us once loved Antigone, and that is why there are few women on earth. Rilke is of a different opinion: he believes that it is the inner soul-daughter who must be conquered, and it is she with whom to fall in love and to live with is the true task of a man's life. There are more opinions, more teachings. These two are enough for now. What rests here I do not regard as a problem. Nor do I wish to solve it. Anyway, to intend to solve similar cases would be immodesty. What I wish to discuss is the relationship between woman and flower.

You will recall the image of a young woman being brought flowers, and the following happens: she holds the bouquet over her heart, over her bosom, carefully, so as to meet the conditions of charm and create the perfect illusion. She sinks her face halfway into the flowers, breathes in the fragrance and smiles. She has been seen in life at least two hundred times, in photographs many more. This is what is known as the woman's collective gesture. I've never seen it done any other way, any more than I've seen a cat wash two ways. Everywhere, the same almost malicious and showy charm, the same smile, the same sinking of the face into the flowers, and the same false rapture at being carried away by the flower. She wants to make it appear that she is the real girl, the one who lives in the man, the flower, for whom the real woman is only a disfigured form.

Whenever I see a beautiful woman, I am always fascinated again, because I am forever defenceless against the beautiful woman, however ravishing and radiantly beautiful she may be, I can already see where envy, revenge and venom are in her. Her charms no longer deceive me. No flower. As much as I'd like to. As much as you'd like. She smiles at me, but I know the secret of that smile is *resentment*. I'll never grow old with that thought. Besides, there's enough to go around.

I do not share the view of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who had a very bad opinion of woman, and gave her almost religious respect, because, he says, she had to be degraded to save her beauty. "Sometimes you seem not to be yourself, but to make sense of all that is."

Nor do I believe that woman is just like the flower, the goddess Kali, the colorful dress of Magna Mater, the variegated charm of Maya. Women know well that

In vain silk, velvet, jewels, hair-dress, blush, bleach, blacking, smiles, In vain all the foolish carnival, In vain and in vain. The woman's betrayal is to be forgiven (besides forgiving all the wrong done to her) only because, though she betrays the man, the one whose fate she in fact spoils is herself. The man gets away with it. The woman falls for it, slips into it, bleeds into it. She falls for the very thing she betrayed: her beauty. As a rule, if one lies to another, harms another, shortens another, deceives another, one may indeed deprive the one he has deceived of the treasure of life. It is not certain. But it can be expected. But it is certain that by lying he is lying to himself, by cutting himself short, by cheating he is cheating himself. This is absolutely true, and there is no exception. The betrayal of others is a repercussion on myself, and they may avoid it, but I never do. He who draws a sword on another may not necessarily stab him, but he himself will certainly perish by the sword. You may be sure of that.

I should also mention that the flower has some connection with the dead. That's why the cemetery should be a garden. All flowers have a connection with death, but especially the plucked flower, the bouquet and the wreath. How special, isn't it? A bouquet for the bride and the dead. I wonder who dies when the wedding is held, and how is it that death is like a wedding? Schuler, who must have thought a lot about this (but it's a pity he wrote so little), says that the plant is a symbol of open existence. Open existence? What is it? An existence that extends beyond the visible limits of life. It is a being whose boundaries are not boundaries, it is open, back and forth, up and down. This, of course, is only for people who know that death is not annihilation.

The plant lives in two worlds and connects two: the one below the earth, where the dead are, where matter is, and the one above the earth, where souls are and where the spirit is. Plant life is therefore open, like a bridge or a gate, open outwards and inwards, upwards and downwards. More open than that of man, who is already separated from the earth and helpless against the darkness below. The flower as the spiritual organ of the plant: a symbol of the soul. The dark part, the root, belongs to the dead, whose body is below; the flower, the light part, belongs to the dead, whose soul is above.

When one puts a flower on the grave, one is making a sacrifice. And, "in every case a man sacrifices to that to which he presents the sacrifice". Flowers

to sacrifice is to sacrifice to the flower. To the soul. The soul sacrifices itself to the soul. My soul makes contact with the souls of the dead. It is the kinship of the bride and the dead. They are both symbols of open existence, through whom existence flows freely from here to there and from here to there, as on a bridge, who are here and beyond, whose existence extends beyond the boundaries of life, and who draw their life from the eternal source beyond the earth, because they are souls. Wherever life expands and transcends mere earthliness, there it always blossoms. Thus nature becomes blooming in the spring, when it transcends the boundary which matter has drawn for it. Thus the dead and the bride. Picking flowers in the field is an otherworldly occupation, unreal and dangerously restless. The soul breaks itself off and opens itself to the world where there is no limit. It weaves itself into a wreath. And the wreath, the bouquet, is the crown, the aura, the sun, the glorification, the soul's return to the happy fields of Elysium, to paradise, where it becomes a flower again.

Returning once more to what has just been said, one understands better now why the bride to whom the man brings flowers represents the nuptial, the open existence where man becomes woman, woman becomes man, and so does not stop at the boundary set by nature, as round, as circular as the world, as the sun, as the wreath, life and death, man and woman, are together, as in love eternity is together: birth, life, death and rebirth. The flower is the only sign that signifies and can signify this openness, and when the woman accepts the flower, extends her hand to the offering presented to her, she says: let us open ourselves to each other and bind all being in each other. How strange that the human nuptials open only that which is below. That's why the beast comes out. The monster is nothing but a root, which is only a root, nothing else, living in the dark, not bearing flowers, and without flowers.

For three years I lived in a garden house where a jasmine bush grew under my window and an olive tree in the neighbour's garden. At the end of May, when the jasmine and the oil were in bloom, for about two weeks, the smell of jasmine and oil would waft incessantly through the open window. For a few days I was intoxicated, literally intoxicated by the smell, by the evaporation of the dead, by the mind-blowing power of being from the afterlife. Particularly at dawn, between one and three in the hours of greatest silence, this flood was so overwhelming that I sat in the window and gave myself over to the images this intoxication evoked.

I was in an island, half asleep, where white football bushes stood with red peonies opening at their base. Then I walked in the fields: poppies, daisies and cornflowers opened on the wide flats. Then crystal streams

I walked beside crystal streams, not touching the ground, daffodils grew in the glades. Above me, branches of cherry and apple trees in blossom bent.

In this maddening splendour of bloom, I flew over the ground and saw the birth of hundreds of thousands of tiny children, animals, beetles, birds, fish and amphibians, as if countless spaces had been drilled into the ground from below, and through them they had emerged from the darkness into the light. Every place, every way, every opportunity was good enough for them to emerge, unashamedly innocent, greedy and eager for life, as the spring bubbles up from under the earth. This immense desire for light of dark existence, and this insurmountable desire for the soul of the earth, made the earth seem as if it were foaming up, and out of the gloom a species and a being beyond counting would burst forth.

The flower is picked by the soul. The flower is the only image on earth in which the soul knows itself. My root is in the dark, and I grow towards the light. And when I pick a flower, in a bunch or a wreath, on my buttonhole or on my hat, I blossom myself, I am as much as the flower. The scent, the colour, helps me to experience the incomprehensible magic of this mystery. For the soul has a smell, and Heraclitus says: immaterial souls in the afterlife know each other by their smell - *hai pszüchai osmontai kat' Haidén*.

What the essence of the flower is, I do not know and perhaps I will never know. But when I pick a flower, I know that I become a flower, and it is as if my soul absorbs my body, I become an immaterial fragrance and beauty like the Anima, and this is evoked by a tiny violet pinned in my buttonhole. To pick a flower is to bloom; and it is to pass through a gate into the unknown. When I pluck the flower, I cross the mystic bridge. To where? I do not know. But I do know that I am receiving an inexplicable beauty, and I am opening up to a hitherto secret direction of existence.

## MORNING NOTE

*(As one sits on the pier, one's feet  
dangling over the water, watching the fish  
in the sea.)*

The northern way of life differs from the southern in the following: in the north, the man who lets go of the initiative is lost.

the man who keeps the initiative and cannot let go is lost.

The difference is essential. In the North, man must keep the initiative in his hand, and therefore the centre of all things is the self. In the South, he must give up the initiative, and therefore the centre of all things is the gods.

He who comes to the south must think well, he must give up his activity and let go of himself. It's hard for an obsessive hyperborean. It is difficult to switch off what is strongest in him. Many people can't stand it. This kind of metamorphosis makes them sick. The disease is called boredom.

The intellectual man is particularly susceptible to metamorphosis. That's why, when you reach Del, you dig a hole next to the boundary stone and put your self in it. If you are afraid someone will steal it, put your business card next to it, or wrap it in paper and mark it with the initials of your name, then stamp it with a stone. When you return, take it out again and put it back. If you do the ritual, you will find that you can live quite well without me.

The first experience one has is that the self is gone. There is a blue sky, there is sunshine, there is heat, there is wind, there is salt water, there is a boat, there is noise. And all this is can be simplified as there are gods. Man has nothing to do. The most important thing, that there is, the gods do for him. Man does nothing. And because he does nothing, he does not get tired. That's why man sleeps so well in the south.

The other experience is that all of a sudden you start to take your time. Nothing is urgent. As slowly as possible and as little as possible. The southern man lives as if he were always on vacation. One realizes that the self that was always chasing him is gone. He relaxes, and from that moment on he can do everything.

The third experience is the most important. You don't have to think. If you want it bad enough, you can have it. But you don't have to and it's completely unnecessary. I think, so I am? This was invented by the Nordic man. Not at all. I do not think, yet I am quite well. In fact, I am not. The gods are here and I'm just stealing the sun. In fact, it's not even me, it's someone lighter, brighter, calmer than me, floating calmly and freely in the world.

In the south, instead of thinking, one thinks of things. Just like that, without any special effort, and the less effort, the more. Here's what comes to mind. Suppose two peoples are at war with each other. It's not uncommon, history brings up some



examples. Fools rush at each other and kill each other by the thousands. The result is that the other is always angrier and, even when defeated, vows revenge. He'll gather strength, and in a few years he'll attack the other again, and then maybe he'll win. Now it starts all over again.

If by chance I were to get into a war with someone, the first thing I would do would be to make peace immediately, on the most humiliating terms, without delay. I would promise to be a slave to that nation for thirty years. I will do everything in my power for their good. I would carry to them by my railways the produce of my land, and by my ships the great treasures of distant lands. Many spices, sweetmeats, silks, gold, precious stones, all, I will give to him. I would even strip my own people of their shirts and give them to him. I would be merciless. I would lavish him with earthly goods, that he would not have time for anything but gluttony. I would fatten him, feed him, praise him. Whatever fruit, fish, flesh, game, rice, wool, coffee there is in the earth, I would throw it all before him.

A hundred against one, that the people may not last thirty years. They would be so fat, so lazy, so idle, so stupid, so fat, so sluggish, that there would be no need to make war on them. If I could defeat it with arms, I would strengthen it, for I would increase the instinct of satisfaction in it. And prosperity has yet killed all nations.

Such things have occurred to me. I do not know whether it be right or wrong, nor will I think on it.

## **GOLDEN DAYS**

If only for a few days or hours, sometimes for a week, sometimes even longer, but every year there comes a time that I like to call the golden days. The earth is wet and soft again from the late summer rains. The water has washed the dust from the leaves and the foliage is green again. The dawns are fresh, but the sun is still warm. And on the hills at dusk the west wind is lukewarm.

I named this time Golden Days because the colour of September is gold. There are tiny glittering eyes in the air, and when you look out over the plains from the mountain top, you see the landscape covered in a dusting of shimmering gold. The gardens rest lazily in the glowing mist, in the shimmering mist, and this serene slowness ripens the grapes and makes the apples frothy,

the walnuts, almonds, peaches and plums become sweet. The earth is bathed in golden honey, and the sunlight shines like yellow oil.

When the late summer rainy weather breaks, the skies clear and the gentle westerly winds that are characteristic of the season start to blow, I know that the golden days are here, I can always find some way, even if it is only for two or three twenty-four hour days, to go to the mountains and spend as much time as I can in the gardens. Not just to sit under the vines, slowly tasting the delightful array of varieties, one by one. Muscat Black Hamburg, the ovoid black Muscat, with its crumbling raisin flavour, keeps tempting me to return. But there is also Muscat Otonel, Honey White, Delaware, Queen of the Vineyards. Meanwhile, I nibble almonds, sit on the beach, peel fresh walnuts, thoughtful and carefree. In these late, ripe days, even the birds are singing. Early in the morning I hear a thrush, in the afternoon a nightingale sings a few bars as if sighing, and I can hardly hold back a tear of emotion. Why? I don't know. In the morning it is spring, in the afternoon summer, in the evening autumn, the acacia is in bloom, the finch is singing, I hear the wood larks all night long from the valley, this time is like the summary of the whole year, but with an inexpressible peace and gentleness, as if it were a picture of wise memory, dissolving it into a charming melancholy.

I go out into the gardens to fill myself with the smell of ripeness, my eyes satiated with the wonder of lush cabbages, carrots, ripe tomatoes, peppers, heavy pumpkins and melons. A plum tree leans over the footpath, I pluck two grains, bend down to pick the four-leaf clover from the ground beside my feet, as if it were the end of May.

But I also go outside because in these long days of transience, rather than in the fresh April, the blazing July, I can experience something directly: the glorification of life. The gold that shines in the sky and in the air is not a natural phenomenon. The aura of glorification shines around the ripe earth. And in this transcendent splendour, on the threshold of death, but at the peak of life, when in its mature, honeyed peace, nature is already dispersing all its wealth of its own accord without passion or violence, in this tranquil beauty, some mysterious fruit is ripening within every time. Whenever the golden days come, I set out to partake of their being, I always get some insight, as if the year's work were then ripe and ready to be harvested.

This year these days began comparatively late and lasted an unusually long time. The sky **cleared** about the twentieth of September, the gold over the forests

On the fifth of October, it was still bright, the wood larks were singing incessantly and I was picking violets in the wet valleys. In light summer clothes I wandered half-days in the woods, and when I returned home I found lavender blooming under the vines.

What I tell you is personal. At first glance, it seems nobody's business. Yet I am telling it, and I know I am not being indiscreet, because the possibility of a similar situation is open to many people today. There may come a time when hundreds of people may find themselves in this situation, and it is not without value. As I lay on the hillside in the afternoon, watching a peasant mowing hay in the field below, some two hours ago, while the book lay open and untouched beside me, I felt very deeply that it was good that others should know about it. After all, it would not have cost me any particular trouble either to keep it silent altogether, or to make a note of it in the diary, and thus bury it for others.

It began in the early afternoon, up there under the pines. Autumn chrysanthemums were opening in the little glades, and there I walked among these fairies, all my senses tingling and happy. I wondered at the boundless richness of solitary experiences and understood those who chose the garden or the library room rather than the pulpit and the battlefields. In that moment, I found the endless boredom of social life, the emptiness of the theatre and entertainment unbearable, bleak and meaningless compared to the richness of a life lived in solitude. A solitary life is richer in events than a public life. The sage lives more than the hero. In these golden days here, that a week passes alone, without a word, I have a greater life now than when I lived in war for six months twenty years ago.

When I came down from the forest, I saw a poppy blooming in the hazel bushes at the base of the sunny side. Golden days always surprise you. Up here, a chickweed, down here, a poppy: autumn and June side by side. The word came to me then. On the *agon*. A Greek word, but Burckhardt the historian interpreted it for us beautifully. So much so: in the Greek world, only what happened in public had any meaning.

We have taken over this agonal way of life from the Greeks in its entirety, and we generally only take into account what happens in public. What is important: the news, the success, the name, the glory. In themselves, these have no meaning. What do I do with fame in my solitude in the woods? They are so important because they are agonal. The man must outwardly outwardly, into a role

because the only thing that matters is to be seen in a positive light by others.

A Persian king wanted to build a palace, and two architects came forward: a Chinese and a Greek. Both made a plan, and the king, when he saw it, said, "The Greek is more beautiful on the outside, for when one sees this house, one knows at once that a king lives in it; but the rooms are empty and cold. The Chinese is not so brilliant, but inside it is warm, cosy, and cosy, and I choose it for my home. Because I want to live in my house for myself, not for the public.

The Chinese way of life, or perhaps the whole Eastern way of life, is opposed to the agon. It is the intimacy of privacy that is missing in Greece and in ours. When I have been alone here now for more than a week, I understand the Persian king, because now I live for myself and not for the public. Agonal life is simply frivolous.

From the side of the grassy hill, a rounded rock emerged. It felt good to sit on it. I took some from my pocket, though it was only half-ripe, and sucked it, and fricasseed the seed far away. The realization kept me quite busy. I felt I was living in a crucial moment. I had to make a choice. Or rather, I had already chosen. Not the Caesarian life, not the agon, not the fame, not the success, not the publicity, but the intimate and warm solitude, simply because it is the richer. The more.

The man is hard to deceive. You can't tell him to come this way, here's where you get the more. After a while, he'll realize the deception, and then it's over. And man is a creature with an unimaginable hunger for life. He always goes where there is more life. He is even capable of being sick if health gives him few experiences. It's always the more that's needed, the brighter, the more fiery, the more interesting, the more serious, the more exciting, the more impactful, the more gripping. I used to think that there was something wrong with agonics because it gave little. Now I see that the problem cannot be helped. I choose the garden and the library room, silent walks, wordless prayer and sitting quietly. Why? Because it gives me immeasurably more of what I need. A life lived in solitude is infinitely richer than a public one. I want to live my life for myself, not for the public.

This attitude has been made very easy for me by my contemporaries. The spirituality I served was unknown here in Hungary. If I were to simplify it to the point of publicity, or even publicity, I would have to say that there were three essential points to this ethos. The

first: to increase knowledge of man in every possible way, even at the cost of inconvenience, for only from a well-established and correct knowledge of man can fruitful relations between men arise, and only those who know each other can take each other seriously. The second is to recognise the dangerous crisis nature of the age in which we live and to confront the chimera nature of time. The third: *mystique au lieu de politique*, as Péguy says, that is to say, to give preference to Scripture over party programmes.

Perhaps this spirit is very much against the interests of all those who lived here. Perhaps I could have achieved some influence in England, France or Germany. I have no knowledge of the conditions and possibilities, nor can I. There is no doubt that I have always been extremely receptive to ideas beyond the borders of my country, perhaps because I found no ideas at all here, only programmes. As far as universal standards and modernity are concerned, therefore, I had nothing to be ashamed of. However, as far as essential productivity is concerned, I am not sure, to be honest, because I do not know whether I could have intervened productively in the way things were done.

On Hungarian soil, ideas were received with distrust. Of course, a certain percentage of the distrust is always directed at the person, and I noticed this relatively early on. But I was neither in a position to eliminate my own being, nor to change the scope of my sincere interests. I was forced to content myself with the peculiar situation which was, in fact, a situation. I would have been truly at home in an intellectual Europe - which did not exist in reality - where I was really at home with the spirits whom I took seriously and respected and accepted as friends, and the fact that I was living realistically here in Hungary took the weight and life out of my words.

I think I am explaining my situation well when I say that I was not at home here because I was not stylish, modern, popular; and where I could have been all that, I simply was not. Here I could not find a single person with whom I could have found a relationship that encompassed the whole of my spirituality, from which a productive community could have emerged and thus at least a small circle could have been founded. And where I could have met kindred spirits, I could never have stayed long enough to make and deepen the contact.

In short, where it would have been favourable for me to live, I lived little or not at all; and here, where I did live, my being and my ideas were and remained alien. Why this happened: I was ahead of my time, my ideas were new, my being too abstract, my ideas impossible, my person too radical, my standards high, or other, is now quite beside the point. It is not for me to decide such things, for one cannot give an unimpeachable opinion of oneself on such matters.

Such a situation would strike a man who seeks to lead and to influence. And while I thought I was supposed to lead and influence, I was also struck down. Later, when I voluntarily gave up the ambition, belatedly but voluntarily, and no longer claimed to have an impact, my eyes were suddenly opened to the limitless advantages of being in a position. It was then, without conscious reflection, that I rejected the agon as an unsuitable and shallow way of life. What was on the other side of the agon I did not know at the time. For the time being, away from publicity, away from ambition, away from the role!

I do not know any intellectually significant person whose opinion does not in some way constitute a group opinion. Behind one word there is a party, behind another a circle of friends, behind a third an interest group, behind a fourth a crowd of disciples. All the serious opinions of note that I have encountered, at home of course, have been those of others, and these others have been moved by the opinion, and these others have identified themselves with the opinion. Every word was in fact a vote cast on behalf of the many. I found that the weight of a word was usually measured by the number of people who identified with it. These words were very popular. If someone was attacked, the offensive word was a group word, if the person was defended, the defence was also on behalf of a group. Thinking, writing, fighting, opinion, debate were usually almost entirely collective expressions. The words of spirituality, as I have said, were in fact voices of worldviews, positions, emotional and interest connections.

Because of my situation, I never had the opportunity to vote in this way. I could only ever speak for myself. There was no one behind me, beside me or with me. Nobody identified with what I said. Rather, it was disagreement or argument or annoyance, after all, it really is annoying that when everyone has a collective and group opinion, there should be someone who whistles all of this and just

speak for themselves. I was out of place, out of time, out of popularity, out of style. No one defended me, I had to defend myself. No one answered for me, I had to answer for myself. The whole weight of responsibility for the opinions fell on me. I did not belong to any group. And so I was slowly forced to become as much myself, perhaps even more than I had originally intended, as I could. I became extremely individualized. My contemporaries forced me into a state of total solitude and solitude in which, cut off and disconnected from all collective relationships, I could only say what was really and truly mine.

Sorry for all the words. I've stepped off the agon and become *an outsider*. Or rather, I was considered *an outsider*. Because they still thought I was in the race. They couldn't even imagine having someone so different from the rest that they didn't even compete. *Outsider* is the name of the horse that runs on the edge. They had no idea that I was no longer an agonal contender for success in the public eye, unable to relinquish my role. I stepped off the track and became a spectator. But not a spectator of the race. The whole history of the race, the unhealthy daily renewal of the grind for success, bored me to tears. I really found something better to watch in this beautiful world. I found better things to think about, better things to live, better things to write about. My ambition has increased. I despised the possibility of winning the race. That's how I arrived at notable anonymity.

Notable anonymity is the opposite of agonal living. It is an order of life in which the notable man is anonymous, and that because he keeps himself at a certain cautious distance from the public. Of course, distance is not a negative. Sometimes I am genuinely interested in the public sphere, and in most cases I accept everything that happens there with goodwill. But I am not at all attached to it, and ultimately I find the whole of public life to be annoyingly uneventful. If someone approaches me, I am happy to talk to them, if they accept me, I have no objection, if they invite me, I go. But do not wish agonal competition to become my passion: I could not fulfil that wish. You must appreciate that my interests are quite different.

The attitude of notable anonymity is not human. The thrush lives in nameless anonymity, as does the cricket, the sage or the saint, the nameless benefactor and the solitary artist. The term means, moreover, the meaningful occupation of a cosmic position. The opposite of agón, because agón

is the effective performance of a role played in public. In my view, the notable anonymity is quite appropriate for poets, thinkers, artists, sages, religious people. And as I have something of each, it is perfect for me. Not wanting to achieve anything outwardly, agonistically, does not mean not wanting to achieve anything at all. Such a judgment would misjudge human ambition. I too have experience of the unheard-of power of ambition. It is terrible when it burns, but even more terrible when it is stifled. It must be given the power to make a man noteworthy, if it is to make him so at all costs. Such a hideous reality as ambition cannot be suppressed with impunity. The end of an attempt at violence is only a sickness of temper.

But there is a difference between struggling to succeed on the agon, in the human public eye, and being notable in an intimate infinity. Religion says: before God. And since this is really the case, it is best to keep the expression. The creatures: flowers, trees, stars, birds, know only this notability before God; man alone is content with less, notability before mankind. It is as if the ephemeral fame before mankind were more than immortality in God.

This is the end of the thought. I did not get here in a day. By the time it was ripe, I had long since returned from the gardens, winter had come and spring had sprung again. But every time I thought of it and pondered it, the aura of the mountain peak, the warm forest, the farmer mowing the hay, the poppies, the taste of the mace in my mouth, and my face seeking the soft touch of the west wind.

## **ANCIENT AND MODERN LANDSCAPE**

The ancient landscape was initially very simple. A single wavy line, a single fish underneath, nothing more, that was the sea. As you can see, it was not a picture that would suit the taste of today's adult man. It was just a sign. A symbol. Like writing, the hieroglyph to which it was related.

But if you look closely at modern painting, at the landscapes of Corot, Van Gogh, Constable, or Claude Lorrain, you will be surprised to see that this is no different. Only the mark has changed. We are used to seeing the artist's magic



and believe that what he puts in front of us is a faithful imitation of the fresh morning woods or the airy olive grove.

There was a moment not so long ago when I noticed where the gap was to be found through which the illusion created by the artist could be escaped. And when I did - because I didn't stop myself from doing so - I saw no similarity between the landscape and the painting. But it is more accurate: the resemblance was no greater than in the ancient landscape, when the sea was the wavy line and the fish. They are all signs, and not very incomprehensible ones either.

Since I made this observation, which was of great importance to me, I have spent months looking at antique and modern landscapes wherever I could find them. I have made numerous notes of my observations until I have finally got so many that I have no particular difficulty in writing a book.

That is not my intention now. I shall merely give some thoughts, perhaps the more important ones.

First of all, the first European poetic image, from the Odyssey, is the nymphaic garden of Calypso: the house is ablaze with fire, and the pleasant smell of the burning cedar and lemon smoke spreads far and wide. He himself hums a song in his beautiful voice, while his nimble hand weaves a shining robe with the golden spindle. Around the cave is a grove, full of green-flowering trees, alder and holly, deep black cypress. Under the canopy dwell the soaring birds, owls and blood-owls, the chattering crows, waterfowl that catch the fish on the shore. And above the entrance, the vine running up the cliff dangles its long vine-like arms, ripening crimson bunches. The silvery waters of four springs glisten here, close together, and all winding here. The meadows shine fresh, strewn with violet and celery.

Have you observed well what is here? Close your eyes and imagine the landscape. The picture will be like the one painted by the Greeks, or the one you see on the walls of Pompeii. Despite the ornamentation, it is necessarily simple. Because it is simple in feeling, simple in thought, and simple in the man who paints it. The atmosphere is mostly idyllic. Even if the picture is stormy or dark.

Let me contrast it with the modern poetic landscape. The following is from a volume by Verhaeren:

*Agg shepherds, on each of whom a  
century has fallen,*

*And their dogs, windswept ancient rags in  
the meadow, Are often seen on the  
soundless plain,  
In the shadows of the golden dunes,  
silent by night, the beast marching,  
that the water in the bog is ashamed to lie  
flat, the field is pale and pale,  
that every leaf on the bush watches, and  
the dying sun's fire,  
whose light, like a madman, is drowned in  
its rays.*

The contrast is quite characteristic. Behold the searing terror that trembles in these words, as if they were nothing like Calypso's garden. And indeed it is nothing like it. It is like a nightmarish vision, a kind of tense torment hidden in deep obscurity, which does not allow the painter to draw a straight line. Tortured, crooked, suffering lines, like Van Gogh's broken and evil, abandoned, guilty and sobbing apple trees.

The question is which is the real one. We already know, of course, that neither is. The antique landscape is nothing more than a symbol. But the modern is no different. We know that the painting can never be anything but the sign. But whereas the painter of the antique landscape would not have thought of sitting in the grove and creating the illusion of truth by copying the trees in a naturalistic way, the modern painter, as they say, works after nature. One would search in vain for the original of the antique landscape. Nowhere on earth is there such a bay, such a tree, such a cave, such a stone, such a flower, except in the imagination of the painter. The original of the modern landscape, it is said, is here, for all to see, and, to make the scrutiny greater, to photograph. The antique painter presents us with an imaginary, so-called ideal landscape; the modern painter's ambition is greater or lesser, we are not sure, but he takes his model from nature.

The watchword is nature. This is a subject that the ancient painter either did not know or did not take into account. And it is the subject on which the modern painter works.

The only author who could have been counted on in this difficult matter is John Ruskin. *In Modern Painters* he talks about the ancient and modern landscape through long chapters I have dealt with s ha whole

my whole enterprise had been worth only spending about two weeks in warm friendship with Ruskin's book, I would still have won.

The modern, according to him, differs from the antique painting in being cloudy. A cloud, it goes without saying, is not, as an uneducated man would think, a vapour floating in the air, which casts a shadow on the ground and catches the sunlight. Whoever imagines it so simply does not know Ruskin. The service of *the* clouds means that the sunlight has been forced out of the picture. This is the start of a trend that demeans the sacred elements of colour. No more brilliance. No more cloudless blue skies. And when the sky becomes cloudy, the mood inside is overcast. The beautiful man becomes both an ugly and a ridiculous creature. Man is no longer religious, but scientific. *Troublesome selfishness* is the dark state of mind corresponding to cloudy images. It is the *unparadised*, paradise-derelict condition of modern man.

As it seems, Ruskin is talking about the morality of the landscape. Which he does not deny. Not that he is wrong. Think carefully and you will see that none of these words of reproach is untrue. This metaphysics of the cloud, in all its aspects, is one hundred percent justified. Only one problem: that is not the case.

They say that nature was discovered by Rousseau. For my part, I don't believe this at all, because the landscape painters of the German Alps knew the same nature a good 150 years before him. I have come to see Rousseau in a more and more negative light: the worship of nature by instinct is, in my view, nothing more than a death leap of reason. In Rousseau, the Cartesian *raison* is at its end. Therefore, the emphasis is on the fact that reason is *not*, rather than that instinct *is*.

I first found nature in its later generalized form in Dürer. Not as a big picture, as a definitive and certain solution. His little drawings and sketches, so out of focus, like bugs, flowers, grasses, are the germs of the modern landscape. He copied after nature and with so-called fidelity. I see the modern illusion, the naturalness, emerging here. Being northern and Protestant? Yes. But that it is northern and Protestant is also a sign, like Ruskin's cloud, or the wavy line and the fish underneath.

Kassner is closer. But the distinction he draws between landscape and nature is one that I can't get a foothold on either. Of course, the two should not be confused. Nature is whole, boundless, of which the landscape is only

an arbitrary, cut-off part. The landscape needs a frame; nature has no frame.

Kassner's description of the ages is beautiful. Between the Greek man and the landscape are the gods. In the Middle Ages there is more passion than perspective. The Renaissance is the great carpet. The nature style appears at the beginning of the 19th century, namely in the English: Shelley and Turner.

The difference between the ancient and the modern landscape is hypothetical: the ancient landscape is an idea-image, the modern landscape is a reality-image.

This is a cliché. I don't want it attributed to me. I hope you are aware of idea-painting. I don't want to burden your memory with anecdotes that the whole of antiquity, the Middle Ages, even the Renaissance, looked down on reality. The living man and landscape were only an opportunity to paint a highly imaginary picture that conformed to the laws of harmony. This image was not even intended to resemble reality. Ten years after the death of the real Lorenzo di Medicore, no one will remember him, Michelangelo said, but his statue will still be admired a thousand years later. Who knows what the real Achilles was like? We only know the idea of Achilles. What was Calypso's garden like? We only know the idyll.

Strange how the ideal landscape has survived so long. The portrait was painted long after nature, as in the case of Gioconda, but the landscape behind it was still ideal. Nor has the modern age been able to give it up completely: the paintings of Hodler, Puvis de Chavannes, Böcklin, Segantini bear witness to this.

But the question is this: the ideal landscape is undoubtedly not intended to be true. But is the real landscape, which wants to be real, really real? The ideal landscape is ideal. The real landscape is real. But what about real? My point is that the modern landscape, which wants to represent reality faithfully, is just as untrue as the ancient landscape, which wants to represent the ideal. The nature seen in the modern landscape is just as untrue as that seen in the ancient landscape. The ancients painted an ideal landscape, but the nature of the real landscape that the moderns paint is as far from the true as the idea.

Nature and truth are not the same. This cannot be emphasised enough, and for the sake of what follows it should be well noted: the depiction of man in the modern landscape has nothing to do with truth.

Okay. The modern landscape does not represent either the idea or the truth. Well, what does it represent? Nature. The key word is nature. But what does it mean?

nature?

I won't bore you with an analysis of the Greek *physis*, the Latin *natura*, the Hungarian *natur*. I will only say that these words originally had nothing to do with the truth. What is natural need not be true; what is nature need not be true. Nature and truth do not overlap. How shall I make it clearer?

The assumption, then, is this: there is no more truth in reality-nature than in idea. This is far from saying that reality-nature is unreal. For neither is the idea. We all know that the idea has a very serious and calculable reality-content. Those who oppose the idea with reality, saying that the two are opposites and that neither reality has an idea nor the idea has reality, are not in touch with the matter. Ideas do have a profound reality. In any case, it has as much as so-called nature.

The fact is, after all, that neither the idea nor the image of nature represents reality. What we have called naturalistic painting since the beginning of the modern age, and whose illusion is so-called fidelity, bears as little resemblance to truth as the idea does. Constable's or Ruijsdael's paintings are as far from the truth as Homer's Calypso's garden, or the Pompeii murals and the landscape of Verhaeren. I am convinced that the truth, that is, the actual situation as it is, has not been painted by anyone, nor has anyone seen it, nor can anyone paint it, because no one can see it.

Let us start from a particular case. I recommend Corot's work, which depicts a forest road with some village roofs and a church tower in the background. The picture is called Footpath to the church. Look at the picture and admit that your first impression is: it is early summer, Sunday morning, the night has been fresh and the sun is getting warm, but the air is still fresh and the forest is quiet, only the bell is ringing. Now I ask you: where do you see the beginning of summer? In the poison-green foliage? In the colour of the sky? In the clouds? On the road? Where do you see Sunday morning? Where do they see that the night was fresh? That the day will be warm? They cannot answer. I confess, neither can I. But if someone dared to say that this picture was taken in September and in the afternoon, I would laugh at them and suggest that they do something else, because not good with pictures. By the way, even the church bell

and I know that the service doesn't start for another quarter of an hour because it's only the first bell.

For a few hundred years, the name of nature has been used to summarize the totality of perceptible phenomena. Corot's picture is full of such phenomena. The air, the colour of the forest, the sunlight, the clouds, the heat, the mist, the chimes, are all such phenomena, such perceptible and perceptible images, and such images for the senses. And the whole is nothing else than nature as phenomenon, as sensory impression.

Look at a picture by Claude Lorrain, or Ostade, Theodore Rousseau, David Cox, De Wint, Rembrandt, or anyone else, and you will find the same thing. In each case, the landscape will present the phenomenon. The phenomenon and not the truth. That the two are not equal, I hope you know. These pictures have a particular sense mysticism, as opposed to the ideamism of the antique landscape painter. Both are mysticisms, and how they relate to truth cannot be determined, because even if we have some vague sense of truth, it is enough to conclude that the landscape is not true.

In any case, it is a real relief to stop looking for similarities in modern landscapes, to stop looking for fidelity, to find out whether the tree was really like that, the sun really shone like that, and the colour of the sea really was violet. There is no imitation.

The modern landscape does not copy. It represents the phenomenon. Spengler says that the sensory phenomenon is a cosmic touch. *Kosmischer Takt*. Cosmic beat. To say how this sensory phenomenon is a cosmic moment would take so much space that I won't even go into it. I recommend Karl Welkisch's book, read it, and you will understand that this sublime activity of the human spirit must be seen in a new light. Another good book on this subject is *In defence of sensuality* by J. C. Powys. Only a sadly misunderstood Christianity and a wrongly explained moral asceticism have reduced the spiritual value of the sensual phenomenon to where it is today and regarded it as a crime to be avoided. The sensual phenomenon is not to be rejected, but to be penetrated, imbued and imbued with its whole depth.

The modern landscape is a re-enchantment of nature. It is a representation of the cosmic touch on the eye. Now perhaps you understand why in Corot's picture the initiate sees, and must see, above all the summer morning, the fresh air, and hears the chimes. The landscape depicts this touch. It paints this beat of the world. That the forest, the road, the rooftop, the church steeple is important?

It is. Because these are the phenomena you are depicting. They are those particular signs and hieroglyphics, like the wavy line and the fish. A modern landscape painter could not be persuaded to paint Calypso's garden for any reason. An exhibition of what would be ideal landscapes today would bore us to death. We are looking for that cosmic touch in nature, that certain mystical moment of the senses. What is the relationship between this moment and the real nature? The images do not depict what is, but what is - how shall I put it: 'is', in quotation marks and underlined, I think, has been misunderstood.

Nature, what we see, experience, admire, believe in, and what our painters so faithfully depict today, is a mystical deepening of phenomena for the senses.

Now that I have come directly to the end of my train of thought, allow me to make a fundamental distinction. I think the last step will make it easier.

I want to distinguish between the sacred and the profane landscape. The sacred landscape is different from age to age. Calypso's garden is, but so is Verhaeren's landscape. The fantastic mountains in the Golgotha paintings of the Middle Ages, the decorative ideal landscapes painted behind the portraits of the Renaissance, the landscapes in the paintings of Burne-Jones or Marées are all sacral.

The profane landscapes are more difficult to describe, and that is because I have either never heard of the painters who painted them or have forgotten them immediately. Aesthetics calls paintings that fall into this group kitsch. The profane landscape is the kitsch landscape. A sketch. The meaningless and uninitiated and despicable paint-splattering.

It is, however, quite pointless. To be more precise: the sacred landscape is that behind which there is truth and in which there is truth; the profane landscape is that behind which there is no truth. Truth cannot be depicted. It cannot be seen. Truth is supra-ideal, supra-reality, supra-natural, supra-sensory, supra-phenomenal; truth is that which holds the idea, the reality, the nature, the phenomenon. This is true. The painter must represent the sensual phenomenon, and he must know that he can never see the truth. The phenomenon is only a sign. Like wavy lines and fish. He must always depict the sign, but he must always know that woe to the image, which is only a sign and nothing more, and which has nothing to do with the inaccessible and invisible truth. It is inaccessible, but must be in the picture; it is invisible, but must be seen. It cannot be perceived, but it must be represented, and this alone must and must be perceived

and depict. If the image has no truth, it is profane and can be used to inflame. It is sacral, that is, it is only high if it represents the truth.

The discovery of the modern age that it is possible to depict the hornbill (Dürer) and the discarded cigarette butt sacrally, not only the Assumption of Mary; there are thousands of examples. We know that a blade of grass, a bridge, a flower, a bowl of apples, if they are a sign of truth, can and are sacral. And at the same time, we know that the birth of Christ, the resurrection, can be depicted profanely, just as there are thousands of examples of this, many a nasty joke by a nasty boor, which is not a sign of truth.

The unheard-of innovation of modern landscape painting is that it has brought the appearance of nature to the fore, and has been able to use this appearance to capture the inescapable truth of a phenomenon of the world that has hitherto been seen as insignificant.

What does it depict? A fly? A raindrop? A hand? A mountain? An olive grove? Whatever. A picture of a footbridge can be truer than Veronica's shawl if it has the sacral sensual touch. Modern painting is a manifestation of the sacral potential in the sensual phenomenon.

The question of what is meant here by the notion of the sacral is easy to answer. Sacral means sacred. And sacred is what is. That which is. That which is not superficial, not ephemeral, not ephemeral, not ephemeral, but being, eternal, immortal. So it's not that which is passing away, but that which is. What is true. Always true, and true everywhere. That which actually is. And that which is eternal, which is existent, which is immortal, which is true, which is sacred, which is sacral, which is, is in the world only One.

## **GUIDE TO THE AFTERLIFE**

**(Right of error reserved)**

*You have to be a very good shot if  
you want to hit the target.*

The constant interest in the afterlife, in contrast to the few, incomplete and rare recent records of the afterlife, has awakened the desire in the publisher to compile this guide, and thus to be of service to all those who travel beyond the world. Its publication was made necessary by the fact that the major works on the subject



on this subject were obsolete or lost. It is said that from Toth's Book of the Dead to Swedenborg in the 18th century, a great many works on the subject were in circulation. But all these books have the defect, from the point of view of the modern man, of being entirely constructive and religious in their orientation, and thus of being totally out of touch with the practical aspects which are of most interest to the modern man.

Thus, for example, the modern man who arrives in the afterlife is first interested in Heaven, Purgatory and Hell, as a result of what he has learned on earth. At this point, the traveller is in for a surprise. He believes that the Beyond consists of only these three parts. The reality is that Heaven, Purgatory and Hell are only a tiny part of the afterlife, so small and so insignificant that most people have been there for thousands of years and have never been to one or the other. Why this is so, the traveller will understand as soon as he has visited these places.

Heaven is compared to the best resort, some say Nice. Entry was originally subject to a complicated procedure. One had to submit an application accompanied by a curriculum vitae, a baptismal certificate, a moral certificate and a death certificate. The latter was required because of the fear that living people might be admitted (see Odysseus, Virgil, Dante). In addition, he had to sign a pledge in which he swore that he believed in his innermost convictions that he belonged in Heaven. The deed was submitted to a committee, which decided on the petition. If the decision was favourable and eligibility was established, the person was subjected to a procedure similar to military conscription, followed by a spiritual examination. If found eligible, the person was then dressed, i.e. instructed to go to the central warehouse to be issued with the dead person's belongings, disinfected, and, following a relatively simple ceremony in which the person had to swear to go to Heaven with all his strength and effort, etc. Finally, a biblical name was chosen for him and he was grafted in.

However, the procedure originally envisaged was never put into effect. The situation today is that anyone who wants to enter must sign a ready-made, schematic form, the text of which says that he feels from the depths of his soul that he is entitled to Heaven. This is countersigned by the assistant director, and the man's white robe, psalm book, chaïqua and canteen

is immediately given to him. The reason for the present situation is that Heaven is the worst business in the afterlife. Not only because it is an improbably boring place, but also because a host of abuses, both serious and less serious, make a stay there almost unbearable.

Heaven's supply is poor. The CEO doesn't care about the affairs, the various board members, directors, supervisors can go as wild as they like. The rules state that the residents' chai should be filled to the brim with manna twice a day and a pint of nectar dispensed. But the rations have been reduced, and now the dead man gets barely half a cup. The quality has also completely deteriorated. It is a daily occurrence that manna is served that is not fresh, musty, rancid, mouldy, and the nectar is sour, cloudy and, according to many, like cucumber juice.

Denunciations have achieved nothing. The file gets lost in the administrative maze. They went to the CEO for questioning and he promised to launch a rigorous investigation, but nothing happened.

What then makes being in Heaven really intolerable is the behaviour of the Huris. A harlot is a woman who got here because she had no part in love on earth. Heaven is full of them. They smile sweetly, without grace, charm, warmth, the most unappetizing mixture of whorishness and slatternly morality, the way they talk, they immediately talk to every man, they flirt with him, they rub up against him, they sing in a false voice. You cannot get rid of them. At no hour of the day is it certain that they will not come, that they will not start behaving defiantly.

The situation is neither very tempting nor enticing. Heaven is going very badly. There has been more talk of the plant being shut down or converted into something else. The reason that this has not happened so far is that they have not yet found a replacement for Heaven.

If Heaven is most like a resort, then Purgatory is like a hospital or sanatorium. In the afterlife, people are generally convinced that this is where people who lack self-confidence, who are neurasthenic, schizophrenic, hypochondriacs, maniacs and self-pityers go. The original rules were pretty strict here too. Eligibility had to be verified and then the Purgatory Commission would mark the method of atonement. Nowadays, the dead can discuss the cure with the supervising authorities themselves, and even use whatever cure they want without supervision.

In the Purgatory, all of life revolves around sickness, sin, vice, fault, suffering, affliction, spasm, ulcer, misery. People spend all their time studying their sins and their sicknesses, reading big books about cures, talking about them, analysing each other, giving advice, writing more and more very big books about all sorts of ailments. Purgatory is the place of the cult of the disease. People come here to get rid of their sins, but getting rid of them in this environment is absolutely impossible. Cure, cure, surgery, asceticism, iodine, chloroform, ether, complicated cuts, procedures, treatment, wraps, massage, baths, breathing, consumption, fattening, laxative. Purgatory is made intolerable by nurses. With their hygienic hysterics, they leave no one alone for a moment. Otherwise, there is a succession of penance courses and, most recently, an eight-form school of lamentation, where very famous experts give lectures.

As it seems, the real situation does not correspond at all to the imagination of man on earth, and it is therefore advisable to describe the afterlife in a professional Baedekerian manner.

### **Travel costs**

The cost of a journey varies greatly according to the needs of the traveller. A luxury journey, slow and comfortable, with a sleeping car and full board, costs 6,500 Livorin (Livorin is the currency of the afterlife.) The service is on average ten per cent extra. First class 5,000 livorin, second class 4,500, third class 3,000. Economy class 2,650, deck space 2,500. Without board, 33 percent less. Discount tickets can be applied for but are never given. The cost of the trip must be paid within one year of arriving in the other world. An authorisation to pay in instalments is granted.

### **Arrival**

Already Aeschylus writes that at the gate of the afterlife, one is welcomed by a colony. The Greeks were generally aware that, as long as he was oriented, he was guided by Psycheompos. The Psihchopompos, in today's parlance the guide, is easily recognisable by his red beret. His fee for a day is 2.50 Livorin.

The border crossing is not normally smooth. Customs checks are strict, and no foreign objects are allowed to be taken into the other world, even if you are willing to pay a duty. As Goethe said,

only the trained quality may be taken as a souvenir. Some people have none at all, and so they are forced to arrive empty-handed. At the border is a museum of confiscated objects, and it is well worth a visit. There are all sorts of objects: handkerchiefs, withered flowers, little ribbons to remind you of your loved ones, husbands, wives, children, left on the ground; there is money, especially gold, clothes, physical beauty, books, beggars' stockings, dogs, horses, swords, everything that people have ever held on to. The frontier guards have no mercy, they confiscate everything, objects must be put down, even their souvenirs.

It is well known that the border of the other world, the river Styx, is a swift and deep river, on which smuggling is impossible. On the other side, there are constant patrols by the border police, the banks are illuminated by floodlights and so far no one has managed to smuggle prohibited objects, relics, etc. across the border.

Under the influence of the teachings of some on earth, the view has spread that the good and bad qualities of man are separated at the border, the good going to Heaven and the bad to Hell. Not a word of this is true. The personality is preserved in its entirety, only that which does not belong closely to it is taken away. Some have attempted to use protection, but references to letters of recommendation, kinship, etc., have so far always been unsuccessful.

### **Language**

There is no language on earth like the language of the afterlife. It has a peculiar sound most similar to the chattering of the Central African tribes, but its structure is unimaginably complex for humans. It is characterised by semitones, double tones, throat clearing, nasal tones, mewling, and a sound called ----, which sounds like a human spitting: *prprpr*.

There is no rule for the conjugation of nouns. The conjugation of each noun differs from the other in every way. The language does not know permanent conjugations or formulas. Some nouns have nine cases, some have six, some two, some eleven, or even thirty-eight.

Example:

earth = mjachtorr

earth = mjaturru earth  
= mjachterke ground  
level= tamkovijj above  
ground = kakap  
below ground = imbarna

In some respects, however, the words themselves change. Thus, if someone wanted to say: I am underground, this is not expressed grammatically with imbarna, but by saying: nyujj konto torko broka prprpr:

to angel = rrr angel =  
cijjceő angelic = buhh  
angelic= imlador

Note: unexpected complications abound. E.g. the word imlador mentioned above not only means from an angel, but also means the following words: angel feather, half-blooded child of an angel, an angel excrementum, but also means sorrowful.

There is no rule for spelling, any more than there is for pronouns. The person always depends on how many persons are involved. This makes language unheard of difficult. For there is the number one, the number two, the number three, the number four, the number ten, the number eighty, up to five hundred and forty-six. It should be added at once that in ordinary language. Because in literary language it goes even further, up to one thousand six hundred and sixty-two. Why so far? Nobody knows, although many great books have been written about it.

Example:

I go = bet  
two go = bubini three go=  
ferkema four go = törtö five  
go = tarkama six go = sázáj  
one hundred and thirty-two we go = banakuloj

three hundred and fifty-two we go= tömeleghamba in  
general: many we go = nyamagaimő five hundred and forty-  
six we go = ürülőprpr

But things are not the same here either. Because when someone says: we go to the fair in large numbers, they do not express it in the grammatically regular *emptying prprpr*, but say: *nén ikunszju caft nyuló toff ch*.

Some common idioms:

good afternoon= imemama  
jakurtuk how are you? = puppy  
thank you= ija banakafur jakejte valahen xeszitijaprrpr I'm  
fine = s  
Where are you? =  
üskükü toilet=  
pampipapszesz good  
night = uvauvau  
please = ü ü ü  
bread = buuchuu

Important note: when pronouncing words in the otherworldly language, care must be taken to ensure that the pronunciation has a distinctive singing accent. There is no rule for the placement of stress, and it cannot be learned from a book. Only practice can teach one to sing correctly.

### **Written by**

Writing seems to be a composite of Greek, cuneiform and Chinese writing. Three types of writing are distinguished. The first is the phonetic or phonetic script, which contains a total of one hundred and forty-four sounds. The second is the so-called syllabic writing, and it has ninety thousand syllables. The third is concept writing, in which between one million and three hundred thousand concepts are known.

The first script is used by traders, craftsmen and newspapers. It is also taught in elementary schools. Example: ‡ +◇0 - which reads: *huirprprpr jamhaucs kairtimo*. Meaning: ancient monster.

Syllabication is taught in secondary schools and used in higher literature. It is the language and script of the writing of concepts, the so-called *scriptura inferna*, of courts, law, etc.

The three scripts do not always overlap. The same sign in different scripts means different words. Thus, for example, there are scripts which, when read in one script, mean public safety inspector (that's what a policeman is called), in another script, snowfall, and in a third script, aphids.

### **Money unit**

The unit of currency of the afterlife is the livorin. The ideal denomination of a livorin is 44 orya, an orya is 16 shekiri, a shekiri is 252 boom.

As to why these figures are so irregular, no one can give a satisfactory answer. The situation of money is as confused and complicated as the situation of language and writing. There are three kinds of livorin: gold, silver and paper. However, gold is the least expensive (38 øre), followed by paper (42 øre) and silver is the most expensive (43.5 øre). There are four types of livoria: gold, silver, paper and the so-called loan livoria, which has a price on the stock exchange. It normally fluctuates between fourteen and fifteen shekirs. There are six types of sikiri: gold, silver, paper, credit, annuity and imperial sikiri. The bang is change. More than half of the money in circulation is counterfeit. (For more on money, see the chapter on State Affairs.)

### **Time**

The calculation of time in the afterlife is very simple. Hours are thirty-three minutes, minutes thirty-three seconds, days thirty-three hours, months thirty-three days, years thirty-three months. The names of the months are *tironin*, *deva*, *gagori*, *cucame*, *bölön*, etc.

The names of the days of the undecimal are: *tot*, *lot*, *bolot*, *lolot*, *tobolot*, *bolot*, *lotobot*, *otobolot*, *botololot*, *tololobobob*, *ké*. First day of the first undecimal of each month, second day of the second, third day of the third, holiday and complete rest.

### **Bath**

The large free bath is right next to the arrival site. Entrance fee 10 Sikiri. Huge area for bathing one thousand six hundred million people at a time. It is called sexy. Smaller baths in many places. In hotels, rooms come with a free bath, massage and eroticism. Bathing is done without any clothes. There are no cabins in the free baths, everyone takes off their clothes wherever they want and puts on whatever they feel comfortable in. In the afterlife, the bathing cult is very big, and it is fashionable to bathe at night.

night bathing. Light service is a state monopoly (see State Affairs for more details). Night bathing is more expensive (12 Sikiri). Anyone can be asked to be a bathing companion or partner in the street, in the hostel or in a restaurant, and women are very rarely refused.

Note: bathing together is strictly prohibited by law. Anyone caught is liable to heavy fines and imprisonment. However, the fact is that bathing together in streets, squares, cafes, restaurants, in public and in public is a constant topic of conversation, even among public officials, judges, police officers, ministers, and sex is never bathed or bathed in by a man or woman alone. This phenomenon is closely related to the social order of the afterlife.

### **Society**

In the social life of the afterlife, the forms of contact are the most difficult to understand, absorb and get used to. But it must be added at once that any attempt at understanding must be abandoned. There is nothing to understand. The society is divided into four hundred and ninety-three castes, each caste has a uniform and a title. The members of each caste greet each other differently from the upper or lower castes. The so-called mud-worshippers (casteists) greet their own caste by holding their left hand stiffly forward and showing a fig. The upper castes are greeted by placing both palms on their buttocks and jumping in one place. The lower castes by tapping the thumbnail of their right hand against their teeth. The yellow-bellied belong to the lower castes, and there are only fourteen castes below them. These are: dog-washers, beggars, street vendors, weavers, soap-makers, body-snatchers, detectives, anonymous letter-writers, clerks, street-sweepers, film stars, floor-dancers, shade-chair cleaners and false prophets.

Caste should always be indicated in the title. There are three designations: high dignitary, medium dignitary and low dignitary. (Titles lower than dignitary have been abolished by the democratic parliament.) A pocket-cutter, for example, should be addressed as follows: 'Low-middle dignitary, outstandingly distinguished in pocket-cutting, several times deservedly decorated X.Y.' At the one hundred and sixteenth caste (denunciants), the middle caste begins, and at the two hundred and twenty-first, the high caste. Of course, there is grand-middle class (drivers), grand-middle class (chicken thieves), grand-grand-middle class



(marketeers), grand-grand (counterfeiters) and grand-grand (hangmen).

In the afterlife, names are extremely important. A man who was simply called Francis Varga at his death became Vargha, then Wargha, then Whargha, then Wharrgha, then Wharrghaa, with the help of documents issued for good money by professional forgers (four hundred and thirty-second caste, grand-grandmasters). He can acquire three noble first names, and is now called Francis of Warghabéless-Wharrghaa of Fewer, Banatrazmakut and Upper Warghabéless-Wharrghaa.

Calling someone a patricide (caste one hundred and forty-six) is not as much of an insult as calling someone something other than what they are in the afterlife.

There is a need to talk separately about honours and the titles that go with them. In fact, no one can leave his caste, but if he has distinguished himself in some field, he can become an honorary member of a higher caste, and then he can use all the titles and badges, and the mode of salutation is that of the higher caste, but administratively he remains in the original caste. He may leave the caste if he is awarded a decoration.

There are four types of honours: official government, clerical, semi-official government and caste. There are 118 official ones. The highest is the Order of the Grand Cuckoo (gold noseband, earrings, helmet, gold robe, long sword, spurs, knee-length chin beard), the lowest is the title of knight of the afterlife: vice-middle-ranking meritorious chief knight; more recently, the title and rank of ban has been introduced (purple caftan, black top hat, necklace, blood-red velvet circle on chest and back). The total number of ecclesiastical, semi-official and caste honours is 113 689, but every year there are more and more.

## **Science**

An idea of the science of the afterlife can be easily formed from the most recently published book, which has gone through one thousand four hundred and sixty-eight editions in a short time. The author of the book is the botanist Arphanax Nathanael, of Old Persian origin, who wrote a monograph on a species of plant in the afterlife, the so-called black bush. 29 volumes of the work have been published so far, but this is not even half of the total. Its significance is that it has brought the scientific spirit to a whole new level.

invests. The success of the black market is due to its professionalism. The table of contents in volume 1 (1288 pages) gives a flavour of the book:

*First preface to the first preface*  
*Second preface to the first preface*  
*Third preface to the first preface First*  
*preface*  
*Note to the first preface*  
*Note to the first preface*  
*Note to the second preface*  
*First preface to second preface*  
*Second preface to second preface*  
*Introduction to the third preface to the second preface*  
*Note to the introduction*  
*First note*  
*Second note*  
*Supplement*  
*Afterword to the*  
*postscript Note to the*  
*postscript*  
*Comment to the note for the epilogue*  
*Second preface*  
*First note*  
*Second note*  
*Introduction to the first preface to the third*  
*preface Notes to the first preface to the third*  
*preface, etc., etc.*

The second volume is entitled *Prolegomena*. The third is entitled: *Preliminaries*. Fourth: *Eight notes on the prolegomena and the presuppositions* (containing decisive proofs from a methodological point of view).

Volumes five and six: *General introduction*. Volumes seven, eight, nine and ten are the detailed introduction. Volumes eleven to twenty-eight summarise the results and add notes. Volume twenty-eight is the first occurrence of the term black burr, on page 864, bottom of note ninety-two. This volume, as its title indicates (*General survey of the antecedents and conditions of the first chapter*), is already on the subject.

## Geographical location

The geographic location, or cosmic position, of the afterlife is completely uncertain. Anyone who arrives at this place will be astonished to find that the people who live there are constantly debating whether there is an afterlife or not. Many claim that there is. Here, however, many difficulties arise, for there is not a single piece of data to prove this claim. The opposing party, which claims that there is no afterlife, has plenty of arguments. It can prove that in this place there is no motion, but no stillness; there is no constancy, but no change; there is no sound, but no silence; and where something is not, but its opposite is not, the place is a non-existent place.

But there is trouble here too, for if there is not, how can one know that there is not? In response, a 17th-century English assistant clergyman named Philip Harrison, who was hanged for church robbery, founded a school of philosophy and proclaimed that the afterlife exists because it does not exist, or does not exist because it does. For the afterlife is not a real place that actually exists, with a cosmic location and extent, but a state of necessity of the dead, resulting from death. This is the so-called *needs position* theory, or Harrisonian nonsense.

As it seems, the Harrisonists stand entirely on the basis of subjective idealism, i.e. they infer the afterlife from man. It was against them that a German shoemaker named Archibald Pelzwurm, who founded the school of critical realism, argued that the world, whatever world it is, even if it is the afterlife, is still a world, and that is how it should be. What we know about it is a secondary question. The positivists rejected both theories and said that by putting metaphysical questions completely to one side they were in the service of life and seeking solutions on a practical basis. Of course, as the more recent school says, there is a problem here, because how are they going to be in the service of life when they are all dead, and secondly, how are they going to be practical and seek solutions when there is neither practice nor solution.

This shows that the cosmic situation of the afterlife is as uncertain as anything can be. The situation with boundaries is just the same. Numerous expeditions have set out to establish the boundaries of the afterlife, but all have returned unsuccessful. The opinion of astronomers is also unstable. One school teaches that the frontier exists, but at an infinite distance,

estimated to be 123 billion electro bromarbas. The value of one electro bramarbas is equal to 1177,689 pert nadir. The value of a pert reed is equal to 549 and a third of a sextillion light years.

### **Public affairs**

The affairs of state in the afterlife are initially extremely complicated for those who arrive. The ministry is always the same, not because the government has not yet fallen, but because if it has fallen, the same people occupy the ministerial seats again, but in a different order. It is said that the vested interests behind the government and the organised cadre of officials who serve the government keep the ministry stable.

The natives, the first to die, say that in their time the situation was relatively quite tolerable, and that they lacked for nothing. Taxes had to be paid, and that, no, there was always a budget deficit. Later on, corruption increased, but time, space, borders, form, colour, light, sound, language, art, landscape and everything else that was important to the being beyond was still intact. Slowly, however, all this dwindled almost imperceptibly. In order to balance the public finances, the Chancellor reduced the provision of light, sound and space. Everybody knew that these had been disposed of by his creatures, that is to say pocketed, but nobody knew where the hell they had been hidden, because they had disappeared.

The circulation of money ceased at the beginning of history, when the first dynasty on earth organised the first state in Gondwana. All the money ran out and the economy of the other world was forced to settle for credit trade. But the ministers also began to make credit disappear. Later they switched to light and then sound trading. But light disappeared and sound disappeared. Now all traffic was an illusion, but in the way that the illusion began to disappear at the time of the Roman Empire, and even the traffic itself disappeared.

It is in the political situation that the specificity of the afterlife is first and foremost expressed: the obscurity of existence. Some theorists attribute the complete disintegration of politics to the capitalist spirit of government. A party was founded which wanted to organise state life on the model of socialism. The real situation seems to be more serious. The conduct of the government is undoubtedly banditry in disguise; all the responsible and lucrative posts

is really filled by the minions of the government, who are irresponsibly and freely running riot. But corruption and cynical looting do not come from politics. Politics is a reflection of the degeneracy of the afterlife, and the cause of this should not be sought in government or in the people. The degeneration is a world process, that is, the basic state of life here is obscurity.

Thus arises the situation which the stranger experiences, and which is so difficult to get used to, that the otherworldly speak of such definite facts as are spoken of: arrival, customs, money, time, lodgings, dwellings, baths, men, women, all of which are in fact nowhere to be found.

Suppose there is an article in the press about masked bacteriologists attacking and looting an infant school on the highway from Yokohama to Cincinnati. Or a headline like this: *She stabbed her killer and went to her death singing*. Or an offensive article appears in the paper holding the government accountable for corruption. The reality is that there is no press, no mask, no highway, no murderer, no death, no attack, no corruption, no government, no newspaper, no language, no one reads. And that the newspaper writer is punished and locked up by the government? Punishment! Lock him up! These things would be laughed at by the afterlife if they existed, and who knows, perhaps welcomed, in case it could laugh or rejoice.

But he is disappointed who thinks that this is imaginary, that is, that the afterlife is a mass torture. Supposedly, there was a world, but it was wiped out by corrupt government figures. Historians argue about this all the time, and so-called realist history takes the position that the first thing to decide is whether or not the afterlife ever had an actual world.

After that, the man on earth is willing to say that even the most elementary reality in the afterlife is uncertain, i.e. not worth talking about. This is completely wrong. There is neither element, nor reality, nor uncertainty. Things exist in a certain way, but only in a figurative sense, in other words, in a figurative sense of the afterlife. What this sense is is to the utmost obscure and lost and dissolving, dissolving in infinite uncontrollability.

**Short note**

It is something that is only relevant to the man who lives here. For on reaching the afterlife, as a memory (and not closely belonging to man) it must be laid down and forgotten. No one talks about it beyond, it doesn't even appear. It doesn't. It is that in the afterlife the great people are nowhere to be found. Neither painters, nor statesmen, nor ascetics, nor philosophers, nor poets, nor saints, nor prophets, the great man is completely and utterly absent from the worldview of the man in the afterlife. Where have they gone? We do not know. Did they gather in one place? Unlikely. Are they in a separate part of the afterlife? No, they are not. Maybe they have their own afterlife? Absolutely not. What is certain is that in that afterlife, which is, however things may be, the afterlife, there is no great man in that afterlife at all. Of course, this enlightenment means nothing to the person who is there, because once there, he has to forget. For the one who lives here, perhaps he can explain something.

## **PAIDOCRACY**

The sitter said to Rosebud:

- The States are in disorder. Things have become so complicated that the knowledge of the insiders has failed. What should be done?
- The ancients said that power should be entrusted to a peasant; the older ones said to a savage; the older ones said to a woman.
- And what say you?
- Regardless of whether disorder or order is the rule in the States, I would entrust power to a five-year-old child.
- Why don't you do it yourself?
- Because I can yet distinguish between right and wrong; because I judge men by their use, and not by their faces; because my hands are accustomed to work, and I have forgotten how to play; because I think I would be a good king if I would make men happy; and lastly, because I am experienced.
- Thou art old and wise. But tell me, if you know, are you not ignorant? If guilty, innocent? If you do not act, have you not recovered the power to act? If you have understood, are you not a child again?

— Today man is destined. The states have been thrown into disorder, and things have become so complicated that the knowledge of those within has failed. How could it happen? It was believed that a little disorder could be eliminated by a man of little knowledge, a great disorder by a man of great knowledge, a very great disorder by a man of great knowledge. The man was called realistic if he was shrewd and reprobate. In this man, as the old saying goes, was combined the knowledge of an angel and the experience of a devil. Behind his thought was an ulterior motive, in his faith a bad faith. He trusts no one, doubts every word. And when he is full of ulterior motives, bad faith, distrust and doubt, because he assumes everyone to be a liar and a thief and vain and heartless, he thinks he has the world perfectly and inside-out. He is convinced that the greedy man makes his fortune, and that he who has gained authority must be mean. Well, pick up all I have said: cunning and despicable, bad faith and distrustful, doubting and full of ulterior motives, tell me, what is the world like for such a man? The squabbling of a host of impudent and namby-pamby scoundrels for power, wealth and pleasure. This is the man who has no illusions, and when someone says: noble, he answers with a wink: I know. He is the one whom life has taught. He is the one who has been through school. He has learned that which is vulgar and vile and insidious. It's important to get past the cheats and the embezzlers and the liars and the highwaymen and the terrorists. And when he got over the first generation, he raised a child who got over him. The next generation got over that, and the next generation got over that. Eventually, everyone became so adept at wealth, dirt, ugliness and violence that they could no longer outsmart each other, outsmart each other, outsmart each other, and outsmart each other by stabbing each other in the back. Now they didn't believe a word they said to each other, they assumed each other to be nothing but ornery rapists. He who is the bigger villain wins, they believed, and the time came when everyone became the same villain. And so the states became a mess, and even the knowledge of the insiders failed. Everyone became so realistic that they believed nothing. Here is a fallen humanity that has lost its innocence and thinks that its own depravity is reason. That is why the ancients say that power should be entrusted to a peasant, because the peasant is not yet depraved; that is why they say that power should be entrusted to a savage, because the savage is innocent; that is why the still older say that power should be entrusted to a woman, because the woman is inexperienced. The world

must again be entrusted to the incorruptible, the innocent and inexperienced. And that is why I say that power should be entrusted to a five-year-old child, because a child is unrealistic. The child is not limited, has no principles, knows neither right nor wrong, only laughs and plays. And play is the greatest mystery: it is the tenderness of the spirit. The child has a heart and no prejudices, it knows no power relations, and would sooner tire of domination than fall. What a relief! After a heart hollowed out in reality, at last someone who has no experience but a temper, for whom pleasure is not pleasure but pleasure, not power but justice, not wealth but beauty. Have you ever seen a child sitting in the sand and playing? No creature is more serious than he. More: there is none more professional. What he does, he does with a good heart and devotion. The elemental creative passion of God is still fresh in him. If God had been realistic, he would have created only factories, banks, offices, science, but never: flowers, pretty girls and poems. But thank God, God is not realistic. The factory, the bank, the office, the science are nothing but the creation of fallen humanity, because it has lost and does not understand the flower, the beautiful girl, the song and the poem. I do not believe that God is wise: but I know that God has a heart, that he is dewy and lush and sweet as a child. We are God's toys, and he who plays is nearest to him. What if he also had prejudices? What if he were limited and prejudiced? If he were cunning and bad faith and suspicious and distrustful and had ulterior motives? What if he were realistic? I would choose a child king and send the wise men and the soldiers and the ministers to him to learn from him, not experience, but how to take things seriously. To distinguish between right and wrong? No. To be happy with what is. To expect usefulness? No. To make nice. To work? No. To play. Make people happy? No. To love them. To be experienced? No. To remain inexperienced and innocent, unrealistic and impartial, gentle and incorruptible. To preserve the higher than human celestial reality: the one that makes us at home not here, but where the child still lives.

– Where?

– Where we come from and where we are going.

## **KIERKEGAARD IN SICILY**



The first experience of travel is the mysterious expansion of possibilities not only in the direction one travels but in all directions, and in a world that has suddenly multiplied, a special presence of mind is required to keep one's security.

The determination to go to Sicily now is poor for the quite colossal scale of the possibilities, and there is a comic arbitrariness about it. Why Sicily? This one? As if someone were to select a single cherry from the bowl of fruit that brought the treasure of the whole garden to the table, instead of eating the whole thing. In fact, you would have to get off at every station; you would have to leave the building and go in every direction, all at once.

It's more important to stay at home and not even look out of the window; it's a short and safe way to sail around the universe. But once he has crossed the threshold, he steps into the midst of mirrors, and amuses himself by constantly forgetting that everything he encounters is mysteriously distorted into his own face.

At home you know the world, travelling you know yourself; for at home the weight falls on yourself, on the road on the world, and always unknown is the world you look at. One should travel as fire spreads, starting from the centre, in all directions, and like fire, consume what one has passed through, so that when one has finished the journey, nothing remains behind but ruins and ashes. Instead, man burns and the world continues to flourish.

He made a note of the magical journey in one of the very first lessons. What does it mean to travel? I'm realizing. But by travelling to Sicily, I am realising only a part of the world that opens up, only this one part of the boundless, the rest remains unrealised, most certainly irrevocably and forever. If I were to land in Venice, travel to Ravenna, and from there to Padua, I would once again realise only one of the possibilities.

Of all the many lives, why am I living this one? Of the many selves, why am I this one? I want something from it, but to want this one to give me all that I have lost by missing the others is foolish. Poor traveller, poor living, poor me.

You haven't conquered it by swimming across the ocean, you've only crossed the single line of the surface for a while. And if you could swim a hundred miles in depth and breadth, you swim only now, but where are the millennia when you have not swum, and when you will not! If you can't do everything at once, at least as much as you can? Realize there,

where I can. The best way is to throw myself out of the window, to fall upon this magical movement that is travel, and let it take me where it will, and do what it pleases. Pick up the ride and fly with me.

That's when the indigestion came. What did he eat? The morning coffee was no longer to his liking, but he drank it. Was there a problem? Maybe it was. He tried a little bitter brandy, but unfortunately it was a fake and only gave him a headache. He thought he'd go to bed, but woke up feeling melancholy. In the evening, although he had no appetite, he drank coffee. The next morning, again. Then his stomach ached with hunger, but he had no appetite. To top it all off, he did eat lunch. By evening he was nauseous and dizzy. So passed the first two days of the journey.

A lot depends on knowing exactly what the situation is, so you need to know: what is indigestion? It's the cessation of eating in such a way that you don't want to eat. In essence, then, a disconnection with reality. Like any disease. To eat is to learn, says a poet. And when I refuse to eat, I refuse to learn. I do not want to learn. So indigestion is nothing more than the preponderance of factors that prevent realisation.

Meanwhile, he sat on the beach, looking listlessly at the seaweed-green water. The slow wind brought a damp warmth. The whole environment was a burden. Tomorrow he would arrive in Sicily.

Whatever one's opinion today of Napoleon, the artillery lieutenant of the story who became French emperor and conquered Europe, there is no doubt that when he lived, people saw him not as the figure of the story, but as something quite different. This example of the limitless potential of human life stunned the weak. The strong even more so. But even before his contemporaries, man was a second-rate figure. The important thing was not Napoleon, but the fate of Napoleon. And even if it was impossible to imitate him, the destiny he lived became an ideal, even a tradition, to be followed. In the weak and the strong alike, the Napoleonic awareness of life's limitless potential was awakened: it became clear that we can do anything, because what we have within us is limitless.

The wonder of the generation that followed was Lord Byron. Kassner says of him: *der zweite Traum deren, derer erste Napoleon war*, the second dream of those whose first was Napoleon. Byron was not Napoleon, but if he had not been Napoleon before him, no one would have understood the passion that has senselessly shattered all the boundaries around him. Literary men are stupid. They think it is all literature. They think it is romanticism. A

the origin of romanticism is that people discovered infinity in themselves in the wake of Napoleon. Byron was a Romantic, which means that he unleashed the elemental fire that man has inside him, which is called life.

Byron was the second dream, the second revelation of the passion for life, the second breaking of all traditional boundaries, the second shaking of all shackles, the second subversion of all conventions, the second revelation of the inexhaustibility of life, the second liberator of the daimon of life. And he was not alone. To avoid going too far, take Stendhal, who drowned in the ocean of his own ambition. For ambition has taken on a different meaning since Napoleon. In the old days, everyone was a little ashamed to carry such things in excess.

Stendhal made his point when he wrote Julien Sorel, the hero of *Red and Black*. To rule, he groaned, morning and night, waking and sleeping, sober and drunk; to rule, he whispered in his mindless madness and as unyielding as a fool. The poor fool, trampling the heart of a charming maiden, wished to ascend the throne of the world. But what a maiden! What cruelty! What madness! What folly! To rule, to rule!

Such was the state of affairs among the men of the second dream. To rule! Byron and Stendhal, the apostles of Napoleon, the evangelists of the boundlessness of Napoleonic life, made compulsory the passion for infinity, the desire for domination, the instinct for power, the shameless ambition. Let no one think that this romanticism was soberly judged at the time. Even today, almost no one can say so calmly, because everyone lives by the rule, rule, rule! To what? Why? Never mind. To rule. It was impossible to resist - not the hero, but the heroic way of life. And Shelley was as little an exception to this as Keats, Victor Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, or anyone else. What was at stake here was a new form of heroic life, in which everyone saw the infinite and the limitless, the perfect and the divine. It is easy to see today that it was neither. But then who would you have to be to recognise reality? Yet Byron, Shelley, Stendhal, Keats, Hugo were only the finest men of their time. And if they were dizzy, how can we demand greater sanity from Humboldt, Hegel or Fichte?

It seemed that this could no longer be intensified. All the big feelings were released and all the big words were spoken. In the wake of Byron and Stendhal, a man began to emerge who had only become extraordinary

only in special efforts in special moments to understand what it was all about. The human passion aroused created a public spirit that made great words for a life that was nowhere to be found. It remained on Saint Helena. Thus the whole impulse became literature, and became the entertainment of the citizen. For no one could follow the next step. The Napoleons flooded the Biedermeier salons, performing heroic deeds on the stock exchange, in political meetings and in bedrooms. Byron took up economics, and Stendhal seduced broads. The height of epigonism is when the hero writes a newspaper article. This occurred in the forties, when propaganda was made for a heroic life, but Herod was nowhere to be found.

- Not true! He was here, but he was already cut off from the world and living in the attic. The Manzard-Napoleon of the forties, this bitter loner, this miserable world conqueror, this beggar ruler of infinity, this crusty evangelist of shameless ambition, lived in the suburbs of Paris and Copenhagen, but gave up nothing.

One of Baudelaire's. *Être un saint et un héros pour soi-même*, I am a saint and a hero, but only for myself. A figure of fun and stumbling block to his own time. For him, age is shame and hatred. When everyone is looking for big words for small things, he finds small words for big things. The conqueror no longer even looks down on this parroting racket, but bears it as a senseless constraint, and is a burden.

The conqueror has already turned inward with Stendhal, for outside the world Napoleon has burned. Napoleonic ambition has become psychology. The task now is not to defeat Russia, but to defeat the empires within it, which have neither borders nor names. Being a hero in psychology is quite different from being a hero on the battlefield. It is more dangerous. The heroic life has shifted to a different plane. The limitless number of possibilities opens up a new world here, after the one Napoleon conquered had become a festering dunghill, and a decent man walked the streets with his nose to the grindstone. The daimon of life has turned and sought and found a more worthy field of conquest, one of which these loudmouthed swindlers have no idea. Napoleon is a swan compared to him. The solitary hero who psychologically saw the limitless possibilities of life and unleashed the elemental fury within, was the new supreme man.

The real winner, or rather the real defeated, was not Baudelaire, but Sören Aaby Kierkegaard. Because it cannot be stressed enough,

that the price of this new kind of inner victory is an outer defeat. This world can only be conquered by the man who is stranded; only the broken man can triumph. Kierkegaard's third dream - *der dritte Traum deren, derer erste Napoleon und zweite Byron war*. Conquest has ceased completely as a worldly activity. And the best place for this activity is indeed the attic.

Kierkegaard has made an unheard-of discovery, so great that the battle of Wagram is like a football match in terms of weight. Life, he says, does not depend on phenomena, not on visible and perceptible images, pictures and forms: it depends on inner activity, on psychological activity, which is completely independent of the external world. Human existence does not consist of phenomena, but of decisions. The only important thing is that in which the human being lives directly. The centre of existence is not the phenomenon but the determination. Today, many people still believe that the most important thing in a hero is the spectacle, the theatrical, moving and captivating effect. No. The only thing that matters in the hero is the dream and ideal that is realised. Because life does not feed on the news, but on the dream. The need has changed since Napoleon. The newer breed of man is not satisfied by the emperor. He preferred the dweller in the garret, who was also the grocer, but he could realize the lyric of the psychological hero.

When the ship landed in a port in Sicily, he looked for a flat, changed his clothes and went out. His stomach was sick and he avoided the smell of his breath. First of all he bathed in the sea, then he wanted to sit down somewhere to rest. A hot stench slept among the houses, like a fat and big-bellied monster. He looked for wood to cool himself in the shade, but found only bush. The heat-weakened branch could not catch the sunlight. Yet he sat down and looked at the water. Green seaweed, which spoiled his appetite, floated in it, and the debris of worn vessels lay among the stones at the bottom. He moved on to look for a more suitable place. He staggered along the shore. The sluggish wind from the mountain brought a sickly, heavy smell that made all his limbs faint. Soon he sat down again. There he was, without anything, without a book, without a thought, without a wish, without a desire, without a pleasure.

He thought he would take nice long walks on the beach. But there was no path, only a mule-trodden path, between thorny bushes on the shambling stones. The sea was not a bit friendly, with its waters of towering seaweed and sticky green seaweed. And the sun was so scorching that if he paused for a moment, his skin began to burn.

Coming back, he heard a squeak among the stones. Two paces from him a snake slithered by, not in much of a hurry, even turning back and hissing. So, he thought, he would have to give up walking. Too bad. But under the circumstances it would be suicide. Every bush must have a poisonous snake in it. He might step on it, or sit on it, and it might bite him. He stood frozen. The snake had been gone for some time, and he dared not move. Later he stooped down carefully, picked up a stone, and threw it where the snake had hidden. Another stone. Nothing. He moved on, shivering at the bottom of the stones, watching for the viper to stretch between them. Now he was sweating not only from the heat. From that day on, he dared to walk only in the immediate vicinity of the houses.

His stomach still had not improved. The heat was constant, the lazy wind brought a spicy smell from the hills, and it was so humid that every object in the room was sticky with the vapour. Sometimes he looked up at the surrounding rocks, and thought he discovered a shadier, freer place. But when he was about to leave, he remembered the snake. He preferred to sit at the base of the hot wall and watch the water-dropping pots.

It's peculiar: this dense melancholy, since he started, more than a week ago, has been incessant, he sleeps badly, sweats, wakes up tired, breakfast is not tasty, and he is terrified of going out in the sun to bathe, but he goes anyway because the smell of evaporating oil gas and rotting garbage between the houses is unbearable.

He usually bathes not far from the house at the end. He walked along the shore, preferring to swim in the water because he thought the snake would not venture near the sea. It was only a hundred paces, a hundred and fifty at the most. The flies didn't bother him so much here. He waded into the water, stepping on the clear stones, always looking carefully first. He swam out a few yards, then turned back suddenly, thinking some beast was attacking him.

After his arrival on the sixth day, just before noon, he spotted a large fish tumbling in the open sea, far out from the shore, perhaps three miles away. The fish was swimming fast, its tail fins sticking out of the water, and frolicking. A shark, he thought, for only sharks hunt alone. His heart palpitated as it did when he met the snake. This one too.

He would have to find another place to bathe. This one's not sheltered enough. The shark could easily come and attack. A few metres away, he found shallow water where the rocks surrounded the bathing area like a pool. If he went in, he was really protected here. He couldn't bathe, though, because the water was shallow, warm, stale and scarce. Finally, he thought, what difference does it make at home,

in that washbasin at home and in this one? Because it was really hardly bigger than the washbasin. The difference is that here the sun was blazing madly and the flies were biting it.

On the tenth day, he decided to go swimming only when the sun had gone down. Morning and morning, he stood on the steps of the church, the only shady and relatively cool spot in the village, and drove the flies away. If the wind was from the north or east, the time was tolerable, but the south wind brought all the stench of the houses. Towards noon he thought anxiously about lunch. He was not hungry, and the realization in his stomach had stopped two weeks ago. It was as if an indigestible mass sat inside him, a sponge or drinking paper. He ate grumpily. He didn't like the wine, but he drank it, because at least it made him sleepy. In the afternoon, he went to the church again, flattening himself between the walls to keep out the sun. Here he sat for half a week. By then the sun had set enough for him to go to the lavatory. He washed up and looked nervously at the open water to see if the shark was approaching.

The trip really didn't work out. It started with the possibilities stretching out before it in every direction, now it seems that those same possibilities have closed, and it has never been more trapped than it is now. Instead of spacious long walks, fifty paces at the foot of the wall from the house to the church and back; instead of many new tastes, a constantly queasy stomach; instead of brilliant sunshine, the compulsion to sit in the shade; instead of a gay and fresh bath, a small wash-basin. Is the expanding world so narrow? And if you happen to think that you are choking on the stuffy smells, that flies are biting you, and your neck, arms, shoulders are covered with sores and blisters, and the damp wind is on your brain, you must think that everything you expected to experience has been negative, the opposite of what you hoped for.

The question which made him resolve to make the journey, and in this resolve he had put himself, was this: did he test himself whether all the beauty which he had suspected in this glorious world could lure him out of his cloister, whether he was strong enough to resist the temptation of a glorious nature? She was strong enough. The self could not be deceived by anything. He just hid deeper inside. He just suffered into it.

What he experienced was his own face looking back at him. The self was inside, but on the outside he saw nothing but him. When he steps into the sea, he is caked with oozing seaweed, annoyed by disgusting flies, sick to his stomach, drowning in the hot mist, sweating and sleepless at night, like a furnace in a glowing stone wall. Traveling, you know yourself. Is this me? This is the third

dream? This miserable worm? It's really nothing like the first or the second.

He favoured situations in which he felt stressed, and with ascetic rigour he protected himself from making peace with the world. No! Not the world! The Self! What do you want? To be defeated? Now you are defeated. It can't be any more perfect.

Am I like that? Is this how I fear for my appetite, how I shudder to swim in the open water, how I flee from a reptile that may not be angry? Is this how I fear the power of sunlight and parasitic flies? Is that what I am?

Have you travelled? No. He never left home, for he could not leave his Self. The magical movement that is travel could not draw him out of his inner monastery, where he feared something, clinging and shivering. Spasm. Stomach. Bath. Sun. Whatever came before him: food, wine, fruit, walking, water, stones, flowers, scents - he turned away from it, sullen and depressed, because he could not find a relationship with it, and he could not love anything in the world. Instead of the Self becoming as wide, free and airy as the world, the world became as narrow, dark and pathetically small as the Self. The symbol of the bath: is it not abominable to bathe here in this ugly puddle instead of in the ocean? Yes, it is. He washes in a laver on the seashore. Why? He's afraid of octopus, sharks, crabs. He's afraid? Me. Afraid of what? Himself. Just to stay alive, not to be hurt, not to be offended, oh, not to lose her. And what did he achieve? A bad stomach, an agonizing sweat, hiding at the foot of the wall, boredom, fly-bites.

Instead, he fiddles with himself within, with excessive, forbidden and unclean actions he reaches into all the dirt. This psychological hero? See, admit, suffer, humiliate, confess. The ascetic pathos of psychoanalysis. He travels inward and discovers himself. Piha! Enough.

Not enough. While you're here in the throes of psychological lyricism, confess that the whole theory of debauchery is a feeble and vicious self-expression. You make it out as if this world here wants you to eat, drink, bathe, walk, love risk, freedom, danger, the sun, - finally love something other than yourself, and you steadfastly refuse to give in to it because you persist. And this practice is glory. Do you think that if you love nothing, you know yourself? The way to thyself is through the world, and thou canst not love thyself if thou lovest no other. Isn't hiding from him hiding from yourself? You don't need the sun, in other words, you don't need yourself. What is this? Are you afraid of everything? Why? Is everything against you?



Fish? Wine? A snake? Sun? Smell? Wind? Do they all torment you, wretch? Is it not rather the Self that torments you? Fool!

The reality is more devastating than you thought. The situation is very simple: you can't get out of yourself. And this Self is not a monastery. Forget religious illusions. There is no religion here. No one wants to tempt you here. You have tested yourself to see if you can escape from the selfish spell of oppressive self-analysis, which can do nothing but make self-contradictory accusations and hide against the wall when the sun comes out.

You're a failure, poor thing. Is this what you wanted? Now you have it. You are unfit to love the world. Ironic sentimentalist. An unredeemed saint. He cannot give himself up. He is locked in his Self. He applies constant ascetic rules, and when he should be enjoying, he hides from his own pleasure, because he thinks it is a sin. The sin, my friend, is to stay in it. That you remain Me, unable to become sea, sun, wine, wind in the magical metamorphosis of the journey. That's why you can't eat properly, and the smell of orange groves makes you nauseous. Try not to live the world in your name, but to live yourself in the name of the world. Try to live yourself as a lute on which the elements play. Who demands that when you see something beautiful, you spit on yourself first? Is this religion for you? Is this your religion? To scour the world so that only the Self remains intact? It's not religion, my friend, it's bad temper.

You must give up what you've tried to save. You have inherited a heroic life, but the first dream is gone, and then the second is gone. You must give up your heroic pathos. What is demanded of you is not a well nuanced recitation of a learned role. Stop being a hero. Learn to live as if you were alone. As if no one is watching. As if you were at home. What do you want? You're playing the same role you learned from your ancestors inside, but they played it outside. Believe me, there's no hero on the inside, but there's no hero on the outside. Being a good man. Try to be honest without psychology. Love without self, see God without religion. Just as it really is. Somehow with heart and joy. The worm is not true: it is the other side of the hero. The hero is not true: it's the other side of the worm. They belong together. There is no I; it is the other side of the world. There is only God, he shines here on the sea and among the orange groves, and this enchanting fragrance is he, the wind is he, the snake is he, the shark is he, the wine is he. Don't count how many dreams you are. Dream yourself.

## **TASTES**

*(Instructions for use: if you are on holiday by the sea, get up at six in the morning, go to the rock where the water is deep and shining, dive in, swim for twenty minutes. Dry yourself in the sun, light a fire, read poetry and go for breakfast. At eight o'clock, go through the woods to the bath, slowly, sunbathe there, swim until half past eleven, pick snails and shells, swim, jump, wade in the water with flat pebbles, build a sandcastle, meditate on the great theme of the world: it is better to swim in the sea in the summer than to work in a dark office in the cold winter. When you have done this, take another dip in the water, towel yourself, put on light pajamas, go slowly to the inn, sit at the table, and then, while the soup is being brought, read the following.)*

I have read of the Chinese that they are a most inquisitive people, and what they do not know they like to put in their mouths like children in swaddling clothes. The taste was unleashed in me by this report. I began to pay attention, and soon found that what so-called psychology says about gums is wrong. Among other things, it claims that taste has no memory. Whoever said that was a fallible man.

I can tell you that not only the Chinese, whom I know by reputation, not only myself, who may be an exception, but a whole host of people whose sensual culture I admire, have refuted this claim. The palate remembers very well even food and drink tasted thirty-five years ago. The gums are an infinitely intelligent sense that can detect amazing nuances and can rise to admirable levels. Finally, the gums have an imagination that touch, for example, or smell, or even hearing, rarely can match.

Ever since I learned about the Chinese, I am not ashamed to admit that my instinct for tasting and gorging has always been very strong. To this instinct I owe many experiences. I will tell you just one. Do you know the taste of a bud? I can recommend two buds in particular. One can only be picked for a few days, in mid-April, when the gooseberries are in bloom. The flower bud, when it hasn't opened, you break it off. No bigger than the head of a match. I don't know of a fresher raw salad dressing. Ten buds will make a man quite merry. I can imagine how good it would be with oil. It has a tender, crumbly, tart, tangy, bubbly, soft flavour that language is powerless to describe.

The other bud is cumin. When the new shoots are still tender, in May and June, so for quite a long time, it can be enjoyed in unlimited quantities. The fresh shoots are stripped, the leaves removed and the tiny sticks, about one and a half centimetres long, are placed in the mouth. It tastes like bitter almonds, but it is a good soup, crunchy, luscious and succulent. Once you like it, you can't give it up.

To show that the palate has imagination, I'll give just one example. I was lying on the edge of a pine tree in the sun and it came to me. Above me, finches were hopping and not far away, thrushes were singing. From time to time, I would pluck and nibble at the twigs of a knotted grass called ebir. This is the grass that dogs seek and love so much. Not without reason. There is no food that settles the stomach like this, and it is better than a hundred medicines.

I wondered what the beautiful woman would taste like. Not the one who steps on your foot in the tram and growls at you. Not the woman - how shall I put it? I think you understand. It's not about what the woman's flesh would be like if it were fried. It would be meat, and probably not particularly tasty. I mean the woman that you love when you're in love. What would it be like if you could take that love and that kiss and that woman in your mouth and taste her?

It would certainly resemble chocolate, but a very fine, noble, pure milk chocolate with some particularly sweet and intoxicating spice. Its texture must be so decomposable that you could just put it in your mouth and it would slowly melt without chewing. But her taste, I imagined at the time, is not a reddish-brown taste like chocolate, but rather buttery yellow, and it has something of the cauliflower in it, especially if it is sour creamy, not overcooked, but powdery. It also has a little bit of aszú flavour that can get into your head. Of course, blond and brown taste different, red and black women taste different. Blonde has the most milk, black has the most liquor. In the white-skinned blue-eyed and black-haired woman, moreover, there is some rare spice, the like of which I have never tasted, and I think there is none elsewhere but in her.

I have one more thing to say. I know that taste has a transcendent instinct. Sometimes the palate knows about the supernatural and experiences the eternal. Have you heard of the water of life? I'm sure they have. You just haven't drunk it yet. Well, once in my life, in a dream, I had the privilege of drinking it. A woman offered it to me. It was only when I drank it and woke up that I knew it was the water of life.

It was pink, diluted like bright red wine, but with sparkling pearls sitting on the walls of the glass. It smelled a little salty, like the sea, barely perceptible. It smelled very clean, like an unfamiliar flower or plant sap. I first discovered the oil in the taste. It was weaker than the olive, milder and softer. It was also a little bloody, spring water-like, fruity, but more insubstantial, more volatile, gentler, and at the same time deeper. Neither cold nor warm, as lukewarm as I've never had it, as if it were lukewarm from the life in it. It flowed down my throat like milk or wine, but more intimately. As if it hadn't even gone into my stomach, but had poured out of my throat all at once. I was softened up. And the power I absorbed was not a foul, but a quiet, throbbing glow. All at once I began to glow from within. Since then I have known for sure that when life is purified of all that is not life, it becomes a mass, a wordless rapture.

## **A WOODEN PLAN**

People who turn outward should reckon with the nature of their being. That is to say, they should take note that they can only keep their temper in balance if they have enough external impressions. An introverted person can live quite well alone between four bald walls for years. He gets enough stimulation from within. We Europeans are incapable of this. There's no shame in it, that's right. Qualities cannot be changed, only used.

For the outward-looking man, therefore, spring is a liberation like no other. The impressions become hardened and deepened. By the European spring, all are healed or die. And so the time of sorrow is autumn, when the number of impressions suddenly diminishes and even the few become monotonous.

I realised this when, over the years, I made notes in the summer, mainly while travelling and walking. Things of no importance at all. Most of these were. Summer notes became treasures in winter, so much so that I wouldn't have traded them for anything. I found the four bars of a song I heard from the black thrush on the riverbank, or the eight lines I once recorded during a dawn walk at the base of a blooming jasmine bush.

Later, I collected the impressions quite consciously to bring them out in winter. Sometimes there was a plan among them. A plan that was mainly to discover new sources of impressions. Because what do most of us do when the weather turns bad and we have to go indoors and put on our winter coats? They go out for a while to socialise, to the theatre, to a café, killing themselves with work, arguing about whether this is something great, perhaps a merit or a virtue. Finally, just after the New Year, they fall into misanthropy, the inevitable consequence of being around people too much. Don't hold a man to more than a flower, then hold him to most. He who smells lilacs for three days is hated. How can you smell man for six months?

Discovering new sources of impressions is not easy. To find a source that is completely satisfying, one that will keep one's mood intact and in balance for months on end, requires a certain degree of genius. The majority of men are not in possession of such a faculty. When novel-reading, the theatre, society, concerts (or even the cinema in the case of more ordinary people) have worn him out, he becomes melancholy, or even more than that, nervous.

The following is a source of my impressions of winter. It was unintentional and unpremeditated. During my autumn walk up the hillside I found an attractive garden and had a good look at how I would build a house in it if I happened to have the money. I decided on the site quickly. The layout of the house itself was not so easy. I made a sketch, but soon threw it away. It took me a week to find a completely satisfactory solution.

It was late November and it was raining. When I was bored with work or reading, or when I didn't want pictures or music, or when I was just lying in a warm room, I built my house. I put the dining room and reception room on the ground floor, not large but with a pleasant glazed veranda. On the other side of the stairs, the kitchen and pantry. The building was really cosy. I thought of a gas heating system, the whole house would be heated by the large coke stove in the dining room and the structure (steam or air heating) behind it. There was no wall separating the staircase from the dining room. It was beautiful as it opened out into one, and from the room you could see its noble ash or oak staircase leading upstairs.

Upstairs the staircase opened into a spacious hall. The hall was also a sitting room, with little but suitable and welcoming furniture. In winter, it's really nice to have breakfast and dinner here. On one side of the hall, to the east, was the bedroom and bathroom, on the other side

four smaller rooms. The dining room had a piano. On the walls were pictures, carpets and some soft seats. The second room was the study. I thought of it in particular detail, with its desk and shelves. Then there were two even smaller rooms on the west side, side by side. One was the small library, the smoking one, full of books and only one or two seats. The other was an afternoon lounge, or the other bedroom, with a single huge ottoman.

I am not one of those who carelessly neglect their abilities. Do they laugh at me for building an air house? I have been too long tormented by not recognizing and not caring enough about my important qualities. I would have saved myself a lot of trouble if I had discovered earlier that I should not have done so. Imagination must be given space and respected. Building a house of imagination kept me wonderfully balanced for weeks.

Of course, how the house was furnished, I cannot tell you now. A five hundred page tome would not be enough. I went so far in the detail and loving elaboration that I even wondered how many hundredweight of coke I would put in the cellar, how many bottles of wine, how many kilos of rice and how many tins of fish. While I was working on the house, I realized that if you keep your imagination healthily engaged, you don't indulge in all sorts of indulgences or exaggerations or exaggerations. Such things are nothing but a sickly outburst of repressed imagination. My mind was clear, my judgment calm. Why? Because my imagination built the house. And I can tell you, it built a house that, if I ever build it, I will build it.

When the snow fell, I remembered that my house was finished, but unfortunately I was alone. I imagined that a woman from the small town, which was an hour away, came to visit me twice a week, the kindly Mrs. Tóth, a cheerful woman with a good kitchen, hard-working, clean, punctual, she brought up fresh milk, butter, eggs, meat and whatever else I needed. There was enough stew in the garden, and the rest was in the pantry. But my imagination was not satisfied with this, and I was forced to bow to it. He invented a story to my liking of how this young woman of simple birth, but of unheard-of human and feminine qualities, came to me. I hired her as a housekeeper for the winter months, but as you might have guessed, I soon fell in love with her. My imagination was not impatient. She allowed several weeks for love to develop, on both sides, of course. Those were beautiful days, with the freezing winter outside, snow flurries, big

cold, and inside, the two of us in the house, safe as in the womb, quiet and serene.

I know that the psychoanalysts will judge this picture highly. I can assure you that as much as the psychics know, I have the privilege of knowing. The warmth of the house, in contrast to the cold winter that surrounds it, the man and woman in love in it, all this is very transparent, even primitive. And I could have spent the winter in soul-searching, if I had felt like it. Yet I chose fantasy and the mother complex. Simply because it felt better that way, and because I knew it was better. Anyway, I found that I could only choose between two types of complex: the mother complex and the soul-analysis complex. The former was more fun, warmer, more poetic, kinder, closer to my heart. That is enough about this issue.

Around Christmas, the charm of silent love was exhausted. After the first kiss, however, the joy of the festive days rekindled my imagination. The novel of love was such that I could not compare it to any other novel, neither lived nor read. It is clearer, more honest, more joyful and more cheerful, and above all much simpler. My imagination excelled. What he told was psychologically impeccable. It was immediately understandable and real. I wondered why things don't happen in reality like that?

As in the case of the description of the house, I cannot, unfortunately, talk about the sweet charm of everyday life in detail. It would be long and unnecessary. The aim here is not to narrate the novel, but to show how one can live the novel, without speaking, because one's imagination is constantly fed from within with a mass of pleasant and beautiful images, and one's mood is kept healthy.

As you can imagine, love was extremely passionate, but it never gave up either its human or its spiritual quality. The imagination instinctively saw to it at every turn, knowing that sheer sensuality would be rejected. Not because I am a prude or a puritan. I laugh at such things. I just don't find it tasteful. And the girl was such that she did not find it so either. Her beauty of feeling was only exceeded by her tenderness and dignity.

What happened between January and March is not easy to imagine. It was a daily manifestation of the wonders of their love for each other. I had no idea that

I was capable of so much attention, so much care, so much kindness, so much humour, and I never thought there was a woman who understood, loved and reciprocated.

Our life was simple. After waking up, he prepared breakfast, I fixed the stove, which was always on and had to be refilled every twelve hours. After eating, I would go to my room to work properly, and he would get on with his lunch or other work. We ate at noon on the dot. Then a little rest, which was delightful. Every day there was a nice new word, a new movement, a new thought to amuse us. Sometimes I played the piano. We'd go outside before dusk, unless it was very cold. After tea, it was back to work, dinner at seven. If we felt like it, we listened to noble music on some foreign radio station. At ten o'clock, another cup of tea or coffee. Sometimes we went down to town to do some shopping. I'd always bring something back for him, or he'd bring something back for me. She was a great hostess, a great cook, her eyes were everywhere, she didn't tolerate dust and she never quarreled.

When spring came in mid-March and I went for a walk at the first thrush whistle, I slowly forgot about the house. The girl came to love me for a few weeks more. Then she faded. Love was never more beautiful nor truer in my life.

## **THE BOOK OF THE LONELY KING**

The lonely king went ashore, sat on the whitest rock and said:

– Divine sea! I am alone, and I, the ever-talking one, now know not to whom to speak. Is it all right? If I had been wise enough, I would have begun with you. You still know the depths, and you can laugh.

I wanted to start a kingdom, but no one listened to me. Some admired, some feared, some stumbled; envious and unbelieving and thieving were enough. But no one had ears, nor mind, nor heart to what I said.

I was silent. I said, Is it worth while? And, as if waiting for this, someone came to me, and to deceive me, he took upon himself a figure unknown.

– Your kingdom, he said, is very beautiful, but it is only mythology.

I pretended not to know him, and answered:



– Mythology? Only mythology? Don't people know that mythology is the private life of the world?

The alien figure fell down on the magic stool, and there stood naked the I. I took a stick and drove him away. But the stench remained, and had to be aired out afterwards.

The gods had moved from the earth. But before they left, they gathered together and asked: is it fitting for someone to stay here?

If by nothing else, they can be known by this noble gentleness. For what is it to be a god but to be so strong that he can be nothing but gentle and noble?

Long they sat on the tops of the rocky mountains, in the transparent groves, at the foot of the olive-trees, and on the shores of the cool lakes, till they bade farewell to the fair land. Finally, they decided that none of the gods would remain, but they would create a new being.

They summoned the mighty of the nations and asked: what god do you want? The mighty men squinted and said, "Let him be noble.

The meaning of the answer was not in the words, but in the squinting, because the gods saw that the mighty had learned to lie so much that they could not tell the truth.

– Very well, they said, let there be a god who will squint as you wish.

Then they called the rich men before them and asked, "What god do you want? The rich turned pale, for they thought it meant wealth, and said, 'Let him be merciful.

Again, the meaning of the answer was not in the words, but in the paleness. The gods saw that the rich were so afraid that they forgot to lie.

– Very well, they said, let it be as grey as your paleness.

Then they called the scholars to them and asked: what god do you wish for? And the scientists said, 'God, who is it? We have not met him yet. The gods also understood this and said: well, may the new god be as gooey as your brain.

Finally they called the poor people before them and asked: what god do you want? Then the poor men began to wail in terror, and cried out, 'Another new god? Haven't they had enough? At last we want to live without being ruled by anyone.

– Let it be as you wish, said the gods, the new god will be like you, and will not be able to rule.

Then they put together the lies, the greyness, the sloth, the misery, and created a new being. It was the filthy monster they called him: Snot Colossus.

For what will be needed in the very near future is nothing but squinting, paleness, stickiness and misery.

But people took the change seriously, bowed down to the filthy monster and worshipped him. And it is an eternal law that whom one worships, one begins to resemble. Day by day, man became more and more slimy, more and more filthy, more and more sloppy, more and more slimy. But no one, not even a god, can step outside himself. And when the beast has become a god, it only means that he has become more filthy and ugly, all high and proud.

And the religion of the Snot Colossus, which is nothing but respect for those who are grey, dirty, slimy, squinting and sticky, is widespread in the land. And temples were erected to him, and children were brought up in his likeness, and the spirit of snot was introduced into government, art, morals and customs.

And the gods, seeing this, laughed sweetly. Some said: when is this monster going to start cleaning up? When will he exterminate the overgrown worms? Others said: come on, let him have his fun! Let him know what it is to be a god! When I understood the secret of the new religion of mankind, I said no more. Then someone came to me again, and to deceive me, took another form and said:

– "If you will not speak, at least write the Book of Yes, and it will be useful to men when the gods return to earth. For the object and the thought may be empty, if it springs from an empty destiny, but it is in vain to say yes, if the destiny is no. Who is better qualified to write this book than you? Thy destiny is in its place. It stands empty, without stain or mask. And therefore the book would be a yes not only because of its object, but also because the fate that goes with the yes is there. It would not only be its object, but also its self, and both would be yes. In your case alone, the object and the self met, came together, and in an exceptional moment one found the other. No one knows which is which.

Enough about gender. Someone is jealous and starts to play the generous. Strange: has anyone ever heard of someone being generous and starting to play envious? Why not? Because generosity is yes,

and that's why it's enough and that's enough. And envious is no and little and empty.

Enough was enough of the no. Enough of the orators who became stutterers, and of the generous who became envious, and of the wise who became fools, and of the heroes who became cowards. Enough of the yes-men who became no-men.

It's good to knock the thought before one absorbs it. Not only to find out if there is someone in it, but also who is in it, and why? What if the biggest thought is empty? And what if the one inside is just a worm? And is he in it as the envious in the generous, the fool in the wise, and the coward in the hero?

The yes that springs from the sex has never yet convinced any man. Only the yes is convinced where there is someone who is a yes, and that someone is really a yes, and that someone who is a yes really has a place in the yes.

Well, tell me, who is better qualified to write the Book of Yes than you, who are a yes, and who really have a place in the yes?

At this point I stopped listening and shouted at him: who sent you here, you dirty worm? Comest thou straight from the priests of Colossus? Do you want me to say yes? Do you think that I do? That yes to me is everything? The slime, the filth, the goo? That snot is yes to me?

At this magic spell the strange figure fell off, and there stood the I naked. I took the stick, wrenched it out, but the stench remained, and had to air it out afterwards.

When I had driven the angry snake away, I pondered its insolence for a long time. Was the language of the gods completely lacking in gender? For if it were not, there would be nothing to separate things. And if all were yes, even Snot Colossus would be a god.

I love the world not only with MY YES, but just as much and even more with MY NO.

The gods have gone and left the earth. They are today: no. My kingdom is lost, I alone am in it the ruler, the people, the priest, the noble, the citizen, the peasant. My kingdom too: no. But this no is just as yes as the Snot Colossus: no. And who is to say what is yes and what is no? Does not he himself judge all things and all beings by saying yes or no? And if the measure is lost, is it not the prerogative of the gods? And after them, not the sea? And after the sea, is it not mine?

## UNDER THE TAMARISK

I sat down awhile here under the tamarisk, to eat the freshly picked yellow honey figs in the shade with a fitting calm. It was midday and there was no one in the bay. It was more metaphysics than eating. Sometimes you're allowed to eat like that, as if you were praying. And when I went ashore to wash the sticky sugar of ripe fruit from my hands, I had to return, to sanctify the feast with a cigarette.

*Epiphysis*, I thought. Greek word. I found it in Dionysius Aeropagite's book on the Names of God, and it means: a filial relationship with God, who rests in the heart of man and smiles benevolently on man. If there were someone, a human Master, who could teach me to see the face of divine goodness in his heart, I would walk to the end of the world to him. Someone who would teach me to travel, bathe, play, eat figs, light a cigarette, and that all of this is not necessarily a waste of time. It can be a purposeless, though pleasant, but irresponsible and vain game, but it can also be a godsend.

Now, there is no question of suffering, sickness, reef, sin, death. Because there is. There is no mention of the torment of the atonement that burns in agony for years without finding a single bright moment. *Epiphysis* is not a man groaning brokenly and his teeth chattering with horror because he has to go through this fate. It is an exceptional moment, when I am so mind-blowingly happy that I shudder into the radiant grandeur of boundless divine goodness, and I understand that when He reveals Himself so directly, I can do nothing but gasp up in shaken joy, speechlessly, and say: thank you.

The difficult, dark, suffering, ascetic, self-denying path of religion is known to all men. But sometimes, for a moment, the sun comes out. *Religion is not our burden, but our privilege*. And it is a privilege in these moments, in the most religious of times: to be a child of God. Some mystics talk about it, and there was someone who lived in this *epiphany*, one of God's dearest children: Saint Francis. He understood that eating, sleeping, bathing, enjoying flowers, smiling at a beautiful girl, walking, playing can be prayer, and really prayer, if one is truly a child of God, and in his reconciled heart divine goodness looks upon man.

Dear one who reads this, and thinks I blaspheme him, believe me, in my life one essential, serious, decisive, whole destiny

the most shocking experience was when I said: sir, I cannot be a Christian because I cannot hate the world. The answer I got was: you cannot hate the world, you have to love God, and whoever loves God cannot hate anything. Believe me, my dear, for more than twenty years I have turned every corner of the earth to find God. *'Tu ne me chercherais pas, si tu ne me possédais,'* says Pascal, 'you would not seek me if I were not in you. My only reason for being was to find him. I looked for him in philosophy, in wisdom, in art, in mythology, I looked for him in love, in nature, in asceticism, and I didn't realize that he was in my heart. There are many gods, God is only one. Why has religion always been important to me? Why wasn't he more important? And if I have found him, does it matter to me what words I use to speak to him, if it matters to him? For he does not hear words, but hearts.

For a long time I have kept the secret within me that I had arrived at the faith in which I was born: *Tief ist die Trauer, der mich umdüstert, eintrete ich wieder Herr, in dein Haus* - deep is the sorrow that darkens around me, I enter your house, Lord, again. I have returned to his house, but I dare not confess it to anyone. I was ashamed. They will say of me what I say of others: broken. Frankly, I was just as little broken then as I am now. In fact, I know for a fact that I was smaller then and have grown since then. I was afraid of having read onto me what I had read onto them when I was a poster child. They were horrible things. It makes me sick to think about it. Can I never make it up to you again? And the only way I can escape the consequences is to take responsibility for them even now, when I don't believe anything I said then. I believe, by the way, that it is not a matter of religion. What happened to me is not a matter for religion, but for God. While I was searching for the only true faith, I was astray. There is no true faith alone. It all comes down to this: finding God and loving God. Or: to love and find God. The rest is theology.

This moment here under the tamarisk gives me the strength to stop hiding anything. Not even from those whom I have pushed into infidelity. All I can do is tell them of *Epiphysis* and of his infinite patience and goodness. The returned son can now speak to the prodigals still wandering outside: come, for he loves the converted. And whoever converts can be partaker of the divine fruit. He won't be angry if I eat the fresh figs, if I drink the wine, oh, I love wine, especially this red one that grows here! Are you angry with me, Lord? I'm not

do you? If you lived here, you would drink it, and give thanks that you have such a sublime drink. How good it is to be a child, to bathe, to delight, to mock the foolish, to be free-spoken, to feel as a gift what I have received: wine, joy, flowers as well as play, flirtatious, defiant, mischievous mirth and sweet mirth.

Do you think I'm blaspheming again? Do you think that I seek a refined justification for the reckless life I lead here on the shining sea, and that *epiphysis* is nothing but the unmitigated lie of the frivolous lover? You forget, my dear, that religion is not morality. Morality may speak of good, evil, sin, virtue, falsehood, truth. Religion can speak of nothing but Him. And if he has, exceptionally, now, in this hour, revealed himself in my heart, he has absolved me from morality, because he has adopted me as his child, and now all is free for me as a child. For now there is but one thing of importance, that I love him, and he loves me. And this love sanctifies me, that I am a boisterous, mocking, mocking, a little gluttonous, gluttonous, merry, who would like to stroke every soft curly hair, slender woman's leg, who is a chatterer, a talker, a mischievous one. These are gifts. Most people can still take their suffering seriously, but not their joy.

Now, in these holy moments of divine birth, I know that all morality is meaningless to a pure heart. God rejoices with you, for he is in the majesty of the sea and the bright sky, in the fragrant cigarette and the sugary fig. But only his children know this, those children who are touched when they step into the sea and the cool water sizzles on their heated skin. Oh, to pray with laughter, and cry out into the glorious summer: how good to be your child! Dear good Father, how I would fain leap into your neck, how I would fain you would hold me close to you and say: when your heart overflows and reaches moments of purity, laugh and rejoice, and then go forth and tell the world of this joy.

## **THE BOOK OF THE FUTURE**

The Book of the Future is in absolute space in a palace specially made to house the Book. Opposite the gate rises a vast domed hall, measuring seventeen thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine miles in diameter. In the centre of the dome hall is a basalt rock, and up to it are twenty-three thousand steps. On this basalt rock lies the book. The length of its pages is one hundred and forty-four and a third, and the breadth one hundred and twelve and a half feet. Its pages number much more than thirty-two million four hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred and eighty-eight. It contains the history of mankind from the birth of the first man to the death of the last.

If one is interested in the immediate future, one will not find much of interest in this book. All you will find is this: the introduction of the rainbow-coloured women's underwear; the first crossword-puzzle novel; the Chvrchik physiological revolution; Bulakov's proclamation of the Soviet empire; the last whale being killed; ambassadorial conferences; secret military and customs treaties; one thousand three hundred and sixty-six major wars and twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and forty-one minor wars; the rise of Negro literature; the matriarchy of one hundred and sixty years, and the like.

It only gets more interesting in 2608 A.D., when Japanese technician Kaki Maru puts atomic disintegration, then commonplace, on a new footing. For the first time, this man uses the so-called congenital method, which consists of collecting the vital energies released during the erotic act by means of a capacitor and freezing them in a radium vessel. In this way, the energies can be stored. The procedure is extremely cheap, because a gram of vital energy does not cost a penny.

In 2616, the English engineer H. F. Boernes is the first to notice that the decomposition of lead atom releases a force that cancels gravity. In 2629, E. Pörgsteller, experimenting with mercury, discovers that mercury contains the most microtones. Microtons are a by-product of atomic decomposition, and have been used to clean shoes. This agent is a perpetuum mobile-like near-constant energy centre. A year later, the first microton flyer is developed, which orbits the Earth three times in five hours and forty minutes with one tenth of a gram of mercury. In 2643, the perfected microtron aircraft with the Kaki Maru vital capacitor and the Boernes lead neutralizer, the Arab colonel Hamu Bab flies out 500 kilometres from the earth and returns. In 2667 Chiabanolli

ship's captain, with the support of the Spanish government, will travel to the moon in this plane. With this, mankind started a new era.

After the flight to the moon, the events are as follows:

1. Chiabanolli's second trip to the Moon.
2. The melting of the Moon's crust using the Kaki Maru method.
3. The discovery of the first lunar inhabitant.
6. The Spanish government colonizes the Moon.
7. Discovery of holdenergy.
20. Chiabanolli flies to Mars.

23. Chiabanolli flies to Venus but does not return. Two rescue expeditions are sent after him, but neither returns. German engineer Furz flies a tank of holdenergy to Venus and returns. The holdenergy is transferred to Venus to make it accessible.

24. Furz flies to Mercury.
27. The colonisation of the inner planets begins.

30. They fly to Jupiter.

34. They fly to Saturn.

39. They fly to Uranus.

52. They fly to Neptune.

80. J. P. Walker orbits the Solar System in six days.

92. W. Rehmke breaks Walker's record. He orbits the Solar System in four days and five hours.

113. Resolution of the photon.

131. Chilean pilot Birriga flies into Halley's Comet and captures it. He converts it into a steerable comet and flies it to Sirius.

140 Birriga returns from Sirius. Halley's Comet is assigned to Neptune for service.

168. Papuan chieftain Mulna I proclaims himself world emperor.

169th Inauguration of man-eating.

172. European humanity rebels against Mulna. Conspiracy. Exposure. Execution of the chief culprits.

174. Turmoil in Europe. Mulna's campaign.

180. The great coup. Europe cannot resist Mulna, and so on the night of September 11, Europe is cut off at the Ural and taken to Jupiter.

October 13-26, 180. The Europeans blow up Jupiter's second and fourth moons with sinolin rays, which Mulna's troops



invaded by Mulanna's men to besiege the Europeans. Four million and one hundred and sixty seven thousand dead.

**180** November 1. Armistice.

**181** January 10: Europe and Mulna make peace. The first peace on Mars. Europeans free to travel to Earth. Trade resumes. For the time being, however, Europe does not return to Earth.

**188** March 4 The night of St. Vincent. The Europeans murder all the Jupiterites.

**204.** Invention of the Genie serum. Everyone injects themselves with whatever serum they want. Abuse of the serum. Development of the train trade. Smuggling. Secret vaccinations. Official regulation on the pricing of certain serums. Monopoly experiments. Failure of the experiments.

**206.** Serum price. Two hundred dollars for the inoculation of a king's serum, one hundred and eighty dollars for the inoculation of a poet's serum, one hundred and sixty dollars for the inoculation of a painter, one hundred and fifty-five dollars for the inoculation of a musician. Disturbances.

**214.** Enactment of compulsory vaccination with genie serum. At birth, a committee shall determine who shall be inoculated with which genie serum.

**220.** Compulsory vaccination is also introduced on Earth.

**221.** Death of Mulna I. Emperor of Mulna II.

**224.** Mulna II is assassinated on 30 December. III Mulna.

**229.** IV. Mulna the Terrible. Africa also escapes from Earth and is transferred to Mercury. The Mercury-Earth war.

**230.** Mercury is destroyed by Ytra-sparks.

**241** Murder of Mulna IV. V. Mulna. Decadence. Europe launches war from Jupiter against Earth. Complete victory, Europa is ceremoniously returned to its place. The Babylonian captivity ends. Great Feast of Tabernacles decreed.

**253.** The Earth is very destitute of Africa, so Venus is made into a new Africa and brought to Earth.

**265** The fall of the Mulna dynasty.

**267.** The Wood dynasty. Reign of terror.

**270.** The fall of Wood and his exile to Neptune.

**288.** Death of Wood. Earth as a republic.

**319.** Saturnian uprising. Destruction of Saturn's rings by Ytra-sparks.

**330.** The extermination of the Saturnian inhabitants.

**363.** The black year. Mars and Venus simultaneously rise up against Earth and bombard Earth with Ytra-Sparks. By August, the losses had increased to the point where they were forced to build a spark neutralizer around the Earth. But the neutralizer blocked out the light, and the Earth was in total darkness from September 6 to December 9.

**364.** The inhabitants of Earth decided to escape to Jupiter. But the plan to escape is betrayed by the Hindu general Tarmakarja to the inhabitants of Mars and Venus. The escape is set for 11 January. The enemy unleashes a terrifying barrage of conflagration on Earth. One billion, six hundred and fifty-six million dead.

**366** February 10: Chinese physicist T'ün offers the Earthlings cocoa shrapnel. Shrapnel is 127 thousand times more powerful than Ytra-rock. The next day, one shrapnel is sent to Mars and one to Venus. In ten and a half seconds, the two planets will disappear. Cocoa Day. The great liberation holiday.

**372.** The Earth is brought 48 million kilometres closer to the sun and its constant temperature is set at 26 degrees Celsius.

**390.** Uranian uprising. The Great Alpha Battle 4-15 June.

**391** The beginning of the age of peaceful development.

**402.** Neptune is moved to the line of Mars.

**410** Halley's Nebula is converted into a planet.

**543.** The Outer Sun is built. A piece of Arcturus is de-orbited and positioned so that its heat and light beams will work even when the Earth is turned away from the sun.

**560.** The Moon is eliminated as an economically unviable planet and placed in the Andromeda Nebula.

**563.** The start of regular flights to the universe. The U. R. C. (Universal Railway Company) is formed.

**692.** Decisive year. The Congolese chemist Lambam discovers the psych atom.

**729.** Attempt to transfer the psych atom. Success.

**788.** Improvement of the transfer of the psych atom by means of a biocapacitor.

**790.** Discovery of the health bacterium.

**806.** Production of life energy from carbon.

**956.** Production of life energy from manure.

**1004.** Distillation of life energy.

**1030.** Discovery of psych-atoms in ether.

**1083.** The Orion nebula experiment. Distilled life energy is infused into the nebula. The infusion lasted thirty-six hours. The nebula rapidly transforms, evolves into a solar system, life emerges on the planets, spreads. All in a matter of hours. In fifteen minutes, the same amount of history takes place as on Earth in one hundred and thirty-nine million years. Life becomes a bustle. Eventually, the nebula explodes.

**1310.** Ether is transformed into psych-atoms.

**1334** The first artificial soul is constructed and produced from waste.

**1455** A new living creature is constructed from a combination of life energy and artificial soul, called a biomachine.

**1460.** The sex of biomachines is invented.

**1463** The gestation period of biomachines is shortened by monosgene rays.

**1464.** The procedure is accelerated by ultraperosgene injection.

They can now produce four biomachines per second.

**1501.** People start to fall in love with biomachines. Regulation against having an affair with machines.

**1510.** Secret love affairs take off. The epidemic of infatuation.

**1523** Birth of the first mulatto from a human-machine relationship. Analysis of mulatt. Utter idiocy, helplessness, moral insanity, helplessness, laziness, but with unheard-of vitality and a terrible erotic hunger. The infatuation of women with mulattos.

**1512** The expansion of the mulatto.

**1518** Law against the union of humans and biomachines. **1520** Death penalty for those who merge. Razzia. Mass executions. **1530.** Revolt of the Machines.

**1531.** Exile of the Machines to Uranus.

December 10, **1540** The night of St. Ambrose. All the Machines and Mulattoes are exterminated with Brown's Lormon gas.

**1540-1544** The great Lormon epidemic. Hogweed gas spreads through the universe and destroys the human body. No antidote was found. Four hundred and twenty-six billion dead.

**1545-1850.** The resurgence of life.

**1581-1592.** The Little Hogweed Plague. One hundred and ten billion dead.

**1593.** Discovery of the anthilormon.

1599. Psellos (later Ápluszbé) first  
hypermathematical revelation.  
1600-1648. The age of mathematical prophets.  
1650.

## THE CIRCLE

Only my morning walk is the same as usual. After sunrise, I pocket my notes and head into the woods to hunt for thoughts. With a book under my nose, I walk slowly on the dewy grass. In the valley, a bluish mist floats, and among the trees, martins screech. At eight o'clock I have no patience. I return, get my hoe and basket and go down to the kitchen garden. I cook vegetable soup for lunch, and at this time of the year, at the end of summer, it is a feast like no other.

I am indebted to the old peasant woman of Arach for the concept of garbage soup. She was the one who went into the garden with her basket, collected what she could find, and when I asked her what she was going to make of it, she said: 'I'm going to put all the rubbish from the garden in it. I never got the flavour that he could give to the food. And it's safe to say I tried for years. It was not the quantity or quality of the vegetables. His soup, if I had to compare it to anything, was like wine. The smell alone made my head spin. But it had that gentle gentleness that should always characterise a well-made vegetable soup. Its colour was rose gold, the seeds were neither soft nor hard, the carrots had absorbed the flavour of the cabbage, the peppers, the kohlrabi, but they remained carrots, as in the ideal community, each one is an individual, yet all belong to the same.

The most important thing is to have the necessary devotion. Like any truly great enterprise, it must begin with prayer. I sit under the apple tree and look at the kitchen garden.

I have often gone to the market, and my favourite place to stand was where household items were sold. A nice clean sorghum broom, an appetising smoothly planed kneading board, a rolling pin, a wooden spoon. I was fascinated by the modest simplicity of these objects, how they could hide their beauty in the appearance of utility. People rush past them by the hundreds, each one saying to himself: what an ordinary tool, wooden spoon!

Dear wooden spoon, noble, slender spoon of white ash wood, you know that your humility has never deceived me, with which so simple a work

for which thou hast faithfully offered thyself. I have always admired you for your fine lines, your lovely head like a flower. And your usefulness does not lead me astray, but only increases my inexplicable attachment to you.

Under the apple tree, I thought involuntarily of the similarity between the wooden spoon and the kitchen spade. The plant, seen only from its useful side, is full of charming beauty. But it also possesses qualities that are a rarity. Here we have the curly parsley. If it were not put in food, it could be a perfume, and would certainly be admired by the lady who arrives at afternoon tea in a cloud of parsley scent. But the same plant would look wonderful as a flower bed border. Its dense and shaggy green would pleasantly enclose beds of petunias or salvia. So would celery. Kale would be a brave ornamental, not to mention buddleia or cauliflower. And tomatoes? Peppers? I'd even like to plant them in pots and look at them in the window. In summer, when I clean the tomatoes of their excess shoots, I occasionally rest and enjoy the wonderful smell of the leaves. The oil of every plant has such an individual and inimitable beauty; that this beauty is useful, and that it is edible apart from the charms of the plant, is a joy that fills me at this moment.

Then I slowly get to work. I dig up the carrot bed, carefully searching for the developed, thick roots. I also pick two or three carrots, parsley, roots and greens, parsnips I wouldn't let go for anything. Then come the leeks, kale, celery root and green, kohlrabi, some cauliflower. The best onions are small silver onions the size of walnuts, two of them are enough, one garlic. Two nice green peppers, a red tomato, and to complete the feast, a handful of freshly shelled beans. I wash and clean them at the well. In the shimmering silver water shines the many leaves and roots. Now I can feed the fire.

## **DESK CULTURE**

Beautiful style is a gift that cannot be acquired. It is born with you, and you may not even know it. Sometimes it is unworthy. We know that a drunkard, a robber-killer and a half-idiot had a nice style. One can write beautifully on wrapping paper, the newspaper

or on a napkin, with a borrowed pencil or a pen stolen from the post office. None of this matters, because the style is beautiful.

What everyone can get is an assortment of style. And the first prerequisite for an assorted style is a noble stationery and writing utensil.

I may not have benefited from the gift of fine style, but I have always placed emphasis on the prerequisite of the highest degree of humanly attainable, of selectivity. I often take comic care of the appearance of my writing. It is a favourite pastime of mine to stand in front of stationery shop windows, conscientiously perusing the latest stationery. The anticipation of civilisation has often given me happy moments. Whenever I saw a new pencil holder, a penholder, a portable inkwell, especially if it was in good taste, I had to try it out. Not to mention the new paper qualities. That I had a weakness for the folder was natural. But so was ink, and anything that could find a place on a desk.

At the same time, I found that most of the people who write have no flair for it. I have known people of considerable intellectual ability who scribbled their works on rotary paper with poorly sharpened, third-rate pencil nibs. That the expression of the spirit then became dubious, that is to say that the style was anything but selective, I was not in the least surprised. I would have wondered if it had not been. The only people who can scribble on rotary paper are those whose style is beautiful from the start, and so do not need the inspiration of the paper, and those for whom the whole thing means nothing, that is, those who are literarily insignificant. The common man, who has ambition, and who wishes to attain a degree of selectness, should not do such things.

I have decided to narrate my experiences to those who love to write, and thus launch a movement for a culture of the desk. In a way, I expect this to ennoble the style. The culture of the desk, please, is as important as that of the dining table. For my part, I prefer to make do with simpler dishes and cutlery, and I do not even insist on bowls if, for some reason, soup and main courses are simply ladled from the pot. But if I don't like something on my desk, I even get angry. And when I go away from home, whether for a long trip or just a few days out, the thought precedes my clothes and food: well, I'll go, but what pencil, what paper and what notebook should I take.

It's not as simple as you might think. It's true that I've always taken so much care that I haven't used a tenth of the stationery I took on the trip. Last year I carried a large bundle of paper for two weeks, perhaps three hundred sheets, or five assorted kinds of special white, ivory and dipped ribbed paper, plus six vandal-new pencils, and pens, ink, two notebooks, one larger and one smaller, and the diary. In all that time I wrote no more than a hundred lines, and later threw half of them away. But don't think it hurt me. Every time I entered my room and saw the blue wooden bowl on the desk with all the expensive paper lying in the filtered green light of the forest, the coloured pencils, the inkwell, the pen, I felt a strange sense of relief.

It's a pretty primitive way of providing for existence, I know, like all hoarding, money, food, silver, gold. But beyond insurance, my aim has been to keep myself at the level of selectivity by the noblest means of writing. I took many papers home untouched, but I have no regrets, and will do so again next time.

The offensive insensitivity of Western man to objects destined for the immediate use of the body, expressed in his emphasis on what is mask-like and public facing, as opposed to his languid indifference to intimacy, is also manifest in the culture of the writing desk. Just look at the desk of a director, a minister, a banker. The decorative patina of the inkwell, the multitude of accessories, all of which hang ridiculously as if they had been learned from their master, are all there for effect, as if they were meant to represent something great. But I will not speak of them, for they do not write, only sign.

The Western man must be taught that I do not read the book, but the book reads me. And if that is so: it is not I who write with the pen, but the pen writes with me. It is not I who write on the paper, but the paper writes on me. If you think about it, you will pay more attention to your pen and paper, so that you don't write on it with a dirty rag, a flaky and rusty nib, a creaky pen. For the moment, I have no premature hopes. The European must take the absolute intimacies of his being much more seriously than he has done hitherto if he is to reach this stage. And a hundred years is not a long time for such a thing.

The artist's, the poet's, the writer's table is different. But what I have seen in such places is, with one or two exceptions, a hopeless mess. They say it's bohemian. But I know it's just barbaric. I do not wish for pedantry. In this respect.

my case is an extreme, and I do not wish to impose my correctness on anyone. But, please, these ugly pen stems, this lousy paper, these scraps scattered about, the half-torn sheets, the cheap pencil, the rusty scissors, can produce nothing but smudged sentences, messy, hurried thinking. The carelessness here is unimaginative and lack of intimacy and ignorance of the cult of writing.

The writing desk is an altar of great mystery. To write is to enter into a supernatural relationship with the Logos. And the Logos is the Creator Word. A priest in filthy clothes is despised, and he who does not wipe the dust from the altar in the morning is caught. But at the same time, do we write our thoughts on torn up stationery and dig out the important note from under newspaper? Take note that the man on whose desk I find a newspaper has lost my confidence. The press has no place on the altar of Logos. I say this seriously.

When so many noble papers are produced! Pale yellow, ribbed, half-thick, dipped paper is my weakness. But I've never been able to resist the bluish white either, so I have to use it interchangeably. The important thing is that it is wood-free. Pay particular attention to watermarks. This gives the paper a special beauty. How to cut it to shape? The question is very difficult. I think quarto is the perfect shape for works that are already finished. I don't like to write on such a shape. I've tried at least thirty different shapes, but I couldn't settle on any of them. In fact, in some ways I like variety. I think it's right to have eight to ten different kinds of paper in eight to ten different sizes in coloured covers, neatly arranged on a desk or in a drawer. It's even nice to look at.

Should the pencil be soft or hard? I leave it up to everyone's taste, but I do stipulate that the pencils must be first-rate. I have found Kohinoor, Castell or Städler pencils to be the best, and I can really recommend them. I like to write with quite soft ink pencils, but that's not a rule. Anyone can write in black. You just have to be careful about sharpening. Careless sharpening is cruelty.

The pen is the second great chapter of writing. You must write with a noble pen on noble paper. From long experience, I can recommend the products of the Hughes factory in Birmingham, especially the ballpoint. I think they are the best pens in the world. They are made of copper and steel, there are two types, I prefer the copper, but I like to write with the steel because it is soft, smooth and even.



The best of the ink types are the very fine fountain pens. The blues and violets, I have found, are the finest. The official blackish blue ink should be avoided as it is vulgar and coarse. Some people complain that fountain pen ink in writing pens is dilute. I have made this observation myself. And when I travel, I use violet ink made from ink pencils, sometimes at home, because it has worked for years if I can get it thick enough.

For my part, I can say that I like coloured pencils. I like to have a lot of transparent and shiny glassware, bowls, pencil holders, ink pots, weights and cubes on the table. Have an eraser, scissors, paper knife handy, just like in the drawer. It's part of the culture. Glue should not be forgotten either. On the desk, have five or six pencil stems, each with a different kind of pen. This is an involuntary expression that I have developed to indicate that writing presents me with a completely new task every time, even in its appearance. Different nibs, different pens, different paper. I protest against habit. And so far, I can say that I have not picked up any habit, good or bad. I stick to only one thing: taste and quality. I will not tolerate any neglect on my table. Why should it be messier than my bed, when I spend almost as much time on it, and just as much meaningful time.

There must be something on the table that is superfluous. Something that's just attractive and lovely, but has no reason to be there, and so when you see it, you relax. Pint? A photograph? Flowers? A memory? A statue? I have no say. It's private, like the whole desk. Like the woman's toilet table, to which she is related because of her connection to immortality.

## **IMAGINARY BOOKS**

In these book reviews I have taken special care to make them sound like real books. Because make no mistake: I invented the name, the title, the content, the language, the year, the imprint myself, and to my knowledge, neither authors by that name nor works by that name have ever been published. For the sake of greater credibility, I engage in debate, correct, sometimes object, in other cases follow a supposed line of thought, and in more than one case I give the authors a hard and ironic lecture. To take the reader by the nose

and then laugh at the end? But also to cultivate book reviews as a high literary genre, and to free them from the arbitrariness that the actual published book represents for this genre. I have chosen as my role model Walter Pater, who found it intolerable to subject the noble genre of biography to the meaningless vagaries of a real human life. It is indeed demeaning to subject the serious essayist to the unimaginative of real life. Pater detached himself from reality and wrote biographies that had no historical basis whatsoever. This is how the imaginary portraits were created. Following his example, I have attempted to write about imaginary books and to develop the review into a genre that does not always have to compromise with the real published works. In the field of book reviewing, in my view, someone had to take this decisive step sooner or later. A book that has actually appeared in print is, in my view, not solid enough for this genre. I have no hesitation in saying that the actual book is unworthy of a review. It has often happened, years ago, that I was forced to talk about certain books in terms of what they lacked. Most recently, I have managed to shake off the unwise phenomena of unstable reality completely. A good review is one in which the author chooses the book he or she is writing about, quite independently of any preconceptions about whether or not it has been published or will ever be published.

**JOURDAIN**, Pierre Paul: *L'individualité de l'artiste*, Paris, 1936.  
Librairie Boncourt. 164 p.

The boredom which characterises most German theoretical works is rarely obligatory for the French. It is also rare, it is true, for a book to go beyond the feuilleton. Most French theoretical works are amazingly well written, and one reads them with rapt attention. But you put them down disappointed because they are almost entirely empty. There are few exceptions, such as Jourdain's. On the artist's personality, he has written three related studies (*The Classical and Romantic Artist - The Reality of Art - To Look and to Do*). And the spirit that lives in the book is indeed a spirit. He draws largely from Russian and English sources, and it is perhaps the Guyau-Gide line that can be understood. His reference is not data, however, but essential. He does not quote, but rather empirically

felt. One can see traces of Darmstadt and existential philosophy, of Russian theorists, and the influence of the New English spirit. The author is also a well-read man, well-versed in ancient literature, art history, music, primitives, psychology and the standard aesthetic works.

Such a broadly but intricately, systematically but ramifyingly informed author is not satisfied with either system or aphorism. Somewhere in between, he is both systematic and aphoristic. His thoughts are at once crystalline and profound. Jourdain himself makes this observation in his first essay, when he explains the artist's personality from a more psychological point of view. There is a kind of artist whose virtues are proportion, clarity, simplicity and form. This is the *cristal*, crystal type. And there is another whose virtues are suggestiveness, evocativeness, often disturbing and unsettling. This is the *abîme*, the depth type. Thus, in art and in all artists, there is a contrast between the *cristal* and the *abîme*.

The crystal artist is the classic type: a creator of form. His temperament is calm, serene, smooth, playful. Homer, Horace, Corneille, Racine, Raphael, Mozart. There is always a simple brilliance in what he creates. It is comforting even when it is tragic, and it delights even when it shocks. His element is light, for him even the night is radiant, and even chaos is full of form. This man delights in crystallising, in depositing experiences and experiences, polished, clear, clear and simple.

The other is the depth-type, the Romantic artist: his temperament is restless, melancholy, often full of resentment, heavy, fragmented and dark. Such artists are: Michelangelo, Cervantes, Swift, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Dostoevsky, Wagner. In what he creates, there is always a looming chasm. Even when it is joyous, it leaves you unsatisfied, when it laughs. What is in it is not serenity, at best comedy. His element is obscurity, for him even sunlight is hazy. The pleasure of this type of man is to stare into the abyss, to stir, to analyze, to attack, to mock, to disintegrate, to tear apart and to mangle even the most determined figures.

The author now stops explaining the creative types and turns to the question of artistic reality. Seemingly arbitrarily. Only at the end does it become clear that he has done the right thing, because the role of psychology is over and artistic reality follows.

Man, he writes, lives in the reality of reason in everyday life. In this reality, things have, by common agreement, the same value, sign, meaning and form for everyone. But real men, merchants, teachers, politicians, lawyers, clerks are all, without exception, unproductive beings. Not only in terms of intellectual creation. What a tradesman does, says Jourdain, does not increase humanity one millimetre, does not make the world any more interesting, and does not make life more enjoyable or beautiful. Why is that? Is it because there is an essential difference between work and creation? Is it just that creation is productive and work is not? Is work nothing more than the rehabilitation of unproductivity? Work justifies the lives of those whose lives are otherwise completely worthless. This is exactly the same. But that is not the problem. The tradesman, the lawyer, the peasant lives in reality, and is real to the core, inside and out, skin and bones. But this reality is utterly barren. Why? Because it falls apart into days, minutes, tasks, duties, somehow life lacks the binding material, the cohesive, the shaping force. As soon as life begins to come together, to take shape, to take on a face and a character, as soon as time begins to make sense, life begins to acquire content, direction, beauty, at that moment man is forced to leave the real world of common sense. Jourdain says that there are people who arrive at a great experience, stop at that experience, and everything that happens to them afterwards grows, coalesces, crystallises around that experience. These people are no longer realistic in the sense that the subalterns are realistic. They are the phantasms, the dreamers. These are the artists. And as long as one does not have such an experience - an experience that reaches to the very depths of the individuality, a great, heart-rending, central experience - and as long as life and destiny do not begin to crystallize around this germinal experience, as long as one does not begin to see everything in this way and not in another way: to see and experience everything from this experience, in relation to it, as long as one is not productive, not form-creating, lacks the great binding material, the cohesive force, then one is not an artist.

So-called common sense is an annoyance to the artist. It makes no sense to judge things like a real estate agent. Therefore, the agent will always be more realistic in terms of common sense, but he will always be unrealistic in terms of real reality. The agent owns the world, power, money, comfort, and the artist is completely alien, one-sided and foolish in this world. But there is no art without folly. Nor is there a productive life. For now comes the most important thing: the artist

is only apparently foolish; in fact, it is the reality. The world of the agent is only apparently real. How did this paradox arise? As follows: only that which is experiential has reality. It is natural. There is only one reality for us, and that is our own experience. We know nothing about the rest of the world. And the agent world has no experience. That's why it falls apart, why it's like crumbs or sand. The image that the agent has of the world is also crumbly and shapeless, that is, it is not real. It is not the politician and the merchant who really know the world as it is, in reality, as it is, and as it is, but the artist. Why? Because the artist knows it as experience, as tension, image and drama. The merchant's world is full of illusions and suppositions, because the merchant lives an unreal life, because he has no experience; the artist, because he has built his destiny on experience, that is, on reality, sees everything.

Thus the author arrives at the third study, where what is said about experience is linked *to the cristal*, and the world of unreality *to the abîme*. The classical artist is the one who has such a great experience and sees the world through the crystal, crystalline, shaped, in its truth. The Romantic artist sees the formless swirl of crumbs. Classicism is nothing other than: order, cosmos - beautiful order. Romanticism is nothing but disorder, confusion and chaos. That the latter seems realistic is obviously a mistake. Chaos is no more realistic than the cosmos. In fact, we live in a cosmic order. That chaotic existence is real is a statement made by agents who believe what they believe is real.

The study goes one step further. It says: classical art is the realistic, the playful, the serene, and it is the passive. The romantic is the passionate, the suffering, and it is the active. It follows from the former. You could almost put it like this: action is only needed by those who suffer. But only he who does not see suffers. And only he who does not see does not live in the real world. This is the most precise definition of the Romantic artist: unreal because he cannot see clearly - because he cannot see, he suffers - because he suffers, he must act. It is the cause of immeasurable activity, running about, restlessness, confusion. The classic, on the other hand, sees, and is therefore realistic, calm, and does not have to act, passive. The high man is not the one who acts and wins, but the one who sees and smiles. Because to see is more than to act. Always has been and always will be.

**BRADSHAW, J. William:** *Play and art*. London, 1933. Carpenter. 440 p.

After reading such a work, one wonders whether all that has been achieved in seriousness and depth in more recent times has any lasting character, and whether thought will not again return to the scientific flatness from which it had so hardly emerged at the beginning of the century. For what is needed for such a work? A few chapters on play (children's play, dance, animal play, sport), a few chapters on art, and finally, a theory built up from the various and identical features, so stupid that only the ascetic can read it. This is positive science. It is the real, unadulterated, sober, boring, indifferent, endlessly dry and empty waste of words.

What the positivists had to say about play is, for the most part, common knowledge. Play is, so to speak, preparation for the serious tasks of life. Training for the struggle for existence. The child is swinging on a wooden horse, preparing to charge the enemy in battle on horseback, sword in hand. The little girl pushes the pram to train herself for motherhood. Clearly, the pushing and shoving difficult andand responsible task, that already seven years old at the age of seven you have to practise. That's what Mr. Bradshaw believes, and that's what all of positivism believed. To a the marbles, a the ball game, a hoops how they explain it is not interesting. Into something that has no direction or meaning, into something they put both into it afterwards.

Frobenius's game theory says more, but has one problem: his famous analogy of a child playing with a matchbox and keeping a witch in the box is nothing more than a reversal of positivist theory. According to him, it is not reason and purpose that come first, but the meaningless and the purposeless.

This theory does not get to the heart of the matter. It is certain that play is primary and elementary. That is why it always appears when life overflows in its richness and overflows from its own chalice; that is why the child, the lover and the artist are playful. Wherever there is play, there is always the more: more than one needs to be in order to be merely to be. The expedient and the practical in this situation are lower and transcended. Man has left his own being. He has become more. He who plays is wasted, his surplus shines and scatters. Play is joy; wherever you look, you see that everything is joy; what you hear, you hear that it is joy; what

thou shalt touch, thou shalt know that all is joy. And with this joy-soaked excess, this overflowing more: free. But not only free: pure. All play is transparent, simple. Play is nakedly pure life, nothing else. Untethered to object, purpose, direction, meaning, it floats and dances and leaps and swings and tosses and rolls and rolls. It plays. Who plays? Who is independent. Work is when man is not yet, only makes an effort to be, and therefore in work man is created. In play he is beyond completion. It is finished.

The scope of play is not the real world. The game is in the Nothing. *Das Spiel ist das reine Leben im reinen Nichts* - play is pure life surrounded by pure Nothing. Life free of all ties, all aspects, all connections, completely free and completely pure. The only state in which man is not in matter but above matter. In play, life plays with itself. The highest pleasure of play is to be beyond the *ananké*. It is precisely not the practice of subsistence, but of being beyond subsistence. That is why there is not and cannot be passion in play, because where there is necessity, passion is elicited from man. Play is beyond necessity. Therefore play cannot be sad: all play is serene.

To this should be added the following: the playfulness of ultimate things, the world process as play. If play is the playfulness of the primordial action, of the primary and unintentional, of the primary creation, in which being is the richest, simplest and most beautiful, in a word, when being is the whole of being, can it be supposed that what we call history is not play? The history of the world is the play of the gods. And the Powers despise the man who is purposeful, clever, intelligent, guided, because they know that this man is not ready, nor weak, nor uncertain, nor poor. Not rich enough and not strong enough to play the game. *When a man arrives what he will, the Gods are laughing*. The wretch deserves to be laughed at, if it consists in working and wanting and pursuing goals and directions, and never being able to not want and throw away all goals and just play.

He is wrong who thinks that he is the Highest who rules the world: Cause, Purpose, Reason, Law. No. The Highest is just the opposite, or more than that: what is beyond reason and purpose and meaning and direction. This is the divine: the free, the play. That alone is worthy of the gods: to play. And the

in world history, we should not see directions, but games. Life rightly understood: a game. God plays with us, and how good that it is so.

**FLÜGEL**, Hans: *Kunst und Leben*, Vienna-Leipzig, 1937, Rassner Verlag, 288 p.

The theme that has been talked out of its head is taken up again. This time by someone who, as a student of the subject, had read everything that belonged to it. He has accumulated mainly biographical material, with examples taken from the lives of artists of all kinds, musicians, writers, poets, architects, sculptors, and most of all painters: from two periods, the Renaissance and the 19th century. The author may have originally had some talent, but it was squashed by the mass of material and data he collected. Or perhaps he was not even mature enough to write a dissertation. In any case, this work is akin to a seminar paper that is round, neat, and hard-working, but one yawns within five minutes of reading it.

The other day, he wrote a book in English called *Life as -*, which means something like Life as. - In other words: *life as art, life as business, life as work, as duty*. He left out only one thing: *Life as life*, that is, life as life. But that is probably the answer. Life is first and foremost life, and when it comes to art, art is first and foremost art. That is quite certain, as it is.

The whole book is there to make you think about something that has been hanging in the air for a long time. It is not a simple matter. The negative side is this: you can't make good art with a spoiled life. You can make science, philosophy. And religion is about making a man's life absolutely rotten. But this spoiling is something special: anything can be made of it, and spoiling life means that I spoil this life here, but I win that life there. But it is best to leave it behind now. So the negative thesis is this: you cannot make good art with a spoiled life. And the positive proposition is this: good art can only come from a successful life.

The starting point should be the nowadays common perception that an artist must suffer. He can only create great works if he has first been harassed, humiliated, misunderstood, oppressed, miserable, poor, ragged, hungry, suicidal. The true painter, sculptor, poet had to bleed himself first, to know life first, as they say.



In this belief, the hybrid spirit of modern democracy is easy to recognise. For what democracy is directed against is in fact the artist - the free creator. Democracy is nothing more than a social order that seeks to shut the creator out once and for all. That is why he says that the artist must first suffer. There is nothing so bad as being recognised early on, to live a carefree life. Life must knead the artist, and until he is covered with wounds he can know nothing truly. Life carves him, crumbles him until he loses his shape and becomes a shapeless mass. The whole of fate has turned to mush. Dostoevsky, Proust, Wagner, Stravinsky, Picasso.

By contrast, the book talks about the artists of the Renaissance, and could talk even more about the artists of antiquity. In those days, suffering was not required of the artist at all. And yet, lo and behold, they made quite good art, admittedly much better than in the 19th century. Their lives were free and pure. That is the secret of classical art. There was time for contemplation, for maturation, for not being in a hurry. What is this classical life? - Slow, calm, airy, open, far-sighted, the opposite of everything an artist has to live today, whether he wants to or not. The opposite of the classical: what is harassing, hurried, temporary, hasty, lyrical and journeyman. The classical: the presence of all that is form, calm, definitive, finished, depth and perspective. A classic is a work that is finished. How can the artist complete the work if he himself is immature? The life that succeeds is the life that can create finished works: Homer, Sophocles, Molière, France. The complicated, provisional, hasty: Balzac, Rodin, Hugo.

Classical art can only be made by one whose life is completed in a circle. The modern artist, by contrast, has no destiny. For nothing that he wants to happen to him happens. It is always broken before anything can happen. Life" throws it here and there, tortures it, crumples it up, and nothing else can come out of it but this thrown here and there, tortured and crumpled.

If one now returns to the starting point, one understands what this means: one cannot make good art from a ruined life, and this: good art can only come from a successful life. It is absolutely impossible that the fate of an artist who has been violated, persecuted and tortured can be perfect. And therefore it is impossible, whatever tricks, mastery or deception he may employ, for his art to be classic, or, for that matter, good. You cannot make good art with a ruined life.

But finally we need to look more closely at what this word means: fulfilled. It means, first, that it is finished, complete, full; second, that it is ripe; third, that it has a face, a form, a shape. Something that is final, in art and in life. You cannot crush life and make good art out of pots and pans. One must be everywhere final, unappealably complete, shapely. The artist completes his life and the work is the finished monument that stands before humanity. Great works are patterns of destiny. The complete destiny is ready for all men and all time. Facial and independent whether seen or not, known or not. Total destiny cannot be added to or taken away from. It is finished and completed. It is that it is fulfilled. It is a statue, a work of art, a masterpiece that has transcended human transience and passed into eternity. To be fulfilled is to reach the limit to which man can ever reach, to fill all the space and time available to fate. To mature, that is, to pass through that process when man's life becomes light and frothy, sweet, fragrant, soft, crumbly, pure, when man's life is no longer life but more than life, and when the one who lives life is no longer man.

**MATISSE**, Joseph: *Essai sur l'essai - Trois idées*. Paris, 1936. Concorde. 240 p.

The book could also be subtitled: the essay as an art form of the substantive spirit.

The basis for this definition is immediately apparent from the history of the genre. It is strange that neither the Chinese, nor the Hindus, nor the Greeks, nor the Romans wrote essays. Noble prose appeared as a gnome (Heraclitus, Democritus), or as a letter (Pliny, Seneca), or as an example (Chuang-ce, Kung-ce), or as a psalm (Babylonians, Hindus). The essay is a European genre, and with the emergence of its first writers (Bacon, Montaigne), a very particular position of the mind emerged. The most important characteristic of the essayist's attitude is his unscholasticism. Montaigne is the first thinker who cannot be classed as such. Solitude, independence, sovereignty and autonomy. The essayist is distrustful of all opinions already expressed somewhere, anywhere, but he is autonomous; he never gets so close to things that he loses sight of their totality, which is why he has

perspective; it never stands still, but moves forward to the germinal reality, hence it is substantive.

In order to develop this attitude and to assume this spiritual position, it was necessary for the general spirit in the community and in the world to give up its autonomy, to renounce its perspective and to lose its substance. Around the beginning of the modern age, this happened: Montaigne and Bacon appeared, the essay emerged as a form of art and a way of thinking.

At this time, the struggle between religion and science placed the mind between two either-or options, with the choice being one that favoured neither side. From this historical moment onwards, the Montaigne essay became the art form of the independent man who was neither here nor there. And every time, somewhere, at some time, essay writing has boomed, it has been because the substantive spirit, in order to save its perspective and maintain its autonomy, has left the public imagination and taken no stand. The essay flourishes where schools, scatulae, public opinion, and belief are low and vulgar. That is why France and England became the classic home of the essay.

The essay is not affiliated with either science or religion. So what is its relationship with art and philosophy? The autonomous substantive spirit rejects science. Why? Because science is built on the principle of causality, "and thinking according to causality is a sign of imbecility". He who wants to understand the world according to causality is like a man who goes up the narrow stairs of a tower in the dark, and with a torch in his hand lights only the step he has just left and the step he has just taken. Unable to break out of causality, he becomes a maniac of consistency.

The essay is more attracted to religion, because the religious man does not see the world as a chain that is, after all, like a string of glass beads. But the problematic of the religious man is that of the subjective man par excellence. "Science is silly for the essayist, religion is lyrical". Hence the equal importance in the essay of the elevation of vision, the moral integrity of thought, and the congruence of opinions with images of the beautiful life.

But the essay does not accept art, because it 'seeks to make life more beautiful than it is and therefore spoils it'. This idealisation, or spoiling, is always at the expense of reality. The essay is not a philosophy because it is always a system. What is a system? It is the world of thought,

which makes it appear as if the veil of mystery around us has been successfully unraveled on every line. The essay is content to peep through the gaps in the veil where it has the opportunity. And this is reality. The philosopher manages no more than a single glance. But he modestly proclaims that he has solved all the mysteries.

Otherwise, every essay needs exactly the same concept as a philosophical system. Thus, every essay could be made into a philosophical system with sufficient detail, and conversely, every philosophical system could be made into an essay by leaving out the irrelevant. The difference between the essayist and the philosopher is that the philosopher has only one essential concept in his whole life, and the essayist has as many as the number of essays he writes. The philosopher is therefore a man infinitely poorer in ideas. He lives on the only inspiration he has for the rest of his life. In vain, he has no more. And if he did have any, he might be afraid to take it seriously, because he would endanger the former. He may be forced to suppress and suppress new intuitions, perhaps contradictory to the first, for the sake of the system.

The essayist, having finished one essay on humanity, calmly moves on to another in which he rejects humanity. For there are in us humanitarian as well as anti-humanitarian forces, and the one is just as wrong as the other, or rather the one is just as right as the other, and what is important is not what he states, but the reasonableness of the opinion, but above all the quality of the inspiration, the depth of the concept, the free play of the creative thought, and the human determination in the absolute.

The system philosopher proceeds from the inexcusable and inexcusable prejudice that there is only one perfect, uncontradicted system from eternity to eternity, one for all men and all worlds. The essayist knows that this one system is the knowledge of God. And he humbly resigns himself to contradictions.

You might easily conclude from this that, because he does not hold to any opinion, and brands as limited those who forge eternal opinions, the essayist is a nihilist. They are wrong. The essayist is not in the position of "one-opinion-all-opinions", but in the position of "all-opinions". And so the solution lies on the opposite side. The essayist is not a nihilist, but a universalist. If only because he does not attribute eternal existence to any opinion. Opinion is not even important. What is important: the vision. What is important: the theory. The important thing: *the theorein*, the sacred

sharing in the vision. This explains the richness of the essayist's theory, as opposed to the philosopher's poverty of theory. There is a whole host of sacred spectacles, and each spectacle, theory, inspiration, concept, creates a separate world. Such a world is an essay. The philosopher is a primitive essayist, who has had only one sacred spectacle in his whole life, and therefore can write only one essay. That this essay is twelve volumes? A gross excuse, and typical of the person who says it.

The aesthetics of the essay is no other than the aesthetics of prose. The essay principle, the prose par excellence, is a combination of cheerfulness, seriousness, conciseness, airy perspective, weight and lightness, depth and clarity. When one has listed these words, one has already identified the essential characteristics of prose. Poetry can be so light as to be insubstantial, yet it is good poetry. Prose cannot do this. A song, a drama, a novel can allow itself to be obscure and yet be perfect. The essay never can. Here reason must be ever present, as must fantasy and feeling. The epic can sometimes be exhausted by sheer description: the description of the essay is only meaningful if the image has a philosophical, moral, psychological perspective. It is in the prose that the spiritual position of the essayist is one hundred per cent realised: prose is nothing but the voice of the autonomous substance-spirit.

One more. The prophet, the scientist, the poet, the philosopher can afford to be long-winded. But it is precisely to be short and concise, condensed and terse. The true essayist writes theodicy in five lines and world history in three pages. One only needs works longer than thirty pages if one is not in good health, and one can say everything in a hundred pages.

**OAKUJI, T. - READ, B. M.:** *Poetry in East and West*. London- Madras, 1938. World-press. 272 p.

If this book were nothing but paper, printing, title and binding, it would still be worth talking about. Its modest grandeur and seriousness would demand it. What taste can there be in the ivory ribbed immersion paper, the disciplined beauty of the bodon lettering, the neatness of the title page, and the dark blue buckram cloth binding? The measure of a book is how easy it is to make friends with it, and how difficult it is to part with it. There is a that a time on the table should be left to warm up, because

it's unfriendly and hard to get used to. This is the death of the book: a work you feel such distrust of will never be read. The other is that if I stole it, the court would acquit me, saying that such a temptation could not be resisted.

Oakuji, the Japanese aesthete, writes about European poetry, Read, the Englishman, about Eastern poetry, so that the exchange and the reflection are twofold: not only is the poetry of East and West, but East speaks of West, West speaks of East. Quite a little. Half the work is a quotation. And throughout the book there is a reverent silence, as if gods were sitting nearby.

Oriental poetry, Read says, is not an occupation. Can everyone be a poet? No. Everyone must be a poet. Writing poetry is no more a privilege than praying. A history of poetry like that in Europe would be incomplete in the East, and would not correspond to reality. The author of the truly great poems is often unknown, often a woman, a samurai, a priest, a beggar, a fisherman who perhaps could not write. Read thinks that most European poets write poetry as a cook kneads dumplings: not quite in bad faith, and not uninspired, but professionally, and thus mostly without divine reverence. For us, poetry is always work, without exception. And there?

*Like the river in the sea,  
the work in idleness  
it reaches its goal and is fulfilled.*

It is already a poem. A Hindu poet wrote it on a Chinese fan - and that the tea he drank was fragrant and the fan's owner was beautiful is natural.

To be a poet is not a vocation, it is to understand the eternal and profound poetry of being. Suppose someone in Japan goes to visit the sage. He wants to open the gate, but sees a sign posted, and the following:

*There are too  
many strangers in  
this house. It's for  
Terhemre.*

How unfriendly and rude, the visitor says, annoyed, turns around and is about to leave. The attendant smiles and looks amusedly at the unkind stranger. He turns the page and points to the back cover. Here it is:

*The inscription, my  
dear, is not for you.*

The little girl runs around in the garden and the animals resting in the grass wake up. And the poem:

*Poor frog!  
Don't be afraid!  
Know that Issa is  
here.*

The old general lies on his deathbed, asking for paper and brush. He feels the time has come. With a nod of his head, he bids farewell to his family and friends, then writes:

*Autumn wind.  
The foliage falls  
wearily. Where to?  
Who knows?  
Wanderer, do not be sad.*

Cliché. What's in the poem? It's a wonder it is. Yet it is. Poetry is love, the moon, the cuckoo, sorrow, the drink, just as poetry is the doorplate, the little girl running and saying goodbye to life. Read writes: phrases a thousand years old, and still as warm as if they had been uttered in the morning. Then he adds: what is poetry but words that, like the sun, never grow cold?

Oakuji admits that the first time he understood European poetry, he was as intoxicated as the first time he drank wine. 'Since then,' he says, 'for me - for the oriental tea drinker - wine is the symbol of the European man and soul and life and poetry'.

Violence and passion are hard to understand: the poet tolerates no other opinions, no other feelings, no other words but his own. He stamps the reader down and stomps on his ego. European poetry is like a man in love fighting for his beloved. That's why it needs chivalry, meter, rhyme, verse, stanza, structure. It needs this rule, because without it, it would all be a madman's rampage. Poetics is the morality of poetry. In the East, there is little need for such a thing. If there were no poetics in the West, poets would be howling instead of writing poetry.

Wine-like, half-mad, passionate violence is the poetry of big words. "The most beautiful words in our country are: the pebble, the drop of water, the moonbeam". The titanic dimensions of European words in the East are usually not tolerated without a certain amount of metaphor. Love, fate, death, darkness, ether - words found in Western poetry that at first struck him like a bludgeon. When

Nietzsche has been translated into Japanese, young men have committed suicide by the hundreds. The effect was like the first time a white man gave brandy to an Indian. It demoralized me. In the beginning, all I heard from the poems of Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, was a wild rumble that sounded like the thunder of cannon. It was only later that I learned that this sound was a heartbeat. Once you've tasted wine, you can't give it up. Many times I have seen that when a European reads Oriental for the first time, it is as if a spell has been cast over him. The same thing happens to us, with the difference that the spell almost kills us. That poetry is an orgy of words, I will never I'll never get used to it, and I'll never be able to stop.

**SCOTT**, Bentley Robert: *Life and fate in the English literature*. London, 1939. Century. 320 p. Aesthetics and philosophy of art series, no. 2.

In reading the great authors of world literature, Bentley Robert Scott has noticed the difference between works that are fictional and those that are poetic. The Swiss poet Karl Spitteler's statement about the hybridity and pseudo-genre-ness of the novel, and ultimately that it is in fact a semi-art form, is quite familiar. Scott refers to it, but he goes further, and establishes his objections to the novel aesthetically and metaphysically by separating the novelist from the poet once and for all.

But that is not the strange thing. Scott has noticed that there is a connection between the work and the life, and that an author who writes a novel is a novelist, and an author who writes poetry is a poet. Novelism and poetry are not only expressed in art, but also in life. For, he says, destiny is also a work of art, and the rules of art apply to it. Fate is an aesthetic creation, and just like a landscape or a deed or the cosmos itself, it can be aesthetically appreciated. It must be appreciated. "A successful fate realises aesthetic values, a failed fate violates aesthetic values". Man evaluates fate, but he is not aware that the fundamental ideas of this evaluation are aesthetic.

It takes three examples: Cervantes, Goethe and Dostoyevsky. He also speaks of Victor Hugo, Proust and others. He argues that the basic feature of the novelist's life is the problematic. He speaks of the complexity of the question, but without



solving it. The essence of the novelist is the problem, and deliberately without a solution. There is no novel that is solved and finished: it is a handful of amorphous complications with neither a real beginning nor a real end. The fate of Don Quixote, if one can devour enough adventures to fill not one, but twenty, fifty, eight hundred volumes, can be extended to infinity. The *Wilhelm Meister*, the *Pickwick Papers*, *Crime and Punishment*, or *Lost Time*, or *Ulysses*, are equally endless adventures. The novel usually has a tendency to continue. Why? Because in the novel the experience, the thought, the image - ultimately the man himself - is not finished and has not taken final form. The novel can only be made out of problems, complications, unresolved issues, in other words, out of the immaturities and incompleteness of fate. The novel is therefore the genre par excellence of the secularised modern age, of democracy, socialism, worldview anarchy, irreligion, godlessness. And this expression, which has at its root, at its basis, at its creative core, the concept of human destiny, had to come to the modern amorphous Proust-Joyce novel. "This characteristic experience, which is experience and nothing else, - has not been understood, has not matured, has not taken shape, has not been completed. It is a life that has not become a destiny."

Here is the starting point: the novel and poetry are opposed. The subject of the novel: life. The subject of poetry is fate. Life is the unfinished and unfinishable content of formless experience. The subject of poetry is fate, and fate is life formed and finished, completed and resolved.

The author traces this basic idea through the English literature. The chapters on Sterne, Byron, Thackeray, Browning are perfect. And the application of the theory reveals interesting new aspects. According to Scott, the novel is not what is usually called a prose narrative genre, nor is poetry what is written in verse a lyric. The difference between the novel and poetry is not in the genre, but in the artist's conception of destiny. One can write a prose narrative work and it can be poetry. Such is the case of Voltaire. One can write a lyric in verse and still have it be a novel. Such is the case of Byron. Why? Because Voltaire lived a destiny, a finished and finished life, and Byron only lived an unfinished experience. In English literature, Sterne or Thackeray wrote poetry, although the genre of the work is novel. "The character of the work is determined by the character of the life lived by the writer."

"The work tells us what the author makes of his life: a novel or poetry. Byron wrote poetry, but the life he lived was a novel; Hardy wrote prose.

but the life he lived was poetic." In another place, "the affiliation of the work is immediately revealed by whether the author is novelising or poetising his own life". To novelize, which is nothing other than to dissolve it impressionistically into experiences; to poeticize, which is nothing other than to compress it into a single grand concept and to shape it accordingly.

The extreme form of novelisation is the autobiography. Scott quotes Kassner as saying that autobiography is the opposite of myth. It is the absolute subjective experiential life. Goethe, Dostoevsky, Proust. Poetry is the poeticisation of life, so that life is ultimately a work, a creation, a finished thing, a destiny that does not fall apart or melt away, but rises into the sphere of the finished thing. It could also be called the sphere of the "eternal". Scott gives this sphere the name "monumentum".

The significance of Scott's book is that he has drawn attention to the unity of the work and fate again after a long time. "The perfect work does not hang in the air, but neither can it grow out of a false, lying and ill-constructed fate." "Aesthetic values, such as harmony, order, proportion, and above all beauty, are the first realization of human life itself. Only from here, from the beauty realised in life, can value be transferred to works of art". "A beautiful destiny and a beautiful work of art go hand in hand". "One cannot live a low life and create great works of art". "The universal value of beauty is revealed by poetry, wherever this poetry is expressed: in the work or in destiny".

Poetising life is a slow, delicate, subtle and sublime work. It is quiet, solitary and difficult. What is usually called literarisation is just the opposite. It is the snobs who literalise their lives, and these are the typical novelists. Poeticising is first and foremost a growing verisimilitude and sincerity, and the consequent sharpening, illumination, enthusiasm, exaltation, which is just another word for what Shaftesbury calls noble enthusiasm. This enthusiasm is the very concept of poetic life, this pure passion which can glow so quietly in solitude, but which can light such great fires among men. Not to give up on beauty, to carry it through all the lines of life: 'let a man's clothes be beautiful, let his house be beautiful, let what he thinks be beautiful, and then let what he creates be beautiful, and let the way he lives be beautiful'.

**FAK**

*This is not an essay  
this is a poem  
from You  
for You  
and  
to You*

Perhaps it's not just the saturation with memories and not the longing for the future, when one is in its entirety displaced from the present, sinking into the past, or living in a time not yet arrived, but there is no present in the past or in the future, just as there is no present in the present, submerged under it, or, what is the same, rising above it; there are days, weeks, longer than that, whole ages, that cannot be absorbed, only rocking on its own fullness, like a boat. It lives in a very different landscape; a species of half-delirium, often not afraid. The cause of stupor is never known, never can be known, perhaps there is not one cause, perhaps it needs no cause, perhaps it gets its causes, perhaps it causes itself. There is no light in it, no dimness, for objects burn even at night, with a dense, dull, deep glow, colour becomes at once a quality of the world, not its surface, form emanates from within, the expanse of the sensuous body is not a cooled ornament. Life is not flowing, but flowing, pulsating within itself, with a slow, calm pulsation, like being immersed in a sweet, dark, intoxicating liquid.

Perception and imagination are inseparable - *man dichtet schon, wenn man erlebt*, one becomes beautiful and enriched through the other. These deep blue colours are nowhere to be found, or were, or will be, - red like torches burning in distant valleys in the starless night, - black is like a velvet snake that envelops one in its soft warmth, unable to perceive mountain, river, sky, other than as an embrace.

A ceaseless flowing ripple, but ever rising, like the tide: ever more concealing, more deeply covering that which cannot be so concealed as not to shine through. It is impossible to act, for what one wants to achieve by action is a kind of tranquillity, and this is precisely what one does not need to achieve, for it is there. It cannot be accepted, because it is full, full to the brim. Yet he acts and receives, without acting or receiving, by acting and receiving. It creates or is created. It lives, that is to say, it becomes alive, it does what life does to it. It grows. The great pathos: the great suffering of the world, where there is no longer any word

of passion, because its being is so saturated with intoxication that it has no need to overcome resistance - there is nothing rushing, nothing stormy, no violence, leaping, tearing. It is a life as if a man's temperature had risen a degree, and he had a constant fever, but his healthy fever, slowly, slowly, ever intensifying, his whole had risen, had broken through, and what was before an exception, a leap and a momentum, had now become a state, a permanent, swaying in its own rhythm, a deeply undulating more pervasive state.

This is the great pathos of trees: the great rapture. It is in them the surging growth, the sleeping pulsation, the suffering of the flood, the warm embrace of the black velvet serpent. They do what life does to them, this fever, and one more. No longer a fever, no longer more of what is, but less. It is cooler, thinner, quieter, simpler, less demanding, more content and more constant. Higher heat, faster combustion, greater atrophy. Moderation of burning, increase of fever not up but down, more constant and deeper immersion. This is the cool fever. The trees have increased in intensity to the point where they are barely warmer than the ground. The increased intensity of the dilute plant blood gives up the heat, the maintenance of which would keep it in a constant state of excitement. It descended into a cool intoxication, a calmer, simpler, smiling state.

The tree's steady stream of growth, its outpouring from its depths, is undisturbed because it is growing in one with nourishment. It is in incessant contact with its food. Its growth is uninterrupted. The food is the earth. The tree sucks the earth, reaching deeper and deeper into it. But the tree is not a parasite. It does not kill the earth, but gives it the opportunity to give itself away. The bond is reciprocal, the root bores into the earth to receive, the earth draws the root into itself to give. The fact that there is something does not mean anything, everything that exists only gains meaning in the giving, in the giving away. This is the basis of all relationships, and in this relationship the one who gives is bound more deeply than the one who receives, because he is bound not by need but by abundance. The real necessity is never the filling of a lack, but the giving away of the surplus. The giver is more in need of the receiver than the receiver is of the giver. His gratitude is deeper, his pride, his triumph. The quiet nobility of giving is the same as that of the earth.

The living and reassuring nature of the tree's being, its unbroken coexistence with the earth, and hence the other, more essential, the two sexes of the tree.

In Rome, there is a Hellenistic statue of a woman with wide hips and a rounded body; with female breasts, yet phallic, or male. Hermafrodita. The most disturbing statue in the world. A living creature who doubles her openness, who waits not only for the woman but also for the man. She is also a woman, he is also a man. A double excitement, a double expectation, a double desire, desire always coming from two sides, a double agitation. Because the possibility of devotion is always and at the same time the possibility of seclusion, this is the terrible danger of sex, it can mean total surrender and total confinement, the freedom of a god and a life sentence of imprisonment.

That is what the two sexes of the tree are: no. In the tree, there is no double excitement, but double calm. Both are not turned towards each other. The tree is the complete opposite of the hermaphrodite. The hermaphrodite is wrong, the tree is the well resolved and resolved bisexuality, marriage. The tree co-exists with the food, the two sexes co-exist in the tree. The sexes are in constant embrace, just as the tree is in constant embrace with the earth. Only the embrace of the two sexes in the tree is closer. The tree can be separated from its food if separation costs it its life; the tree can be dug up, its roots uprooted, or torn out of the ground. The two sexes cannot be separated, the man cannot be dug out of it, the woman cannot be plucked from it. The tree is in that state of life where the sexes are not yet separated. They are already there, unlike in the stone, where there is no trace of sex - they are already visible in it, the tree already has a sex, but it has two sexes, both in one, merged, inextricably tightly in each other. In each tree there is a marriage for life, an unbreakable marriage, floating permanently on the roof. The emphasis here is again on permanence, on the absence of any break, any rush, any rupture, any leap, on the unbreakability of all things. The birth of the tree, the beginning of the marriage of the two sexes within it. The nuptials are uninterrupted. That the marriage is growth itself? Is it nourishment itself? Only from this can the earthbound nature of the tree be fully understood. It is the dark core that is the personality of the tree. It is the clinging bond and attachment to food and soil that binds the two sexes together. Only from this centre, accessible even to the tree, can the essence of the tree be understood. This is what we might call its existence.

Kierkegaard, in his *Diary of the Seducer*, speaks of a devotion that is not violence, not stupor, not drunkenness and collapse, not preceded by any crisis, and devotion is not the solution to this crisis. In this devotion, the man and the woman are already begging to give themselves, in that

is at the point where it can only choose between devotion and madness, and the whole being becomes a gaped and whirling cry for the other. This is what the relation of the sexes in the tree is: no. For in what Kierkegaard speaks of, there is still the possibility of resistance: no - even if this possibility is tantamount to total dissolution and a crushing fall into solitude. He still has the conviction that there is no other way, that there is no other way, that this is the only way to survive, and that if it is not fulfilled, it is not death, but something even more destructive than death. But this devotion is too much held at bay by its own opposite, and the taste of fulfilment is too much given by a sideways glance at non-fulfilment, too much immersed in the possibility of annihilation, and only in the prospect of failure, of crushing, of falling, can passion be so exclusive, so elemental in its power to enthrall. Fulfillment built on the possibility of the imminent threat of non-fulfilment. Perversion. In the tree, the sexes have no possibility of living independent lives, no possibility of not giving themselves and not giving themselves completely, because there can be no question of the taste of exclusive union being unconditional and complete in view of this non-union. Mergence is a calm immersion, an immersion in the other being, a sucking in and immersion, like rivers flowing into each other and mixing. The being's existence is bound to the other being, as Jaspers says. It is in communication that the being cannot be itself if the other cannot be itself. Man can only be complete if the one with whom he is with is complete. With a man who does not know or will not know the wholeness of himself, man cannot know or will not know the wholeness of himself. Therefore, it is terribly unholy to be with another who is not oneself. It prevents man from being himself. And nowhere is this master existential law so profoundly binding as between the sexes. In the relationship of the sexes, it is only perfectly reassuring when one meets the self that comes opposite, sets out towards a hidden world, and on the way halfway finds oneself as one who is approaching it, meets it and unites with it. Only with oneself does one unite completely freely, only to oneself does one serve oneself completely, because only of oneself is one not afraid. Only to him whom man does not fear does he give himself completely, and therefore to him who comes from beyond, man must be himself. All other devotion is partial. At each union there remains within the being a hidden guard, armed, ready to burst out and

and ready to kill, knowing that it cannot serve itself fully. There is fear, weakness, caution, caution, reserve, barrier, wall, rigidity, distance, gap. And where there is fear, there is weakness, where forts and walls are secretly built, where the cell hardens, where everything begins to glass and break, where there is strength:

*the firm and strong are for  
death, the soft and weak are for  
life,*

as Lao Tzu says:

*the weak conquers the  
strong, the soft conquers the  
hard, everyone on earth knows,  
But no one dares to do so,*

- just the tree. The sexes soften in it and soften, they remain forever weak, weak, full of life, like a bud and a baby, so weak, fresh, fresh, soft, forever boiling in each other's juices, sweating the scent of their sex into each other, they know that the one who remains hard does not win, but the one who softens and gives in and accepts and gives up and dissolves himself, knows that self-abandonment is not a sign of weakness but of strength. He knows the terrible folly of believing that he who loves less, who prefers to keep his wits about him, who keeps his cool, who keeps his distance, is the master of the situation - the fallacy on which all destinies are broken. Victory belongs to the one who loves more, who loses his strength, who heats up more, who stays closer, who can melt, who can be destroyed. The child receives the sex of the one who has given himself up more deeply in the moment of embrace - that is the stamp on him. If the woman can be weaker and softer, the child will be a girl, if the man, a boy, the sex of the child depends on the destroyed devotion in the union, he will receive the sex of the one who was weaker, because he was the stronger. He always wins who can give up his self.

The tree cannot do this. Only he who cannot can. That is the existence of the tree. This is the personality of the tree. That is the all-consoling thing about it. Of all living things, it is the one whose life plan is built on surrender in the embrace. He who embraces the earth, the food, and in whom the two sexes hold each other in a constant embrace, and melt their honey into each other. This is the profoundly erotic nature of the tree - hence the seduction in it, hence the calm, hence the weakness, hence the strength, hence the

the quiet, soft breeding, the flowing life - two ways and one will.

### **The winner**

This linden tree grows in a valley in the Bakony, where the valley narrows and on the southern side, ten to twelve-tonne boulders rise from the mountainside. The seed fell between two boulders. Until it reached the thickness the rocks allowed, it could grow almost unhindered. But it didn't last long. Then it pushed against the rocks and crushed them apart. Now a boulder the size of a house fell from above and covered it. The linden came out from under it. It clung to the stones below with its roots and began to push the rock upwards. Any stone in its way it cracked. In two places, right next to the trunk, blocks the size of tables fell on it. The Wood poured its bark over them, spilling over them like living lava, and the two blocks were simply eaten. It crushed the stones beneath it by crushing them with its roots and squeezing them like a giant snake, while the stones suffocated, or crumbled to pieces, squeezing the resistance out of them in a death grip that lasted for years. Now the linden has three waist-thick roots. One, after several twists and turns between boulders, bores straight into the mountainside. The other splits into forty or fifty branches, a fifty-fingered, fearsome handful, into the grip of which the rocky ridge sinks. The third root is half-naked, for the stones have rolled out from under it, and the water has washed the earth away, this bare root like a mass of entrails spilling from a cut belly. And above it, a four-storey upright trunk, the thickness of three men, rushes into space, dragging with it the crushing mass of its branches and leaves, alive as an immortal laugh.

It would be nice to know what this linden tree thought of itself when it was a seed. It wanted to be regular and proportionate, like all trees, an ideal tree, like all beings, an ideal being. But it was not a dreamer. A dreamer would have been crushed by the rocks. It was not whimsical. A faddish one would have escaped in his impatience. To escape is to deny fate. To refuse fate is to be weak. To be weak is to be defeated.

One can see such things, dreaming trees, with closed eyes, thinking of a life that is nowhere. Trees with troubled faces, sinking into hidden satisfactions. Life is too bad for them, not because it's bad, but because it's easier to imagine; as if they were succumbing to their fate, like the predator



as the predator gnaws into the flesh, as the shrapnel strangles in its dark embrace what it has clung to. To see whimsical trees twisting their branches like fools, and making unreasonable gestures, making idiotic dance moves, mocking themselves for not agreeing with themselves. Some are pathetic trees, others are gloomy, lonely. There are idiot trees, obscene, perverse, stupid trees. After all, the image of trees is misunderstood.

The Koloski linden is a heroic tree. It is not beautiful. But the grandeur of the power of life is not like that in Homer, or in statue, or in Beethoven's music, or in Nietzsche's philosophy, or in Caesar's fate. It is the silent struggle he has fought alone for a hundred and fifty years here, on an unfavourable hillside, in torrential rains, in biting winds, among falling rocks, under huge boulders in a narrow valley gate. He had to strain himself, he had to lose all form, he had to bargain, he had to know no mercy, not for a moment, with cruel calm, foresight and perseverance he could only grow incessantly, and today, when he has won, his battle over, wrinkled, battered, crippled, he can laugh, laugh with such health. What more can they tell him about life after all this that he does not laugh at? What else can they threaten? What else can he fear? Can anything more terrible happen to him than he has never overcome and lived through? What is it, to die? What is it to fear death? He is no longer afraid. He was never, not for a moment, happy, but he laughs at those who pity him for it. He knows not what abundance is. He does not know, except in his dreams, what peace is. Peace is a stranger to him. Riches he does not even know he has. Comfort? What is it? Thin, lean, gaunt, a servant, a creature grown to maturity. With the villainy of a villain and the prudence of a sage. If he had been a man, he would have lived like Attila or Genghis Khan, but he would have eaten like Gargantua, and laughed like Falstaff, and killed as calmly as Borgia. If he had been an animal, he would have had the royalty of the lion, the ferocity of the tiger, the strength of the giant snake, the calmness of the elephant, the muscularity of the chamois, and the sureness of the eagle. If he had been a poet, he would have written poems that would have set the paper on fire. If he had written music, he would have made the mountains dance to it. If man today had a sense of that which is supreme, he would be a priest to this tree, a young slender boy who would sing and make offerings to it, on bright summer mornings he would stand before it, bow and worship it.

### **Melancholia**

This pine tree was standing by the spring in Alsótátrafüred, next to the former Zichy castle. It is surrounded by small trees, the tallest in the area. Its branches partly cover the kitchen building of the castle. Its soil is black, soft and fertile. The spring next to it provides the whole countryside with nourishing moisture. There is no fatigue in it, for the limp-looking vigour with which it lets its branches loose is neither withered nor diseased. The inhabitants call it the sad pine.

There is nothing in its surroundings to give it cause for sadness, good soil, shelter, moisture, lack of adversaries. The tree itself is just as little to blame, three times as tall as the house, its trunk immaculately beautiful except for a few knots of resin, which means it has minor scars - nothing. There is not even neurasthenia in it, for that ailment always manifests itself in some sort of greying and discolouration. The pine is dark green, so it is a benevolent and good-natured creature. It's just sad. It does not look at the sky, but stares at itself, that is to say, it looks at the point that sad creatures look at. Without bitterness, without agitation, without anger, almost dispassionately. The sadness of animals is seen nowhere but in their eyes. Some captive monkeys sometimes tire of the buffoonery and look at themselves. It is a gaze that makes all the spectators disappear from the cage at once. Tired old horses waiting in the street look in this direction. Dürer's Melancholy looks this way.

This here, this here, this where is not inside. A place in the world. The whole tree is looking at this. Every needle, every branch, every crown, every trunk, looks at the endless sadness of life, perhaps at how terrible loneliness is, but also at the price to be paid if one gives up. Maybe how good it is to be numb, because then at least you're far away. But how good it is to be immersed in reality, because then you get everything directly, pleasure, intoxication, joy, suffering, especially suffering. How good it is and how bad it is. There is no blame in the sadness of the pine tree. It doesn't blame anyone, it knows that it's not something that can be taken care of if it says it's the cause. There is no reason. It just is. No blood, no constitution, no character, no memory, no fate can explain it.

There is something poignantly sad in life, and the person who has a tear in his eye does not know how unchangeable that sadness is. He would like to suffer, he would like it all to cut deep and hurt, he would like it at least to make him sick, and how good it would be to die of it. But it is so sad that it no longer suffers, nothing hurts,

no sickness, no sighing, no impatience, no knowing whether he wants it or not, whether it's all the same or not. It is no longer aimless. Not the lack of joy and happiness, for then it would be a painful void, a space in which there is nothing. This sadness is dense and massive, burning and flowing, a kind of weight that to bear is just as much to bear as to be sad. To be beyond crying and anguish, disappointment, crush, humiliation, failure, loneliness, illness. To get over death, to be sad, to be here without any sense, carrying within you what will never be anything, to grow into destruction, knowing that all joy is a fruit that is bitter in the middle, where it is waiting for the sweetest taste.

Don't be angry about it - don't be angry about it! - No rebellion! If only he could use these methods of escape, if only he could escape from sadness in such a way that he could be indignant, angry and rebellious. How futile all resistance, how pathetic all escape. If only he still had the will, or at least was unkind. If he still believed in hardness, or at least believed. If only he could still love something, or at least he would, or if he could. This deep dark pit has swallowed up everything, and he looks into it, a still and motionless, unmoving blackness, a bottomless and endless night abyss, stares before him. He looks into it, and the void does not attract him, nor does it pull him, just as little as it does not frighten him, nor frighten him, nor does it make him happy, nor does it lust after him, nor does it want to be over him, nor does it make him long for him, he just looks into it and is sad and sad. *Under all earth runs water, under all life runs grief.* Under life rests a dark and still lake, life looks at its face in this lake and looks at sorrow and drinks of it and drinks sorrow. When the wind blows through the branches of the pine, this night instrument sounds, this black and green harp, what a smileless sound it is. How the darkness burns within. What an unbearably heavy sound, how soft, and how it flows, flooding the spring, the house, the other trees, the meadow, the whole forest, the rocky mountain, caressing them with its velvety feathered hand without love, without compassion, without pity, without consolation, without joy, and then he stares before him, the hill, the mountain, the stream, the deer, the grouse, the whole landscape spreads out beneath him, and the face of the world appears in the dark mirror.

### **The virgin**

If you walk from the railway station towards Porva in the valley of the Hodosér, which remains green even in the driest summer, on the eastern slopes of the

there are a few birch trees. The one in the middle, surrounded by the others, is not the tallest, but it is the tree that one notices for the first time, so first that one looks at it and only after a while realises that there are more, that is, there are none, because the others are different.

In fact, it is not a tree, but a flower. And what is the flower morale? To bloom. To open up to the world with a sweet smile. If only one had a hundred eyes to look at it with.

Anyone who says a birch tree is girlish would be wrong. Rather, very seldom, exceptionally, is it a lush and young maiden who is birch-fringed. She is so slender, and has such a dewy glow, so simple and radiant, that there is only one way to approach her, with tenderness. Virgin. Far from being virginal in the hurtfully immoral sense in which moral philosophy uses it, nor in the brutally unreal sense in which the doctor uses it. Virginity is not a physiological condition, and is not dependent on any abnormality. Where virginity exists, it cannot be taken and cannot be lost. How can it be lost in love? It is lost precisely when there is no love. No virginal love? The one that is pure and carefree? Simple and pure? Like a birch tree? No words as tender as the bending of branches? Are there no gestures as gentle as the soundless liveliness of a leaf? Is there no embrace that grows on as the birch grows out of the ground? And is not this virginal love, these tender words, this sweet infant smile, this birch-like embrace, a flower-moral? To bloom? To open into the world with silent whiteness, to be awed by its own charms, like a ray of light shimmering on the smooth surface of water?

Purity can also be physical. For it is not true that the gods are made of marble, of hard, shining white stone to the very core. The true virgin is not the purity of marble. Only a body of living flesh can be virginal, that of which there are pure juices, pure fibres, pure flesh, pure blood, pure hair, pure skin -

*reines Herzens zu sein:*

*das ist das höchste,  
what the wise men  
and wise men did*

- To live with a pure heart: that is what wise men think and wiser men do.

Retrieved from                      of his birth    the purity of his birth, in  
himself                      he took              the                      the purity of the mother's milk,  
the purity of the smiling faces, the purity of the sun, the air, the water, the

bread, the love of his beloved, his children, his gods, and the purity of death. If someone were to ask him what innocence is, he would look at man like a bird or a star. If beings looked at each other like that on earth, there would be nothing but pure hearts. The world is as transparent as glass, only this glass is soft and warm and alive, so alive that it would be unbearable not to smile. Life is where it springs, pure and sweet *pleasure which there is in life itself*. Not to go from the source is to be a virgin. The Etruscans carved flowers on the tombstones of their women, no name, no other, no age, no rank. What does the tombstone say? She who lies here was a flower, she could live what the wise could only think.

### **Blessings**

Above Korcsula, if you go beyond the cemetery to the southeast, there is a fig tree in a not very large grassy area. Its three thick branches split into three on the ground, then bend up and back. In August, it produces a fragrant, dark purple, fat, honey-flavoured fig. It shades the grass, protecting the space and the creature that steps onto the lawn. This great clucking hen sits here, and under her wing all who will may crawl. Whoever comes near the tree enters the space of the immediate warmth of the mother's body: he is protected, protected in a way that only one who wants the good of man can create.

Man can also desire his own good. And this wish, if strong enough, is fulfilled. Yes, desire is opposed to need. Desire is opposed to ingratitude. It wants more. If it were only necessity, all life would follow the laws of physics, chemistry, biology. But desire goes beyond that, it wants more than anankees are willing to give. Desire wants the impossible. And it can be such that it breaks the laws of necessity. Desire can be so great that it dissolves the anankee, it melts need in the fires of passion, and then the law disappears, the desire is fulfilled.

But desire, when man wants for himself, has an unspeakable danger. This danger is that the desire will be fulfilled, and then man will achieve what he wanted. He reaches and sees what it was that he desired and demanded and longed for. He gets it, and he must know it. It seems like a gift. And in almost a hundred cases it is a punishment. There, you have it. Is this what you wished for? This is it. Here it is, you must use it, you must live with it and by it. And now it turns out that the wish was false. It's not what he wanted. The prohibition should be set up: don't wish for yourself something that will cost you,

for your desire will be fulfilled, and what you want you shall have. Therefore it is not good to wish for yourself. He does not and cannot know what it is that he desires. And when he gets it, he only regrets and becomes disillusioned. He wished before, now he covets, now he covets again.

That's why it's good to have someone to wish for you instead of yourself: a patron, a friend, a father, a lover. A man never carries the blessings of his own life within himself. Therefore it is good to have a motherly being like this fig tree, who wishes for man's good. When I am under her protection, I know that it is useless to wish for anything: there is no need to wish. What she wishes, I can rest in, and it is better than that I should wish it. He knows what I want better than I do. "If a fool gives you the water of life, pour it out; if a wise man gives you poison, drink it in peace". For the wise know that poison is good. Man lives here under the wisdom of the fig tree. What is it that he gives? What is the good wish you wish for me? What is it that he can do for me better than I can do for myself? It is not worth thinking about. I will have it. There will probably be no visible sign. One does not even feel the fulfilment of the greatest desires. You just feel that there's someone there, pulling you close. He feels that he has become a fig tree himself: he no longer wishes for himself, but for others; and others come to me, hide under me, because they know that I wish well for them. They sit down in the radiance of the blessing, eat of the ever-sweetening fruit, stretch out on the lawn, and sleep like an embryo under the shady sky that greens above them.

## **THE WONDERFUL JOURNEY OF OLBRIN JOACHIM**

It would take days to tell how Olbrin Joachim tried to find a job; it would take volumes to tell how his countless ventures were always accompanied by bitter failure. It will be necessary to take the time to tell exactly how the poor peasant boy was pushed out of his home, how he came to be in the city, how he was a footman, a servant, a day labourer, a worker, but no sooner had he started something than he was forced to move on and lost his bread. He became a haram, then a soldier, a friend, a pilgrim, even tried to be king, but fell into that too. While some found their place from the bottom up, some from the top down, some just found their place among themselves, some made fame, some made fortune, some were content with a small

or a wife and child, Olbrin Joachim had no sooner started than he had to stop.

Many a time he wondered, as he rested under a shady tree by the roadside, eating from his bag, sparsely filled with the donations of kind-hearted people, what curse it must be that haunts him and keeps him from resting. His heart was no darker than any other's, he bore no malice towards any - was he to be punished for the sins of his former life? He could not find out from his own mind. But to ask? He had never had a friend, never had a girl speak kindly to him. Who should he ask?

It would take a great many pages to tell the whole story, but first one would have to do a great deal of searching and researching, in old books, manuscripts, records, and archives, until one could compile, if not a complete biography, at least a sort of rounded chronicle of Olbrin Joachim's fate. I say, one should take the time to do it, because it is not only worthwhile but necessary, and I am convinced that the publisher of the chronicle could even gain fame with his work.

This time only the last chapter of the hero's story will be published. The chapter was found in a manuscript dating from the middle of the 18th century in the library of the town of Gran-Coissard de Plaine. The manuscript is a copy of an older work, because Olbrin must have lived many hundreds of years before. If not the most interesting, it is certainly one of the most instructive chapters. Joachim Olbrin, having tried all human occupations, failed at every turn, and finding that he had no one to guide him, decided one day to go to the Governor-General of the world, ask him for an audience and tell him his troubles.

His journey took him through farms, villages, towns large and small, always heading north. Days, weeks, months passed before Joachim crossed the desolate plains, dense dark forests, swampy meadows, snowy peaks, rivers and ice fields to reach the shores of the North Sea. There he took a boat and again days, weeks, months passed before he reached an island in storm, wind, snow.

On the shore stood a hundred cedars as grave as angels of death. Inland, too, a cedar ridge led up a high mountain with a hundred thousand steps. At the top of the mountain stood a huge palace with a thousand windows, a thousand stories above the ground and a thousand stories below. It seemed likely that this was the palace of the Governor-General of the world.

For three days and three nights Joachim walked upwards, always up the hundred thousand steps, until he came to the palace gates. He entered the door and said to the doorkeeper:

– "I want to speak to the Governor-General of the world. Where can I find him in all these houses?

At these words, the keymaster nodded his head and said:

– 'You want no small thing, man. I think you will be very lucky if your wish is granted. 'Tis a great man, the governor-general of the world. He will not speak to any stranger. But while you're here, go down this corridor and see the secretary, he'll show you the way.

He led the way, Joachim went on his way, and soon knocked on the door, on which were large letters saying TITKARI HIVATAL.

– I had come to complain about my problem, because in a wide world, only the Governor General could help me.

At these words, the secretary nodded his head and asked:

– What is your problem?

– My problem, replied Olbrin Joachim, is that I cannot find my place on earth. That should be helped somehow.

– How did it happen?" said the secretary.

Joachim told us what had happened to him since he was born, how he had been driven away from home, how he had tried all kinds of jobs and trades in the city, but could not find a way to succeed. Now thirty years old, he has tried everything he could, but he has come to the end. The secretary listened, listened, shook his head, and finally asked:

– And why couldn't you find your place on earth?

– Well, if I knew, I wouldn't have come here, but I just don't know.

The secretary looked Joachim over carefully, stood up and told him to go with him. They went to the corner of the corridor, took the lift and went up to the tenth floor. They went down another eight or so corridors and entered a room with the words "SURVEYING CLERK" written on it. The secretary said a few words to a man in a white coat and then said to Joachim:

– "Take your clothes off.

Joachim obeyed, and the man in the white coat looked into his navel. He examined it for a long time, took out a magnifying glass, spoke to the secretary, whispered, and finally the white coat man said.

– How could it be? - The secretary asked.



– I don't know,' said the other, shrugging his shoulders.

He felt Joachim, pulled his eyelids down, looked down his throat, reached under his arm, plucked a strand of hair, held it up to the light.

Joachim asked, "What is happening to me?"

– 'It is as if all the people in this house were being made. We make them, and each one has a number. We write the number in the navel. We can't find this number on you. It's something I can't explain.

Joachim wondered about it and wanted to ask questions, but the secretary took him by the arm and led him out. They got back into the lift and went down to the tenth floor, underground, and entered a door with a sign saying "ICTATO".

– What is your name and when were you born?

Joachim told me. The man there answered the phone, entered the details, and not a minute later another man in a wheelchair brought a steel box full of papers. The secretary opened it, took out a map, a list of names, a stack of papers. He searched, and after a while he said.

– "Why do you say no?" asked Joachim.

– Before you set off on your journey on earth, you put your name, number, place of birth, time and prescription in a steel cabinet like this. This map shows where people were born when you were born. Here is the map. Your village is not registered. Your recipe is not here either. It is not registered! No number! What's happening here is unprecedented! - That's what the secretary shouted. - If the Governor General finds out, he'll strike the whole gang.

He took Joachim by the arm again and left with him. Down the corridor, into the lift, up above ground to the four hundred and seventy-fourth floor. Here, in the corridor, they got into a small trolley car, wound their way along the illuminated corridor, and finally reached a larger area. There the carriage stopped and they entered through a door marked Y 1333.

The room was immediately obvious as a workshop, the largest workshop Olbrin Joachim had ever seen. There must have been ten thousand workers. Along the walls were shelves, like those in a chemist's shop, with drawers and bottles, containing coloured powders, liquids and inscriptions. In front of the workers were tiny scales, test tubes, test tubes, ointment cups, flasks, retorts, hairpins, gold and silver spoons, knives, tweezers, thousands of instruments of all kinds. The workers worked in such a way that in front of them

in front of them, looking down at what they had to do. Then they went to the shelf, took off a bottle, opened a drawer, weighed, mixed, looked in the test tube, mixed again, boiled and stirred.

Joachim watched this work in amazement, then went to one of the tables and watched what the worker was doing. Then he saw that the piece of paper was actually a recipe, and happened to be one:

Hit	0,3331.419.880
Fear of God	0.0019.235.988
Greatness	0,0000.001.368
Hunger for money	0,4412.688.342
Love	12,3562.955.113
Selfishness	0,0000.345.721
Compassion	33,0987.455.692
Love	0,3452.674.116
Envy	0,3567.922.137

The worker took out a clean test tube, stepped to one of the shelves, and lifted off the bottle on which it was written: It was a watery liquid, when the worker opened it, it gave off a very good clean smell. He filled it up with just the right amount, then reached into another drawer and took out the DIVINE THING. This was held in crystal form. The crystal immediately dissolved in the liquid and the liquid began to boil. It boiled even more when the worker put the COMPLETION in it. The solid was a deep dark brown oil-like liquid. The substance in the jar steamed and boiled.

– Why was it boiling so hot? - Joachim asked.

– 'Because it's all a vital component,' replied the worker. With that he took out new material. He reached into a box, where yellowish-green, snot-like slime floated.

– 'That's nonsense,' replied the worker. - Look what I'll do with this nice-smelling hot stuff when I put it in.

He weighed the nonsense and put it in. Suddenly a pervasive stench began to spread, the flask crackled as the material suddenly cooled and a mist settled on the glass walls. The mass now began to boil and large bubbles popped up. The worker then took out crimson powder, which he first broke in the jar. This was the MONEY.

and broke it up into small pieces, he poured it into the jar. All at once it stopped moving. It became hard as a rock.

– It froze," said the worker, "because this red powder freezes everything. If I put a gram of it in a ton of faith, it turns to ice.

Now he took out a small bottle with a light blue liquid in it, and on it was written, LOVE. He weighed it, put it in, and it immediately dissolved and began to evaporate. The vapour played in all colours. Now came the LOVE. It was like hard sandstone. The worker broke it up and threw it into the flask. The material began to freeze again, but it didn't harden all the way. The PART was a substance like phosphorus, kept under some kind of compound so it would not oxidize in the air. The worker weighed the amount indicated and mixed it. Now the mass began to wriggle.

– This, the worker explained, is because compassion is fighting greed and selfishness.

He took off the bottle marked CARE. It was a golden liquid and shone like the sun. The smell was intoxicating and strong, so Joachim felt quite dizzy. The liquid coated the mass with gold. It had lost much of its smell and shine, but the whole thing still glowed. Then he pulled out the heavy lemon-yellow ointment. This was the IRRIGANCE. It too was instantly absorbed into the substance, and could hardly be distinguished from love.

The recipe was finished. The worker held it over the bunzen lamp and boiled it. Joachim smelt each of the properties separately until finally the whole was infused and then the smell merged. When the substance was thus heated through, the worker melted the mouth of the glass and boiled it down. Then it was just a matter of rolling it in the recipe paper, putting it in a small tin can and putting it aside.

– It was done, he said.

– What's ready? - Joachim asked.

– 'The man,' replied the worker, and he was already buying the next recipe.

Joachim was very surprised. He did not know what to make of it, so he asked:

– What, is this going to be a man?

– Not yet. It will when it goes through all the workshops. Then the chemical engineer came over and said to the secretary:

– We asked for ten hundredweight of nonsense this morning, when will we get it?

– "They've already been delivered," said the secretary, "but tell me, what did you ask for? 'For an experiment? I sent thirty tons of money yesterday. I noticed it. An extraordinary quantity.

– 'Not for an experiment at all,' said the engineer. - 'We've been given a new post here. We're delivering to European cities. Tomorrow we'll need ten tons of money hunger again. The prescriptions are prepared like this. Look, this is the recipe for a newborn baby:

Greatness	0,000.000.001
Gluttony	0,000.119.776
Lust	6,456.233.888
Stupidity	5.349.222.592
Intelligence	0.000.114.293
Dutifulness	0,010.566.574
Selfishness	9,009.344.283
Vanity	10,273.934.855
Greed for money	9888,438.945.665

The secretary looked at the prescription and spat.

– 'I hate to take this job,' the engineer continued, 'but what can I do? This recipe here will be minister, academician, president, and all sorts of others. You can imagine the standard of the rest. I've just been to the Firefields. That was nice and serious work. But this? Large masses, few and low-grade properties. No subtlety or intricacy. Believe me, sir, I begin to hate my profession when I think of having to manufacture such souls. If you will do me a great favour, my dear secretary, put in a good word with the board for me. After all, I've been with the company for four million years and never had a complaint against me. I want to do something nobler and higher.

– 'I should be glad to,' replied the secretary; 'and I myself think there are many young apprentice engineers here who do such menial work quite well. The Governor-General seems to have made up his mind to make these towns bust.

– I have the same impression. Such people are no longer of any importance to the development of the whole country.

They shook hands, and the secretary went to the superintendent of works. He explained Joachim's situation, handed him the number of the auxiliary office and asked him to name the worker who had prepared Joachim's soul. The labour inspector shook his head. He took a good look at Joachim Olbrin and said:

– "This man was not made in our workshop. Besides, we were shipping to Patagonia at the time. There must be a mistake.

The secretary cursed again, scolded the inspector, and then they moved on.

They got back on the tram, rode to the lift, went up to the eight hundred and sixty-first floor and entered the workshop TUW 480011/678 - XXIV.

Once again, a very different scene greeted the newcomers. Hundreds of workers were at work here, but there was no trace of the jars, drawers and vials. Each worker was seated at a small table, with some five hundred lamps of different colours in front of him. Sometimes only one of the lamps was lit, sometimes several, sometimes all. The workers adjusted something on the edge of the table, then lit the lamps and looked at the glass slides. Joachim immediately went to one of the workers' tables.

– What's happening here, with this vial?

The worker picked up the vial. It looked like the one he had seen in workshop Y 1333, but as the recipe showed, it had been made in workshop K 471 and was the soul of a Hottentot.

– Here's the recipe, said the worker, here's so much and so much SNOWBORK. Now here on the table is this measuring stick. I set the lamp of snowmelt to the amount indicated. This is the dark grey here. Now I'm going to light it and look through the glass. If I don't see anything, it's okay. If there's too much or too little, you'll get a gray spot. Then I'll send the vial back to workshop K 471 to have it made again because it's bad.

– Does this happen often?" asked Joachim.

– Very rarely," replied the worker. - I've been here for ten thousand years and I've never found a bad one. I have never heard of a bad one being found. The governor-general is supposed to get very angry when he does, because he is a meticulous man to the extreme.

– And then what happens? - Joachim asked.

The worker looked at the next number. It was 00.318, and it stood for vanity. He set the meter, then turned on the dark violet light.

– Is this vanity? - Joachim asked.

– 'That's right,' replied the worker. - 'Look through the glass, you can't see anything, can you?

– Nothing.

– Then you're right. Now comes the fear of God. That's 138,941,566. I set the bar, light the white light. I can't see anything. That's good, too.

– And all this?

– No - replied the worker. - Now I'll set all the quantities, and here, on top, any number you like. What do you want to know, this man's childhood, manhood or old age? Let's say he's thirty years, six months and five days old. Is that correct? Here's thirty, here's six, here's five. Now I'm going to light the lamp and look at this.

Joachim looked into the glass, and to his great astonishment he saw a powerful Cape Hottentot walking on the silty ground in some direction. The worker put out the lights and took out the next vial. This was the review. Meanwhile, the secretary found the supervisor and explained the case of Olbrin Joachim.

– 'The fault must be here,' he said angrily, 'because the supervisor is responsible for all faults.

– "Please," said the supervisor, "that's out of the question. I know of no irregularity, and it is not possible.

– 'Everyone says,' cried the secretary, 'that it did not happen at his place. It is unprecedented that such a thing should happen and then be denied.

He didn't even say hello, he just waved Joachim to come and rushed out. Back on the tram, up to the lift, where they got in and didn't stop until they reached the eight hundred and thirty-sixth floor below ground. Back on the tram, they rumbled through the brightly lit corridors and tunnels until they stopped in front of workshop VIII-D IX-CV/43.

Once inside, they saw nothing but a lot of big wheels, electric wires, cranks, hissing, grumbling, whistling, at mad speed. They wound their way through the machinery until they reached a more spacious area, where a number of tiny silver spheres ran into some sort of bowl-like porcelain container. The worker who was standing there, with his already overhauled

into the silver tube, the tube was picked up and dropped into some kind of cauldron. Under great pressure in the cauldron, the material melted completely and fell off the other side as a formless drop. From there, the machine picked it up again, and transformed the drop first into air, then into electricity, and finally into a soul. When it reached its soul form, the machine automatically wrapped it in stanol and placed it in a box. A worker on the other side collected the stanol packets and placed them in cassettes.

The secretary said a few words to the supervisor, but here, too, he learned nothing. Immediately he turned on his heel, ran out, back into the tram, into the lift, and they were rushing back down to the ground, this time to the thousandth floor above ground. Here the

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Actually, it was not a workshop. It was just a bunch of tiny sheets of platinum cannon barrels with the barrel facing the window. Next to each cannon was a worker. He took the stanol packet out of the box and put it in the barrel. At the bottom he stuck some kind of charge. In the middle of the room, a map was spread out on a huge table, surrounded by at least a thousand workers. In front of each was a paper, densely numbered, and a precision clock. The worker read the number on the paper and called to the man on duty at the cannon:

– Latitude 22 degrees, 58 minutes, 39 seconds north, longitude 114 degrees, 41 minutes, 26 seconds east. Done. Fourteen hours, six minutes, zero, six tenths of a second.

He pressed the bell, and the cannon went off at that moment. There was a hissing sound, and a small cloud of smoke appeared at the muzzle. When the smoke cleared, it was time for the next batch of stanols. And so it went on in perfect unison and silence, just as there was silence and unison throughout the building.

The secretary called out to the supervisor, who was also unburdening himself.

– I myself stood at the Alpha Udt. 147/639.541, said the inspector, and I remember every soul. This one was not among them.

The secretary cursed and they were back on the tram. They got into the lift and ran down to the thousandth floor below ground. Here were the people who prepared the prescriptions. A recipe-maker can only be someone who has done the whole soul-making process and learned it in the most thorough way. Then you'll be underground here, but you can only practice here for a hundred thousand years.

The recipe makers are together in one room, unlike the other workers. Their activity consists of three parts: first they learn all the recipes they have ever made, then they make the right

variations. It's the easy work, which doesn't require any supervision. Then there are the more delicate ones, for which they have had the advice of the board of directors, and through the board they have been in contact with the governor-general himself. Some have studied the development and regression of souls. Observations on this were also submitted to the Board. Finally, there was the invention of properties. Such a thing has not been done so far, according to experience. The Governor-General, when he established the factory, defined the properties. This was hundreds of millions of years ago. New properties were not believed in by the recipe makers, but neither did the management. What the Governor-General's opinion was, of course, nobody knew.

At the secretary's behest, a worker set to work to find Joachim's recipe. Of course, they couldn't find it, so they ran out again, to the tram, to the lift, to the tram again, to the analysis room on the 407th floor.

The worker took out a small knife, took a drop of blood from Joachim's arm, put it on a glass plate, pressed it into a device, turned it and looked inside. He shrugged and said to the secretary:

— No reaction.

The secretary looked at it too and got so angry he couldn't even swear. He ran down to the 102nd floor below ground, then up to the six hundred and forty-first above ground, down again to the three hundred and twentieth, up again, and so on, until an hour later they returned to the ground floor and sat down exhausted in the secretary's room.

— 'Wait a little,' said the secretary, after a while, when he had breathed his last, 'I'll take care of your business.'

He rang the bell, ordered the entering servant to summon the board of directors immediately, and went out.

Joachim sat in the room for a long time, exhausted from the great herculean task, dizzy from the many floors, but also from the fact that he was now getting a glimpse of the great secret of man-making. Finally, it occurred to him that the secretary was very much annoyed with him. He would have liked it best, it seems, if he hadn't been at all. It is to be seen that his existence is not to blame in this house. After that, Joachim Olbrin could have sworn he was not made in this house.

After a while he got bored. He went in through one of the doors, thinking it would be best to talk to the Governor-General himself, and he thought he might be in the right place. He arrived in a large room with many instruments, but no one was there. Then again into another room, where high-backed chairs



lined up around a table. He came out into the corridor, entered through the door opposite, but it was a living room with a bed, a wardrobe, a washbasin. There were now a succession of such living rooms, there were at least three hundred, each just like the next. The corridor wound round and the rooms continued. At the end of the corridor was a large hall. It led into a dimly lit room, and here he heard voices. He pushed through the door and found himself in a large domed room. In the middle was a platform, where stood an unknown man, and next to him the secretary. Around him were about five hundred men in black. At first Joachim couldn't understand a word, but then he moved closer in the gloom and heard the secretary say:

– "As you see, gentlemen, I have done my best to get to the bottom of this matter and solve this puzzle, which is the most difficult I have ever had to deal with. Imagine, all of a sudden, a guy turns up wanting to talk to the Governor-General because he can't find his place in the world. Nonsense, I thought. Now I know why he can't find his place. How can a man who we didn't make survive in this world... Now I have the privilege of bringing the matter to the board. There's no need to open an investigation. I dropped it myself and found that no one in the house is responsible. I warn you that immediate action must be taken to prevent the matter from reaching the Governor-General's ears.

The secretary's words were followed by silence, and then a voice spoke:

– Keep quiet in front of the Governor General?

– This is necessary. It could cause trouble that we would pay dearly for. You are aware of that. Don't you?

Silence again. A third voice spoke:

– I have the impression that this man is a mystification.

The secretary was furious: - If you want to see this guy, come to my room and see him. He has no record, no prescription, no reaction. I'd like it best myself if it were a mystery.

At this, the whole room became agitated. Many people stood up and began to speak at once.

– Silence - said the man in the middle, obviously the President - let's not make any noise. I have the honour to make the following motion, proposed by the Secretary: please listen. The method is extraordinary. But the situation is also extraordinary. It is the case that we normally leave the end of life to man himself. Now, however.

we must make an exception. If only because this man is not of our own making.

– 'Do you think,' cried a voice, 'that we must destroy him?'

– 'I do,' replied the secretary, 'and as quickly as possible.'

At these words there was such a silence that Joachim heard his own heartbeat.

– 'We would send a commission,' the President continued, 'with executive powers. Ten members would be enough.'

Joachim thought he had just about had enough, slipped cautiously out of the door and headed for the main gate, to escape if possible. No sooner had he reached the middle of the corridor than he found himself face to face with ten black men. He knew that these were the ten executioners who were going to execute him. He made a run for it, leaping into one of the side corridors. He ran to the elevator, got in and pressed the button at random. But as he looked out the window, he saw the ten men in the other elevator following him. He wanted to stop and jump out. They noticed him. Armed men were already at the lift doors.

He was on the ninetieth floor when he noticed a button on the elevator marked ULTRA EXPRESS. He pressed it and then, like a stone, he started flying down. The elevator next to him went down at the same time. He saw no gunman on the four hundred and eighty-second floor below. He stopped, jumped out, but sent the elevator onward, letting it chase him. He got on the tram and began to scoot down the corridors. He raced through bridges and tunnels. Suddenly he saw the tram coming the other way. He stops, jumps out and goes through the door. It was door number Omega XZH-836/VII. It was full of bags and sacks, crates and bottles. He couldn't lift a single one. He wanted to block the door. The bags were labelled: FIRE, STRENGTH, POWER, PURPOSE. They were properties in powder and liquid form.

Joachim saw that he could not stay here long. He walked through about fifty rooms. Everywhere, crates, packages, bags, bottles, barrels. Finally he came to a large room where water was pouring from the roof and wheels were turning. It was a turbine. There must be an exit from here to somewhere. But so far all he could see were tram rails, and he wobbled on past them. He had barely run a hundred paces before he heard the roar of the tram behind him. They were going to run him over. Fortunately, there was an elevator. He jumped in and pressed the button. But there was no ultra express sign on it.

How long can I go? - Joachim wondered. The elevator was approaching. He ran up to the eight hundredth floor above ground and back down again. That would be

if he could get off at the ground floor. If there were a few villains standing there, he would knock them down and jump out of one of the windows. He stopped on the ground floor, but the secretary was at the door. Back again, upstairs. There was no one on the three hundred and fiftieth floor. He was about to step out, but just then the elevator with the ten men in black stopped beside him. Quickly back inside again. Go up. This time he watched carefully to see where there were people and where there weren't. There was no one on the 500th floor. He jumped out quickly, let the elevator go. Red carpets led to some large and wide lobby. The whole space was bathed in light. A huge, beautifully carved wooden gate led on. He entered a red and gold hall. Its floor was covered with gleaming wood, beautiful furniture lined the walls, pictures on the walls. But Joachim had little time to look around, so he ran on. The other room was perhaps even more beautiful. The walls and the many noble pieces of furniture were gleaming blue. The third room was green. From there, a huge door opened out. He entered here too, and then stopped, startled.

He had never seen such a large room. To the south was a monstrously large window-glass, cut in one piece. The rest of the room was two storeys high, piled high with books. A black desk on a central pedestal, full of paper and books. The whole room was decorated with pictures and sculptures, and so beautifully beautiful that Joachim could not move.

A man was standing by the desk, and when he heard the noise of the entrance, he came down. He was a tall, strong man, about forty-six or forty-eight years old, with thick black hair, but already with many white strands on his head. The most striking thing about the man was his hands, bony hands of terrible will and self-consciousness, and then his blue-grey eyes, electric-glowing with electricity. This eye, as if it sparkled with electricity all the time, was not an eye at all, but a huge star with a cold light.

– What do you need, man? - he asked.

He had not yet been able to answer when the door opened again and the ten black-clad men entered, led by the secretary.

– Sir!" cried the secretary, bowing low. There was a great silence.

– 'Speak, Mr. Secretary,' said the man, quietly, with a touch of interest in his voice.

The secretary told of Joachim's arrival and his case. He told how he had searched from workshop to workshop for the fault, and how he had failed everywhere. Finally, he explained what the board had to decide.

– For the sake of order, he added humbly.

– 'Against my express prohibition,' he said, in a low and uncontradictory voice, 'with the intention, of course, of keeping it from me.'

The secretary bowed his head.

The man thought for a moment, then said. I will ask you when I need your opinion.

– "Yes, Governor-General," said the secretary. They all bowed and left.

Olbrin Joachim looked at the man in amazement. This man was the Governor-General of the world.

When they had gone, the Governor-General came to the podium, put a chair beside the table and said. What is your name?

Joachim sat down and said.

– Now tell me what is wrong with you.

Joachim started to say. He told the whole story of his life, sparing no words, because he could see that the Governor-General was listening attentively. He told how he had left home, what he had tried to do in his life and how he had made up his mind to come here. Then he recounted his adventures in this house.

– And what do you want from me?

– 'I told you the story of my life,' Joachim replied, 'and it showed that I had tried everything I could. Now all I could do was to come here and ask for guidance from the one who controls the destiny of mankind.'

The Governor-General was silent for a while. Then he got up, went to a cupboard on the other side of the room, opened a drawer in the middle, took something out, returned to the table and sat down.

He stared for a long time, then suddenly shook his hand and threw something on the table. Joachim then saw that he had a golden cup in his hand and that what he had thrown on the table were two diamond cubes. Regular dice. The kind the Babylonians, the Romans, the Papal mercenaries, the English sailors play with. It was numbered, with black dots on all six sides. Only it was diamond.

– What is it?" asked Joachim.

The Governor General looked at him seriously and said, "I am in charge of the fate of humanity.

Joachim wanted to ask again, but the Governor-General did not wait:

– You have seen in this house what man is made of, how he is made. Recipe, property, composition, control, transformation, cannon. Right? You have seen everything but who leads mankind. Right or left. War or peace. For good or for evil. So up or down. Now you've seen that too.

– Is this fate?" asked Joachim, looking at the dice.

– 'I am,' replied the Governor-General, 'and this cube is my knowledge.'

The sum of the numbers on the two dice was twelve. The Governor-General put the dice back in the cup.

– You win, he said, so listen to what I have to say. There's another building on the opposite side of the land, in the south corner. Not as bright and big a house as this one, mine. It's a miserable shack, and an old man lives in it. This old man makes people just like me. But nobody in this house knows about it. I keep it a secret. The old man mixes his souls in earthenware bowls, does all the work of making by himself, mixes his compounds with a wooden spoon, works with a kitchen scale, spends a long time examining, yet never knows exactly what he has made. Some of his creations are quite flawed, but there are also some perfect ones that I can't quite catch up with. Embereit does not make them from exact predictable properties, he does not work with constant quantities. There is something in all his creations that has never been done before. The old man has been working very slowly. Embereit doesn't even send it to the ground with an accurate cannon, he shoots it with a slingshot. He used to work more when he was younger, but then I built my factories and overpowered him. Now I can say that the earth is peopled with my men, for the few souls he makes are of no account. Between one thousand five hundred million and fifty or a hundred. A drop in the ocean. On earth the difference is not noticed, and these souls, unless they have some special power, must perish.

Joachim, when he heard this, cried out.

– 'He made me,' replied the Governor-General, 'and when I saw you, I knew at once. I am in the habit of keeping a close watch on the fate of the old man's manufactures. You somehow escaped my notice. But I do not interfere in the affairs of the world. When a man's ready, he can live as he pleases and as he can. I don't interfere in your affairs either. Go back to earth.'

The governor-general stood up, stepped down from the podium, walked to the large wide window and motioned Joachim to come over. Below the window was the

the whole earth. There was New York, London, Madrid, Paris, all the countries, deserts, mountains, lakes, rivers and seas. You could see the millions of people bustling about, living their lives. Joachim's feet were rooted to the ground when he saw this wonder, and he gazed at the world with all its people, speechless.

– 'All this land,' said the governor-general, 'and there, in the south corner, is my enemy's little house. Look around and point to the place where you want to live. I give it to you and live happily.'

At this Olbrin Joachim was thoughtful, and said, 'It is an artificial thing you offer, and I thank you for your kindness. But surely I find that if you did not make me, it is not right that I should accept anything from you. I will go to my old man and seek my justice from him.'

The governor-general frowned, his eyes sparkling, and at that moment he looked very much like the image of Joachim seeing Satan haunting the Lord. It lasted only a moment, and then he spoke again calmly:

– Do as you will.

He rang the bell and said to the secretary who entered: - The way to earth and to where he wanted to go must be kept open for Olbrin Joachim.

He shook hands with Joachim.

Soon he was down to the lift, down to the ground floor and out of the gate. He hardly noticed himself, he was back on the ground. He started straight south, always south, across barren plains, through dark dense forests, mountains, valleys, for many days, for weeks, day and night. He went to sea, rowed and rowed until he was tired, rested, slept, then rowed again. Once at dawn, in warm summer weather, he spotted a distant island. It was not a large island in a vast blue ocean. A few small mounds rose up on it, densely covered with all kinds of beautiful plants, shrubs and trees. In tiny glades, thousands of flowers. Wherever he went, the bay opened out to him. On the shore was a simple thatched cottage, with a well beside it, a kitchen garden on the well-tilled ground all around, and flowers, and flowers again. A little further back a stable, perhaps for cows. In the yard there were chickens, geese, ducks, and even a piglet grunting. Joachim hadn't even got out of the car and already he liked the little house, the garden and the whole island.

Soon he came ashore. Just as the boat's bow was about to hit the shore, a man stepped out of the house. He was old, but he moved well. His hair grew thickly on his head, his eyes burned open and fiery. It was good to look into those eyes when the

when he met the man's gaze, he smiled involuntarily. His kindly, warm, mischievous face showed that he did not disdain jest. His healthy mouth spoke of a good appetite, and that he liked to drink his wine at noon and in the evening. When he spoke, one forgot even his many wrinkles. And his voice was deep and mischievous.

– "Welcome Olbrin Joachim," said the man, holding out his hand.

Joachim shook his hand and asked:

– Who can I respect in you who call me by my name?

– I am the old man the Governor General told you about. Because this island is right here on the southern corner.

– So, then I came to the one who made my soul.

– You got him. Come on, Joachim, my boy, let's sit down. You must be hungry from the long journey. I'm so tired myself, I can't think until I've got something in my stomach in the morning. Magdalena!

At the cry a young girl came out of the house. Joachim greeted her politely. The girl brought freshly milked milk and put good brown bread on the table with butter and honey. They sat down to breakfast.

– 'Then,' said Joachim, 'what shall I call you, who see me in your house with such a good heart?

– 'Call me John the gardener,' said the old man, 'for that is my name.

– And are you indeed a gardener?

– As you can see. I also raise animals, but just for the house. I prefer plants. I use them to make human souls. I'll say this for you, Olbrin Joachim, you've behaved well. Especially in the governor-general's palace. It's to your credit. You're lucky I put a good dose of grape juice in you. Without it, you would have perished long ago.

– "You know," the old man continued, "I don't make souls like that manufacturer. I'm not angry with him, he's a man of knowledge. We'll talk about it later. When I've finished composing the soul, I'll let a drop of blood out of me, melt the soul into it, and send it to earth. The maker thinks he can do without it. Well, it's true, you can. But his soul!

The gardener laughed and drank the milk. They stood up and looked around the garden. There were all kinds of flowers, blue, yellow, red, white, pale, strong, fragrant, bell-shaped, shade and sun-loving. Gardener John explained their names and their characteristics. Then they went into the house. It was as simple inside as it was outside. To the right of the entrance hall was the kitchen, next to it the pantry and Magdalena's tiny sleeping chamber. It was just for sleeping, for here, in the south corner.

it was summer all year round, and they spent the day outdoors. To the left was the gardener's room and the workshop.

In the middle was a smoothly planed table. Along the wall, on shelves and in small cupboards, were jars, kettles, mortars, scales, jars filled with different coloured liquids. Everything was clean and neat, and Joachim loved it here.

The gardener walked over to a beautifully carved cupboard, opened it and lifted out a large book.

– 'You see,' he said, 'here are my men. There are not many. The Governor-General believes that many is more than few. Look here, I have only sixty-eight men at present, I shall send the sixty-ninth in a few days. Almost done. There it is.

From one of the shelves he has taken down a small earthenware dish. At the bottom of the jar, barely bigger than a bean, lay a red ball, still a little damp.

– It was red because the blood was already mixed in. Now it must dry. He put it in the window.

– It's good to put it in the sun because the rays have some mysterious but very beneficial effect. The Governor-General is wrong here too. Did you see any sunlight in that house? Electricity and light. The poor soul does not get a single ray of natural light.

– And then?" asked Joachim.

– 'Then I'll put the bean's eye in the slingshot and throw it on the ground. I've been finding that difficult lately. You'll help me.

Joachim stayed with the old gardener and helped him. He weeded and hoed the garden beds, sowed seeds, picked and dried flowers, drew water from the well for Magdalena, mowed the grass for the cow, made slop for the pig. Then, when the old man had finished a soul, the two of them went up the little hill together. From this hill, just as from the window of the governor-general's room, one could see the whole country. They could even see the vast palace at the north corner with its black cedar trees and a hundred thousand steps. They sat down on the hill, and the old man took out his book and showed Joachim on the map where to throw the bean's eye.

– See that tent camp in the Asian wilderness? Okay, the fifth tent on the left. That's where the Tartar sleeps. I made it. Throw it over there.

Joachim put the beanstalk in the sling, aimed well at the Tartar, took a swing and threw it away. The little bean flew up into the air and in that



and at that moment it began to smoke, then it ignited and flew across the vast square, burning with a tiny flame.

– 'This is the test,' said the old gardener. - The well-made soul flies to the ground like a burning flame. Well done, Joachim, my boy, it was a good shot.

The little flame just hit the Tartar.

At twilight they often walked up here alone, sat on the stone on the hill and watched the world go by, the hustle and bustle of great cities, war, misfortune, feasts, lovers, fires, feasts. Joachim knew absolutely nothing better than to come here after a day's work and watch the world go by until dark. When the evening star came out, he got up again and went down to the house where Magdalena had already laid the table under the big plane tree. There was the simmering soup, the cup of wine and the bread.

Is this my fate? - he asked himself. Is this the place where I can finally relax? Did I have to come here at last, and will I die here when my years are over?

He had reason to ask himself such questions. John the gardener did let her in on all his work. Soon after his arrival he knew the flowers, and he guessed what the old man's secret was. Perhaps these are not real flowers, but - but silence! Who knows? Perhaps all flowers are souls? He knew how to handle this and that. When to water, when to hoe, when to pick, how long to dry, to prune, or just to wilt and ferment. He himself could have made souls, and as he worked he often thought how beautiful it would be to make a man from such and such a flower.

And so he said to the old man, and he said:

– 'I have made you, you see. I can see how it looked to me. Not like recipes. As I'm scraping, suddenly something opens up in me, and it's as if I see a picture. Then I pay close attention, I look at the picture because I know it's a picture of the soul. Immediately I start to guess what kind of plant I could make it out of. I take this red bellflower, then I add that bitter seed, poison green leaves, a good scent, beans or mint. Sometimes it takes a long time to make. Sometimes I work with three or four at a time. Yes, Joachim, my son, it is like art, not like the Governor-General thinks it is: science. I'll never know as much as he does. He's much, much smarter than I am. But he has no heart. And where will his great cleverness get him? To the cube. I have no need of such things.

They talked like that many a morning, while they worked in the garden beds. But there was no talk of what would happen to Joachim. But poor Olbrin Joachim wanted to know whether he was going or staying. If only because he really wanted to stay. Not just for the garden, the job, the gardener, the place. As it was, Magdalena was really getting into his heart. And then one evening, as they were sitting up on the hill, Joachim asked the old man to decide his fate.

– 'I told you, my son,' said the gardener, 'that I don't make anyone's fate. I have no dice, and I never will. If you want to stay, stay; if you want to go, go. I know you are welcome here. You're welcome here too. You help me a lot, and we like each other. And as for the restlessness? Why don't you talk about it? Don't interrupt. I'm not blind, Joachim. I can see you and Magdalena will devour each other. Get together, build a house on the other side of the bay, there's plenty of room. I'll see to it that the marriage will produce brave and beautiful souls, and perhaps a soul will be born to replace me when I am paralysed and become my successor. Just talk to Magdalena, she already thinks you're a bit of a mafia for lurking around her and not even touching her hand. She's a desirable girl. Smooth as oil, fragrant as jasmine, and sweet as acacia. She's a spring girl, Magdalena, just right for you.

When the old gardener spoke like that, Olbrin Joachim's eyes welled up with tears of joy. He took the gardener John's hand and put it on his cheek. He stayed like that for a long time, resting his head in the old man's hand, while the earth slowly sank into the evening gloom and the dinner star in the western sky went out.

## THOREAU

*There is ripe fruit  
above your  
head.*

– Out to pasture! You have eaten enough hay!

Just my type, I thought when I read that sentence. Thoreau, although his name is French, lived in North America and wrote in English. His name can be found in all the major catalogues, because *Walden* has been in hundreds of editions. Deservedly so. One has to imagine that this is the man's java in his manhood,

though he had been educated to a serious school, one day turned his back on civilization, went out into the wilderness, built a house of logs, hunted, fished, cut wood, ploughed, and was alone for two whole years. This is the theme of *Walden*, and it shows that there is hardly a more fascinating book in world literature. He really knew what it meant: out to pasture! You've had enough hay!

Besides, there is something to think about on almost every page. In one place he says: "Science lies. All things are meaningless when viewed under a microscope. Imagine a man, a horse, a bird magnified ten thousand times." Isn't magnificent? Or this:

"In all dignity there is something of the wave motion of the spheres." He who does not understand this does not know what the sea is and what the wind is. Then, "Behind great works is infinite nothingness, as behind the world is infinite space." As if it had been written for me and I would not give it up for any money. He says of the artist, "If you can say what you will never hear, if you can write what you will never read." On the same subject, "The artist must work lightly, too much work spoils the work."

Finally, just two more: "A story is no more to be looked at critically than a landscape." This is one. The other is more to my liking:

"It's quite amazing how even the most insignificant things of everyday life have hints of the supernatural."

Under two headings, I attempt to imitate Thoreau by borrowing passages, ideas and words from his works. I am happy to make no distinction between my own and others'. This time, I say, let it make absolutely no difference who wrote it, Thoreau or me.

### *Walking (Walking)*

In all my life I have only met one or two people who knew the art of walking, the walking that is genius, the walking that is, so to speak, a holy gallop. The English word *sauntering*, which expresses this, is of old derivation. It originated at a time when - in the Middle Ages - many people were walking the highway, living on alms and making pilgrimages to *Sainte Terre*, the Holy Land. It was to the Holy Land that these Holy Landers went, these *saunterers*, these holy horse riders.

But there are those who explain *saunterer* from *sans terre*, which means landless, homeless, in a good sense, one who has no home because he has no need of one, because he feels at home in every place. This is the secret of a successful loitering. If you sit at home all the time, you can still be the

the greatest vagabond in the world; but the loiterer wanders less than the meandering river, diligently seeking the shortest way to the sea.

Every walk is a pilgrimage of the cross; we walkers are passionate-hearted crusaders. If you can leave your father and mother and brothers and sisters and wife and children and friends without seeing them again, if you have paid all your debts, written your will, liquidated all your pending affairs, you are free and ready to go for a walk.

People I know often wish they could loiter like me. This freedom, carefree, independent life cannot be bought with any kind of money. To be able to walk is a gift, a gift from heaven. *Ambulator nascitur, non fit*. I am surprised that in the afternoon, when everyone has read all the newspapers, there is not a general frenzy in the streets and people are not scattering in all directions for a little stroll.

Walking has nothing to do with the hygienic asceticism that people do for health reasons. Everyday walking is the adventure of the day. One goes to the source of life. When a traveller asked Wordsworth's valet which was his study, he said, 'This room is the library, but his study is outside the gate.

A walk is best taken without a thought; one goes out without hat or coat, and comes back in the evening or at night. Of course, it's only in summer, and that's the classic time for a walk. In winter, the preparations, the dressing up, make the whole thing a bit of a chore. Many people try to combine it with sport. I'm no friend of that sort of thing. Big shoes, warm tights, thick shirt, gloves, sweater, hot tea, watch the time. A flat hike requires almost as much caution as a bank robbery.

There's a special charm to walking east or west. If I walk east, I'm getting closer to the place where the sun rises, where the origin is. Going west, one is walking towards the Garden of the Hesperides. West is the sky of mystery and poetry.

The roads are best avoided. The road ultimately leads to politics. If one walks enough, or if one goes up the mountain and looks around, one is amazed to see how few roads there are in the landscape.

*Life without principles*

To live a good life, a man must be pure of mind; to be pure of mind, he must digest well; to digest well, he must walk; to walk well, he must live without principles.

Thoreau regards the whole mischievous money-grubbing, newspapermania, politics, as more than a blameworthy superstition. All that, he says, like a Chinese, is impractical. What is practical is what is useful. And what is useful is to live well. For that you need purity of temper, but for that you need good digestion, for that you need walking, and for that, finally, you need to have no principles.

Principles are the most anti-practical things in the world. If someone says: democracy is the key to peace for mankind, the world will immediately turn upside down. Of course, even if he says: we must fight against democracy. Even if he says: everyone has to wash every day, or the world can only be ruled by bald people, or knowledge comes from systematic knowledge. Such a principle deprives man of the pleasure of a carefree walk, and if there is no walk, there is no good digestion, if there is no good digestion, there is no clear temper, if there is no clear temper, the good life is lost.

I wrote something a while ago where I urged a certain insight in the strongest possible terms. Shortly afterwards I declared that discretion was superfluous. Someone asked me: how is it that I so soon renounce my principles? I wanted to answer: principles are good for being denied. The only reason I did not answer was because I knew that it was also a principle, and that it was best not to deny it.

On another occasion, I was very happy to hear Goethe say. It goes: it is not enough to sacrifice our lives for our friends, we must also deny our principles for them.

I think principle is to the modern urban, so-called civilized man what fetish is to the Indian or the Negro. A surrogate for the soul. He is afraid of losing his soul. He has to keep it somewhere, and he hides it in a solid principle, like the Indian in his mana, the Negro in his fetish. Principles are dangerous and can even disturb digestion because they are full of mana, or soul. Only primitive man has principles. Poor man, he doesn't know that his soul is locked up somewhere. He deprives himself of his freedom. And how can a man who is not free walk? At best, he walks in a circle, like a prisoner in a prison yard. So men walk in circles around their own principles in the streets of cities.

The radical way to get rid of principles is to laugh at them. Every principle without exception, every principled man, including himself. The principles

can withstand anything, even the torture chamber. Not only can they endure, the triumph of principle is the stake. The only thing it fears is laughter, but it fears it very much. So when someone says something very serious, it's best to laugh in his face. All other methods are only half solutions.

How does one recognize the principle? By his clothes. The principle, please, wears a black dress, a clerical robe, moves with dignity, has an anointed voice, and always preaches. Here, for example, is this principle, which is called, "It is the working people that sustain the world." Put a wreath of dandelions on his head, hang a bell round his neck, put a doll in his hand, pull the buttons of his robe, and shout at him, "Peekaboo! Are you the working man? You will see that the principle will turn red with venom. I protest against it, it will be said, that so grave a gentleman should be mocked. Whereupon, please, feel free to take chalk, and on the back of the black robe write in neat legible letters: this donkey is for sale! The principle will get angry and scream. Don't be frightened by it. Make him an offer to play a little game of red game.

But that's nihilism! No, please, Thoreau will say, nihilism is a principle.

## **HEADS BURNED**

I could divide the things of the world into three groups. In the first group would be everything in general; there is nothing in the world that I would not experience. A sunrise or a shoe with a hole in it, a muddy road or a sick dog, a speech, a picture, you have to take it seriously, anything. Not for long, of course. Because this is the world of the senses.

The second group would include everything I come in contact with that doesn't let me down. Friendship develops between us, and this friendship is sometimes love. It can be a person, a landscape, a book, a picture, an object. I particularly value my friendship with my lighter. I often talk to him, especially when I clean it, fill it, look at him kindly, and he understands. I also make friends with clothes; I have a pair of trousers, my relationship with them is particularly deep. Others do with their pocket watches. It's a world of sympathy.

Finally, the third group, the permanent or at least long-lasting relationship. I call such a thing: a meditation object. This is the world of spirit and love. There is not a moment of the day or night when I do not like to spend time with what for me is such a meditation

object of meditation. Of course, the role of beauty or value here is almost nothing. The thing can be a phenomenon, just as it can be a work of art, an abstract thought, a memory, or even an imagination.

I have noticed that this distinction is also made by others, if not consciously. Art generally creates things that people want to look at, that they are happy to look at, but nothing more. There are relatively few works of art that grab you and do not let go for a long time. These are great works such as Raphael's Madonnas, the Divina Commedia or Homer. There are very few meditative objects. And it is strange that these are not the masterpieces. Such an object is the Venus of Willendorf, this big-bellied, fat lady, barely the size of a fist, from the Neolithic period, perhaps twenty thousand years old, an ugly, almost obscene little statue that engages humanity from the very depths.

The highest rank that something can attain with me is to become an object of meditation. It wasn't much. Three or four people: Lao-tzu, Nietzsche, Heraclitus. Some landscapes. A woman? - Yes, there were women too, not often, and rarely living beings, most of the time they came to me from the paradise of fantasy. My true loves were with such women. It has happened with thoughts and images, books and sculptures, that they have been models for my solitary contemplation, quietly, faithfully and benevolently. God has been my constant, unceasing object of meditation since childhood, which is natural, because I believe it is and must necessarily be so for all human beings.

Now that I am reflecting on all this, without haste, just slowly, in a wandering walk, I have just discovered new objects of meditation, and I am in the awe of the first moments. The boat docked at half past four. I soon found a flat, cleaned up a bit, and set off to spend the charming summer afternoon in the small old port town, doing nothing. I drank the best Turkish coffee of my life at the seaside café and then wandered the narrow alleys with sweet carefree hearts. Suddenly I arrived at the Duomo Square. The small old square was just as intimate as the lying and theatrical square of today. The buildings are the least of my modern life. I go to the cathedral with the curious stare of a stranger walking by, and then I notice that the many columns are full of carved human heads. Not at all apostolic or ideal, angelic, traditional church figures, no, not even fantastic monsters. If I were to be pressed and asked for an analogy, I would have to say.

Brueghel's studies of the Flemish peasant character. Except that they are not caricatures. Simply put, these heads are true. These heads belong to the same group of art as the Venus de Willendorf. They are not beautiful. Some are shockingly ugly. Others are distinguished, well-combed and noble. Neither resembles the other. Each is a mystery in its own right. These heads are objects of meditation.

I step back a little, sit on the stone railing, swing my legs, light a cigarette and look.

At first I thought I would write a whole series of works, each of which would attempt to reconstruct the biography of such a head. Maybe I will one day. This time, I'm only talking about one. He is not the most prominent, but he has returned to me again and again, and I shall relate what I have learned about him during the long period of my contact with him.

(The subject.) First, the head itself. The face is round. There are two kinds of roundness, solar and lunar. The sun is full, radiant, fleshy. The moon's is blind. This one, in any case, is an immediately recognizable lunar orb. Dumb and insidious. It is a sign of the artist's phenomenal knowledge of human nature that there can be no doubt about it at first sight. The forehead is very hard and low. The hair is dense but thin, almost silky, not at all inclined to wave or curl. The complexion is of parchment texture, light, creole, rather yellow. Teeth are beastly strong and large. His eyes are striking, far-glowing goggles, eyes that have nothing human in them. I asked the question: where did this man get his eyes. An angel? No. Lucifer? No. Childish? No. Etheric? No. Evil eye? No. Somehow this eye, like the moon's orb, is blind. Not in a physiological sense, of course. This eye misses the point. What does it see? Is it turned inwards? No. Is it unreal? No. Is he a phantasm? Maybe. Is he a drunk? A dreamer? A fool? Maybe. Also helpless. Yet he is violent, though gentle, revengeful, and if not envious, unforgiving and covetous. I know no more.

(The story.) His name was Antony. His father, the bishop's governor of cattle, was a keeper of keys in the canon's house, and lived in the third street parallel to the harbour, fifty paces from the church. His mother was a small, round woman who left the house only in the mornings to fetch meat or fish. Like the other children, Antony lived in the little dim courtyard; when he was



when he could walk and go to the gate, his mother always called out to him. At the age of four, she was often taken to the bishop's palace, but she did not like to go, because she had to sit in the corner and listen. On these occasions his father would disappear, then come back, and talk to his mother a lot, and talk in a babbling tone. There were some children in the house next door, and he had heard them say that they were catching fish out of the water. She thought it was just a story.

They always gave him small tasks to do. Sometimes he had to go to the bishop, sometimes to the canon, up to the house. There was lots of nice clean furniture and quiet. The Lord Canon was stern and fat.

Then he went down to the beach and brought the fish in baskets. He also helped pick the berries at the oil harvest. He and his friends often went to steal figs from the gardens. He learned to fish, and in summer, when the weather was fine, they would go fishing in the bay.

It was in the winter when one day he heard a restless talk. He didn't understand, but he was frightened. At home they said the same words as on the street. The canon came down and said the same words again. Soon there were many funerals in the town. His mother also went to bed. They brought onions into the house, cut them and hung them on the wall. It smelled very strong. His mother died, and then he felt something very strange. It was as if she was at sea and the boat was waving under her. She screamed and grabbed the chair so she wouldn't fall. His father didn't care because he was crying.

Soon he had to go to work. He swept the church, mopped the yard, went to the baker for bread, to the market for meat, and brought wine from the cellar. When clothes were washed, he helped to fetch water from the cistern. Only in the evening could he escape to the water to fish or go boating.

Four or five winters passed like that. He was almost as tall as his father. He learned to cook, he went to ring the bell, and he served the canon in church. On these occasions he was given money, and his father bought him new clothes. It was a beautiful dress, one leg of the trousers was yellow and the other brown. His shoes were leather, and his coat had a shining brass button. Her cap was turned aside, and the feather fluttered in the wind as she walked on the beach.

In the spring, the word began to be spoken again. At the same time there were many strange ships coming into the harbour, the canon walked up and down the stairs a lot, and the house was full of strangers, shouting in a strange language that sounded like the braying of donkeys. At first he laughed at it, but a stranger shouted at him, and then he stopped.

Again, many people died, and his father was buried. The canon said he would now live in the little chamber at the end of the courtyard. A strange couple came there and fed him. It was no good.

Perhaps it was autumn, perhaps it was spring, he was not sure; there was a great commotion in the town again. A friend came to get him and told them to go to the big square, because they would get guns there. Guns? What for? No one knew, but they did indeed thrust a bow and arrow into his hand, and a sword. The next day they were called to the harbour and shown how to use the bow. They shot at a plank and tried their swords on a straw dummy.

At home, when he was alone, he put on his sword and drew the blade. He saw himself in the window pane and was amazed. He flashed the blade, grinning. He thrust the spear into the air and swung it. He glanced down, crawled towards himself in the window and fought a duel.

After a while the noise died down and the weapons were taken from him again. He was quite sad for a few days. He was only comforted when a woman on Second Street spoke to him in the evening. She spoke to him quite softly, and said gentle words. She was flattered for some reason. Why? The next day he went there again, and she told him to go in and get something to eat. He had a lot of meat, drank wine, and ate a dish he didn't know but liked very much. The woman was black and acted mysteriously. He had to laugh when he looked at her, but he felt pleasant.

The friendship lasted all winter. Several times he stayed all night with the woman, whose name was Marija. He quite liked her, though she wasn't particularly pretty. She was just nice to sleep with. He asked his friends if they had had a similar experience. They laughed out loud and told him he was stupid. He didn't understand much of it.

In the spring, the excitement came again. Many boats came with armed men, the canon was again coming and going, everyone in the town was talking loudly, and the guns were again being handed out to them. One morning someone called out to him to hurry to the square. He went there, and before noon they started out of the city, up the hill where he had never been before. The sea disappeared from his sight. They walked all day among the barren stones, only resting in the evening in the sparse oak forest. The next day onwards. At last they reached a high hill, and here they waited. What will happen here? - he asked. The enemy is coming, they replied.

They were stranded here for a week. They didn't have much to eat, they picked what they could find from the villages, chickens, eggs, the odd sheep or goat. Then they were told they had to go back. In the afternoon they saw many people on another mountain. They jumped up and hid. It was the enemy. He stayed there, drawing his sword, waving and grinning. He held the spear in his left hand and the sword in his right. He stood there, crouched down and tried to crawl towards the enemy. The troop leader shouted at him and ordered him into the woods. He sat down and became sad.

The next day they were back again. The enemy was seen several times. They were many and swarmed from all directions. Their leader shouted excitedly for them to hurry because they had to hide among the rocks and peep from there. Sometimes arrows flew towards them.

This went on for a week or so. Then one morning he went with some friends to a nearby house because they were hungry and saw that there was still a goat there. They wanted to slaughter it. But suddenly a whole army of enemy soldiers jumped out of the house. His companions ran away. He didn't even see it. He pulled himself together, slowly, crawling forward, grinning. Spear in his left, sword in his right. It was just like at home, when he looked at himself in the window. Only now he was facing a real enemy. The enemy shouted at him. He didn't understand what, but he didn't care. He was surrounded and shouted at again. Then he straightened up and looked around. His companions were nowhere to be seen. He stared and stopped. At that moment, two spears pierced him at the same time.

(Commentary.) The story goes on. Allow me to say a few words more, not to justify the story, which, as I have said before, is a colourful fantasy, but to explain the artistry of the carved head.

Today, as you know, the various psychological anthropologies, psychologies and characterologies are unanimous in asserting that human individuality is a very late phenomenon. Before man became an individual, he lived for many centuries in a collective existence in which he had no separate consciousness of himself. Man's greatest achievement is not that he can fly and shoot up houses from a distance of ten kilometres, but that he has been able to transform this collective soul into an individual, has his own sense of self, as they say: he has individualised.

Somehow we should imagine that in the beginning there was this big, dark ocean of soul in which we all swam like fish. When

individualised, we got out of the ocean and started to live an independent life above the sea. But after death, we sink back again, and merge in the darkness of the primordial soul, and then we get out again and back again, according to whether the soul is in the realm of life or the afterlife.

I'm not going to talk about how this modern concept is related to the Eastern one, how it relates to the idea of reincarnation. All I will say is that it is the theory of the collective soul. But the theory is in contrast to another, which is not nearly so famous. It is the opposite. According to it, it was not the ocean of souls that came first, it was individuals and selves and persons that came first. The very first fact of the world is the individual. In importance and chronology, the subject is the very first phenomenon of the universe. Collectivization is a late thing. The supreme characteristic of the soul is that it is One, that it is Self, a subject incomparable to anything or anyone.

Again, I will not discuss how this concept is related to Christianity, how it relates to the Gospel idea that there is no rebirth, that everyone is born, lives and dies once, only once, so that all souls are finally resurrected and brought to judgment according to God's will. In fact, these two concepts differ in fundamental ways. The concept of the collective soul is generally held by scientists. But the individual soul is directly experienced by two people: the religious and the artist. Do not be offended if I confess that my sympathies lie with the latter. And in this case I need it.

You will never understand Antal's head if you stand on the scientific basis, that is, if you believe that it is individualized from the collective soul. If you look at it well, you will see that such a head once existed, will never exist again, and that this Once, this One Self, is the essence and the absolute in it. Why? Because this is, please: a face. Not a type (collective soul), and not, as Kassner would say, a caricature. Which is nothing but a face, but without individuality. As if this face cannot be a mask. Because the face is precisely that: one. There is no more of it. If it resembles others, it is not characteristic of them, but the inertia of the soul, which cannot distinguish itself sharply enough and subsequently merges into the others, although it originally stood apart. It is never the similarity (collective soul) that is important, but always the difference. Because this is the One Self.

The story of Antal's life emphasizes two moments in particular: the maflasia with which he lives his fate like a blind man, and secondly the idiotic grin when, in his power frenzy, gun in hand, he is the master of the world.

the master of the world. We all know this instinct of domination that the gun arouses in us, we all become a bit of idiots when we shoulder a gun. That's the way it should be. The artist knew that this was where his figure had to be captured. And this head is really mafla, and really grinning like a born idiot. How this is expressed by the moonwheel face, the parchment skin, the gauzy eyes, can only be satisfactorily answered by one who has seen the head. Well, I have seen it, and I know that the representation is perfect. If I had my doubts before about the absolute selfhood of the human soul, and wavered in my belief that the subject is the first being, my meditations on the head have dispelled these doubts. Their origin is not the collective ocean of the soul, but the spirit of the subjective Self. Take a good look at the head and ponder it.

## **THE UTAZOTKA**

A man like the one in front of me should not even be on a train. He has just opened his suitcase. It was not disappointing that it was untidy, nor shameful that it was impractical. He lacked respect for the small, and I saw at once that this man was unfortunate because he lacked the elementary respect for things without which no one can be happy. He took out an apple, the poor thing, from a crumpled handkerchief, with toothpaste in his slippers, a nightgown crumpled up next to it, a tin can above it, and a few biscuits, crumpled paper and crumbs scattered about. This man shouldn't be travelling, because he doesn't know the poetry of the travelling bag.

When the day of the journey is set, the money is made, the passport is ready, the man retires for an hour of solitude, takes out paper and pencil and goes into deep meditation. Above all, he thinks of the great ancestor of travellers, Robinson, and recites the list that the immortal castaway made on the lonely island. Then he slowly begins to make a note: shoes, stockings, trousers, shirt, nightgown, pyjamas, gloves, tie, and so on. Separate the groceries. Separate books and stationery. If he doesn't have something, he writes it down on other paper, because he has to get it. When the list is finished, he cleans it up, reads it several times, and wonders what he has forgotten. By this time, you are on your journey, and it is one of the most uneventful moments of the journey.

Packing is no longer a contemplative activity. It is a prudent and wise activity, which also cannot be undertaken without prayer. At the bottom of the bag are items that can take the wrinkles, but are not hard. Gaps should not be filled with tissues. Only a barbarian would do that. The beauty of handkerchiefs is the ironing. The gaps are filled by the pious traveller with jersey sleeves: swimming trunks, sweaters, tights. Even this should not be creased.

There should be something in every suitcase, on every trip, that is completely unnecessary and that you just suddenly think of. This could be an aluminium cup or a small packet of dried lavender flowers.

A small leather bag is a good place to put toiletries. Quite special attention should be paid to soap, because it should be remembered that on the way the smell is absorbed into the clothes. It must be pleasant and delicate. One must not forget the lighter fluid, the flint, the laxative and the small bottle of brandy. On the road, one should usually drink only mineral water, and at dawn a little really good brandy.

Wrap the toilet water in a towel and put it in an easy-to-find place, and have it handy when you go to the toilet in the morning on the train or boat. You need cologne. It's essential after washing. Some people recommend salt wine vinegar, I tried it and it worked, but personally I don't like mentholated, I like strong alcohol.

Packaging rarely works first time. There may be some travellers with skills who have everything all the same. I have not yet succeeded. No problem. I unload and start again. Planned and logical thinking must be complemented by intuition. If the packer lacks inspiration or otherwise misses out, put it off until the next day, because sheer systematics is not enough and can lead one into big mistakes.

It is advisable to place books on top of the lowest placed items of clothing. This is a very important chapter. The book problem should be weeks ahead of the travel time. If I travel in the summer, I make my notes around Christmas. That sort of thing: Cowper, Oxford, summer. It means getting William Cowper in the middle edition of Oxford and reading it in the summer. The notes are always oversized, of course. I can't even take half the books, because there's no point in taking more than five or six volumes in four weeks. And that's another tough job. Should I take Cowper or the metaphysical poets?

Often the shape of the book comes to my rescue: it is so beautiful, pleasant and suitable that I choose in its favour.

I rarely take a Hungarian book. The reason is simply that what I would like to take is so distasteful in paper, binding, display, or type that I shy away. None of our great poets are published in editions that are fit to take on the road. And the rest? Never mind. Oxford, especially the little World Classics, Insel, Pléiade, were born for the road. That's why I'm always forced to take antique authors with me in English or French editions.

One places the books inside the bag with the carefully chosen notepaper, perhaps a diary and writing materials, and leaves only one work outside, which one puts on top, and one which one puts in one's pocket. Pocketing is best suited to something absolutely entertaining, such as the Eckermann Conversations or Boswell's Johnson's Life. Best to open it, look at the scenery, and read a sentence every ten minutes. I've seen people take library books on summer trips. Such a man, I think, is no different from a villain. The book loves to travel, it absorbs the spirit of the journey, it becomes a friend, and it has an intimacy that it is a crime to waste on a public domain book. Library books are, after all, the weeklies of books that everyone can have. The book I travel with is my spouse.

Taking food on a trip longer than twenty to twenty-four hours is advisable, to say the least. Although the dining car is the highest achievement of civilisation, there is no sensation quite like that of eating lunch and watching the countryside rush by at a hundred kilometres an hour. But a piece of ham, biscuits, chocolate and some fruit is still necessary. Some people can't even make short trips without a lemon. I appreciate the taste of lemon lovers, but I don't insist on it. If you ask me what I don't like to go without, especially on a night trip, I'd say hot tea in a thermos.

I don't believe those who preach the asceticism of travelling and say that you have to give up a lot on the road. It's not true. You can fit everything in a travelling bag, and it doesn't have to be a big bag. It's best to have something you can carry for an hour or so. Besides, it's no good being dependent on anything else, even when you're on the move. I pick up the bag, throw my overcoat and blanket on my arms and take everything with me.

## THE SONG OF THE BIRDS

I have heard of someone whose hypothesis is that it is a nice occupation for people in the afterlife to tell each other stories about their lives. It's the only serious activity appropriate to the place, and it lasts forever and is always interesting. After all, one can talk for centuries about the single event of spending an afternoon in the summer with the old fisherman in a boat at sea, what one saw and what one experienced.

With reference to that person, I ask everyone to look away from the history this time. I will then, in the afterlife, tell all with the detail and truth due to the subject. There is not enough space and time and opportunity here for such stories of unheard-of importance, of phenomenal richness and complexity.

It is about the song of the birds.

Soon after the sun enters Capricorn and begins to rise again from its winter low, in the first days of January, the zinnia will be the first to sing. Sometimes it calls to the sunshine, sometimes to the thaw. At the same time, the magpie also starts to ring. The cinquefoil starts later, but can be heard at candlemas. They often go silent again for weeks. At the first sign of spring, the warm March rains, the thrush begins to ring. At first it just clears its throat. It makes a peculiar low but sharp sound, like someone yawning a short yawn in the head: its beak spreads out and it makes a little squeak. Normally, when it jumps among the leaves, looking for worms, it stops, widens its throat and continues eating. At the end of March, the thrush women return from Persia to their husbands and fiancés who have spent the winter here. By then the thrush is singing, if not impeccably and fluently. The nightingale only starts in April, sometimes after the fruit has bloomed.

The singers are said to fall silent in early July, when the young have hatched from the eggs. There is no time to sing, the little ones have to gather and carry food. Indeed, during the first ten days of July, the blackbird, the song thrush, the nightingale, the cuckoo, the tengelice, the chaffinch, all go silent. They do not even call any more, only occasionally, around mid-September. The wood larks are an exception. Sometimes heard all summer, but certainly in September, even in early October. Then the silence falls and the forest is silent.

It was in May that I went to the mountains one day. In the valley where I was staying, in the thick bush, in the damp gully, there were many birds. A



I had admired the birds' songs before, but only as I had admired the flowery meadow, on which I was enchanted, but I could not see the individual plants. That year, I remember it well, I noticed a thrush. It sang the same song several times. It was three bars long and he sang passionate and triumphant notes, half in ecstasy. That was what struck me. I sat on the steps of the house and listened. Sure enough, now he was saying the same thing again. It was a heroic cry. It could have been the main theme of some heroic symphony. I sounded it out. It was the decisive moment.

I understood. I understood the bird's song, and I understood why the birds listened to Orpheus' song, and I understood that St. Francis was preaching to the birds. It was at once self-evident to me that the song of the birds was not only art and music, but also intelligent speech and thought, like human language, only more beautiful. The little Achilles, as I had named the black thrush, told me in three bars all the secrets of his heroic heart, the heroic mystery of his destiny, and the rapture of his great deed, the supernatural beauty of passionate and self-sacrificing impulse.

I would never have believed, I wondered then, as one who is suddenly initiated into profound knowledge, I never thought a blackbird could know this. Since then I have known that he knows other things, different things. I heard one, living in the grass by the water's edge, singing a Mozartian song with a Mozartian grace that Mozart was never, and perhaps could never have been, as enchantingly gentle and light. I have heard what I have called the "Elysian Bird"; the sure, personal experience I have had of his art in the Garden of Salvation I have found nowhere else. In Dante's Paradise the birds could sing like this on Beatrice's shoulder. In the Garden of Eden, before the Fall, when the deer laid their heads on the tigers and slept like that, the birds could sing like that. At the dawn of the world's creation, the angels' glorious heavenly song could have been so resplendent and so joyously rapturous. And at last I heard one laughing, laughing loudly, singing, glittering, as only one who is like the sun can laugh, simply the direct meaning and content of his being.

I looked passionately for the black thrushes. But in the meantime I got to know the tengelike, the redbird, the cinchweed, the yellowhammer, the field lark and the wood lark. Here I must stop again.

It was in the same valley, though a year or two later, that I woke up one night to the sound of the bird. It was as if I had heard it in a dream, for there was nothing real about it. It was a quite insubstantial, inexpressibly deep and painful song. I couldn't believe I was hearing it. The next day I started looking for it. I couldn't find it. It was only in the autumn that I heard it again. He was sitting on the vine, singing the same song. It was late afternoon, before the harvest. I've known him ever since. He sings six notes in a regular, downward progression, but with chromatic trills, in a descending line, as the water droplet falls from one stone to another. But what heartbreaking pain there is in this ever-deepening chromaticism, and what sweet, dreamlike beauty there is in this pain, could only be somehow told if one could throw oneself to the ground and begin to weep bitterly, bitterly, senselessly, overwhelmed by the suffocating pain, liberated and happy.

I understood the nightingale the latest. All birds can only be understood metaphysically, that is, from beyond the human. From where Orpheus or Saint Francis understood them. To understand the nightingale, one must go a little further. Wordsworth's or Shelley's or Keats's or any other poet's poem on the phylemle does not cover reality. He who does not know peace cannot understand the nightingale. Therefore a young man can only admire it. Only when the passions are burnt out, and the age of joy and suffering is completely past, only when man no longer wants anything from himself or for himself, and has bowed his head in reconciliation into the palm of God's hand, only when the homesickness to return to the world without self has awakened in man, only then can he hear what the nightingale sings and why.

In song there is no pain or suffering, no heroic strength or laughter, no joy, no triumph. When one has passed through life and wants nothing more, the only thing that remains to occupy one's mind is to wait until I am called, and pray until then. This calm, silent, reconciled prayer of waiting, this song of the nightingale, this martyr's song, this crystal-clear waiting for death and the afterlife - a farewell to the beautiful earth, to the intoxication of sweet life, and a plea to heaven to let it in.

For a long time I heard only the farewell, and it never entered my head why. One first normally understands the negative, and can't think what it is until one knows the positive that goes with it. I knew he was saying goodbye, I also knew what it was. I found it sad, and a little unjustified. Then one summer afternoon, close to that time,

...when she would be quite silent, I understood from her single voice... This tiny bird was paging to the afterlife. Not with some scientific justification, as even the purest-hearted man would do. It is cavorting like a baby in its mother's arms, but more simply, because it is not seeking protection, not happiness, not joy, not comfort. It is as simple as a bird can be when it sings. It is not a death wish, not at all. The nightingale does not know what death is. After life comes not death, but the afterlife. How does it know? How good it would be to know God as intimately and intimately as this little bird.

## STARS

This thing is utterly groundless. It has no reality, and no one to refer to as a predecessor. Nevertheless, I think so. Experience convinces me that it is not so at all. It convinces me in vain. Moreover, I myself am convinced. It is no use.

Here's Vega coming up. Big and blue star in the Lant. It reigns from March to July, when the birds sing. In a moment of thoughtlessness I said it was the musical star. If it had any basis, it would by law bestow musical talent on anyone it looked favourably upon. It happens to be so. In many cases, when Vega is in a pronounced position in the eighth house of a horoscope, in the space of death, rebirth, occult relationships and musicality, it brings musical ability. But in most cases it does not. Astrologically, intuition is wrong. Not to mention other aspects. Incidentally, I don't believe in astrology any more than I believe in science. Who needs the guidance of a star? The one who is lost in the night. He who lives in the sunlight does not need a star guide. What what has to say about science?

"We have astronomical science," says Thoreau, and I confirm him in every word, "some good anecdotes, some impressive calculations, but of the stars, so far as they are realities meaningful to man, nothing. Astronomy teaches you how to sail a ship, but not how to lead a life." It can be fantasy, imagination, idea, compulsion, whatever. Call it what you will. I, for my part, will respect these images because I know they are infinitely important to me. I will tell you why in a moment. There is a basis for what

relies on the thought of others, what is provable, what is empirically verifiable, is the so-called *Little Reality*. Novalis writes that as long as one says something alone, he is a fool; when two say it, wisdom begins, for it is said by all. Everything that is very much provable and verifiable, that has passed into common belief, whether it be the bun that is now before me, or the glass of water, or the burning cigarette, or the moral proposition, book, lamp, car, boat, bridge, iron bar, law, war, all these are the essentially smaller half of the world. The larger half is full of such baseless and unrealistic images, such foolishness, as Novalis writes, as Vega being the musical star. Or that Arcturus is the star of great passion, Gemma is Ariadne. I place no weight on the justification of these things in the world of the Little Reality. Nor do I put any weight on their believing it. I said all this was completely unfounded. But the fact that it is so in the world of the *Greater Reality* is not important. The value of things there is not whether they are well-founded or not. In the Great Reality, please, things are without question. Despite their unprovability, yes, sometimes I am even willing to assume that things are without any foundation, and that whether they are real or unreal is only one dimension of their properties.

So it is with Vega, the musical star. Everyone would do well not to accept it. Neither do I. Nevertheless, I will give up the whole world of buns, cigarettes, bridges, glasses, I will cling to the image and say: my rational sobriety, my disciplined criticism has failed, and images are more powerful than either sobriety or criticism.

Of course, I am the same with the other stars. I'll tell you what I think of some of them. Spica is the Magna Mater. Like all stationary stars, it is not dynamic. It does not manifest itself in strength, but in steadfastness. Spica, the Universal Mother, does not give birth to living beings, but to forms of being and thought, imagination, poetry, philosophy and art, in other words, whole universes.

The star Capella Astarte. Mistress of demonic love. She is the heather of the sky, radiant and enchanting, evil, vile and vile, but there is no one who can escape the influence of her beauty. She is seductive, flirtatious, defiant, glittering, lying, lascivious, prideful and depraved. But none of that matters. What is important is that she is beautiful. Irresistibly beautiful, as only a starlet can be.

Sirius is the Angel of Great Light. The Greeks considered her the star of Apollo. In Egypt, it was believed that the sky had three lords: the Sun, the Moon and Sirius. The star of pure spirit, of insight, of absolute truth.

Mathematics, high music, yoga, divination, self-awareness, and ecstasy. It is always intelligent, logical and abstract. But at the same time it is offensive and active, because it chases the dark, the fat, the flesh and the everyday. The brightly flaming sword: incisive, sharp, spotless and deadly.

Then there's Arcturus. The earliest of all the stars I knew. For a long time when I was young, I felt like I had lived there for six thousand years, and I was put on this earth under wonderful circumstances. At that time I called myself Six Thousand. Later I called it the star of summer. I waited impatiently for it to appear in January, after about ten o'clock in the northeast, and became melancholy when it slowly faded away in September as we moved west. Its warm red colour is like that of a great, invincible, lifelong passion. The Caesarian or Napoleonic ambition. Hot, but persistent. Perhaps also the star of vendetta. It gives strength to one who undertakes great enterprises, can pursue someone for years, whether with knife or love. The passion of an arcturus could sit by the Gordian knot day and night for thirty years, untying it with his fingernails. Without the favour of Arcturus, I think, a lifetime's work cannot be done. He gives the fire for tireless perseverance. He is in the passion of Dante and Petrarch, as in the enterprise of Columbus, or the voyages of Amundsen and Stanley. Sometimes it seems that even a philosopher cannot do without it. Though I find the fire of Arcturus active and militant and conquering. It certainly has a hidden connection with blood.

Gemma is the central, brightest star of the Northern Crown. The Greeks called it the wreath, and the wreath was actually Ariadne. Until I knew this, Gemma was for me the Little Joy. Just as there is Small Reality and Great Reality, Small World and Great World, Small Self and Great Self, so there is Small Joy and Great Joy. There is a Small Joy in being praised, in receiving a nice birthday present, in finding something on the street. Gemma was for me the mistress of Small Joy.

Since I know that the Crown is the wreath of Ariadne, and even Ariadne herself, I have seen a different face. I have been in love with the Cretan princess since childhood. Her story has lulled me into a long and enchanting reverie countless times. The mere mention of her name conjured up a whole series of sweet images. The arrival of Theseus, the great adventure in the labyrinth, the slaying of the Minotaur, the enchanting tale of the thread, this unsurpassed marvel of feminine genius, her escape with Theseus, her marriage at last to the god Dionysus, all this was as immediately familiar to me as if I had

and Theseus was me, Dionysus was me. Several times I decided to write my love story, perhaps in the form of a Greek tragedy. I started to do so, but only one dialogue was written.

I was already familiar with Nietzsche's mysticism of Ariadne, and the mystery of the thread was a constant preoccupation. I imagined it to be enchantingly beautiful, so irresistibly beautiful that it could only be expressed in a perfectly new word created especially for this beauty. But the real charm of her was the woman in her. Ariadne's suffering lasted until she found a suitable man for her. The radiant, boundless warmth of her being, soft and fragrant, threatened to destroy him, and he almost collapsed under the weight. She thought Theseus was the man. But apparently Theseus couldn't take so many women. It took God. That's why Dionysus came for him, and then married him and lifted him to heaven.

What I found in human women was that they were not so much devoted as they were sitting on me and cowing and fussy. It was the opposite of devotion. In human women I found that they gave everything but themselves. Maybe giving everything was an excuse to avoid giving themselves. Mrs Ariadne's love is like sleep. There is no reservation. When you give yourself, there's nothing left. And her whole life is devotion. Blind, unconscious and irresistible. Here there is no burden or difficulty or trouble. The true realization of the feminine being. And because the human woman cannot give herself, she becomes like a sack of bran hanging around one's neck, which one must now carry. It is not magic, but a cross. Of course it must be so, and I put up with it, for what can I do. But I don't give up the dream of Ariadne's love, and from the Gemma, Ariadne's enchanting blue eyes gaze at me.

## **DREAM**

Many like to sleep, many like to slumber, to just float between sleep and wakefulness. Few dream. Among dreams, true, few are pleasant. But there is always something of mystery in them. Jung, the modern master of dreams, taught us to respect dreams because they know so much more than we do. Sometimes even poetry. Or religion. Maybe both.

I dreamed this: it's early dawn. I'm in an enclosed space, and I know it's a bee, but it's also a workshop. It belongs to a beekeeper, but it has the tools and implements of the beekeeper. It's dusk, and a man is busy at a table by the window. He's standing half on one side, his face is not clear. But the way he moves, looks, raises his hands, especially the way he holds his head, but most of all the way he stands, I know directly that he is the beekeeper.

He reaches to the window and opens it. In front of the window, colourless, soft, glassy, but infinitely soft, delicate, jelly-like creatures made of a peculiar fluttering material have gathered. They are as big as scones, with wings on both sides, half butterflies, half birds, flying into the room without a care in the world. I know they are the spirits. The beekeeper opened the window to let in the spirits that had gathered around the house during the night.

He then goes to the back of the room where there are doors on the wall. Inside the doors in the wall are scythes. They look a bit like an oven. Inside it is dark and you can't see anything, but you can feel that there must be some kind of electric heat. The souls of the dead rest in these cauldrons, or furnaces, and undergo a strange mysterious change before they can return to earth.

The newly arrived souls are transported into the scythes. They are apparently extremely tired. Some manage to crawl into the mysterious barrow with only the last of their strength. He watches them with the indescribable and infinite patience and kindness that is Him.

When each soul has flown in, he slowly closes the furnace door. At the last door, he pauses, ponders, then reaches deep into the kassa and searches. He takes out a soul, brings it to the window and looks.

It is as if the souls from here to life start out shining diamond-bright, transparent and shining clear, like the sunny pure soul of a little child. And it is as if all souls came here confused and broken. The soft, soft, gelatinous, crystalline, transparent, bird-like, a warm little soul burning in rainbow colours, when it returns from life to the beekeeper's hive, broken, blotched and blurred. Some are quite dirty and grey. The beekeeper takes in his hand the soul that has been plucked from the hive. The poor thing is panting lowly, half unconscious of the mysterious changes that have happened and are happening to it in there. He's a bitch, all right. He seems to be a soul of modern times. They don't tell me, but in a dream you can understand things even if no one explains. The beekeeper looks at it for a long time, shakes his head, and finally says: you

poor you, you must go back soon, for it will be time, and you are still so confused? When are you going to get clean at last?

With that he carefully puts the soul back into the pail and closes it.



Bela Hamvas  
**Hexakümlion**

In the twilight of great  
illusions (1937)

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SPIRIT AND ANTIQUITY

Classical philology, though an essential chapter of science without interruption since the fourteenth century, has never become a central factor, and has generally always occupied only the place assigned to it by the general spirit of the age. It has always been dictated by others. Sometimes it was philosophy, in the case of Descartes, Kant or Hegel, sometimes mathematics, sometimes physics, astronomy or biology. More often it was history, literature, music.

By the dictating spirit, two things must be understood: firstly, that it is that which sets the tone of the spirit. The keynote is usually a sentiment, such as pietism, romanticism or positivism. Secondly, the spirit is at the centre of all manifestations, day in, day out, and is the fundamental inspiration of all other manifestations. It is from there that it derives its direction, its method, its aims, its ideals, in other words, what is usually called spirituality.

For the last five hundred years, classical philology has always been the handmaiden of the spirituality that is manifested elsewhere. For this reason, its development does not need to be reported separately, because it has always been determined one hundred per cent by the general intellectual situation. The rationalist spirit was rationalist at the time,

in the Hegelian period it was Hegelian, in the Romantic period it was Romantic, in the Positivist period it was Positivist. It was an appendage, and meant nothing more than that this world spirit, which was prevailing at the time, extended its light and power to Hellenism through classical philology and brought it into its view.

The situation was changed by Nietzsche. Not only with his early works, such as *The Birth of Tragedy*, but especially with his later ones. And not at all by building science on a different foundation. Nietzsche's whole oeuvre, his whole attitude, created an intellectual situation which brought knowledge of Greekness to the centre of intellectuality. Since Nietzsche, the dictating spirit has been knowledge of Greekness, and all other knowledge, philosophy, science, art, takes its inspiration, direction, ideals, form and content from it.

# 1. Nietzsche's Greekness

Nowadays one hears from time to time: 'this is what Nietzsche only perhaps thought, but could not say', - 'this result goes far beyond what Nietzsche dared to hope for'. It is difficult to suppress one's annoyance at this statement. There was someone who had led mankind into a world of which it had previously had no idea, did not even know where it was, or if it was there at all. But after a short time, when they have poured into this world, they begin to say with disdain that he has not seen this mountain or marked that forest. They make merit of the fact that they were the ones who discovered and named the details. Amerigos who want the place to be named after them after Columbus discovered the continent.

It is a strange thing, this competition for publication and data in ancient history. It is as if Nietzsche had no idea what he had discovered, just as Columbus thought he had found an island in the West Indies. Nietzsche knew perfectly well what it was that he had been stripping away the layers that had been deposited over the millennia. Let it suffice to refer to a few points here: '*das Begriff tragische entdeckt*' - '*die Begriffe heidnisch, klassisch, vornehm neu entdeckt und hingestellt*' - '*olympisch*' - not to mention the chapter on *Dionysus in Wille zur Macht*, which became the focus of all ancient scholarship - and the parts of *Götzendämmerung* on ancient man. In these places, all the important basic concepts of modern antiquity are covered.

But these are data. Spirit does not depend on data. Nietzsche did not show the continent separately. He did something more: he discovered the whole. His achievement was not in the details, but in placing knowledge of Greekness at the centre of spirituality, that is, in making it a dictating spirituality. He applied the forces and values in the life of Hellenism to the whole of humanity in such a way that these forces and values are actually and truly present in the life of humanity today, and govern the world spirit. One need only look at classical philology before Nietzsche. Porlepte was a partial science: its representative and cultivator was the figure of the joke-papers. Its results had no bearing on the fate of humanity, no influence on the forces that shape life. It had no spirit of its own, and itself lived on a spirit created elsewhere. Nietzsche, in his discussion of Hellenism

knowledge of Greekness in the midst of the modern spirit, and made modern humanity dependent on Greekness, not in detail and scientific discovery, but by working through the whole philosophy of Greekness, through its whole being, its whole spirit, through what he called antiquity, and which is still called antiquity. Classical philology, untouched by the spirit of Nietzsche, is as dusty today as it was before. Part of antiquity has come into focus, and part of it remains what it was, a lifeless, dry, Philistine data set, dull as an auction notice.

## **2. Wilamowitz - Rohde - Otto**

The prototype of the Philistine classical philology not touched by Nietzsche is the direction and school represented by Wilamowitz. Wilamowitz was familiar with Nietzsche's ideas, but rejected them as unscientific. He was a typical representative of the scholar who placed the emphasis on the achievement (*Ergebnis*) and expressed this achievement in a bleak terminology which, in order to retain its colourless objectivity, was also devoid of noble and noble language. He did not notice, or even did not want to notice, that the scientific objective conceptualism he was practising had long since been exposed by Nietzsche. It is nothing less than 'the paralysis and total absence of creative ability, of the power to form', and more than that. The George circle calls it "*Verlust des heiligen Sinnes*". There is no doubt that, in contrast to Nietzsche's sacred Greek, the Wilamowitzes were practising a profane philology. In his critique of the whole system of values of humanity, Nietzsche uncovered the hidden foundations of so-called objectivism. He showed the subjectivity of objectivism, and marked out the position of the positionless. "The belief in the infallible scientific knowledge of the complete discovery of all that exists", that is, scientism, is the defensive ideology of the mediocre man, the bourgeoisie, against the spirit of creative genius. Wilamowitz tried to do classical philology as if Nietzsche had never existed. And he succeeded. And in so doing he fulfilled what had previously been a general phenomenon of the European spirit, namely that the spirit of creative genius was excluded from the very places where its fertilizing power could have been greatest. "How, in Western culture," writes Scheler, "revealed religion, in a common struggle with exact science and technology, has always overcome the spontaneous and primary

creative metaphysical spirit, is the most important characteristic of the history of Western knowledge."

Nothing is more characteristic of the incompatibility of exact classical philology and the Nietzschean spirit than the case of Nietzsche and his friend Erwin Rohde, an ancient scholar. When *Zarathustra* was published, Nietzsche wrote: "I have written a new holy book. And I say it in all seriousness, as serious as it is possible to be. It is the work which takes laughter into religion for the first time". Rohde replies: 'You are obviously the Persian sage, but beware, it is quite another thing to simply express personal opinions, and quite another to create an ideal being to express them'.

This kind of iron-clad stupidity and idiotic cowardice is smiled upon - especially when it is indifferent. But now let one consider the values that Nietzsche the paganism "classical", "tragic", "Dionysian", "Olympian", "noble" (Aristotelian), "necessity" (*ananké*), etc., and look on the other side at the maliciously indifferent arrogance with which official science has received these concepts. Can there remain any doubt as to where is the *unbefleckte Erkenntnis* (*aletheia*)? True: '*Zarathustra ist kein Gelehrter mehr*' - Nietzsche is no longer a scholar. "*I am too hot and burnt by my own thoughts, I must go out into the open air and away from all dusty parlours*". He regretted the time he had wasted on science: "*Meine Philologie habe ich vergessen* - at the age of twenty I could really have studied something more clever", he wrote to Overbeck, adding at the same time:

"After Wilamowitz and Rohde, classical philology took a new direction with Walter F. Otto. Meanwhile, under the influence of Nietzsche, the whole focus of attention had shifted to religion. Already in Wilamowitz's later years, this question was at the heart of the matter. Rohde tried to solve all his problems from there. Otto is a religious scholar in his entirety. But he also adheres to Nietzsche's approach in that he sees '... it is the light and dancing feet that perhaps belong directly to the concept of the divine, ... it would perhaps be necessary to explain how the divine is beyond all bourgeoisness and beyond all reason'. For him, it is this 'certain fishyism' beyond reason that is important, the light and dancing foot, that gentle and delicate and sublime which is called Olympos, that which is translucent yet perfectly finished, that which is radiant yet shapely, that which is ethereal yet eternal form.

Otto's work is a serendipitous blend of *Parnassian* writing, religious zeal and data. The essence of the art of writing follows from its susceptibility to aesthetic values; the data-scientific is explained by what is usually said of classical philology. The religious enthusiast remains, and this is the most important. Of all those who study Greek today, Otto has the most personal fire ("*...heiss von eigenen Gedanken*"). This is why he is revered by so many. And that is why, despite his almost embarrassing efforts to work with philological precision, he is somehow always lacking in data, and the official school distrusts him. He is even accused of unprofessionalism. Because he is. But the nature of the quiet and glowing adoration that makes Otto's Olympian god-figures so attractive is not Nietzschean. And here the suspicion must arise that from this adoration Greek mythology is not at all attainable. For what is accessible from here is quite different. All Otto's images of the gods have indelible nuances: it is not the surface, which seems to be nothing but the tradition of German idealism. These gods are Christian saints in their true essence. Otto's devotion is a medieval monastic attitude. Pure, beautiful and noble, but more akin to the religion of Master Eckhart than to that of Nietzsche. Here, of course, the question of authentically Greek religion is not even touched upon. Otto's book on the spirit of the ancient man and the Christian world would be opposed to this conception. This work rejects Christianity fundamentally and utterly. But anyone who thinks that Christianity can be criticised today from the midst of Christianity must always be mistaken. It can only be accepted or rejected. To see and judge it is a privilege reserved for others. But finally, Otto's polemic is a paler version of Nietzsche's critique of Christianity, partly about the experience of reality, partly about the very religious enthusiasm that makes the spirit of Master Eckhart immediately recognisable. This duality of Otto's nature betrays itself where he is careful to write and speak of pre-Homeric times, of the so-called Greek Middle Ages and Antiquity, even though he knows that the origins of Greek life, religion, art and history are buried there. He does not venture any further back than Homer, and where he does, he loses the ground beneath his feet. An example is the book of Dionysus. If from nowhere else, it is clear from this book that Dionysus is not the subject of classical philology, but the recognition and veneration of Nietzsche's spirit. But does not realize that

For Nietzsche, Dionysus is not a Greek god, but the Christ-vision of ancient consciousness. Otto has made the irredeemable mistake of obscuring this vision of Christ, which is clear in Nietzsche, and of attempting to plunge it into Greekness, and even to found it there. The book is therefore not only misleading, but also utterly short-sighted and, moreover, a lie.

### 3. The George Circle

One can only fully understand this dreadful error of Otto's if one takes into account that directly from Nietzsche, consciously ignoring the Wilamowitz school, another school of antiquity was started: that of Stefan George, and this school, simply bypassing the question of scientific credibility, ignoring this question, kept the living example of the high man and people who had only reached from Hellenism in the course of history. The members of George's circle concerned with the study of antiquity are of the common opinion that 'the unresolved question of the present' (*'letztes Ungelöstes über dem heutigen Dasein'*) can no longer be resolved by the intellectual forces of either the ancient world or Christianity, but by the two together, and in addition by the irrational fact that George's being as a poet-god was for us. George wanted to bring Greek and Christian piety into harmony (*"die neue Aufgabe stellte die griechische und christliche Frömmigkeit zur Einklang zu bringen"*). *"A griechische Diesseitigkeit"* and *"christlicher Jenseitsflug"*, the fusion of earthly Greekness and Christian transcendentalism, left an indelible mark on the classical philology of the whole of the early 20th century. The explanation for this is beyond doubt. Classical philology was at the centre of the spirit. But Nietzsche put Dionysus at the centre of classical philology. This Dionysus was the image of Christ, transfigured by the Greek spirit, and unconsciously it was this image that guided the whole modern spirit. The centre of the modern spirit: Dionysus - the Greek Christ - is Nietzsche's creation and creation. George's circle was the only, albeit closed, intellectual community that saw this and knew that to do science here was a belated and flawed exercise. What must be done: existential destiny - lived and resolved.

The question of the reliability of the knowledge of the Greekness of George's circle should not even arise. Nothing here is intended to be reliable. It wants to live, and it wants to preserve the spirit. It wants to keep the fire alive. The circle did not want to do science in the sense that the official ones did. Philology in its old form was for us "...a systematic desecration of the greatest things" (*systematische Besudelung*). "Frozen knowledge for its own sake" was considered to be an obscenity, and it was claimed that "...professional education and so-called general culture are nothing but the nobility of man.



oppression of human humanity". He had no desire for originality and achievement, because he shared Bruckhardt's view that originality was the most dangerous intellectual pest of the present ("*...die jetztige geistige Pest: die Originalität*").

How could it be that the George circle's flexible transgression of all criteria of scholarship and its contempt for professionalism had a decisive influence on ancient science, and that no one who meant anything could escape this influence? And it is not just Otto who is being referred to here, but others who, admittedly or covertly, have taken much from the Circle. In fact, the higher and more demanding the human personality, the more he took on, such as Werner Jaeger, Karl Reinhardt, Riezler and others.

The explanation is that the Circle had an incalculably greater intellectual fertilizing effect than official science. Even though Nietzsche was not accepted in many places, they preserved the Nietzsche tradition with the greatest fidelity - that is, the whole of the image and knowledge of Hellenism. It was the Circle that maintained the centrality of ancient science in the intellectual world. Precisely because the Wilamowitz school could never transcend the Nietzschean spirit, those who followed could not ignore the Nietzschean tradition.

Whether they wanted to or not, all scientists depended on the intellectual place of their own discipline. This place emerged independently of any individual. Recent classical philology, insofar as it is not lexical or purely data-oriented, is necessarily approaching the 'unauthenticated' Greekness of George's circle, and must do so if it is to remain intellectual and not wish to sink back into the Philistine data-hunt.

The George Circle's position has the immeasurable advantage of being esoteric. As Nietzsche pointed out in a youthful essay, "...a religion which is gradually placed on a historical basis and scientifically explained must eventually crumble." The Circle was well aware that to deal with Greek religion today is largely an excuse to destroy Greek religion. In most of classical philology, under the guise of scientific research, a demonic man is at work who wants to devour Greek mythology after he has already dismantled the other religions. Nietzsche himself gave up a career in science partly because he recognised this fact. It was his way of defending Greekness from the 'filthy touch of the mass creature'. And this was again something , that a Otto, Reinhardt, Riezler highbrow

thinking could not resist, had to connect with the Circle and embrace its spirit.

## 4. Kerényi

In the spirit of Kerényi's mythology, these layers are not arranged in historical order. The first and basic observation was not made by Nietzsche, but by Wilamowitz. He has always considered himself an ancient scholar, and if he occasionally departs from strict classical philology, he quickly returns to it. He has an absolute faith in data. It is a species of data-immortality. Existentially, the scientist is the one who considers himself a specialist. He, like all classical philologists, was inspired by Nietzsche, but he reconciled this with professionalism by looking at what could be systematically verified and bypassing what could not as non-exact knowledge. He realised that the spirit with which he was concerned had a central place. An ambitious man never touches what he does not directly know to be superior. He did not see, however, that he was working on the destruction of antiquity on the road he was on. To unravel Nietzsche's intellectual legacy in data, in terms of technical questions, is to challenge and undermine the evoked reality of Greekness. These often-heard phrases, such as 'far beyond Nietzsche', have given rise to the belief that it is indeed possible to go beyond Nietzsche. In data, which the Wilamowitzes have gone beyond, it has always been possible. Nobody knew what was so disastrous about it. Everyone wanted to go beyond. And Classical philology, having thus betrayed Nietzsche, the opener of the Greek world, was well on its way to squandering its legacy. It ignored the spirit - the very thing that had put science at the centre, and began to hunt for data again - the very thing that would soon sink science back to the place from which Nietzsche had lifted it. Kerényi did not dare to feel what he was undertaking. Although he had chosen the highest spirit out of an absolute sense of worth, he dared not partake of the Nietzschean world. He could have got his hands on almost any book of importance in the George circle, yet he had taken up with Wilamowitz.

Kerényi was afraid of the George circle. He had reason to be. Under the heading of Ancient History, something quite different was happening here. It was just mentioned. True, it was a bit strong for someone who wanted to do pure science. But it should not have been ignored. Why? Because the knowledge of Hellenism was at the heart of the spirituality of the Circle. Kerényi remained a data scientist until then,

until he understood Otto. Part of Otto was also official science and therefore seemed reliable. At the same time, however, the other part stood out not for its reliability but, more importantly, for its superiority. He now dared to leave Wilamowitz's school, reached Otto, and left it too. Only on certain points did he lag behind, albeit on an important one: the Parnassian *style*. He began to be more daring. He was even approaching the Circle. Neither Otto nor the Circle had reached the Nietzschean centre, nor had he. He did not see that Nietzsche did not conceive of the Greeks as a fragment of contemporary life - nor even as a medicine, nor as a salvation, nor as a museum, nor as an ideal. For Nietzsche, Hellenism is a living present, but at the same time it is completely past. Both Otto and Kerényi like to make use of this turn. But there is an essential difference between the two attitudes. Kerényi has something more important: the science of Greekness. He never forgot how much more Wilamowitz *knew of* data, texts, memories; what he did not understand was that Nietzsche *knew* infinitely more. Otto stopped at Homer. Kerényi went deeper: he was not only braver because he was more knife-sharp. He is more imaginative, more brilliant and deeper than Otto. But both are just scientists. And while Nietzsche has Greek gods, Kerényi has only science. This fact splits the whole situation down the middle. Nietzsche is an existential man; Kerényi is an existential scientist. The difference between the two is fundamental, crucial and fatal. What Nietzsche says, done well without traditional terminology, he says soberly, simply, because that is how he sees and knows. Kerényi sacrifices the Greek gods to the gods of science.

The spiritual centrality of Greekness is therefore only a secondary issue in Kerényi. The central position is not occupied by Greekness, but by science.

## II.

### SCIENTIFISM

We must return to Nietzsche. Not only because no one was more radical than he in his criticism of science, but also because he experienced the inefficiency of scientism in his own . Classical

He was a philologist. But the moment came when he had to sever all ties with his scholarly nature.

Science has suppressed thought for the last four hundred years, just as religion did in the Middle Ages. Then, anyone who spoke to things in a way that did not please the officials was branded a layman. Today these laymen are called dilettantes. Then they called the specialist an ordained man, today they call the ordained man a specialist. Things were to be understood only in a certain way, and only qualified, branded truth was accepted. The result in both cases was a loss of freedom of thought.

Nietzsche saw this phenomenon when he was preparing for a career in science. *"Ich fand, ...die Oberflächlichkeit des Urteils bis zu dem Punkte des Blödsinns gereift,"* he writes in an early letter. The very science that opposed medieval religion in the name of free thought and absolute truth had become just as dogmatic scholasticism, and was therefore just as much an enemy of free thought and truth as religion. The passion for truth became scientism, a set of lifeless and uninteresting propositions in which the living spirit no longer expressed itself, but something else. Four hundred years ago, science started out by solving the great questions of existence; the situation today is that it is heading through nothingness into space.

# 1. Hubris scientifica

"High civilization," writes Nietzsche, "can only stand on a broad pedestal, on a firmly and healthily consolidated mediocrity. This is what science has served and serves." Science "belongs entirely to the world of mediocre man" - and always will. It is therefore insurmountable. The role of science belongs to the world of the middle. It has nothing to do with high spirituality, with the free, great man.

In these few sentences Nietzsche expresses his utter distrust of all science and scientism. More recently, the justification for this distrust has been made quite clear when it has been shown that scientific knowledge is based on the world-view and behaviour of bourgeois society. Science grows out *of the* utilitarian *bourgeois*. It is the interest ideology of the bourgeoisie. "True and absolute scientific freedom," Scheler writes, "does not arise from the autonomous power of the scientific spirit, but is determined by social factors." More precisely, "...at the root of modern science... is the extension of systematic domination over nature at any price; the unbridled accumulation and capitalisation of knowledge about nature so that, if it cannot exercise ultimate domination over nature, it can at least somehow conceive and imagine the possibility of domination". This decretal scientism is the "categorical thought-apparatus" of the new age demonic instinct for power.

In his critique of science, Scheler arrives at the same point on the social side as Jaspers on the philosophical. Both of them, not to mention other thinkers, the Poincaré-Douhem-Meyerson-Le Roy direction of the *critique de la science*, Dingler, Kottje and others, detect the demonic power instinct at the root of science. Its main characteristics are: 1. 'power over man, merely for the sake of power itself; 2. the suppression of all intellectual and contemplative expression; 3. the total subjugation of nature on the basis of the creation of a new evaluation'. Science, according to Scheler, is "*Dienerin des technischen Willens zur Macht*"; Jaspers sees modern rationalism as nothing more than an attempt to create a new rational dogmatics, more suitable for new purposes of domination, on the model of medieval scholasticism.

More recent thinkers have only returned and confirmed Nietzsche's original idea of science as the aspiration of mediocrity, or the bourgeoisie, to dominate. It naturally follows that, under the guise of science, man learns something that either has nothing to do with reality or is secondary to the question of reality. The aim is not to know something. That is why man learns something that is of no interest to him; at the most, the interest is not in the subject but in the result to be achieved by the learning. Then, when the result is obtained, the object is interesting as a way to a position of power, but only as a way, not as knowledge. The object has never been the primary nourishment of the being. This is the explanation of the accumulation of knowledge (specialist, expert). Scheler calls it the capitalization of knowledge. Where the emphasis is on immediate knowledge, the many can never be important. That which is deep and pure not only sets a limit for itself, but knows that more of it than is allowed is sacrilege. Expertise is not a primary requirement, but an arsenal to achieve a position of power. That is why any accumulated know-how must necessarily be pseudo-existential.

Capitalised knowledge, the scientist as a knowledgeable and ordained professional, is a phenomenon of bourgeois society. Its main characteristic is *hybris scientifica*. There are two sciences in which this hubris is absolutely significant, one is medicine, the other philology. These are the two most pseudo-existential sciences, where the arsenal of material is the most impressive and therefore the position of power is the most undoubted. The final word is that of the competent. What is this competence? Expert opinion. What is expertise? A new variant of some figurative terms. It is important, firstly, that it is never quite comprehensible to common sense and, secondly, that it has the prestige of the scientist. The incomprehensibility is very important; it is necessary in order to keep the scientist's envelope intact; the prestige-attitude consolidates the position of power. There is no question of knowledge, of knowing, of spirit.

The most important characteristic of scientific arrogance is what George calls *Selbstkorrektur der Wissenschaft*. This continuous self-correction of science shows that side of the scientist's arrogance which is usually known as scientific modesty. It is the shell of being a simple and humble worker of science, not giving final results, but laboring to find absolute truth to be attained in the distant future.

With great care he lays down a humble brick for the edifice of absolute truth, whereupon the next scientist, with equal care, takes that brick and lays down another. But the next one takes it away again, and so on. In this way science adjusts itself, while the task of seeking truth is forgotten. And this is natural. After all, the search for truth was a pretext, and the laying of the brick is a ritual.



## 2. The entropy of the spirit

The discovery that science was an academic ideology of demonic power instinct in disguise coincided with a broader and more profound turn. Over the last century, the vitality at the heart of spirituality has become visible. Not only have the foundations of science been laid bare, but the roots of all that the spirit had created: morality, ideals, the state, have been stripped of the roots that had covered them. Spirit has grown over time into a world solution, and of all the world values available to man, spirit was the highest. It was considered a universal and universal solution. Where this perception came from, what was its cause and history is not important at this moment. Now it has been found that spirit is not a sphere independent of life and higher, but is filled with vital forces, nourished by them. At the beginning of the last century it reached the point at which it saturated human thought with itself, and because it saturated it, at the same time suspended itself. It has reached the highest point of its effectiveness, and at the same time it has become neutral.

This point has been designated by many, but most recently by Hans Urs von Balthasar: the entropy of the spirit. He also pointed out that it was not Hegel who reached the entropy of spirit. He had already seen that there was nothing to be done, but he wanted to save the situation. He attempted to build all human knowledge into a single edifice: science, art, law, history, the state. Hegel's experiment is best described in the words of Kleist: "Perhaps," he says, "we must again eat from the tree of knowledge to regain our innocence." But the spirit has not been renewed by knowledge. In vain did they eat all the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but they did not regain their innocence.

When the inertia of the spirit became apparent, at once the veils covering the roots of the spirit began to break and the vital foundations emerged. At the same time, human consciousness underwent a change: it began to learn to see behind things and to see in morals, ideals and elsewhere the vital intent that built and sustained them. This new consciousness is the consciousness of seeing behind (*Entlarwungs-, Enthüllungsbewußtsein*). Its first form, romantic irony, appeared at the same time as Hegel. It continued with a series of exposures of ideologies, and

and finally reached its climax in Nietzsche, who universally 'questioned the basic positions of man and the world, of the self and the community, all to their ultimate consequences'.

In human thought, the saturation of the spirit had rendered it ineffective, and it was now necessary to take note of the passing of the time of the spirit. The elementary life-forces had emerged, and it was these that henceforth laid down the laws of thought. We have entered into that sphere of the world, which, whatever may be called vital or elemental or whatever else, is certainly no longer spiritual, but is at the bottom of the spirit, for it is deeper, darker, but more rooted and more primordial. This is what Nietzsche means by the death of the spirit-god (*Gott ist tot*) and the emergence of the new night-faced deity, *Dionysus khthonios*.

Science has ignored the entropy of the spirit. It pretended to be unaffected by the confusion and moved on. And in doing so, it made the mistake that first discredited it and then disintegrated it. The story is a relentless process. Once something in the world has taken a decisive step, it can no longer be ignored. It must be reckoned with, its impact, its presence and its consequences. It is inescapable.

The first characteristic of science: an ideology of demonic power instinct. The second is that it is immobilised in this ideology, stuck in the background of world history, staring into the void. "*Sein Herz steht still, nur noch sein Auge sieht.*"

To make the significance of this situation more profound and profound, it is necessary to refer to the expression in a book by Gustave Geley (*De l'inconscient au conscient*). Geley was studying the phenomenon that takes place in man when he passes from the unconscious to the conscious. The content that has passed on retains its perceptive faculty, its mobility, its vision, but loses what is most important: its connection with the root, that is, its vitality. It freezes. Let's put it this way: it is lifeless in its whole body, only its eyes are open and it can still see. It becomes conscious: clear, filtered, transparent, pure, but no longer connected with life and no longer influenced by it. This is the end point of human consciousness: "the occurrence of conscious death", when all mankind will know everything, but will no longer use anything to raise its own life, because it has lost the vital capacity to do so. In the situation of science, a stage of conscious death occurs.

### 3. The existentialist turn

After the entropy of spirit, a completely new situation has arisen. Knowledge was then only possible as a fraud. This naturally has two sides: towards man (self-deception) and towards the world (world-deception). But the two are one: because they arise from man's false position in the world. Teaching has also become impossible: partly because it has been shown that the teaching of the scientist was never anything but an act of power, and partly because now, having been exposed, he not only wants to teach and to rule, but in addition he is also engaged in self-deception and wants to deceive the world, and finally there is nothing to teach where there is no knowledge.

Attention now turns to how thought can overcome this crisis and retain and save its freedom. The situation is similar to the one at the end of the Middle Ages, when freedom of thought and man's autonomous passion for truth had to be freed from scholastic dogmatism, but this time it is more serious. For now it is not the values of an age that have fallen. Anyone who knows the nature of the crisis knows that every value, every age, every worldview, every creation, every way of life in the entire history of humanity, without exception, has been called into question. This has been said before and will be said later. There was only one exception: Hellenism. But Nietzsche made this statement in an age that was more than Greek. Mankind now had to find a way which left the results of Nietzsche's critique intact, which it was forced to leave intact, because no one on earth after Nietzsche could or dared to question this fact - yet it still somehow attempts to save itself. This attempt to save itself is called existentialism.

Existentialism seeks to restore the unity of man and work, of practice and theory, of action and thought, what the George circle calls *Einheit von Mann und Wort*. It is the primary unity of man and spirit, without which life itself is impossible. To live an existential life, to act existentially, to realize an existential spirit: this has become the new aspiration, - to unite what has fallen apart, what has been detached from human life as a lifeless mask. Existentialism is the aspiration to bring the vital spirit back to life, that is to say

to link elementary animality with the high spirit, as the Greeks did. The intention betrays itself. It turns out that existentialism does not go beyond the entropy of the spirit, but only expresses the separation; it only marks what is divided: vitality and spirit (Klages: *Seele und Geist*).

The situation today is not yet ripe for a critique of the existentialist tendency as a whole. The idea must run for a while yet, it must arrive somewhere where it will find something it did not expect at all, perhaps even something it feared and avoided, and that will give it the space and opportunity to continue - perhaps in the opposite direction. For the time being, only one fact needs to be stated: existentialism is the birth of the consciousness of hindsight, and its great achievement is that it has noticed and exposed the falsifications that had existed for centuries between man and ideal, life and thought, vitality and ideal, that is, it has unmasked a whole complex system of ideological pseudo-concepts. The same consciousness now wishes to replace these false relations with true and honest, open and pure ones. In so doing, it has in fact returned to the stage preceding the entropy of the spirit, because it wants to make the relationship between man and work, man and action, thought and reality predictable. Before the knowledge of hindsight, man believed absolutely in the reliability of human knowledge, in this case science. He hoped that he could process the universe like a bedekker. The reliability of science turned out to be an illusion. Now the requirement of reliability was placed not in the object but in man, i.e. man was required to do only what was 'existential' for him. The reliable work was replaced by the reliable man as a requirement. But does the consciousness of hindsight not take into account that when he reveals, what is he actually revealing? If one asks this question, one finds that the process of unmasking is, in Nietzsche's language, *a verkappte Moralität*, the old moral ideal in a new disguise. Existentialism seeks some kind of safe point in the precariousness of life, in the modern nihilism of the situation. It wants to calculate something. At least man, if the result is not possible. But let's face it: there are no reliable existences. And one more thing: that's just as well. The more valuable the existence, the more vital, the more unpredictable and unreliable. And rightly so.

Existentialism on the one hand exposes self and world-change, but wants to impose some new order, while failing to realize that in the latter it exposes itself, admitting that it is nothing more than a veiled morality. But at that moment, the face of the demonic instinct of power that he was about to expose reappears. Existentialism, if asked, will in all probability bring Western man closer to the concept of *dharma*. But this is still a long way off.

## **4. The meaning of modern religiosity**

To see scientism quite clearly, one must clarify one last phenomenon. This phenomenon is parallel to the existentialist experiment, in some respects identical with it. Existentialism has been called a theology of multiple secularization because it plunges ultimate questions into time and resolves them there. However, theologizing did not only appear in this more obscure form, but also in the sense of a modern religious breakthrough. It is therefore necessary to talk about this religiosity itself.

The 20th century saw the emergence of an unexpected religious revival. All the denominations and sects of Christianity spoke of a renewal, and there was a particular passion for Eastern religions, attempts to introduce Taoism and Buddhism, and interest in the religions of Egypt, the Aztecs, Peru and even the primitive peoples. The extraordinary role played by Greek mythology today cannot be separated from the religious tide.

The strong and close link between science and religion has never been a secret. Nor has it remained a secret that the idea of rivalry was a constant feature of science, and it is well known how it attempted to turn itself into a religious surrogate. The scientist and the priest are common human behaviour, one and the same manifestation of the demonic instinct for power. The aim is the same: to build a categorical system of laws that will ensure ultimate domination over the whole world. Anything that obscures this intention is just ideology in disguise.

When man entered into the world character called the entropy of the spirit, Nietzsche's critique, which completely annihilated all previous values, orders, rules and laws, was annihilated. The naked vital face of things was revealed, and no new human possibility of any kind was revealed. In this situation, the ultimate questions had to be asked: what is life, death, the afterlife, gods and God. There was nothing left for science to do but to deal with these ultimate questions and to transform itself entirely into a religious science. But it was not the science of a religion, not only Christianity. It became the science of all religions together, all of which were at that time simultaneously topical. A single great religious syncretism emerged,

of which Christianity, existentialism, Buddhism, Greek, Egyptian, Peruvian, primitive mythology became only one side. In each case it was the same thing: to save religiosity. But in each case it was the same thing: to save religion as a tool and instinct for demonic domination. This is what science in this new form of religious science has undertaken to do.

At this point it must be said that there is nothing at all reassuring about this modern religious revival. There is no exception to this. Not one of the so-called religious renaissances of Christian denominations, sects, excavated Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks, has the effect of a healthy revelation. The multitude of books, journals, magazines, newspapers, speeches, movements, associations, which are all ultimately manifestations of the same syncretic religiosity, is more a worrying phenomenon than a real one. We know that life has symptoms which, like cancer, do not destroy in an atrophying but in an overabundant way. It is the madness of life's sense of boundaries and form. The organ suddenly begins to grow, and grow, grow, grow, into death. Today, this *hypertrophy* is manifested in all areas of life that are doomed to destruction. Wherever there is inflation in something, it is finished. Because in the centre the law of harmony has been broken. An opulence that is no longer breeding, but its opposite. Today, such an age of metaphysical and religious overcrowding has occurred. The great religious revival is in fact a hypertrophic death phenomenon.

The role of science here is twofold: it seeks to stop the process, but it also partly accelerates it - and fulfils it. If theology and religious science are secularised, there can be no other task. But it is not above the process, it is in it, subject to the law which also judges it. Science wanted to become religion, and the moment it has achieved its goal, it must be destroyed along with religion.

### III.

#### LA BÊTE RELIGIEUSE

The question which here appears in all its awesomeness, demanding for itself a place and attention, is far greater than any one can now successfully contend with. Not the method, not the collection of material,

it is not the overview that is lacking: it is the experience that no one today has or can have. It is not in the proof but in the seeing, and therefore not in the procedure but in the reality. It is not a question of some religion, but *of religion*, and not of some religious people, but of religious people. One thing is beyond doubt: religiosity, in its unheard-of boom of today, is a hypertrophic death phenomenon. But there is no one who has gone beyond this phenomenon with his whole being, who, for his part at least, has solved the whole question in all its aspects, and this would be encouraging to others that it can be solved. Therefore, one must be content with an intention that always maintains the privilege of remaining an intention, nothing more. And this intention, even if it does not completely miss the target, knows very well how much deeper it should go, how much more it should start where it left off than it does now: it starts where others have left it. In order to judge religion and to see the religious man in all his reality, at least for a moment, at least one man would have to be irreligious. As long as this experience is absent from humanity, all religion is possible from the field of all religion, and all views of religion can only appear as criticism of religion, as anti-religion - as a symptom of the autodestruction of religion, as a phenomenon of its own dissolution, and not as an opinion which is not forced to take a necessarily negative position against religion, but can be quite open and direct. To go completely beyond something is to understand and experience it no longer as a necessity but as freedom. If I can now choose freely between religion and non-religion, I am much more relaxed and certain in my judgement than if religion is a compulsion that I must first overcome. What one hates and wants to destroy, one cannot get over: it is still in him, and it is still in him. As long as one is in bondage to religion, one cannot know it. And that is what is lacking today: a man who can exist without religion if he so pleases, and it is up to him whether he exists without it or not. There is no one who has conquered religion. Although the whole world is at war with it today, he who has made the most of it has only succeeded in not failing.

To shed light on the situation today, let this suffice: after hundreds of years of scientific domination, human thought is today liberated, but instead of taking a stand for freedom, it has fallen into the bondage of religion on the other side. Humanity believed that science was anti-religion and wanted to replace religion. It did not realize that science itself



is itself a religion in disguise. Science has created an unreal world that has made man, as Blacker says, "powerless over the natural and transcendent worlds, and totally at their mercy". Science has systematically disabused man of the realities of the natural downwards and the transcendent upwards. In the end, science said, we will understand everything and know everything: this is conscious death as the final goal. Now that this science has collapsed, the incomprehensible and unknowable realities have been revealed to man. The vital and infinite root of things has been revealed. But it was here that man was helpless. He had therefore to fall to the other extreme, and swing from one imaginary world into another equally imaginary world. The relief which is spoken of in connection with the renewal of religion is absolutely false. It is not liberation, but another kind of captivity.

The solution lies in between and above the two: in an attitude and an attitude which sees experientially and directly that the thought that is comforting in the scientific and religious is nothing but comfort in the imaginary. And it is this experiential vision which today cannot but be a denial. It can only say: no. But he says this no not out of deliberation, but out of insolubility. No one today has the experience of a positive, certain, calm, even reassuring outside and above. That is why the judgment of the religious man in negativity can only be one that does not reach the heart of the matter.

One more thing about science: what is the ultimate link that binds science and religion together? Short answer: the Fall. One would think that in schools and universities man is taught to know. In other words, it is here that one acquires the necessary limitation for science, which is then called expertise.

But this is not what expertise is about, it is about a central experience, and that is the fall. Religion conceives this fall into sin in eschatological terms: the fall into sin is the original sin, a stab that pierces the deepest core of man's life so that he can never be completely upright, pure, innocent, calm, serene and direct. Only the religious whose deepest heart bleeds from the thought of sin. Religion is a moral and metaphysical wound. Science modifies this fall into sin by making it an intellectual fall into sin. And this is even worse than the former. Science wounds the intellect, the means of thinking. For there is **a n** escape from eschatological sin: grace. The moral

there is escape from moral sin: conversion. There is no escape from intellectual sin, for there the instrument itself, the intellect, has been pierced. Scientific training is in fact this: to acquire knowledge is nothing other than to carry out the sinning of the intellect itself. This is the difference between the scholar and the dilettante: the scholar is guilty, the dilettante does not know it, because he is 'uninitiated'. The hidden doctrine behind expertise is that only scientific knowledge can save a man from intellectual guilt. Anyone who does not believe this is banned by science as an unprofessional. He who is not intellectually repentant and does not believe in scientific salvation is a *contar*.

In scientific education, as in religious education, it is important to teach what is evil. Both are final resolutions, which neither the religious nor the scientist can come to. A religious man cannot practice criticism of religion, a scientist cannot practice criticism of science. Each can at most be penitent, but cannot attack his own conduct. He can destroy himself. But he cannot look at himself from the outside. He cannot reckon with sin, but can only believe in redemption from sin. This, however, is scientific knowledge itself.

Intellectual sin is the ultimate human depravity and evil of science. And just as in religion the miracle of the prophet proves that he is the divinely inspired being who is the bearer of a higher order, and by his act brings the divine order, the miracle, into necessary existence, so science possesses such miracle-processes. This miracle Dingle calls *Paradefall*. It is called a showcase case, a parade, a school example, a miracle, which, like the miracle of the prophet, shows the divine lawfulness, the scientist the scientific lawfulness, as a higher order. The miracle is the invasion of religious law into the world of *the ananké*. The scientific parade is the invasion of scientific law into necessity. Both of these proofs prove that the prophet or scientist has a higher power, and that this power is stronger than necessity. The first shows the religious deity, the second the scientific presence. After these, one takes the first impulse thus: religion distorts and falsifies man's position in the world, pushes him back from the realization of reality, deprives him of his cosmic position and pushes him down from it. When man falls back, he becomes not an animal, but an evil animal. Behold the spirit of the fall. Sin makes man evil. Evil in religion is religious, and in science it is this: ignorance. Sin takes away the innocence of the innocent, plunges it into the filth of the

the thought of filth. There is no distilled life. Wherever life has appeared, it has appeared in qualification, in being, in form. Essential life is as abstract and unreal as the spirit-god. It is unreal and abstract, imagined without quality or existence. It is as neutral as distilled water. Such are the sterile gods of science. Real gods are real beings with qualities, essence, form, place.

Life is always qualified by the being in whom it appears. And the deity is qualified in the life which he himself lives and in which man lives the deity. It is natural, as Goethe says: 'God, if we are high, can be everything to us; if low, he is nothing but the adjunct of our misery'. It does not follow, of course, that gods arise and exist in man. Is man a god-making animal? Do you make up creatures for yourself to worship? No. No more than the converse, that the gods live lives independent of man. Gods are created in man and are what man is. If tall: tall, if wretched: wretched. Just as man is created in the gods. Men participate in the creation of the gods, the gods in the creation of man, and are made, if high, high, if miserable, miserable. The creation of the world is going on all the time, and in it everyone participates, creating himself if high, high, if miserable, miserable. The God-creating instinct, as Nietzsche called it, *the theurgy*, as Berdyaev calls it, is considered by the religious man as finished and complete, and that God is constantly being created in man is simply not understood.

Men are the children of gods, gods belong to men. What Friedmann calls the God-creating moment of man corresponds to the man-creating moment of the gods. The two are one: it is a moment of cosmogony. For "...the creative man and the deity draw from the same source and live on the same soil".

Landsberg writes that the Greeks always separated the worlds of men and gods. "But the meaning of this very definite separation is to show the unheard-of task which man has before him to undertake in becoming a god." He cites, for example, the meeting of the human and the divine, the fact that great families have always invoked divine ancestors, and that the Heros is divine. The boundary between human and divine is transgressible. An animal, a plant, a place, a phenomenon can become divine, depending on whether it can be the progenitor of the god in the same way that god was its progenitor.

This detour was absolutely necessary to make something clear to man, and that is the difference between *aristheia* and *hubris*. The aristocracy is the nobility so exalted as to participate with the gods in the creation of the beauty of the world: the man is an *aristos*, who lives from the same source as the gods. *Aristeia*: the theurgic existence. The *hubris* is the prideful attitude of the downtrodden man, from which revenge, envy and resentment never, even with the greatest effort, appear or disappear. The fundamental difference between these two world situations is illustrated by an example. When asked what his aim is, the *hubris*-man says happiness. This is the characteristic of pride here as everywhere else. He strives straight for happiness, even though he knows that happiness is not, and cannot be, a goal. It is the gift of a beautiful life, which cannot be earned and which cannot be pounced upon like prey. It is the hymen and the honey of a noble and noble, dangerous and fiery life, which falls on exceptional people at exceptional moments: a gentle and ethereal smile on human destiny. To wish for a gift, to reach for prize and glory when one lives a life unworthy of it, is a despicable thing. But in the life of a man imbued with *hubris*, wherever you reach, you find this wretchedness. *Aristos* never desires happiness. He wants the great life. Achilles does not want happiness. But the temptation to the happy life is strongest here, in Achilles' life, because happiness belongs to this life.

The distinction between *aristeia* and *hubris* shows precisely why man's pronounced judgment of religion today must necessarily be unclean, and uncertain in the very last and most important step. No man today whose fate is entirely free from *hubris*. There is no man who is not, in some small degree, dejected. The evil animal. The *bête religieuse*. But make no mistake about it: *hubris* is not the behaviour of the evil animal. The *hubris* of the *bête noire* is not that of the evil *bête*. But the base determines the momentum, and if one swings from an unclean place, however high the aim, his start can only be a slight one.

This also applies to the criticism of religions among themselves. Without *hubris*, criticism is impossible today. One clings to what one denies. Even Nietzsche is not free of it, and it is he who stands in it, so much so that he exhausts it. It was he who revealed why it is not possible to be distinguished (*Was ist Vornehm?*). This is the difference between Nietzsche's Antichrist and Otto's or other classic

philologist's critique of Christianity. There is only one expression for the latter: it has the spirit of Julianus Apostata. There is something pathetic in this spirit, and that is that it believes that Christianity can be erased from the world. He does not realise that it is not to be erased, but to be used - as Nietzsche did. But there is also a poignant element in it. The Greek way of life constantly haunts one with the desire to reclaim it. No one has ever felt this temptation. But the impossibility of return is not that we are not suited to the Greek way of life. The perfection of the Greeks lies in their uniqueness and their never-repeatability. Anyone who thinks that they are irretrievable is missing the very thing in this life that is most important in it. All that is great and complete, personal and unique, is born of the magic of the moment of destiny, and that is its inimitable beauty.

What is Achilles' heel? The impulse of pure aristocracy towards divinity. There is no wavering or confusion. Straight and unbroken, however difficult and wild - however light, however tragic - it is full of light. It is by this charm that all Aristideia is known. Hubris is hard, austere and fragmentary. The hibris is also a divine birth, but it lacks the most important thing: Achilles' charm. It is a godly instinct that the Kharis have avoided, and therefore lacks beauty.

Man today is religious. The importance of religion has already been discussed. From the bondage of the sterile and abstract world of science, man has fallen into the world of the degradation of religion. From this he could not emerge fully from it with a clear view of his situation. It must be fragmentary: not final, not irrevocable. It is not Aristos.

This is a realisation that anyone engaged in religious criticism must make.

# 1. The world situation of the religious man

Pascal says of Christianity: "...*nulle autre religion n'a proposé de se haïr*". But this is not only the world situation of the Christian man, but of all religious men. Self-hatred, man's self-denial, is as if it were to give life to an alien being in man who kills man. Man is no longer one, but two. Zarathustra calls the two Ormuzd and Ahriman; Empedocles Philias and Neikos; Plato, *Me* and *Ontos*. There are as many versions as there are religions. All agree in dividing the world in two, and killing the other with one half.

Scheler defines man's position in each case as: *Dilettant des Lebens* - *Nein-Sager* - *Asket des Lebens*. Almost: *charlatan de la vie*. All men, the pygmy as well as the highest, are at a certain distance from life. What he does, he does with one hand, he participates in life with one heart. That is how he becomes an ascetic. He is detached from nature. "*On ne sait*," writes Pascal, "*ce que c'est le modèle naturel qu'il faut imiter*."

Scheler's statement says the same as Pascal's. But both are wrong. Nothing would be more false than to say of Achilles or Ulysses *that he is charlatan de la vie*. No one was more at home in life than they. Dilettantism only began later, or at another time, and it is at the same time that the saying of no appears. But never, so long as a spark of ancient Greekism lived, did neither gender, nor asceticism, nor *de se haïr* become complete. The opposite is true. Nietzsche says that the danger that threatened Greekness, the mastery of life, was that it was too quickly at home everywhere, and too delighted in everything it found in the world. The Herosians of the Trojan War were as much masters of life as the characters in the Platonic dialogues, the historical men of Herodotus and Thucydides.

This digression was made only to set aside Scheler's anthropological definition. For it is clear: either the religion in which the Greek man lives is religious, but then all other peoples and men are irreligious; or all other peoples and men are religious, the Greek alone being absolutely irreligious. It depends only on one's attitude as to what one considers religion. If the

one holds the dualistic and *charlatan* and *de se haïr* position as religion, then the Greek is irreligious. But it can be the other way round, except that in that case there are no religious people other than the Greek. The world position of Hellenism at this point is fundamentally different from that of any other people on earth.

However, we must return to the quack. Here is an explanation of the state of detachment. The religious man stands in the world distorted and falsified, falling away from the recognition of reality, falling out of his cosmic position. But he does not understand religion who understands this as a once and for all condition. Religion, as Powys says, is not only *a morbid condition*, but *also a rapture*, a delight in the possibility of ascension in the face of a perpetual morbid condition. The natural condition would be restored if man's destiny were not constantly destroyed. Life's capacity for self-restoration is inexhaustible. The work of the religious man is never finished, for the trampling of life can never be completed. But it never ceases to maul and tear: this is dialectical destruction, the constant revival of opposites, and the ever-renewed dissolution of the unity of nature that restores itself.

The two: the denial and concealment of man's cosmic origin, the destruction of nature, the separation of body and soul, light and shadow, outer and inner, and the fomentation of antagonism (self-hatred) between the separated, cannot, however, remain permanently two. The world is one and must boil into one. Religion calls this supernatural new unity redemption. The characteristic of all religions is the separation of the two elements from nature, and the re-fixing of the two elements outside and against nature. This is redemption. "*Erlösung von einer in ihm gelegenen Spannung und Urgesetzlichkeit*" - as Scheler says. This is how in Plato body and soul are reunited in the epopeia, in Christianity this is how they meet in the afterlife, in Buddhism this is how they are redeemed in nirvana. The being who has been cut off from the world returns to the world, but redemption is in the service of destruction just as destruction is in the service of redemption. Man crumbles himself in order to be capable of redemption, but redemption is nothing but the last stage of corruption.

## 2. Psychological detour

Psychology is an inevitable step in the approach of the religious man. The field of religious experience is not an open and clear world-nature-cosmos, for it has torn itself away from it. The religious place: the inner, the hidden, the obscure. Self-hatred, self-destruction and destruction of life are revealed here. Whoever is religious, or whoever has become so, has become so not in his natural growth, but often out of a dislike of himself: this is the false *metanoia*, the false reversal. He disturbs himself, creates confusion, and perpetuates it. Galiani says:

*"l'important n'est pas de guerir, mais vivre avec ses maux"* - if a complete cure is unattainable, one must learn to live with one's illness. In religious language, this illness is sin. And the desire to escape from sin systematically destroys life. Denial, asceticism, splitting, dismemberment. This process is outside nature, indeed it is the unnatural process par excellence. It is the *Nein-Sager*.

The practices of destruction are spiritual. The religious man lives on obstacles (*avec ses maux*). But not on overcoming the obstacle, but on bleeding through the obstacle. The sinner, destroyed in the consciousness and humiliation of his own artificially bred inferiority, is destroyed there, on the difficulty which he has raised for himself, only to be destroyed there. The first and most important point: the suspension of immediacy. The aim is not an open and untroubled life, but, on the contrary, the shattering of life. It erects obstacles to experience that change the direction of the life line. It creates barriers: it builds up a whole system of collisions and frictions. The rupture is growing in magnitude. Life is torn from existence, death is separated from immortality. He collapses in this terrible deception, and when he reaches the point where he is overwhelmed by it, he despairs of what he has fallen into. The psychological stages of the religious man may be marked in these:

1. withdrawal from the world (the soul appears);
2. denial comes to life (asceticism, fasting, the world of sin, imaginary surrogates: idealism, etc.);
3. a destruction practice development (diseases breeding from self-hatred, combined with various forms of destruction of nature: technique,



demonic instinct of domination, systematic destruction in all spheres of life;

4. world domination by sinful man: inhibition breaks and destroys immediate life; reflection comes into play, dissolves the original relationship between man and man, man and world; truth as sin; morality is replaced by stumbling; hypocrisy; immersion in a sense of reality; worry as a feeling of life; concealment and covertness (concealment is the greatest crime against man and society, and justifies the persecution of the high race); fear and hatred of nature, misanthropy; disunity, democracy, socialism, proletarianism, mob rule;

5. despair (the age of crisis; total disintegration; demons awakened can no longer be controlled; the triumph of destruction);

6. nihilism.

### 3. Hero and sinner

Psychology never provides a definitive explanation because it places life and experience in the world one-sidedly in the human. Psychology itself is already partly the consequence of a religious attitude. The designation of a world situation can only be complete if the whole order of life is addressed. It is natural that man and the world cover the relationship between man and man. The two are one. If the religious man has torn himself from the world, he has torn himself from other men. Therefore all religion is communal. No one can break away from the world without breaking away from the collective humanity at the same time. The state, economic, social and other consequences of this phenomenon are incalculable. See Nietzsche, Evola, Guénon. But the same situation also determines the fate of the individual. Dissolution is a world phenomenon which manifests itself in psychological, social and collective spheres.

The juxtaposition of hero and sinner will shed more light on this point. It is already obvious from the foregoing that the religious man is an unheroic being. The force in the hero is positive and is at the service of man. The same force is used by the religious man against himself. What is force? Like all forces: danger. The heroic man lives in a constant sense of danger, in the midst of forces with which he must struggle. The religious man, however, is not confronted with the danger that is real, but with the danger that he himself invokes upon himself in order to bleed to death. The heroic man is characterised by a great unjustified confidence in life; religion makes the danger both manageable, in so far as it is controlled by itself, and perpetuating it, and thus undermines the natural self-confidence of life. Danger thus becomes a practice: war, loss, disaster, disease, thus becomes self-torture. For the religious man brings everything upon himself, or thinks he brings it upon himself: by his sins. For it is indeed sin that summons it, but not in such a way that the Powers punish it, but in such a way that the idea of punishment arises from the idea of sin.

Religion is said to seek ultimate tranquillity. But in the process it discovers that only in danger can one live truly and deeply, and in this it loses its way. It wants to eliminate suffering, but it realizes that this is what makes life intense; it is therefore stuck in it, and when it begins to dissolve, it is itself

creates more suffering. Religion is the enjoyment of the intense suffering of an artificially tortured life. For "he who suffers lives more deeply than he who does not suffer", writes Eliphaz Levy. It could be written by Dostoevsky, Pascal, Augustine. "Say to those in pain: 'I want you to become a pleasure. And the pains become pleasure. More than that, they become pleasure; more than that, they become happiness.'" Misery with life becomes pleasure, pleasure, happiness. Thus self-torture becomes lust. But "life throws out the one who mistreats it", says Aristotle. The man who wants to trample life underfoot is trampled underfoot by life. It is infinitely complicated and inexhaustible in those small and subtle wounds whose meaning is always: to hide from the real danger of fate, but to evoke those sufferings far more wrenching and devouring than the pains you want. Stupidity and agony made intense always go together. This is the complete negative of heroic behaviour. The hero is open, and accepts all the dangers of existence with an open mind, because he has boundless confidence in life. What he has is nothing but boundless trust: in the Powers. The sinner hides from real danger and destroys life because he fears it. Therefore the weight is never and can never be on the individual religion, but on the religious man. Religions are only the various manifestations, practices, customs, modern fashions, but in any case historical forms of the life-destroying activity of religious man. It cannot be called a form of life, because it is precisely a counter-form of life: in other words, asceticism, dilettantism, charlatanism. When one religion burns out, it is replaced by another which shapes the same behaviour in a different way. And that behaviour is sin as a heroic deed. Destruction of life as heroism.

The idea that is meant to heal is itself sick. Indeed, the implicit purpose of healing is to make sick. It is a fundamentally different attitude to take destiny purely, freely and truly for what it is and to live, and a different attitude to invent a remedy and all the practices that go with it, just to make one sick, and to express resistance to life. This resistance makes life seem to be immeasurably more penetrating - apparently one who suffers really lives more deeply. By resisting, by friction, by putting up barriers, by meddling with oneself in a way that stirs to the very bottom, life is seemingly deepened in ways never imagined. This is the essence of the sinner's technique of living: the thickening and devouring of man upon himself. Self-destruction has become a way of life. This is where one comes to a full understanding of religion.

## 4. The paradox

There is literature on this. But there is literature for everything. However, it is good to invite two authors to this table, if only because it is blasphemous to say such dangerous words alone. The first author is Schmid-Noerr. He is not a stupid man, but he has clearly not thought about his own way of thinking. That is why he speaks in the scientific jargon that is now barely tolerable. According to him, there are three basic attitudes of human consciousness: the first is natural consciousness - in this state, man lives in a mythical world (*sich als Natur zu betrachten* - as Goethe says). It is a pre-religious state. The second attitude is self-consciousness - in this state man lives in the world of religion. The third attitude is the God-consciousness - and in this state man lives in the world of religion. This *Naturbewußtsein*, *Selbstbewußtsein* and *Gottesbewußtsein* follow each other historically. Neither the first nor the third is religious in nature, only the second, the state of self-consciousness. When man has fallen out of the primordial paradise, has lost his innocence, but has not yet attained God-consciousness, he has made himself independent in his intellectual autonomy: this is religion. "It is the characteristic behaviour of the deified Consciousness."

Every consciousness thinks differently. But thought in the first state is not autonomous, but possessed (*Ergriffenheit*) by the forces of nature. This possession is projected in the myth. The third thinking is also not autonomous, but already theonomic, God thinking through man. Only the second way of thinking is self-like, autonomous, human, intellectual, conceptual, religious - "religion is the result of the idolatry of intellectual concepts". "All religions are essentially outside the world of love - *alle Religionen sind wesentlich außer der Liebe.*"

To complete the paradox, the second author cited should be a theologian. "Religion," says Karl Barth, "has an anthropological significance alone and only." And from anthropology there is no way to God. What is founded on man remains founded on man. It is impossible to approach God by human means, because "every intentional approach is in a hidden sense a distancing". Here is religion: under the guise of intentional approach, there is nothing but distance. The approach to God

relationship with *God*: "*völlig neues Geschenk Gottes* - God's completely new gift." It cannot be contrived, calculated, deserved. God comes when he wants to come. "The man who has chosen his dwelling-place in religion shuts himself off from God by finding and creating in religion God's substitute, but still more by laying his hand in advance on what he can only gain from God's hand."

One cannot speak more clearly than this, or, if one does, one must come to Nietzsche: "*only after the death of religion can invention luxuriate in the divine again*". Religion is the behaviour of the hubris-man; instead of waiting for God to reveal himself and touch his heart, he forges a system of revelation and touch. Of course, Barth is naïve to think that this is mere pride. And perhaps even Nietzsche is naïve in not seeing that religion is just an excuse for godlessness and godlessness. Religion is demonic. It is a destruction of God. That is why nowhere has the satanic-demonic spirit nested and nestled itself more than in religion. It is the world place of Satanism par excellence. "The greater the danger, the nearer the saviour", says Hölderlin, based on Paul's apostol. Conversely, the more certain the metaphysical cover, the closer the evil. Barth knows this, of course: 'to be a religious man is to be a man torn, torn and torn up' (*De se haïr, - vivre avec ses maux*), and also that 'no human conduct is more compulsive, more deliberate and more dangerous than religion'. For religion is the negative of God, "all religions *are essentially apart from God*" (*alle Religionen sind wesentlich außer der Liebe*). With the negative, he wants to substitute the actual presence of God. "Grace exists only where religion has been sacrificed." If one waits for the direct touch of God, one must put religion aside and wait, wait and wait until the touch comes, wait, alone, naked, exposed, lonely, naked, and wait and wait.

It can be said that religion is not a look at the gods, but the opposite, a turning away from them, not a deification of life but its destruction, not a growth towards God but a demonic *no*. To hate oneself is to hate life, nature, man, the world, and of course to hate the gods. For he who hates lives in hatred. He who destroys the community between man and man, between man and the world, destroys the community between man and God. For he who feeds destruction lives in destruction. The worship of God

in him: not the impulse of immortality, but "dark and suspicious envy," as Nietzsche says. "The greatest would be if we could bear our immortality." It is the religious man who is horrified at the thought of having to live forever, of having to live forever like this, like this, with this man. Nothing frightens him more than this thought. And rightly so. It is a horror to live forever with this self-destructive man. Religion is an escape from immortality as much as it is an escape from life. For he who feeds the idea of escape lives in escape. Hiding from the gods. For he who nurtures hiding lives in hiding. Religion has just the opposite side, meaning and significance as the religious man proclaims.

This is the paradox. When man thinks that the way leads to immortality, he lives from the secret thought that the way leads to destruction and annihilation. It is not the higher degree of humanity that is the *bête religieuse*. It is not the impulse of human life towards the divine, on the contrary, it is hiding from the gods. Not openness to the gods, but shutting oneself away from the gods and denying the gods. It is just that everything has the opposite meaning.

The paradox appears as if it were open, but this openness is the shell in which it hides. As if it were a boom, but in this boom it falls. The paradox is the point at which the religious man is no longer in control of the confusion he has created, he gets lost, confuses the senses and loses his direction.

The religious man thinks he is altruistic. The highest degree of this selflessness, self-denial and self-desire is mystical ecstasy. But here again the situation is just the opposite. Mystical ecstasy is not a complete dissolution of the Self, not a withdrawal from the Self, but on the contrary, a spasm of the Self. "*Les mystiques, ces profonds egoïstes*", says Valéry. In mysticism, it is precisely the dark and suspicious envy that triumphs over the soft dissolution of the self of life. In mysticism, the world melts while the Self hardens into stone. Mysticism is the sign of one who is not fit to dissolve in life and unworthy of true ecstasy, who falls back into himself. And egocentrism is most apparent where the highest doctrine of religion is realized: in personal immortality. The meaning of this is that each man is responsible only for himself, each man should save only his own immortal soul, and care for no one else. The religious man, as Berdyaev says, goes so far in his selfishness as to want to be separate, and has no patience to wait 'until he is saved with the rest'. As if the

on a sinking ship, the signal is given: everyone should save himself, trample the others underfoot if he can, and flee. Ruthlessly and without regard for anyone else, it is only about me and nothing and no one else. I answer only for myself. This is the highest degree of self-realization, which falls back into mysticism, meets the self that cannot leave itself, and annihilates the whole man.

"If the divine measure is beyond man's reach, it becomes unbearable." It is superfluous to appeal to vital causes, disease, concoction of blood, decadence. Such things can never be a reason why man cannot endure the divine measure. He simply cannot attain it. And because he cannot reach it, he cannot bear it. He falls out of the divine being. The ultimate meaning of the paradox is that religion is not nearness to God, but godlessness and denial of God hidden in the form of nearness to God.

#### IV.

#### THE AUTHENTIC GREEKS

"The task," writes Burckhardt in the introduction to *Griechische Kulturgeschichte*, "is to present the history of Greek thought and outlook and to get to know the living forces that created and destroyed the life of the Greeks." There is nothing striking at first sight in this formulation. It is only when one takes the words one by one that the simplicity of the style reveals a character almost lost in the simplicity of the style. The history of the Greeks is not merely a representation of events and relationships. It has to present something that *constitutes*. And not only then, but also today. That is the strange thing. All other histories, those of the Goths, the Celts, the Etruscans, even the Romans, seem to have to exhaust themselves in describing the culture, the conditions of life, the aspirations, in short, the destiny of a people. That is the end of the task. Greek history alone is more than history. The forces that were alive then seem to be alive today. The situation has changed only in that we get them today through the Greeks. The description of the history of mankind since then is in fact: in whom, how, when, to what extent, Greekness appeared and was realised.

Works on the Renaissance and humanism do not fail to show how, in the fourteenth century, the discovery of

and how, more than a thousand years later, mankind has once again become aware of what Burckhardt so unobtrusively says. But the Renaissance and humanism only meant that this awareness became general again. Even in the Middle Ages, people never stopped reading Greek. The consciousness of the life-forming power of Greek never died out. Any people, whether civilised or barbaric, once its history was finished, no matter what masterpiece or achievement it bequeathed to others, disappeared from the life of mankind. It no longer had any effect on the lives of posterity. Of all the peoples of the whole earth, the Greek alone seems not to have disappeared, but to have intervened in the lives of all the peoples that followed, from the Romans to the French, the English, the Spanish, the Germans, the Americans, and to have intervened by virtue of the peculiar quality of their powers of thought, of their outlook, of their creative forces, which seem to be eternal creative and formative forces.

The humanists made the requirement of education and culture universal. But education and literacy must be understood as the reimposition on humanity of the thought and vision which were the force of Greek history. From that moment on, to be educated and literate meant to adopt Greek thought and outlook. Anyone who sees this phenomenon as a purely cultural one is missing the real meaning of the situation. To illustrate how much more is at stake here, let one example suffice.

Goethe says that man can take nothing with him into the afterlife but his trained qualities. By trained qualities is meant training in the sense that has been clearly taught since the humanists. But this turn is wrong. For it was not the humanists who set up Greece as an example, an eternal rule for mankind. They only saw that the Greek people is the eternal standard of all men. Humanism is not the discovery of a new value, but the recognition of an old one. Hence the Renaissance, the rebirth of Hellenism. It is a realisation that was not seriously questioned then or since. And since this measure is consciously alive and active, to be educated is to be under the Greek measure, and to be educated is to be Grecianised. Thus Goethe's thought begins to make sense. The educated quality equals the quality of becoming Greek. And the fact that man can take nothing else with him into the afterlife but the trained quality, that is, the quality that has become Greek, makes sense: only a being trained by Greek creative and formative forces is eternal,



absolute, timeless and imperishable, that which cannot perish and cannot be lost. Translated into the true meaning of the sentence, it means: man can only pass into immortality in so far as he has been able to transform himself into Greece. Only the Greekized man is immortal.

Now that one is on this absolute ground, one must admit that the question of the credibility of Greekness is unresolved. The authenticity of the Celts or the Benin Negroes can be established without any particular effort, since these peoples can be treated as monuments. They are complete because the people closed itself with its death. In a peculiar way, Hellenism did not die. The significance of this survival, unique in the history of the world, was revealed by Nietzsche when he spoke of the glorification of Greekness, and the situation could be expressed in this way: he who lives life to the full never crosses the line of death. This contradicts everything that history teaches. But it is true. Greek thought and outlook and the forces at work in Greek life are still with us today, and we are immortal only insofar as we have become Greek. But authenticity cannot be established not only because Greekness is still an active reality today, that is to say, not because it is not in the sphere of monuments but in the sphere of forces. The situation is much more difficult.

# 1. Greek reality

Whatever contrasts one may take up today, lived and suffered: form-substance, force-matter, interior-exterior, body-soul, essence-form, the complete matching, the perfect synthesis, seems to be found in the Greeks. This is the focal point of Greek thought. The opposites are there too, but they appear as a richness of being, as a harmonizing tension, without falling apart. The thought of all pre-Greek peoples is so indissoluble that it is as useless for a more complex, subtler, higher order of life as a stone tool is for nobler work. The thought of all post-Greek peoples is so disintegrated that it is no longer suitable for the realization of a perfect order of life, because it is too complex and therefore fragmentary. That of Hellenism seems to look from a focal point: from where the rays of opposition meet. It sees things in their multiplicity, but it does not itself fall apart. That is why Greek reality unites what no one has since managed to unite: the two great sides of the world, the rational and the irrational, the logical and the intuitive.

Logical reasoning has three characteristics: analogical cases, causality and continuity.

Thinking in terms of analogical cases means that one perceives the phenomena of the world as similar to one another. Thinking causally means explaining one thing from another. Continuity means that one conceives of world events in terms of unbroken continuity.

All three arise from the same source. This source is simplification. Man attempts to symplify the infinite richness of the phenomenal world. Probably he cannot. And this is the correct expression: he cannot cope with it, because he really cannot cope with it, he does not possess it and he does not rule over it. He wants to control it by logical reasoning - which means that he wants to control it by logical reasoning. In this form of thinking there is an instinct of power, and it is this instinct which summarises and simplifies the things of the world.

Intuitive thinking, they say, is more primitive, less complex, whereas it is more elementary. It is often claimed to be more primitive, more primitive, prelogical thinking, which does not yet

logical connections. It is therefore a sign of a magical worldview. Of course, this is wrong. Magic cannot be considered a precursor to logic. It is its opposite, and at every point. Where rational thought sees analogous cases (hence the principle of identity is the basis of logical reason), irrational thought will necessarily see the difference of things. Where rational reason will perceive causality, irrational reason will say that there is no causality.

Whatever man does, thinks, says, he touches the whole reality of the world. What he does, he does not do in his own person, but on behalf of all mankind. Valéry says that the work of art is a statement on behalf of all humanity in the universe. But this is true not only of the work of art, but also of the smallest moment of existence. I cannot touch a single blade of grass, make a single blink of an eye, think or dream anything that does not involve the whole collective of humanity. Hence the fright when something evil happens. In man, the whole of humanity collectively shakes and shudders, because it knows that what has happened has happened in the name of humanity.

This is the magical knowledge of which logic has no clue. Through magic, man gets a glimpse of something that is cosmic consciousness. And the cosmic consciousness sees that in man's life he personifies all humanity, every action and thought is reflected back and forth through him to all men.

In the magical minds of the people, if a misfortune befalls a person, the tribe goes out on a vendetta against the enemy tribe, because it believes that someone there has wished for evil and it has been fulfilled. The wish has magical power. It is not the man who is wronged, but the world, and this must be corrected by the campaign. For in cosmic consciousness man knows the fundamental sensitivity of the universe. This sensitivity makes it possible to disrupt the life of all mankind not only by deed and word, but even by thought, wish and dream. That which is in accord with the world order resonates smoothly with it. That which is not in harmony with it, disrupts the order. And something else follows from it: life takes its revenge. For life, sensitive as it is, is just as vengeful. He who disrupts order is struck back; he who has offended is struck back. Whoever mistreats life, life throws him down (*ta de onta ou bouletai politeuszthai kakósz*).

All the movements of the world take place independently of each other from the centre of the world: action, sound, word, thought, dream, and

from there it receives its response: wind, song, falling star, blossom, fragrance, bird song, sigh. What happens in the world comes from the world as a whole and affects the whole: it speaks to the living, sensitive heart of the universe, and there is no hidden secret emotion that the infinite sensitivity of that heart cannot detect. Life is infinitely good as long as the being is in tune with it, and infinitely wicked and fierce and vindictive as soon as it is violated. The magical consciousness is embedded in this sensitive world-heart, and knows that the beating of this heart is the only law of its life. Each beat tells something new, something quite different from the previous one: from the centre it pulsates and emanates, from here the world flares, from here it burns. Every moment it lights up and goes out again, every moment the world is new, and at the same time it burns up, lights up again, and goes out again.

For the magical consciousness there is no continuity, because it lives from the centre of the world, is attuned to it, responds to it, and knows that the world is lit and extinguished every moment by this beating heartbeat, and every moment is a completely new and different world from the one before. There is no analogy, no causality, no continuity. The world burns: all that we live is a flame of things with different essences, which "flares up in measure and goes out in measure".

But in Greek, the magical and logical consciousness are not two, but one, because *"hen panta einai"*. Rationalist analogy-thinking and irrationalist difference-thinking do not annihilate each other. They are in complete opposition to it by holding the world and man in harmonizing tension. Causal and non-causal thinking are also opposites without clashing. Nor do the opposites of a world that is continuous and always interrupted at every moment, always new, destroy each other. Why? Because the reality is that there is analogy and there is difference; there is causality and there is non-causality; there is continuity and yet the world is new every moment. The world is rational and irrational, logical and magical, rational and irrational: eternally the same, and yet always new and different. The Greek rationalist, because he simplifies, wants to dominate things, wants to conquer them, and conquers them he does. But at the same time it is magical because it does not cut the thread that ties it to the living heart of the universe. It knows of the dominating instinct of the logical intellect, and exercises it; but it knows of the fundamental sensibility of the world, and does not offend the world, if it can help it. The Greek is Prometheus, but it is strange that this magical fiery creature should be the very source of the logical, that is, of the

the foresighted man; and the Greek, Epimetheus, but he, the sober and rational, is also complemented by his opposite, and is united by a magical thread with the heart of the world.

## 2. The time

According to Spengler, the main characteristic of Greek life is its ignorance of time. This is the hallmark of Apollonian culture. That is why he has no music, and that is why he has a sense of everything that is static: plasticity, Pythagorean mathematics, Euclidean geometry. Spengler's statement, which is largely accepted everywhere, must be rejected here once and for all and once and for all. The Greeks did not know time as we know it today. But even this is not correct. It is only that the time they lived in was different from today. And it is likely that they did not live in the time of today not because they did not know it, but because they had a different time. Maybe better. With the Greeks, it seems, we must always keep open the possibility that they knew what we know today - but infinitely more than that, and therefore judged more correctly, made more correct choices and lived more correctly. This also follows from the focal nature of their different thinking. The issue is not, therefore, that the Greeks lived in a static world and did not know time, but that there is modern European time and there is Greek time, and the two are not the same. Which is natural. There is palm time, yarrow time, tortoise time. There is 20th century time and Greek time. Time depends on the destiny one lives. Time in human destiny is always about what kind of experience one needs in order to mature: what kind of destiny one needs to live in order to be immortal.

The starting point was Goethe; this time, let us take the thinker who is just as deeply imbued with Greekness: Montaigne. The basis of Montaigne's philosophy is that everything he writes is private, personal. He does not seek to teach, nor even to please anyone. Nor can he, he says, because every human being is absolutely different, a unique individual who is once and never repeats himself. We have nothing to say to each other. We cannot understand each other. In particular, however, in the form of the unique being, "the form of all humanity is preserved". And still further: the human being "bears within himself the universal spirit (*nousz*) which burns in everyone".

This idea is not difficult to understand in the light of Greek experience of reality. Man is a unique being, just as everything in the world is unique, and the world burns, and every moment is completely different from the former. Man is the

is not identical with the other, just as yesterday and today are not identical. Every man and every moment is different in that each man has a different conception of the world. Yet the world is always the same. Each man is different from the other, yet each one represents the whole of humanity, and moreover carries within himself the world spirit. The individual is unique, yet eternal and universal.

The nature of Greek time begins to unfold in this way. Here too, the Greek man has a focal position. On the one hand, the ephemeral moment, bursting forth in its uniqueness, always new and different. On the other, the permanent, unchangeable, always the same and eternal. But here the two are not separate, but one. Because *"hen panta einai"*. Just as man is a single destiny, and yet the bearer of all humanity and the universal spirit: the moment is single, but it carries within itself the impermanent.

Greek time: in the moment is eternal, and in eternity the moment. There is no need to justify this. If you look at a Greek statue, read Homer or Sophocles, listen to a poem by Sappho or Anacreon, gaze at a church or a relief, you will experience directly, without any proof, how moment and eternal, limit and infinity, limitless and measure are here merged.

Spengler is right in that Hellenism lived in timelessness. This timelessness, however, is not a lack of time, i.e. it does not mean that Greek man was ignorant of time. Interestingly, this becomes clear when one puts the modern experience of time next to the Greek. The time of the present age: total detachment from eternity. To know about time today is to be detached from eternity, just as to be a being today is to be detached from existence. Man lives in a state of loss, and therefore time is lost. Time is passing. What does passing away mean? That it is removed, and is always moving away, falling, being thrown away. And time today is most profoundly characterized by the desire to return, by nostalgia. In Greek time, man is not torn from eternity, and therefore has no homesickness. He is at home in life, because life is existence. Time does not pass, but is. And precisely because it is, because the moment and the eternal, the ephemeral and the impermanent are completely one, time is not experienced and lived separately. Greek time is time "united" with the universe as a whole. Man has no separate consciousness of time. There is no difference between time of life and time of existence. The Greek goes together with the world clock. For the consciousness of time always shows the gap that is torn as an abyss between man's destiny and the cosmic order. Whoever has not left the cosmic order and has not deviated from it, his sense of time is just as

ceases to exist, just as his experience of his heart or stomach ceases to exist, if it is perfectly healthy.

Time is nothing but an opportunity for realization: what kind of destiny man needs to be immortal. The Greek needs no other destiny to become immortal. As it is, with this fate, he is immortal. What he lives is complete and absolute and whole. He need not pass into eternity to be immortal. Here in life he is immortal: in the moment he is eternal. This is what it means that the moment is eternal, and the eternal is the moment; the impermanent is the impermanent, and the impermanent is the impermanent. Man, therefore, as he is and lives, is the guardian of the infinite and boundless spirit, and is a unique man - an individual, and a symbol of the nous.

But here comes the greatest and most beautiful step. Nietzsche says:

"in the flowering of the Greek corporeality ... that symbol, imbued with mystery, was created which represents the highest glorification of the joy of the world and of life on earth, and here was created a measure by comparison with which all that has been and is since has been and is proved short, narrow, poor". What is this that has not been achieved since? symbol and measure? A extremely difficult point best to approach with a quote. According to George, "the explanation of the unattainable position of Hellenism is inadequate to the researches which have been devoted to its internal constitution and external circumstances. Behind the historical, the septuagenarian, and the personal explanations, there is the consciousness which radiates from every memory familiar to us: the body, this symbol of transience, this body is the deity. This a in creation everything transcendent, inconceivable, most daring, human greatest thought, which in its sublimity has never been surpassed by anything else". "God incarnate and the body made flesh." This is only a sharper and clearer expression of what Montaigne says: man in his individual uniqueness is the symbol of the universal spirit; only from a different angle he looks at what the Greek experience of time reveals. The ephemeral is the impermanent: the divine is here in the moment, in the ephemeral, in the body, and here it is in its fullest, and here it is perfect. The Greek sees nothing that is not form, but sees no form that is not spirit. There is no world without divinity. There is no life without immortality. The once and transient life is the unfolding of the infinite, eternal and impermanent being: the body is the manifestation of divinity.

This is an explanation of Nietzsche's thought. This is what is meant by *"the Greek body... that mysterious symbol of the highest world-affirmation and transfiguration of existence hitherto achieved on earth"*. The Greek body is a symbol of what it lives: the glorified life. The Greek is the immortal man



as he lives in his uniqueness and transience. That is why he has never died and can never die. He who lives life to the full can never cross the line of death. The moment does not disappear, for it is; life does not perish, for it is; the body does not dissolve, for it is; the whole world: it is, and all life: it is - eternal, divine and immortal. To be Greek is to live in this immortal and eternal life. From the experience of Greekness in time, an idea has emerged which goes far beyond this experience in its significance. From the fact that the face of the moment is in fact eternal, another even more profound thought emerges: the body is in fact the face of divinity - and from this the even more profound one, and that is: life is in fact the face of immortality.

### 3. Heros and the golden age

"The teaching of the *Meden agan* is addressed to the man full of strength, not to the mediocre. *Encrateia* and *asceticism* are only the way to the heights. Higher is the golden nature. This is the *command* of the Stoics, the Christian monks, the Arabs. [...] But higher than this commandment is that *I want* - the Heretics. And higher than that I will is that *I am* - the Greek gods."

The difference in degree between being-commanding, being-willing and being-being is clear from the foregoing. It is only in the I-ness that the earthliness of divinity, the impregnation of the world with divine powers, is revealed: the divine man. But since Greek times, anyone who has tried to live this being, not only to understand it, has always found two. This is the duality of the tragic life and the Olympus: the heroic and the golden age destiny. Both are godly lives, but they lead in opposite directions. The Heros represents the sublime transience of the highest human powers; the golden age the fact that man is eternally and immortally embedded in the golden nature, the primordial home of all beings. The two are incompatible. The golden serenity of the golden age is unattainable for the hero, and the golden age excludes heroic struggle. Yet the two are one.

I am two: existence and life, struggle and happiness, journey and goal, struggle and victory, death and immortality. It is said that the opposite of life is death. No. Life is not opposed to death but to being, death is not opposed to life but to immortality. But the two are not separate. Life is the other half of existence, struggle is the content of happiness, death is not without immortality: for immortality is revealed in death.

Unamuno has a wonderfully complete expression of the Castilian Spaniards' way of life. He writes that these people live *in eterno*. Everyone knew about the way of life, but there was no name. Unamuno has found a word that covers the essence perfectly. The expression should be translated as golden age tradition, because it means: happiness is more important than glory. It completely excludes the heroic life. He does not want fame, victory, riches, adventure; he does not desire any change. He lives in the idyll of tranquillity, of peace, of undisturbed golden nature, and will not depart from it, however the beauty of heroic destiny may tempt him. In the *tradición eterno*, the primacy of happy tranquillity over

heroic struggle: the realisation of the golden age of life, of idyllic eternity, of peace and immortality.

The heroic tradition as a whole excludes peace, tranquillity and happiness. This is the struggle-immortality: the manifestation of eternal struggle, of effort. It wants to be divinized in the great deed. The hero knows that the heroic life is necessarily tragic. And the golden age is idyllic. But the Heros chooses the sublime form of annihilation of divinity, and rejects the form of silent passing. The two are one.

In Olympia, in honour of Zeus, the supreme god of Olympus, games were held every four years, to which every Greek polis, island, colony, however remote and wild, sent its representatives. There can be no doubt as to the nature of the Olympic Games. In the place dedicated to the deity, man has always assumed the nature of the being of the deity, or at least has endeavoured to assume it in appearance. This is the meaning of the cult. In Olympia the players assumed the nature of the Zeus. This is the nature: the game. They ran, they jumped, they threw discus, they wrestled, they recited - they experienced all the pleasures and beauties of heroic life, but they did so in play, that is, in peace, serenity, serenity, idyllically. The whole heroic life, but without danger; the golden age tradition, but set in the spirit of the struggle. This is the game: heroism and idyll together. And this is the true essence of Olympian Zeus.

Nietzsche is represented in world history as the explorer of Dionysian world reality. But where Nietzsche wants to say the most in remarks, in adjectives thrown around, he never uses Dionysus. He always says *olympisch*, which means two things: olympos and olympia, which means the same thing: a Zeus in whom golden age and heroism meet; a sublime struggle and idyllic bliss. This is what happened in Olympia. The representation and condition of being a Zeus is the game - that is, the hero in the golden age.

But this leads to something else. Play was not an exceptional and isolated behaviour among the Greeks. Zeus was everywhere, and took the game with him everywhere. The game is an Olympic moment, but the moment of the unfolded is eternal. The whole life of the Greeks is an Olympic game. The Greeks had two distinguished historians: Herodotus and Thucydides. If only Herodotus had survived, we could have understood why the Greeks had to write the most beautiful poetry, erect the most beautiful buildings and sculpt the most beautiful statues; if only Thucydides had survived

we would only have understood how clever, serene, practical and sober reason guided them in their political activity, colonisation and trade. So we now know that they were artists and traders, clever and contemplative, sober and passionate: both Golden Age and Herodian, and both Olympian and Olympian, who lived their whole lives in the Zeusian sign, in the sign of battle and smile, of blood and peace, of tragedy and idyll. For the idyll is tragedy, life is life, death is immortality, the game is struggle, the heroic destiny is the golden age.

## 4. The son of the universe

As a starting point on the road to authentic Greekness, Burckhardt had to adopt the position that conceived of the Greeks as the immortal shaping forces of history. Burckhardt does not address the question of absolute knowledge of Greekness. He is well aware that it is the result of textual interpretation, of interpretation, of deciphering a new find, and that it varies from generation to generation. While, of course, the essence still remains inaccessible. He does not wish to achieve scientific results. It looks at the realisation of Hellenism as the supreme historical power. A comment by Goethe has just revealed the true significance of this force of destiny. It is not possible to enter this field by scientific methods. "We do not know the Greeks," Nietzsche writes, "and intrusive scholarly eyes will never know them, ... and even such noble zeal as that of Goethe or Winckelmann found something which for him is unauthorized, forbidden, almost immodest." And Burckhardt: "Why can the specialist never be truly great, even if a hundred statues are erected to him, and even if he were a man of great courage and self-sacrifice? ... Because the world as a whole is not affected. This is the replaceable man, for his achievement can be attained by any man with little effort - while the poet and thinker is irreplaceable. The poet and philosopher is in contact with the whole world by his whole person, and therefore what he says always has general validity".

George was once called a genius by one of his friends. The poet merely remarked that the Greek would be ashamed to be called a genius among his equals. This statement is more profoundly Greek, because it is more deeply alive in him than a thousand volumes of classical philology and a billion data, that certain eternal power to mould man in every age.

And now, on this point, one more: many poets and thinkers today refer to Greekness. It must never for a moment be forgotten that the source is always Nietzsche. Just as mythology could not have been discussed since Bachofen without Nietzsche, even Hölderlin would not have had ears to hear if they had not been matured by Nietzsche. More than that: in a realistic light and judgement, even Goethe's is only just beginning to be understood. It was only after Nietzsche that a meaningful, holistic approach to Goethe (Chamberlain, Simmel, Gundolf) became possible. For Nietzsche

had a backward illuminating power - it illuminated the paths that led to it. And since Nietzsche, we are in a fundamentally different world. And the centre of that world has since been Greekness. Not because it was arbitrary on his part. It is because he noticed that something had put it at the centre. What? The question of the authenticity of Greekness has just been raised. The question has been there ever since. No authentic Middle Ages, no Chineseness. But authentic Greekness, on which Burckhardt and Nietzsche are right, is not a philological question, but something else entirely. Because the values of life are not created by the scientist, but by someone else. The question of the authenticity of Greekness is not only a matter of perception, but also a continuous realization. Thus it is not only a question of knowledge and vision, but also of continuous formation, of life order, of creation, of Greco-formation in the Goethean sense, that is, of the representation of the values of Greekness in personal life. As to who the Greeks are, it is not science that must be asked, but the gods: '*May the gods tell you what kind of Greeks we are*' (Hölderlin). This must now be remembered once more before the last, most important step.

The Powys brothers distinguish three types of religious man. The first two are the *immortal* and the *priest*. The *immortal* is the immortal who is a man utterly naive and unacquainted with the knowledge of ultimate things, who, with impartiality, regards life as somehow prolongable to infinity. This is the fundamental belief of the religion of the mass man: I cannot perish, my life is transposed somewhere where it continues, whether as matter, as force, as soul, or otherwise. The other religious man is the *priest*. This is the scientist, the priest, the physician, the initiate, who lifts up his eyes to the eternal powers, searches their will, their nature, and transmits the higher will to mankind, as teacher or educator, guides as priest, heals as physician, judges as judge. In history and society, religiousness outside the *immortal* and the *priest* is quite rare. And if there is one, exceptionally, as an outstanding poet or thinker or artist, it is: *a son of the Universe*.

One reads Homer and enters into the fullest reality of the Greek world, and sees that there is neither *immortal* nor *priest*. Everyone, from the smallest warrior to Agamemnon, Achilles, Odysseus, the sirens, the giants, the gods, is the son of the universe. The vision of eternal things and the consciousness of immortality are one: there is no difference between a Trojan warrior and Polyphemus, between Athena of Pallas and Poseidon. Each being has its own way in eternity: its own destiny in the ephemeral, its own knowledge of the infinite

of infinite forces, and its own place in the world. Everyone is in direct contact with the universe: every being is a son of the universe.

Heraclitus says: the immortal is mortal, the mortal is immortal, it lives its death, it dies its life. The sentence is as clear as Empedocles' autoapotheosis. But only if man knows that the world is the great and infinite reality in which all beings live together and in common: god, demigod, heir, man, animal, plant, mineral, stone, earth, sea, air, ether. For knowledge is the common good of all: *xünon eszti paszi to phronein*. Greek religion does not really exist. The Greek world is *kosmos atheos*. "Theodicea is not a Hellenic question, because the creation of the world is not the work of the gods... the world of the Greek gods is a floating veil that covers the awesome." There is no Greek religion, just as there is no Greek church, no Greek priesthood. No *priest* and *immortal*. No man separate from the gods. They live together in this world, which "neither man nor god created, but is from everlasting". The Greek god is not a ruling, governing, power-embodying being, but is as much the son of the universe as all plants, animals, men and stones. And it does not follow that Greek life is less but, Nietzsche reveals, infinitely more. For here all life is existence. All that shines at the height of its highest potential. *Mittag und Ewigkeit* - that is the Greek glorification of life, *Daseinsverklärung*. He who has a share in life lives in one communion with all other beings: the world is common, and life is the highest good. All are partakers of the highest. Knowledge and joy are common to all. All things are alike in majesty and charm (Homer). All existence is at the same time tragic and idyllic (Sophocles). All is change and all is one (Heraclitus, Parmenides). Therefore the moment is nothing but the eternal unfolded, life is nothing but being.

The solution to the question of authentic Greekness is this: the Greek man is the son of the universe. It is also the solution of the immortal formative power of Greekness in human history. In him man sees his glorified life lived together in the communion of gods and all beings. As Hölderlin says: "...*das göttlich ungeteilte Leben*". It is understandable, therefore, why George rejects the name of *genius*, the Greek man is not separate from the others, and not separate from the elements, and not separate from the gods.

## THE THEIOS ANTHROPOS

The only true picture of Hellenism can be one which approximates to the fullness which the Greek man lived. Wholeness is form and intensity together: form and depth, as Nietzsche says: *Schein und Tiefe*. But the success of the task does not depend on the drawing, but rather on whether one has the combined experience of form and intensity, shape and depth, that can enable one to experience wholeness - not to understand it, but to experience it more - sensually. Understanding alone is not enough and is not powerful enough to approach Hellenism. Intellect is not enough to achieve anything here. Nietzsche is probably right on this point too. It is impossible to think something so foolhardy, to assume something so unthinkable, that it does not ultimately turn out to be far below the Greeks.

The Greek is the divine man: *the theios anthropos*. It is in him both form and depth: total form and absolute intensity. It runs through his whole history from his emergence to his extinction, and it is an involvement with divinity. All true Greek phenomena can be seen only from here: myth as well as epic, tragedy and philosophy, building and sculpture; Heros and cult; men like Homer, Plato, Heraclitus, Alexander. This is the first step.

The second follows from this. The world position of the religious man is that he is negative towards the Powers. Precisely through religion, because religion is a destruction of life. And yet if one corrupts the supreme good in which all beings share together and in common, one's destiny is fundamentally flawed. From this position he must see the world as distorted. It follows from the *theios* nature of the Greek man that he sees the world without religious distortion. *The theistic* man lives in *aletheia*. Hence the third step. *Aletheia* as the form and intensity of life together: classicism.

Finally, the fourth step, which rises to the highest degree: the appearance of divine life, true life and beautiful life: the Olympian Zeus.

At this point, one more point needs to be made. Many people have often commented on how the meaning of words that are believed to be authentic Greek has changed throughout history and is now quite different from what it was originally. The change in the meaning of words is already visible in Greek times. *Cosmos* or *phycis* or *logos* means something quite different in Homer, the pre-Socratics, Plato, and the Hellenistic period. Different in the Renaissance and different today. *Cosmos* originally meant only a concrete world, later a formally ordered world in the



as opposed to disordered. From this emerged the ideally ordered world, then the world of eternal laws. The Greek sense is not uniform either. But there is something in it which is peculiarly Greek, and this can only be fully discovered if the original Greek meaning of every word can be ascertained. But it would also be necessary to recall the affinities between the words. It might still be possible to determine the meaning, but the language is made up of the affinities, and one could only know this if one were to become completely Greek. The condition of absolute knowledge of language is not formal, but real. And at this point the possibility of recalling the whole must be given up. Words can still be understood. We cannot drink from the fountain from which language flows. We can only conclude one thing: what is so difficult today in the understanding of the Greek phenomenon, word, sound, sentence, work, was not easy in the life of Greekness. It was much more than that: it alone was possible. What we see today, they could not have done or said or seen otherwise. Man today has to tear his own life from himself in order to touch Greekness, and what he has carved out in this effort is the furthest thing from Greekness. All life can only be a necessity of itself. There is always an empty space at the centre. For where the Greek destiny is a spectacle or beauty or truth for others, there is for the Greek an actual reality, an unchangeable immediate life: necessity.

# 1. The use of the adjective divine in the Iliad

Homer uses the adjective divine and thus approximately unambiguous (*dios, theios, diogenes, etc.*) when someone may not be a god in fate but is one in essence. The divine being both transpires and radiates through fate. The invisible in him becomes visible. Man transcends his own destiny and enters, if only for a moment, into the realm of the gods. The signifier is constantly there beside the dream, because the dream stands on the very border that transcends destiny into the gods. *Dios* is most often placed next to the name of Achilles, because his being is quite dreamlike to man. And *theios, dios, diogenes* Odysseus, Agamemnon, Diomedes, when his true being shines forth. The divine is not an expression of heroic power, and never occurs when one has struck down one's opponent with a splendid throw, nor does it appear when one creates a new situation with a fine word or a deft touch. From the visible, the divine is never understood. It seems as if there is a constant gate open to man, but as if there were no gate or boundary. Transcendence is possible for everyone, and is therefore an openness rather than a limit. Man can come into the midst of the gods just as the gods come down to fight or to love. But it is not a case of up or down. What man achieves in the divine is rather depth. In the intensity his whole being flares up, and at the same time it becomes visible that light is form: and it is divine.

There is immortality, which is manifested in the temporal non-existence of life. No one achieves this. Gods are born and must die. But in addition to horizontal immortality, there is another: vertical immortality, which is immortal in that it reaches joy in depth. And this is attained by every being when its destiny is seen and exists in such fullness and light, in such a completed form and intensity, that the impermanent being is simply interchangeable with the eternal being. Achilles *is Dios*, for no god in his place would live otherwise. Odysseus, Agamemnon, Diomedes, when in his destiny he attains the perfect wholeness of his being, becomes divine -, an eternal being, because he not only makes the divine visible, but becomes actually divine.

There are no qualities by which gods and men can be separated. All beings, if they are alive, have the same

the same beauty that makes all explanation superfluous. All of us who live drink from a common source. But life is not separate from being, and death is not separate from immortality. Death is only negatively annihilation, positively: the passage into eternity; just as life is only negatively passing away, positively: the arising. Existence is permanently present in life, as immortality is in death: "these are but two kinds of the permanent presence". The whole world is always complete and whole. And even if it is true that in some particular cases the difference between divine and human cannot be eliminated, it is also true that one being can pass from one world to another. *Theios* was later applicable to all men, if it became interchangeable with the divine. Statesmen, poets, philosophers, women, warriors, Olympic victors, flowers, animals could be divine, like the person of Plato or the cicada of Anacreon. *Theios* in this sense means nothing more than the recognition of the moment that the life I am living is divine. It is not the exclusive possession of the gods, for they too are only vertically immortal. In the being of the gods, *the theios* is constantly and visibly present, and this is what makes the divine being who he is. In man, however, it is only a glimpse, or the result of the whole destiny in the artist, the philosopher, the warrior. That is why one can speak of divine vocations. The herald, the ruler, the poet, the philosopher, the oracle, is without further ado. But any vocation, and any manifestation of life, can be divine if its form becomes so absolute that it follows voluntarily and visibly from the divine reality of life itself, which needs no explanation. One author says: 'in Greek man, from the beginning of Hellenism to its last representative, the instinct to deify himself and the world by his own power has been ever present'. But this says only one half of the matter. For for the Greek man, this instinct is not based on the conquest of human destiny, but follows from the very essence of life, it is not a struggle, but flows directly *from the Achilles' charm of Hellenism*.

And here comes the simplest and most natural turn. Nothing is more alien to Hellenism than the separation of horizontal and vertical immortality. This conception is characteristically dualistic, and runs counter to the *Hen panta einai*-java of Greekness. The Greek saw neither horizontally nor vertically separately, but always spherically and in three dimensions. Life is immortal in its temporal impermanence, but death is included. Impermanence is a property of life. Without transience, there is no life. But transience is not only a property of life , life itself

is the property of passing, that is, the property of life is the property of the impermanent and the eternal. The two are one. All reality is constantly present: life and being, death and immortality, passing and eternal, are together, not on separate planes and in separate depths, but: universally. And the place of beings in this world is not determined by plane and depth, but by their relation to the centre. And in the centre is the source of life. It is around this source that the gods live directly. Farther away, humans. But the path to the centre is completely free for everyone. Everyone drinks as much of the water of life as he can. And the Greek man's instinct of divinity, his turning towards the centre, is but the direction of his destiny towards the centre. When in this impulse he reaches the gods, he becomes a theios, whether he be a heros, a poet, a diviner, a philosopher, or other.

## 2. The aletheia

When man has grasped and experienced in all his reality what is meant by the use of the adjective divine in Greek, he will understand directly the difference between the attitude of the Greek man on the one hand, and that of all men before and since, and all men living and living after him, towards the divine on the other. The Greek understands and knows and lives the gods directly from his own life, and can therefore see them in their full reality without any distortion. The whole world. This pure, simple, straightforward attitude and look: *aletheia*.

*Aletheia* means right, true and real together. "*Marriage of the right with the real.*" At the same time, however, it is something in which the vision overlaps the attitude. Only he can see truly and rightly and justly and truly, whose being itself is true, right, real. From this it is quite self-evident that *aletheia* also implies unconcealment. It is a state and quality in which he who sees in what he sees, sees revealed, is a man revealed in the revealed world. Man is as transparent as the world. The world is unveiled only to him who is himself unveiled. Things are seen only by the gaze of one who lives in full transparency of himself. The world reveals itself only to him who has opened himself to the world. To look truly and to look truly is one.

Since Greek times it has been almost impossible to understand this fact. It is possible to look truthfully, but this truth can be only a personal attitude and an individual passion for truth, which is subjective and can miss the point. On the other hand, one can look truthfully, see fact and reality, but the person who sees can be qualitatively unworthy and vile. The unified *aletheia* is bifurcated into truth and reality. This is the result of man's dualistic attitude. In the same way, knowledge and cognition have become two. Knowledge is generally psychological in nature, in religious philosophical terms: it refers to immanence. To know is to know only the so-called earthly. Knowledge refers to the world beyond man: transcendence. The two do not overlap. The scientist, the practical man knows; the priest, the poet, the philosopher knows. The intellect knows, the intuition knows. But in *aletheia*, knowledge and knowing are one, there is no practice without theory, all immanence has a transcendent root, intuition and reason are the same.

*Aletheia* has the following group of meanings: right, true, real, genuine, unveiled, open, transparent, transparent. This is the meaning of

transparency, this pure reality without any clouds or stains, not at all glassy, not at all so-called spiritual. If it were, it would be passive, and it would let everything pass through. And if it were spirit, it would be sterile. Glassiness and spirit are both a kind of void. But he who is transparent is neither passive nor empty, and sees precisely by his transparency. But this is not enough. *Aletheia* means not only opacity and transparency, but also permeability. What reveals and at the same time reveals him, and what permeates the world also permeates him. It is woven through with this pervasiveness and permeated with this pervasiveness. What is it that interweaves and permeates? Only the pure and transparent and uncovered, who is wholly and completely imbued and impregnated and permeated by the world with that precious and intrinsically sweet and supremely divine substance which is life.

The transparency of *aletheia* is the result of its vitality, its saturation and its transcendence. The knowledge and knowing of *aletheia* is to be in flame with the world: to be in synchronicity in a colourless, transparent flame. To be imbued with life, with being, to be embedded in relationships, values, passions, objects and beings, to be imbued with the radiance of things and beings, and the flames, mutually amplifying, can heat one up until one is completely transparent. Transparent and visible and seeing, for the world opens and melts in him.

He who understands one language more deeply understands another, and even his mother tongue. The one who is more passionately attached to his beloved will be more passionately attached to his friend and to his homeland and his family. He who delights more deeply in spring will delight more deeply in art and all beauty. One passion does not diminish the other, if it is positive, but transmits its own fire and enlivens it. And when in man attraction, connection, passion, ambition, joy, respect, impulse, instinct, intellect, burned through by each other's fire, reach the highest point, they become at once transparent in the flame of the fires of life. *Aletheia* is not transparent because it is glassy, it would be transparent if it were empty. It is covered because it is full, and full of life.

### 3. The classicism

Whoever has understood why *the aletheia* must necessarily follow *from the theios position of the* Greek man will see clearly that the complement of the *aletheia* is the classic.

*Theiosis* is the turning towards the centre of the world, the source of life: the passage into the divine being, the transcendence of life, must be followed by classicism, which, after the two former, is the formal element of the Greek world-position. *The theistic* man lives in *aletheia* and is therefore necessarily classical. *Aletheia* is necessarily *a theiotic* condition, but it is always formed in the classical. Classicism is therefore: the *theios* man in *aletheia*.

One researcher has dug up that the term classical was first used by the Romans. It was originally a social term because it meant a *class of classici*, Roman citizens. Others, and later, associated the term with the Greek *canon*, which means exemplary or standard-bearer. In its ancient meaning, classical really meant: normative. However, this is not the sense applied to Greek. Above all, it is: a principle of form. Completed whole. It has a centre, a material, a perimeter, a surface, and in all of these the harmony is perfectly resolved. But the form is not given from outside, but is the principle of order. Classical is that which is the rule in crystal. In it, form and tectonics are one. Thus, in its crystalline transparency, closed on all sides, the concept of the classical is used today in a uniform sense.

*Aletheia* and classicism are inseparable adjectives. But the third is also inseparable: *the Theios*, and the divine being built on this triple unity: the classical figure of *the Theios*, the pure *Aletheia*, from whom the whole image is taken: the Olympian Zeus.

The classic is a closed whole, uniformly finished, and therefore inaccessible from all sides. But this intangibility need not be taken literally. It is better not to be touched than not to be touched. It is finished, there is nothing to do with it, one can turn it in vain, there is nothing to improve. It is covered with a mantle of finished and mature things. It is impossible to touch it because it is so perfectly beautiful. It is incomplete, and therefore the only thing to do with it is to admire it. That is why one author says that "*Klassik ist die Vollendung im Diesseitigen*". Classicism is completion in earthly existence. At the same time, it is "*gefüllt mit den Dauerhaften*" - complete in the imperishable. But the

Greek man did not separate the earthly from the transcendent, life from being. Therefore, completion is in all respects and in all senses a fullness of life and being. *Aletheia*: where transparency is not a state but also a position, not only an intensity but also a form. The classical creation, life, fate, action, word, phenomenon marks the place where being, action, word, work stands and is in the world. And that place is Olympus. What he says is nothing other than the presence of Olympus in life. Just as *theios* is always formal in that it pronounces the divine, the classical is always an intensity in that here, in some form, the Olimpos appears. That is why it is untouchable, why it is not to be touched, even though it is completely revealed and transparent. *Mittag und Ewigkeit* and *Vollendungsruhe* are transparently crystalline: in sculpture, in building, in writing, in state, in philosophy, in destiny. Always together: intense and formal.



## 4. The three faces of Zeus

The greatest heights are the ones that can be most mistaken. But it is here that any mistake becomes inexcusable. Zeus is the god of the greatest heights, and in his essence, mistakes are unforgivable. All who have hitherto lifted up their heads to him have, almost without exception, seen in him Jehovah. Yet the highest beings are the least alike. There is no more fundamental difference than between Zeus and Jehovah. Jehovah is known to have created the world, to own and possess it, and to rule it with unlimited power. This instinct of creation, possession, and unlimited power is what Zeus was seen to have, and from it was created a demiurge. And of all this there is nothing in his essence.

Zeus did not create the world: he was born and born into this world, into whose order he had to fit. He is also a son of the universe. He has no instinct of power. The world is not his. The cosmos is a given order, and no one owns it. The gods live in this *cosmic atheos*, like all beings. Zeus, the prince of the world, is king - because he is king by his being.

This is not the place to speculate on what is impersonal in this world, and how it follows from the world what Heraclitus says: it was not created by man nor by god, it is, was and will be from eternity. Nothing here is personal, summarizable, or self-evidently lawful, and therefore, according to the Greeks, there is no unique being, person, someone, from whose being this world can be conceived. Hence, in exclusive creative monotheism, the suspicion of the pseudo-existentiality of the demonic instinct of domination is always present.

Zeus is not the creator of the world, he is not the possessor of the world, he cannot destroy the world, his dominion is not unlimited. He is a being, and he has something that all beings have: destiny. God, and therefore the highest of all beings. He is the Lord of the world, but as King, he who governs, the earth, the people that were before him, generously allowing them to be when he is no more.

### **Father of gods and men**

Zeus is the father of gods and men, the highest manifestation of masculine creative power. In this way, man has stepped directly into the warm and

a fertile world in which Zeus is the ruler of the world, king of the nations and head of the family in the great world of living creatures. He is in a paternal position: not because he begets the living beings, but because, conscious of his boundless generative power, he cannot see the living as anything other than his children. Zeus looks upon gods and men with the fatherly eye, with the kindness, the severity, the indulgence, the distance, the kindness and the warm-heartedness of the fatherly eye. But it is not this kindness or severity or warmth that is deepest in fatherhood. The truly fatherly is the infinite reassurance of seeing a child. It is a sign of his creative power, and he alone knows the secret from which the child's life has grown. Compared to Zeus, all other creatures are saplings, buds and buds. He alone is the unfolded and ripened world. The relation that is possible with him is the relation to the mature and fertile begetter. Compared to him, all other beings are immature. And this glance which he casts upon gods and men is the calm of inexhaustible masculine procreation. Like the towering oak he towers over the world, and the life which others live so curiously and eagerly he already knows and knows. He saw them all when he was weeping. Therefore he is *Patroos*, the god of the ancients. The mature man who has such immeasurable superiority over his family that it is impossible to suppose revenge, envy, impatience, impetuosity, from him. Such great power can be manifested in no other form than tenderness. Therefore Zeus looks upon gods and men with a smile, serenity and tenderness.

One aspect of the father's position in the world is the offspring. The other is the woman. The woman has no part in creation, she only welcomes and understands the being that springs from the man like a spark from the fire. Hence, the woman lacks the calm tenderness and undue benevolence towards the man. Though she can never stop herself, she secretly seeks to break and undermine him. And woman is stronger than all men, she is mad with all kinds of masculinity but one. That one: the Zeus. Just as in woman it is not beauty, flirtatiousness, charm, talent that binds most deeply, but earthiness, fertility, in man it is not wit, knowledge, heroism, indissoluble magnetic force, but the zeusic power of procreation. It is the unbreakable and the irreducible, to which the woman succumbs just as the man feels himself bound once and for all only to earthly fertility. The Greek *theos* has a meaning which says: personal creative being. The woman also rebels against Zeus, but she knows very well that it is in vain, hopeless: here she has no prospect of rule. Zeus on the other hand tolerates the rebellion with undisturbed calm serenity. A

creative power that lives within him: the interconnecting and unifying, the world unifying. In today's terms, love. She is the centre in which the threads of the interwoven world all meet, for procreation is the centre of the world, the source of life. From it creatures spring, from it ever-renewing life flocks and swarms and floods the earth. And from this fountain, woman cannot depart.

### **The wolf**

The symbol of the father of gods and men is the Oak Tree (*Yggdrasill*), tended in Dódoné by priestesses, women who were attached to the life-giving spring. They had to be women, for she who knows manhood directly is woman: child, wife and mother, and thus feels man threefold - the Zeusian force. In Dodona the cult of the ancient Pelasg Zeus was still alive, and the image of *Zeus* of this Pelasgian time *khthonios* is fulfilled in the very different side of him, who is: the *lykaios*, the *scotaios*, the *thymoros*. This is the dark and fearsome wolf-god, the lord of the Erinyes. Zeus is in the strongest relationship with the earth, the woman, the source of life. And just as Demeter is Erinnys: the mother avenging life, Zeus, the father, is also the Wolf: the guardian of world order and the pursuer of filth, who tears apart those who disrupt it.

Zeus the Pelasgic demanded human sacrifice. The Sun, the Light, the Light, the Truth, the *Aletheia*, always demands human sacrifice. He who does not live warmly, joyfully, fruitfully, righteously, is torn apart by life. The wolf appears.

Zeus is above all strict and impartial, but this cruel order has a very Greek, Theosophical, Olympian, *aletheian* meaning. And above all, he is a classical figure. The order is strict, impenetrable and cruel. But it is an order of light, beauty and joy. The Chinese would say that Zeus is impartial, but not in the face of yin, but in the face of yang - not as ananké, darkness, but as joy and serenity. The vengeance that comes to the being is the vengeance of the pure source of life, the devastating thunderbolt of *aletheia*. It tears apart the one who lives unworthily. Life casts off the one who treats it unworthily. It strips man, age, nation, city, state. It is the world's command. The cruelty of Zeus: you must rejoice, you must be just, you must be serene, you must create, and you must open yourself happily. He who does not rejoice is wretched, he defiles the beauty of the world with his wretchedness, and the wolf tears it to pieces.

That's why Zeus had to make a human sacrifice. He is the one who shows and represents the life of *the Theios-aletheia-classics*, and he is the one who, if someone violates this eternal destiny, takes revenge. For the order of the world over which Zeus watches is as delicate as life itself, the cosmos, the beautiful order, and the more beautiful, the more delicate. Everywhere in the whole world there is an instant confusion and obscurity, if only one man, in one place, for one moment, disturbs the purity and transparency, the *aletheia* and classicism of life. Zeus is the guardian of serenity, peace, silence, tranquillity, clarity. If anyone disturbs this order, he must know the wolves. He must know what he has done, and what the disturbance he has recalled, bitterly, upon himself, and he must know that life is so pure that it casts out all filth from itself at once. Zeus is the lord of light *olympheios* and *lykeios*, the wolf-god. In Lûkaon, Zeus eats human flesh for a feast.

The rule of the wolf is not moral, it is much more and deeper than that. It is precisely the Greek and the Zeusian. In this absolute rigour, there is no artificial morality alien to nature and independent of life. No. It is pure life itself. The world is beautiful, and the highest command is: rejoice in this beauty (*agathos daimon*).

Zeus is where this order is nurtured and respected and maintained. He is at home on the agora. Inspirer of the council (*boulaios*). God of the community (*phratrios*). In Olympia he stands in the judgment hall (*horklos*). Participates in the endeavours which preserve the harmony of the peoples (*homoloios*). And where the wolf appears, it is not a personal will independent of the world that is manifested, but the deepest being and the most ancient face of the world: the golden age of serenity. Zeus does not punish, he is only the master of the power that is inherent and inherent in the world and in life. In the Odyssey, Homer says: men falsely accuse the gods of bringing evil, they themselves invoke it by their actions.

### **The logic of world government**

Zeus embraces the dark and inexorable doom on one side and the golden age on the other. He created neither. Ananké and the golden age are independent of him. But he is the one who knows them all in a way that no one else does. Zeus is the only being who does not rebel. Not because he created the world and devised the laws that govern it. He found the constitution ready-made. But he is the only being who has created the world constitution as it is, without any change, and

and therefore without any opposition. Why? Because in him alone is life so complete that it can rejoice in everything. The greatest power and the greatest knowledge is to accept the world as it is and to rejoice in life unconditionally, always and completely. This is the Olympian nature of Zeus. This is the highest knowledge:

The world if true: **One.**

If this One is true: **Beautiful.**

If this One is **true** and beautiful: **good.**

This is the triune unity of the creator *theos*, the lightning-bright *aletheia* and the *agathos daimon*: the Olympian Zeus. And this is the Zeusic gaze in this world: the calm serenity of a gentle and tender smile with which he looks at things and beings.

Zeus has conquered the Titans: the rebels, and in himself he has conquered the rebel. Because the greatest strength is not fighting and fighting and rebellion and heroism, but serenity. Only serenity can make you not rebel. Only serenity is the force that can restrain rebellion against the eternal and unchangeable order of the world. It can curb contradiction. Life is not to be opposed, to be used to change the world and to defeat and fight it, but to be lived. And the fullness of life is joy. The highest life is not power, but: serenity. Zeus sits on the height of Olympus, not because of his power, but because he is the strongest. And this power is: to rejoice in the world as he always has and always will. Zeus is the ancient Uranian god of splendour, of radiant darkness - and of purity: *aithrios*. He is the god of *Vollendungsruhe* and of *Mittag und Ewigkeit*: the *Hemeirius*. And he is complete here, here in life, in the moment, and therefore the god of classical life.

The adjectives are not adornment and not wealth. The pure ethereality, the serenity and calm, the Olympian look is not once and for all resolved, and therefore not a sign of a soft, reconciled existence. The ultimate meaning of the logic of world government is that it is all present as the highest force and tension. Zeus governs the world not by intervening and directing it from outside, but by stepping out from the centre as the guardian of the fire of life: the *ceraunos*. The lightning that flares up is the basic principle of the world's constitution. Zeus's rule is irresistible, sober, sparkling, terrible and great. It is the keraunos. It is the Olympian gaze

has lightning and lightning power. Its gentleness is also the taming of the terrible power of lightning - when it is gentle and smiling, there is still the glowing spark in its smile. Power here is everything to its innermost core, so much power that it is at its peak and is already revealed, illuminated, clarified, calmed, serene. The world is governed by lightning, as Plato says: '*apo pyros pédesantos exaphthen phos*' - the light that is kindled by the spark that bursts forth.

## VI.

### CRITICISM OF HELLENISM

What follows will be completely misunderstood by those who seek a programme or a categorical statement. The basis on which this thought dwells knows what it means to give a programme to a world not yet made, to influence a time not yet arrived at. Man anticipates himself and lives tomorrow today. And if he is ahead of himself, he is guiltily stepping out of time. This vice then turns back and takes revenge on the programme and its maker, taking away what is most beautiful and precious in time: the magic of the newspaper and the beauty of the moment.

The programme is violence on time. The moment can no longer be a moment, because it has been calculated, spoiled, humiliated and defiled well in advance. And instead of appearing in all the splendour of *Cairo*, as the resplendent unexpected and accidental, and fertilising destiny with all the unforeseen and unpredictable incomprehensible virginity that is the delight of the moment, it falls before man, tired and deflowered, like a flower plucked and wilted prematurely. The program takes the virginity of the moment, pierces the heart of time in the middle. The demonic order of life appears always and everywhere by design, projecting and calculating its intentions in advance, and instructing tomorrow with the program.

But one must also be aware of its abstract and categorical, so-called supra-personal validity. There is no supra-personal validity that does not have a hidden personal direction. He who proclaims an extra-personal validity does not know his own will, because instinct carefully hides it from him. And while the program desecrates the moment, abstract validity does the same to the eternal. To validate something

as much as to raise a personal principle to adoption. The one destroys beauty in Cairo, the other undermines the eternal being of man, the Daimon. For validity exalted above life is nothing more than a shackle by which the eternal being, the Daimon, is bound once and for all. The program pierces the heart of the moment, the categorical validity the eternal heart.

What is here is not valid for anyone and is not a program. It speaks of an exodus. Exodus is when the fate of man in the community becomes unbearable and the individual withdraws. So did Lao Tzu, so did Heraclitus, so did Empedocles, so did the Asian and Alexandrian anachorites. Everything has been done once, just as "everything great has been said at least once". In the world there is always something consistent, and yet always different. Always the same and always new: understandable and incomprehensible, predictable and unpredictable. For history has its Cairo, the product of the new and unexpected moment; and its Daimon, who is irredeemably one and eternal.

The exodus is long in progress. Montesquieu marks the point in the middle of the eighteenth century when the great man first withdrew from the life of the state because the situation there had become intolerable for him. In Voltaire's time, he withdrew from the Church; then from the economy, and gradually from all spheres of public life. Now this withdrawal is taking place from art and science, and the great man is leaving the place to which the mire of unproductive success clings. The great man is ceding the whole field of life to the small. For the spirit alone cannot sanctify life. The spirit, like everything else, must have an irrational sanction. Without it, the whole world may exist, but it is still empty, meaningless and insignificant. Above all, it is unholy.

What is exodus, it is a waste to talk about. *"Das edelste ging euch verloren: Blut,"* as Goethe says, "that which was noblest in you was lost: blood." Anyone who knows the great men of the last two hundred years knows what we are talking about. Ruined taste builds squalid caverns, that is the city; depraved and frayed men gnash their teeth in fear, that is religion; they commit tasteless, idiotic follies, that is art; they destroy the beauty of nature, they devour the divine meaning of language, and live with "women who would disgust slaves." Perhaps George is right that the Roman emperor's mercenary lust-boy, who could be bought for a few sesterces, could not be persuaded to take dominion over modern mankind. And "what is needed are not civil revolutions, constitutional conflicts and economic struggles,

but the creation of a noble and beautiful man and people. In this consciousness, all those who had withdrawn from the world met in one place outside the world, and that place was the Empire. A race of the other world. Its basic principle is that the state, the people and humanity can only emerge from the radical transformation and ennoblement of the individual. "The central force in the creation of community is the question of personality." But the ennobled man has no place anywhere in the world today. He is forced to remain on the outside, hoping that the number of nobles will increase. The strength of the Empire is always increasing in the same proportion as the strength of society, state, church, economy and the whole present order of life is diminishing. At the moment when the present order of life is destroyed, the Empire will take effect without violence and take control of the earth.

Those who refer to Greekness for the Exodus and the establishment of the Empire are making a fatal error. This error applies to everyone from the humanists to the present day, except Nietzsche. The empire theorists confuse Greekness with Plato. No one in Hellenism, apart from Plato, was deeply concerned with the plan for the foundation of the state. This is not a general or typical Greek trait. It is only one among others, and like so many other faculties, it is great, but neither inferior nor superior to the others.

Yet the matter is not simple. For it is true that Plato, in founding the Academy, separated man from the real state. Or it is true that he created in the Academy a home for man, who was detached from a society about to fall apart. The philosophers (Heraclitus, Empedocles) and the various sects (Orphics, Pythagoreans) had already prepared the way. When home, city, family, homeland had all become lies, deceit, violence, spoils and prey, he created a place where the noble life could retreat. But this place, and here the fatal mistake, was not outside the world. There was no afterlife. The Academy had no redeeming feature. Plato was a true Greek, and his poignantly great idea (which, as Nietzsche says, was incomprehensible even to the most warm-hearted) was to build a divine state, a *theia politeia*, but he intended this to be founded, of course, on the divine man, *the theios anthropos*.

Plato himself gives all the explanations for this in his Letter VII. If, in a country, he writes, "the unity of spirit and power is only once, in one man, really realized," that is, if these two opposing forces are only once joined together,



the divine state must come into being. But what is this spirit and power together? What is it that shall only once, only once, be kindled somewhere, only once in one man, and only once unite spirit and power, in the great man as philosopher and statesman genius - what is it that shall "reveal the truth to all men and barbarians and Hellenes for ever"? The letter goes on to say. But whence, for God's sake, does it come?" and behold it grows into itself."

The explanation is this: man is the fundamental principle of the divine realm, the spark that bursts forth, the fire, the Zeusian keraunos, the lightning. Lightning is the instrument of world government. Only once should it burst forth from the real community of life, and then it will flare up and spread without help. Then the Zeusic fire will appear, in which spirit and power are one. And then the earth will be overwhelmed unquenchable, and the truth will be seen face to face by all Hellenes and barbarians. Is there any thought more horrid than this? Is there anything more daring, more titanic, more Promethean in this human effort to bring down Zeus's thunderbolt from Olympus to found the Empire? All Plato's images pale in comparison, only Nietzsche's is worthy of the real one, the Titan who wants to found and govern the human community with the Keraunos. To found the Empire of Lightning. To build the *theia politeia* from the fire that bursts out and ignites from the true community.

There is no question here of any education and training of men and exodus and founding and redemption of an imaginary place outside the world. It is quite realistic and Greek, but in the Nietzschean sense, in a way that is 'immeasurably greater than even the most warm-hearted can imagine'.

*"Die Griechen waren im Begriffe einen neuen, noch höheren Typus Mensch zu schaffen* - Greeks were on the way to creating a new, even higher type of man." The Platonic state "is not based on escaping from time, but on grasping real existence". And this real existence is always: the divine.

Hellenism is not an example, nor a basis for any other humanity. Whenever one looks into the depths of what is true and great in a people and in an age, one finds that it is inimitable. There is no eternal human here. There was once a Titanic being, Plato, like Prometheus, who wanted to build a state out of the fire of Zeus, who wanted to rule the world with lightning. "The generalization of Greekness, and the generalization of the human in general, is not characteristically

Greek and non-classical phenomenon." Of all the states, Plato's is not the most abstract and unreal, but the most concrete and real and beautiful, and classical alone, because it alone is divine.

And here is the explanation of what Burckhardt says: in understanding the Greek world, "myth always stands like a wall in front of the facts. But the greatest enemy of accurate historiography is not myth... but the Greek's incorrigible inaccuracy and utter indifference to exactitude. Their objectivity does not refer to the factual soundness of a fact, but always to what is important in that fact. Greek objectivity is not exact but classical. Because they grasp the essential. And the essential is that which is intangible. The Greeks simply lived for themselves, not for history. For themselves and not for humanity. For the Greek man, life had no meaning except as it was artistically shaped. This is where science must always run aground against Greekness. For the lifeless eye, which is that of science, cannot see art and poetry, that is, the artistic shaping and the grasping of what is important. *"Den Mangel, verspüren, was Dichtung ist, nennet man wissenschaftlichen Sinn* - the lack of poetic sense, it is called: scientific sense" (George).

Greekness is not a suitable subject for science. What science ascertains is only exegetical, and does not belong to its sphere of importance. But neither is Hellenism suitable for general human ends, nor can it be used as a means of salvation. Hellenism does not justify anything at all. What Hellenism lives, as Plato says in the Symposium, is *'auto kath auto meth' auto monoeides aei on* - self for self eternal mono-existence'.

"All time is a Sphinx who, having solved its own mystery, throws itself into the abyss." It disappears and nothing of it remains, just as nothing of a natural phenomenon or a beautiful woman remains. Once it is, it cannot be repeated, it cannot be perpetuated, it cannot be recalled. The irrational singularity is incomprehensible. And all human beings are helpless against it. A wonderful dawn or a brilliant sunset, a glowing, sparkling noon - one stares in shock at how beautiful, how magnificent and how inexplicable. And that's what's most beautiful about it: it's elusive and fleeting. The passing, which is life itself, shines forth in its incomparable virginity, and is gone forever. The artificial flower is unbearable because it does not wither. And when one is confronted with life, inexplicably beautiful, one is shaken by its beauty,

you know that you don't have to understand everything. There is no need to explain. Great phenomena are incomprehensible, and the greater they are, the more incomprehensible they become. This is their defence against being touched, against being penetrated. They pass away lest their secrets be opened, and they throw themselves into the abyss lest they be cut into pieces. Death is the guardian of their beauty. The beauty that is the gods' gift to man, given to him because he has lost his happiness.

Hellenism is not a waiting place, not a hiding place, not an escape, not a redemption, not an ideal. It is the most beautiful lived, and therefore nothing in the world is so irrevocably and eternally dead.

Yes, but it is impossible to believe that what man has once achieved can be made to disappear. That there is greatness, beauty, power, knowledge, which man has already lived, and which can be lost and destroyed. But that this great and beautiful and true and deep is still here is as incomprehensible as that it is lost. The world cannot be explained, cannot be understood, cannot be known, but can be lived. Things are not there to be understood. That which is lost and imperishable is just as irrational as that which is sunk and is no more. And so Greekness is doubly ungraspable: because it is lost forever, and because it can never pass away.

And here is the meaning of the situation of Hellenism. There is, therefore, for all those for whom the world as it is lived is intolerable: Hellenism is the image of a perfect and complete and beautiful and divine world. But the moment I take a single step towards this life, it disappears and turns out to have been dead for two thousand years. It stands indelibly above us and, as Nietzsche says, judges us. But when we want to step out of the time that is fated to be ours, when we want to tear down and deny our own life, then we do precisely that which is completely counter-Greek, then it disappears. Denying our own time is not helped by being Greek. Hellenism has never denied its time, and therefore itself. Nor is it (even now) willing to help us to deny it.

There is no survival in this decayed and degraded humanity. All that is beautiful and true and great in man is being eaten away by this demonic destruction of life. It cannot be left behind. But you cannot leave it. For, if he remains in it, he lives the ignominy that belongs to the age; but no one can leave it, for then he gives up his own destiny, and that is an even greater ignominy than the first.

And here follows, for here must follow the criticism of Greekness.

# 1. The analysis of antiquity

The question of the authenticity of Hellenism falls once and for all. Not only is the measure irrational; there is no measure of authenticity at all. The Greek world is approached either by intuition or by encyclopaedism. Neither is one hundred percent. Let Hölderlin be an example of the first, Wilamowitz of the second.

In Hölderlin's Greek world there is no objective factor. As they would say today, he had no expertise. But this world, though personal, gives the impression of being complete, true and beautiful. It is not so much the reality that makes it so; rather, it is the depth and seriousness of the experience. There is no question of authenticity. Many of his ideas are rejected by historians and philologists. Yet his influence was and is unheard of. So much so, that classical philology today has elevated Hölderlin to the status of an almost antique author, and refers to him as if the poet's intuition were equivalent to the personal experience of Pausanias. Here is the nineteenth-century poet as a primary source for judging authentic Greekness.

The second method is Wilamowitz's encyclopaedism. Intuition is as absent from this world as expertise from the former. All statements are based on objective facts. Of course, the analysis of science has shown what material fact and grounding actually mean. The Greek world of Hölderlin is complete, true and beautiful because its experience is deep and serious; the world of Wilamowitz is fragmentary, complex and confused, leaving nothing to experience, and seeking to achieve everything by systematic objectivity. It will never be a world, at most an encyclopaedia; it will never be knowledge, at most knowledge; it will never be beauty, only boredom, dryness, endless notes and endless references. It all gives the impression of a temporary solution to a problem of detail. Of course, the analysis of science also revealed what the reference, the problem, the systematic objectivity is. Neither method, nor boredom, nor notes should be underestimated. This is precisely the irrationality of science, that is, this is the religion in it. This is the ritual. This is the scientific prayer. Poor and superstitious, but prayer. Nowhere is the pseudo-religiousness of science and the pseudo-scientificness of systematic expertise more apparent than where intuitive experience and encyclopaedic knowledge are to be compared. Most people, today as in the past, have neither intuition nor expertise. The two are sometimes easier, sometimes

merged in a less transparent way. In a way that is typical of the scientist's personality and individuality, in one case by shaming and hiding the intuitive element, in another case by ignoring it, i.e. leaving it below the threshold. The result is a disappointing, disorderly and indigestible body of knowledge, dragged out by the hair, from which there are hardly any exceptions, and if there are, only where intuition trumps expertise in an elementary way. The fact is that intuition is unreliable, but expertise is no less so. And the result is that if both are false, authentic Greek cannot be known, nor can anyone see the extent of the credit.

The difficulty does not end here, but begins here. Although it is hopeless to establish authenticity, it is a fact that every age from the Romans to the present day has had an image of Greekness, and that image has actively interfered with man's thinking. *"Auseinandersetzung mit den Griechen"*, as Nietzsche puts it. What is raised by any work, image, idea or opinion about Greece does not turn on authenticity, but, quite independently of it, on something quite personal, given, present and living: ancient knowledge. For man, the sensual, temporal, natural, historical, social reality of the world is given in its entirety only as present. It cannot be otherwise. Man is complete only in the present, worldly round and free on all sides. Which is the same: only the present can be existential, nothing else. I cannot live in any other time but today, simply because I am actually living today. My existence is attached to the present, and this attachment to the present is my present consciousness. I must first bring a past age, a past time, a past language, a past poet, a past man, a past species, into the present, so that I can come face to face with it and look at it. It is like translating from one language to another. I cannot go there, so I bring it here. Here, I either act intuitively and bring it all over at once (Hölderlin), and what will be will be, I forget the car, book printing, electricity, Dante and Shakespeare, and I restrain myself as best I can and can do, that is, I attempt to exit my present; or I can go about it professionally (Wilamowitz), and then patiently and slowly draw stroke by stroke in my present, and build up antiquity step by step. Intuition is wrong, because I cannot tear myself away from the present, and the picture I get is false; expertise is wrong, because however accurately I draw, what I draw is the present time, the present age, the present atmosphere and the present world, and this picture is also false.

But antiquity is not something that one can deliberately recall. Ancient consciousness is something that everyone has, buried deep as a prior incarnation or an archaio-psychological layer, an inherited spirit, or even just a memory of matter. Whatever you want to call it now. The fact is that what is past is somehow present in one's memory, even if one has not heard or learned anything about the past age or person. In man, ancient consciousness is buried as a psychological reality, but it lives.

But ancient consciousness is not essentially different from present consciousness. The former is only a variant of the latter. It has the capacity to return, the talent to immerse. Ancient consciousness is the possibility of falling back into the present: a kind of descent into consciousness.

But it gets interesting when one realises that the vast majority of living beings today have no real present consciousness. Nor can they. You can't demand such a high level of alertness from the majority. People living today are generally at different distances behind, backward, at different stages of backward consciousness. For to live in the present requires perfect alertness and to be present in the age requires a clear, resolute spirit that says yes to the age and accepts the age intensely in its entirety. There are very few such people. He who does not accept the present only at one point, his consciousness is already sinking back at that point. He who does not accept the whole of time, his whole consciousness sinks back. And he who accepts an age other than the present as better than the present, lives in a permanent descent of consciousness. Finally, whoever accepts the ancient age instead of the present age as truer and greater, his consciousness has sunk into the archaic archaio-psychological layer.

It is natural that the infinite danger of sinking consciousness is not usually acknowledged. In fact, most people feel a sense of triumph: here we are, we have made it back. They do not think that the greatest danger of going backwards is going backwards. Backwards, that is, not forwards. In the opposite direction to the way you should go. Going back always has a magical meaning and significance. It is partly a dread of fulfilling one's destiny, partly a return to the old, that is, an escape to the ancestors. The situation of the fallen consciousness would be expressed by an Oriental as: fleeing from one's own destiny, and by this flight preparing for one's next incarnation, where one will and must live in a much more fallen consciousness, as a fool or an animal. And in the parlance of Europe: man proves unworthy of it,

to live his destiny vigilantly, and so he is plunged back into a gloom where he must be among the fragments of a world already lived.

Ancient consciousness is the regressed part of the present consciousness that cannot achieve wakefulness, living among the remnants of a disintegrated and dismantled and already digested world, among dead ancestors. If anyone should object here and say that, after all, going backwards is nothing but going back to the origin and the source, to the ancient and the primitive, the answer is: true, but there is a place at the source only for those who were born there, and among the ancients only those who were born ancestors can live a true life. And primitive and ancient? It must be remembered that the golden age, that is to say the source and the origin, is not a historical and not a psychological and not a mythological image, but a purified supreme of transfigured existence, a pure solar being, *homo apricus*, as the Romans said, which is not an age but the possibility of the eternal present. And the primitive is not the same as the golden age, for it is nothing but the late degeneration of the prehistoric soul. Antiquity is not an approach to the golden age, but a spiritual retrieval.

The test here, as everywhere, is Nietzsche. There seems to be no doubt, if anyone, for him, antiquity was an actual reality. To raise the question in this state of things is premature. But we can already venture that Nietzsche belonged neither to Hölderlin's intuitionist nor to Wilamowitz's encyclopaedic circle. Neither the ungrounded enthusiast nor the existential specialist. This is clear to everyone at first sight. And it is even unlikely, as the lazy brainiacs, lest they need to elaborate further, would like to say: a fortunate conflation of the two. Of course, how nice it would be, fifty percent expertise, fifty percent intuition, and the whole thing would be solved. We are talking about Nietzsche's account of antiquity. The Greek man, nature, thought, spirit, art, order of life, society, ideas, morals, there is plenty of all of these, just not one. For Nietzsche, Greekness is culture, and the present is existence. Culture can be admired, it can be brought up as an example, and this is what Nietzsche does. But there is never a single word, reference or gesture that indicates that he has cast an eye on Greek existence. And if anyone, he alone knew that Greek culture could be known at will by anyone, but that Greek existence never could. For existence can only be seen from within, lives from within and is from within. For us there is no existence but our own. Everything can be a mask, a dress, happiness, a theory, a carnival, our own existence can never be.

There has to be a point, and there is a point in everyone's life where it is ultimately real, and that is one's own existence. And this is precisely where antiquity goes wrong: it confuses culture with existence, and thinks it is living a Greek life when it is only reading Greek. All that the Greeks created is mistaken for the way the Greeks were. I can at most understand Greekness existentially, as a part and parcel of my being, but I can never understand Greek being itself. For Nietzsche it was only the present. Why and how - because Dionysus! Yes. That's why.



## 2. Nature and Spirit

The first point of criticism of Greekness is that Greekness as being cannot be criticized, only as culture. But to criticise it as a culture is nonsense. Nothing would be so foolish as to accept or condemn a form of dress, a form of government. Criticism can only be directed at creation: at the creative act of being, as Valéry says, because it is the work in which the creator takes a stand in the cosmos on behalf of all men, and criticism is not directed at the work but at the stand taken. What can and must be criticised is not Greekness, but the antiquity of man. It is here, then, that we must begin.

The first striking feature of antiquity is that it is bipartite: it links nature and spirit, and leaves out the world of the soul. Is there a basis for this? Was this really the case with the Greeks? Is this really what they did: they combined the worlds of nature and spirit, and left the soul in parentheses? We do not know. If one were to risk even the probability of this, one would make the mistake of confusing antiquity with antiquity itself. Such a thing is then inexcusable. To take out statues and explain them? To dwell on words and phrases? Arbitrarily combining cultural elements? Appeal to intuition? The explanation of sculptures, the deciphering of words, the combination of elements of culture depend on the overall state of my present consciousness, that is to say, on the degree and quality of my descent into consciousness, which I project either in intuitive images or in data of expertise. All this is a complicated psychological process, but it has nothing to do with the real existence of Greekness, I must confess. It must be said once and for all that *scientia antiquitatis* is nothing more than an application of *conscientia antiquitatis*.

What it means to put the world of the soul in brackets and to combine the world of nature (*physis*) and the world of the spirit (*nous*) by sinking above it, is clear enough from the picture just sketched. In the chapter on authentic Greek, in the Greek experience of reality, in the Greek experience of time, but especially in the passages on the use of the divine signifier, *aletheia*, the classical and Zeus, ancient consciousness did what it usually does: it linked the natural world, directly and sensually experienced, directly into the invisible world of the spirit, it made nature transparent, it linked the spirit to nature. In a crude way, one could say that the stomach

and sewed the esophagus to the colon. Such a procedure is extremely rewarding. It is particularly reassuring when the complexity of reality, which can only be followed and experienced with full alertness, is simplified and made more transparent (science). It is especially comforting for those who cannot cope with this complexity. But it is just as disturbing for someone who sees through this simplification and, even if he does not know exactly what it is about, feels something has been obscured.

Hellenism may have eliminated the world of the soul, dividing it between the realms of nature and spirit, but it has in any case deprived it of its autonomous reality. Perhaps, for the Greek words at our disposal seem to prove it. W. F. Otto has seen quite well what is at stake here, and speaks of two kinds of soul, body-soul and spirit-soul. It seems beyond doubt, however, that the Greek word *psyche* has nothing to do with the modern word soul. Psyche means a spiritual nature, as the Hellenistic Psyche myths and Psyche statues seem to testify. Before that, Psyche had no mythological reality. Besides, if it made sense after all, it could point to where and when the soul sank. In so-called Greek antiquity and the Middle Ages, there was no such thing. It was only in the glittering images of the 'oceanic hexameters' of Homer's epics - when the final Greek was created - that the soul was lost. Perhaps it was Homer who absorbed it. There are authors (including Peterich) who explain the irreconcilable opposition between Homer and the philosophers in this way. It was this which makes the anger of Xenophanes, Heraclitus, Plato, who wanted to beat Homer out of the Greek man with a whip, understandable. Perhaps it was in the epics that the fatal simplification occurred, that there is only *nous* and *physis*, and that the soul is nothing but nature in the spirit. From then on, the autonomous soul was excluded from the life of the Greeks, it was known only in sects (Orphics) and became the esoteric knowledge of a few mysteries (the worship of the soul as the Virgin Mother in Eleusis). All this may or may not have been the case. In any case, antiquity denotes what appears to be the attitude of the Greeks educated by Homer. Probably not because that is what Hellenism really was. What Hellenism was like, we do not know, that is, we do not know whether we know or not. There is no measure of credibility. But the world of the soul is actually absent from ancient Greek consciousness: this age submerged a world-sphere and built a bridge over the abyss, connecting nature with the spirit. Other

in other words, it has united the two worlds that can be grasped through reason, insight and experience, and buried the irrational, vague, largely unconscious world of the soul. It is quite certain that this is the reason why the Greek statues, buildings, poetic works, ideas, philosophies and customs presented by the ancient Greeks are so strangely clear and transparent. It even seems probable that this is why many of the fundamental ideas of antiquity, such as *aletheia* and classicism, may have originated. It may even be that it seemed to Greek man so easy to become a god, that is to say, that there was nothing strange in *the theios anthropos*, for there was a direct way from nature to spirit, a straight and unbroken connection, without difficulty or gulf, and that nature could become spirit immediately as easily as spirit could become nature: man could ascend to Olympus as easily as the gods could descend to man. The Heros himself is such a bridge-phenomenon, a mediating demigod-man, half-nature-half-spirit, standing on the boundary between nature and spirit, perfectly and completely without any trace of soul.

Proportion, harmony, balance, the supernatural glow of matter, the form and structure of statues and buildings, the stunning charm of poetic works, the transhuman splendour of the whole Greek world, all became so through the systematic work of the ancient mind: it taught us to unite nature and spirit apart from the world of the soul. From Classical to Platonic times, from the Parmenidean and Pythagorean world of being and numbers to Euclidean geometry and Alexandrian book culture, antiquity has stripped the soul-world from Greekness in every atom. And if one considers that it was Hellenism, according to the Ancient Greek mind, that created science, that par excellence place and mode of human thought where nature is directly connected with the spirit, eliminating the soul world, then the circle is complete: the whole of human existence has acquired a form in which the supreme judging form of existence, science, together with the supreme judging form of existence, arbitrarily glosses over the greatest difficulty of reality, and, without becoming aware of a whole world-world of existence, creates an easier, more soluble and simpler pseudo-world.

### 3. The agon

The form of life that embezzles the world of the soul, that directly links nature and spirit: the *agon*. It is a species of the public: in the agon, everything must be seen, but everything that is seen must be seen to be unseen. It must display spirit. It must present everything, make everything perceptible, translate the whole spirit into nature. The typical words of the agon are: aristos, arete, heros, aletheia, idea, myth, Olympic game, Olympic winner - images of nature in which spiritual meaning and reason live.

Ancient consciousness has been at work with unheard-of regularity, perhaps since the Renaissance, when this possibility of consciousness was opened up, and since ancient consciousness became an active factor in the present, but certainly since the beginning of the 19th century, when it became a triumphant spirit in so-called German idealism. It has become an example of the artificial world, an imperative to be followed, a model of perfection. Be classical! Bury the world of the soul, and you will be like the Greeks, unproblematic, clear, bright, beautiful, harmonious and divine. The hidden doctrine that lurks in this: the soul as a peculiar sickness and disturbance of the relationship between nature and spirit.

The sunken part of the consciousness did not stop at the creation of the pseudo-world, but pronounced its supremacy on the pseudo-world. Who does it apply to? To all Europeans, not excluding Goethe. It is unprecedented in the history of the world that backwardness has hypostatized itself to such an extent. How this happened, we will now again scarcely discuss. Jung's hypothesis is that the peoples of Europe were introduced to Christianity too early, and, as he maintains, that the European superimposed a high Oriental religion on his still utterly barbarous instincts. The disaster could not have failed to occur, and barbarism and high spiritual religion were only superficially fused. The two factors were in opposition to each other, corroding each other, and in constant discord created a collective neurosis, a perpetual alternation (Nietzsche's definition: *alteration de la personnalité*) - which has been destroying European man for 1,500 years. Without the instincts themselves having been fleshed out and tamed, Christianity has brought with it the even more

almost animal forces were forcibly subdued. Which, of course, failed, only the instinct was tortured and rebelled against Christianity.

Jung's hypothesis has the potential to explain the nature-nurture connection. It might also be a way of explaining why European man's descent into consciousness was not noticed. It was simply because the world he constructed around himself was a world of nature-spirit, a world of spectacle and appearance and phenomenon and agon, and man could not even be aware of his own soul-world. Europe was turning outwards with a force and in a way the world had never seen before. Nothing of what was going on within, within the soul, was noticed or acknowledged. Did his consciousness sink? He did not even know if he had a consciousness. Even fifty years ago, it was taught that the soul was a function of the cerebrum. The illegitimate marriage of nature and spirit, the sunken consciousness made every effort to proclaim itself perfect. Had it been real, it would not have needed to do so. What is true does not make propaganda for itself. The whole order of life became agonal, public, spectacular, sensual - *sensate*, as Sorokin says, extraverted, as Jung says. Burckhardt, in noticing the agon in the life of Hellenism, projected his own age into Hellenism. Was the life of the Greeks also agonistic? We don't know whether we know or not. The extraverted sensate-mind then suppressed all soul-manifestations and emphasized only the connection of the natural spirit. This is why the harmony ideal could become dominant, and with it the philosophy of reason, the dogma-church, rational science and the antique idea of man: classicism as art, thought, social apparatus, order of life and metaphysics. And even if the soul had now indicated that the danger was growing, and that out of illegitimate marriage demons had been born, which the sunken consciousness that never grasped the present could not even recognize, let alone name and control - no one would have taken any notice of it, simply because man would after a time be completely blinded in the world of the soul. He thought the soul really didn't exist. And if he did notice it, he thought it was a morbid function, a disorder, perhaps a vestige, perhaps a degeneration. The religion of the spirit, too early imposed on the animate instincts, suppressed the soul-world, and the suppressed soul, like a mutt in the dark, took its revenge, indeed, flooded the unsuspecting man with demons, monsters. These demons can be discovered by anyone who tries to understand the infernal events of the last four hundred years of European humanity, and especially of the present.

However, this is all conjecture, and it is best not to put too much weight on it. Whether it was or not, it is too late, we do not even know whether we know or not. Perhaps it was the flight from the world of the soul that triggered the descent into consciousness. A part of the descended consciousness then became autonomous and developed into an autonomous ancient consciousness. *Conscientia antiquitatis* formed *scientia antiquitatis*. Perhaps. For the time being and for now, whatever. It may also be that antiquity consciousness selected that part of man's history where the soul was really relegated to the background, and reflected itself in that part of history. Meanwhile, it was under the impression that this reflection was a real historical period - the Greek world. Man no longer felt it his task to maintain a balance between the inner and outer worlds, and turned completely outwards: he became sensualized, experientialized, pampered - he became positive, naturalistic, rationalistic, scientific. Jung's explanation itself suffers from this extraversion. It assumes that the balance was upset by external circumstances: the unnatural relationship between the animal instinct and the high religion of the spirit. And it was this external factor that triggered the descent of consciousness in man. But it can also be assumed the other way round, that the descent of consciousness came first, and that this caused the external change. It is also possible that the two processes occurred simultaneously. It is even possible that the whole thing is not reality. One fact, however. What ancient consciousness calls the agon has long since become a way of life. What is agon? "*Entfesselung aller Kräfte im Weltkampf* - the unleashing of all forces in the world struggle." And I should add: outward translation. The measure of forces has become the eye. Only the reality of what is seen. Agón: my existence is only insofar as I am in the public eye. I live only in so far as I can be seen. I am only what I can express. Religion, thought, art, metaphysics, man have become the prey of the public gaze, intimacy has been lost, privacy has ceased, everything inward has become unreal and suspect, and nothing is acceptable that is intangible. Agonal positivism, like a rapidly spreading ulcer, has eroded the whole man and community. It turned all thought, all art, all religion outward and made it spectacular. Positive, visible, data-like, factual, tangible, provable: all this is not only the ritual of the religion of science, but the unbreakable pillar of the whole agonal life of man called modern. The whole existence of modern man, if the visible is taken from him, becomes nothing. Just as the metaphysics of modern man really culminates in the fact that if as a spectacle I cease to exist, pass away, die, then I really do

I am destroyed. This is the metaphysics of *Nichts*, modern nihilism. This is where the agon had to come: to the movie-star vision and role existence, to the phenomenon without privacy and intimacy, to the mere image, surface, costume, facade faces and pittoresque existence.

The characteristic agonal life is called fate. What is destiny? "*Schicksal ist außerhalb der Liebe zu sein* - fate is to be outside the circle of love." Fate is something structural, something composed, thought out, shaped into a form, a spectacle and a phenomenon, which has no regard for anything but to complete and complete itself roundly, beautifully, harmoniously and smoothly, like a work of art. Hence the image of tragedy. Tragedy is nothing other than a fate that has not been completed. Tragedy is a broken destiny, a failed work of art. Tragedy is an agonal image, like all the others, arising from the ideal of a harmonious and rounded life. When this is broken, it is tragedy. The trouble, the horror, the failure, the fall - to shatter, to crumble.

Fate is a characteristically natural relationship. It is built on the life-order that neglects and denies and hides the world of the soul. It knows neither softness nor warmth, neither heartfelt words nor sacrifice. It does not know and does not want to know the incomprehensible softening and self-indulgent melting away that is the very characteristic of the soul-world. The master of the soul-world is love. And fate is to live outside the circle of love. Love has no need of a concept, of a life conceived, shaped, made for show, based on pleasure. It always appears where least expected. It softens, it melts, it resolves, it smooths, it smiles, it opens and gives itself up. He who lives in love has no fate. Because there is no self. Love cannot fail and cannot break. Love knows no tragedy. Love is something of which there is no sign - no virtue, no nobility, no heroism, no victory. Love is the meaningless melting of fate: it is intimacy, and it is utterly private. For in love the self melts into the world. And love is absolute freedom. And freedom is that which simply absorbs destiny and makes it superfluous. He who is free has no need of fate. Where there is destiny there is need - *mirror* and *ananké* go together, as love and freedom do, because where there is love and freedom there is soul.

## 4. Dionysus

Now we can get down to business. First of all, a few quotations. "*The highest form of the will to power is love.*" The great unity of Creating, Destroying and Loving, the highest form of the creative will to life: love. For those who do not recognise the sound, it may be told that these two notes were made by Nietzsche, who wrote a whole host of similar ones in his magnum opus, which remains in notes. And now that we must return to Nietzsche again, this time for good, well prepared, with all the threads in one hand, there must be no hesitation in stating the final result.

The first fact is that the exceptional role and centrality of classical philology (in a more modest and true sense, ancient studies) date from Nietzsche. During the Renaissance, in the eighteenth century, it was a significant factor in German idealism, but it was only the appearance of *Geburt der Tragödie*, and especially Nietzsche's later and very late works, that made Greek and knowledge of it unquestionably dictatorial. All time has an intellectual core, and this is preserved in philosophy, social science, astronomy and physics. Nietzsche made classical philology his core and made the whole of spirituality dependent on ancient science. How did he do it? With a single word, a single name, *Geburt der Tragödie* and Nietzsche's magic word, which has since become the magic core of the whole newer order of life, history, thought. That name: Dionysus.

Now, however, a whole host of questions are coming to the fore. Patience. In fact, it is infinitely simple. Not in the way that the unscientific mind has sought and seeks. Nobody understood Nietzsche, not Bertram, not Klages, not Obenauer, not Sesztov, not Czysarz, not Lövith, to mention only the most important names. Something began to emerge with Pannwitz and continued with Jaspers. With Balthasar it had already become enlightened, and it is not impossible that Würzbach had already achieved substantial results. Somehow, in all the works on Nietzsche, the only important thing was the Nietzsche quotations. The rest one was happy to do without. Wuerzbach, having learned from this, did nothing more than quote Nietzsche in a Nietzschean way in almost eight hundred pages. How? As



Nietzsche would have quoted himself, and as he did. 'It is strange,' he said in one of his letters, 'that every word I say and my whole life is meaningless when I look at it from the front, but all the less so when I look at it backwards.' Backwards, that is, from the result. And the result? Where did it get him? What is the place, the point, the word that he has achieved? "You know," he says to himself, "but you don't talk about it." "I know, but I don't say".

"Oh, if one dared to say everything one knows!" "Say it, and be broken!"

From the front, that is to say, from the classical philology teacher and the beautiful knowledge of German idealism, the whole of Nietzsche is incomprehensible. It is nonsense to write something like *Geburt der Tragödie*, which is not science and not philosophy and not a novel and nothing. Not to mention *the Contemplatives* and late works. Backwards is different at once. Everything is revealed in *Wille zur Macht*, in the correspondence, in the legacy, in the prefaces written in the last years.

The suspicion that Dionysus had nothing to do with the Greeks has long been raised. It was official science that became suspicious. But this science did not understand a single word of the whole Nietzsche, and so its opinion meant nothing. Those who understood and appreciated it, because one cannot understand and not appreciate it, thought with childish reason that they would show their appreciation by defending the authentic Greek nature of Dionysus. The unscientific spirit! As if it all depended on whether the Greeks had Dionysus! Later on, it became quite touching. Books began to be written about Nietzsche's Dionysus, and a whole mythology sprang up around him. Finally, today, with few exceptions, everyone would swear by all the major oaths that Dionysus, who was born around 1870, is actually and authentically Greek: there is already a debate about his rites, *his mysteries*, his role and his history. No one has noticed that Dionysus is a new god in the godless world of modern man - and an anti-Christian god: the Antichrist. "*Neue Auffassung der Religion* - a completely new conception of religion." Then, "...*alles christliche durch ein überchristliches überwinden* - to overcome all Christianity by an *überchristliches*." These thoughts swarm around the point from which Nietzsche must be read backwards, that is, understood correctly. No secret. It never was. Nietzsche himself always talked about it. He always said that it was what was most important in him. He was fighting Christianity. But in a special way, not by fighting against it, but by fighting to win what was above him.

above. Which makes an immeasurable difference. The *Antichrist* and the *Überchrist*  
the difference between the Antichrist

Nietzsche, when he first uttered the magical name of Dionysus, like all classical philology teachers of his time, had an ancient knowledge. Which means he was not alive in the present. He himself said how out of touch he was when he described his contemplations as out of date. But he did not remain out of date for long. He gave up his teaching because he knew that one could not be a teacher of classical philology and teach the sinking of consciousness when he had realised the danger and had to devote all his energies to achieving his own time. *"There is something fundamentally wrong in man: he must be overcome."* The magic name was there. But only the name was Greek, nothing else. *"What separates us forever from the old culture is that its foundation has been rendered obsolete by and for us."* We are permanently separated from the ancient culture that its basis for us has become null and void.

We have just heard that the Greek world is approached in two ways: with Hölderlin-like intuition, or (and) Wilamowitz-like encyclopaedism: with enthusiasm, or (and) with expertise. And even then, it seemed: Nietzsche was the test, because if anyone, it was the real essence of antiquity. It is then quite clear why Nietzsche is not an enthusiast, and why he is not an expert. It is because Nietzsche's antiquity only makes sense from the front, not the other way round: that is, for him antiquity only makes sense when one looks at it the wrong way round, whereas when one looks at it the right way round, all it is, is that he has found a magic word. From that word he made a god. *"Das Ich will seinen Gott gebären* - I want to give birth to my God." This is the *"neue Auffassung der Religion* - the new conception of religion", indeed this is the *"neue Art des Göttlichen* - the absolutely new rank of the divine." Nietzsche's self brought the new God into the world, in an age of godlessness, an age of positivism - an age when there was only religious science and *priesterliche Verketzerung* - heresy breeding under the supervision of the priesthood.

Bringing God into the godless existence: "unity, the transcending of the beggar self, the escape from the everyday, from community, from reality, from the abyss of transience -, the liberation of the dark, floating passion, the intoxicating yoke to life -, the suffering and joy shared with all living beings, that which makes and knows and holds life sacred even in its most fearful moments."

When the whole world was crying out for the final victory of man, at the height of science, technology and civilisation, Nietzsche realised that man was not enough. This is the basis of all religion, the knowledge that man is few. *"Der Mensch muß überwunden werden."* Our existence exists only when God touches it. Man only makes sense if he is "a divine being who experiences himself in the great *community of cosmic becoming (Göttliche Figur in der große Gemeinschaft kosmischen Werdens sich selbst erlebt)*".

So now everything is together that must be together. Nietzsche, lagging behind in ancient thought, has entered the present. What he found was astonishing: a low class of man, a depraved way of life, ordinary tastes, an inferior society, a slave spirit - in short, a godless existence. He found all this in the name he brought with him. To put it more clearly, only this name enabled him to see what he saw. For when man is in the service of God, he is no longer the master of his destiny, he is already lived by God, who is in him the Guide, the Seer, the Thinker, the Creator. Man is few. Man must be transcended. I have to open myself to God's entry into me; I have to place my destiny and my Self at his disposal. The way is no longer mine, but His; the path is no longer mine, but His; the thought, the judgment, the vision, the work is no longer mine, but His. The self is no more than the wretch whom God whips through this fate. For *"man must be overcome"*. And what he saw, Dionysus saw, what he thought, Dionysus thought - Dionysus Philosopher - *der Philosophengott*: the thinking God. And when he saw the lowly man, the depraved order of life, the Ordinary tastes, the society of insects, the slave spirit, in short: the godless existence, prey of the *bête religieuse*, the religious beast, which, in the divine alertness of the present consciousness, had reached the stairway, the core from which all fate, life, spirit, work, thought alone can be understood - that stairway and core, the highest which it knew but was too late to say, which is and can be no higher and no greater - "Oh, if man dared to say all that he knows!" - "Speak it and break it!"

The fact that he was a victim of the fallacies that sprang up around Dionysus cannot be resented by the ancients. A scientist is not a man who dithers subtly. He is deceived by the word, and thinks it is merely a correct or erroneous explanation, but he does not even think of doubting the word itself. Everyone thought that Dionysus was the name that would finally solve all problems - that it would unlock the mystery of mysterious Greekness. Now

and then the key to authentic Greekness was finally found. It didn't bother me a bit that Dionysus was not a Homeric god, not an Olympian god. Never mind. Some said it wasn't because he was too old, too real, too Greek (Otto). Others looked for him in the mysteries, the sects, the philosophers. The difficulty, it seemed, was only the qualification of the fact, but the fact itself was accepted by all, since it was a Greek word, even if its origin was doubtful. Some derived it from Asia, others from the north, but it must have come from somewhere. That Dionysus was of far less importance to the Greeks than it must have been in ancient times. That he was the least represented and the most chaotic of the deities, that he was unformed and formless, that he was not plastic, not even classical, all this gave rise to interesting explanations and occasions rather than to suspicion. Nietzsche did make a number of disturbing remarks, including one to the effect that the Greeks had only just found Dionysus, but were far from recognizing and knowing him - *dank ihrer psychologischen Oberflächlichkeit*: they were too psychologically superficial. For Dionysus *par excellence* is a soul-god, not a god of the relationship of the natural spirit, like the Olympians: Zeus, Hera, Hermes or Aphrodite. The Dionysus-Apollo opposition for Nietzsche is precisely this: the tension between the world of the soul and Olympus. Dionysus is the soul repressed in the marriage of nature and spirit, the soul that is obscured but explodes and erupts from there - this god who constantly threatens the nature and spirit, which are linked in ancient consciousness, from within and below, who erupts and, as a senseless, irrational reality, tears them apart and, merging them, creates the complete unity of existence.

But if Dionysus is a soul-god, then he is certainly not ancient, but modern. We do not know what questions of existence Greeks had. But we do know for certain that the existential question of modern man is precisely this: the soul, oppressed and kept in obscurity by nature and spirit together, and the elemental emergence of the soul from this oppression. And there is no reason to suppose that the deepest essence of the modern question of existence is expressed by the Greek divinity. It seems much more probable, as Nietzsche said, that the Greeks found the name of a deity of uncertain character and origin, but for them of a completely secondary nature, not even fully understood, and that Nietzsche placed this name at the core of modern existence by making nature and

and the elemental outburst of the soul oppressed by nature and spirit.

Now the situation is finally quite clear. As for "the defeat of Christianity by the supremacy of Christianity", "the new interpretation of religion", "the absolutely new rank of the divine", and the other fundamental Nietzschean questions, the answer to these has already been given to everyone, albeit without emphasis. Dionysus is a soul-god, a deity who in the lowered consciousness of modern man breaks up the lawless interweaving of nature and spirit. "*Das grösste Ereignis steht bevor*: the greatest event is imminent." *Antichrist*, but also his opposite: *Christ*, and above both: *Überchrist*. For the fullness of the soul: Love. This is Nietzsche's anti-Christianity, his Christianity and his transcendence of Christianity. "The Great Unity of Creation, Love and Annihilation" - "...the highest form of the creative will to live: Love." Here is the Nietzschean core, the centre from which, in reverse, Nietzsche's whole line, his spirit, his work, his being, can be understood. This is what he knows, and he is slow to say what he knows but does not speak of. "Oh, if man could say everything he knows!" "Say it and break!" - Nietzsche, when he collapsed in Turin, sent letters to his friends and signed his name Dionysus the Crucified. He said what he knew. He said what he knew and he broke.

In God's hands, human existence is a cracked nut. Do you deserve to be a victim? The answer most people get is no. Just keep winning and be satisfied. Nietzsche knew that it is not he, not his human self, but the God who dwells and commands him (*ein geopferter, ein gekreuzigter*): Sacrificed and Crucified - *ein leidender Gott* - Suffering God - Dionysus: the union of Christianity with anti-Christianity in the supra-Christian. The union of Christ and Antichrist: the sacrifice. "Let not man stop at praying, but let him be a blessing - *aus Betenden müssen wir Segende werden*." Passive religion is prayer, creative religion is sacrifice. Blessing is a sacrifice.