



Hamvas Béla
A bor
filozófiája



BÉLA HAMVAS THE PHILOSOPHY OF WINE

*Two at last
God and the*

I

decided to write a prayer book for atheists. I felt compassion for those who suffer in our time of need, and in this way I wish to help them.

I am aware of the difficulty of my task. I know that I must not even utter the word God. It must be spoken of by all sorts of other names, such as kiss, or intoxication, or boiled ham. I chose wine as the main name. That is why the title of the book is The Philosophy of Wine, and why I have written down as a symbol: in the end there are two, God and wine.

Circumstances force us to lose sight of the facts. Atheists are notoriously arrogant people. They see the name of God and throw the book down on the floor. Touch their obsession and they go into a rage. I guess if I talk about food, drink, tobacco, love, if I use the more obscure names, they can be fooled. Because as well as being pretentious, they are equally stupid. This kind of prayer, for example, they don't know at all. They think that you can only pray in church, or by murmuring priestly words.

Atheists are our spiritual poor. The most needy children of this age. Spiritual poor, with the difference that they have little hope of the kingdom of heaven. In the past, many have resented them and fought against them. I find this method utterly despicable. To fight? Should healthy men fight with lame and blind men? Because they are crippled, they must be approached with kindness. Not only should they not be talked into it, they should not even notice what is happening to them. They must be regarded as backward children, even weak in intellect, although they think they have a particularly high intellect, and believe that atheism is some perfect knowledge. Why have they fought them in the past? Primarily, I believe, because atheism, as a defective intellect and a mongrel temperament, would be left at a standstill along the whole line of life if it did not find compensation somewhere. What is this compensation? Excessive activity. Thus, atheism necessarily leads to violence, and because it leads to violence, atheists have had to seize world power. And they have. Those who fought them,

were actually envious of them. I think that was the mistake. When the atheists saw that they were envied, they got cocky.

I changed tactics. It was not particularly difficult. I just had to get the truth right. And the truth is that they have nothing to envy. What could I envy the cripple, even if he is so great? What could I envy the paralytic, the deaf, the half-witted, the half-witted? If I envied them, it would be to give them justice; it would be to show that what they possess I covet.

So I changed my tactics. Instead of fighting them and trying to convert them, I feel sorry for them. And it's not just a trick. I don't want to take anything away from them. I want to provide something, the lack of which makes them so weak, poor and, let's face it, ridiculous.

Besides, there was another reason why you argued with them so much. For most people believed that atheists were irreligious. Of course, that is out of the question. There are no irreligious people. Atheists are not irreligious, they believe in a religion that is comical for their pitifully retarded intellect and their mongrel temperament. They do not only believe. Atheists are all bigots. I say they are all atheists, because I have never met an atheist who was not more bigoted than the smelly old woman who sells pennies worth of pamphlets about the miracle-working urine of St Homer outside the church on Sundays. Of course, the saint of atheist religion is not St Homer but Einstein, and the miracle-working power is not urine but ultraseptil. The name of atheist bigotry is materialism. This religion has three dogmas: no soul, man is an animal, death is annihilation. And the three boil down to one, and that is that atheists are terrified of God. Boehme says of them that they live in the wrath of God. They know nothing but a wrathful God: therefore they hide and lie. They think that if they say there is no God, they will no longer fear. Instead, of course, they fear even more.

The atheist, of course, is a presumptuous man, he does not want to be anything else; he is not inclined to humility, to love, in other words, he is so powerless that he cannot even incline to it. Rather, he persists in his fear, which he denies, trembles and hides and lies, and becomes more and more arrogant. Out of this inconsolable concoction of denial, fear, lying, hiding, arrogance, bigotry, materialism as a religious surrogate has developed.

From all this, it is now clear that atheists cannot and must not be persuaded by force. They are deluded who

full of anxiety, self-delusion, and must be treated with great caution.

Fortunately, the soul is not like the body. If someone is born with a gimpy leg, deaf and dumb, or becomes crippled in life, human power cannot change that. The world of the soul is different. Everyone is born with a whole soul and can never lose that health. Everyone can be healed from the infirmities of the soul. It does not even need a miracle.

A prayer book for atheists? Especially one in which you should not even notice that it teaches you to pray. Big deal! Therefore, as Nietzsche says, this is the only way to speak: cynically and innocently. Despicable and refined, almost wickedly clever; at the same time pure of heart, serene and simple, like a songbird.

I must take this opportunity to say a few words to the Pietists, that dark sect of atheists. Pietism is nothing more than atheism in disguise. The ordinary materialist is a pitiable soul, his mind is not strong, his heart is sometimes quite stupid, and so, as I have said several times, he must be regarded as a cripple who clings to his own handicap as a matter of necessity, who considers his own ineptitude as some great achievement. The pietist is in fact as godless as the materialist, only, moreover, he has a bad conscience, and therefore assumes the trappings of true religion. The pietist would require a man to live on dandruff and water, would have the most beautiful women dressed in ill-fitting clothes, would forbid laughter, and would cover the sun with a black veil. The pietist is the anti-alcoholic. I know well that he was already offended at my epithet, and asked, darkly and vexed, "What blasphemy is this! He was outraged when I dared to say that God is in the boiled ham. Calm down. You will hear something else. I promise to pay special attention to him, and I will not miss any opportunity to offend him as much as possible. The atheist is to be spared, for he is stupid and ignorant and limited and simple-minded. The pietist is not to be spared. Take note that I will watch him out of the corner of my eye, and the more solemn his face, the more I will laugh at him. The more he scorns me, the more I shall laugh, and I will not even say why.

THREE

This book must necessarily be divided into three parts. Necessarily, because every good book is divided into three parts, the perfect division being three, but also because the number of wine is three, and this must be expressed in the division.

The first part is the metaphysics of wine. It is not only my aim, but also my ambition, to buy in this part the foundation for all future philosophers of wine. Just as Kant sets forth the decisive ideas of all future philosophy, which may be accepted or opposed but never to be bypassed or considered unmentioned again, so I intend in this part to describe the universally valid and timeless ideas of the metaphysics of wine.

I know that I have overstepped the bounds of what is permissible when I use the word metaphysics. But the word remains hidden. It is nowhere in the title. It is a word I cannot evade, because atheists are already suspicious of philosophy, but it is the highest word they can bear. Metaphysics is now so offensive to their bigotry that if I had given the book the title *The Metaphysics of Wine*, for example, they would not have dared to open it.

The first part is about wine as a supernatural reality. The second is about wine as nature. This part is descriptive in nature. It deals with the vine, the grape varieties, the wine varieties, the relationship between land and wine, water and wine, with particular reference to our wines, but also taking into account the more notable foreign wines.

The third part is the ritual of wine. This part examines when to drink and when not to drink. How to drink? Where to drink? What to drink from? Alone? Alone? With a man or a woman? - He talks about the relationship between wine and work, wine and walking, wine and bathing, wine and sleep, wine and love. It includes rules on what wine to drink, when to drink it, how much, with what food, in what places and in what mix.

This section is by no means exhaustive. Rather, it is simply intended to point out the infinite variety of drinking possibilities and to invite everyone to add more and m o r e chapters to the ritual canon.

The threefold division is most closely aligned with the three great epochs in the world history of wine. The conceptual equivalent of the metaphysical part is the pre-Flood era, when mankind did not yet know wine, but only

only dreamed about it. After the Flood, Noah planted the first vine and a new era in world history began. The third age begins with the transformation of water into wine, and we are now living in that age. World history will end when wine flows from springs and wells, when wine falls from clouds, when lakes and seas are turned into wine.

The metaphysics of wine

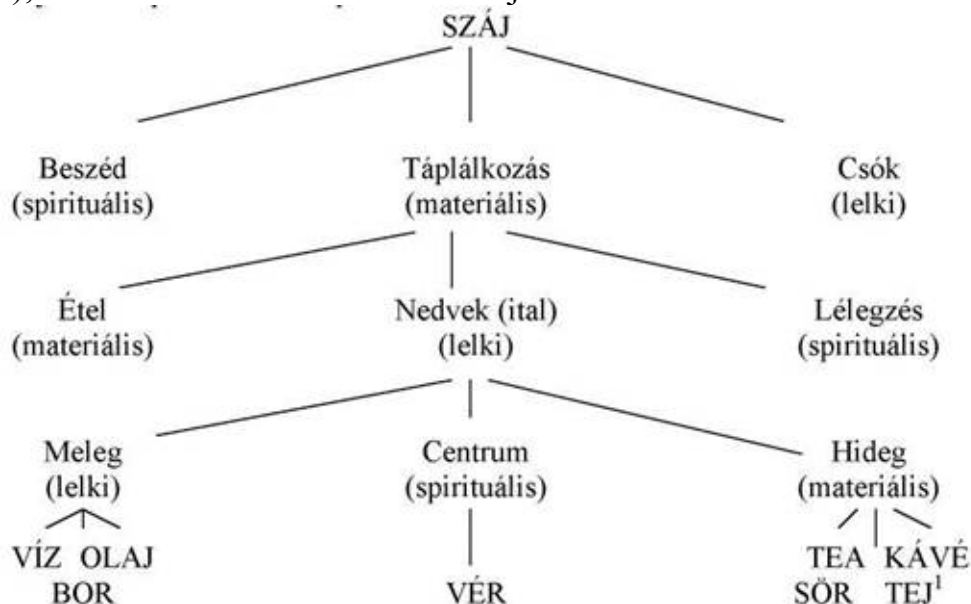
In our mother's womb we are born into the world by our navel. When we are born, with our mouths. The eye is the abstract among our senses; it never comes into direct contact with the object it sees, and it cannot merge with it. The ear lets things come a little closer. The hand grasps them. The nose already inhales the vapour of things. The mouth takes in what it wants. And only when I taste something do I know what it is. The mouth is the source of direct experience. A small child knows this. When he wants to know something, he puts it in his mouth. You forget it later. But I only know who this person is when I have spoken to him with words from my mouth; I have only experienced a woman when I have kissed her; I have only made something my own when I have eaten it. More than the world of the eyes, the world of the ears, even the world of the hands, the world of the mouth is much more direct, and therefore more religious, because it is closer to reality. That is why there is a deep affinity between eating and learning, as Novalis says. That is why the earth is the mother of us all, who nourishes us through our sledges and we are woven together by what she gives us. The mouth has three activities: speaking, kissing and feeding. Speaking, I am afraid, I must now hear about; kissing, too, though not willingly. I can only say that I am directly attached to the world with my mouth, and in this attachment I have three possible activities: either I give or I take, or I give and I take. With the word I give; with food I take; with a kiss I give and take. The direction of the word is outward, the direction of the food is inward, the direction of the kiss is outward and inward, that is, the circle. The one activity does not, of course, exclude the other two, in fact it supports them, because when the earth feeds me, it speaks to me or teaches me, but it also kisses me, when I kiss the beautiful woman, I eat from her and she from me, and we both feed on each other and teach each other and speak to each other, most of the time something that words cannot do in depth.

There are three types of nutrition. Man eats and drinks and breathes. The tradition

know that food is intimately connected with the body; drink is known to have its intellectual counterpart in the world of the soul; and breathing is spiritual nourishment. Women, to intensify the spirituality of their being, use perfumes, and men smoke.

So far we have talked about the threefold activity of the mouth, and then about the three kinds of nourishment. I have now come to the third triad, which is, since we are talking about the philosophy of wine, the three primordial fluids. The three p r i m o r d i a l f l u i d s are cold, warm and medium. Cold and warm refer not to the temperature of the liquid but to the nature of the liquid.

There are three warm liquids: water, oil and wine. Cold liquids are also three: tea (coffee), beer and milk. In the middle is just the basic fluid: blood.



[1]

If one wishes to construct the closest conceptual correspondences based on tradition, one can do so as follows:

	VÉR	
Nap - vasárnap - a - vörös -	arany - 1	
	SÖR	
Hold - hétfő - c - fehér -	ezüst - 2	
	VÍZ	
Merkúr - szerda - f - sárga -	higany - 7	
	TEA (KÁVÉ)	
Mars - kedd - g - ibolya -	vas - 4	
	TEJ	
Vénusz - péntek - e - zöld -	réz - 5	
	OLAJ	
Jupiter - csütörtök - d - kék -	ón - 6	
	BOR	
Szaturnusz - szombat - h - fekete -	ólom - 3	

In this table, there are seven relationships of liquids according to conceptual correspondences, namely with the planets, the seven days of the week, the seven tones, the seven colours of the rainbow, the seven metals and the seven numbers. As you can see, the day of wine is Saturday, its planet is Saturn, its colour is black, its worm is lead, its sound is h and its number is three.

In this way, it may strike some people as rather odd. What is three and Saturn and lead? Patience, a minute later it turns out to be a lot more interesting than it sounds.

HIERATIC MASKS

If I were a woman, I would have been passionate about serving. I'm convinced that my sandwiches would have been famous, because the colour harmonies and shapes of lemon, salmon, sardines, ham, eggs and parsley would not have been so carefully selected and ingeniously combined by anyone in the world. In my pantry, the jars, the sugar, the grits and the tarragon would have stood like a soldier or a ballet dancer in a closed order. My linen cupboard would have been as sensible and exact as a library.

Being a man, I like to exercise this passionate pedantry by making spreadsheets. My prejudice is that order is not only beautiful, but also useful. I call it order when everything is in its place. This is how I made my tables of planets, numbers, liquids, colours. I wanted to put wine in its place in the world. But the place had to be defined first. Meticulous people are box and box maniacs, and can spend whole days arranging them by size, colour, shape, over and over again, grouping wooden, metal and paper boxes separately, until they find the perfectly satisfactory system. The importance of this order is, of course, as I have already said, not only aesthetic but also intellectual-economic (I have written the word intellectual-economy not for the educated reader but for the scientist).

The order, I say, is not entirely meaningless. Not only because to order we humans all tend to attach special significance. It is only of secondary importance. What I wish to draw attention to is that, according to the teachings of sacred science, the sign and planet of this passionate pedantry is the particular Saturn just mentioned. Saturn is the planet of the golden age. It is the ruler of the time when all things and beings were in their proper place and therefore lived in untroubled bliss. I say it incorrectly. The golden age is not a historical period, but a state, and therefore it is present in all time; it only depends on whether there is someone to realize it. Saturn is the symbol of the great primordial paradisiacal order. That is why this planet is related to three, which is the number of measure. And that is why it is related to wine, which lifts man out of the disturbed world to restore him to the golden order.

The other planets of the chart, their number, their flow, their tone, their colour, their worm, are also symbols. And the whole chart is nothing more than the world of creation put in exact order, like a linen cupboard or a catalogue. Order is the key to the world, says the passionately pedantic Saturnian. When things are in order, when everything is in its place, the world makes sense. All philosophy is such an attempt to restore meaning. And then something very strange happens. Quite strange, yes, and that is that it turns out that a great many things that seem different are, after all, appearances. Everything is one. *Hen panta einai*, says Heraclitus. Things only seem to be different when they're thrown around like this. In fact, all things are different appearances of the same One. Mask. All that I can see and hear, eat and drink, think and touch, are all hieratic masks of the same One. The C sound is a mask like tobacco smoke, singing is a mask like lead, blood, Thursday, or yellow. The mask of what? What is the One? Boehme says that the devil has no faces, only larvae.

I have thus stated the basic idea of the philosophy of wine. What is wine? Hieratic mask. Someone is behind it. Someone who has an infinite number of masks, and who lives at the same moment behind the mask of Mercury, gold, the f sound, the colour red, who is at the same moment a book, a speech, a woman's laugh, a pope's eye and a roast duck.

Something else follows from this, of course, and it will be well to remember it for the sake of what follows. Because, after all, *hen panta einai*, or all is one, so in fact everything is everything. In the blood there is Sunday and gold and e-sound. It is a scale on which any one note is played, the whole sound system is made to sing, more harmoniously and strongly in proportion to its affinity to the notes, or more discordantly and more hidden, but as overtones and undertones, all the notes sing at once.

A POHAR BOR: THE DEATH LEAP OF ATHEISM

All thinking must begin with the senses, says Baader. I saw the reasonableness of his advice, and so I began the metaphysics of wine with the most sensual sense, the mouth. Because everything that the eyes and nose can experience about wine is insignificant compared to what the mouth knows. The mouth knows that wine is a hieratic mask, and it knows whose hieratic mask it is.

In this place, on the basis of and in connection with this, a position must naturally be taken in favour of direct life and against abstract life. Abstract life lives only with its eyes, at most with its ears. It does not live with its mouth. The eyes and the ears are therefore esoteric organs. But abstract man is distrustful even of his eyes and ears. He likes to use the term sensory delusion, making it sound as if the senses were deceiving either in their pitiful inertia or by deliberate deliberation. The abstract man then invents the uncanny chimera, the colourless, odourless, formless, tasteless, soundless nothingness, to replace the sensory world. And from this, especially more recently, he makes science, morality, law, state. Of course, whatever he makes, it becomes nothing.

From abstract from life in theory
edited by life, which not based on direct sensory
experience, but on so-called principles. In the modern age we know two
such abstract people: the scientifist and the puritan. Needless to say, both
are varieties of atheism. Scientifism is characterised by not knowing love,
but sexual instinct; not working, but producing; not feeding, but consuming;
not sleeping, but restoring its biological energies; eats not meat, potatoes,
plums, pears, apples, honey-butter bread, but calories, vitamins,
carbohydrates and proteins; drinks not wine but alcohol; measures his
weight every week; if his head hurts, he takes eight kinds of powder, when
he h a s diarrhoea from must, he runs to the doctor, he argues about the
increase in man's age, he considers hygiene to be insoluble, because he can
wash his nailbrush with soap, he can wash his soap with water, but water
you can't wash it with anything.

The scientifist is the harmless, clumsy and more comical form of
atheism. The puritan is an aggressive man. His attack is motivated in no
small part by the belief that he has found the only right way to live. One can
be a Puritan even if one is a materialist, even if one is an idealist, even if
one is a Buddhist, or a Talmudist, because Puritanism is not
a world-view, but

a temperament. It requires two things: a dark restraint in the blind belief of certain definite principles, and a mad and insidious readiness to fight for those same principles.

The real strength of his Puritanism is that he is a desperate atheist. He would send every woman who was more than average in beauty to the stake; he would throw every fat or sugary morsel to the swine; he would condemn the laughing-stock to life imprisonment; he hates nothing more than wine, or, indeed, fears nothing more than wine. The Puritan is the abstract man. The heartless. With atheists, it is always the heart rather than the reason that is the problem. The Puritan is the pure idiot of the heart. The bloodiest battles and the most brutal revolutions in the history of the world have been fought by Puritans. All because, poor thing, he has found a principle instead of God, and he knows it. He knows desperate. He sees that he cannot, yet he goes on. If he would only once attend a pig feast, would be thoroughly sated with tenderloin, sausages, fresh sausage, eat pickled peppers and onions in vinegar, peach cobbler, and drink two bottles of szekszárd, he could be saved. But there is no power that can make him do it.

The knowledge that his life has meaning only if he sacrifices it is born with everyone. Life succeeds when I sacrifice it. In a sober and serious man, this task solves itself when he makes his life available to God. But the atheist is afraid. Uneducated fear, he too must sacrifice. He does sacrifice, but not naturally, to God, as Abel did, but to some worthless nonsense. To himself? If only! To the Blessed? To power? Riches? Even if it's foolish, it's still somewhat understandable. But the Puritan sacrifices himself to principle. Humanity! Or: Liberty! Or: Morality! Or: Future! Progress! What is freedom and humanism and future? Surrogate of God. And what lies behind this madness, which is self-indulgent in its dimensions? That he is the desperate man. He knows he can't, but he does it anyway. He knows he's a miserable fool, yet he persists. He's stern, he's irritable, he's belligerent, he's dark, he's mean, he's violent, because he's the desperate man. He can't and he does it anyway. And yet he keeps on doing it. He knows what he's doing, but he doesn't want to help himself, and so he becomes even more desperate. More desperate and more abstract and more irritable and more snarky and more insidious and more suspicious and darker. And again, he just keeps doing it. The unhappy one!

The scientist is not much to care about. With his bugs and superstitions, he's an innocent man. The puritan must be treated very carefully. For my part, I believe there is only one remedy. Wine. Just like the Pietist. For the Puritan is the pietist who becomes a terrorist; the pietist is the puritan who whines. The pietist rolls his eyes and is pious. He secretly collects obscene pictures, and when he is not seen, he drinks, mostly brandy, because he thinks it is a greater sin, and so he falls into this greater pit. The pietist lives with the walls of his room incessantly red with shame. The walls of the Puritan's room are as yellow as a corpse, because he dares not betray himself even when he is alone. Only inside! O poor thing, what mercy can save thee but wine?

ESCHATOLOGICAL DIGRESSION

People tend to think that sin is the cause of all problems. By sin they mean lying, stealing, cheating, robbing, killing and fornicating. Their ignorance goes so far as to pass laws against this sin, with the threat of the gallows. Although these laws are many thousands of years old, they have not yet produced any results.

Against this general belief I now protest. After careful consideration, I declare that sin is not the cause of evil. The cause of the trouble is deeper. The cause of evil is wrong conduct. Sin is only a consequence of bad conduct. In this way, I consider the domain of law and morality to have been eliminated, following the Apostle Paul, and I seek to ground the origin of all human activity in the fundamental, in religion. And I do this not of my own accord, nor because I discovered the idea. No. It was the prerogative of creative eschatologists in their religious founding moments, as our contemporary said. And I do so because, in my experience, law and morality have at best only seemingly eliminated sin, but have never cured any ill.

The root of sin, and therefore the source of evil, is much, much deeper than morality and law can reach. Stigmatised by the penal code sins a evil religious conduct only are the ultimate consequences. Already said, s this time again I emphasize again, everyone must have some religion and there is no such thing as a man without religion. If one does not believe in the right religion, one believes in the wrong one. The worst of all bad religions is atheism. But now comes the point. Bad religion is not a consequence of bad behaviour. It is not. Bad religion is bad behavior itself. It is the breeding ground of all evil and the source of all sin. It is the source, first and foremost, of moral defects, such as vanity, envy, greed, impudence, ostentation, bad taste. But it is also a source and breeding ground for the crimes that the penal code prosecutes: theft, fraud, murder. The so-called sins are only the last consequences of bad religion. But the so-called moral errors also only consequences. Why consequences? The consequences of bad self-preservation. Of bad religion. So what is to be done? Pass a strict law? Not at all! This is for the symptoms, not the causes. Educate moral self-discipline? Asceticism? Self-abuse ...to self-harm? No, and a hundred times no. These are also are just consequences. The behaviour has to change. Bad religion is good

must be made into a religion. This is not taught by the law books, not by lawyers, not by judges, not by kings, not by priests, not by moralists and not by satirists and not by heroes of virtue and not by preachers and not by missionaries, but by the creative eschatologists alone in their moments of founding a religion.

No one should be surprised that evil plays such a major role in human life. In fact, evil is the only task we have to solve. In the beginning, man committed his first sin. Now we know what that sin is. It is not something that is against the law book. Even the strictest moral code would not condemn it. Why? Because the first sin, the deepest sin, the worst evil was bad religion, bad conduct. At that moment, man went into convulsions. The Bible calls it original sin. Since then, we have all been carrying this convulsion, which came from the very core of our being, from religious behaviour. Because this shock is hereditary. Our own bad behaviour irritates us and we frantically search for resolution. The flood has not washed it out of us.

But with the rainbow came the unlocking potion. I can only understand wine as one of the highest acts of grace. Wine dissolves. We have wine. We can dissolve the damn shock. Wine brings us back to our original life, to paradise, and shows us where we will arrive at the final celebration of the world. This bridge between the first day and the last day, man can only endure in ecstasy. This ecstasy is wine.

THE WINES

Wine is a hieratic mask. In the old days, every man and every nation knew it. The deciphering of the mask is that it is he who unlocks the spasm of evil. Dionysus Ilios, the Greeks said, the Saviour Wine God. This, of course, is the most common way of just barely touching the subject. I had just said that wine has a divine face. But we know that there is no universal wine, just as there is no universal man. There is John, Paul, Bartholomew, Charles, Louis, and there is Sari, Barbara, Anne, Magda. And there is Somlai, Pannonhalmi, Arácsi, kiskőrössi. And there is wine for every year, every farmer, every barrel. All wines belong to one deity. But each wine has its own genius. They are all masks. The mask is recognised by the mouth. There are people of great talent, wonderful wine tasters, who can recognise geniuses with dead certainty. On some of the guidelines for recognition, I'll just say what is absolutely relevant here.

From the great table of hieratic masks, everyone will remember that wine is a warm liquid, its closest relatives being water and oil. It is not possible to discuss water at all, because it is, if possible, an even greater object than wine.

I assume that everyone knows that wine is made from grapes. And the grape is a plant. The plant is the most wonderful creature in the world. Virginia Woolf says she loves people more than plants. If I were asked that question, I would not be able to answer so quickly. And if I think that I am in perfect harmony with the world only in woods, gardens and meadows, I might decide that I prefer plants to people.

In the original state of creation, in the Garden of Eden, plants held the most tender and brilliant oils of the world's spirituality. Every plant is in fact a genius, an angel, and I can recognise this little daemon by its shape or colour or flower or fruit, but not directly, only abstractly, as the eye can recognise something. Only the nose can experience the living plant directly, because the living oil tells us the deepest things about it. Smell is the secret of plant being. From my childhood, I learned to know plants on my walks by tearing off their leaves, rubbing them with my finger and smelling them for a long time. I still do this today, but I can no longer find a foreign smell. Ismerem a mentát, a kakukkfűvet, a bürköt, az ezerjófűvet, a rozmaringot, a

basil, celery, achillea, chrysanthemum; oh, the bean, and I know her too, the sweetest little fairy of my heart, the enchanting lavender. I can safely say of myself, that in our climate, and perhaps in the Mediterranean, where I have been so many times, there is no plant whose genius I do not know personally.

While I am on the subject, I shall not miss the opportunity of warning the puritans and pietists of some very important points. These people know women only in the abstract, with their eyes and ears only, and so have little direct experience of them. They rarely get as far as touch. If anyone is seriously interested in this subject, read the relevant passages in D. H. Lawrence's books, and you will have an idea of the knowledge the hand can acquire on the female body. I venture to go even further than Lawrence. I say that just as with the plant, the secret of a woman is in the scent of her body. From a distance, from an abstract distance, this scent seems quite unified. But if you step closer and dive into the details, you will see the difference between the scent on the back of the neck, the hairline, for example, and the scent on the wrist or shoulder. A woman's body is infinitely oilier and therefore lighter, thinner, more genial, ultimately more spiritual than a man's. The enchantment of the female figure is a direct consequence of its infinite richness in rich oils. Yes, anyone who wishes to gain as much direct experience of oils as possible cannot afford to leave out the woman. Let him inhale the scent of her lips and analyse for a moment what is in them: mischief, chatter, challenge, seduction, sugar, giddiness, intoxication, fire, whirlwind glow, mischief, venom, meanness, lust.

For myself, I have found that I prefer three zones. One is the lip, which I mentioned, but especially the corner of the mouth, which is much more spicy than the middle of the mouth. The second is the inner curve of the knee. Whether it is silly or not, I will say that for me, this is where a woman is most feminine. Why, I do not know. Here, in the dimples of the inner bend of the knee, there is the scent of incomparably hot oils. The third and most fragrant zone of spicy oils is the inner side of the upper leg above the knee, where the skin is softest and smoothest. The scent centre is on the innermost side, about four to five fingers from the knee. Gyakran egy-egy nagy illatélmény után elhatároztam, hogy egész könyvet írok erről az egész világegyetemben található legeslegillatosabb, fűszeres

richest in spicy oils, barely two palms of a tiny part. This is the place where a woman's being fully unfolds. I dare say that here I sense the degree and character of her erotic intelligence. When I smell this fragrance, I know how much spiritual love oil is in it and how it burns with flame, how it glows, how warm it is, how its smoke is white, purple, blue, pink, yellow or gold. To a man who takes himself and his life seriously, I would not give such a teaching. Those people know that anyway. It is for pietists and puritans. A warning to get off the abstract path and take things more seriously for themselves. They will find that no woman (unless she is abstract, and that is because she is not beautiful and therefore out of the game anyway, poor thing) will not be grateful for such a study of her, and the more detailed, exhaustive, lengthy, fundamental, the better.

Now you can easily guess what I mean about wine. Every wine is individual. Every wine (variety, vintage, landscape, land, age) has a unique and inimitable genius. Genius is the materialised form of oil. Its mask. Every part of the female body has a particular scent, which cannot be mistaken for anything else. Why? Because it is inhabited by different little daimons. Wine is a spiritual oil drink. Every wine is inhabited by a little angel, who, if one drinks the wine, does not die, but is placed among the innumerable little fairies and angels that dwell in man. When one drinks, the little genius arrives and is greeted by those already inside with singing and a shower of flowers. The fairy is enchanted and will light up with joy. This flame of joy in the man is overwhelmed and carries him away. It cannot be guarded against. That is why I say that a glass of wine is the death leap of atheism.

EPILOGUE TO METAPHYSICS (APOLOGIA)

All I have to say about the metaphysics of wine is now concluded. Drawing on the knowledge of tradition, I have sketched the closest conceptual correspondences of wine, and then, using the distinction between abstract and immediate life, I have explained the part of sensory experience that relates to the mouth. I set up my theory of hieratic masks and marked the world place of wine. This cannot now be changed for centuries. Anyone who writes only about wine will be forced to return to these statements. And with my theory of wine gods and Borgenians I have built a bridge to nature. But before I go into the natural history of wine, I want to say something to those for whom I have written this book.

I know that every atheist was struck, at the very first sentences of this book, by the brash tone I dared to use against him. The further he went in reading the book, the more he was shocked, and in some places he was almost forced to take this fiddling tone of voice. In the end, he had to reassure himself that the author of the book was not pretentious, merely arrogant. But he was immediately suspicious, and kept thinking: what right had the book to call him poor in spirit? Where did he get the courage to pity him, to call him stupid, half-witted, crippled, even stupid? What impertinence on his part to use such an instructive tone! How dare you give him advice and talk to him like a schoolchild.

What annoyed him most of all was that he expected a sermon full of smears, but instead he got almost the opposite. Well, please, if it is as the atheist says, then I will apologise to the annoyed reader at this point and say that I meant no offence. Allow me to explain myself, and to state my defence of the accusation raised in two points.

Firstly, I did not intend to use a superior tone, because it is forbidden by religion. The superior is only superior in appearance. Such a procedure is not permitted by religion.

I believe that what you experienced as atheistic superiority was not superiority, but certainly real superiority.

to hide it. It is a matter of real superiority, which is not only mine over his, but that of all people of good religion over those of bad religion.

I have made a very important point. It should have been done a long time ago, and I do not know why others, perhaps more learned than myself, have not done it. That statement is that the man of good religion is necessarily, in all circumstances, superior to the man of bad religion. He is superior in intelligence, in feeling, in heart, in earnestness, and this is my discovery: he is superior in the direct enjoyment of life.

So there is no need for the man of good religion to be superior. He is already in a position of immense superiority. It had to be said at last that Christianity is not a fake, but a real superiority, which has always existed and will exist on every line.

In the final analysis, I do not really understand where the atheists' much-vaunted superiority lies, except in the case already mentioned, that of world power acquired by force. In conclusion, I do not give a penny for the longevity of this power. How could the misconception have spread that he is superior to the religious man in intelligence, in enjoyment of life, in thinking, in practical sense, in spiritual presence, in humanity? Perhaps it was never a question of superiority, only of shameless impudence, with which he intimidated the more modest religious man. The glory, of course, lasted only until that moment. Only so long as there was someone who was not frightened. Now that it has been exposed, the situation is likely to change very soon.

The second point of my defence is this: have I ridiculed the atheist? Have I made him look stupid? Have I called him a wretch? He did not need to be ridiculed, because he is. Nor did he have to be made to look like a fool. It was a matter which could no longer be delayed in public. The atheist had hitherto, in his violent shamelessness, his selfish mischievousness, his reliance on his large money and big mouth, created the belief of himself as the unlimited master of the world, the cleverest man, triumphant and strong and clever and invincible. Now it turned out that none of that was true. On the contrary.

I admit that the recognition of this fact is bitter for atheists. But there is nothing I can do about it. The only thing I can do is to expose his inconsolable position still further to him, and show him the

the right way. This is what I have undertaken, and it is with this sentiment that I begin the second part of this book,

wine as nature WINE

AND IDILL

One of the main lessons of my travels has been that there is wine country and there is brandy country. Accordingly, there is a wine country and a brandy country. The wine people are genial; the brandy people, if not all atheists, are at least inclined to idolatry. The great wine-growers are the Greeks, the Dalmatians, the Spaniards, the Etruscans, and in the real wine regions the Italians, the French and the Hungarians. These peoples seldom have so-called ambitions of world history; they have not taken it into their heads to redeem the other peoples, if necessary, with rifle fire. Wine protects them from abstraction.

The wine people do not live in a world-historical tradition, but in a golden age tradition. This attitude is a consequence of one of the most essential components of wine, idyll oil. Wine countries and wine regions are all idyllic. Take a walk in the vineyards of Arács or Csopak, go up to Badacsony or Szentgyörgy Hill, not to mention Somló, wander through the gardens of kiskörös or csengőd, and you will have an undeniable experience of it all. Soft grassy paths flow between the vineyards like quiet streams. In front of the cellar entrances, huge walnut trees, cool even in the hottest summer. Places that make you want to stop, sit down, settle down and say: here I stay. And perhaps without realising it, death would reach him there.

I meditated on these things in Szigliget and there I made, for my own private use only, the very old and common division: there is wine from the plains and there is wine from the mountains. The wine from the plains is more prolific, but more dilute, less demanding and poorer in oils. This is not necessarily a disparagement. All it means is that I would not marry such a wine. I'd be unhappy without a constant supply of more stimulating oils. Anyone who doesn't like higher tensions - and that's fair enough - can live with such a wine.

I thought of all this in charming Szigliget, up on the hill. The gardens below, Lake Balaton in the distance, the wine in the canteen beside me, and when my meditation began to falter, I took a sip. Such things are born with man. I like mountain wine, grown by the water. Water is the element in which I was born, and therefore I crave its presence in everything. That's why the Hegyalja lies further away from me, and closer to me are Badacsony, Csopak and Arács. There are exceptions here too, of course. Almost Somló. Because the Somló fire wine, on a volcano

grown on a volcano. There is no water near Somló. It rises in the middle of a great plain and has the shape of a crown. Of all our wines, the Somló is the one I'm most proud of. I'll tell you why in a moment.

I distinguish between blond-haired (light) and dark-haired (red) wines; then between male (dry) and female (sweet) wines; and even between soprano, alto, tenor, bass, monophonic, polyphonic and symphonic wines. But I also distinguish between solar (sun-like), lunar (moon-like) and astral (star-like) wines. Any other distinction can be applied to wine quite easily. There is, for example, logical wine and mystical wine, visual wine and acoustic wine, right-to-left wine and left-to-right wine, and so on ad infinitum. Each wine presents man with new and new tasks of discrimination. Well, for me, Somla is the solar baritone but symphonic blonde male wine that contains the oil of the highest creative spirituality, and in a concentrated purity unique among our wines. This is why I believe that while all wine is social and reveals its true essence when drunk in company, Somlai is its solitary drink. It is so full of the oil of the intoxication of creation that it should only be drunk in solitude, sufficiently contemplative, finally quieted and balanced. I would also like to say about somlai (the original, ancient, now rare, almost white-gold, dry, fiery somlai) that although all the more serious mountain wines are more suited to the over-40s than to youth, somlai is the wine of the old man. It is the wine of the wise, of people who have finally learned the greatest knowledge, serenity. It is a very personal thing, and I say it only because it was one of the great results of my meditation in Sigliget: it was in the hieratic mask of Somla wine that I felt closest to the mature serenity and wisdom, the intense creative intoxication that created this world.

VINE, WINE, GEM, WOMAN

It is peculiar that grapes and wine do not overlap. Fine grapes do not always make the best wine. I'm not going to talk about chasselas grapes, the commercial so-called delicacy, which for me has never been able to say anything of substance. I want to talk about the noble Afuz Ali, the queen of vineyards, Mrs. János Matthias, and even the muscat otoneel, and the king of all vines, the muscat black Hambourg. Except for muscat otoneel, almost none of them are suitable for wine. Good wine is made from grapes that are less important for eating. In Somló, I tasted a bunch of the ancient Somla capital. To the eye it was beautiful, almost whitish green, with large, round eyes, translucently opalescent and glassy, but I can't say anything special about its taste. In the Mediterranean I have often enough found that the better wines are made from the unremarkable grapes. Once I was truly shocked. A sparse cluster of barely pea-sized grains on the vine. Is this vine sick, I asked. I tasted it, sweet enough, but with a strange, ersatz coffee taste. The skin was thick and chewy. The Dalmatian laughed a big laugh. He brought wine and offered me some. At that moment it occurred to me how much more erotic drinking is than eating.

Drinking is the closest relative of love. Wine was like a dripping kiss. Now I want to talk about one of my most beautiful wine meditations. It was in the gardens of Berény, sitting on a stone bench under a big walnut tree by the cellar, looking out over the lake. In the distance, Badacsony, Gulács, the hills of Révfülöp and Szigliget. It was a hot afternoon. I bathed all morning, had lunch and after a short rest came out here to read. But the book lay untouched beside me, and I just stared at the summer. The vines were ripening. This is Riesling. That's plum. Amaz otello. Burgundy, honey white, port, how strange, I thought at the time, all these incognito appearances, all One, but their value lies precisely in the fact that each is just inimitably itself and nothing else. The vines and the wines are like gems. The apparitions of the one One. But each is a different spiritual essence of the One. I began to compare emerald, ruby, topaz, amethyst, carnelian, diamond with its corresponding wine. I do not deny that she has been extremely helpful to me in this activity. As always and in everything I have done when contemplating the infinite variety of spiritual essences. Gemstones are nothing but women and maidens, incognito apparitions, retaining only this one attribute of beauty, a brilliant charm.

That is their charm. But magic should not be taken in the sense of losing the gloss, but as natural magic. This is the real being in them This is the essence. If I could, for example, I would extract the spiritual essence of a beautiful maiden and purify, condense, distil, filter, crystallize it until I had its imperishable and concentrated essence. Every beautiful woman could eventually be made into a precious stone. Or wine. But then it would not be crystallized, but dissolved. I would use the gemstone by setting it in gold and absorbing its essence through my eyes. The wine, of course, I would drink. The Psalmist says: Of course, it would be best if I could turn the gemstone into a woman whenever I wanted, bask in it, then turn it again and drink it, and finally it would be a gem again and never run out. I'd have sapphire and amethyst and pearl and diamond and emerald and topaz my lady and my wine.

The main premise of my intoxication anatomy: love is the root of all intoxication. The wine is liquid love, the gem is crystallized love, the woman is the living love creature If I add the flower and the music, then I know that this love shines in colours and sings and smells and lives and I can eat and drink it.

The alchemists say that the gem is none other than the pure spirit being, or angel, that lived in the original creation, but when man fell into sin, he was dragged into matter. It became a tree. But it retained its brilliant purity as a stone. This theory covers my own theory that wines and vines are actually inhabited by spiritual oils and that they are geniuses.

So I sat and meditated in the gardens of Berény, and as I headed home at sunset, I managed to end the productive afternoon with a happy twist. Along the way I caught sight of nova vines. I was astonished for the first minute. What kind of gem is this? At that moment I realised that wine is a whole world, and like all whole worlds, like women, it gives and should give room to evil, to the vile, to dark hells. Novas grapes and the corrosive, stinking, wine-like liquid made from them are nothing more than the devil's clumsy attempt to make wine himself. Never a more unsuccessful attempt! The nova is the wine of the puritans, the pietists, the spinsters, the bachelors, the greedy, the miserly, the envious, the wicked. A healthy man, when he smells it, holds his nose, and when he tastes it, he spits madly and cries out,

until he rinses his mouth out with something decent to drink. I say, the devil envied the Creator's wine-making and decided to make wine himself. He put in his yellow greed, his thirst for revenge, his venom, his impudence, his grimaces, his cowardly insidiousness, his comic wretchedness, all his clumsy oil, and made it incredibly rich. The nova really does produce at least twenty times as many grapes as the noble capital. But for whom? The greedy and miserly, who only care about having lots and lots and lots.

You don't fool me, I said to the vine. I know that part of wine is to be a stinking hell. That's you. Your genius is the witch Your gem is the piss stone When you're in bloom, your ammonia smells like carrion flies. You are the atheist vine. I was walking home, wondering what wine I was going to drink with dinner. Then I thought of something else. This is no longer a grape, because it's not made from grapes. This is the fake wine. It's the tainted, leaded, syrupy pancake, the most horrific assassination there is, the counterfeit, the fake, the painted, whining, insufferable, lying, sneaky, lustful money-hungry, hysterical woman.

WINE CATALOGUE (DRAFT)

When I am old and very old, but when I am old enough to have the gentle and serene wisdom that I so desire to attain, I will write an exhaustive catalogue of Hungarian wines, for it is impossible to write it without great experience and even greater gentleness, serenity and wisdom. I hope to reach old age, and in my last years I shall not wish to smuggle anything in my back pocket as a cork into the afterlife; I hope that by then I shall no longer envy anyone the morsel in my mouth or the woman in my arms; I shall have no hidden revenge, no debts, and no regrets over things I have wrongly neglected. Then, yes, then, I will write the great wine catalogue, grouped by tastes, scents, oils, gems, women, by region and country and variety, and find the food, the most delightful season, even time of day to drink, the music and the poet related to it. My present attempt to catalogue the most important wines is merely a preliminary study in this great enterprise. Nothing is finished or definitive, and above all it is sketchy and immature. I am still too young for such a big subject.

I will start with the sandy wines. Summer and early autumn is the drinking season for KECSKEMÉTI. It can be drunk all day, at work, with food, in company, even for breakfast. Best with cards, but not for very serious play. For tarocco, for example, it's only good with a lot of mineral water, and with parade, dew water or grass water. KECSKEMÉTI is best if it is two or three years old. New wine is too diluted, older wine loses its freshness.

The drinking period for KISKÖRÖSI is from May to August. Pair with light meats and green stews. I once drank it with asparagus and it was the best. Drink it neat, best in small company (six to eight people, mixed male and female). It requires music. It can't stand solitude. Its appeal is something of a lovely softness, the closest character of which I have yet to analyse.

The CSENGŐDI (related to the SOLTSZENTIMREI, which many experts prefer to the former) is more feminine, more indulgent. It is a wine for the small middle class. It goes well with fatty foods. CSENGŐDI has the wonderful ability to make you make up your mind quickly. Therefore, when drinking CSENGŐDI, be careful not to do anything rashly!

SOLTVADKERTI is more boisterous and louder. It's a monophonic wine, skate cider, likes cold food, sausages, onions. Drinking time

especially late autumn, when it's foggy, rainy and muddy outside. It is one of the best new wines. I don't mean to disparage it by saying it's a skating cider. In fact, the skate is one of the most important institutions of our civilisation, far more important than, for example, parliament. In one place wounds are distributed, in another they are healed.

That's enough about sandy wines for now. Once again, I stress that there is no complication. Deciphering them is not difficult. Their astral nature is simple: when you drink sand wine, you are filled with tiny starry eyes, and these eyes dance in your blood like the Milky Way come to life. There is no fundamental difference between the varieties of sand wine. It doesn't matter if it's Riesling, Kadarka, Muscatel, Otello or honey white.

Sandy is the medicinal wine of the simplest of life's wounds. If you see a man in a skating rink, tormented by a cranky wife, he's drinking sand. If you see a young student gloomy with secret sorrow, he drinks sand. If you see an unshaven face in a rumpled shirt, he drinks sand. Good for you. Mountain wine is only for great sicknesses, if one is struggling with sins, if one wants to overcome a deadly helplessness. Above all, however, when one suffers from the disease of idealism: the belief that one could solve one's life if one knew things. It is not enough to know. You have to make it happen. Wine is the great realizer.

The transition between sandy and mountain wines is made by some wines from the HEAD COUNTRIES, SOMOGY, BANAT, TISZANTOUL. One of the most distinctive of this variety is DOMOSLÓI, the prince of the rolling hills, semi lowland wines. I have a rich experience of FONYÓDI and BERENYI wines. The difference between the varieties here is already very big. There are some tepid, unlimited-drinking card and quater cavas, there are also more solemn, broader-bottomed, dreamy wines. Some are raw and some are hard. All are good with food. They are excellent with fatty food, but not delicate enough for sweet pasta. If possible, I'd drink something else with more delicate meat. My big wine list will also talk about the endless possibilities of transitional wines in this space.

Mountain wines? I'll start with GYÖNGYÖSI. A beautifully dressed wine. It has everything it needs to look the part. It's also a good host, a pleasant conversationalist, often witty. At GYÖNGYÖSI age is becoming more and more important. The older he is, the more fiery he is, like a properly mature soul. The best for scones and sandwiches.

The young MORI is sometimes confusingly similar to the half-mountain, gently rolling country wine. It's not until he's five or six that he begins to show his strength. But then it's strength without being rude. It has a completely unique and inimitable mineral flavour.

VILLÁNYI is the elegant wine of the gavallos and the ladies. For myself, I would only give a VILLÁNYI for a ball. Excellent for engagements. It has a kindly, unpretentious sense of humour, which is, of course, far removed from the wise wit of a BOPE, but a BOPE never wants to be a bop, and a bop does not want to go to a ball. All the advantages of a man are revealed when he is freshly bathed, shaved, and dressed from head to toe. Mostly in tails or tuxedos, ladies in necklines. Just enough excitement to keep the dancers talking. Moderate, refined, well-mannered. Excellent with crumpets and caviar sandwiches.

I would now like to talk about BALATONI wines, the part of the region that stretches from Almadi to Révfülöp. I would divide this zone into five large districts, ARÁCS FÜRED, DÖRGICSE and surroundings RÉVFÜLÖP and surroundings.

There is hardly any difference in ranking within this circle. It all depends on the vintage, the location of the vineyard, the conscientiousness and seriousness of the farmer's management. My heart goes out to Csopak, but I wouldn't do without the DÖRGICSEI, I wouldn't give the ARÁCSI for any money, nor even the TIHANYI. Especially the GYÖKÉRKESERŰ in Tihany. A friend and I discovered it when we were fishing around the peninsula and looking for a drink to accompany our carp and perch. The abbey had a strange hell, it was on the north-eastern side and nobody knew why this wine had a root-acid taste. Anyone who ever tastes a taste of pike-perch in butter with tomato salad and GORGEOUS wine will forget a picture of the Louvre before they forget this experience. But I would miss the RÉVFÜLÖPI even less. It is a true wine of friendship and marriage, loyal, quiet, calm, speaks little, thinks more, smiles, noiseless and harmonious.

There was a time when I drank CSOPAKI all winter, a slightly yellowish-pink sparkling wine with an amazing sense of balance between sweet and sour. The measure, I noticed, was exactly three and a half ounces. I experimented with other people and there wasn't a single person who it didn't work on. Three and a half deci of this wine! That's the spirit. That's the exact two times two times four wine.

ALMADI likes light lunches and afternoon naps. The BATH is the romantic. The ARACSI is charming and simple. The DÖRGICSEI is the cutest of them all. The RÉVFÜLÖPI is the truest of the arugas wines. For me, lugas wine means that, especially in late September afternoons, when you have a friend of the heart, you sit with him in the lugas and drink it from very small glasses, but often. I also recommend this wine for writing letters. For a love letter, of course, depending on the nature of the affair, I recommend other wines; for passionate love, only SIX TREE.

Yes, the SZEKSZÁRDI. Until I went there, I had no real and correct image of it. But ever since I saw the town hidden in the trees, with the hill above it and the vineyards stretching out in the distance, and breathed its air, I have known that only such a wine can grow here. I would compare it to a woman of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, in the fullness of her strength and beauty, at the height of her lovemaking powers, perfectly liberated, but with an admirable taste and an unimaginable sweet fire.

SEKSZÁRDI is the wine of the wedding. It lifts the bride into marriage. A pure Venus wine. Never mix the young SIXTH, but never drink the old one neat, if you don't want to be ruined.

I also consider the HEGYALJAI a woman, but a queen. For my part, I couldn't imagine drinking HEGYALJAI every day for any length of time, though I don't consider myself an ordinary person. The whole world knows that Bergalji has ornaments found nowhere else. Wines are usually fully enjoyed where they are grown. This is quite natural; the fruit is also perfect from the tree, because it is during transport that the most noble and refreshing oils are lost. But its great prizes, as they say, cannot be deprived by sea transport. The best manner of drinking is by small glasses after great luncheons and dinners. At weddings, before the guests disperse for the journey, as a St. John's blessing. Who likes what, aszú or samorodni, sweet or dry. This is the wine of the great public. It's great between concerts, between acts at the opera, if only because it's one of the most musical of wines. For those with a mysterious illness, drink HEGYALJAI. If a woman wants her child in her womb to be a proud and royal being, drink HEGYALJAI

t. The artist, when he has finished his work and succeeded, should celebrate and drink HEGYALJAI.

About EGRI, especially red, let's just say that it is also perfect for any occasion, celebration, lunch, alone or alone. For me, EGRI has always been associated with heroic passions. When I drink EGRI, I immediately start dreaming of great and heroic deeds.

Lastly, BADACSONYI and SZENTGYÖRGYHEGYI. Both are men's wine, and all kinds of men's wine. They have all the nuances of masculinity, from the self-indulgent Narcissus to the ascetic, and from the royal to the bohemian. Big word. Because each mountain is a cosmos. All the varieties are here, from Riesling from the Rhine and Italy to Aszú. The big famous varieties are the grey friend and the blue tongue. I will lecture for six months on the difference between BADACSONYI and SZENTGYÖRGYHEGYI when I am appointed to the wine department at the university. This is a textbook example of how two great wines can be similar and different. BADACSONYI is like the world-famous artist, and SZENTGYÖRGYHEGYI is like the artist who, in his worldly life, barely left his room and yet created a greater work than the one he celebrated. Both have greatness in them, but one I would call Olympic, the other Chinese, Tao greatness. strange how I can't tell the difference between the two. I had - I had already decided on SZENTGYÖRGYHEGYI, but when I had a glass of Badacsony Riesling, I was for it; then I swore by BADACSONYI, but only until I got to SZENTGYÖRGYHEGYI. After all, what's to stop me from being both Greek and Chinese?

the ritual of the
wine LODGING
HARMONIES

The ritual of wine should begin with a chapter on harmonies of the mouth. This is to the science of wine what harmony is to music. It is necessary to learn that the harmonies of the palate are based on the basic mouth triad of food, drink and tobacco. What food, what drink, what tobacco fit in what way, trump or emphasise, desire or neutralise each other. There are forbidden steps, such as the parallel fifth and octave in harmony. Generally speaking, it can be said that eating is the bodily act, the fundamental; drinking is the spiritual act; smoking is the spiritual act. One must always begin with eating, one must always end with smoke. I note that I consider the antinicotinist to be an atheistic sectarian. The epithet of this chapter is an immortal sentence of the Upanishads: the highest form of Brahman is food.

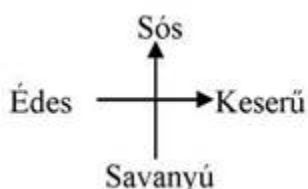
The simplest bed of wine is smoked bacon with bread and green peppers. The simplest, but at the same time the classic wine bed, whose greatness, while wine is produced, never fades. I only know of a similar one in the south, where of course it is adapted to the nature of southern wine: fried fish, bread, olives. Add sheep's cheese and I'd say I could spend weeks in this asceticism. I have tried it many, many times and it has always worked. When my train arrived, my first trip was to the sea. I took a sip of it, a sip that was the sign of our passionate love marriage that year. Then I went straight to the snack bar, bought two well-made scombri, or mille in bocca, olives, snow-white loaf and a piece of cheese. Thus equipped, I went in search of the most unattractive bar stool. I was never disappointed. I went to the place that made the most noise. The little drinking holes were neatly in a cellar with a narrow hatch. Inside, it was dimly lit and thick with borax fumes. In the gloom I was greeted by flashing eyes and shouting. They knew at once that I was a stranger and greeted me with the enthusiasm of wine. Sailors, soldiers, workers, peasants. Some hugged me like old friends. They asked where I was from and wished me luck for having just wandered in. The wine? Ty-ty! Taste it at once. (Taste it and see!) Ten glasses were held out to me. I, however, picked out the fish first, ate some olives and waited for the most thirsty moment. Now! On this day, a second passionate marriage with wine.

But back home, I was also satisfied with the bacon and green peppers. Meat, bread and fresh greens. That's the basic formula. The rest is all just a refinement and complication of that. After all: meat, bread and fresh greens. Even if it's a ten-course lunch with three kinds of roast, salad, four kinds of pasta. Then, when I calm down at the fourth or fifth glass, it's time for the spirit. I take out the tobacco, roll a roll and light up. Remember; the highest form of Brahman is food.

Above all, the bread. In the south, they eat blinding white wheat bread. How wine goes with it, only those who have tried it know. With the bread in one pocket and the canteen of wine in the other, I sit on the bow of the boat, a fresh breeze blowing across the wind and bringing the salty vapour to my face. I prefer rye bread here, especially the spongy kind, but when it's lukewarm and the bacon melts a little on it, I don't want anything but a drink. I practiced this once in Arkansas all summer. Several times mixed with flame broth. Garlic pancakes with Arachian wine! I lay under the pear tree, and I was ready

to receive the highest spirit. Besides rye bread, I'll happily eat wheat bread any time, and I don't mind if it sits in the cellar for a day or two and dries out. And instead of peppers, onions and tomatoes a r e good, either as a salad or just as fruit.

When it comes to more complex dishes, especially cooked ones, I must first of all draw a crosshair of flavours. Here it is;



These are the four worlds of flavour. Before drinking, it is necessary to follow this diagram and match the food to the wine. Why food to wine? Because wine is the spiritual and therefore the higher phenomenon, food is the physical and therefore the fundamental phenomenon. Learn the cross of taste well, and when you drink, think about it. You will never be disappointed.

In fact, wine loves fish best of all. Cold or warm, boiled or fried, dried or smoked or canned; whether in olives, tomatoes or minced, it doesn't matter, as long as it's fish. The fish will not absorb any of the flavour of the wine. I would dare say that fish is the complementary food to the wine drink, like orange to blue, green to red.

I have no idea what the mystery behind this is. I do know, however, and I have experienced, I tell you, on countless occasions, when I have drunk thoroughly after a fresh anchovy lunch and dozed in bed in the summer heat, that something quite strange happens in the stomach at such times. Hunger is the darkness of the stomach. Food is the light of the stomach. There is darkness before eating, and when one swallows the first bite, it is like a mystery of "let there be light". The fish sinks in the stomach and light shines up. Now the wine arrives, the illumination of the soul. Have you any idea, man, what happens at this time? The highest form of Brahman is food.

In our climate, the equivalent of fish is fresh, perhaps smoked pork. I can usually imagine fresh pork at a pig feast. Catlan meat, liver, shreds of head meat, mysterious glands, cartilage cogs,

strips clinging to the bone, well salted, swallowed with a bite of bread and pickled peppers. Now for the wine.

What I've told you so far is the elementology of mouth harmonies. Delicious big lunches, more complex flavour combinations, are based on these elementary laws. There are three main chapters I would like to talk about: one on meat in general, another on pasta, and the third on the drinking of a wide variety of wines at festive dinners.

The division of meats in terms of wine: boiled meat and roasted meat. Cooked meat is the less valuable. Roast meats are usually of three types:

1. usually meat (beef, pork, veal, mutton, etc.),
2. poultry and
3. game (deer, venison, rabbit, wild duck, pheasant, partridge, etc.).

As I have already said, and I must maintain this point, the most important and most common bed of veal is pork. The second most important and most common type of wine is fatty goose roasted in its own fat, in October and November, with red cabbage, potato dumplings and roasted skin-on apples. If this dish is in season, it should be repeated every two weeks. Two or three types of wine are to be drunk, namely: young and light red, semi-old Badacsony or Csopak, and finally Rhineland Riesling from the Szentgyörgyhegy. The black coffee is immediately preceded by Rustic aszú or a glass of 20-year-old Somla. A rarer but very high class wine bed is the deer or roe-deer spiked with bacon and young wild boar. I recommend the latter in particular to everyone. The garnish can be anything you like, but in my experience, it is best served with minced pasta toasted on dark beans. The salad should be completely mixed. This will stand up to wine indefinitely, and even the more demanding gooseberries, mori, and even thunderbirds and tihanyi.

So much for meat in a nutshell. For a group of men gathered exclusively for drinking (on the veranda in summer or early autumn), I recommend one meal. Mixed minced meat cooked in a casserole. The composition of the meat: one part diced smoked bacon, two parts pork, one part mutton, one part poultry, one part foie gras, one part marrow. With a little onion, pepper, parsley and diced leafy greens. Tarragon wouldn't hurt. Eat it lukewarm. Many people like it warm, and I am one of them.

Pasta comes in two kinds, boiled and fried. These are again two kinds, sweet and salty. A particularly good wine bed is the one with cottage cheese and sourdough.

noodles (you can also use chard, but then only with fried onions), but with plenty of sour cream, and care must be taken to ensure that the batter is freshly cooked and that milk is put in the fat. Without that, it's half the value. Secondarily, peppered cabbage rolls and potato noodles with breadcrumbs may be considered. All these pastries should shine with fat. There is a separate chapter on half-cooked, half-baked pasta, and one of the eternal kings of pasta, the ham roll.

The pasta is cooked, mixed with semi-fat minced ham and eggs, and the whole thing is wrapped in buttered pastry and baked in a baking dish until crispy red. This pasta is eaten with besamel or tartare, and always accompanied by a semi-mature (five to ten years old) Burgundy or port.

Of the sweet fried pastas, the buttery and biscuit-like pastas have long been tried and tested, and I can only say that I have never had the slightest trouble with them. Of all the sweet and cooked pastas, I can recommend the plum city potato dumplings the most highly, but plum dumplings before all of them.

The order of a large multi-course lunch is usually determined by the nature of the feast. In the autumn, if there is plenty of fowl, game or fish, you should have a sandwich with the starter (fish). If you are serving roe, you can have muscovy. If the fish is mayonnaise, then young and dilute red. The second starter should always be liver risotto with green peas, mushrooms and parsley. The wine for this dish should be only tart red wine, at least in my house I would not tolerate anything else. The meats should be eaten gradually, according to their difficulty. The wines should be drunk in the same way. For pasta, the order is reversed. The first pasta should be heavy and the others progressively lighter. The wines, on the other hand, are progressively heavier. Finish off with a very old holy wort, and when everyone thinks it's over, immediately before the black, half a glass of dry o-samorodni.

I don't talk much about tobacco. After a big lunch, the first smoke should be a cigar, and a Cuban (Havana). The second should be a thick Albanian cigarette, of the golden-yellow, poisonous variety. The third can be a lighter Greek or Serbian. I always recommend cigars first, even after a more ordinary lunch. After smaller, friendly lunches, you can have four types of cigarettes: Egyptian, English, Serbian and medium-flavoured Hungarian. For solitary drinking, a pipe should be smoked, and either English-scented tobacco or verpelétit, depending on the mood. In general, I have found that even those who have become quite skilled in the selection of food and wine pay less attention to tobacco accords

attention. This carelessness has to stop sooner or later. If we were properly governed, smoking tobacco with various foods and wines would have been regulated by ordinance long ago. Of course, we expect such things in vain from the present atheistic governments.

WHEN TO DRINK, WHEN NOT TO DRINK?

Drinking has one law: anytime, anywhere, anyhow. For a serious man, a serious time, and a serious people, that is enough. Today, unfortunately, this law is being abused to the utmost. I heard of a man who drank wolfsbane in the summer at dusk in the arbour while reading a newspaper. If it had not come from a man of integrity, I would have thought he was lying. Drinking wolfsbane in the arbour at dusk in summer is one of life's great moments of celebration. The table should be covered with yellow or pink tablecloths, flowers should be put in the vase, and they should be zinfandel or sunflowers, and a great poet should be read, Pindar or Dante or Keats. Anyone who does not recognise such moments can be considered a lost man.

There are a few more such glaring cases. At a festive dinner, when the young half-fat goose was being drunk with a Seksard, one of the gentlemen toasted the Archbishop. Sadly, this is nowadays a matter of credibility. In one village, it was said that the notary drank Old Pannonian beer with sausage lecsó. If this is true, then the notary was feeble-minded or an atheist. I suspect the latter.

Drinking has the same law as love: anytime, anywhere, any way. But here and there, every circumstance is important. The nature of wine requires a choice of season and time of day. There is idle wine, flirtatious wine, story-telling wine, tragic wine. Drinking a dramatic wine at a cheerful family meal, for example, is the ultimate in insensitivity. It is equally distasteful to drink fornicating wine at a formal feast. If you are alone and outdoors, always look for a view; wine loves heights and views, and likes to look down. If you're in a room, always lay a cloth on your table first. The barbarian drinks from a wax cloth, the wretch, not because he has no cloth, but because he has no heart for drinking. In any case, eat first, at least a few grains of nuts, hazelnuts, or almonds. The taste of the wine unfolds on this oily seed. In late autumn, always have chestnuts on your table, whether boiled, roasted or in some kind of cake, and drink the still-spicy new wine on them. Don't forget the chrysanthemum! It can be yellow,

light purple or white, it doesn't matter, but it's there. Chestnuts, chrysanthemums and new wine. Remember it well.

Wine-drinkers have no muse, but even if they do not, only those who have been educated in the muse, read poetry, listen to music, even if they do not make it, and enjoy pictures, can drink good wine correctly. This man can also choose the right time to work, to walk, to sleep, to talk, to read, only this man can make love and wine anywhere, anytime and anyhow.

By the way, I don't like pedantry. It is incompatible with wine and love. He who loves wine and woman is a bohemian. People of order are abstract, preoccupied. They're always meticulously stacking, in mad fear of not finding something. What the hell is this terror? It's folly to line up bags in the pantry like books; it's folly to make a catalogue of everything. I can't like the pedant who always puts the glass back in the same place and never picks up the chicken leg. A fool with a roulette wheel, yes, whether he be a man or a woman. He would most like to have his kisses neatly lined up, so that he can count how many there have been. In a neat order, by length, by heat, by sweetness, he would put them in boxes, write tags on them, when it happened, date and place, and put it all in a big book. When it comes to drinking and true love, these maniacal neatness and hygiene are insufferable.

An example is wine. Wine does not like a straight line. Therefore, when you've had a lot to drink, you make swirling movements and, when you get going, you walk in beautiful parabolas and hyperboles. He is said to lose his balance and stagger. I think not. Wine likes these swaying balances. Observe the wine man's gait. It's a real dance he's doing. Old tramp, you'd never know there was so much charm in his movements. And look at him when he's drunk on brandy. The wineskin's always circling, the brandy's always on and off, and then he collapses until he's stretched out on his head. One is a parabolic whirling dance, the other is an angular and ragged movement. It is observed in whole peoples. It is the difference between the wine and brandy people, which manifests itself in movement, thought, feeling and the whole way of life. This is the difference between the Muses and the barbarians.

HOW ARE THEY?

Water is their element. First, water becomes wine; second, wine becomes blood. Water is matter, wine is the soul, blood is the spirit, matter becomes the soul, blood becomes the spirit.

soul to spirit, this is the double transubstantiation that we have to experience here on earth.

This serious and great soul-defining activity must take place in appropriate externals. There is only one law of wine drinking: to drink. Anywhere, anytime, anyhow. But the instinct must awaken in man to give this drinking dignity, and this raises the question: how?

Above all, about the glasses. Shall I tell you the great sorrow of my life? Wherever I've been, at home or abroad, at lunch it's always the same. I ate the soup, and then, according to the law of the ancients, I drank the forty drops. Forty drops after soup, a rule of wisdom that will never be broken. Then came the cool with the main course, and the garnish and salad. The best time to drink is when one has eaten most of the second course. This is when thirst is at its peak. And the glass is small! I've never found a three-and-a-half- or four-ounce glass in which I could prepare my carefully experimented mixture and drink it all in one gulp at the right moment.

I know what some people will say. Why I don't have another glass. It makes me realise the barbarian who has no sense of the most important things. Two glasses is not a glass, and if the momentum of drinking is broken, he loses what is most important in him, his one-breath. If I want to drink with two glasses, I put two glasses in front of me. But I, on the other hand, want to drink with one glass and in one breath, exactly the amount that suits my thirst. The length of my thirst is three and a half to four quarts. No more, no less. A glass emptied to the bottom is the absolute equivalent of this thirst. Is it no use explaining?

The ancients were wiser here too. They put a cup in front of them and everyone drank as much as they wanted. My objection to the cup, however, is that it can only be used to make wine either neat or in a blend. And sometimes I wish otherwise on the second or third drinking.

I consider it an urgent task to produce four whole two or three-tenths cups and to make them a regular feature throughout the world, especially in restaurants. This is about the amount of drink that a man drinks at his thirstiest moments. This is the measure. Today's atheists, of course, have no sense of such things. It is in vain that heartless people

to demand. Or that damn ten kilos! I'm short of ten kilos of everything, meat, cold cuts, cheese, sweets. Fifteen is plenty. And twelve and a half ounces is not what a limited atheistic society is made for. And you wonder why everything is upside down. Let the wine regulate the measure of the glass, not the glass the wine. That is the essence of my demand. In fact, in any decent house where wine is respected, there should be at least twenty types of glasses, from the half-ounce glass (aszu wines) to the one and a half litre. A different glass should be used in the morning and another in the afternoon. In the case of a long-lasting communal meeting, everyone gets his one and a half litre cup and drinks as he pleases. If it's a lighter discussion, a smaller cup is fine. By wine, by blend, the variations are almost inexhaustible. It is a matter of taste. A different glass is needed for the card than for the house concert. Of course, a different glass for a lower than for a tarokka. You also have to think about the quality of the glass, especially the thickness. How can one drink holy wort from a thick glass?

Part of the question of how is also the best company to drink with. The general rule is: drink. Anywhere, any time, any way. The number of drinkers should always be decided by the nature of the wine. There is very little universal wine - wine that, for example, the whole of humanity can drink at the same time on some great celebration, say, a festival of world peace. The only wine I would recommend for this purpose is SOMLAI. And in particular it is a wine for the lonely. Because even today, world peace is still a lonely man's intoxication. In a large group of twenty or thirty people, always drink new wine. The lowest category (student) only HOMOKI; the highest (artist) CSOPAKI, or ARÁCSI. smaller company GYÖNGYÖSI. Two or three people BADACSONYI. Lovers always SIX. Friends only very old wine, from small glasses, so they can toast many times.

I want to localize the wine competition. One of the competitions would be, of course, to see who can drink how much. But more important than that is the puzzle competition. This could be practised in larger groups. There would be a hundred different wines in bottles, and the judging committee would be the only ones who would know which wine was in which bottle, from which region, and how old it was. Whoever guesses where most of the wines are from, how old they are and what kind, gets a laurel wreath. Under even stricter conditions, the same would have to be done in the dark, where the contestant could not even see the colour of the wine. Whoever wins here should be treated to a carefree stay in a famous wine region until death.

WHERE ARE THEY?

If a woman came to me and asked me how to be beautiful, I would tell her: Go out in the sun, my dear. Only what is in the sun can be beautiful. Look at the hidden parts of your body, they're like the blind. When you take off your clothes, they blink, helplessly, away from the light. Sad are such blind thighs, and there is nothing more pitiful than such a beautiful velvet belly held in darkness. Have you never seen in a bath a woman who has never dared to undress, who has never taken off her shirt even on her wedding night? How lustful, how much more lustful, are those limbs which are even now covered by so many clothes. How do you do? Sunshine for every little place, so that she can open her eyes, free herself and become self-conscious. Self-conscious and shy, because the two are one. A belly kept in the dark, when it comes into the sun, suddenly, poor thing, it cannot be coy, it is frightened, and there is nothing more appetite-suppressing than such a member left open to itself. Sun! Cast off your garments and let the light fall upon you, and you will be like statues of goddesses. But don't think that this modern cult of nudity, or skin burnt red, is beautiful. It's just such a delusion. To be beautiful, walk naked for ten minutes every day, in front of a man's mirror if you can. You will learn that you must not live in obscurity. You must not be ruled by the unconscious. You must be liberated. You must not live a life without light. Sun! Sun! The sultry cloth will evaporate and you will smell like the sea. Like wine.

You can drink anywhere, but never hide. If you hide, you'll be like the thigh of a woman who never took off her shirt on her wedding night. You'll be sneaky, blind and horny. You can drink anywhere, but everywhere be self-conscious and shameless, because the two are one. In summer, drink in the garden, under the tree, or on the veranda, when it's hot, in the cool room, or in the cellar. Be carefree. You must not live in obscurity. Always say: I'm drinking wine now. Don't deny it to yourself, and you'll be all right. Don't be like the pietist or the puritan who eats and says, 'I don't eat, I don't eat. Whatever you feel like doing, do it. Don't deny yourself love in particular. And wine. If you live like that, you can sit on the side of the road, take out your canteen and drink, and you will do the right thing. In the winter you can drink by the stove, in the kitchen, out in the snow, in the skating rink, or at your desk. You can even drink on the street corner, if you just pull one from the bottle without a book, as they say. You can even drink in your lonely room, you can drink in bed and in the bathtub. That's all very well.

RES FORTISSIMA (FOR PIETISTS AND PURITANS)

Women and men, old and young, mixed, twenty or so, are in a cellar. This mixing is very important. In a large company it is hardly possible to have fun without old people. They can say the most daring things, they are the most naughty. If one has drunk properly all one's life, in old age the wine has completely liberated one.

In front of the cellar door, under the two big walnut trees, a table laid with coloured apricots, sausages, bacon, ham, huge loaves of bread, scones with pork patties. There are green peppers and tomato peppers, strong and weak, whichever you like. There are bottles of mineral water at the base of the walnut tree. Ten steps away, the fire is burning and the men are carving spits. A bacon barbecue. The farmer now continues his crucial discussions with the council of elders, the three oldest and most experienced drinkers. The matter is not simple. Which wine to start with. The common solution is to start with the most dilute new wine, sour and new. It's an old custom, hardly to be deviated from. "Last year's muscatel was excellent," says one of the old men. "Heady," says the other. Women go mad too soon, that's the farmer's opinion. It's never too early, says the wisest.

They go down to the cellar and suck up the mace. A noble and pure muscat otonel, of the finest breed, with greenish glowing eyes. The barrel next to it is a sweet cadarka. Raspberry syrup, says one of the old men, as he sticks his tongue in. But they'll pull off a few bottles of that too. The third variety is last year's Riesling from the Rhine. They taste it all, and nod silently. Taste and see, says the Psalm. They fill the bottles with silent reverence and bring all three wines to the table.

Now comes the first glass. One of the cajones poured the muscovy for the women after all, and they drank the fragrant, seductive drink greedily. By the time the bacon was being cooked, the women had pulled their skirts up to their knees, the girls with flashing eyes threw their heads back and their lips swelled.

This is what I want to talk about. About the awesome power of wine, which, whether I like it or not, I am forced to call a whore. Don't be frightened by this word, my friends. When it comes to wine, fear nothing. Think what it would be like if our women lacked this fundamental reality. Think if they were not provocative, if they never sought to seduce, if they were not flirtatious and never warned in their voices with impatient heat when you would undress them? What would it be? Like all great things,

in my experience, it comes in two flavors: good or bad. The bad: atheist. I'll even put it this way: it's the atheism of the woman. This is the bad bitchiness. I don't know of a woman who is more adorable than the good. This is the greatest danger and deepest darkness of woman. It may be the most depraved in her, and therefore, if it be good, it is almost something that touches the verge of sanctity.

Take a good look at this young woman, with her messy dishevelled hair, her every movement as circular as her bosom and thigh. Spherical music, but of scent and taste. Taste and see, says the Psalmist. His voice when he laughs is like glorification. His eyes sparkle. His nostrils flare and quiver. Daughter of intoxication, she has forgotten the bad whoredom, the dye, the tit, the ill-intentioned and calculated charm. At such a time she is most fragrant, and her kiss is hottest. He can no longer speak, he only stammers, but he seems tired of it, and his lips are set like a baby's, smacking, but not for milk. All impurity is burnt out of him. When he hiccups, a sound drips from his mouth that makes you want to lick every drop. He shakes his skunk head madly, throws himself back in the grass, arms outstretched. Her skirt slips up, but she doesn't notice it, neither she nor anyone else.

The Greeks knew that a woman's deepest being was this sacral whore. But when women, drunk on themselves, danced their frenzied dance in the hills on the great festival of Dionysus, men were not even allowed near them. Those who were found were torn to pieces by the Maenads. For only in its lower, red-hot state is whoredom connected with love. When it glows white, it has nothing to do with man. Then it is the intoxication of passionate self-sacrifice. Sacrifice. Or religion.

This religion can be made into love. It must be. Especially we men, who without this womanly fire would be dying for the rest of our lives. We must proclaim it and explain to women that it is all for us. Of course, some women believe it, others just smile. I say, we must make love of it. But to make a business of it, to make it dominate, to use this sacred faculty to make a woman buy clothes, food, money, that is not allowed. But I will tell you what is the least that must not be done: pietism and puritanism must not be done. Austerity and prejudice, stumbling and false modesty, cruel morals that gnash the teeth, pedantry that makes the nerves twitch, rigmarole, concupiscence, hysteria, pride and vain self-indulgence are not to be tolerated.

Wine contains all the oils of noble and ignoble wickedness, glowing red and white, and if a woman drinks wine, she will find out where

which way she leans.

On the hill of Somló I have heard it said: a Hungarian count went to India to hunt. He was a guest of the Rajah, and when he took his leave, he invited his host to Hungary. Later that year, the rajah did indeed visit him, and one winter evening, over a friendly glass of wine, he told of his heart's sorrow. No sooner was he married to a beautiful young woman, but she, though not yet thirty-five, had lost her virility. He went to a sanatorium in vain. In vain he sent for a world-famous doctor. In vain, pastilles, cures, injections, the lost virility did not return. The poor woman was already in melancholy, the poor rajah on the verge of madness. The Hungarian count did not say a word, he just sent for the key-keeper and brought Somla wine. Then he gave orders that the rajah's room should always be filled with Somla, and when his Indian guest left, he gave him a crate of wine. A few weeks passed, and the post brought a telegram from India. That was all: Thank you, my friend. I want ten more cases of somlai.

VITA ILLUMINATIVA (THE LAST PRAYER)

The ultimate lesson of the anatomy of intoxication is this: intoxication is a state of infinitely higher order than ordinary reason and the beginning of actual wakefulness. It is the beginning of all that is beautiful, great, serious, pleasurable, pure in life. This is the higher sanity. It's the ultimate sanity. It is the enthusiasm, as the ancients used to say, out of which comes art, music, love, true thought. And it's what real religion comes from. Good religion is intoxication religion; bad religion is common sense religion, atheism. The key to the illuminativa of the debate is here in our hands, or rather here in our barrels and bottles. It is from wine that we can learn what intoxication is, what is higher sanity, what is the illuminated life.

We have seen countless times, in ourselves and in others, that when we have done something really stupid, it is always because we wanted to be very clever. Smart, but not smart enough. Not smart enough to throw reason out the window. The calculations didn't work. And how clever I was! I can tell you, my friends, that calculations never work. It's a feature of calculations that they don't work, and the smarter you are, the less they work. What is to be done? Of course! What to do? I just said. One must be sober. Really sober, which means intoxicated. You have to drink wine. This final consequence, however bold it may seem, is as far as I'm willing to go. For I ask the question: what is that restlessness, that irritable constraint, that agitated haste - today it is called nervousness - so characteristic of atheists, so very like a disease? You cannot live without religion. It is an old statement and irrefutable. There is good religion and bad religion. That is all. Either you believe in God or you believe in surrogates. This surrogate can be of many kinds: it can be called a principle, a world view, a dictator, progress, humanism. For women, it can be vanity, pride, narcissism, dressing up, hysteria, hooting and hollering. The name of today's religious surrogate is materialism. Why it calls itself that is a mystery. I am the materialist, my dear, I who pray to stuffed peppers and plum dumplings, who dream of the fragrance coming from the ear of women, who worship precious stones, who live in polygamy with all the stars and flowers, and who drink wine. Wine. Do you hear? Like everything else, it depends on whether it's good or bad. I am the good. I have the involuntary feeling about the material of the bad materialists that

it's not really matter at all, it's cement. You can neither eat it, drink it, lick it, nor sleep with it. This corpse of matter, this ugly heavy powder, this symbol of stupidly grey and common sense, this intoxicating mass, this wicked cold calculation (which never works), abstraction itself, this atheistic matter.

Well, yes, I ask the question: what is the cause of the atheists' agitation today? I will tell you. Atheism is actually a disease. It is a disease of abstract life. It has only one cure: to live directly. To fall in love with the first beautiful woman, and to fall in love urgently, to eat big meals, to walk among flowers, to live in pine forests, to listen to music, to stare at paintings, and to drink wine, wine, wine, wine. For good religion is a talent that lives only in a healthy person. In impurity it dissolves and evaporates. Our great and wise contemporary said this, in a particularly illuminated moment. The senseless and distracted haste, the upset, shapeless, empty, pathetic wandering of today's atheists is due to this impurity. Believe me, the only cure for this disease is wine. Take note, my poor disciples, you are not only cripples, not only fools, idiots, beggars in the riches of life, not only sick, but also unclean. This is the first cause of your great disturbance. That is why you are as miserable as you are. Good religion, direct life, a good conscience, tranquillity, reason, happiness, do not dwell in an unclean man. You are anxious and selfish, abstract and unhappy, because you are not pure to the great illumination. Wine! Again I say: drink wine! And then you will feel like kissing, picking flowers, making friends, sleeping soundly, laughing, and you will read poetry in the morning instead of the newspaper.

I know that what I say is scandalous and foolish in the eyes of many. I know those who say so. Two thousand years ago, the Apostle Paul was scolded by them: to the Jews, a scandal; to the Greeks, foolishness. Even today, to the Jews (the Puritans and Pietists) it is a scandal, to the Greeks (the Scientifists) it is folly. Do not think, my friends, that you are pulling my leg; do not think that because I am religious I am a stupid, world-hating, dark, sneaky man, who dares to lick the sweet bits only when no one is looking. It is not I, but the pietist whom I have just exposed, and who has nothing to do with good religion.

It is just as atheistic as the Puritan or the Scientifist. One is the Pharisee Jew, the other the cynical Greek. I am not a stupid man, no

I'm not dark and sneaky, I'm not a world-hater. You have just been convinced of that. And believe me, a man of good religion is all of those things. That's why the man of good religion knows that this two-thousand-year-old charge of scandal and folly is bottomless nonsense.

Now I tell you something else. It is not the scandal and folly that I am, but the way you are behaving. I do not reverse the accusation, it reverses itself on the Tirates, on Jews and Greeks, so abstract, so atheists. I will no longer tolerate that the world should rise above the false rumors spread about religious people and think it is the sad, tut-tut, hypocritical, shambolic, lying, mafla, and religion is a scandal and a folly. How could this world-shaking superstition have arisen?

You live like fools and scandals, atheists, but I am not outraged and I do not scold you. I will enlighten you all as to what is to be done. I do not even wish you to give up anything, poor souls, you are in great distress as it is. In fact, I urge you not to give up anything. Eat, love, enjoy, and above all drink and drink and drink.

I do not want less, I want more. Do you understand? Donkey! I have spoken with all my heart, and I have spoken to the scientists, to the puritans, to the pietists. If you have once or twice been thoroughly scolded by me, it must be taken as seriously as possible, but it must not be taken in anger. It was Blasphème d'afnour, as the French say. One only scolds the one one loves. And believe me, my atheist friend, religion is not called religion and associated with God for nothing. It is truly a divine thing that cannot but love, even its enemies. I do not say that there is too much of this oil in me, but I know that I have put my wick in this oil, and while I was writing this book, the light of this oil shone on me. And mark well (I imagine the astonished countenance of the Puritans as they stare at this, dumbfounded), that you are not lost till the last moment. You are not doomed from without. You keep yourself in damnation. Everything depends on you. Every soul is born whole and cannot lose its health. Be wise, regain your health. Medicine is available anywhere. Drink! What I offer is the oil of purity, the oil of intoxication.

Drink, the wine will bring the rest.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LITERATURE (IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER)

Upanishads

Chuang-ce: The true book written in the prosperous south, the poems of
Li-tai po and Tu fu Old Testament

Homer: The Iliad and the Odyssey Poems of Anacreon and Sappho All
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Powys, John Cowper: In defence of the senses

[\(D i D\)](#) There are only three basic fluids: water, milk and blood. The other fluids are the result of the joint work of nature and man. Wine and beer are produced by fermenting fungi, tea and coffee are brews of plants, oil is a fat extracted from plants. The list could have been extended to include many other drinks. But the list is not a purely arbitrary one. Béla Hamvas based his compilation on the most commonly consumed drinks and liquids of the twentieth century.

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