

*Hanna's Bible*

**Patmosz  
I.**



Béla Hamvas  
**Patmos**

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**Patmos I.**

(1958-1964)

**DIRECT MORALITY AND BAD**

**CONSCIENCE I.**

The man is going nowhere. He who is intact is uncultured, he who is cultured is corrupt. The intact must be denied education, the educated must be denied integrity. Man is useless.

I could not agree at all that someone should attribute this to the constraints of a world independent of us. Free-fall can be considered independent of us, although I have my objections to this formulation. But I would strongly object if someone were to claim that we are innocent of creating the world. For my part, I would doubt not only the integrity, but also the integrity of anyone who would doubt that we have made this world and continue to make it. As to the fact that the world

the world as it is, I am not prepared to accept any complaint from anyone. We should not have been so willing to contribute to it being the way it is, and we should not have been so willing to contribute to it staying that way.

Submission is almost never made by determination. Richard III is rare. Richard III is the man who resolutely throws himself into "*to be a villain*" - now I'm going to be a villain. Economic and social interests, on this dirty slope that is time, come to the fore, and their satisfaction can only come at the expense of moral qualities. The first step is taken by all, exceptionally and only once. Never again. Understandable. He sees that with an income approaching the subsistence level he can hide in an insignificant place and perhaps preserve his intactness. But then you have to give up the goods that are so attractive. For he also sees that he must pay for every advantage beyond social insignificance and economic subsistence not by his labour but by the dissolution of his morality. And there is no exception to this. It is not true, at least for the time being, that the basis of every well-established social position and income is the giving up of moral values. It is, however, indisputable that the success of any income earned above the subsistence level and of any attempt to escape insignificance depends not on actual work performance but on the adaptation to corruption. Work is not paid at all, or if it is, very poorly. It is usually paid, and sometimes quite well, according to the degree of corruption one is able to realise.

There seem to be only two options - to embrace poverty, retire into anonymity and give up all ambition for power, or - *to be the villain* and, with diabolical nostalgia, let the demoralising forces themselves flow freely.

The sad thing is that these people are rarely villains, most of them are just swindlers and liars. What people do here is not a crime. In sin, says BATAILLE, there is always something interesting. It is here perfectly insignificant. Sin has depth, it only makes a man dirty. There's something more vile than the robber, the parasite. But the one who does it carries an intrinsically broken existence. For the helpless man, it's no great shock. He has nothing to lose. The smaller one is, the less demanding one is, the less serious one takes oneself, that is, the more censorious and weightless one is, the more easily one tolerates corruption. The small

talent crumbles and all that is left of it is routine. The more talented one is, the more fatal the submission. It is a mark of high ambition that he finds it hard to bear anything but the truth.

After the first step, however exceptionally taken, it is hard to stop. Man's capacity for assimilation is boundless. HAECKEL says that if you don't burn to ashes, you can get used to hell in a matter of hours. The path to the bottom is covered in different times. But if the intactness of existence is abandoned, the resistance becomes weaker and weaker. Meanness becomes a constant factor until it becomes ism. Here, then, each one, depending on whether he has set himself up for short- or long-term corruption (perhaps taking into account the requirements of a regime to come), can employ various life-technique tricks and have an unorthodox affinity with an exterior (with which he is wont to cheat) and hope that his decaying eyesore will live forever. He can even play at faking repentance.

When one is socially ahead and economically prosperous, conscience is not usually soothed. Conscience is a peculiar monomania. One might say that it is in exact opposition to the world. It is not pragmatic and above all not materialistic. Moreover, he makes no secret of this. He is not opportunistic, he is not realistic, he is not realpolitik, so much so that it is not even sane. He has zero tactical sense, he has little regard for wealth, let alone fame. The conscience never adapts, nor can it be forced to do so, and if it does, the conscience always contradicts it.

He who submits has no good conscience. That is certain. A bad conscience is primarily a private matter. Man is forced to justify himself before his conscience. He must argue his case and defend himself against his conscience. If conformity continues, the dialectic attitude towards conscience deepens and man needs regular defence. In the beginning, it was enough to make a living excuse. Later, he had to rely on his family. Eventually he begins to build a so-called worldview. In many cases he becomes religious. The way of things is that you not only lie, but you have to prove that you are right.

It is not a case of "everyday bread neurosis". If that were the only thing at stake, we could easily understand each other. Worldviews are not determined by truth

but against a guilty conscience. Worldviews are "a scientific edifice in which man hides his anxiety".

The conformist believes that his corruption is invisible from the outside. On the contrary, it is a fact that the very first thing that is visible to him is corruption. From a distance, from behind, in his posture and in his steps, you can tell with absolute certainty how he started his career, how far he has come and what he is up to. It is one person in particular who can spot all this immediately. This is the man at whose expense the adjustment is made. A guilty conscience provokes, and morally provokes, those who refuse to adapt, forcing them into a position of direct morality.

Direct morality is not a projection of bad conscience. There really is a man who takes the moral charge against corrupt conformity. Whoever he may be, one thing is certain, that man is not engaged in accommodation. Whether the world itself has been consciously abandoned by him, or whether he has fallen out of vitality, is uncertain. It is also a fact that he has had to give up goods for this very reason. But not only the goods. Outside the world, that is, outside society. He lost not only his hope of human life, but also of living with the rest. And that he is at a loss, whether he wants to be or not, he has to take account of it.

He who adapts, lives, life, however messy, achieves the good, even if with a bad conscience, is with the rest. Those who do not adapt, whether out of disgust or for other reasons, are excluded from the community, in abstract dialogue, only as adversaries and accusers.

He who submits gives up his being in conformity and ultimately loses it. He who does not submit keeps his being, but cannot do anything with it, because he stands alone.

One either lives, and the price of life is contamination, or one does not want to be contaminated, but then one is forced to give up life.

This is direct morality and a guilty conscience.

The distance between a bad conscience and direct morality is immeasurable. A bad conscience lives in the usurpation of the world. Direct morality lives in abandonment of the truth.

Some people are comfortable with direct morality. He revels in being outside corruption and can judge. It is a strange victory when the

grinding one's teeth. Being ignored! To be oppressed, to be poor! No one can survive without deep wounds.

Direct morality is the breeding ground of rebellion and revolution. Every rebel and revolutionary has a moral base and that is direct morality.

Submission is not a crime, it is a scandal. He who conforms is not a villain, but a villain. Therefore, he is not before a court, but an outrage. This indignation is the germ of rebellion. No one can get away with it without a vengeance. When revenge breaks out, revolution is ready. Revolution is not made by the rebel, corruption makes the rebel. The rebel is not the life-affirming guilty conscience of corruption, but the exuberance of a man deprived of the goods of life and excluded from the community.

The revolutionary believes that because someone is miserable, justice can only be on his side. But the moment the revolutionary takes possession of the world, settles down, takes possession of the goods and begins to defend them, the bad conscience in him is awakened and direct morality is immediately provoked. No revolution has ever taken place without this paradigmatic repetition. He proclaims his ideas in vain. The proclamation is no longer made in the voice of direct morality, but in the voice of a guilty conscience. When the revolutionary comes to power, the world is instantly subdued and it starts all over again.

Authentic commitment is the realization of one's self. This task takes all the forces of life, and the result is still mostly fragmentary. It is scary, but it is true. But be that as it may, that is the glory of life, always has been and always will be.

Whoever submits does not assume the authentic commitment (*engagement authentique*) of man. It is uncertain why. Perhaps the task is too great. Since in the world being oneself is so very difficult, one throws oneself into corruption. If he can't be himself, at least he can at least foam up all he can.

He cannot admit that, the world being the way it is, he is forced to make concessions. But he only gives as much as is absolutely necessary to sustain his life. That is the problem. If he were to make concessions to the world in this way, he could regard it as an exceptional act and let his act sink into nothingness, leaving himself outside and retaining his original place. Instead, he identifies himself with his act and begins to defend it. Unable to lie openly, he knows about it and endures it. The one act of submission could be saved if it were not linked to the



with the life-technical praxis which a guilty conscience forces him to undertake, so that he begins to justify his corrupt act to himself and does not try to make it appear right by using his dialectic of worldview.

He who gives himself up never gets rid of the one who sees it all.

Emmanuel MOUNIER marks the geography of the act with four points. According to these four points, all action is:

1. the transformation of external reality,
2. the shaper of the human person,

### **3. bringing man closer to man,**

4. enhances the world of values.

Measured by these latitudes and longitudes, submission:

1. It transforms the external world not in a positive but in a negative direction, that is to say, it makes it not purer but more turbulent,
2. submission demoralizes the human person,

### **3. Submission distances man from man,**

4. submission does not increase values, but what is to be rejected.

This is what direct morality sees most clearly: 'submission strips man of his original form and compromises the outcome of life'. No one can ever forgive submission. Submission never is and never can be greatness. This is the par excellence antitragic, that is, this scandalous existence.

Direct morality is rather madness. There is nothing more humiliating than to endure how submission, with virtuoso life technique, runs a great course and lays its hands on the goods of life, and occupies the place of life as if it were all its own, and takes part in that from which all others are excluded.

In him who cannot sufficiently guard against this, the poison of ten thousand incarnations accumulates. Revenge. Revenge, says NIETZSCHE, is the protest of the will against time.

Let every martyr think well, is it not revenge that works in him? "Oh, if one could redeem man from revenge!"

Submission strips man of his original form and compromises the outcome of life. But he who does not submit and adapt himself, maintains a clear conscience and integrity and stands in direct morality, becomes an angel of vengeance.

Direct morality clings narcissistically to its heroic and convulsive purity. Direct morality is not social but egocentric. Therefore, when it is superseded, it does not create a community, but a revolution. Direct morality, like a bad conscience, excludes greatness. Direct morality is mediocre and demonic.

To submit is to contaminate life. A bad conscience is the restlessness of a polluted life. Direct morality is the fear of life of one who is excluded from the community and deprived of its goods.

Submission is unforgivable. The one who has bowed must kneel down and apologize to the justice he has violated. Until then he cannot return home.

Direct morality dissipates only when he is called upon to enter the world of love, and does enter it. Then he can avoid the fires of hell.

## **II.**

The word world is used in two senses. One sense is the Greek cosmos, the other is the place where man lives but is not at home. With nature, or the cosmos, as it is said, there is nothing particularly wrong, not even heat, frost, flood, earthquake. What is wrong is always the world. There have been those who, when after an air raid a thunderstorm broke out and the heavens rolled, wept with relief. The sound of sky roaring is so soothing compared to the sound of a bomb. How could I have persuaded myself, Gabriel MARCEL asks, to accept this mind-blowing confusion?

What's strangest of all is that the world seems to take itself for granted, yet there is nothing less to accept. Not environment, not the continued growth of man, not nature, not society, not community, not state, not people, not age, not civilization. It is more general and larger, more flexible and solid, but more alien and unknown, more hostile and formidable than anything else. No one is at home here. This is something that has to be learned separately, because man originally knew nothing about it. He met the newborn on the threshold, but if he had known, he would not have come here. It is the world that has to be known, from very early on, in the cradle, that torments man in the family, that overwhelms him at school. Man brings with him the image of the life that gave him the joy of being born, and this image is the same in everyone. There is no difference between us. The image of our true life within us is the same in all of us. It is what man takes seriously and cherishes, what he wants and cherishes, and what he loves and wishes not to let go of. You are born with the confidence that you will be at home here and that you can live the life you have brought with you. Instead, he probably realises within the first five minutes of his life that not only can he not live it. It is as if the whole force of the world is concentrated on eroding and undermining, destroying and suffocating, oppressing and crushing the life within.

There is nothing wrong with nature even in times of great catastrophes, for they are always elemental. When the volcano erupts, or the tsunami comes, the typhoon, the meteor crashes, the underworld is not moved. What is wrong with man, even in simple things, is that there is no small thing that cannot move the underworld. In the glance of two maiden eyes there may be a fury that can summon the demons of darkness.

The calamity of nature passes away, man is at ease. But the awakened demon remains.

All man can do is adapt. But if he adapts, he risks losing his being. "Nothing is closer to suicide than submission to the world as it is embodied in the moment".

In the Chinese and Japanese traditions, knowing the world was a separate knowledge. Custom, court, street, office, fashion, politics, assertion, manners, courtesy, idioms. They were consciously aware that all this was quite different, as if it were natural, like the Chinese smile, so much so that everyone at first involuntarily protested against it. It is not the habit that is difficult to learn, but the very habit that is no longer a habit, but something else. A habit that not only does not conceal the human, but misleads us from the real, that has something in it that is unbearably offensive, that strips man of his very being. It is one thing to live and another to be in the world. No one has ever confused the two.

He who is aware of what the world is, is wary of coming into contact with it. It is said of Chuang-ze that he has refused the ministry and has not accepted any office. A special method must be resorted to if only to leave him in peace. He must avoid all conspicuousness, keep his mouth shut, not dress provocatively, nor even prettily, eat no more than he should, live comfortably, and look after himself. Just quiet and distant and simple. To be a hermit, a yogi, a loner. Yet.

You cannot live like the stars.

Where there is lust for life on one side, resentment on the other, career on one side, envy on the other, corruption on one side, revenge on the other, vile on one side, rebellion on the other, there is a world.

The world is a tension between direct morality and a guilty conscience.

The world is the place where everything goes wrong. Good will crumbles, evil becomes worse. There has never been greatness that has not been distorted. Seriousness that has not become irrelevant. Great thinkers. Religions. Saints.

The world is a place of lies. Lying here is not moral evil, it is the base of moral evil. Not sin, but the thing from which sin arises. For now, it is only the corruption of the normal man. The sweeter

the more repulsive it looks. Like *chinoiserie*, the friendlier it is, the meaner it is. Everything in the world is different from what it is and different from who it is.

Kung-ce and Socrates argued that the cause of all trouble is that words have lost their original meaning. They mean different things and say different things. The world is the place where words lose their original meaning. If meaning were restored, the world would disappear.

Lying is not a sin, it is not against the moral law, but it is not a physiological defect, and therefore it is not against the biological law. It is between the two, in its own and separate domain, just as the world is between nature and morality, in its own and separate domain. Therefore, that which is false and pseudo and deceptive is not wrong and not a disease, but false. It is that which is most to be suffered from. In the special area between sin and disease, there is no proposition and no law. It is the place of existence. It is the place of the world. It is here between nature and spirit, at the most sensitive point of life, the place of corruption and degradation.

Law knows nothing of all this. The penal code strikes down the degenerates and ignores the germs. But what corrupts man is not the highwayman. Nietzsche says, and many in his wake think, that what is called sin in the present state of society is increasingly a last resort, a desperate and blatant attempt to climb out of this pit of depravity and even, let us say, at the cost of murder, to acquire a new natural innocence, because even sin is more tolerable than living in this filth with one's mouth shut and pretending that everything is as right as possible. The guilty ones, says Nietzsche, in today's society are the pure people, at least those who are most thirsty for purity, but in any case the simple assassin is immeasurably purer than, for example, the political or economic careerist, not to mention the literary one, or the public functionary, especially if one thinks of it, how awkwardly, how honestly and touchingly simple-minded such a murderer is compared with one who, for the sake of his career, is forced to smash and break and crush every human being into small pieces, and has not a cell in him that is not kicked and spat upon, and nothing left in him that cannot be bought, perhaps at a very low price.

Whether it is surprising or not, it is in any case a fact that in this existential middle ground, between morality and bios, the acts that pollute life are only known to the peoples of high and advanced tradition

only China and India, Greece and Rome, and more recently France and England. If culture has a definition at all, it can only be whether a people has a measure not only of what is morally good and bad, what is healthy and diseased, but also of what purifies or pollutes the common life. And what characterizes the life of the people of culture is their ability to consciously defend themselves against contamination. That China and India had an existential sensibility to this is well known, but also that the literature of the Greeks and Romans was full of warnings that the immediate danger to man was not from sin but from existential corruption. In the French, the moralists, in the English, the satirists, were the sentinels from which they could watch over the purity of life, and teach everyone early enough how to guard against the corrupt man. And it was precisely the lack of civilisation that characterised man in every people and in every age, not against the crimes which the penal code provided for in paragraph after paragraph, but against the wickedness of the corrupt man, and there was no measure of rudeness and inconsideration, of indiscretion and intrusiveness and impudence and deceit and those vile things, difficult to define in their nuances, which endanger human life from a far deeper source than crime. Lack of culture means, first and foremost, that man is unprotected against the wicked and the vicious. The community has not been taught to isolate them. People fear them and give in to them, and they cower and shy away, almost admiring them. There is no more moral crime here than in other nations. But the standard of life is discouraging. For the crime is a brutal violation of the moral order against which all nations can defend themselves. Against the existential corruption that pollutes life, the uncultured people is powerless. It is hopelessly at the mercy of the petty racketeers and swindlers, the sneaky furtive and the loud-mouthed braggarts, the devious handicraftsman and the namby-pamby dishonest.

Existence is most like living water, at least in that it does not absorb any pollutants and dissolves and processes and neutralises all contaminants in the shortest possible time. It is a characteristic of springs and mountain streams and lakes that, even if manure is thrown into them, their water is drinkable a few steps away, and in a few minutes the effect of the poison is gone without trace. Existence can withstand all dirt and everything in it becomes pure.

In India, the word of life is *sat*. It means literally what is. But it also means full of itself, but it also means bright and simple and shining, and it also means truth. And *asat* means not true and not existing. Hence it is said that one who has ascended into the circle of being can no longer commit sin or error, can no longer think or say anything that is wrong or untrue. Everything in existence is pure and true and real, and existence absorbs all that might stain it like vapour in the air, and remains itself spotless.

The infinite sensitivity and contaminability of life. Wherever anyone does anything to disturb it, it all goes black. It can be felt for a thousand miles and a thousand years. In existence all dirt dissolves, life cannot dissolve dirt. The obscurity and the weight remain, remain, that which man bumps into, that which weighs on man, that which obscures his vision. There is nothing more vulnerable than this elusive and elusive and light something that is life, and it is not the drastic insult that is so hard to bear, but the prolonged torture of falling asleep.

Therefore there is nothing more justified than the fear of life. Nothing is more understandable than the wrath of the prophet. The prophet does not complain of wealth and fame, of power and pleasure. Corruption corrupts the life which is shared by all, in which all share, the purity of which all have a primordial claim upon, and which all who are sensitive to purity must fear. The fear of life can be, beyond a certain point, insanity, with symptoms of raging madness, as in Isaiah, Savonarola, Nietzsche.

But one must have the wrong eye to mistake that fear of life for the fear of life of direct morality. This is no blind man who would like to erase the world from existence. It is a naive attachment to the primordial nature of life, the idyll. Direct morality is not concerned with life, but is resentful and wants to be outdone, jealous of wealth and fame and power. This is not ambition. It fears life itself (the sacral joy, the honey, as the Hindus say), it hates, but it hates without poison, and not because it has been curtailed, but because the golden age has been poisoned.

World, this is what we have been doing, and what we are continuing to do, by all indications, with self-deluded insanity, despite the fact that almost everyone with any sense can see that it will take very little to bring it all down on our heads. Because after the significance of all the



the only thing we have left to talk about is the crisis. Beyond that, everything else is superfluous and irrelevant.

The higher one is, the more serious the betrayal. The small, the politicians, the journalists. What do they betray? At most, the idea. But higher and higher. AS HÖLDERLIN says: *Vergisst sich und sein Gott*.

It is not in the nature of morality to be direct. I am not here to pass judgment on anyone, but to live directly with them. I must exercise judgment over myself. Direct morality is to be rejected.

But what am I to do with the man who puts his hands on goods in a whisper, pushes his way in and, as is the custom of the reprobate, sits down in the first place? Or is it human, very, very human, to slip and sell and deceive and deceive and deceive and bargain and hunt for dirty little deals and flatter and cajole and cower and defile and then agonize and argue with a guilty conscience and betray and lie and be cynical and make a fool of it all and turn your back on it all and run away from it all and run away and deny it all? And the inhuman one who monomaniacally guards an already dubious purity and makes it a high place and a crown for himself? Is there not a need of a supreme degree of simple purity of heart, that man, with almost animal depravity, may brazenly, as much as he can, deprive of his prey? Does not this dishonesty require hitherto unimagined humility? Is not that despicable corruption shockingly childish, and if indeed this submission to the world is a betrayal of the sacred intimacy of human life, and a disloyalty to every supremacy ever untouchable, does not charismatic innocence require that man should commit it?

Given that everyone wants to live, and above all and at all costs, to live, and that the right to life and life as a value and supreme good is the idea with which even people like Goethe and Nietzsche have infuriated the whole age, it is time to ask the question, what does it actually mean to live? What one sees is rather confused, little more than a headlong rush, which has nothing to do with the primordial nature of life, for it is nothing more than a frenzied greed, to stare and lick everything, to watch a burlesque and an exhibition, an opera and a festival, and a theatre and a football match and a parade, but above all a fashion show and a

cinema, and in this multitude it is as if it were the opposite of life, not to live, or rather to forget life as perfectly as possible by means of this excited dissipation. So that we no longer have to think about it. That is why HEIDEGGER says that man today, in the oblivion of being (*l'éthé*), no longer lives, but thirsts in a peculiar state of life-lust, has no possibility of living, and all that he is part of is a sad surrogate of the real. Let us say it is life that narcotizes. Life as fainting. Tobacco, morphine, brandy, coffee. That's where poor Faust and miserable Dionysus come in. The normality of life is lost and substitute experiences must be provided urgently, so that one does not go insane from the hunger for life.

I wonder what tensions would be equalised if, say, one could actually live? What dreams would be fulfilled? How does one relate to the life of the postmistress, who only once, just once, in evening dress, with a false tiara on her head, but with a trombone solo, would like to enter the five o'clock tea bar without a throne room, like Shakespeare's queens? What is the relationship, for example, with the dictator's view of life when he holds a parade, for it is not so far removed from that of the postmistress, only the backdrop is greyer and the perspective more bleak? What claim do you have? What taste? What ambition? What ideal of immortality? What is dearer to him than life itself?

Not to live. To rob life.

Just not to be indignant. Just no anger, no sympathy, no dislike. Just to look around, not with ameliorative intent, God forbid! To look for tempered, clever, simple words to soothe, not even with irony, not even with compassion, almost with love, the way one looks at lab rats when the fire of the plague burns in their red eyes.

What we call the world, for a being who is on earth only as a tourist, is a sheer mind-boggle and nonsense. Nothing of the world is visible from the outside. Perhaps this is *the collective karma* of mankind, the consequence of all that mankind has accumulated in its destiny over hundreds of thousands of years, and this is the damned legacy that must now be borne. This is the legacy that has been collected from the beginning.

Logic is invalid in the world, but so is morality, and so are the laws of organic life. There is only one logic in the world: something was done once, and now all the consequences must be borne.

and now the consequences of that action must follow. As the Torah says, seventy-one. Or as science says: inheritance. Or as the Buddha teaches: all our actions and thoughts and gestures and words are the inevitable consequence of words and actions and thoughts in our past lives.

What is happening in the world is, in the language of alchemy, a colossal *putrefactio*, which means decay, disintegration, fermentation, puffing, disintegration, decay, decay, blackening, and dissolution. Putrefactio is not meaningless destruction. It is the state in which the substance of nature, the *prima materia*, breaks down in structure and form and disintegrates to be realised in a new and different structure. What is brought into the world immediately begins to ferment and swell. We call this, in terms favourable to us, growth and development. Man swells to twenty times his original infant form, then a new fermentation takes place, sex, to decompose new beings, while absorbing the various substances of nature to strengthen itself, and finally, in its human form, this being ceases to exist, which we call death. The world is an alchemical workshop, where nature is transformed into something else, partly into fertilizer, partly, as the alchemists say, into gold, if man makes a special effort to bring about this transformation. In any case, to think of the world as a final place is a fool's errand, and he who does not become aware of what he must do to transform himself will be lost and submerged in this pit of digestion without a trace, and will renounce his absolute existence.

The world has lost its homelike character, and one can only be here as an observer without any serious social contacts, and what happens here can only be seen as an ethnological exoticism, which may be strange and interesting in some respects, but is in fact completely meaningless.

The paradox of science. Once politics had sided with the world and joined the power that preserves man, and once religion had become the anti-human power of the world, science seemed to be the only one that defended man against the world. After the last few hundred years, there is no hope of this any longer. Science is just as existentially corrupt as politics and religion, and the son of man no longer has a place to lay his head.

World domination.

Two eras in European history:

in the first age, direct morality prevailed, and man lived in the revenge aroused in him by suffering the world. The world of the leather

whore who seduces, plunders, laughs at and abandons man. Antiquity and Middle Ages;

in the second age, a guilty conscience prevailed, for man submitted and conformed and became worldly, and discovered art and science. Modern Age.

The third age begins. There is nothing but the world. Permanent insult and torture.

The last century, the century of madmen. Hölderlin, Schumann, Gogol, Baudelaire, Maupassant, Van Gogh, Nietzsche.

Today we are no longer capable of going mad.

Instead, the homeless. Russian and Serbian and German and Romanian and French and Spanish emigrants and dissidents.

The latest form of homelessness, when one is no longer at home in one's own country. Internal emigration. Those who do not submit can move into direct morality and be rebellious and boil in revenge. There is no other way: direct morality or a guilty conscience. He who is nowhere is stateless.

### III.

The first crisis work is Søren KIERKEGAARD's *Critique of Time*, from 1845. The point of the essay is that we are not living today in the crisis which has been going on since the beginning of time and which is now the normal state of man. This crisis here today is exceptional and unique, absolute and the last. In the past, crisis was not the secret of history. Everybody knew about it, and mankind ordered its life in response to the crisis. Today and here, except for exceptions, they do not know about it, or even want to know about it.

Kierkegaard's term for man living in crisis consciousness is existentialism. Only this existence, he says, lives a real life. He who does not do so is hiding from the consciousness of reality. He builds his existence on the constant forgetting of crisis (léthé), and for this very reason he is immersed in crisis. Only the one who is aware of the actual situation and places himself uncovered (aletheia) in the crisis takes part in reality.

A hundred years have passed, and what we know of the crisis since then, as it is wont to be, is due not so much to the imposing scope and fame of the works, but to the smaller and less known ones. This time, one finds the essentials not in the volumes of Keyserling and Spengler and Sorokin, but in the few pages of essays. Such a small study was written by Martin HEIDEGGER, and

said that we are already after him. It is not as if some obvious fateful event decided the whole thing and from then on the situation became hopeless. It is rather that the irrevocable has been committed, unnoticed and by common consent, and that what we have been living since then, the upheavals of the last century, the world wars of the present, the nightmare states, technocracy, the unstoppable socio-moral-economic deterioration, can only be seen as an automatic process. Heidegger upholds Kierkegaard's original formulation of man's behaviour, as do Nietzsche, Pannwitz and Guénon. He who does not place his being in crisis is necessarily pseudo-resistant. Which means that anyone who hides the consciousness of crisis from himself for whatever reason and does not draw the consequences of the change for his own life is timeless, in other words, irrelevant. It means nothing. He has erased himself from the story. To hide from the consciousness of crisis, extremely uncomfortable, it is true, but terrifyingly present when it hides itself in an illusory certainty, is, as the English say, *the lonely crowd*, or as CAMUS writes, *l'homme absurde*. To live as if nothing had happened. To prattle on about progress and the advance of science, to make plans for economic unfolding and political reconciliation, to reform education, to raise the standard of culture, to despise on the basis of the new culture, and other journalisations.

Heidegger describes the irreversibility of the crisis by saying that the difference between war and peace has disappeared. What we have is neither war nor peace. Let us say that the whole world is in a state of permanent siege. War may break out at any moment, but if it does not break out, so much the worse. This applies to the situation between peoples. The situation of the peoples themselves is that they live in a permanent state of strife. Every nation is caught between two coups, one completed, the other in preparation. Economically, it is a permanent coup d'état. Family? No marriage, no free love. Castes? Neither a ruling nor a serving caste, but a casteless rabble. Neither community nor individual. No sin, no sinlessness, only filth. But the matter, as Camus says, is much more serious, because war, coup, bankruptcy, lies, violence, exploitation, all this used to be - perhaps for the usurpers of the Renaissance, or for despotic rulers like Louis XIV, or Frederick II, or the Tsars - were exceptional, however deterrent, but one-off and illegitimate. Today it is all taken for granted. It has been acknowledged and perpetuated. There is nothing more outdated than to be outraged. That is the absolute comedy of today. The average solution to life is: everything,

and to take desperate advantage of the individual situation to secure the external conditions of one's own life on as solid a basis as possible (*man for oneself*) at the sacrifice of the reality of one's existence. Therefore, to be victorious in life, with few exceptions, is to be utterly defeated. It is said that more than all the miracles of the saints, one can endure today what one has.

That is why VALERY is wrong when he takes comfort in the fact that whatever the crisis, life goes on. Yes, life goes on. But the dishonesty of pseudo-existence can reach a degree, which it has already reached anyway, that the life one buys at this price is worth nothing, and worse. Impurity can only be tolerated to a certain extent. Life loses itself to such an extent that it is no longer life, but a peculiarly complex existential borderline of zoological breeding and demonic frenzy, which can be continued, but is not worthwhile.

Its life is given to man. He must choose his place in life, free from all influences, and he chooses it according to what he considers himself worthy of. This is the connection between the reality of existence, freedom, ambition, the ideal of immortality. What frightens man in pseudo-existence is not, first and foremost, the falsity of life, but the low ambition that he considers himself worthy of only this immortality.

#### IV.

A turning-point in the history of rebellions occurred at an unspecified time. It may have been around Descartes, it may have been earlier, it may have been somewhat later, but in any case it was undoubtedly recognizable by the impertinent tone which Voltaire and his companions used shortly afterwards. Up to that time, rebellion had been known only in one form, and that was rebellion against the world. After all, in all times and places, the world was and remained alien and unassimilable to man, which no one could or could accept, even if (*to be a villain*) he was determined to submit to it resolutely and completely. To the classical rebels, Plato and Confucius, Buddha and Heraclitus, the heretics and Savonarola, and to the man who listened to them, it was only natural to take direct morality against the world. Rebellion only makes sense against a corrupt world, because only that has a basis. What they called in the name of justice. From

speaking the truth has never been a profitable undertaking from a technical point of view, it has been more or less life-threatening from one era to another, but it could only ever be spoken by a man who was in opposition to the world. This turn of events was what no one expected or understood, namely that the world was in revolt.

The situation was infinitely complicated. Corruption began to act like it had been played. A guilty conscience began to speak the truth. All this is far beyond human comprehension. There is nothing more stupid, or even brazen, than when corruption takes the role of the aggrieved party and starts claiming its rights. A typical example is that events in the story do not follow one after the other in a distinct, clear and logical sequence, but are stacked on top of each other, and in these stacked piles they mix, change roles and permeate each other to the point where they are hardly or hardly or not at all recognisable.

The paradigm of traditional rebellions was given by DOSZTOJEVSKY in the Grand Inquisitor. According to the myth, the Saviour reappears on earth and is recognised by the people. The domination of the world is again threatened by the danger that threatened it when he first came. The Grand Inquisitor captures the Saviour and sentences him to death. The night before he is to be burned, however, he goes to him in prison and bids him leave the earth. This is the world, justice has no place here.

The myth is all about a guilty conscience and direct morality. The conduct of humanity in this case could only be, and was, to take a stand for the Saviour and against the Grand Inquisitor. It did not necessarily have to be a rebellion, but it could not be otherwise realised. Man's animosity against the world could never be overcome, and no one could tolerate the expulsion of righteousness from the earth without a word. Senseless as it was, man could do nothing but rebel. What is most intolerable in the world is that injustice has power, and justice is powerless. What is abhorrent is that justice cannot assert itself. It is the incessant anxiety in which man lives, that justice will be driven from the earth and we shall be left here defenseless. This is the abandonment of truth. This is the meaning of all rebellion.

But the myth of the Grand Inquisitor is obsolete. The world has taken the position that when the Saviour is cast out of the earth, he is right. Truth is only good for that in him who does not keep it (and why keep it,

when there is no advantage in it?) to awaken a guilty conscience. Truth presupposes a standard. Truth is high, clear, unambiguous, straightforward. It makes life, and especially the work of leaders, infinitely more difficult. To live, we do not need truth.

Rebellion used to be a non-legitimate but historically validated behavior, not excused but justified by a fear of the purity of life in a corrupt world. Direct morality is a method of this fear of life. In its intact form it is extremely rare, mostly just fear of life and envy of life (ressentiment) and therefore as little excusable as submission. The only thing that can make it highly human is the demand for justice. Without this, rebellion is an outburst of the demonic exuberance of a desperate man excluded from life, living in despair of justice.

In the new rebellion, the world attempts to make itself into a legitimate behaviour, or failing that, at least to give itself historical credibility. While no one has spoken out against this attempt, and everyone has generally stuck their necks out, the enterprise seems to have failed, at least so far. All the indications are that the world's recognition of submission as legitimate or credible behaviour is nonsense. There is a persistent effort on the part of the world to establish submission as accepted behaviour. In fact, even if it is not spoken against, corrupt submission remains as a despised conformity and vile practice, practised out of necessity, but which must, and even should, be denied, because the dirt cannot be scrubbed off. Whatever theories of salvation are experimented with to move forward into the future, such as evolution, and however determinedly the story is falsified backwards, secular behaviour has not yet been accepted as credible.

For centuries man has rebelled because the Saviour, as a being who only causes unnecessary hardship, is sent away from the earth. More recently, man has been gagging and squinting because he has been taught that the Saviour has always been sent back, and that is right - redemption, truth, anyway!

While he had to witness the exile of truth, man gnashed his teeth, despairing at the powerlessness of truth, but if in angry rebellion, he remained a man. Now that he even tacitly acknowledges the Grand Inquisitor as the legitimate ruler of the world, he must walk on all fours.



The rebellion of the world is a new concept of life, worked out in detail even during the last three hundred years, and designed to absolve man from the charge of a guilty conscience, in other words, to excuse him from the guilt of submission. It is a compulsion, to a certain degree of stultification, to justify in some way the wickedness of guilt.

Some say that the world is rebelling out of a hunger for life. The hunger for life arises because man lives a lawless life, and in fact he does not get less, but more dilute and empty. But there are those who claim that it has nothing to do with hunger and that the world is not hungry, but lickable. The condition of life has become not bread but candy. Candy civilisation. The world rebels not because it is starving, but because it is gluttonous.

All this is as the world should be. No one takes it seriously, yet no one can do anything else. It despises it, yet it is under its influence, that is, it is disgusted by it and submits to it, and finally it rebels against it and at the same time submits.

In the Grand Inquisitor's phrase, we must live abandoned by the truth. We must admit that truth is powerless and that the world has the power to drive truth from the earth. There is no truth, which NIETZSCHE says is *Gott ist tot* - God is dead.

The newer formulation is much stricter. Since *Gott ist tot*, there is an unheard of relief throughout the world that the time has at last come when justice, decency, morality, will no longer have to be taken seriously. In the free practice of life, all this is, as they say, merely an inhibition. A bad conscience may be regarded as a disease and a weakness. Science. That's great! Thus the warfare of direct morality, which has threatened the world for thousands of years, has been destroyed.

All that remains to be said is that the world does not appeal to truth. What the world appeals to is the majority. It gets its majority by denying life opportunities to those who do not stand with it, by branding them as rebels and excluding them from society. Majority opinion has nothing to do with truth, but in the corrupt community it performs the function of truth. The situation is complicated by the fact that the majority - the more corrupt the world, the less real it is - is merely a political majority, partly misguided, partly deceived, partly terrorised and created by other political tricks, a statistical bluff majority, i.e. a democracy, fabricated in spite of the real majority.

Nihilism.        A  
worn-out slogan.

Strange how our terms for denoting events are becoming frighteningly meaningless in ever shorter time. In the decade before the French Revolution, it was a buzzword that Voltaire was a bigot.

Nihilist was almost sacred by the mid-twentieth century.

Any defence that could be called a name had disappeared.

One believed that one could only rebel on a moral basis. This is the truth in rebellion, and a drop of it remains even if the truth is totally abstract, and even if it hides a fear of life or envy of life (ressentiment). But if the world is in revolt (revolt against revolt), it is not morally based. Everyone knows that what he says is not true. However, when it is not telling the truth, it is not lying, at least not completely. Sometimes he appears to be an idiot, sometimes he appears to be delirious. He hovers between fantasy and self-deception. Half delusion, half lunacy, a little obsession, a little impertinence, silly and impudent, refined and g r a c e f u l .

What is more, what is surprising is that the rebellion of the world ultimately wants nothing, and what it doesn't want becomes nothing. Let alone theory or morality, utopia or revolution or terror. It all makes no sense, except that the world is a world where everything flattens and disintegrates, loses its shape and essence, decays and falls apart, becomes mush and swill, which is just as meaningless as rebelling against it.

The prototype of the rebellious world is the professional villain. Today we no longer live under the sign of the Grand Inquisitor, but under the sign of the professional villain.

It is impossible to pinpoint the exact date of the professional villain. In any case, the first and decisive step was taken by PLATO, who, in the *Politeia*, allowed the ruler to lie. The difficulties of Europe are mostly two thousand five hundred years old. The basis was this: it is in the public interest to lie. It was very soon realised that not only the monarch could do this, but all journalists, and that lying could always be shown afterwards to have been in the public interest, without exception.

The second step is the work of MACHIAVELLI. Here, not only lying in the public interest was allowed, but all crimes in the public interest, most notably treason, fraud, assassination, poisoning, genocide, and not against the law, exceptionally and once, and out of necessity, but as a political practice. First only the head of state and the

and the villain were crumbling. Later on, the distinction between the villain and any public functionary began to blur fearfully. The crime became a recognised and legitimate governmental practice, especially after Georges SOREL's *Reflexions sur la violence*, who sanctified and theorised the whole process, paving the way for the professional villains that characterised the twentieth century. Sorel took the third step. What the fourth will be, we do not know. But from what one can ascertain from the physiognomy of the professional villain, and what one can read from this face, probably nothing good will come of it. Especially when one considers the rapidity with which this subhuman face is spreading, and its characteristic features are appearing more and more frequently every day, not only on the faces of ministers and diplomats, bankers and soldiers, doctors and priests, where one is used to them, but also on the faces of policemen and conductors, accountants and teachers, sergeants and porters, and - as these features appear en masse - even on the faces of women.

You cannot go wrong. The face expresses the darkness of the heart. It is worse than all sin because it is corrupt. It can no longer do good. Even cynicism has worn off. It is harassed, avaricious and obscene. His wickedness has outgrown political machine-guns, and his leering features grin only when he sees someone in pain. The eye, the eye, the underworldly one, as the dark violet rays of his desperate hatred shine out from his self-inferno. Life can bear terrible burdens, but underneath it all it almost crumbles. This man knows no interest and selfishness, no profit and advantage, not to mention pleasure, and no longer knows anything but the terrible weight of the damnation that has become so massive in him.

## V.

DIDEROT says that the actor must feel nothing of what he is acting. The more the actor knows his craft, the more he stands in a place free from emotion and passion. He must not utter a sincere word, he must not make an unfeigned gesture. To the extent that he is real, he is a bad actor and ineffectual. He must know perfectly what he is acting, in a consciously considered and thought-out perspective, all that he is representing, but he must not be a party interested in it. The actor does not want to present reality, but to create an effect.

The world is a place where things are not as they are, but as they affect. In the world, a man is judged not by his real life, but by his performance as an actor.

Man in the world, whether he wants to be or not, must be a philosopher and distinguish between what he actually is and what he appears to be. There is no immediacy. The world is built on this tension, and all that is worldly: religion, art, science. Metaphysics is based on this. It is possible and legitimate to talk about the overlapping or non-overlapping of appearance and reality, but no one dares to claim that what is effective is real. Between being and appearing, there can be agreement. Between being and acting, there is no. And in the world we do not live in reality, but under effects. The logic of the world is different from the logic of reality. Therefore, what C.G. JUNG says is completely false, it is not reality that acts (*Wirklichkeit ist, was wirkt*).

Appearances can be artificial and appearances can be made. Why? For the sake of effect. Appearances can appear to be reality. Why? For effect. What is there is not impressive at all, or if it is, it does not belong to it.

Effect is appearance without actual presence? What is it that is in effect?

What is in effect may not be reality, but it is not non-existent. Perhaps there is a special transitional area between reality and non-existence, which is neither reality nor nothing, and which can neither be said not to exist nor to exist. What is in effect is most certainly not reality, but the effect in the world is stronger than reality. It requires a special consciousness to extract oneself from the effect, and in the world it is most difficult to see through the texture of the effect.

The feminine nature of the world. It is never in view of reality, always in view of effect. Woman does not care about what is, only how it affects. As if she has no other purpose than to deceive about reality. Is that not right in this form? The only question is, how does it work? We know that the woman identifies herself with the effect she makes. Mostly by hiding what is real, sometimes by showing something that is not. She can endure unimaginable inconveniences, they say, for the sake of her beauty. But the vast majority of women cannot distinguish between beauty and impact. They can ignore what is, astonishingly. It has to do with art, but it is more exclusive and passionate, and nothing else.

and nothing more than to lose the gloss. That is why the Hindu tradition says that the world is Maya.

Things in the world live not in their original sense, but in the way they act. The world is corrupt because the effect is stronger than the reality.

Those who produce an effect need not necessarily be in bad faith, but the fact is that bona fide effects are extremely rare. It is said that there is only one picture in all painting which represents woman as not a liver, not exercising her talents, not an actor in a role which she plays without any of it being real. This is Gioconda. Not a housewife, not a mother, not a bride, not a courtesan. She is a woman as a woman.

Just as rare is the music, the painting, the poem or the sculpture that is not meant to make an impact, not an exercise of the artist's talent, a role that is only good if none of it is real.

There is nothing more fatal to a woman than to have her practice of effect exposed.

Hebrew tradition tells us that in the Golden Age, men's daughters lived in innocence because they could not yet distinguish between being looked at and not being looked at. The fallen angels taught the daughters to exercise their talents and not to be women, but to start playing the role of women. Until then, women lived as women. All Gioconda. She doesn't want to impress.

Perhaps the loss of this innocence is the beginning of the world.

The reason for failure is that everything seems to be something other than it is.

Effectiveness. Dress, badges, medals, movement, voice, attitude.

Effect is never of itself.

Effect is one of the lowly watchwords of art. Which, when applied, makes something that has nothing to do with art. Yet all art, poetry, music, thought, politics, public life, moves in the direction of the greatest effect obtained. It is not a spontaneous manifestation. At this point, all that is effective is false. Not even the formulas of mathematics can be extracted, the holy books alone.

What happens when nothing of something remains but its effect?

## VI.

Information Theory assumes that in modern economics, finance and politics, military and medicine

in matters of politics, medicine, the police, literature and the arts, he needs accurate and brief, comprehensive and exhaustive, abundant and rapid information. The vast majority of information obtained from the public does not meet these requirements. If you evaluate this information, you will find that it is sometimes inaccurate or not comprehensive, exhaustive or *up to date*, sometimes on one page, often on several. According to information theory, the barrier to accurate information is noise. This noise can take the form of verbosity if the information is chatty, inaccuracy if the outline is vague, and anywhere else, but especially if the information has been influenced emotionally or ideologically. And information, even if objectively impeccable, is unreliable because of the emotional or ideological noise it contains.

Lying has so far been measured only from its moral and logical side, and has not been dealt with as a fact in itself - lying as lying. Information theory, it may be, offers one a way of approaching the lie. For lying is first and foremost disinformation. It can have all the external conditions to be considered as credible information, and the exact lie has them. It is precise, brief, concise, comprehensive and exhaustive. It is just not true. Disinformation would prefer not to say a word. To remain silent would be to plunge the whole thing into nothingness. Or make so much noise that it can't be heard. Such is the noise of radio jamming stations. It is the simplest disinformation. But the silence or the noise cannot make what has happened not happen, and is forced to say something. At least it makes a noise. If, however, there is no way to disguise the real fact, he is forced to inform. Lying is a double act: to make the real fact disappear and to put something else in its place. Sometimes the true fact is covered up without a trace, sometimes it is merely obscured. The latter is the transparent lie, when reality shines through the lie.

Information, whatever the exact factual statement, has existential consequences. What informs transforms. Information moves in the direction of reality, disinformation in the direction of deception.

A lie is deliberately false and misleading information. It can be expressed in a formula just like information. The basis of the formula is that the base of information is entropy of reality (perfect knowledge of reality), the base of a lie is the total ignorance available.

Credible information transforms me to know more about reality, lying transforms me to know less about reality.

The hidden axiom of information theory is that there are indisputable facts. If, as NIETZSCHE says, there is no fact, only interpretation, the theory is overturned.

Logically and grammatically, there may be no objective difference at all between information and disinformation. Existentialism had to be included in order to distinguish between the two.

None of this would make any difference if the bad conscience of submission and the direct morality of the rebel were not opposed in the world, the bad conscience were not inexhaustible in hiding and concealment, in hiding and misleading, and the direct morality, at least until it itself submits to the world and fights against disinformation, were not, on the contrary, constantly and persistently demanding free information. It is in the interest of submission to disinform the world about itself. It is natural. The one who submits has a moral disadvantage to make up. He does it by making it worse, that is, by lying. This is the most important defensive operation of submission. In most cases, not one, b u t two or three disinformation must be maintained simultaneously, namely that he is an unconditional supporter of the system which is always in power, since this is the only way to get the goods, but at the same time, since there is nothing more repugnant in the world than being a supporter of the system (in good company it is not tolerated), he must maintain the disinformation that he has only submitted for reasons of subsistence. The basic life technique of submission: grin and squint at the same time! It is difficult at first.

PLATÓN, MACHIAVELLI and George SOREL, the founders of modern state government, taught us that it is in the public interest to lie. This is the basis of every act of government today: the licence to lie in the public interest.

In the tradition of satyagraha, lying is not allowed even when the welfare of the whole nation is at stake.

The modern state is forced to engage in a high degree of disinformation to cover up its political ineptitude. The worse the government, the more the state lies. Censorship used to be a primitive, gentle but now obsolete procedure that simply blocked and suppressed information. This was back in the days when if something was indexed, it lost its effect and was merely

by the most scurrilous direct morality. Today, state protection - not only the press, radio, television, film, theatre, literature - deals with disinformation professionally and systematically. In addition, the submissive must continue to lie on their own initiative, and only information from the arts, science and economics that has been sufficiently well-tuned can be made public. The weather report can no longer be a mere disclosure of data, but must contain disinformation that is in some respects favourable to the government. Today, only calendar and timetable information is reliable.

The modern state must make man subnormal in order to be able to deal with him at all. Political inertia cannot govern a sane man. But to demoralize man, it is not enough to disinform the public in the press and on the radio and everywhere else, down to meteorology. The world must be completely transformed. That is what is happening today. Systematic disinformation must begin in the public schools. The modern state must apply unimaginable care, diligence and expense to the systematic lie that it has constructed, at a cost beyond its power. It is enough to think that in pedagogy, for example, it must change all the subjects for its own ends. But nothing is more important than to falsify history. Whole scientific institutes are working on this. The child must be brought up in such a way that he has no access to actual data at all and no experience of reality, and even regards authentic information as malicious enemy propaganda and reality as outdated and outmoded fiction. The modern state thrives not on the exploitation of the labour of the people and not on insidious terror, but primarily on a disinformed public opinion. A state born of dishonesty can only be maintained by dishonesty.

## VII.

Europe's two thousand five hundred years of thought, in other words, its philosophy, in other words, its ideals, its ideals of immortality, which govern its life, are, in the end, diluted and artificial, even provisional and improvised, arbitrary and provocative, compared with tradition. **Tradition is called authentic and universal information about reality.** Europe is not based on tradition. Europe does not know authentic existence, and this means that its information about the fundamental facts of existence is wrong. What Europe has created, since Socrates and Plato, is a product of historical confusion, a product of crisis, a product of the



at best, a histological condition report resulting from the misplacement of an entity, but its significance is usually even less. It is, to a very large extent, nothing more than a complex system of self-defence and self-justification by the pseudo-resistant person. Pseudo-resilience corresponds to pseudology. In antiquity, it was a mere aberration, and it was possible to return to tradition at any moment, and there were considerable attempts to do so (Plato, several church fathers, Plotinus, Marcus Aurelius). From the Renaissance onwards, one sees little more than a raging army of pseudologies. The disinformation that resulted from the misplacement of the existential became commonplace. Frenzied existences who, with unprecedented fertility and verbosity, build ever more colossal pseudologies to defend and justify their corruption. Corrupt existences can build nothing but a system of lies. The more corrupt, the bigger. Lying (disinformation) is not a crime and not a logical fallacy, but an ontological corruption. It is frivolity, and above all frivolity before death. A deluded existence and a system of lies go hand in hand. There is no example, and no conceivable possibility, of an inauthentic existence being aware of the actual facts of existence. That Europe should have arrived where it is in the middle of the 20th century should not surprise anyone, but rather make them wonder unheard of, if it had not arrived here. Talk of a crisis is superfluous. All we can say is that anyone who in good faith thinks that it is possible to develop here today is suspected of being feeble-minded.

Law, whoever deviates from authentic existence in his life, for whatever reason and in whatever small degree, loses the possibility of information about the actual data of existence.

Actual existence opens up only to authentic existence.

Pseudo-existence does not and cannot understand the basic facts of existence. Man can have knowledge of reality only and only in proportion to the realization of authentic existence. It is impossible for a corrupt existence to acquire authentic knowledge of reality. The pseudo-existence necessarily lives and must live in a pseudology, i.e. the deceived person necessarily lives and must live in a system of lies.

The way and method that leads out of the system of lies and at the same time out of the corrupt existence is called realization. It is called realization because it is the way and the method that leads to the authentic

existence and the ability to know reality in its reality.

It was NIETZSCHE who taught us to regard any ideal as inherently suspect, and how to reach back to the man who projected the ideal to cover himself. *Rückschluss auf den, der es nötig hat.* We know that the ideal system (idealism) is a pseudology, but we also know that materialism and positivism and rationalism and the other European systems are the same thing, i.e. the compulsive work of a disinformed man, and therefore a system of lies. What is needed now, after Nietzsche, is not so much to measure the finished system, for example, as Jaspers did with Descartes and rationalism, when he understood this philosophy from the unloving and heartless instinct for power, suffering from oppressive ambition. What is needed now, above all, is for man to find in each system the *proton pseudos*, the very first lie that the system builder has hidden from himself, or denied, or forgotten. The very first step towards suicide. The very first deception that he allowed himself for something, who knows why, where something was overdone and disguised and thought forgivable, or where he put something at the centre either for wealth or vanity or self-indulgence, and then he began to defend it, and on this first and foundation stone he laid the second and the others, and the building was finished, but he no longer knew it, the whole system was built to defend a secret axiom based on one single, deeply-hidden lie. What is needed is to follow the crystallization process of the primordial lie into a system and a world view - the deeper and more poisonous the lie, the more delicate the formulation - and to follow the disintegration of the existential, because everyone knows that all lies are personality-disintegrating.

At this point, however, we should call on BAZILEID, who warns us to be particularly wary of those who construct such pseudo-literature. Let no one contradict him, let no one oppose what he says, let no one challenge his theses, let no one enter into a debate with him. Such things, says Basilides, only serve to arm him with more effective weapons and a more elaborate strategy for defending his own falsehood. He contradicts himself and reality even more unequivocally, and twists himself even more to his own

of his own being, and becomes further and further removed from the actual data. Lying is now no longer a one-off and exceptional act, but a systematic practice of life, even a polished and virtuoso technique. Even a one-off lie cannot be imagined without a loss of substance. This is now the gradual disappearance of human presence.

Hegel. One is amazed at whom it lives instead of oneself.

Basilides is, of course, antequely naive in thinking that pseudology can only unfold in larger proportions and in a systematic way when the first lie is contradicted from without, and man is thus forced into a systematic defence. We know and we know today that external opposition is not necessary. Man, even before anyone else can see it, already knows he is lying, and already begins to defend himself, and begins to hide from himself, in theories and theorems, and excuses. This monomaniacal autovivisection that one engages in with oneself and within oneself is a compulsive exercise. It is how a one-time and exceptional lie becomes a behaviour and a system. Thus it becomes an ethos and a system. Man slowly encloses himself, he gives up elementary communication, that is to say, only the mask speaks, the position, the world view, the philosophy. His voice also loses itself, and his articulatory base rings false, which the initiated ear immediately recognises as more natural than natural, more direct than direct, and more convincing than convincing. Those who are inexperienced in this field are particularly advised to examine the meaning horizon of sentences. You will notice that, as the lying voice is false and shrill, yet smooth and flattering, the horizon of the sentences is bathed in warm and intoxicating pastel colours, flattering and seductive, not so much like a painting as a colour reproduction of the Sunday supplement. When one lies, one is always kinder than kind can ever be. In lying, one's substance is less and less, what one says is more and more a surrogate. No! One does not wait to be attacked from the outside. His conscience forces him to defend himself to himself. He needs a constant and regular process of proving himself in order to stand up for himself.

The intriguing question which arises at this point is whether what has been called dialectic since Plato, and which is the historical achievement of European philosophy, is not dangerously similar to the life-and-death self-debate of man with his conscience, and whether the logical procedure which was later called proof does not have its origin here

be sought here? The question is legitimate, if only because, when one proves something, one is never convinced by the indisputable fact, but is convinced by the logical operation. Proof, like dialectics, was invented by the Greeks, not by Orpheus, but by the Graecoelians, the lawyers, the political orators and the sophists.

A worldview means a system of lies, not sometimes, exceptionally, but that a man disinforms himself in a deliberate and systematic, considered and persistent way, not out of interest but as a consequence of his false position in life. What is at stake is nothing other than the frivolity of the architectural achievement that in Europe is called a world view, which is nothing other than a fortress of the central fallacy of life of pseudo-rigid man. A world view is the result of the honour which is incumbent on man, once he has lied, to stand by it, the elementary honour to defend his lie against all attacks.

JARRY reserves to himself the right to lie. It is necessary, too, to increase one's need for truth, if only to forgive others and to be more severe on oneself. It is necessary to lie exceptionally in order to remain generally honest.

The core of the lying system is not always the most truthful point of existence, but always the point where one suffers most from one's own corruption.

The perpetuation of the lie. As a life function. The world as an organisation of lies. As a disinformation system. As practice. As if real existence is only possible at the cost of giving up the world.

Man thinks he is pursuing cognition when he is merely seeking protection and justification against his guilty conscience.

He morally degrades himself for the sake of so-called life. Classic expression: compromised by subsistence.

A life misunderstood. Pseudo-existence.

Lying is not an inevitable consequence of submission. If you openly admit to lying, you can save yourself.

I lie for my life and my goods. But so that my whole life is not hidden from me, and the meaning of what I do is not hidden from me, I prefer to confess, if only to see clearly and to remain honest.

One does not live in self-deception in this situation, and one's system remains clear.

There is no such case.

Submission involves disinforming oneself about one's situation.

Direct morality and pseudology.

Theories of satisfaction. Revenge,  
*ressentiment*. Democracy. Socialism. Stb.

When pseudology becomes so over-organized that it can no longer be intellectually criticized, when it is reinforced even by what is not tangibly true, it becomes a myth.

The question of whether what everyone lies about will become truth becomes ever more threatening.

Since to live truly and to tell the truth are connected, lying and living a lie cannot be separated. However, the disguised existence and the system of lies cannot be defined by the usual categories of thought. Morally they are neither good nor bad, logically they are neither true nor false. Nor can it be defined in biological terms. Life is a peculiar thing, it breeds in lies and sometimes it seems to breed even more. The lust of a life tortured by lies. Fattened by lies.

Man has always been put before the ideal. In reality, however, man does not stand before the ideal claim, but in his existence he either stands in it or does not stand in it, and therefore he is in fact and in reality either a fully-fledged being or not. This is the difference between the solid, - the certain, - the real, - and this is the difference between the insubstantial, - the insignificant, - the insubstantial life. It is the difference between existence and pseudo-existence.

According to NIETZSCHE, what man lies to others is a trifling trifle compared to what man lies to himself. And today, thanks to psychology, all the signs are that we are living in the heyday of this lying. Psychology is a discipline, a counter-discipline, so to speak, which, far from being aimed, at least in practice, at what seems to give it its *raison d'être*, is far from being a method of self-knowledge and self-criticism, on the contrary, it teaches man how to lie to himself about the positive qualities that flatter him and how to lie to himself about the more compromising qualities. Psychology is the discipline of systematic self-deception. What happens in self-deception? The fact that one is

disinforms himself about his true nature. Psychology owes its unheard-of popularity to the fact that it readily supplies not only the typologies by which one can construct for oneself intrinsic and covert excellences of unlimited quality and magnitude, the more censorious one is, the more so. Today man no longer takes his ideals from novels, but it is the high types of the psychological heroes, Freud and Jung, Adler and Rorschach and Szondy, which he inculcates in himself. But psychology also delivers the intricate game of self-justification, of concealment and theatrical performance, and the intricate tricks of self-defence and the sophisticated methods of outwardly humiliating accusations. His success in psychology was achieved by perfecting the technique of self-deception to unimaginable perfection. We are dealing not with epic heroes but with psychological heroes who have lied to themselves through and through by being introverted and analytical and high-minded. Such a man, of course, as Nietzsche says, can only be spoken of with a pinched nose, because not only does he play the role of perfection for himself with an indomitable self-righteousness and look down with equally well-founded pity on all those on whom he projects the negatives of his role, but this man can no longer be wrong, because what he does is science. This man is incurable. He is not an idiot. He is pseudo-resistant. The dangerous one is not the one who lies by rote, but the one who already knows without a book and improvises. A man in whom psychology is a reflex. These are the psychological virtuosos who have already mastered the technique of self-deception. The technique of self-deception has always preceded the technique of self-criticism. But in the old days, in the age of religion and philosophy, it was inconceivable what is commonplace today: in the age of science, that self-deception remains unmaskable. Of course, in this case, lying is neither a sin nor a disease nor a logical fallacy. Lying is an existential impurity, and it means that one does not, first and foremost, corrupt the other, but oneself.

With psychology, man has acted like the state, which has realised that its general staff is paid by the enemy.

Psychology arose from the search for a lie-solving procedure that could extract all the disinformation - whether conscious or unconscious - from man in pseudo-existences and pseudo-discourses and render it harmless. At that time, people believed in the critical and self-critical methods of psychology, and believed that they could use them to disprove the existence and thinking of the

you know. Psychology was therefore initially a kind of disinfection, an operation for internal hygiene, and the restoration of elementary honesty (Nietzsche: *intellektuelle Redlichkeit*) and the dissolution of all disinformation.

The turnaround came when it became clear that if psychology is not practised with an authentic existentialism, it immediately turns into the opposite, and becomes a obfuscating and concealing procedure instead of a critical and self-critical one. For the last hundred years or so, this has been the darkest point in human history. If the screening operation is not backed up by a credible existentialism, psychology itself will in a very short time be transformed into a cover-up technique, and will not be a lie-dispenser, but a more intense defence of the lie. This applies to psychoanalysis, depth psychology, individual psychology, all clinical psychologies and testing systems. Instead of making man capable of exposing disinformation, and instead of initiating the process of realisation in man, psychology, by the same method, has confirmed man in his disinformation, justified his corruption, concealed the pseudo even more, built around it and chained it, psychologically justified it. In some psychologies, especially psychoanalysis, this process has been extremely rapid. So much so, that psychoanalysis has now become the most secure concealment technique, and the most effective cover-up technique, the most secure lie-protection, the best disinformation, the most effective pseudo-deception technique. The same fate has befallen all of modern existentialism, with the exception of the original Kierkegaardian theory, which was originally supposed to be a reliable method of lie-solving and realisation. Today, existentialism has also been transformed into a cover-up technique, with which pseudo-existence is no longer illuminated, but in which man hides and in which he defends his falsehoods. Existentialism is at this moment the most strategically advantageous position from the point of view of man's ability to defend his life falsehoods.

These are roughly the conditions under which Europe has succeeded in approaching the absolute lie, that is, when the question arises: is it possible to tell the truth? The technique of debunking, which has been transformed into a technique of lying, is right, but so is the one who lies. This is a high and complex degree of self-deception from which any attempt to debunk it will rebound.

There is, of course, no one who can trace the activity of self-deception in all its subtle movements, for what is characteristic of self-deception is not the gross and conspicuous great movement, but precisely the barely visible, the nuance, the movement in millimetres, as the worm moves. But that is not important. What is necessary, and what is a safeguard, is that man should keep himself at as constant a temperature of intellectual honesty (*intellektuelle Redlichkeit*) as possible, and that is about the most that can be achieved at this moment by a man numbed by a subdued guilty conscience and a rebellious direct morality.

The only question of the modern order of life is how man can free himself from the lies with which he has surrounded himself, which he has consolidated in himself, individually, socially, in his music, poetry, thinking, evaluation, vision.

The life that is disguised and the pseudologies that grow out of it.

The absolute false system, which has no true point. Which is itself uncontradicted and unassailable. The justification and excuse system of absolute false life.

The only lie.

## THE GREAT CÉDRUS OF CSONTVÁRY

*There's a tree of many one*, says WORDSWORTH: tree stands here, one of many. It is like all the others, but unrepeatable, and in the glory of its individuality, one. What was most important to the ancients, the absolute spirit that was and will be and is always and everywhere and identical, what is most important today, the individuality that never was and never will be more, that is only this one, only here now, nowhere else and at this moment and different from everything else. Csontváry wanted to paint this unrepeatable and different individuality from all others in all its glory, and he did not paint a self-portrait, but a solitary cedar on the summit of Lebanon. Just as Van Gogh did not paint a self-portrait, but a straw painting. A portrait would have been a confession, a novel. This is a vision. A vision that is an apotheosis of the unity of the personality in the supernatural.

The absolute spirit was always ready and is ready and complete, and man gets it ready, and that is the great in him. Personality must be made by man himself, for it was nowhere before, and it is not



from nowhere, and that is the great in him. But that's not good. Because what I get ready and what is final cannot be measured by greatness. Greatness is the measure of what I have to do. The absolute spirit is. The personality is great.

The measure of existence in the archaic age was absolute spirit, today it is personality. Compared to the absolute spirit, the person is eccentric and exotic, ephemeral and momentary, dream and delusion. Yet personhood is great, not because it refers to absolute spirit, but because it refers to origin. Not a system, but an image. Not architecture, but sound. It refers not to creation, but to the creator. The European is not of the absolute spirit but of the great personality.

Which of the two is the more is difficult to determine, because even if we know an absolute spirit in the sign of personality and a person in the sign of absolute spirit, and even if we understand it, we cannot follow it. It always seems less so. We are becoming more and more personal and more and more singular, and our encounters are happening more and more in the singular and personal circle, where everyone is different, not where everyone is the same. One becomes human not by having one identity, but by not having two.

The absolute spirit is supra-personal. What it says is revelation. What I recognize as immovable and unmovable. It does nothing, but is. Here are the cherubim and seraphim at the top of the hierarchy, like the Egyptian statues, like the Buddhas, like the Byzantine mosaics, like the icons. This stillness is rarely achieved. We know that stillness of consciousness can only be achieved through decades of practice and unheard of effort. Chinese Tao and Hindu Yoga teach us how to slow down and sometimes, for days at most, stop t h i s biological mechanism. But those who have not learned it, if only because of their inertia, move constantly, even in sleep, because they dream. He cannot stop. Where one stops, it is no longer life, but existence. Here we cannot realize stillness. We have some rather negative suspicion of that which is storeless and timeless, that which is beyond age and eternal present, that which is certainty and absolute and knowledge. We ourselves are up to our heads in time, in relativity and in the moment, acting and moving, not knowing, only knowing, not reaching, only searching. The absolute spirit shapes the existence of which we are merely

we are dependent upon. It shapes without moving, and we are the ones who are shaped and change.

The absolute spirit is not active. The absolute spirit sees. And it radiates this seeing. The Hebrew tradition calls the world that sees everything and radiates this vision *olam ha-aziluth*. This is the world of emanations. The closer the spirit is to being still and seeing and emitting omniscience, the closer it is to the absolute. Which is eternal and knowledge and certainty.

Here is the cedar. Here it stands motionless, like the cherub in *olam ha-aziluth*, seeing and radiating everything. It is like the tao, and the ultimate goal of yoga, no longer undulating but smooth, with not a ripple or ripple on it. It is no longer dreaming. It is not life, it is being. Like the Egyptian statues and the Byzantine mosaic. Here he stands, like the archangel who does nothing, but is. NIETZSCHE writes, most if I say I want. What is even more, if I say: I am. Yahweh says: *eheje aser eheje* - I was who I was, I will be who I will be, I am who I am.

The personality also absolutizes itself, but by separating itself from everything and everyone. *Absolutized by isolation*, as HUXLEY writes. The person acts and moves and works and realizes. In whatever way. In the end he does only one thing, he realizes his own sacral individuality. The perfect person is the one who is like no one else in nothing. The absolute spirit thinks in analogies, because for him everything is connected and there is nothing that does not correspond to something else. Personality thinks in terms of differences and always chooses what only it can choose and no one else.

What is analogy for the absolute spirit is *dharma* for the person. Dharma is the law of sanctified unrepeatability in the personal destiny of man. The Hindus say that the crippled beggar, if he fulfils his law of life, is more than any wise, powerful and rich king who does not fulfil it. The person, glorified in his individuality, is one of many. Incalculable in his ways and in eternal time and moment, in his own place, here, in space and in the world, now, in people and religion and language, and in loyalty to earth and to his destiny.

Here is the cedar. Tree standing here, one of many. There are not two of them. It has absolutized itself in its isolated singleness. It is like no one and nothing. It has its own time, its own place, here it stands, embedded in the world, its people and its religion, faithful to its land and its destiny, in its sacral singularity. He does not know,

what is the absolute spirit and what is revelation, what is tranquillity and what is the still waters of a lake without a single ripple of foam. What he sees is not the whole at once, but only one perspective, and that too is not clear. He does not stop for a single moment, he is always working on the realisation of himself, he is never certain of anything, he is always wavering and wandering and blundering and mistaking and disappointed, but in a way that no one else is, only he.

Van Gogh's straw is also the only one in the absolute, and the absolute in the only one. But the straw chair is more humane and social and relatable than the cedar. I speak to the cedar in vain, as I speak to the cherub in vain. It hears, but it does not move. The strawman wants, the cedar has. The strawman dreams and suffers, the cedar sees. Straw stands in life, cedar in being. The straw man shakes me, I want to marry him and help him, at least touch him, or comfort him, or hold his hand. The cedar looms over me at an inaccessible height, in its fearful stillness, as if God and the world had been torn from it and it stood alone on the summit of Lebanon.

## **THEORY AND THEORY**

The difference between theory and theory is the difference between a question and a problem, or between an idea and an idea. The journalist has an idea, the poet an idea. The politician has a question, or the banker a problem, the one who has existential difficulties a problem. The difference between theory and theory is not that theory is providential and theory is irrevocable. Theory is not binding. If for one reason or another it does not fit, I make another one that is just as good or just as bad. The theory cannot be evaded. A theory has a consequence, first of all that it must be realized, otherwise it is not a theory. He who does not follow its theory means nothing, he who does not follow its theory is unfaithful and a liar. A theory is mostly an improvisation, the most important characteristic of a theory is that it is universal, i.e. morally and existentially active. The theory's *raison d'être* is that it is not and never is a practice, so idealism, or materialism, or some European philosophy, are all theories. Theory is theory only because it is not practice, and cannot be and cannot be realized, it stands abstractly unrealized and unrealizable, rather than mania and delusion,

a false and unreal hypothesis which does not know this about itself. A theory that puts things in order in a way that is proportionate and pleasing to the eye, without ordering them. It is also called a world view. A worldview is a template. Theory creates an order of life, and therefore if it is not realized, it is meaningless. Theory builds, or at least wants to build; theory founds, and to found is more than to build. The theorist is more to know, the theorist is more to see. Theory is no more a depraved theory than an idea is a depraved idea and a worldview is a depraved religion. Some theories proclaim the primacy of theory, others the primacy of practice. In theory, theory and practice are not separate. Theory rests on the fact that there is no proposition that does not have existential weight and moral consequence. Theory has no measure and therefore cannot hold together that which is abstract or concrete. The place of theory is rather science and philosophy, the place of theory is rather art and religion. To build a theory is to change one's whole life.

Modern man lives in the realm of prophecy. Idea and question and theory. There are about three theories: Darwinism, Freudism and Marxism. The basis of Darwinism, as Bertrand Russell has explained, is a simple fallacy. DARWIN projected into the biological process the basic idea of the eighteenth-century writers on English economic theory, according to which nature seeks the greatest benefit by the shortest route and the simplest means. We know that this notion that the household of nature is based on economic principles is wrong. The logic of nature is not economic at all, on the contrary, it is profligate and therefore does not seek the greatest benefit, but provides endless abundance (BATAILLE).

FREUD and MARX's theory is embarrassing not because it offends, but because it is suspected of doing nothing more than offend. There is a vague intention lurking in their theses that they are not seeking the truth, but want to catch people out on something. It is probable that Freudianism and Marxism were designed to insult the bourgeoisie in the comfort of bourgeoisie bourgeoisie. If the truth, in any way, were to be revealed, man would endure its unpleasantness, and even accept the theory with some relief. But Freud's method does not cure the psychopath, but constructs an idiot insensitive to inner difficulties, much less normal than the patient was. Marx's social theory of social dysfunction is not

but to create a community that is oblivious to natural complications. One does not desire truth to be flattering, but one must exclude it from being anything but offensive. It is for this very reason that, in order that such a theory may have a general effect, the right man is needed. If any theory is to have such a general effect today, it is an unacceptable condition that it should at least approach the standard which the Christmas supplements of the daily papers are wont to represent.

## **HUMANISM**

In the interests of the application of an ever more advanced humanism in all spheres of public life, we order the construction of death-house buses and their institutional use; the authorities and the manufacturer are instructed to have the vehicle completed and put into service as soon as possible. The buses shall be built to the normal dimensions. The coach shall have one compartment, with a suitable sized enclosed toilet and W.C. at the rear, and a small kitchenette at the front, in which light food, coffee, tea, etc., can be prepared. T h e coach and kitchen should be heated by natural gas. The coach should be comfortable, with carpets, curtains and immaculate lighting. Prisoners on death row shall have the right to spend the night before their execution in this bus, and prisoners shall be transported to the place of execution in this bus so that they can spend the last minutes of their lives in humane conditions. A menu should be handed to the prisoner on arrival, so that he or she can order a dinner of his or her choice from a variety of food and drink. Dinner shall be brought from the most exclusive restaurant. The on-site tea kitchen is only an auxiliary facility. There shall be a bar in the coach with a variety of short drinks, sandwiches, pastries and desserts to suit the highest taste, from which the prisoner may consume at his discretion and without limit. The bus shall be equipped with a radio, record player, television and cinema screen, which the prisoner may also use at his discretion. The most recent postcards and joke magazines should be available, and the record player should be equipped with a spare dance music disc. In addition to the equipment already mentioned, the bus should have a dining and coffee table, a cushioned table, a table with a tablecloth and a table with a tablecloth for the children.

chairs and armchairs, all tastefully decorated. Care should be taken to ensure that the air in the coach is scented. The tables should have fresh cut flowers in fine artisan vases. The coach should have a wide cushion with first-class springing, which can be enclosed with a spindle-flap. The prisoner has the right to choose the lady who suits his needs from the photo album handed to him and to spend the night with her. The State wishes to make the prisoner's last hours pleasant in every way and to give him a taste of the real pleasures of life. The remuneration of the lady may amount to 100 (one hundred) forints for a single occasion. The prisoner shall be served by a waiter in a tailcoat in the bus and by a pretty young waitress at the coffee machine in the bar. The serving staff shall leave the premises at the request of the prisoner and shall not disturb the prisoner either in his intimate intercourse with the lady or in his rest. The death row prisoner shall not be visited in the coach by members of his family, friends or clergy.

A single use of the bus costs 560 (five hundred and sixty) HUF. An invoice for this amount, together with the cost of the food and drink consumed and the honorarium paid to the lady, shall be issued by the authority and submitted to the family of the condemned person within eight days of the execution. The amount of the invoice shall be treated as a public tax.

## **NETHERLANDS**

At the beginning of the century, VALÉRY thought that the diversity of modern European civilisation had only one uniformity. He speaks of a certain Englishness without saying what he means by it. Perhaps it is that the cut of our clothes is English; perhaps it is that our thinking is so commercial; perhaps it is that we regard as correct conduct that peculiar gentlemanly equanimity which does not lose its head even when the wind blows one's hat off. Of course, Valéry's statement seemed out of date even then, because the predominance of Germanism in Europe fifty years ago was overwhelming.

When such questions as Englishness and Germanness arise, the notion of nationalism is usually invoked. Nationalism usually means that the national trait is strengthened and the group of people deviates from normal humanity. A nation or people is a distortion of some persistent

and mass appearance, and those who are distorted tend to be particularly proud of it. To belong to a nation is to be deformed in the same way, to glorify this deformity and to despise the rest. When deviance from the norm assumes collective proportions and stabilises, it always results in something like religion, or race, or people, or nation, or class, glory within, poison without, annoyance and comedy. National, racial, class consciousness is a satirical theme.

This time, however, we are talking about a kind of collective distortion of people living together en masse that cannot be fully understood through the collective category of nation or race. Germanness has always been a little confused, unfounded in its final thoughts, unthought through, which, it is true, has constantly sought itself, but has not found itself even in its ceaseless search. This ungrounded and unstable instability covered itself with excess. Germanness, it is said, can be recognized by order, not real order, but rather pedantry. For pedantry is excess order, based not on reason but on obsession.

Compared with normal and universal humanity, all nationalities are deformed. If this deformed existence unfolds and strengthens, it can suppress normality and even oppose normality and universal humanity, and in this deformed existence it can be particularly aggressive and impatient towards all other nationalities, as it is in fact. In any case, German systematisation reveals a particular structure of insanity. There are two degrees of insanity: one is the monomania of research, the other is the offensive assertion of the result. In any case, existence, which has lost its universality, is emptier and poorer than normal; all nationalities, classes, races, historical episodes, the inability to live clearly and as a whole, obscurity, which manifests itself in frivolous preoccupations, and finally a strange form of nonsense. Since the dissolution of the universal world of the medieval Church, since there has been no unity of mankind, the history of Europe has been marked by nationalities, a lesson we have had occasion to learn from countless examples. Undoubtedly, the German Reformation at the beginning of the modern age was such a nationalist movement, whose most important achievement was the abolition of the universal language above the nations and its replacement by vernacular languages. Thus the possibility of universal communication between peoples was eliminated. Not only because national languages were not understood by people in other countries, but mainly because universal concepts in national languages were not

The role of Latin was not mainly to link peoples in practice, but to link them in terms of universal concepts that could not be expressed in the national languages. In the Middle Ages, Latin fulfilled the function of universal human communication.

We know that the Reformation was not directed against the Church, but against the corrupt clergy, but we also know that the attack was on the Church, and if there was a tragic moment in the history of Europe, it was that the attack almost completely lost the power of the universal Church of humanity, while the power of the clergy remained almost intact. Nationalisms could only arise in a world where peoples were not bound together by a higher unity of universality. In this situation, Germanness, like other nationalities, was able to unfold its national character without any limitation and without higher control. The unfolding of the national characteristics of other peoples in foreign nations was not particularly harmful. That which is called German systematisation had already taken on an increasingly paralysing form since the middle of the eighteenth century (Frederick the Great), since Hegel the danger had become imminent, and with the rise of German scientism this organisation, which extended to the whole of human existence, had conquered the whole earth. At the present moment, no people is not shaping its order of life on the basis of the systematics that have arisen from the particular structure of German nationalism. As is well known, this systematism has been called science (scientifizmus). The theories of this organization have imposed a natural order on the lives of millions of autonomous peoples. An example is the influence of Marxist theory on the Russians. But it has changed agriculture and industry, the army and administration, diplomacy and art, the structure of society and the individual order of life by placing all these on a specific scientific basis. He constructed concepts such as idealism and materialism and positivism and Übermensch and worldview and progress and racism and class struggle by means of a desperate dialectic, on which concepts, if not on some of their consequences (bloodbath and farce), a moderate sober mind will immediately notice that they are not the product of cognitive reason but the borne-rite obsessions of a monomaniacal (pedantic and arrogant) systematization.

Today, in the second half of the twentieth century, a delicate and difficult situation has arisen - unprecedented in the history of the world - which not only has no solution, but for which the signs are that it is impossible to find one.



we are not even able to ask the question clearly. The first observation that needs to be made is that we are uncertain whether the so-called objective world of science, independent of the cognizing human person, is actually an existing reality or a mere fiction. The observation must be made, for if this world were merely indifferent, as common sense would lead one to expect, its anti-human nature in all its aspects would not be offensive to man. And this seems to be beyond doubt. It is as if the world of science were not merely impersonal and existential, and indifferent to human values; all the signs are that this world has a decided edge against man, as if it had an invisible hatred, almost a vengeance, against humanity, and whose activity is to torture and corrupt human life. The findings of science have a perceptibly deliberate wounding character, as if science harboured a special *resentment* towards man. Therefore the world of science cannot be called simply necessity; it is not existential, but anti-existential; it is not indifferent, but hostile to life; it is not ahuman, but anti-human; it is not objective, but cruel, and it nurtures a perceptible animosity towards human values. All this is, of course, unjustifiable. But that everything that has happened in the last half century has had the hand of science, as the chief active agent and initiator, and everything that has happened has been in the spirit of science, is well known. Science is the highest marker of value. Science is the best business. The scientist is the absolute authority. Without science, there is no fascism, no national socialism, no race theory, no communism; no gas wars and germ wars, no air wars and mechanized wars; without science, no deforestation of the rainforests, no plundering of the seas, no killing of animals, no Cheka, no Gestapo, no Auschwitz, no gyurma; no Katin, Hiroshima, Korea, Hungary, Tibet. And what is strange is that all this does not seem to be an unintended consequence of science, but as if the hatred of life of science were essentially expressed in these hair-raising facts. In the second half of the twentieth century, man lives in incessant terror, not only because the power of science can destroy the earth at any moment, but even more because this power, even if it leaves mere life, deprives man of his normal order of life and reduces his life to an increasingly worthless vegetative

life into a vegetative existence of no more significance, weight, beauty, truth, seriousness, clarity.

At this moment there is no difference between peace and war, because in both cases human existence is completely lost, whether it exists or not. In the final analysis, it seems that the world created by science is not bona fide; the purpose of science is not knowledge but an act of power, and this is not a property of particular disciplines (natural or technical), but a trait that characterizes science as science in all its forms in principle.

Of course, there are indications that science does not create this world, but reveals what is, that is, that this world really is, really is as science describes it. This must be the case if only because man is constantly bumping into something outside himself and this external something appears to be a coherent reality. But there is also no doubt that, in the opinion of very serious thinkers, man is not in a relationship with things, but with his own conceptions of things. It may well be, therefore, that what man encounters is man's conceptual world in a particular fossilized form. All this, of course, is also unverifiable. At the moment, our faculties do not seem to be sufficient to determine whether the so-called objective world of science is an actual reality or a conceptual construction without a gap, and thus gives the impression of a coherent reality. In any case, the suspicion remains that the power of science lies not in its truth but in its organisation. Its strength lies not in the fact that its concepts provide insight into the reality of the actual world, but in the fact that these concepts are constructed in a closed and rigorous system that is inescapable to the average human intellect. Science, therefore, did not proceed from the cognition of reality, but sought to create a conceptual organization which was not designed for cognition, but for other purposes, and the breaking through of which seems impossible at this moment. Concepts and relations have been consolidated and have become an architecture very similar to necessity. In any case, there is something in the construction of the edifice that gives cause for concern. Science is declared to be absolute knowledge. And to absolutise an idea is always suspect. We know that throughout history many conceptual organisations have thought of themselves as definitive knowledge, but in each case there has been a moment when it has been revealed that it was hiding something. The most recent such organisation is medieval clericalism

a Babylonian tower built of gnaish at the time, with its formidable proportions and unquestionable certainty. Perhaps those who think that clerical dogmatics was the basis of the medieval clergy's system of world power are right; dogmatics was not a matter of truth, but of perfect organization. The moment that this organization broke down and the fact that it had no truth was revealed, the whole system fell apart of its own accord. But perhaps those who see science as a perfected system, built on the model of medieval dogmatics, as the basis of a new world power organisation after the clerical world power that grew out of the anticlerical and Reformation movements and lost its historical influence, are right. In this way, the unconcealed anti-humanity and vengeance in science, and its exuberant animosity towards all human beings, would be explained, because science is in fact anti-Christianity. But it would also become clear that the history of the clerical world power, so rich in lies, violence and exploitation, has been far surpassed by the atrocities of scientific organisation, and that, moreover, science has brought something new to history. As CAMUS writes, in the Middle Ages, the ghastly gallantry committed anywhere, by anyone, king, cardinal, pope, minister, was never anything but individual arbitrariness and exception, which violated but did not weaken the order of an intact and humanely pure world; in the modern organization of world power, injustice is no longer an exception, but a legitimate act, supported by science, and it is no longer hidden, but scientifically justified, its crime glowing with a triumphant knowledge.

For we must not forget for a moment that modern power structures, such as industrial corporations, financial institutions, diplomacies, police forces, spy agencies, state administrations, armies, parties, do not grow directly out of society, but invariably against society, in the image of a superior system. Medieval dogmatism and modern scientism are such higher organisations, which permeate the human order of life to the very end and mould it in their own image. Science is not projected from society, but society is constructed according to the organization of science. First there is always the construction, then the work. The perfection of the organization of scientism far surpasses that of medieval clericalism. In the Middle Ages, there were gaps through which protest against the power of injustice could not only break through, but constantly seeped through, and the

and the light could shine through. In societies built on the organisation of science, there are no such gaps, and where there are, they are narrowing. In the higher organisation of science, an idea that does not correspond to the organisation of science cannot in any way be expressed here. The masonry of the building becomes denser, communal and individual existence is scientified, in statistics, economics, medicine, psychology, sociology, biology, chemistry, it is fully absorbed, and an impenetrable organization is created which can turn man's life order from its true to its ontological points.

The greatest question of the second half of the twentieth century is undoubtedly the screening of science as a truth of being. The world in which we live at this moment in history was created, is organised and is maintained by science, with its schools, education, industry, states, research, offices, armies, factories, banks, hospitals, art, press, and promises an unheard of future and progress, while humanity today, here on earth, devastated and humiliated, depraved and degraded and polluted, its peoples and classes and nationalities pitted against each other, armed with weapons in abundance, is about to plunge into a whirlpool of hatred and a desire for revenge, no longer concealed, of unimaginable depths, with the help of colossal inventions. In the Middle Ages, clericalism deceived man; it promised order, and what it delivered was lies, violence and exploitation. Science appeared as a bringer of light, but it turned out that the darkness it brought was greater than the former.

The lie of science rests on three theses:

1. it proclaims its power to be in its truth, whereas this power does not belong to truth, but to a superior organization;
2. It proclaims that it is objective, that is to say, that its cognition is characterised by fidelity to the object, whereas it is impersonally indifferent, existential and anti-human;
3. It proclaims that it seeks the truth with an impartial intellect, whereas it provides a basis for world power systems with fictitious constructs.

The reality of these propositions is, of course, very fragile. But even if these propositions were characterized by an evident truth, they would still be meaningless. In a system, it is not the actual truth content of the propositions that is decisive, but how the proposition can be incorporated into the organization, that is, whether or not it makes the organization more perfect. A statement may state the absolute truth, but if it cannot be incorporated into the system, it is nothing

it means nothing. And the narrower the reality base of the system, the less its capacity for truth-absorption. Over time, systems lose their flexibility and assimilative capacity, and are unable to accommodate any ideas alien to themselves. They no longer have the capacity to innovate. This is the moment when a system takes on a negative attitude towards truth, that is, when the system of existence becomes a system of existential falsehood. All indications are that science has reached this point; it is unwilling and unable to accept stimulation from sources outside its system, and is unable to do anything but maintain the operation of its automated organization. An organization can be perfect even if all its elements are false; a system can be perfect even if all its propositions are lies. An apparatus can be perfect even if every element of it is existentially perfectly false. Therefore, only one thing is important: the axiom. To examine anything other than the basic axiom is pointless and meaningless.

The existential falsehood system cannot accommodate a statement from outside the system. There is, it is said, no statement of absolute truth. Each statement has meaning only in relation to its organization. The connection of the system with the truth that eternally renews existence is severed. A false communication is established between the system and the actual world. Which means that everything the system says has a false ring to it.

In the second half of the twentieth century, the time came when it became clear that science, which had destroyed the medieval clerical system of lies, had itself become a system of lies, in a false communication with reality, that is, in the human-world dialogue of science, there was no longer any truth. Of course, science has no way of realising this fact; it has no way of realising it because within a system it is not a matter of objective and propositional lies. Within the system, the lie is embedded and performs a function that cannot be disguised. What one is confronted with is not the false statement, but a process of falsification that is all-encompassing and all-pervasive. The lie system of existence is a labyrinthine tangle within which it is no longer possible to ascertain the truth or falsehood of things, and where there is nothing but mechanically operating, unstoppable deception, vertigo, deceit, evasion, evasion, explanation, proof, fraud, mystery and secrecy. As a result of miscommunication, no human relations are left intact, humanity is a sacrificial pool of pseudo-existences from which nothing, least of all

community, of course. And what replaces community is a scientific concept of community, camp, party, barracks, army, commune.

While the ideology and political power of German fascism was being defeated in the Second World War, the German organisation of being that created fascism was spreading all over the world. This organisation of being is called science, and it is in all likelihood the true face and fulfilment of the German Reformation. What is happening on earth at the moment, in industry or politics, in society or economics, in art or thought, is in the spirit of scientification and scientification in every aspect of existence. Fascism is as much a form of this scientific organisation of existence as socialism or communism; banks and general staffs and universities and clinics are in the same vein. With the creation of the organisation of science, Germanism has acquired a hitherto unimaginable degree of world power, which, although it has failed as an external political enterprise (?), as an organising power it has autonomously and without limitation controlled the life of all the peoples of the earth.

## **THE RANTOTTLEVES**

If man were a natural being, his absolute nourishment could be no other than fruit. But we know that by descent we are for the most part from beyond nature, and that we must make our own truly humane food. The sophistication of our food keeps pace with the complexity of our lives, and it seems certain that the first cause of many complications in our lives is some complex food. On this basis, it would be safe to speak of a sandwich or dessert life. People living on such sandwich and dessert food have lost all sense of normality. Beyond certain limits it is no longer a life, it is hysteria. If one looks for the basic food, the sober and calm food, on the way to a normal life, one can hardly find some. A normal life is what a meal is when it's scrambled eggs soup. Nothing special. No sensation. Far beyond whether one likes it or not. One can eat it any time of the day, for breakfast, lunch, dinner, hot, lukewarm, or cold. Flour and water roasted in fat or oil. The Pythagoreans knew it in two ways, salted or

with caraway seeds, as we eat it, or lightly toasted flour with milk, sweetened with honey. Tibetan champa is also this kind of dish, but the flour is poured over hot tea and sometimes pieces of tallow are added. Chicken soup is a meal without any tension; what is especially endearing about it is that it is gentle and simple. It goes without saying that the baby's first meal after breast milk is scrambled eggs. Scrambled eggs are a pure hunger food, which is to say that they are not a delicacy or a snack, i.e. not a thrill, but a food for the hungry man, and they are best served with bread, and when the bread is fried, or especially when it is cut into small cubes and fried in hot fat, they are rich, concentrated and filling, so much so that when eaten in two plates one does not want anything afterwards but a glass of semi-sweet wine. Normal food, like bread, potatoes, stews, boiled rice, bacon, is unforgettable because it does nothing but nourish. The great works of cuisine, such as the French salad, or the roast duck stuffed with quince, or perhaps the pâté, are full of ulterior motives; complex works, dishes with many layers, they cannot even pronounce themselves at once. No one's stomach has ever been spoiled by fried soup. In any case, there are women, rare enough, who are fully aware of what they are cooking; in such a woman's scrambled eggs, the taste of mother earth is definitely recognisable. You cannot make such a thing without a warm heart. Most people, if the soup is coarse, defend themselves by saying it's just a scrambled egg. It's as if what's common isn't the most common, as if what's common isn't the highest of values. The taste of scrambled soup is most closely related to the taste of milk wheat. Once you've tasted it, you know all about the goodness of life.

The most serious crime is undoubtedly food adulteration. In some respects, it involves treason, blasphemy, poisoning, fraud, lying, all insidiously and covertly; it abuses the fact that when you are hungry you have to eat, for the sake of hateful profit. Horrible as it may seem, it is as DOSTOYEVSKY says: kick me, beat me, humiliate me, spit on me, just give me food, food. There is only one more serious than the food lie, the false prophethood that poisons a man with lying thoughts. We have almost lost the noble and true bread. There is scarcely a greater want, and therefore a deeper pain. Scrambled eggs are so simple and humble that no one has ever thought of adulterating them. Perhaps because it is so cheap and not worth it. In any case, our situation is not hopeless; we still have Bach and Palazzo Pitti, Velázquez and Hölderlin, the

normality hasn't completely disappeared, as long as we have fried soup, potatoes and boiled rice.

## SABO LAJOS, OR THE ONLY SYSTEM

Lajos Szabó is a passionate newspaper reader. There is no simple press statement that he cannot interpret with particular weight. He has also built up a theory that one's information is only reliable if one is in constant contact with things and aware of events up to the last minute.

This attitude can only be partly understood from the Boehme-Blake approach, *to see the world in a grain of sand*, to see eternity in a single hour. For Lajos Szabó, the whole must be constantly present. In the absolute richness and uninterrupted actuality of all existence. The history of the world in the news of the day. The whole metaphysics in the embassy interview. If one misses something, one's information is incomplete, and one has gambled away one's right to understand what is.

What one needs to see is always the whole. The stages of industrial production are in unbroken connection with higher mathematics until the finished product is spat out by the machine. If one removes any moment from this process, one commits an irreparable error. This formulation exactly covers the Hebrew tradition, which maintains that there is no physical work without invention, no invention without economy, no economy without physics, no physics without mathematics, no mathematics without metaphysics. Every ultimate philosophical principle has its inevitable corollary in electricity and medicine, and every concrete moment down to the glass beaker and the eyeglasses originates in metaphysics. And of this metaphysics there are no two. One. Only one. If I assume more than one, I deceive myself and commit the error of impersonation. There is only one system from the beginning, there is no more and it is inconceivable that there should be more. That system is the **f-system** (fixed-system). Everyone knows it, and even thinks and lives and works and evaluates according to it. We cannot not evaluate in a uniform way. Those who do not evaluate uniformly are liars. The only evaluation that encompasses the whole richness of life. There cannot be allowed to be two positions. The slightest nuance will draw blood. From



the unity of mankind is an absolute fact. What seems to disrupt this unity is ignorance of each other.

Lajos Szabó did not construct this Heraclitus-Böhme-Blake approach, this single and fixed system. He did not write a coherent work commensurate with the importance and proportions of his thought, nor did he have a completed study, and his essence was expressed in words which he never wrote down, mostly only uttered, but which, because of their weight, remained in the minds of those who heard them. Such a man is rare in the history of thought. Philosophers are usually insufferable babblers. Few writers have lived like Heraclitus, Pascal or Nietzsche. But we know of none who hardly wrote, only said and only words. These words *are maître-mot*, or basic words. They can also be called guide words. When one understands such words, one has no sense of lack, and is ready to give up volumes with pleasure. After all, they are always words. Knowledge that fits on a business card. It is not a fragment, because the word's horizon of meaning is complete. It opens up a perspective that needs no further explanation.

The difficulty, says HEISENBERG, is and always has been in the formulation. We have an inconceivable wealth of experience and an untold amount of knowledge accumulated within us, for which there is no satisfactory formulation. And what is decisive in thought, what determines the direction, what is called discovery, is never a fact, but in every case the formulation of a fact already known.

A man like Lajos Szabó was called *asmagarbha* by the Hindus. He was born of rock, and he is made of hard rock. In himself he is helpless and mute and motionless. There must always be someone or something who and what will chip a splinter from this rock. It must be spoken to. It must be attacked. It must be bombed. That is why you need at least newspaper news to loosen it up with new notices every day. He has a body of work that was created by someone besieging him with questions and forcing him to answer. He had to answer, in many cases with questions. There is scarcely a rarer man than one so lacking in any desire to reveal himself and to speak without being prompted. He is a great debater and conversationalist and letter-writer, and in dialogue he is brilliant, but as soon as he is deprived of stimulus he becomes mute. Thinking *e m e r g e s* from the atmosphere of solitude, which is why so much philosophy bears the unhealthy stigma of seclusion.

which is so conducive to fantasies, reverie, monologue, *parole intérieure*. In Lajos Szabó, a dialogic act.

Lajos Szabó's start is not very remarkable. After the First World War, he began with Marxism and Freudism. At that time, it was the last moment for young men who took themselves seriously, especially in Eastern Europe, to fall victim to the Marxist and Freudian epidemic without exception. He was also involved in the socialist movement, but after a while he was forced to break with it, in any case along with many of his comrades, as a man of consistency and good faith (revolutionary youth) - not only with official socialism, but also with Marx's teachings. Marx and Freud lost their historical relevance in the mid-twenties. It was no longer the last moment. For a time he remained, as a heretic, with some friends within socialism. That is, until Marxism became the enemy of free enterprise, that is, until it became civilised and became a cover for the power instinct. From then on, he could only have been a revolutionary with a bad conscience, knowing that it was a bad faith and cheap fraud, and that it would lead nowhere.

He read a lot from a very early age. He took eight or ten volumes home from the library, returned them that week and took another ten. When asked what he was doing with so many books, he said: control.

In the 1920s and 1930s, it was no longer enough to read books. You had to read literature. Not just one work, but a discipline, from beginning to end, all one hundred and fifty or fifty volumes, law, sociology, psychology, characterology, philosophy of history, economics, biblical criticism, anthropology, theoretical physics, history of painting, art theory, logic, ethics, pedagogy. In ten or fifteen years, he has studied several thousand books. It is curious that the development of the people who lived in this way, whatever their skills in science and art, was very similar. Not in worldviews, but precisely in worldviewlessness, and even more so in the critical grounding of worldviewlessness and worldview supernaturalism, and in something more important: in the approach to fundamental human thought. The Germans say that it is *Möglichkeit eines ursprünglichen Denkens* (possibility of *original* thinking). GUÉNON writes that *état primordial*. Lajos Szabó's word is: fundamental. As for all these literatures and disciplines and sciences and arts in twenty thousand books

without exception, is that they have broken through, in a variety of directions and intensities, to the very foundations of human thought. This is what makes the behaviour of the twentieth century generation between the two world wars so similar to that of the Alexandrian Gnostics. In any case, it is what distinguishes the man who took himself seriously in those years from the man who wanted nothing more than to be tolerably cultured, much less to live well.

Lajos Szabó once had a debate with his friend (his debates lasted for weeks on several occasions) as to whether the correct attitude towards such opportunists was hatred or contempt. Lajos Szabó thought contempt was the right thing to do. At the same time, an aesthetic existentialism - in England - advocated *loathing*: loathing *much worse, than* hatred.

It should be noted that Lajos Szabó never considered such an attitude irrevocable. Lajos Szabó was loyal, especially to his opponents and enemies (the more he despised them, the more he despised them), loyal in all cases, and remained so, and reserved the possibility of that man overtaking him in anything. The AUGUSTINUS position: with my enemies I seek the truth. This is Lajos Szabó's teaching on rank relativity. Which means that the question of rank must be examined separately in each case, there is no primacy on any line. There is no corrupt man who is not able to outrank even a saint in moral action.

The stages through which Lajos Szabó has passed in the course of forty years cannot be listed in half. The most significant are probably: gnosis (Henrik Schmitt Jenő), logistics (Russell, Carnap) and Wittgenstein, mathematics and existentialism (when it was not yet fashionable), politics and economics, theoretical physics, and of course the current novel and lyric and dramatic literature. At every step, it is an effort to maintain an open presence (*offene Präsenz*) and to keep itself in the greatest tension of the age. There is nothing more important than this. One's conduct is determined by seeking out the greatest resistances. Which is a must for seriousness. He who seeks the little resistance, or where there is no resistance, is the opportunist.

Lajos Szabó always lived in circumstances that it would be pietism to claim were modest. It is easiest to say

to say at once that he was poor, and very poor, and for a long time in poverty, and in agonising poverty, that he could only walk to the library and back, and that when he was invited somewhere he had to ask his friends for tram and gate money. For years, he lived off the work of others, shrugging off accusations that he had no income and was supported by women. He lived in a dark courtyard room in great discomfort, was plagued by lung cancer, ate poorly, wore poor clothes and could not get his teeth fixed. If you lived through this and were not offended, you had solved one of the great questions of your life. They let me work, he said, and that's all I can ask for.

Aldous HUXLEY, in his study of Gesualdo, writes of the wonderful composers the despots of the Renaissance had, contrasts them with the modern despots, and is horrified at the music they preferred. Oh, well. The horror is complete when one sees what ideals, what political goals, but above all what advisers, the modern dictators have. Perhaps the English aesthete is right when he says that disgust. One also shudders to think that one's urine mixes with the urine of these creatures in the sewers.

There is and never has been any question of validation. Lajos Szabó did not want validation. Validation requires a particular procedure and a way of life, which for him is the strangest and most avoidable. There is a special technique to it; for to prevail is not to deal with the thing, but with its effect. He is a journalist, a poet, a politician, an actor, in a lower category of life.

There seems to be little more characteristic of the age than who is singled out by the authorities, especially in Eastern Europe, and who is ignored or even persecuted. Characteristically, any firm and consistent openly sensible attitude, the more open the more so. To put it in the language of the century, power shuns the talented and favours the servile, the compromising, the treacherous, the bargaining, the nerd, and the sneaky, that is, the corrupt, if talented. Probably one of the main reasons why the modern age is so helpless and frivolous. Regardless of political party affiliation, outlook or orientation, conservative or revolutionary, liberal or royalist, it makes no difference.

There is consistency in the general attitude that the able man is not only ignored but persecuted. This man is not flattered, does not like to lie, encourages no one to be foolish, does not smear things,

he has no regard for pleasantries, he has no desire to talk out of turn, and he really does not believe that this present administration is destined to fulfil a unique task in world history. Power seems to like to avoid all those who would be of use to it, and to select those who are harmful. The lesson to be drawn from this is that it is preparing not its survival but its destruction.

Lajos Szabó would certainly have made a wonderful Chief of General Staff, with his concept, energy, unheard of overview and correct judgement. He was a diplomat who could certainly see through complexities of many kinds, who was so subtle and succinct on delicate points, with his superior mathematical skills and his motto, which he took from Confucius: To know the truth in the morning and to die at night. Certainly, the state which he would have entrusted to Lajos Szabó in the 1920s would be the most well-ordered state on earth today, but no other state could escape the influence of the order he had created. It is quite certain that the fascist-Nazi-Bolshevik collapse would have taken a different course. From the debates which it provoked and in which it took part, one can imagine how it would have behaved in international military or political or economic meetings, addressed by the most difficult situations, how freely and with elementary force the truth of clear and lucid ideas would have burst forth from it, instead of the press, without any passion, and in absolute heat. A great influence on things would have been beneficial, not to him, but primarily to us. In any case, it was an irreplaceable omission on the part of the authorities not to have recognised in Lajos Szabó the man who was part of the knowledge that would solve correctly all that the authorities had either solved badly or were forced to leave unsolved, and that would eventually come crashing down on his head, while the people wandered in a labyrinth and fell victim to every momentary whim.

In the winter of 1945-46, on the basis of a sketch he entitled Bible and Romanticism, he made some suggestions for certain formulations. Probably the most important of these was the theory in which he suggested the possibility of a link between **lies**, **violence** and **exploitation**. Lajos Szabó generally protested against apodictic formulations. He liked to attach his thoughts to opinions that had already been expressed. He spoke in comments. This is a conscious discipline of thought. Besides, he did not start from the problems raised by literature, but created a perfectly new relationship with each question.

The lie-violence-exploitation theory is historically, socially, economically, politically, logically, psychologically the most significant theory of the forties. In its significance it far surpasses, for example, the theory of Marxism, because it is independent of any class theory. In fact, the only possible social pathology can be built on this idea: the distinction between healthy and pathological societies. The future will in no way be able to circumvent this theory if it ever wants to create a normal society.

In fact, since this theory was formulated, there has been no escaping it.

He who lies has a predatory instinct, and is a murderer in hiding (*der Mörder von Anfang*, as defined by Lajos Szabó). Whether an individual or a state power. Thus the simple-minded Marxist theory, which builds on the capitalist-socialist opposition and claims that the spring of history is the class struggle, has been superseded. It is useless for the state to call itself socialist or democratic if it has not eliminated the methods of lying-violence-exploitation. This state is as bad as any other monarchy or feudalism, but worse, because it lies more, it is forced to exploit more and to use more violence. Not to lie (svadharma, as the Hindus say). The inevitable consequence of all lies is exploitation and violence. If Lajos Szabó has expressed this theory even aphoristically, written it down and published it or published it, he would have succeeded would have a era one a clarity that would have made it easier to understand the world situation. There is hardly a greater problem than to judge a socio-political situation in terms that are not initially correct but are ultimately outdated. Nothing is more fatal than the wrong calculus. The Marxist theory of class struggle has never had a place, and it has never corresponded to reality, but for a time it has been able to survive for want of anything else. Ever since the so-called capitalist state has been more socialist than the socialist, the socialist state more capitalist than the capitalist (humanity, welfare, liberties), this theory has been nothing but a boundless confusion and nobody has understood a word of it. Since the Second World War, Marxism has existed only as a cover theory for the defence of the state, and as a lie on which the system of violence and exploitation rests. Lajos Szabó says: the socialist states have used all the money

would pay someone to tell them how to get rid of Marxism.

Around the age of fifty, he gave up the work he had been doing and suddenly, overnight, he started drawing. This move was interpreted by many as disloyalty. His followers approved of him, but with some concern, because the quality of his drawings was not satisfactory, although no one admitted it. Lajos Szabó himself said that he did in his drawings what he did in his thinking. In any case, this interpretation was only subjectively correct. There were those who believed that in him a primordial world of Muses had broken through. Beyond mid-life, this turn of events shocked everyone who knew Lajos Szabó.

In Europe, especially in the modern age, art was not the realisation of artistic values as it was taught. Free intellectual expression, having no home in metaphysics, religion or thought, was forced to hide in other places. Such a typical place was that which was called mysticism, but much of art also became such a hiding place. To explain European music and painting, poetry and drama, and especially the novel, in terms of aesthetic categories is to misunderstand the whole thing completely. Since the free expression of the spirit was not possible in its own place, it sought illegitimate refuge there, and it was art that uttered as much as it could of man's true thoughts, albeit in disguise. The opportunity to express oneself freely was not always available, but when it was, one was, according to the custom of the time, sometimes either despised, persecuted, imprisoned, burned at the stake, deported or simply silenced. No one likes to take such things. Lajos Szabó lasted until he was fifty, and then, like other Europeans, he started to make art, saying that he was doing the same thing he had done before.

Yes and no. Certainly the real spirit of Europe is Cervantes and Shakespeare, Michelangelo and Monteverdi, Corot and Beethoven, Baudelaire, Tolstoy, Van Gogh and George, not the official world view. But art is not a legitimate place for free intellectual expression, and there is something unhealthy about the whole spirit of Europe. The spirit in art is indirect, it is in fact something other than what it is. Moreover, art is always a glorification of life, but the spirit is more than life. If the spirit is expressed in art

it seems as if the spirit were life. The entire European modern age is a victim of this error.

We should not think that Lajos Szabó did not know this. What the free spirit wants to say is completely untranslatable into the language of art. Art seems to say more, in reality it says less. Art is the place of the secondary logos. It may be more powerful, but it is always less powerful. In music and the visual arts this is easy to see, in poetry and the novel more difficult. Here the free spirit is expressed almost exclusively in art, but from this expression the ultimate seriousness was and is missing. Beauty *is* truth, truth is beauty, says KEATS, but what is beauty in art is saturated with the magic and honey and joy of life (*joy for ever*), a intoxication inseparable from life, which never covers truth, and never can, for truth is more than intoxication and joy and magic.

The step that Lajos Szabó took when he left the place of logos and became an artist cannot be satisfactorily interpreted. It may be the consequence of a deep and unresolved situation in his being. This situation has come to the notice of those who, though unable to formulate what they had to say, possessed a very clear and sharp and sure instinct for truth, almost childlike, and who have pointed out to Lajos Szabó that he was insensitive to certain higher values. Undoubtedly, they said, Lajos Szabó had undergone a moving struggle when, in almost hopelessly confused, difficult and complicated situations, he had formulated the truth in agonizing agony and arrived at the final form of thought. Lajos Szabó's words have an aura of absolute purity, and each one bears the stamp of his suffering. But the problem is deeper. A friend and disciple of his, to the concern that Lajos Szabó had not done the critical work in and of himself that he needed to do, replied: an opinion of himself? What an opinion of himself!

Yes, that is just it. The disciple made it sound as if the claim he made on others was a proof of the truth of his life. Yet there was a tension between Lajos Szabó's demands and his actual practice of life, a tension that existed in all of Europe. Perhaps Lajos Szabó did not even notice this tension. The biggest mistake imaginable. More characteristic of his followers than of him was the very strong critical



outwardly critical attitude, in contrast to an even more extreme lack of criticism towards himself. Oh, well. But they used this uncritical criticism to justify themselves, and thus opened up the possibility of a system of lies within themselves. One of the cardinal sins of Europeanism is to make demands of others that it cannot meet itself. But worse than that, it hides its own unrealism in its demands on others. Anyone who reveals this has found the Ariadne's phonon in the labyrinth of European pseudologies (Nietzsche).

Lajos Szabó Nietzsche calls *meine heilige Lüge*, my holy lie, my holy lie, the outwardly turned commanding behaviour, the basis of which is that what one demands from another one cannot be achieved by oneself, and the more impatient the demand towards the other person, the less fulfillable it is for oneself. To make and formulate this insight and to keep it constantly awake is today, after Nietzsche, the elementary necessity of thought. Intellectual honesty (*intellektuelle Redlichkeit*) requires one to maintain the possibility of lying within oneself.

A holy lie! - of course, this case is not at all of a nature that can be made to disappear by a literary word of a nice kind, and such a pleasant word makes the matter extremely serious.

But a very important distinction must be made here. There is a simple and one-time lie (*Lüge*), which in the heat of fate splashes upon man, or which for the moment seems to make a situation easier (if it does not), and which man, out of unconsciousness, because it leaves him out, that is, because it is not present in his actual life, cannot avoid. But there is consistent and continuous lying which poisons the existence (*Verlogenheit*). This is pseudo-existence. And this is the breeding ground of pseudology. In the former case, lying is an acute misdemeanour; in the latter, it is a chronic corruption that has become organic and functionalized in the organization of life. Almost all European thought is such a consistent system of lies constructed to defend its own lies, and these are not the result of the power of the mind but of the concealment of a powerlessness that cannot satisfy intellectual demands, and which present man (and the system) in the guise of an achievement, none of which is real. To indulge in grand ideas! More recently, not only in philosophy and religion, but in public life, but also in intellectual science and poetry and art, this continuous and systematic lying

has become predominant, and nothing can be seen near or far but a system of lies and the pseudo-existence that lurks within it.

One of Lajos Szabó's starting points is the thinking of Ferdinand EBNER. Ebner calls for the transparency of existence and the absence of lies, for dialogical openness, i.e. for the possibility of being addressed. Well, this *asmagarbhaia*, so difficult to address and so dialogically closed, this man born from a rock, seems to have been forced, since he had no other way out, to cover himself with Ebner's theory of openness. Ebner says that the more approachable a man is, the more sensitive he is to the highest value of existence, love. Well, this petrified man, so insensitive to love, saw no other option than to hide himself in Ebner's claims and maintain this situation for himself as a sacred life lie. What SAINT-ÉXUPÉRY says is absolutely true: reason is worth something only in the service of love.

"What is man if he has no substance? If he is only seeing and not being?" There is every indication that Lajos Szabó's unheard-of harshness and severity and the unquestionable purity of his words rest on the fact that I demand of others, under pain of death, what I cannot do myself.

He who demands much must be demanded much, said those who, out of a very high and serious demand for Lajos Szabó, held this task to account, and interpreted the artistic turn as a way of evading the ultimate realisation. A more insignificant person might expect an apology. In fact, it was said, Lajos Szabó failed to meet the demands of love and sacrifice in a number of very sensitive and crucial situations, and thus gave rise to the suspicion that his thinking was a cover for his existential fragility.

All this is, of course, coming from a man who keeps all the points of the accusation against Lajos Szabó permanently open to himself, and who does not consider it a merit that he has also brought the accusation against himself, and does not wish to evade the consequences in well-articulated terms.

## **MESSIANISM AND DICTATORSHIP (Postscript to Lajos Szabó)**

The authoritative information about existence is found in the holy books, but not realized.

The Messianic attitude does not rest until it has attained to the stage where on earth it rejects pleasure, fame, wealth, power, comfort, tranquillity, and in the hereafter it rejects happiness and salvation, but then it does not rest, but has only one ambition, to serve man and to realize what is called the realm of the spirit. For life, if left to itself, will go astray, and against this the only defence is the spirit. This is the attitude that the Mahayana calls bodhisattva, and the very first Christians were about to realize it. To reject that which does not elevate man and the world to the ultimate order, to reject earthly bliss, heavenly salvation, and though liberation is attained, not to live with it, not to keep it to oneself, to return again and again, to incur more and more failure and defeat, suffering and brokenness. He has made himself responsible for the salvation of all living beings, and has understood that everyone is "effectively responsible for everyone - everyone bears the sins of the whole world".

It is a derailed and false form of messianic conduct for one to find an idea and resolve to redeem mankind all at once in its name, at once and all at once, if not by word, by command, if not by command, by prison and forced labour and machine-gun, for the dictator is also a messiah, only at the lowest level. What is reason in the bodhisattva is madness in the dictator, what is knowledge and purity, will and certainty and strength in the bodhisattva is mania and confusion, obsession and exuberance and violence in the dictator. What is service in the bodhisattva is power in the dictator.

The modern age is marked by the tension between messianism and dictatorship. It is the only place from which our being can be seen at a single glance. This is our greatness. NIETZSCHE writes that the only measure of human greatness is the opposition one can withstand. "What is at stake is to give room to contradictions, even if they are intolerable to human reason, and precisely because they are intolerable" (Saint-Exupéry).

We all have within us the thought and the action to redeem all men, and we are all deceived by dictatorial obsessions and fanaticisms, and by the rage of exclusiveness. If the bodhisattva is the highest rank at the moment, the undoubted lowest rank in the history of the world is the dictator, lower than the traitor, the liar than the assassin.

It is not true that everyone has to start with himself, and it is not true that everyone has to start with changing the community. One leads to the labyrinth of individualism and psychology, the other to the labyrinth of collectivism and sociology.

The right one is this: there is a short and a long term life plan. The short term is right now, immediately, everyone, at once and on cue. This is dictatorship. There is the long term, which does not impose a time limit because it does not see the weight of its task, does not care about time, takes as long as it takes, but it must be done. There is the *infinite* life plan, the perpetual sacrifice.

It was only recently that it was noticed that European man had been constantly raising his standards for centuries, but that he had not even thought of the consequences for himself. Intellectual manifestations spoke of a fascinating loftiness, while man remained just as feeble as he was. Thought stopped in the form of a demand on others. None of it was fulfilled. It is an unhealthy and untruthful situation that speaks of alert and open people when those people were nowhere to be found. European thought was a history of unrealised ideas.

More recently, a whole host of methods have been devised to expose the ideas that have been preached and to deprive man of his false superiority. Such a method is that of Nietzsche and Kierkegaard in particular, followed by psychoanalysis, deep psychology, sociology of knowledge, existentialism, among others. However, these theories not only failed to overcome the difficulties, but also made the situation much worse. The modern methods of opening up existence have been shown to be hiding places highly suited to the protection of the corrupt man. Nowhere can the hider find himself so safely ensconced as in the theory that demands and proclaims openness. In the mid-twentieth century, man is forced to conclude that his methods of purifying existence are ambiguous, and his theories, when they appear to be purifying, are also existentially destructive systems of lies. The twist in world history, which we have all become aware of, is that we see that the idea of freedom is most loudly boasted by those societies in which oppression is greatest, and openness is most vehemently demanded by those who are most deeply hidden in their lies.

At the moment, the most difficult thing in society is to understand how terror can be interpreted as freedom, how terror can be lied into freedom, and in personal life, how a life lied into freedom can call itself gloriously true and what theories can help one to do this. In fact, there is not a single theory in Europe today that cannot use very high ideas for depraved oppression, and there is no theory that, instead of revealing and revealing, does not become a hiding-place of corruption in man's personal life. There is no theory of truth that is not a system of lies, no messianic act that is not at the same time dictatorial.

Yet the two must be distinguished, and the two can be distinguished. The absolute mark of living outside the truth is uncontactability. The dictator who answers the question put to him not with his personal being, but with the rehearsed phrases of his ideology. The dictator does not hear what is said to him, indeed he hears nothing but the incessant chatter of his obsessions and lives in the automatic repetition of his lying formulas, and is therefore inhumanly uncommunicative.

The bodhisattva, however, knows that his first and foremost requirement of himself is the salvation of the other person. This is what is called sacrifice. For the salvation of every man, a whole other man is needed. This offering and giving and giving of the whole whole human life is sacrifice. Sacrifice is that which is victory even in its failure, and glory if it fails. It is a comfortable notion that man can be a partaker of truth by mere reflection. Man must throw himself into it with his being. He must give his being. If a man is not held by purity of life, or at least by the effort to be pure, he is necessarily living a lie.

Dictatorial and bodhisattva behaviour can be heard in one's voice. Interception is the word of Lajos Szabó, coined after Ferdinand EBNER. Its meaning is that if I actually listen to what someone is saying, I can tell with dead certainty what is touching my being, whether it is the ideological automaton's system of lies or the living human soul.

Emmanuel MOUNIER writes:

if the activity succeeds, it is impure; if it  
fails, it is pure,

to take this conflict upon myself is to act authentically. Here is how difficult it is to speak authentically. Let alone write.

I know a dictator by his inability to be authentic. I know him by his inability to be himself, that is, his inability to sacrifice. He is incapable of doing good. His activity is to frighten man with his ever-new demands, and he does not like it when these demands are met, but rather when non-fulfilment of them awakens in him a feeling of inferiority and fear, and this humiliates him.

The bodhisattva, on the other hand, says, "I cannot bear to be humiliated".

The bodhisattva is in the spirit of the free enterprise of life (*présence en moi*). It is not cultivation, it is not intellectual elevation, it is a claim on oneself. For the most part it cannot be replaced by teaching, and here writing is only a secondary phenomenon. In this life, nothing is a pleasure or an ornament or a study or a theory. Only that which is born in poverty and under existential duress, not at a desk and armchair or in a café, has meaning. The very first step is to give up the sense of security and its protection.

Where it is a question of establishing a sense of security, there is always the danger of basing one's life outside of truth, in the instinct for power. It is no longer an authentic life, but an incessant complication of aggression and defence. His existence is inauthentic, and so he has lost his right to say what is authentic.

There is no one within the horizon of world history who has endured power. It was even Pericles who carried it to the limit, trying to tear tears from the eyes of as few people as possible. Power is the consequence of that desperate extraversion which, after one has failed to cope with one's own fate and the tasks of one's own being, seeks to force others to do what one could not do oneself. The basis of this outward demand is that he has hit a dead end in his own life. Power, wealth, fame, an immense field of desperate extraversion, not a lie, not a one-off and forced lie, but a more serious one: a disguised existence, a boundless and intricate web of lies, a system of impure and corrupt life, of which there is only one worse, to live in this world and demand purity from others on the basis that the requirement has already been met by him. The dictator cannot balance activity and contemplation. Outworld greed, which in it becomes event greed, the last moment

of the last thrill, it is dispersed in this, in everyday theories that will no longer make sense the next day.

Since no man has endured power, the glory of life has become precisely the renunciation of power. Under power, everyone is broken, not tragically but impurely, it is not a drama but a scandal, because power demoralises, and the more exclusive it is, the more so: *power always corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely*. The rise of power, wealth, news keeps pace with the atrophy of life values, and most comforting of all, since power, wealth, news do not mean real seriousness, the fall is always comic.

Added to all this is the difficulty posed by a lowly society in which greatness is false and grotesque, the standard of ambition is frivolous and the only reality is corruption. Throughout Europe, roughly, but exclusively in Eastern Europe. Dictatorship could only be achieved in low-order societies in which no distinction could be made between reality and systems of lies.

## **NORTHERN CORONA**

Denis DE ROUGEMONT has written a book about the Western adventure of humanity. The subject of the book is the world crisis, and it is no worse, no better, than a hundred or a thousand others like it. He applies the so-called cultural morphology of Spengler-Frobenius-Sorokin-Toynbee in a very elegant way, and looks at what has happened in Europe over two thousand years from this perspective. The lesson is that one culture dies and another is born, so the transition is certainly unpleasant, but no great harm done.

There is something disgustingly unhealthy in this approach, in that man's life is measured in a thousand years, when he does not live a thousand years but, say, seventy, and what is important to him is not a century but five minutes. If one thinks in terms of such dimensions and considers man as an insect from the perspective of millennia, one cannot be surprised that man really does feel like an insect, life is trivial, with a repressed sense of self and a destroyed sense of immortality.

Western civilisation is an adventure, says de Rougemont. Adventure, as we all know, is hazy and temporary and unreliable. The adventurer is frivolous. In every other culture there is some stable greatness. What has been created here is not solid. Even our men of genius are always improvising. As if only what is lost is meaningful. Poets and painters and thinkers and musical adventurers. Perhaps Soloviev and his Russian contemporaries were right, Europe was characterised by an exquisitely immoral. The adventurer improvises. Regardless of what was and what is, he starts something new, which may be talented and interesting and exciting, but nothing more. From Plato to Bertrand Russell, from Homer to T.S. Eliot and from the catacombs to Tanguy.

But Rougemont relativizes Europe, and this self-relativization is, if not better, certainly more honest than the bland theory of evolution, which lives in the delusion that man is in a state of incessant ascent and that each moment is automatically more perfect than the last. Cultural morphology measures Europe not against the authentic text of its existence (the holy books) but against other cultures. If culture were a reality and not an airy scientific obsession, it could place our two thousand years alongside China, India and Egypt. Self-relativisation is not an objective but an existential operation, it does not seek to establish order in the data, but to clarify the position of man. Europe, says de Rougemont, not in an absolute sense, but in relation to archaic and oriental civilizations



an adventure. *Une grossière erreur de calcul*, that is to say, an unheard-of error in the fundamentals of calculation. What cannot be corrected cannot be saved. Guénon has made all the essential points. The two thousand five hundred years of Platonism and all its consequences, the projected solar state, utopia, the phalanstery, socialism, the whole idealism, in other words the division of the world into reality and ideals. Europe, from the Greeks onwards, has always been a fantasy of the mind. JUNG says that the only reason for our decline is *Wissenschaftliche Rationalismus*, scientific rationalism. Mind as obsession. Mind as psychosis. And I am not interested in the dome and the fresco and the symphony he created, but in the suffering he faded and fades.

A book such as de Rougemont's, or more recently Camus', Jaspers', Heidegger's, Jung's, Veit's, but especially Pannwitz's, Guénon's, in the past, does not change the situation in Europe. Perhaps Nietzsche is right when he whispers in the ears of conservatives that the end must not be hindered but hastened, that what is dying must not be held back but kicked at, so that it dies out more quickly. The only thing that such a book can do, there are quite a few of them, is to awaken in some people who are ripe for it a hunger for insight that is a probable possibility for the survival of humanity. For that survival that is so doubtful, see Jaspers' *Atom bombe*, or Camus' *L'homme révolté*. Here in Europe, the intellectually mature never had a voice, their influence diminishing over time, while the mature became first suspect, then persecuted, then the enemy of society. The hero of the story is the general, the dandy, the university professor, the banker, but above all Don Juan. All the signs are that disaster can only be avoided if, and only if, these works give the mature a voice.

Europeanism has only recently become a real concept, and that in the thinker in whom Europe's original sin of adventurism culminated, Nietzsche, and in whom it all turned on itself, as it always does at the moment of fulfilment. Nietzsche was not visible until now, simply because the whole horizon was filled with Nietzsche. As Thomas MANN says, what the twentieth century has gone through in miniature, with its wars and revolutions and crises, has all been done in monumental proportions, in Nietzsche, before. It was only at the end of the Second World War that, after a long history, we reached a stage where we could say anything meaningful about Nietzsche, and until then, the only important thing that was said about him was the quote

was what Nietzsche said. Now we can see that the intellectual immaturity of European man reached its climax in Nietzsche. Nietzsche is an adventurer, a warrior, a hero, a Homeric hero, a politician, a ksatriya. Which means that he is not spiritual, not pure, not serene, not definitive, not a man of intellect, that is to say, not a Brahman, and knows nothing of authentic existence. The adventurer is a depraved knight. The dominant character of European man is that of a depraved kshatriya. This was the unmasking of a Europe in which, from the Greeks onwards, the warrior-horse adventurer ruled, not by the power of his wit but by his talent and luck, and in which the intellectual man had no voice, because in the Middle Ages the supremacy of the Church was not an intellectual supremacy either, but a secular, that is to say, a warrior-political power, hidden in religious forms. The situation was perfectly summed up by Max SCHÉLER when he said that it was a recurring fatal event in European history that free intellectual expression was suppressed by the clergy in the Middle Ages and by science and the state in the modern age.

Brahman and kshatriya are the names of two castes in the Hindu tradition. Brahman is the priest, the physician, the teacher, the thinker, the ascetic, the saint. Kshatriya is the ruler, the active politician, the judge, the soldier. The brahman is the contemplative, the kshatriya is the active man.

Whether one is a brahman or a kshatriya is not determined by heredity, nor by upbringing, nor by temperament, nor by character, nor by constellation. A brahman lives in the human **status absolutus**, and that means realizing the basic state of being human, standing above things in a species of timelessness, and holding on to the authentic text of existence. The kshatriya is a historical being in the labyrinth of time, living in the passions of the ages. The brahman is spiritual, the kshatriya is an active man. The brahman guides his kshatriya with the care of the spirit, while the kshatriya is eternally rebellious against the supremacy of the brahman. In Europe there has been no spiritual caste since the Greeks. In archaic times, Orpheus, and later Pythagoras, attempted to build a society led by the spiritual man. This intention failed in the face of opposition from the warrior nobility. Later, the Platonic Politeia was a pale and distorted copy of this ancient enterprise. In the Middle Ages, ecclesiastical rule was Brahmanism only in appearance, for it could never distinguish or separate spiritual rule from temporal power, nor could it renounce the world. Medieval clericalism (pseudo-church) was only good for compromising Christianity, while Christianity, as religion,

has virtually disappeared. In the mid-twentieth century, Bolshevism's salvific position is more positive than that of Christianity, because its anti-Christian activity touches a deeper religious reality than the unbelief of any other existing Christian clericalism.

Man without spiritual caste lives in a decapitated society. But since there is no life without a head, something else had to be provided instead of a spirit. Such a spiritual surrogate was philosophy in the Greeks, religion in the Middle Ages, and science in the modern age. Philosophy, religion, science are not spirit, not status absolutus, not above things and time, but the product of history, not the authentic text of existence, but a momentary experiment in the heat of time, an improvisation, a temporary, unreliable, unstable, frivolous adventure. The only reason for the series of European crises (history), upheavals, confusion, wars, massacres, violence, and finally the crisis that has spread to the whole earth, is the absence of a spiritual caste, that is, of a reliable leader. Therefore, man is at the mercy of the more reckless, or the more despicable, the more violent, or the more despicable adventurer.

That Nietzsche's thinking is open to perspective is something like this. A man like Nietzsche may be full of chivalrous virtues, but in any case he is brave and noble, unconditionally noble, honest under all circumstances, loyal, honourable and pure-hearted. All these are kshatrija virtues. For great and showy virtues are characteristic of kshatriya. And all this has nothing to do with the spirit, which is not at all showy. Such a man is a knight of grace, but powerless in sense. A knight is an adventurer in the realm of the spirit. Nietzsche did call himself an adventurer, but in a very adventurous way, proudly, and he made a virtue of it. In this respect, too, he stood high above the others, such as Descartes, Leibniz, Kant, Hegel. The conceit of the condottieri.

Nietzsche's error was in his interpretation of Heraclitus, Heraclitus was a basileus, which in archaic Greek meant priest-king, or ruling Brahman. In the sixth century BC, he lived at the time when the ancient order was finally disintegrating on the land from China to Sicily, the time when the present crisis, which is coming to an end, began. Guénon calls this period the final phase of the Kaliyuga. Lao Tzu in China, Zoroaster in Iran, Jeremiah in Judea, Pythagoras and Heraclitus in Europe, on the threshold of this dark age, once again summarised knowledge, tradition, as the authentic text of existence, in the belief that they could thereby halt the decline. Nowhere, we know, did the enterprise succeed. Heraclitus' teaching that the world is the uninitiated and

for the uninitiated and unintellectual man in so-called life and destiny, society and nature, is a perpetually changing and dazzling dream-world, nebulous and illusory and relative. But the unawakened dream-world of the unawakened dream-disordered man slumbering in everyday life, dissolving and thickening, waxing and waning, surging and surging, is unreal. Reality is seen only by the awakened and initiated man, who recognizes in the world that which is stable and constant, the logos, the meaning, which is eternally unchanging and unchangeable.

Heraclitus did not invent this idea himself. It is a common belief in Europe, and even in the modern age, and even in the nineteenth century, that in the archaic age, basileus were walking around constructing an arbitrary individual so-called philosophy, as they would do here, perhaps with the intention of presenting it to the public. Heraclitus wrote down and deposited in the temple of Artemis at Ephesus the knowledge that the Brahmins had known for thousands of years, and that they had known, without learning from each other, in Iran and Egypt and India and China. Only the Hindu tradition has survived with unmistakable clarity. To be truly present today, one has to go back at least five thousand years. The quintessence of the teaching is **advaita**. Advaitá, not duality, or **echad** as the Hebrews said and **hen panta einai** as Heraclitus wrote. All is one. The centre, the unity of being, the world-sense, the logos. The whole prehistory rested on this Brahmanic knowledge.

In the core of ever-changing nature, the unchangeable intelligence that governs all, - in the dazzling world of maya, the timeless-original-absolute atman, - in the one contemplating the enchanting dance of prakriti, the Purusa, - in the arising-permanent life, the immortal spirit, - in the human world, in the acting and active chivalrous-social history, the intellectual man above time, the brahman. But this is not what is difficult to understand. Without initiation it cannot be understood that change with the unchangeable, maya with atman, motion with the immovable, the ever-burning fire with the enduring life-crystal are not two but One. Hen panta einai.

Nietzsche sat up to the ignorance of the nineteenth century and interpreted Heraclides as the thinker of eternal change, of unstoppable motion, of *panta rhei*, and did not understand the absolute, the centre, the logos, but above all did not understand how One is the ever-burning fire with the logos. He deprived himself of the possibility of understanding Heraclitus, but above all of gaining knowledge of the authentic text of existence. Nietzsche's concept of existence is false, it only applies to life, to the

nature, the ksatrija-world, history. It is irreparable in its consequences, which no courage and nobility, no pure hand and passion, no inspiration and great passion, no nobility can replace or substitute, no chivalric virtue can save, myopia, error, ignorance, inferiority, blunder, immaturity, which can be forgiven to science, to the century, but not to Nietzsche.

The entire prehistoric tradition, including Heraclitus, Parmenides, Orpheus, Pythagoras, as well as Hebrew and Egyptian, Iranian and Chinese and Hindu metaphysics, all start from this fundamental distinction, which is the only possible basis for the idea of unity: that is, the knowledge of the immovable and unchanging eternal existence (in Hindu metaphysics: *sat*), and the elusive mirage that seems to have arisen only to pass away (in Hindu metaphysics: *bhava rupa*). The two are omnipresent and interrelated, without which there is no unity (hen, advaita, ehad). In Europe, the last man to live by this basic position was Empedocles, and the idea was last to be revived by Plotinus, for what followed was no longer tradition, and therefore not knowledge arising from the universal basic position, but individual intuition, and therefore arbitrary mysticism or philosophy.

**Sat** is the constancy beyond all change, the substance of existence, the one and final and actual reality. What appears to be outside this *Sat*, *bhava rupa*, is merely a transition, a flood, which cannot in fact be said to exist, and is therefore said to be neither reality nor non-reality. In Europe, what *sat* meant for man is lost. The stability of human existence has disappeared. Man is immersed in transience. This dazzling flood, detached from reality and unsubstantiated, has been called history since the Greeks. It is a swirling vortex of creation-vanishing, appearance-vanishing, news-vanishing. Instead of the divine lawfulness of being (*sat*), it is the demonic anarchy of history (*bhava rupa*). For story alone makes no sense. It is a frenzy of exuberant activity. It has thrown off the discipline of the absolute. Irresponsible passionate activity. Although there is an incessant attempt to make sense of this story, that is, to at least belatedly inject purpose into the torrent of action, it always turns out to be a mere supposition. The Hindu tradition calls this operation of supposition *adhjarupa*, and says that the greatest error of reasoning that can be committed is to project arbitrarily into a sequence of events a non-existent meaning, and to make it appear consistent with something that is utterly meaningless, and which is nothing but change and variation. This

existence is empty life. A meaningless and formless flux. The adventure is characterized by being outside any law. The only constant in this flood of anarchy is the hunger for life, "that furious and exuberant passion born of greed developed in the struggle for existence". To live now is to live as much as possible. And as fast as possible. *Prisa de vivir más* - hurry up to live more.

The modern man accepts two authorities who at this moment justify, even glorify, this surging flow of life, or history, Goethe and Nietzsche, these two perfectly Brahmanless erring men. Brahman is neither a class nor a social nor a political category. It is the knowledge of the shape of the unchangeable original order of human existence and the spiritual rank that follows from that knowledge. It is the participation in primordial human knowledge received from the ancestors.

In the beginning was the deed, says Goethe, and it is a pity that everyone, even Nietzsche, took it seriously. Goethe was unreliable in his judgments of things, and if his inspiration missed what he said, he was left with a properly pleasing-sounding sophistry. He did not possess any authentic information about existence, he was only a genius, not a translator. And this applied to a greater extent to Nietzsche.

Only he can be redeemed who does not give up his activity until the last moment, says Goethe, but for Nietzsche this is not enough. He irresponsibly glorified an active life that knew no consciousness, denied and rejected criticism and control. Both Goethe and Nietzsche saw the centre of the human being in the individual form, which is just another way of saying that it is arbitrary. Activity, restlessness, wanderings, undertakings, discoveries, inventions, always new. The sentinels of life: originality, talent, individuality. All provocativeness, sensation, surprise, delusion, greed, competition, desperate extraversion. The mind-boggling pursuit of a man caught up in activity, in which irritated ambition rages in a complex tactic of aggression and defence. Finally, the growing protest against the awakening from the automatism of consciousness, of activity, in which contemplation is replaced by narcotic. This overaction could only become what it became: strife, bloodshed, violence, repression, hunger, misery, torture, execution, persecution, prisons, in short and in a word: history. Activity in this form is a maddening confusion (*abhimana*), vitality, which is complementary from the half, to the non-actional

thinking, unable to stop and reflect and gain perspective and review and count and weigh, only to work, rush, rush, search, lost time, empty moments, lost days, lost years, anxiety, panic, fate scattered in the void. In Europe, the wise man is inconceivable, not because there were no people with the talent and the intellectual capacity to do so, but because there was only talent and genius, but there was no basis, no normality, and no one knew that the first condition for wisdom was not to be a genius, but to be an absolute man, a normal man. Wisdom is stability of behaviour. The wise man stands on firm ground. In Europe, the wise man is willing to be looked upon with compassion, as one who has been wronged by ambition and has now compromised. The introversion of the broken man. The wise man is the weak man who does not act, but only thinks. Only he can be redeemed, says Goethe, who does not give up his activity until the last moment, - *wer immer strebend sich bemüht*. On the contrary, the beginning of wisdom is that only he can be redeemed who stops his activity and quits the race, calms his restlessness, gives up originality and talent and makes himself a normal man, and thus abandons everything temporary, everything that is interesting and exciting and new, and reverses the desperate extraversion by one hundred and eighty degrees, unites his will with reason, and leads his life back to its origin, to the divine lawfulness of unchanging existence, to its one and final and actual reality, realizing the eternal human ground, echad, advaita, hen panta einai.

Europe has no wise man and therefore no foundation and no seriousness. That is why everything here is temporary and not only an adventure, but also wants to be and denies that there is anything other than provizórium (dialectic), there is anything other than momentariness, individuality, flux, history, and there is anyone other than one who lives with a dagger in his hand, and there is anyone other than one who is greedy for more and more, and denies that there is definitive and certain knowledge and that there is a normality that can be realized in human life. What is characteristic of the man in the story is an inability to think impartially and without emotion. Thinking is a weapon of attack, of conquest, of struggle, of the instinct for power. *Wille zur Macht*. Since then, we have also come to know that this instinct for power is nothing other than the ego instinct, the will of the will, as Heidegger says, the specific madness of the ego instinct's self-possession of power, which can will nothing but itself. Europe does not know a single thought that has sprung from an impetuous and impartial thought, and thus

no one can imagine how it is possible to think without animosity. In the story, thought is the condensation of an emotion. As if the act could not be unleashed, it broke and declared itself as a thought in a backward way. Of course, we know that BATAILLE is closer to the truth: *toute action fait d'un homme un être fragmentaire*- the action makes a fragment of a man. In Europe, what was obligatory even for the Romans has been forgotten: man's reason must not tolerate the influence of his passions. It was then known that he who *is only* active is full of animosity, and that this man is impure.

Tradition says that knowledge is liberation. In Europe they say that knowledge is power.

In India, "knowledge is liberation" (dnyana moksha), or in Christianity the words "know the truth and it will set you free", were uttered to communicate to man something that was particularly important for his personal existence, the most important possible, judging by the emphasis. It does not refer to religion, nor to salvation, it does not promise an afterlife reward, it is not virtue or glory, it has nothing to do with society or morality. Knowledge is necessary for man - and for all men - to see his destiny clearly, to distinguish between things, to learn something that others know but he does not, to purify his life and elevate himself, to realise higher and higher values in himself, that is, to ennoble himself, and finally to attain by knowledge that which is absolute, freedom.

In Europe, the idea that knowledge is power was not a programme that was set out in advance and then consistently implemented. But neither was it an attitude that lay dormant and suddenly became aware of the direction it had long been following. At the beginning of the modern age, when it was pronounced, the form of knowledge as formulated by tradition ('knowledge is liberation') was known, and although it had long been invalid, the appearance of it persisted. In any case, from this time onwards the idea that knowledge is power, and that the purpose of all knowledge is to increase power, became general, in the sense that this power was soon applied across the board, power over beings and forces of earth, nature, physics, chemistry, power over bios, psyche, society, state, religion, why? For power. To defeat. To seek out, to calculate, to fathom, to uncover, to discover, to know, to investigate, to subdue. To discover forces and matter and laws and



plants and animals and minerals, especially and especially man. In China and India and Egypt, tools and processes were known thousands of years ago, but no one thought of using them for power (compass, steam, gunpowder, printing books, etc.). The difference between cultures does not explain such things. Besides, it is better not to question the real meaning of the word culture. The notion of culture is one of the idols of scientism, like "nature", or "life", or "history", or "the state", or "development". In this place it is not a question of the lesser idols, but of the great idol.

With the beginning of the new age, the pseudo-Union collapsed, the apparent unity fragmented into nationalisms, condottieri and despots began to rule the peoples, adventurers appeared in the states. There were discoveries in physics and geography and chemistry and medicine, and there were theoretical adventurers, unfounded and arbitrary philosophies, business adventurers from Italian cities to Frankfurt to London and America, billionaire adventurism, political adventures from the Borgias and Cromwell to Napoleon and modern dictators. Every discovery and invention and achievement and every step forward in knowledge has resulted in power becoming stronger and more exclusive. In the classic words of Lajos SZABÓ: lies, violence and exploitation. Peruvian gold and East Indian spices and steam and gunpowder, chemistry and physics and poisons and theories and mathematics, Hegel and billions and the schools of thought. Knowledge is power, and growing power with its economic and legal knowledge and bureaucracy, its knowledge and diplomacy of the techniques of attack and defence, and its spy and police organisation and business and psychology. It is the alliance of science and politics against all the creatures of the earth, which it permanently disables, and transforms the life of the earth into a factory that can be controlled at the touch of a button. Of course, nothing is solved, and we are moving further and further away from the order of the solution. This is the *grossière erreur de calcul*, the gross error of calculation at the very basis of calculation, of which de Rougemont speaks, which not only increases confusion and obscurity and reality, but also creates a whole new host of confusion and obscurity and crisis. Stopping or turning back is hour by hour more hopeless. Europe has reached the nightmare state and the nuclear bomb, the end result of the 'knowledge is power' process. Which began with the new age,

has now culminated, and the people of the earth are anxiously waiting to see when the powers that be will apply their knowledge and exterminate humanity.

Surely the faculty active in "knowledge is power" is not reason, if it can be confused with reason, and is constantly confused with it. No doubt it is an unheard of heightened lucidity, but there is not even a trace of anything like it anywhere in any tradition. Not the Hindu *manas*, which Guénon translates as *sens interne*, and which is about intuition, not buddhi, which cannot be approached even by the mind. Among the Hebrews they spoke of khohma and binahra, the former being the universal perspective of the intellect, also translated into Greek as sophias, the latter the discriminating intellect. It is neither the Greek *episteme* nor the *Greek nus*. Nor is it the same as the Roman *ratio*, for the content of ratio is that it is absolutely logical. The characteristic feature of this faculty is so much and to such an extent lucidity that it is not surprising that the people of Paris, during the revolution, prostrated themselves before it and worshipped it as a god.

The Vedanta makes a distinction between deep sleep, sleep, wakefulness and the "fourth" (*turiyam*) in several places. The human mind in deep sleep is completely unconscious, in sleep consciousness and unconsciousness are peculiarly fused, wakefulness is daytime consciousness, and the fourth (*turiyam*) is the state of mind sublimated by ascetic practices and meditation, the state of wakefulness (*vidya*). The faculty active in the European modern instinct of power is definitely a species of day consciousness, but only the day consciousness of the active male, which necessarily excludes from itself all feminine, childlike and old, and separates itself from sleep, sleep, imagination. But if it is the daytime consciousness of the adult and active male, it is also opposed to art, religion, poetry, thought, and even hostile to them. The strange thing is that it is not talent, but rather energy, not personal, but impersonal and insertable. It is the energy that works in the banker, the engineer, the soldier, the entrepreneur, the businessman, the politician, the merchant, the scientist, and that is in the daytime, in the exercise of his craft, as they say, in practice, that is, in the act of power. At the beginning of the new age, it was already tangible that the rule which proclaimed itself definitive and eternal, and which promised a complete solution to all questions of existence, had not only become ineffective,

**b u t** had been transformed into a system of lies. The fact of its transformation into a system of lies meant that those who proclaimed it no longer took it seriously, **b u t** used it to deceive the world, and power system (lie, violence,

exploitation). The situation was similar to that of the middle of the 20th century: just as today socialism has become a world illusion, and it has no thought of solving the questions of existence, it only wants to exercise power. All sane people knew this at the beginning of the modern age, just as they know it today with regard to socialism. Of course, it never occurred to anyone to hold certain guilty persons responsible for betraying the truths of medieval religion, and to realise that the thought, the spirit, the idea itself remained unchanged, as it is today, that no one thinks of the traitors, but the truth is thrown away.

Descartes started from the premise that the clerical order, proclaimed universal and definitive, had failed and that clericalism, as a pseudology, had become untenable. So where is and what is the order that is truly universal and definitive? What is the principle on which a system of power can be built which will stand the test of time? Descartes is a typical European, that is to say, a ksatri (adventurer), who believes that by ordering power he has solved all the questions of the human order of life.

The basis of clericalism is not reliable. Nor can such a system be durable. The weakness of clerical rule seemed to be the complex attitude of religious humanity, faith and love. A definitive principle of power must avoid such things. Descartes took the clergy as a model, not as it proclaimed itself and as it prided itself on the pulpit before the world, but as it actually was: completely indifferent to religious humanity, to faith, to love, impartial, only as an instinct of power, he took seriously one thing, his most intimate interest, lacking in the feminine, the child, the mature old man, the dream, poetry, passion, beauty, idyll, the golden age. The basis of the clergy's system of lies is that the clergy presented itself to the world as a sacral servant (victim); in reality it took nothing but its power interests seriously. In this respect, too, the medieval clergy and modern socialism are perfectly similar. This is one of the greatest lies of human existence, when the profane power interest plays the role of sacral victim. Descartes took up the fight against the system of lies of the clergy and built up a dispassionate praxis opposed to humanism, a despiritualized and indifferent lucidity universally opposed to man, which is the property of the daytime male consciousness in the effort of the everyday, the heightened presence of mind, the depersonalized

calculation, but above all by the exclusion of all that is extra- and beyond-life and supra-life, and the reduction of existence to mere earthly life. Lucidity has only a life category, no spirit category, and is therefore not universally human, and therefore has no feminine and childlike and mature old age, and no imagination, no fancy, no dream, no art, no religion, no morality, and above all no love.

This extreme lucidity had already flashed up in Europe a thousand and one years ago, when the Greek myth was being dismantled, but then man became cynical and frivolous. Greek taste kept him from becoming more corrupt. Hellenism's cynicism and frivolity were also the result of despair at the disintegration of the eternal order, but the Graeculi could still sink into the fact that their existence was a joke. The shock of the early modern era was more toxic. The medieval system of lies had wounded humanity so deeply that desperate despair could only have led to the construction of a world that was utterly irreligious and desperate to live. From this point of view, Descartes' conception was in fact the result of trauma, and everything that the following centuries thought was born of this trauma. The significance of all the modern theories of the last four centuries has been determined not by whether or not they were true, but by the extent and radicality with which they gave voice to the animosity that had been nurtured against medieval clericalism. The whole of modern physics and astronomy was in fact a revenge on the Bible. Whether or not the theories were true, the impact of so-called science depended on its ability to compromise the worldview of clericalism. Later, in the case of a Kant, or Darwin, or Haeckel, or Freud, there is little more than grinning gloating that has managed to expose the Middle Ages, and socialism is nothing more than a hateful spitting back at the origins, i.e. Christianity, and materialism is nothing more than revenge on medieval spiritualism. The hypothesis of descent from apes is nothing but a grimace at the idea of divine descent, and without it it is not at all intelligible, and the important thing is not that it is a fact but that it offends. The whole thinking of the modern age is defined by counter-religion and counter-clericalism and counter-Christianity. The order of life is defined by its rejection of all spiritual discipline and its brutal *joie de vivre*. All science is defined by being counter-traditional (Guénon). Behind every thought, every invention and every theory and every discovery, there is a counter-Christianity nurtured against medieval

In other words, the whole of modernity is in fact and ultimately determined by a thousand years of clerical lies. There is nothing new here, these four hundred years are the same as they were, with the opposite sign. Nothing original, not even in the field of lies, violence, exploitation, a repetition of treason and informing, of the Inquisition and book-burning, of censorship and the bonfire, and of prisons and massacres.

The crisis in Europe reached its climax in Nietzsche, which is to say that the meaning of two thousand years of history became visible in Nietzsche's thought:

1. Religion in the Middle Ages promised a one-time solution to all questions of existence; but the thing itself was not even attempted, because those who made the promise did not take religion seriously, but used it instead to organize world power. Religion was in the hands not of the spiritual (brahman) but of the knightly (kshatriya) caste, and for the knight all questions of existence were questions of power.

2. At the beginning of the modern age, the clerical system of power was exposed, namely by a kind of high lucidity that screened the medieval system of lies.

3. Nietzsche, however, revealed that the extreme lucidity which, after the fall of religion, replaced the clergy in the modern age in the quest for the solution of existential questions had exactly the same power instinct at work as the medieval pseudo-Christianity; those who practised lucidity also did not take the solution of existential questions seriously and used science not to establish a definitive order of life but to gain power ('knowledge is power'). Lucidity, like religion, was in the hands of the knightly caste, and we know that for the knight all questions of existence were questions of power.

4. The lucidity which gave rise to science claimed to be knowledge, but it turned out that it was not originally knowledge; Descartes, under the pretext of developing a method of research, was in fact seeking a basis for absolute world power, entirely on the model of the medieval clerical power system, but on a new basis; the emphasis in science was not on knowledge, but on the power of the principles and knowledge developed and acquired by science, in other words, the power at work in the new age of lucidity

from the outset was not cognition but the instinct of power (*Wille zur Macht*).

5. In the first stage of the crisis, at the end of the Middle Ages, the pseudo-religion of religion was exposed; in the second, lucidity was shown to be just as much a method of power as religion had been, and not only unable or unwilling to realise any of its promises (freedom, humanism, social justice, economic and political order, etc.), but also to realise any of them, and finally to become exactly the same system of lies as pseudo-religion had been in the Middle Ages.

6. In the middle of the twentieth century, however, the crisis is much more serious than it was at the end of the Middle Ages, because all solid foundations seem to have been broken and there is intellectual exhaustion,

firstly, the conspiracy of science and power has turned lucidity into a life-killing force against which there is no defence, near or far,

secondly, the fact that lucidity, which calls itself the faculty of cognition and transparency, is not giving up its position of power, in the knowledge that it is failing, is forcing it to make ever more desperate efforts to maintain its system of lies to the end; its promises are now forced to focus on the fact that, if none of its intentions, as yet proclaimed at this moment, have been realised, they will certainly be realised gradually in the future. The watchword: progress. This is the most serious consequence of the crisis of the mid-twentieth century, the constant evasion of the concrete and momentary situation, even its obscuring, the reference to the future, i.e. the flight into the future (*Flucht ins Vorne*); this hysteria of development characterises not only the Nietzschean *Übermensch* but all evolutionism.

7. In bankruptcy, the only real force is resistance and rebellion against the crisis of the age, but it is completely formless and incoherent, sporadic and irregular, individual and subjective, and if it has any weight (poetry, music, painting, metaphysics), its influence is actually extremely slight, because the man who is at this point is as much a version of the adventurer as any other behaviour in Europe.

The phenomenology of lucidity has not been written, but if anyone were to attempt this task with conventional European preparedness, they would only end up where we are now, in a backwater of pro and con animosities. We have to start from a different place. Boehme says that lucidity is *Sternengeist*. Which means that its origin is the stellar cosmos, and the human being's knowledge system only for his earthly existence. It is from a plane which is not biological, not psychological, not spiritual, but which penetrates the biological and psychological and spiritual tissues with the property of *preta-powers*, influences the faculties, and, like *preta-powers* in general, seeks to dominate and to dominate alone.

Preta is a word in the Hindu tradition and refers to the realm of being that in Europe is called *astral*. The *preta* force controls one's destiny through physical-biological-psychological-spiritual qualities. The category of destiny should not be confused with the biological, psychological, social, moral, spiritual category. The tradition has built its knowledge of these forces into a system in astrology. The common characteristic of all the *preta* forces is that when man's earthly existence dissolves, this unique and concrete form-filling also dissolves and the forces melt back into the *preta*, just as the material corporeality melts back into the physical world.

Lucidity is thus a faculty whose scope, and therefore its scope of cognition, is exclusively that of earthly existence. Therefore, the knowledge of lucidity must be distinguished from knowledge of the sphere of existence beyond the boundaries of earthly life and its organ (Hebrew: *khohma*, Hindu: *buddhi*, Greek: *pneuma*), if only because lucidity is not capable of such knowledge beyond the boundaries of life. All that lucidity can think and think is characterised by its unaffectedness from beings outside and above life. It stops at the limit of metaphysics and is therefore forced to deny metaphysics. He has only theory, no theory. He sees without a background, without any real depth. This is why he is extraverted, why he moves so easily and surely in the field of external experience, and why he can only understand the interior as external. The psychological knowledge of lucidity is false, because it sees its psychic phenomena as extraverted. It is strange that what is not empirical is occult to him, and occultism has really only existed since lucidity. Because it has no introversion, no depth, no background, no face, no personality, no ontological weight. From the point of view of man's absolute being, whatever he says has no meaning whatsoever, whether true or not. The Hindu tradition has this knowledge,

which does not affect man's real being, is called *aparavidya*. The light of the intellect of the normal man is complex, and its cognition involves the mind, wisdom, intuition, discriminating reason, inner sense, imagination, anamnesis. Compared to this complex intellect, lucidity is impersonal and artificial, abstract and sterile. This is its advantage and the secret of its power and effectiveness. It is upward and downward and closed on both sides. That is why it can be exact. But that is why it is indifferent to all values. Only the fact itself. But that is why it dehumanizes and despiritualizes and at the same time, when it is unheard of clear, it is not sober, when it is consistent, it is at the same time mechanical and when it is rational, it is unnatural. It seems to have a calculation at work in it that lacks normality. He sees things not with his eyes and in natural light, but with binoculars and microscopes, and artificially magnified a hundred thousand times, but in laboratory light, and magnified a million times. What you see is phenomenally accurate, but you always suspect something is wrong. What he is saying is not order, but something else under the guise of a meticulous system, which is not at all reassuring. His knowledge is never complete, but above all it is not radical, because it only goes so far. It cannot be denied, but it cannot be protested against. The nature of extreme lucidity is paradoxical: a triumphant quality and a defect. Cognitively unassailable, but spiritually necessarily negative. What lucidity says is right, but what it does is harmful. The question is whether there is such a paradox. All indications are that there is. Otherwise, it would be inconceivable to have the clarity and effectiveness of dazzling knowledge, and at the same time the unprecedented suffering of the vast majority of humanity, and the crisis into which this knowledge has plunged humanity. This paradox lies behind the glorification and condemnation of science and technology, behind the unbridled domination of modern systems of power and the resistance to them. The extreme clarity of unassailable knowledge, which is necessarily inhuman and immoral. The terribly positive power of lucidity to increase and transform knowledge into power, and to exercise power through its terribly secure apparatus, but even more terribly, it is a crime against humanity in every act of lucidity. How is it possible that what man knows, what he stands for and what he does on the basis of that knowledge is a crime?

The trait of the extreme lucid man, the man of the European modern age, that is, the depraved knight, the adventurer the trait of the unheard-of intelligence, which



actually blind. *Lucidité aveugle*. This man is not to be sought. From the Greek heroes and poets and philosophers to the European story, this man is at the forefront of European history. Many have argued that history is solely and exclusively the consequence of the absence of the wise. Where there is wisdom, there is no drama, no failure, no conflict, no struggle, no story, for the sense of wisdom solves error, confusion, misunderstanding, obscurity, temper. True knowledge needs no activity. That is why the golden age, unlike the dark age, is uneventful and unhistorical.

The man of blind lucidity is the Roman statesman, the medieval priest, the knight, the king, the modern conqueror, the explorer, the thinker, the politician, the entrepreneur, the scientist, the researcher, the artist. His eyes were sharp, his gaze steady, sure and quick. Always ready for anything and everything. With an exuberant presence of mind, he throws himself wholeheartedly, without reserve, into what he wants and what he wants to achieve. He has no doubts. His hand is bony and firm. What he lives in is tense readiness, heightened demonism, always being active. The widened eyes, the chase, the spasmodic hand, all come together, this is the presence of animosity. Always against someone and something; it cannot think if it cannot attack. To be alive is to be irritated. The least understood phenomenon of the modern age is why man shows a resistance to elementary spiritual reality that is difficult to grasp, and in some cases totally incomprehensible, why he makes himself a sleepwalker (Heraclitus) and a dream-weary (Vedanta), that is, why his wakefulness is blinded and why he makes himself such a severe case of sleeping sickness, and why even at points of absolute doubt he clings to this poor knowledge. The most essential move of the man of blind lucidity is that even in cases of doubtlessness he insists absolutely on a lower degree of knowledge. Therefore he is blind. Pathological and perverted extraversion is only one consequence of this attitude.

In the mid-twentieth century, adventurism culminates in an attitude that not only tears itself away from any question of existence of universal significance and decisiveness, but also tears itself away from history and throws itself, bereft of consciousness, into whatever is actual at the moment, the so-called situation (existentialism, situationalism). It believes that the more it closes itself off from existence, the more intense its presence *in the now*. This is the latest step in the adventurer's life strategy. In the field of practice, routine, virtuosity, presence of mind, sport, diplomacy, business, politics, poetry, painting, music, improvisation, provizory, the intensification of lucidity just to take part of the situation, that is, to rob the situation of its life,

by rejecting all inhibition and discipline, by this desperate degree of hunger for life, a conscious moral insanity. *That's more than dying* (D. THOMAS). DE ROUGEMONT writes that it is a *révolte contre l'amour de Dieu et du prochain* - a revolt against God and against the love of man. Nothing remains but the greed of the naked self. A precise description of the indivisible depravity of this behaviour can be found in DOSZTOYEVSKY'S Stavrogin. It is the blind lucidity of lovelessness turned into madness, the quivering excitement of a man in a permanent state of crime on the level of genius; and a poorer, more talentless and paler version of this attitude is swarming in thousands in the great cities of the world, as diplomat, artist, doctor, journalist, banker, soldier, university professor, priest, but above all as politician and scientist, in whom the whole of human destiny becomes an egotistical experiment, that is, a headlong adventure, a morbid bluff, which staggers from one situation to another in a heated frenzy.

BATAILLE writes that in every moment of life, even in suffering, there is an inexplicable pleasure, "that which even tears cannot reach" (WORDSWORTH). The shocking thing is that this pleasure is disappearing today. Its place is taken by a strange, shameless hunger for life, and man is increasingly not in possession of pleasure, but of a peculiar excitement which is utterly irrelevant and empty, and the honey of life is nowhere to be found.

1. There is no so-called objective statement of fact; even the simplest statement of fact has a metaphysical content.
2. Every statement is necessarily a proposition of some mental system.
3. A mental system is realized as a system of power.
4. The statements of lucidity are characterized by animosity against medieval Christianity.
5. What lucidity has created is first and foremost not a research method, but an intellectual system that seeks to seize the bases of absolute power.
6. Lucidity scrutinises everything but itself.
7. The background of lucidity is occult, and this occult attitude manifests itself in not being aware of its own demonic nature, not knowing that it does not order life but upsets it, does not elevate it but torments it, and does not liberate it but enslaves it, ultimately does not nourish it but exploits it.
8. The spiritual system of the occult nature of lucidity is materialism; if one takes from materialism that which is against clericalism

and is sustained by it, all that is left of it is confused fiction.

9. Lucidity has built up a system of lies on the model of the pseudology of the Middle Ages, and of all the intellectual systems known to history it comes nearest to total falsehood.

10. The aim of the total lie is to mislead the whole of mankind, down to the smallest moment of its life, and to make it a ready instrument of its power.

11. Just as in the Middle Ages the power system was based on religion, in the modern age the power system is based on science.

12. The intellectual system used for the exercise of power inevitably becomes a system of lies.

13. The community misled by the lie is dehumanized, regressed, in the modern version becomes a subaltern plebeian: a *mob* (Hindu: *avarna*, i.e. mob outside the caste) created by the exercise of power through lucidity.

14. Lucidity is not a crisis solver, but a crisis generator.

15. In the middle of the twentieth century, the number one and only main enemy of humanity is extreme lucidity.

There is an answer to the question of how to s o l v e the European crisis.

The most serious of the opinions expressed so far is that of C.G. Jung, who says that man can only successfully withstand the difficulties of the present if his personal organisation is at least as perfect as his lucidity.

The defect of lucidity is that it excludes. It is an absorbed daytime male consciousness that excludes the child, the woman, the wisdom of old age, but excludes sleep, sleep, and excludes religion, art, and metaphysics. The consequence of such exclusions can only be abnormality. He who wishes to transcend lucidity must first of all realize in himself the highest lucidity attainable, and supplement it with all that lucidity excludes, thus making himself universal and grounding himself in wholeness. Only in this way, after sleep, dream and daytime wakefulness, does that degree of consciousness become realizable which Vedanta calls the fourth (*turiyam*), which is wakefulness (*vidya*). Wakefulness is sublimated and universally translucent consciousness, which is sensitive, universal, open and positive, that is, it is the consciousness of the brahmanized man. Mindfulness is in no direction or relation

is not negative. Nothing of what is and has been created cannot be withdrawn or eliminated, this belongs to the seriousness of the world-game. The knight, the adventurer, must be assumed and transfigured and elevated, not denied. The goal is no great historical triumph, but simple, close and easy - to be normal.

Tiszapalkonya, 19 January 1962.

## **THE END OF THE SPACE**

The hidden existential axiom of European existence is probably a Hebrew heritage, that sin pulls man down, good deeds lift him up. According to the Eastern tradition, whether good or bad, every deed is a burden, because it becomes more and more intrusive into the world and hinders its unfolding.

The two attitudes depend on the difference in knowledge of ultimate things. The European wants to achieve salvation. Salvation is life. In the tradition, man knows that salvation is not an ultimate and imperfect state, eternal happiness is not eternal and not total liberation, but merely the consequence of merit. Man must return again from heaven. The man of tradition wants to be completely purified from life, he wants to realize the pure and pure existence. He does not want to be saved, but to be liberated. He who wants to realize liberation must cease all action. Activity is the counter-current of liberation.

The attitude to the ultimate determines the order of life down to the last and smallest detail. Europe does not and cannot renounce life even in eternity, and wants what is beyond to be life. That is why it has a thirst for life, that is why it has a history, that is why it always lives one step earlier or later than where it actually is, that is to say it has a future and a past but no present, that is why it makes art and philosophy and science, that is why it worships nature, that is why it lives in a matriarchy, that is why it is religious. Hence the power, the fame, the bondage to wealth. Hence all that he lives is temporary, improvised, momentary, relative, conditional, frivolous, short-sighted, senseless, frivolous. Therefore it is active.

The highest activity is the creation of the work.

At the dawn of Europe, CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS asked the question with concern: should man write books? Should he build a system, something to which

objective permanence is highly doubtful, but one thing is certain: the general is brought back by the battles he has won or lost, the king is brought back by the tears he has shed in his reign, but also by the joys, the cobbler is brought back by every nail that he drives into the sole of his shoe, and the farmer by every grain of corn and every hoe he has sown, and the labourer by every lathed axle, but nothing weighs so heavily on a man, and nothing has so much karmic weight as the work, the painting or the philosophy, the church or the statue, the poem or the sonata. The act pulls man along with it. To where? Into the consequences. From which there is no escape. What an unsuspecting, even infinitely more, clouded intellect to rejoice in one's work, *joy for ever*, as KEATS says, not knowing what burden it will take upon oneself in a life to come, if one does not have to sag under this weight in the present, and not recall the painter in every eye that gazes at the painting and thought that reads the poem. Vedanta speaks of a hermit of many hundreds of years who cannot die in his cave. Up there on the mountain, he said, lives an old eagle, it remembers me, kill it so that I may be saved.

To destroy the work is a pathos that seeks to raise the historical prestige of the creator. It is usually the weaker works that are destroyed, which are certainly not weaker. So that what remains is perfect. Impressive vanity. Mallarmé. Naive feminine charm, who thinks that the dyed-blond brunette has changed. Effect, effect. As if the forum of the work were the storyteller, or even the audience. What modesty! The work has carved itself elsewhere, primarily in the mind of the person who made it. It burns in vain. The burden remains.

And the works that have been lost and buried under the rubble. For a long time after Hölderlin's death, we know, they set fire to the kitchen with the papers that were left there.

Behind the hazardous anarchy of world history is a law whose one *iota* cannot be circumvented.

The work is burned by those who do not take responsibility for what they have done, undo it, and believe that it can be undone. But the burden remains. It must be borne now, and cannot be erased. The only thing you can do is to say without witnesses, behold, what I did here was not always in good faith. I was influenced by ambition, carried away by intoxication, sometimes I had awe, but there was a lot of cunning, a lot of trickery. I don't consider it worthy of a stage bonfire to add to the burden. I can't get rid of it. Since I'm

remains the weight of my being, the only right thing to do is to take it on, and be willing to bear the consequences even if, as the Jaina says, it takes eighty-four thousand lifetimes.

## THE CONCEPT

Aldous HUXLEY calculated that the circle of silence shrinks by thirteen and a half kilometres every year. The time is not far off, it is said, when silence will disappear completely from the earth. Happy will be the man who can occasionally find half an hour's peace in the Himalayas or on the ocean. The circle of intimacy is getting smaller. In the golden age, the joy was that the whole earth was as intimate as the orchard. That is why the Golden Age was called the Garden of Eden by the Torah. Later there were rulers who tried to preserve the peace of paradise in their kingdom. Such an emperor was the Chinese Yu, and certainly the Pharaoh Akhenaten. The curious thing is that, in proportion to the disappearance of intimacy in the golden age, human existence was also disrupted. As if there was some hitherto unconscious connection between peace and silence. It is not known exactly to what extent the circle became tighter. Not long ago there were a few landed estates, then just farms, castles, or flower gardens, hunting lodges in the middle of the forest, or lighthouses on the cliffs. There were those who wanted to save at least their little room. The last stop of intimacy is the bed. It's what's left of paradise. One has driven oneself out of the land, but this little place in the hut, where one can hide and live a little of one's golden age, even if the engine is roaring outside and the radio is squeaking next door, the disturbance inside has not subsided, the clock is always ticking, and the conscience is always troubled, but you can wrap yourself in this strange cocoon, you can lean on the cushion, as you once did in the shade on a summer afternoon, resting your head on the tiger's belly under the fragrant fig tree.

The coordinate system of our life is the column and the bed. The pillar is the way up, relentlessly up, of wakefulness and alertness and consciousness and day. The pillar holds the sky on the ground, or, what is the same, the earth in the sky. To think is to be perpendicular and to connect the earth to the sky. To be in bed is to be horizontal, to sleep and rest in equilibrium. To return to the night, to the mother from whence it came, to be born every morning, to be a pillar and to be in the evening in that metamorphosis that is no more natural and mysterious,

to become horizontal again. To be a column is to be an individual, to be a bed is to melt into the common. In spouses, when they sleep in the same bed, essences are exchanged, man and woman become interpenetrated (incvalescent, as Böhme says), in sleeping together they become more and more similar, that is, more and more individual, as SAINT-MARTAIN writes: to dissociate in union and to unite in dissociation, *distinguer pour unir*. One, when one wakes up at night, cannot even distinguish between oneself and the one with whom one sleeps.

Nothing is more understandable than the care with which man has created the bed, the way he has built a protection over it, because the house is the shell of the bed, the way he has for thousands of years thought out the spring, the mattress, covered it with white sheets, laid upon it a pillow made of plundered feathers, a quilt or blanket or duvet or dunya, and nothing is more understandable than the cult with which the bedclothes are washed and mangled and ironed, put in the window in the morning to the sun and the wind. *The rupaloka* of the world, as the Hindus say, is the place where things are. But when one enters the house, one knows immediately the relationship of its inhabitants to the golden age. Most of the houses and flats are so big that you can't even sit down, there is no cosy place, there is fashion, ostentation, hygiene, but there is no cosiness. The bed is gone, only the couch remains, there is no place to marry, give birth or die. Sleep has become a biological act. We live without intimacy, housing is accommodation, being at home is sentimentality. We are on the move, but no one knows where we are going, and there is no travel, only transport. We sleep in the street, and the curtains on the shop window are probably just drawn from our pseudo-pussy.

## **JUSTIFICATION IN HINDSIGHT OF AGE-RELATED SUFFERING**

Europe's thinking is almost entirely an ex post facto justification of the zeitgeist and of the passions of the age. Commonly known philosophies and concepts of natural science, economics and social theories see nothing but the hotspots of historical aberrations and think blindly from them. Descartes started from a dislike of religion, and his theory sought to lay the foundations of an unbreakable system, when we know that it was not religion but the exercise of power by the clergy, and Descartes was not seeking to create a system of thought, but the foundations of another, more reliable system of power.

more reliable practice of power. Marx started from an animosity towards an imaginary capitalist class (ressentiment against wealth, revenge on the rich) and wanted to settle the question of property by abolishing classes, when we know that there was no class and property is not an economic question at all. Spengler started out from the crisis that Nietzsche had revealed, but which was becoming more acute, and consoled himself by saying that one so-called culture would die, but that another would follow. All these ideologies are, after all, pseudo-ideologies, the result of a pseudo-resistant attitude towards the hot spots of the historical moment, theories that intensify the crisis under the guise of crisis-solving ideas, delusions that do not even see out of the moment of history.

In the second half of the twentieth century, today, apart from Guénon's works, there are only two works among the many hundreds of thousands, Martin Buber's *Khasidic* and D.

T. Suzuki's *Zen* series, which is not an *ex post facto* justification, not an excuse for the errors of history, but a proposal for the elimination of the passion of age and the realisation of a definitive order of life. It could be said that all the others are just theories, these two alone are theories. It can also be said that the vast mass of theories, starting from the moment of history, remaining within the circle of history and in the heat of history, are sheer experiments in political existence (*kshatriya*); only the *Khasids* and the *Zen* book are Brahmanic (authentically spiritual) acts, that is, not the work of a man conditioned by passions, but of one who really knows what is happening and what must be done.

The political (historical) existent is always under the influence of some historical passion and is always pragmatic, i.e. without knowing the more distant contexts, often deliberately concealing them, it calls the nearest practical solution the truth. Yet we know that human existence is a whole in which order can only be established after the fundamental facts have been recognised. Everything that happens is a function of man's fundamental position. There is no solution in mere historical time; such a theory unravels in time and in time itself, mostly invalid the moment it is conceived. The Brahmanic existence begins by liquidating the historical passions and building a base independent of passions, which we know to be the only one in all mankind, regardless of people and age and caste and religion and civilization (Lajos Szabó: *f-system*). This is what is to be called *the status absoluta* of the human, that is, this is the basic human position.

**First:**



in the order of life, which is completely corrupted in the middle of the twentieth century, there is no one at all whose life could be fulfilled at this stage of corrupt existence, and therefore there is no human being on the whole earth whose life's purpose is not to protest against the order of life as it is today. This statement also applies to the apparent exceptions who accept it on the face of it, mostly because it gives them some momentary advantage. There is no greater danger than to settle for degradation and be content in corrupt circumstances, at most, only one more, to be content with contentment.

**Second:**

one looks in vain for the first cause of the corruption of the corrupt order of life in history. Every crisis points back to a previous one, finally lost before the beginning, at some dark point. The very first cause of the corrupted order of life is the consequence of this event, which in religious terminology is called original sin, but which is not at all religious in nature, but an ontological event, that is to say, something that has occurred in existence: the corruption and corruption committed by man. Nothing is of more decisive importance for the clarification and understanding of the existence of historical man than the insight to keep the consciousness of sin in itself awake. This is the elementary condition of the genuineness of human existence. Thinking can only be authentic if it keeps the guilt of sin in account (Kierkegaard: anxiety).

**Thirdly:**

with regard to the present story, there is no doubt that since the Middle Ages, Christianity has been resisted so unheard of because it has been an attempt to escape from the consciousness of sin. The entire modern age was built on a deliberate denial of the fact of sin, and this is reflected in the artificially fostered moral and existential indifference which gave rise to science, the apotheosis of impersonality. In the modern age, the idea of sin has been so corrupted that it has become either a sensation or a scandal, while biology tries to present it as an organic defect and sociology derives it from the social structure. Pascal says that, by ignoring the idea of the Fall, it is impossible to understand even the elementary phenomena of physics (more recently: Heisenberg's physics, Gödel's mathematics).

All the efforts of psychology are directed, says Buber, to the consciousness of sin in man (guilty conscience, anxiety, worry),

and concludes that, even if the consciousness of this fact has been obscured (canalized), the sin itself has not disappeared at all.

After almost a century of psychology in practice, it has become clear that the application of psychology's methods has not made man more harmonious, but has improved his technique of hiding. The result of the psychological procedures is that man does not wake up, but hides deeper to avoid waking up. Instead of opening up and resolving, he learns to hide even more by means of these methods. Until now, dream analysis has been able to bring some of the unsuspecting to light; now, thanks to analytical and testing methods, they are hidden deep under the dream consciousness, sometimes even to the point of not being visible in the dream. For such people, a special trumpet will certainly have to be blown at the last judgment to wake them up. What one has learnt in psychology is not to hide in the complex, but in openness. This is the lair from which man is unshackled. This is the analogy.

The victims of psychology are very numerous. Those who have undergone the psychological process do not see the essence of their existence more clearly, and what they have learned is to turn their backs on the reality of existence, to sink it and to smear the awareness of the difficulties of existence. Thus the ontological idiot of the modern age has arisen, who, grinning at all the difficulties of existence, considers the situation settled once and for all, simply because he has eliminated (canalized) from himself the consciousness of sin and, with it, of course, of the obligation to make amends. This psychologically disembowelled man is also excluded from the community and is outside the human brotherhood.

Existentialism developed the methods of psychology further. While it preached openness (openness to the interpersonal you), it taught man to conceal himself in openness and to defend himself against openness in a superiority; to conceal his pseudo-existence in existentiality. There are very few thinkers (Gabriel Marcel, Bataille, Camus, Heidegger) who have recognised this danger. Most writers, like Sartre, make their dips with dazzling technique, while leaving all the essential questions of existence untouched.

The fact of sin is relativized, biologized, sociologized, psychologized, moralized, existentialized. Sometimes it is possible to obscure the knowledge of sin, i.e. to mislead people as to its reality. The result: debauched religion, stupid science and

evil-doing politics. Situation: without an awareness of a corrupted existence, with a dull and obscured restlessness and an irritated conscience, there is no other way but the sordid earthiness of so-called life, but that too is meaningless because it has lost its weight.

**Fourth:**

more recently, for about a hundred years, especially in the higher reaches of intellectuality, there has been an increasing flight into and hiding in Eastern religions and metaphysics, in the belief that they lack the idea of original sin, and that the sin problem has thus been solved once and for all by Orientalism. This is not only a betrayal of Christianity, but a complete ignorance of the real situation. In the metaphysics of the East (India, China, Iran), the consciousness of original sin is as present as in the Hebrews, Christianity and Mohammedans, only it is not perceived as moral but as intellectual corruption, i.e. as a blurring of the intellect, as a digression, as sleepiness, as sleepwalking. In the same way as in archaic Greece or the Kabbalah, and the reparation of sin is obligatory here, there, everywhere.

It is the same attempt to escape, since Rousseau, the so-called return to nature, to the Negroes, to the Indians. This experiment is not only wrong. Rousseau's sentimentalism led to the assumption that primitives lived in a primitive state, in a state of initial innocence, and the sentimentality of the last century made an ideal out of uncivilization. The idea was particularly pernicious in art. We know that the primitives live not in a primitive innocence, but in a backward state of very ancient civilisations, and therefore in a degree of existence not less corrupt than that of Europe, but much more corrupt. Besides, the primitives have, if anything, brought with them a consciousness of original sin from the civilization from which they have broken away, and there is no dwarf tribe that is not aware of it.

**Fifth:**

all human existence, in whatever degree, is necessarily civilized. All civilization is artificial, that is, not natural. In this artificiality, nature necessarily suffers. The question must be asked, is there a civilisation, in other words, is there an artificially created order, which does not suppress nature, but leaves everything in its place and allows it to unfold freely? After all: does man have a consciousness of his inherent

of the original order of life before the original sin was committed? Is man aware of authentic existence?

**Man knows of the original order.** This consciousness is manifested in Christianity, in the Veda, in the Tao, in Orphism, in Kabbalah, but it is also preserved in some form in all prehistoric traditions. This consciousness is the very content of the holy books. Tradition is neither myth nor religion. Tradition is knowledge about the foundation, about the sin committed at the beginning of time and the restoration of the foundation, that is, the atonement for sin.

**Sixth:**

the restoration of the status quo is not psychological, not social, not biological, not religious, not philosophical, but a simple and concrete and immediate task of existence.

1. To keep the guilt awake; reparation is obligatory for all. Let each one work off as much as he can of the original common sin of humanity, and as the Hindu tradition says *ihamutrarthaphalabhogaviragah* - without the least hope of reward in this life and the hereafter. There is no absolution from sin at the human level; let every man be the saviour of all men; bodhisattva, sufi, khasid, gospel.

2. The basic position must be explored and known in all its details, and the original, the normal, must be made conscious above the historical existence; it is theoretical work.

3. To step out of the story, to achieve *the status absolutus* (authentically spiritual, Brahmanic task) in the passionlessness of the times.

Every aspect in the service of renormalization must be embraced; religion, art, thought.

Anything that works against the restoration of the original normality must be rejected (clerical infidelity, scientific treachery, political lying-violence-exploitation).

Universaliter (unity of personality and community), existentialiter (identity of thought and word).

Brahmanic existence is perpendicular to history.

**GREEN AND LILA**  
(Lecture)

It is well known that the basic colours of Renaissance painting are blue and red. Many people also know that the two primary colours together are somehow connected to the most important message of the Renaissance. It is not just an internal painting historical moment, this time not two complementary colours, not even a contrast. It is the essential message, blue, let us say, a kind of spirituality, and next to it, or opposite it, or under it, or in it, a kind of vital passion. Spirit and flesh, in a certain sense, consciousness and blood. Something that erupts irresistibly, and something that stops that irresistibility. It could be said that the apotheosis of carnality is definitely a triumph, that there is life with red blood and there is something more powerful, the sky-blue consciousness.

Renaissance paintings do not repeat blue and red in a hereditary way, and if one were to make a statistic of how many paintings are based on the two colours, it is easy to see that blue and red paintings would remain in the minority. Perhaps even the great and essential works of Raphael and Michelangelo are not blue-red. Yet that is what they are trying to tell us, that is the joy and the final reassurance in them.

Prehistoric painting, especially on vases and earthenware vessels, used the primary colours black, red and white in some peoples, especially in certain periods. Otherwise, red is a colour that no period or style seems to be able to do without. Deciphering the archaic black-red-white trinity is not particularly difficult. This is understandable from the spirit of the people who made the vases. Black is the subterranean, the chaotic container, the unfinished but all the more saturated and dense energy reservoir of nature from which things emerge to take shape. The black, the Greeks would say, is the apeiron, the turmoil that precedes the formed world. Red is the colour of life here as elsewhere. And white stands just as high above red as black stands just as low below it. In Judea it was said that these are the three mothers, *aleph*, *mem* and *sin*. In India, the *tamas*, the *rajas* and the *sattva*. In Egyptian alchemy, the *sal*, the *sulphur* and the *merkur*. In any case, the three steps that life has to take. It goes without saying that painting cannot say anything other than what people thought at that time and place.

The basic colours of modern painting are green and purple. By modern we mean painting after the French Impressionism, the painting that Cézanne and Van Gogh pioneered, that is to say, that started at the very beginning of the twentieth century. The two colours next to each other are thus quite surprising, and suddenly not very

understandable. In the past, it would certainly have been considered distasteful. Especially by artists who stuck to tradition. But the idea is not in the least provocative or scandalous. One might think for a moment of what Picasso said, I'll put them side by side, let them do what they like with each other. Take a look at a typically green-purple Matisse picture, say a window with pale purple furniture and curtains inside contrasting with the light green sea outside the window. Look at a purple woman's hat on a green lawn. Or a Klee painting with alternating green and purple frames. It doesn't give the impression of arbitrariness and, as in the Renaissance, certainly, if most of the pictures don't touch on this colour tension, the green-purple is somehow omnipresent.

The very first question to ask is where has the red gone, which no time or style could do without. Perhaps it has faded to purple. It has shifted from one side of the rainbow to the other. So it no longer stands for life and blood and passion. Not likely. Colour tension is not the prerogative of the painter. The moment you realise what it is, it becomes an instantly attractive colour combination in women's fashion, green dresses and purple scarves, green and purple furniture covers appear, posters with more delicate tastes start to be used, wallpapers are designed in these colours, upmarket shops wrap their drugstore and cosmetics products in this colour paper, chocolates and fine underwear, just as the music of symphonies is no longer the preserve of musicians, for it has been replaced by opera and operetta and hits, and soon the same music, only at a very low level, is played on the jukebox and whistled in the street.

Purple is no match for red, and green is no match for blue. So these two colours side by side say something quite different from what tradition would suggest.

Green is most probably a nature colour. When the modern painter paints green faces and green animals, he is emphasising their naturalness. But this naturalness is not like the naturalness of any past age. There is a certainty in green. It is one of the least movable colours. It is also the most soothing. Those with light-sensitive eyes wear green glasses. A green table is the serene tranquillity of negotiation. The moody are sent to a green environment. Green is therefore stability and its effect is stabilising. At the same time, it is heavy and harsh, in some respects barbaric. And in this one finds nothing special, if one thinks about it,

when one considers the unheard-of enthusiasm for so-called natural living in the modern age. Fifty years ago, ladies bathed in baskets, with trousers below the knee; in dresses cut to the wrist, with buttoned necks, gloves, hats and parasols, but it was called a bath when they were thus dressed and bathed in waist-deep water. Today, with a little loincloth and bra, the grandchildren of these ladies swim miles in the open water. What a few Rousseauist eccentrics did then is what everyone does today, flooding the snow-covered mountains in winter, the forests and waters in summer, camping outdoors, eating raw food that used to be made into soup and stews. Behold the vitamin man. Nothing is more modern than a sunbath, a maroon face and body. At the same time, expeditions are exploring the myths and arts and customs of the primitive people, others are collecting folktales and folk songs, and excellent artists are learning from Indian and negro painting and sculpture, and whole schools of folk music are being saved. But if even this is not enough, remember the power that materialism, economic thought and materialism have today, whether right or wrong.

All this is obviously linked to green. One could even venture to say that it is also linked to the stable and serene character that modern buildings of this style express. No architecture has ever wanted to be so immovable.

But this is not the apotheosis of the Renaissance or of the body. This wild green is rather a hunger for life. The most important consequence of raw naturalism and primitive materiality is an uninhibited enjoyment of life. The enjoyment of life has been curbed in some way by every age. They have never dared to renounce all higher spiritual controls and obligations, discipline and morality, and however much they might have wished to enjoy the pleasures of life uninhibited, they have had second thoughts, that is, there was something more important. Today there is not. For the sake of the natural life, they carelessly sacrifice the higher. Life is the supreme value. It is the raw, sensual, barbaric and material thing that grows in the wild, that is all instinct and vegetation, that is there to be drained to the bottom by man. It's a bit crazy. And sobering up from something like that is very difficult. It's an old teaching that the problems of existence have never been solved. The only thing to do is to over-evolve.

Green is an impersonal colour. Therefore, all the green passions that are manifested today have a certain cold coolness and cruel serenity, which is usually seen in the subhuman being, the plant, the animal, especially the

cold-blooded, and the deeper it is under man, the greater is this indifference to higher values. What manifests itself here today is not only this inhuman indifference to values and instinct, but also the fact that it revels in it. The hunger for life has also given an unheard-of boost to erotic needs and demands. It is this trait that the Puritans in the present day condemn most vehemently. But the essential characteristic of this erotic fever is that it is not erotic, but rather sexual. The difference between the two is that eroticism is the social passion that binds man together, sexuality is a natural compulsion. It has been said very often and very often that sexuality has little to do with eroticism, and even less with love, because sexuality is not personal. It is not exclusively an attraction to a single human being. The animality of the modern age is this subhuman cold spasm, which is also part of the characterology of the green.

Everything we see is a metaphor, many have said many times, and it is naive to take things for what they appear to our senses. Hermes Trismegistus preserved thousands of years of knowledge in his teaching that what is above corresponds to what is below and what is below corresponds to what is above. But the painter has no strong side of consciousness, and there are only two people even less conscious than the painter, the poet and the musician. None of the moments that arise in the interpretation of the colour green belong to the conscious. They are buried deep beneath the threshold of the age, and the age is not characterised by conscious thoughts, but by those very thoughts beneath the threshold, which are not thoughts at all, but rather passions, or even more madness. One might call them obsessions. But they can in no way be considered clear and deliberate resolutions, nowhere, not even in science and philosophy, least of all in art. Consciousness only comes late, and only when the frenzy has abated. And even then only in a few men, rather in thinkers and saints, almost never in politicians, for it is a characteristic of modern madness that it has been cured in all walks of life, but it lasts longer in the life of the state.

It is not possible to expound a theory of correspondences at this time. As to how it is that what is above corresponds to what is below, suffice it to say that about a hundred years ago, more sensitive people began to notice that there are certain connections between things, which our thinking constantly operates on, especially when



when it uses metaphor. This connection is called an analogy. BAUDELAIRE was the first poet to talk about it in his poem *Correspondances*. Later, RIMBAUD wrote a sonnet on vowels. He says that **e** is black, **e** is white, **i** is red, **ü** is green, **o** is blue. Even later, science began to address the issue and the principle of analogy was applied in various disciplines. The basis of these correspondences is not rational, but some other kind of logic, which, however, has always been as tractable for everyone as rational. Indeed, analogy has laws as exact as those of rational correlation. No one would think of saying that it is narrow as the sky, passionate as the dove, or of saying that the colour red is gentle and peaceful. The image of the mountain range has always been matched by monumentality, the sea by boundlessness, the beautiful woman by the flower, passion by fire, courage by the lion. The correspondences between blue and red, green and purple can be understood according to this logic of analogy.

Purple is not the colour that makes green passion conscious. In dense foliage forests, and even more so in pine forests, a light purple mist often sits under the canopy of the trees in calm winds, and this tends to make the atmosphere more ecclesiastical. It is the only time in nature that green and purple meet. Incidentally, in the Renaissance, blue and red assumed each other, whether they were above, below or within each other. Green and purple have no such mutually conditional relationship. It really could be, as Picasso said, they were put next to each other, do what they want with each other.

The only correlation between the two colours is that green represents the lower temperature of life, the vegetative, the degradation of energy compared to man. It is not erotic but sexual, not free but barbaric, not powerful but raw. Purple, on the other hand, is an unnaturally high deflation. Green is not yet human, purple is beyond human. Green is too materialized, purple is magical. Green is sensual, purple is occult. But there is a strange fracture between the two, which does not lie in a way that separates the two colours symmetrically. Each has a different number plate and the two are not related to each other.

The colour purple appeared earlier in music than in painting. Already in the last century, the whole of Europe was struck by a sense of wonder when Debussy's soft and shimmering light purple tones were first heard. No one had ever heard anything like it before. Soft and decaying music, irregular and elusive,

as pleasant as it was alien, more narcosis than music, more stupor than pleasure. Ears accustomed to rigorous musical structure and proportionate construction, which had so delighted in the architectural beauty of music, were now at a loss to find the formal coherence. Before, a sonata was built on traverses; now there were cobwebs floating between the motives, often not even that. Quite a curious musical logic, not without any logical connection, but with a particular causality that is more veiled than ever. Around the same time, Bertrand Russell's mathematical logic, which stands at the gateway to the twentieth century, was being built, and without which the century would be unimaginable, with its unheard-of theoretical physics, atomic theory, automation, cybernetics and information theory. This mathematical logic walks in the same nebulous and blurred world as Debussy's music.

Purple is definitely a borderland, half of which is still visible, the other half invisible, just as the theorems of mathematical logic are still thinkable but no longer thinkable, and just as the music of Debussy, or later, more so of Britten, is more dreamable than audible. In any case, centuries have passed without the colour purple being used in painting. Thus, for example, in the whole of the great landscape and genre painting of the German Low Countries, one does not find purple anywhere, and the whole character of painting here is completely alien to purple. This borderland with magic, this cryptadherence of purple, is also frightening. In the past it was not only not used, but in all likelihood avoided. At first glance it seems to be a colour of mood, a colour of whimsy, which appears somewhere, in an unimportant place, for a split second and then dissipates, completely superficial and ephemeral, and blurred because it has no substance or substance of any kind. But if it dissipates, it has meaning. The meaning of purple is distance, but it is vague and without contours, without boundaries, without solidity or character. Purple is a supersensible uncertainty in which nothing is tangible and where nothing is material, but everything is an effect, and a far-reaching effect at that. A kind of twilight, but not the twilight of the form that is created, but the twilight of the form that is dissolving, not what is before it, but what is after it, always after it, beyond the boundary.

The thinking of mathematical logic or atomic physics has crossed all the boundaries of the past, into an uncertain and unimaginable distance, but its beyond-sense horizon still lies closer to the normal understanding of human reason than the realm that also lies beyond the

the beginning of the twentieth century. Theoretical and applied psychology, says Aldous HUXLEY, neuroscience, biochemistry and pharmaceutical chemistry have made tremendous progress in the last few years. By the beginning of the twenty-first century, the theoreticians of this discipline will have amassed an unheard-of mass of knowledge, and the practitioners will have paved innumerable paths to application for the benefit of those who will pay them well. Governments at that time will have to employ as many psychics and parapsychologists and neurologists and pharmacists and sociologists and hatha yogis as they employ today as chemists and physicists and engineers. Psychic energy commissions are operating in colossal laboratories, and they will abolish our outmoded methods of mass-murdering government and bring about the final domestication and subjugation of man. Our ridiculously crude propaganda methods of today will be replaced by the psycho-pharmaco-occult technique of gleichsaltierung. At the same time, we will be taking talent-enhancing pastilles. The spies and detectives of the future will work with an efficiency that is unimaginable to us today. The secret police will be omniscient and therefore omnipotent. We have had religious revolutions, political, industrial, economic, national revolutions. But our descendants will find that all that we have had is a froth on the ocean of permanence compared with the psychological revolution towards which we are moving so rapidly. That will be the revolution! And when we have overcome it, humanity will really have no more difficulties.

Green is the colour of the tree of life. The tree of life, whose furious robbery has now become a passion. But it is also the colour of the blind hunger for life, like the colour of scouting and sunbathing, nudism, tourism, raw food, economics, unscrupulous living and neglect. Purple is the colour of the superhuman, of nuclear physics, parapsychology, the occult, narcotics. In any case, it is peculiar that one is below the standard of normal human existence, the other above. The green is more accessible and understandable, the vegetative and animate base, the abnormally degraded, the degraded human. Purple, as the upper limit of the spectrum, is the over-emphasised humanity, just barely accessible with great effort, but barely comprehensible, alien, often eerie. The two colours are not at all like the blue and pink of the Renaissance, in which madonnas sit and everyone knows that the colour of their dress represents the glorification of their being. In fact, neither the green nor the red of the

nor in purple. The woman dressed in green and purple is not a madonna, but a courtesan with reptilian sensuality and occult demonism. Man has no place in either. The colours of a dehumanised world. It makes a little sense what Bertrand Russell says, that there has never been a time in the history of the world when man has suffered as much as he does today.

Thinkers have talked a lot in our century about the twilight of culture, the end of the historical era, the crisis when all the values of the past are liquidated. Most people imagine this process to be like changing one's home, in any case, the schlepping is not without its inconveniences and excitement, but there is nothing particularly wrong with it. They also believe that mankind's new dwelling will be nicer, especially more comfortable and modern, with all the household appliances, fridge, television, potato peeler and possibly a winter garden. It will certainly be unusual at first, but you soon assimilate the higher standards and there is no reason to look to the future with apprehension.

What the analysis of green and purple has provided is not conducive to this optimism. Green is a very beautiful colour, but it is also a colour of immaturity, and one is not flattered when one says one is green or green-eyed. Just listen to Bartók's *Cantata profana*, the most wonderful green masterpiece of the last half century, this hymn of outbursting barbarian instincts that rejects all drink and, like the deer, wants only to drink from the fresh spring water of the mountains. In this work, there is scarcely any colour but green, and it is like a forested mountain range moved, like a singing primeval mountain. All this was appropriate in a limp and sleepy bourgeoisie, which the music wanted to shake up, and to which it would bring fresh spring water. But the awakened barbarism threatens humanity, not by making it healthy, but by obliterating it. The artists used Indian and Australian motifs, and this may have been merely an extravagance of a late and over-refined civilisation. But music and negro sculpture, primitive painting and nudism, the worship of raw food and the natural wildness of instinct, and the hunger for material life created a new world.

And this green world is not disciplined by some higher control, but by an unheard and intangible force, seemingly a strange and terrifying fantasy playing into the occult, this newer version of the mind that has created automation and the chemistry that never

and the unprecedented development of chemistry, atomic physics and parapsychology, and it has obliterated the previous concept of human life and created an entirely new basis.

Crises between historical epochs are not usually harmless. We experience it. They are not at all like moving from an old, worn-out flat to a more modern house. We are not parting with our dwelling, but with our skin. One thing is strange, though. In normal times, when the mechanisms of a civilisation have been rehearsed and the system is working, one has no way of looking at its way of life from the outside. He is in it up to his head and cannot see out of it, and beyond the horizon of the built-up and the sealed horizon no one can take a single glance. In the crisis between two ages, however, when one has not yet arrived there but is no longer here, one can see outside oneself. The green-purple age, with its barbarism and hyper-scientificism, promises to be a formidable one.

Words are dangerous things that lead to lies or great things. Colours are also dangerous, and two colours can expose an entire era.

## **WAIT**

Waiting is when nothing happens in the place where one is waiting. Space and time are connected, but in waiting this connection is broken. It is as if one is in Euclidean space where there is no time. Everything is stopped because the moment that should come is delayed. It is peculiarly empty. With diminished consciousness. No carefree waiting. One waits to grow up, waits for the bride, waits for the war to end, there is not a moment in which there is not waiting somewhere, overt or covert, and it seems as if there is nothing to do until. What? He waits for the sunrise. Man lives in a mindless activity, lest he should wait, wait, but in vain. The world is not in perpetual motion because there is waiting. Time and waiting are related, but not in the sense that waiting is in time, but time is in waiting, as if waiting were earlier and greater, and time were dissolved and submerged in waiting. One is always on some threshold. Waiting for the waiter to bring the soup, taking the train and waiting for it to arrive.

It would be nice to sort our lives into existential categories. Psychology and biology and social and logical categories are rare. What we actually live in is confusion, anxiety, indifference, excitement, fear,

the rapture, the boredom (the face of nothingness that everyone knows). What is important for us is to seek, to hurry, to calm down.

For what one expects, little is fulfilled, and what is unexpected is usually not what one expects. Waiting has no face, it could be said that waiting is what waits for the face. All images dissolve and float in this disintegrated antivision, as when one opens one's eyes in murky water and sees nothing but the underwater. Where I stand, it is not yet. Maybe soon, maybe soon, maybe soon, who knows? Did I expect something else? Most of the time. For whatever reason, because I was a phantasm or... Stagnation. I know what prison is now, waiting a long time and standing on the threshold and living in that intense emptiness. The virtue of waiting is patience. The Buddhists say it is such a great virtue that the one who is patient now will be very beautiful in his next bodily filling. One can go and spend the time in some way, but it is no longer, and one, if one is amused, is distracted and amused. He's not paying attention. You can't even sleep in.

Until there is fulfillment, there is no rest. There is only the one, the sacral waiting - and waiting for one's paper on the hall bench in the office involves waiting for it, if one's face is numb from cocaine, and waiting for a tooth extraction, and waiting in line for bread, and waiting for the bus. You could rank who's waiting for what. Mostly they wait for payday. But there's a sacral impatience in that too, because when it comes, you keep waiting for the next one, because it's not. Floating in one place, dissolving time between melting into the ocean and personal eternity. Life expands, the meaning of things and events is different. Something that is surreal. The opening of the world, and the sight of it empty inside. Our whole life seems to be a waiting game, and we only act because we are impatient and think we will reach it sooner by doing. The more active one is, the less one can endure waiting. Waiting for something to release and reassure and satisfy, for someone to come and speak. The deepest hunger in our being is hunger, or lack, and that in the whole line, in matter and in nature, hunger for food, for the opposite sex, but above all hunger for the word and for light. To give up all activity and wait. What is it when waiting is futile and there is nothing left to wait for?

One waits for no more waiting for nothing and for no one, no more stopping and staring into the faceless gloom, no more thresholds and hallways and prisons and standing around, no more looking at the clock every five minutes where nothing is happening and nothing will happen. While I sit at the barber's and

waiting, I am hopelessly lost, meaningless, impure, evaporating into space, without substance, without substance and truth, and the trace of it all remains within me, a tired heavy hole and stain, a colourless and barren blind wound. All expectation is absence, but sacral expectation is real, and that is why it has music. I hear the approach. Without it, the other waits would not be endurable. May I be impatient? Do I wait in vain? Am I calm because I approve and know I have time? Is there nothing bitter and no omission? The lack remains a lack, the wound a wound, a hole and a stain, but of man there remain not only ruins.

### **FORMATION OF STATES**

The valley narrows and the travellers, far from land, must cross the strait.

To the many passengers,  
vendors have appeared,  
for the many merchants,  
there appeared the  
racketeers,  
for the many racketeers, the  
policemen appeared,  
To the lawlessness of the policemen, the  
officials appeared,  
To protect the officials, soldiers  
appeared,  
for the many soldiers, the  
whores appeared,  
to the glorification of the whores,  
the poets appeared.

### **PROTEKTORATE**

Janaka, as the Upanishads write, built houses by the roads and took pleasure in having his passengers sleep at his place and eat from his belt. I have found only one similar record from the European Middle Ages of someone with the same ambition. But in the latter case, the incident is mentioned only in passing as a curious folly, because at that time such things were no longer normal or traceable.

In any case, for the modern man, two remarks must be made. The first is that the houses built by the roads were not hotels or inns, and that King Janaka did not give accommodation and meals for money, and was not a fool. This shows a very different conception of property. The second is that the record is not an apocryphal fabrication. These two remarks are, in any case, to modern man, quite shameful, but they have to be made in a world where, if something is not brutally profitable, it immediately sounds like a smear-tastic didactic tale. And the shameful thing is not that Janaka's sensibility has been taken out of us, but that what Janaka did we refuse to believe.

The record is important because, while narrow, it offers a glimpse into the existence of what is called the golden age. The Upanishads were, of course, written at a time when the conception of property that followed from Janaka's conduct was not a general one, but merely an individual virtue, but it was still commonly understood. It may have been an isolated incident, but it reminded the writer of prehistoric times. The memory of the golden age was more vivid then, unlike today, when our concepts are almost entirely inspired by wishful thinking. The Golden Age was not a so-called culture. Culture - half of the word is imposture, half of the word is scientific obsession. Even in the age of the Upanishads, it was known that the golden age was a state of sacral anarchy, where existence was governed not by law and institution, but by bliss in perfection.

King Janaka built houses by the roads so that they could sleep in his house and eat from his belt. This conception of property is remarkably devoid of the idea of a struggle for existence. We are used to providing for ourselves through property. Some say that our whole modern existence rests on this self-assurance of power. The most effective weapon in this self-assurance is property. My money, my castle. What is so incredible about Janaka's behaviour for us is that not only



easily but gladly offers his houses to all who pass by, and is proud to have them sleep and eat from his. He owns the property, but the most important aspect of it all is that he gives it away, and he is happy to do so. There is no trace of self-insurance. Janaka lives not in a struggle for existence, but in something else entirely.

Bertrand RUSSELL rejects the idea of the struggle for existence as a social and historical driving force, or even as a biological law of nature, and claims that Darwin took this idea from the English utilitarian economics of the eighteenth century. Darwinism is nothing more than an economic theory applied to physiology (or, if you like, natural philosophy) based on the idea of profit. In fact, there are those, like BATAILLE, who hold exactly the opposite view. What characterises the economics of nature is not utilitarianism, and it is not getting the most for the least. This is just late bourgeoisie. Nature is not thrifty, on the contrary, it is mindlessly profligate. The greatest villain in society - *villain* - is not the robber and not the murderer, says Russell, but the one who puts the gargoyle at the head. Nature is not characterised by the parochial bourgeois piggy bank mentality, but by an unimaginably generous and generous lavishness. In this way, Janaka is more closely understood. He does not guard what he has, nor does he provide for himself with it, nor does he hide it from others to devour it alone. Scarcity is not natural in most cases. It is probably not the result of mismanagement, but predominantly of greed. The goods that nature provides are hidden away. Greed is not for the sake of feeding oneself, but for the fear of starvation.

Economy is the field in which necessarily the power of the mind is least and the power of things is greatest. The economy has also been defined as the characteristic place of the self-abandoning spirit. Undoubtedly, one of the greatest spiritual achievements is to spiritualize the economy.

The power of things is great, and no one but a few saints have ever lived who could resist this power. But there is nothing more fatal than to submit to things. There is only one more fatal, to make a religion (worldview) out of submission to things.

It is a given fact of human existence that the object is always in question. The explanation is: what is is always uncertain, the only certainty is that I am. Things are sacral, *sacer* is an ambivalent idea, it means sacred and good. It means help. GUÉNON says intervention. But the thing is fearfully questionable, and if not high, it is vile, if not holy, it is demonic, if not intervention, it is destroying, and if not help, it is danger. If man's relation to the object is right, it is good and helpful; if wrong, it is demonic. Property is the relation with the object. Property is a good relation with things, and if it is right, it is help; if property is a wrong relation, it is demonic. If the thing belongs personally to someone who is responsible for the thing and who holds the thing in his power by binding it to himself, that is, by freely and joyfully relinquishing and surrendering it, then the thing serves and is good and high and is help and pleasure. If the thing becomes independent of man, if no one is responsible for it, if no one rules over it, but is jealous of it, and guards it and hides it and keeps it for himself, thereby giving it power over itself that is not allowed, then the thing comes to have demonic dominion over man. To speak of public property is nonsense. That which is not personal property is ownerless, and that which is ownerless and not bound by a human person is demonic. The thing must be something that one person helps another with, like King Janaka who built houses for travellers to sleep in and eat from. Come and eat.

The difficulty of the economic question. The vast majority of people find it extremely difficult to provide for themselves. There are very many who cannot look after themselves at all. Work? - Not true. People like to play, not to work. The economy is something that is the opposite of play, a very modest activity in spirit, almost nothing in pleasure. It requires a special skill, which in the age of tradition was performed by a special caste, the butler, who found pleasure in economic activity and whose task it was to support mankind.

The Golden Age: a protectionist economy. I take under my protection all those weaker than me and place myself under the protection of all those stronger than me. The idea of fighting for existence is unknown. The thing necessarily belongs to someone, and to the one who gives it. This is the concept of property. The right idea of property is not based on a just distribution, but on the

rests on the generosity that comes from abundance. Man's mastery over things. The basic economic position.

History: struggle for existence. The demonic nature of things. Property, individual or public: violence or so-called just distribution. I subjugate and plunder all who are weaker than me and hide from those who are stronger than me. The domination of things over man. Saving, greed, fear, insurance, protection, exclusion from property, hoarding, hiding from others.

The three degrees of the domination of things:  
the first is simple brigandage and robbery, knocking down, taking away;  
the second, to conspire, and, protecting each other by maintaining certain appearances, to trick and win by various devices;  
the third, to plunder by force, organized, by the state apparatus, under the protection of the law.

In the three stages, the former is innocent and primitive and naive compared with the latter. The goal is very obvious and therefore uncivilized. In some respects it is fairer to bludgeon and rob someone at the crossroads than to constantly snipe with business tactics, but it is fairer to have the behaviour of the manufacturer and the corporation as opposed to the exploitation of the terrorist state. The former is more crude but more open, precisely because it is more powerless, more honest, and certainly more sympathetic.

The latter degree, on the other hand, is more thoughtful, more organised, more subtle. Thus, democratic capitalism as opposed to the roadside hustler, and the terror state as opposed to the democratic bank or industrial corporation. The nightmare state is already ideologically protected, with an elaborate pseudology of police and informers, under the pretence of parliamentary legitimacy, under the protection of laws and decrees passed by vote. The superior tyranny over the inferior is administrative and bureaucratic, theoretically justified and even scientifically underpinned.

The modern economy, some three thousand years old, is dominated by the rule of things. To obscure the demonic nature of farming and to conceal the corrupt notion of property, the aim is this: to acquire property

robbery at the bottom, business profit in the middle, exploitation by the authorities at the top - all this is to be stripped of its anarchic character and transformed by the activity of criminal networks protected, even legal, by the powers that be.

A hundred years ago, Kierkegaard expressed his opinion of a way of life in which one has to take out one's wallet every five minutes and wherever one goes, the most important place is the cash register. There is only one system of life more dishonest than affordability, and that is the system which justifies this affordability and makes justification not only legal but also scientific. Of course, in Kierkegaard's time there was still hope that the socialism that was emerging at that time would bring some order to the economic sphere. But socialism is a product of history and has no idea of its economic foundations. It wanted to achieve a so-called fair distribution of wealth, but it could not even begin to do that, because it only knew the concept of corrupt property. Today, a hundred years later, we know that socialism has brought about an economic crisis hitherto unknown in the life of mankind.

Socialism came forward with the claim and the demand to put an end to the exploitation hidden in democratic capitalism and to solve the economic questions once and for all in the name of justice. For this reason, people of good faith all over the world stood up for socialism. But the moment he came to power, it became clear that Anatole FRANCE was right about the *Party* angels. In today's world, once the opposition gets power, it can do nothing but make the ousted government worse. If the order of life is the same, within it, a change in factors means little. Socialism has not only failed to abolish tyranny based on the notion of corrupt property, but has introduced a higher and more refined, more organised and theoretically more well-founded system of administrative exploitation, the dishonesty of which does not even compare with the slavery of any era in history. Therefore, the crisis of today is centred on socialism. The disillusionment with socialism is an event of the twentieth century even more significant than the world wars. Today we know that nothing can come of it. The social idea is now a world fraud, an ideological defence of an exploitation-maximising ideology, just as clericalism was in the Middle Ages. Only more

more serious. Socialism rose up against the world deception of the clergy, and its sole aim was to liquidate the exploitation which it had made limitless and exclusive.

State socialism is not moving in the direction of a protectorate, although everyone expected it, and this was the demand for justice of mankind. The mistaken and corrupt concept of property prevented it from doing so. Socialism, under the pretext of fair distribution, appropriated wealth and did not say come and eat, but played it into the hands of criminal networks, just as it did in clericalism and capitalism. Why? Because he started from things and wanted to solve the situation from things. The protectorate is the master of things. Why? Because the mark of property for him is that he can give it up and give it away at any moment. Therefore it can live with things. The world, even in all its present plundered states, is rich enough for the protectorate to be realised at any moment, and so there is no objective obstacle to it. Greed can never make the world's wealth disappear without everyone having something of it. If man can free himself from the trauma of the fear of starvation (thrift), he has taken the first step towards eliminating the demonic power of things over himself.

Socialism is based on the unbearable idea that while one man is well fed, well clothed and living in a warm house, another is starving and has nothing but rags and is cold. From this, in turn, he concludes that wealth should be taken from those who can afford it and distributed. He added to this poverty and destitution by taking the goods from those who owned them. The basis of socialism is therefore immoral and demonic. It is immoral because the motive force of its actions is revenge and envy, and demonic because it has increased the power of things over man.

The stronger protects the weaker. The richer sustains the poorer. That is why there is property. This is the protectorate. Anything that deviates from this is a straight road to misery. It must also be held rock solid.

This is today, as it is, the notion of property based on demonic materialism and the exploitation that follows from it. Defending against the predator has its chances. Defending against clerical and capitalist criminal networks is difficult. Defence against ideologically constructed and state power exploitation is impossible. What has been proclaimed to be a cosmopolitan and scientifically based development and progress, and therefore

system of exploitation today, under socialism, is even more intolerable than it was before socialism, because it has become clear that man is completely powerless against the villain who has come to power. Nothing is sadder than triumphing over evil. Today, the opposite of the sacral anarchy of the golden age, the demonic anarchy, is very clearly visible in broad outline. For the privileged of the criminal cabal, there is no crime they cannot commit. And the more corrupt the existence, the more desperate the lie it needs to protect its humanity. The more the robber is repressed, the more impudent he becomes. For some time now, a common form of moral self-defence has been the brazen bragging of obscenities. For the crime must not only be committed, but justified, and not only justified by power, but made to appear superior by the use of sweetened and sweetened words to pass off his villainy. This man is no longer a common criminal, as DOSTOYEVSKY says, but a strange figure of demonic corruption; society becomes a strange compound of prison, brothel and asylum, where everything of progress and modernity is spat upon, above all themselves.

MALRAUX quotes from somewhere, he does not say where: 'the greatest mystery is not that man has been thrown by chance somewhere in the middle of matter and the cosmos, but that in this imprisonment we have awakened in ourselves thoughts powerful enough to make us doubt the nothingness of our lives'.

## PHYSIOGNOMY

The suffering faces tend to be the noble ones, the enjoying faces the ignoble ones. The suffering ones are not difficult to know, because they are elongated and asymmetrical and furrowed, the faces of old Tolstoy, the faces of Greco, are attractive because there is greatness in their ugliness and because life is not a pleasure. The faces of the pleasers are soft and weathered, they have only one armour, to hide what might prevent them from growing fat. It is more buttocks than face, because they are blind and chubby, like Sancho Panza's, and like Louis Philippe's in Daumier's drawing.

More recently, the shaved face has appeared. Luden ROMIER noticed it around 1920 and said it was the face of Caesar and the slave. Cruelty and humility. Never separate, always together, and always in such a way that the

one unmistakably in the other. We know that arrogance is never humiliation, and the instinct for power is never without the instinct for slavery. The problem, of course, is not that there is a single political dictator, although that is not particularly pleasant either, but that we live in a dictatorship of dictatorships: the bus conductor on the bus, the caretaker at home, the bureaucrat at work, the policeman on the street. Why is there a dictatorship? Because there is no self-discipline. Why is there Caesar? Because everyone is a slave, prideful in his arrogance, and arrogance is arrogant in his arrogance.

Eighty faces out of a hundred in the streets of the city are like that, and more and more in the countryside, among women and children. One does not put on such a face in order to prevail, but only he who has such a face can prevail.

It was predictable. It has been since the end of the last century, since Nietzsche, and anyone who has understood Merezhkovsky and Pannwitz and Guénon is not surprised. At most, the naivety that wonders at this. They think that good is not enough. The belief in dishonesty has begun. It is unimaginable how quickly this belief consolidated and spread, and what a relief, what a liberation it was. There were those who were ashamed, but they figured that after all it had always been so, they just hadn't admitted it out of hypocrisy. Today at least we are honest in confessing our dishonesty. The Greeks did, they said proudly. The rehabilitation of villainy. Science does it in a thousand pages of theories, the state in decrees, and the rest there and then, as it knows how, laughing. The rehabilitation of the animal. The rehabilitation of vile and obscene and violence and lying and looting. Not that one shouldn't and can't be honest and tell the truth. All this is not only ridiculous, it is outdated. In the beginning, nobody dared to talk about it, and everybody pretended that the other didn't know about it. Later it became open. At first it was sneaky, later it was cheeky. It's all modern, which means enlightened and liberated, and ultimately realistic. All the intelligence began to be concentrated in meanness. First in the faces of generals and general officers, bankers and ministers, but immediately afterwards in the faces of journalists and lawyers, accountants and clerks, teachers, doctors and engineers, but immediately afterwards in the faces of letter carriers and weavers and shop assistants and waiters. And the shocking thing is, what these pitiful dupes do not yet know, but what they are beginning to suspect, that this belief in absolutism has also failed. It has achieved nothing. They believed that good was not enough and that villainy was necessary. It turns out that villainy is not even that good enough.

Why is he cruel and why is he wicked? Do you want more out of life? The life-thirsty little boor, the lickspittle and gluttonous thief, who snatches his morsels away from others in a whisper, and grins with satisfaction at his moon face? But the robber today, what he has stolen, he does not enjoy, except that he has stolen it from someone else. Not so long ago it was important "not that he should have it, but that others should not". This was the age of envy of life, or rather of socialism. That time has passed. The robber and the robbed are one. He is the executioner and the condemned. There is nothing more timely than to speak in these circumstances of the man of the new historical era.

It was the age of the Grand Inquisitor. The Grand Inquisitor was the biggest lie in history so far. To manufacture ideas just so that man can be oppressed and exploited. That is a thing of the past. The Grand Inquisitor has now been replaced by the apparatus. The solution is excellent. No need to preach. There is no need for ideology. The apparatus is without responsibility, it is impersonal and intangible, it is without ideals, it is without glory. Its advantage is that it automatically eradicates self-consciousness and self-esteem. Thus, he becomes in the same moment a henchman and a convict, that is, a dictator and a deportee. The same man. There is no one without the other. Let us say, simply, the disease of love and the denial of human community.

Terrifying theories of crisis are in circulation, threatening different possibilities of destruction, as if competing to see which one can bring about a more horrific end for humanity. What is strange about these theories is not that they are inspired by hysteria, but that all of them, even those that contradict each other, are true.

You don't have to talk much to understand things. Three sentences are enough. Sometimes two. Maybe one.

## **J.D. OR INITIATION**

No one acquires at least the first degree of initiation by himself. The rest is hard enough. Later on, if the disciple pays homage to his master for the help he has given him in the first steps, the master does not accept this homage. The disciple owes nothing to the master; he says that what he has become is what his own powers have made him. Without the master, however, these forces would probably not have been awakened. Thus the thing, if



remains pending between them, the disciple does not forget that he owes a debt to the master.

At the beginning of the European age, Socrates called the master's activity midwifery. It is not as if Socrates knew what initiation was, and as if he initiated his disciples. The midwife is the person who knows what is happening. It really is as the master says, the disciple owes nothing. But it's really as the disciple says, without the midwife he would have gone nowhere.

Initiation is the name given to the single act or process of breaking through the boundaries of one's constricted life and restoring more or less the whole of existence to oneself. There is something inert in human life to shrink. Especially in late civilizations. Shrinkage is not an accurate enough term. At the same time, human life is also obscured, confused, impoverished, sinking, dumbfounded and upset. It loses its original light and beauty, its purity and wholeness. Thus, initiation expands and uplifts and introduces new powers, opens up the whole, creates unity and order. Initiation, we say, is a process of restoring normality. And although it restores normality, initiation is a rather dangerous step that not everyone can take, and the more civilized one is, the less so. There are fewer and fewer people who can endure normality, and more and more whose natural state is one of disorder, obscurity, convulsion, confusion, and who are utterly unsuited to, and even ruined by, light and order and elevation and expansion. Initiation in such situations is replaced by some false knowledge. Today this is the semi-rationalistic, semi-occult so-called world-view, or philosophy, or science. Modern man cannot endure more than this. World-view, philosophy, science must not be regarded as an objective form, it is not created by objective error, but by impure reason.

The encounter with the master cannot be compared to any other event in human life. The *chance* for this is getting smaller. An encounter with such a person offers the opportunity to understand that the world is much larger than the senses can comprehend. One gains a grasp of the fact that the world is only one of many and only a fragmentary manifestation of the invisible, that is, one gains a grasp of the primordial richness of existence. He becomes part of an existence in which words speak with their full acoustics. When one sees the connection between things and meanings. More open and clearer

perspective of an irrevocable life. The bonds of a shrunken life are broken, a more original form of freedom is realized, and man can introduce into his life the power of higher beings than life. It is an ontological ascent which is actually very simple, because, in contrast to the degraded and upset state of the past, this life is complete. Initiation is the process of restoring normality, and this cannot be accomplished otherwise than by having someone to help one across the threshold. The threshold, in turn, must be crossed by the person himself. The result is specific. Nothing changes. Man remains weak, and continues to err, to be stupid, corrupt, to commit sins. Yet. Yet everything has changed. The initiation has driven a wedge between the man who goes astray in his daily life and the man who sees the full light of existence, without being two men, because it is in this duality that he has become one. Consciousness is not enough to mark this state. It is not consciousness. He knows something he did not know before, but it is not knowledge that is important, it is alertness.

J.D. could best be compared to Menon's slave. In Menon, PLATÓN tells us that, according to old Socrates, everyone knows everything in the end, it all depends on whether he remembers it or not. To prove his point, he shows that Menon's slave knows the Pythagoras theorem. Without, of course, knowing who Pythagoras was, and the story of his discovery of the theorem. J.D. knew the whole tradition, the Greek, the Hindu, the Hebrew, the Chinese, the Iranian, the Egyptian, without knowing whether it was Hindu or Egyptian and without knowing what the tradition was. J.D. also knew, as GUÉNON says, that in our time we have access only to a pale and limp form of this tradition, which has become scholasticised. We lack the key to its true understanding. Why? Because we cannot live a life that would enable us to understand the original. This scholastic knowledge is what the Hindus call *tantra*, the late book knowledge, vestigial compared to the original. J.D. knew that there was an original prehistoric tradition, but he also knew that we could only approach tantra. He combined this tantra with recent European psychology, especially the deep psychology of C.G. JUNG. FREUD's analysis of the soul was unsatisfactory to him, not only because it was narrow and attempted to shed light only on the erotic life, but also because its liberating quality was rather low. The unity of tantra and deep psychology is the first and only attempt to unite the methods of the European and the prehistoric tradition. The unification is not on paper, and not in the working room of the

at the desk and not in the library. J.D.'s marriage broke up, he was financially ruined and threatened with spiritual collapse, all at almost the same time. As he said, his entire incarnation was in mortal danger as a result of a karmic collapse. A karmic split is a crisis when elements of different signs and degrees in the human soul become incompatible. In Eastern terminology, it can be said that several incarnations are simultaneously current. Today's primitive European psychodiagnostics recognise only a fraction of this crisis and call it schizophrenia. A karmic collapse is a series of schizophrenic complications piled on top of each other, threatening not a split but a complete disintegration and disintegration.

Remembering Egyptian and Greek and Hindu myths, and the Torah, J.D., in his distress, engaged in meditations. OETINGER says that man can solve extraordinary spiritual tasks, but one thing he cannot do is to maintain the externals of modern life, earn a living, live in society, and at the same time radically liquidate his inner difficulties. To do this he needs solitude. J.D. has taken on extreme poverty and deprivation, and for years has not dealt with anything but his inner process. His yoga was nothing more than sitting still and comfortable, breathing regularly and concentrating. He did not do it because he was waiting for a sensation. His nature compelled him. He had discovered certain things and wanted to understand them more deeply. He came to Jung. In about a decade, he had developed a system of archetypes on his own, by juxtaposing these archetypes with the concept of tantra, and translating the basic concepts of tantra into the language of modern psychology. He drew the final conclusions which Jung could not, or dared not, and which no European psychologist had been able to draw.

The inner process of eliminating the maddening disturbance (*abhimana*) of the human soul is certainly, if one is guided by a master, the greatest achievement of human life. If there is no master, it is almost impossible. Yet to embark on it is to risk total derangement. The awakened forces of deep consciousness will take him away. He is plunged into insanity, suicide, seclusion, crime, mania. JD has been at this point several times. Every step he took was in dire need. After a while, a period of sleep followed. One of his most decisive steps was to begin to take his dreams seriously, to record them and to understand them step by step. When he got there, he began a series of visions in meditation. The series revealed Genesis in archetypal images and these were particularly

were extraordinarily related to Boehme, some Upanishads and Kabbalah. He knew nothing of this, of course. Almost every vision was such a shock that again and again it was only with the greatest effort that he could keep his mind sane. Visions are usually energized archetypes that have a peculiar tendency to engulf one. The only method of defence is what is called counterpoint: to find the symmetrical opposition of the archetype, to put the two in tension, that is, to recognize the innermost meaning of one in the other. He had no greater shock than when he recognized the Saviour-Temptress identity in the Christ-Satan dichotomy.

In the midst of this inner process, in one of his dreams, he stepped into a high alley lined with eaves and moved. The path opened straight before him, and the further he went, the more endless the path seemed. He knew now that he was on the right road, the Open Straight, as they say in Tibet, but he also knew that the road, at least in its present incarnation, was unending. He did not relax. He awakened within himself the desire to reach the ultimate goal, that is, to scan the world of the soul to its very foundations. To this, however, he experienced a terrific impulse. A darkness opened up before him which brought his mind close to dissolution. He had to understand that in his pride he had made a demand beyond his power. It took a long time before he was able to strengthen the opposite of pride, humility, and with it the insight that is content with the knowledge he had attained.

J.D.'s vision of genesis, which he lived in stages for several years, was written down and preserved in notes. There were not many notes, about 30 to 40 pages, with points, bullet points, root words, to recall the larger picture. At one point he entertained the idea of working it all out and writing it down. Later he burned the manuscript because he said the force that made him take notes was a dark force. From then on he never mentioned it again. Maybe he was right. But even if he was not, the vision of Genesis revealed a world which would have been a particular danger in the hands of modern man, because it awakened powers against which modern man is utterly defenceless. Silence on the subject of the vision is therefore mandatory.

Immediately afterwards, he sought and found contact with small circles where the human soul expresses itself in its simplest, most childlike form. This Christianity (meekness, piety, patience) of San Juan was for him the highest standard he attained. Without losing any of the tension of the inner process, but above all of the knowledge acquired during the process

of the process. He said of himself that he was saturated with knowledge and skills that made him a particularly marked man. He bore this with dignity and humility. In vain he hid, he said, in poverty, in undemand and ignorance. There are powers which, though they do not know him personally, are aware of his presence, and are incessantly seeking and snooping for him. They know what degree of light dwells in him, and therefore they will not shrink from any means to destroy him. He was not afraid of himself. It was the knowledge which he had acquired, and which he had given life to in a particular man. That is why he fled Hungary in 1944.

One can make no greater mistake than to regard J.D.'s inner process as occult magical practice and what he said as mysticism. However, J.D.'s theory is not even scientific parapsychology. J.D. called it a transcendence of the soul, sometimes an exploration of the soul. The European man is very strong in the nature, the lower layer (*tamas*, as the Hindus say), very strong in the upper (the Hindu *sattva*), but extremely weak in the middle, the soul (the Hindu *rajas*). It may be an exaggeration to say that the whole world of the soul in the European man is under the threshold of consciousness. J.D. once compared the state of the European soul to the lice-ridden fairy queen-maiden in a glass coffin, and said that he had undertaken to break the coffin and free the queen-maiden. He had a dream, midway through the inner process, when the young knight asks the maiden to dance and the two of them dance. J.D. knew that the dance of intellect (the knight) and temperament (the maiden) was the manifestation of the soul as a whole in life.

Otherwise, what is called occult today is nothing but the counterpoint of rationalism, i.e. there is no occultism without rationalism, and rationalism without occultism. In the other half of the unnaturally, even pathologically, rationalized man, there must be a pathologically occult one. J.D. is far beyond remaining in such a primitive *chavez*. Reason does not shrink from, and does not shrink from, anything hidden and obscure and obscure. *To pneuma panta ereuna*, says Paul: reason searches out everything. J.D. is placed on reason. Religion transcends the opposites of good and evil, virtue and sin. He has realized the highest type of tantra-archetype, that of the Tibetan lama, nothing is taken seriously, only that which enhances and expands cognition, or narrows and reduces it. It liberates or it binds. It orders or it upsets. It raises or lowers. The distinction between moral good and evil leads to religion, and religion leads to psychic inflation,

and the balance of man is upset. Like Chuang-ce or Heraclitus, it rejects the tyrant, but it also rejects the saint. Vigilance is the only one. *Dnyana moksha*, as SHANKARA says: cognition is liberation.

Because J.D. is religiously and morally indifferent, he has no remorse, no guilt, no guilty conscience, no desire to atone for anything, no gratitude, no ingratitude, no penance for the past, and no desire to do anything but understand and reveal and illuminate and decipher. Which is to say that he takes on everything he has ever done, not only in this, but in all his embodied selves, with full vigilance. J.D. says that each soul orbits in existence with its own self-conscious cosmos, alone, closed on all sides. Which roughly corresponds to the idea of Hindu *dharma*. At the same time, however, as he says, if the soul, as is the case with the majority, remains in this closed world, and never once breaks through to another soul and finds no contact with it, it must wander in the prison of the night of its cosmos in the afterlife, fatally alone, without help and contact, without communion, in solitude. This closed cosmos is a world of manias and fads, of nightmares and obsessions, even if these obsessions are brilliant. One becomes real only when one communes with another soul.

J.D.'s earlier incarnations, as he said, had been very heavy burdens, but now, before his total sinking, he had another opportunity to gain clarity. For this light he struggled with unimaginable tenacity, and threw away comfort and advantage and security and convenience. Life is the arena of struggle with unseen forces. The enjoyers of life he deeply despised. They drift inexorably towards the abyss, and if they do not recover, they scatter into nothingness.

J.D. wants a total transcendence of all his incarnations. To know what has been, what is happening and what will happen to this cosmos that is himself. No salvation. Not eternal happiness. It can even be called liberation only in the sense of John, that he who knows the truth is liberated.

It is hard to imagine a greater difference than that between the average, say, European university thinking of today and J.D.'s theory. There is virtually nothing in Europe that is not a predictable continuation of the former thinkers and events and schools. What J.D. says is a completely new beginning. What he is talking about is not based on what he has learned and heard and what has gone before. It is his own and personal experience, but not just in general, according to some illusion, but out of ultimate compulsion,

it is always what has helped him at the moment and what he has understood in his distress. He had no time for academic and theoretical research, and he did not care for it. A series of personal and one-off crises, difficulties which the philosophy of educated men can only stare at, but not understand a word of.

The way he interpreted the Chinese treatise on the Tantra, *The Golden Flower*, is characteristic. At the time, he was struggling desperately with the energies arising from deep consciousness, and searching in vain for a solid point. The Golden Flower is known in two translations. The first is by Richard WILHELM, who turned it into an analytical psychology with a foreword by JUNG, and completely misunderstood it. The other is that of André PRÉAU, who knew that he was dealing with a Mahayana-Buddhist scripture and approached it on the basis of the *Pradnyapāramita*, the *Vajraycheddika* and the *Gandhavjuha*. These works are books of the Buddhist arrow-path tradition. The teaching is that the ultimate and perfect state of existence is *sunjata*, or emptiness. This is the actual being. The only base is nothingness. The solid point is the non-existent. J.D. understood because he was looking for the only solid point. He understood because at that moment he had no choice, if he wanted to survive he had to understand. The Golden Flower means that as long as one goes out searching, one will always find, and must find, something. And as long as there is something, man's situation is hopeless. He begins to awaken only when he rejects the material world. As the Book of Moses says: "Things are enough. All

"is" is uncertain. The only certainty is that I am. But that too must be discarded. For if one lives oneself as isolated from others and from the whole of existence, one is forced to conceive of oneself as a thing by analogy with external things. Seen from the absolute, I am non-existent. Seen from myself, I am the only reality, I am everything, and I am the existent, and the world is nowhere. The subject is nothingness, that is, emptiness, *sunjata*.

I once mentioned, in connection with a dream, DÜRER's painting *Ritter gegen Tod und Teufel*. J.D. considered it a great zen example. The knight marches out against the devil and death. It is obvious that he will defeat both. What happens when he defeats his opponents? Will he be alone? Alone, and that is why this is only half the journey, and the easier half. Because the knight himself must disappear. Victory is complete only when there is no one and nothing in the picture. When nothingness, emptiness, is achieved.

But the thing is not finished even with this step, and so the Dürer picture becomes a complete Zen example. If one has recognized and realized absolute nothingness in oneself, and stops in this state, one stops. So called

will be welcomed. He will stay in heaven. Man is caught up in his own salvation and lost, because he wants to keep for himself the spiritual perfection he has worked out. This too must be given up. Nothingness must also be destroyed. This is *mahasunjata*, or *sunjata-sunjata*. According to the Tantra, this is the conduct of a bodhisattva. This is when one renounces even the highest spiritual rank and does not even retain it. Why? One should not remain in the state of salvation, perfect liberation, and should not enjoy liberation. He must return to the world and place himself with all his knowledge at the disposal and service of those who are not yet liberated. Ultimate liberation cannot be achieved by man individually and separately. Only in Europe are they under the delusion that man alone, separate from the others, can attain ultimate salvation and simply exit existence alone. As long as there is one unsaved man in the world, the salvation of no one can be achieved. The salvation of all mankind will be accomplished at once. Therefore, the bodhisattva rejects the not only wrong but also immoral aspiration to liberate oneself and individually from the world and leave everyone else in a *chavva*.

All this, of course, has nothing to do with religion. J. D. says that the soul, in its circulation in being, in order to accomplish the task given to it by its being, always takes to itself different bodies, different spirits. This task is man's personal one and only assignment.

BOSSUET says that God made man spiritual in his body - and behold, he became carnal in his spirit. What Bossuet's rhetoric is a witty rhetoric, J.D. has in fact deduced all the consequences. Our real being lives in three worlds, which we call body, soul and spirit. As BÖHME states, no man in any stage of existence is ever without body-soul-spirit.

J.D. is opposed to the obnoxious European debunking psychology, which is why he rejects Freud, who is full of gloating and resentment, and accepts Jung. He does not wish to catch anyone out, nor to investigate self-deception and expose fraud. J.D.'s method is to reveal a more sublime force that illuminates the archetypes. The archetype is not an image, not a sound, not a substance, not even a centre of force. There is probably no other term for it than *logos*. That is, meaning. Reason present with unimaginable force and tenacity, in other words, a perceptible invisible. The archetype, in J.D.'s experience, is the same constant in the world of the soul, as seen both from tantra and from deep psychology,



that in the world of the spirit is the idea. The constancy of an idea is like that of a crystal or a standing star. The nature of the archetype is infinite metamorphosis. No archetype ever exists in two people in the same form. Courage can take the form of timidity, it can be cowardice, it can be caution, it can be recklessness, and vice versa. Innocence can be recklessness. Excellence can be rudeness. Prodigality may be greed, but it may be thrift, as envy may be generosity, and gratitude may be revenge. Moreover, there is no logical consistency in the archetype's behaviour. If one minute courage appears as prudence, the next it may appear as cunning, and the next as determination.

Everything that J.D. thought and said has a special ontological weight because it is not an imitation, not a school, not a debate and dialectic and proof. It flows from a profound law of life, it is real because it is present in every moment of the whole.

A master, he says, is not needed to teach a man something he does not know. One of the most important archetypes of man is the logical intellect, and this is almost always accompanied by pride, arrogance and vanity. The master is the man before whom one must bow. He is necessary to awaken humility in man. He who cannot do this, who cannot be a disciple, remains lazy and exoteric in the most important things.

The total transfiguration of the soul is not a myth. The examples of the tradition, Patanjali, Kapila, Buddha, Shankara, Zen, Sufi, Khasids, Eckehart, Cusanus, Boehme are precisely those who dispel the myth. The absolutely clear and transparent. This is the ultimate unity of purity, which cannot be accommodated in religion, psychology, logic or existentialism, it is that which cannot be accommodated in life, which transcends the boundaries of earthly existence and applies to the whole, which transcends the contours of concrete destiny, which passes from one life into another.

Love is more than life.

Tiszapalkonya, 25 July 1961.

## POSTING

The Academy of Sciences has received from the Government the following top secret transcript, signed by the Head of State, which can only be opened by the President

by the President:

We order you to order a system of lies which, under the present difficult circumstances, will enable the State to be governed on a more secure basis than hitherto, and thus with greater success. The amount of the remuneration and the method of payment shall be fixed by you, and no conditions shall be imposed by the Government.

The lying technique of the modern state is extremely primitive and is no longer at all suited to modern times. It is now beyond doubt that the Goebbels method, in which governments placed so much trust, has not proved effective. The principle of the method is that if any proposition is stated often and frequently, with emphasis, in a loud voice, threateningly and benignly, in favourable colours and with the prospect of certain advantages, this proposition will, after a time, become a solid base for the State, or so-called truth. As you know, for generations we have been proclaiming our doctrines throughout social, scientific and artistic practice, we have vigorously and exclusively guarded against dissent, and we have been strict in dealing with dissenters, but our doctrines have not been a solid basis, that is, our lies have not become truth. In Pavlov's formulation, these propositions did not become absolute reflexes. Goebbels' dream was shattered: say it often and it will be believed. Unfortunately, our theorems did not become unconditional, or even conditional reflexes, in the minds of the bourgeoisie they were in a separate category as government lies, and it seems that lies can never be made into truth, even with the help of strict regulations and the full force of power. At the moment, it seems that if the people of the country vote unanimously in favour of an item, it is far from being an acceptance of the item. In other words, the truth of a proposition does not depend at all on the number of votes cast in favour of it. Truth is not a statistical question. The whole of humanity can lie about something, but that does not make it true. The question, as you see, is: can truth be lied about?

This statement has very serious consequences. The first of these is that the democratic principle, the principle of self-government of the people, has failed utterly. Democracy, it turns out, has nothing to do with popular self-government, but is a government lie by a powerful minority group. The people, completely regardless of whether a proposition is true or not, and even regardless of their personal opinions, will cast their votes in the direction of pressure from power, that is, in the direction of power

the answer to the lie of power is the lie of the people. This particular area of deceiving each other is called politics, which is also known to be the most abject place of human existence. Our situation: if the form of government is not democratic but autocratic, it is no better, because the people, regardless of their personal opinions and convictions, still yield to the pressure of power. We have come to realise that in this way the state cannot create a lasting solid base for its government.

All the indications are that even the simplest citizen has an innate knowledge of certain principles which cannot be influenced, that these principles do not change under any kind of conditioning, that they have hitherto proved stronger than any pressure from the government, and that the power has repeatedly and frequently, with emphasis and force, and in vain, these principles have not disappeared, have not even wavered, because in Pavlov's language they are unconditional reflexes and cannot be abolished, and these are what is called truth.

The government would consider it of the utmost importance and urgency to examine the question: is what is commonly called truth actually a real reality, or is it an extremely stubborn fiction, - that is, to discover whether such a truth, which appears to be absolute in society, is a reality, or whether any other proposition can be made into a truth?

It has always been a particular difficulty for government to adhere to certain moral sound bites and to reinterpret its actions with moralisms. It is very difficult to present the acts of government as if they were truths. It seems that government is forced to tolerate the absolute power of truth.

Although it is very costly for the government to maintain misleading institutions and to employ persons whose sole activity is to make the actions of the government appear to the public as acts of truth, this is not the purely administrative question at issue at the moment. The interest is a matter of principle.

It is undoubtedly the case that if the government deceives the bourgeoisie with its promises, and thus seeks to secure its continued power, the bourgeoisie deceives the government, because it does not believe them and only takes a sham stand in favour of them out of some interest. The government pretends to govern for the people, the people pretend to believe it.

It is already very dangerous if the government sometimes, as Plato allowed, lies. But it is becoming more and more certain that there is no greater danger than when the government knows and does nothing but lie, that is, when the whole government rests on lying.

The fact that the government is able to maintain its power is due to a single circumstance. The bourgeoisie knows very well what the truth is, but it also knows that if it stands on the basis of that truth, it will be an enemy of power, and that truth will not defend it against power, that truth will not give it bread, will not save it from persecution, will not lead it out of prison, nor acquit it in the courts. Man is abandoned by justice. That is the only reason why the citizenry pretends to bow down to the government. He knows what the truth is, but he also knows that in the pursuit of his immediate goals in life, the truth will not support him, and man is primarily in a "just have to live" position. He sacrifices truth to get a good job. Government is not based on sound principles, but on human cowardice and meanness. It is therefore entirely irrelevant whether the tenets of government are monarchical, democratic or dictatorial. The strength of power is secured by the weakness of man in truth, and power is stronger the greater the weakness of man in truth.

A man who willingly surrenders is very rare. Reprobate men are few, it is not good to deny the truth, and these men are known to be socially negative beings. But just as rare is the man who does not sacrifice the truth, and regardless of whether his life is favourable or unfavourable to him, he persists in the truth and does not bargain, preferring poverty, neglect, persecution, humiliation. This man is aware that justice will not get him out of his mess, but he does not wish it. The content of his life is not that the truth, for which he perseveres, will reward him with the various pleasures of life, but, regardless of the consequences, simply loyalty to the truth. It is a dreadful thing to live abandoned by truth, and to see with suffocating anxiety how lying triumphs, and how the corrupt man enjoys the positives of life, and the intervention of truth is delayed, delayed and delayed, and nothing is done, and the drowsiness increases, and man begins to believe that truth is a mere obsession, and he lives in an idiot and phantasmagoria and a mad spasm, while he closes his eyes and sighs: truth. My loyalty is yours, I don't want it,

to reward me, I don't need you to lift me up and save me and make me victorious, even if you abandon me, I won't abandon you, and my loyalty is yours.

The government does not fear that the number of these loyal to the truth will increase in the near future. On the contrary. There are and will be more and more who, in their desertion of the truth, simply to get a job and make a living, are forced to join the feigned allegiance, and the government knows that this feigned allegiance, however feigned, is already a lie, and the government has won. Man has become corrupt, and disloyalty to the truth is becoming increasingly difficult to excuse, most of the time even if one's family is invoked, it is completely inexcusable. For one to live an intact life in the lie of colorful submission to government is nonsensical. To openly receive loyalty rewards from the government, to be secretly loyal to the truth, there is no such thing.

What the government fears is that because its current lies have become stale and out of date, its not so long ago proclaimed ideals have become mere slogans, the act of submission is no longer of any particular excitement to anyone, it is not only ridiculous but boring. The man who submits is no longer defiled by the act, nor morally humiliated, nor sufficiently degraded in his human rank. Hence the need for a new system of lying, which employs the more poisonous methods of deception, and which makes man even more dishonest than before, and thus makes government easier and more secure, since the more corrupt the citizenry, the more solid the position of power. Besides, it is not enough for government to be obeyed by the people, it is also necessary for government to be praised.

A particular difficulty is that the people of the resistance are becoming more organised and more effective in defending themselves against the government's system of lies. It is feared that the apathy is already very great.

It is for this reason that the government calls upon the Academy of Sciences to devise a system of lies to replace the present system, which is in its death throes, with a new one, so that the new one will not, in its new result, be anything but the true meaning of the old one, which has been culpably distorted by previous governments. There are no conditions. It may be monstrous, thirty volumes, it may contain contradictions, it may be incomprehensible, incoherent, daft, lunatic, the more the better. Let's make submission harder and harder, because today

the cynical utterance of a few words gives everyone the right to prove his loyalty to the government. This situation must end.

The government does not set a deadline, but expresses the wish that, given the urgency of the situation, the work should be completed as soon as possible and on a strictly scientific basis.

## THE WALDSTEIN SONATA

The Waldstein Sonata is a triumph of the triad. The formula of what harmonics calls a triad is based on a logic that is closest to the musical fundamentals. The Waldstein barely goes beyond this basic triad, and when it does, it does so only to return to it with even greater emphasis. This is why the work is so incomparably stable and clear in every moment. Beethoven's music is full of lightness and charm, humour and bucolic sweetness, but there is no serenity. It is the only work that is silvery smooth and cloudless. The French called it dawn (*l'aurore*). It is also called Ganymede - Ganymede is the most beautiful youth on earth, whom Zeus took to Olympus to pour nectar into the cups of the gods at feasts.

The Greek allusion is natural anyway. All white rock, blue sea and even bluer sky. The Waldstein is curvier than Goethe's Iphigenia, a pleasant and tasteful forgery. This is not Goethean Greekness, but rather Hölderlin, almost Nietzschean. Beethoven certainly had neither Oedipus nor Antigone in mind, yet tragedy has never shone so brightly since Sophocles, and destiny has never been more sublime. If Iphigenia is Ionic, Waldstein must be Doric, white marble like the seven Corinthian columns. No mystery, no darkness, no confusion, no confession. No psychology. No excuse in the cowardly belief that man is innocent. On the contrary. To know what is, without rebellion and without despair, in the absolute fact of participation in a radiant existence.

The concluding theme of the sonata's first movement is in E major, returning in F major and F minor at the end of the movement. Four bars in all. An inversion of a basic E major triad, followed by a once run-like peregrination of twenty-eight sixteenth E major scale notes in three minor arpeggiations. One listens in vain to the reliable Beethoven performers Edwin Fischer, Giesecking, Backhaus. They conscientiously play what the note

the note indicates. None of them understands that the passage is a sigh, an Antigonean sigh - oh tymnos, oh nympheion. It is found in several places in the Beethoven sonatas, always in the final section. In the first movement of the D minor Sonata, at the very end of the first movement of the Hammerklavier. And at the end of the first movement of the last sonata, in an unmistakable and perfectly elaborated form.

To be is to suffer. Whoever escapes from this knowledge is lost in an endless flight from reality. There is nothing easier than to pass it on to others, to inheritance, society, circumstances. Not true. One does not escape, only purity is lost. *J'ai fondé sur l'abîme*, as S.J. PERSE says. He who does not, commits an act of salvation. He lies of heaven, or at least of utopia. Weekend destiny. Where happiness is the greatest punishment. To be simple and clear, white marble, blue sky and bluer sea, cloudless solitude in this poignant glow above the whirlpool that is being, with fiery breath that is life, and burning in suffering for ten thousand oons until it can return to *the One*.

Neither near nor far no performer knows what is happening here. The voices sparkle enchantingly, one uses more pedals, one less, one shades more richly, none sighs. Not from relief, not from pain. This is not emotion. It is utterly lighthearted, not sad, and there is nothing of being over it. One sits on the shore of one's life, like a beach. He sits there and sighs deeply, and the sound of the air being sucked in through his nose and released blends with the monotony of the waves, only to make the silence even greater. *Elle se durmio en la orilla* - the damsel has fallen asleep on the beach. It does not hurt and it does not dissolve. She does not ask and she does not wait. The sea is there so that she can sit on the shore and sigh without resistance, without asking, without gratitude, without prayer, like this, face to face with what is. To be filled with something that has no death in it.

Today, the thorns on the bush around my cave are different than they were yesterday. What is this new incarnation? I'm too used to it, when I speak, only the walls of my cave chime. Now the ocean answers.

## SUMMIT

The young Demosthenes, as they say, must have had an argumentative dance, his shoulders shrugged, his hands clapped, he stammered and coughed convulsively. But

instead of going to work as a clerk for a shipping company, he was going to be an orator. He who is lame on both legs wants to win the Olympics in running. No talent? Never mind, he'll do it. So you see, where you're wrong, your strength is right there. Demosthenes stopped twitching and stuttering after a while. He did not move and speak as one whose shoulders and tongue had never been troubled, but as a cripple who made his sentences and movements out of stammering and sickness. He was born not an orator, but a crooked worm, and now, when he spoke, there was a sudden silence in the hall.

It's likely that talent is a distraction. In most cases it is a brutal compulsion. Half the sin of the ancestors, half the fiery stamp of the stars. Only in very rare cases is it liberation, overwhelmingly servitude, and that is why there is almost always something comic about talent. It is ridiculous to see a man proud and victorious, proud of something that is not his own, and victorious over something that has nothing to do with him. Demosthenes didn't need talent. Ambition was enough. If he wanted talent, he'd make what he wanted, and if he didn't like it, he'd make another. These innate things here are very fleshy, not the least bit magical, and in the end they all just fell into his lap. You don't have to. Suppose, if he had a gift for oratory, he would crush it in a mortar and throw its dust into the sea in the bay. What he does is better. Demosthenes despised all the politicians and poets and discus throwers who strut about the marketplace as if they had made their own talent. Demosthenes became someone who not only was not, but was full of obstacles to becoming who he wanted to be. They're all parasites. They prey on their talents. Man begins by creating something that is not. Being someone from nothing. To seek not the least resistance, but the greatest resistance. Only what is impossible is worth doing.

He's angry at the parasite who makes a living exploiting his talents, the one who does great arithmetic, outsmarting others, who invents pleasing rhythms, who does a splendid imitation of piggybacking, and steals money from other people's pockets without being noticed. All talent, poet and pickpocket and politician, Demosthenes is seething with anger when he sees such things and cannot control himself. In Athens, Demosthenes was called the poisonous snake (*argos*). He is insufferable, who exalts himself in the majesty and privilege of his talents, impossible not to be bitten like a viper. Talent is the swoon of the spirit. I am only awake when I am nothing but



SOPHOKLÉSZ wrote: I am only somebody when I am not nobody. Later, Paul: my strength is made perfect in weakness. *Hotan astheno tote dynatos*, if I am weak, then I am strong. PLOTINOS says he wants to create beauty because of his sense of inadequacy. Only what is not and never was. What is real in me is lack and hunger and imperfection. GOETHE: *das Unzulaengliche ist produktiv*. This is the terrible productiveness of lack. NIETZSCHE is also wrong here when he distinguishes between the work made out of fullness of life (*aus Fülle*) and the work made out of scarcity (*aus Not*) and says that only the work made out of fullness is true. On the contrary. Only that which is born out of misery is true. It is hunger that is important. We are full of hunger, and when a man is born, he is full of hunger, hunger for mother and father, hunger for love, hunger for material things, hunger for light, hunger for power, hunger for fame, hunger for wealth, hunger for pleasure, hunger for God. Everything else is a lie. As long as one does not resign oneself to nothing, writes Simone WEIL, idols are necessary. The first person singular is the idol of talent intoxication. The self. The talent is a burden. That which is not manifested takes precedence over that which is manifested. *Tao. Wu-hsien. Purusa*. The non-existent is stronger than the existent. The invisible, says HEBREW, is stronger than the visible. The real power is emptiness, *sunjata*, as the Mahayana teaches, *ayin*, as the Kabbalists write. Spirit is where there is nothing. All that is, has arisen ex nihilo. The world was created out of this nothing, out of this brilliant non-existence, which is pure and strong and hard and empty. The Gospel teaches that happy is he who is poor in spirit, because he has cast off his faintness and lives only his thirst, this consuming desire. BÖHME calls the holy spirit *heilige Gier*, sacral craving. No man who has endured his talent has not perished in blindness, and if any man has attained any degree of greatness, he must not be humiliated by being thought gifted. There is nothing sadder than to see one who is at the mercy of his talents, and nothing more humiliating than to see one who does nothing but exercise his talents. It is no longer dishonest; it is distasteful. That which is not is more powerful than that which is. All health is a kind of hunger, all sickness is a kind of starvation. To be a demosthenes is to take upon myself hunger and want, all negativity, "the whole burden of restlessness". I owe it all to my sins, says BENGEL, but most of all to the moment when the insane longing in me for purity awakens. I must not cultivate talent, but seek protection against it. I must live from it and

and live what is not. No one can defend it by saying it is impossible. This is the place where anything is possible.

Of course, Demosthenes is Greek, that is, a modern man, and he believes in the work, say, in the immortality of man as a work. He no longer knows that life is an absolute positive, but that everything that happens in the course of life is entirely negative. This is the place where there is no stopping, there is nothing final, and not only is it ineffective, but it can never take any step that could be effective, in fact, where the only result is ineffectiveness, the only success is failure, and the only triumph is crushing. The only meaning of the work is that while man is working on it, it reflects back on man, and purifies and awakens and illuminates. It is always doubtful whether and how it affects others. The works, if they have been picked up, could be burned if they were worth burning, but it is best not to bother with that, let everyone do what they like with them or let them gather dust in oblivion. What I create is nothing. All I am is what I am. That which remains and abides. Only being is positive, what seems to be outside being is negative. And against this there is no medicine, and no one and nothing to count on, and no place to hide from it.

Demosthenes is a modern man, for if he has cast away talent, he has retained ambition. That the exercise of talent humiliates man he saw well, but he could not humiliate ambition. That he could make a man who twitched and stammered into an orator he could do, but not that he could quench his thirst for glory and really be nothing. If he wanted to overcome the greatest resistance, he wanted to win. He was not able to accept defeat. Ambition is a species of despair. To be ambitious is to be unable to bear the fact that one is powerless and miserable and cannot be helped by talent, knowledge, education, intelligence or glory. All this is negativity, which only serves to cover up the only positive thing, which Sophocles says is that I am only somebody when I am nobody. Paul: if I am weak, then I am strong, and what the Gospel says is that happy are those who are beggars in spirit. Talent is faintness of spirit. But ambition is more faint than talent. And yet, if any man, he had the power to say, I was born a crippled worm, and now with my talent I hold all Athens in my power, and I scatter this talent of mine, when the boreas is strongest, it carries its dust in the sea.

That seems to be the thing we most dread, to be broken and fail and defeated and really to be nothing more than nothing. We are most terrified of our lives being failure and bankruptcy. Ambition is the despair that fights day and night and day and night against the possibility of not being destroyed and surviving in some semblance of an exercise of talent and triumphing in the work. To be a European is to be ignorant of what the Sufi, or the Zen monk, the Hebrew prophet, or the Orphic pilgrim, or even the simple Hindu vanaprashtha and sannyasin, knew. Yes, to break and to fail and to admit powerlessness and to accept defeat. No talent is needed. But ambition even less. The only achievement is ineffectiveness, the only success is failure, the only triumph is crushing. And this to know and to take and to live, not in despair, and not gnashing our teeth, and not broken, but reassured and relieved in the light of revealed truth. There is no finality here, there is no stopping, there is nothing left here. Everything that happens and can happen in the course of life, achievement, talent, success, work, quality, is wholly of nothing. Only life itself is positive, the life that is actually life, that is, being, which is real and genuine, and to which the path leads through failure and fall. It is not a renunciation of life. It is to renounce everything that is not life. If only because what characterizes our life is the astonishing ineffectiveness of everything we do and the failure that is in the germ of every movement. The only attitude Moses says is: enough of things.

Ambition is despair, which one knows in advance because one must overcome - the desperate effort to still win and be fruitful and create and be something and someone, escaping the knowledge that whatever one does is nothing, except for one thing, giving up and retreating and downsizing, and practicing humility. Only the man who goes through failure and embraces bankruptcy without lying can ground himself in reality. If he does not flee from disintegration, but acknowledges utter inefficiency, after being utterly humiliated in success and humiliated in ambition, after enduring despondency and disillusionment and resentment, plundered, deceived, neglected, indifferently realizes: this is the threshold to be crossed. Orphic Greek tragedy calls this threshold catharsis, purification.

Demosthenes is a modern man, which means that there is nothing he fears more than admitting his failure. Partly, he believes that to fail is to be debauched, and partly he still prefers debauchery to brokenness, because debauchery, whatever it may be, is a social and moral category, and there is a way out of debauchery, whether one is a drunkard, a lecher, a lecher, a prodigal, a sordid, or even a distinguished, fragrant, well-mannered, cultured, fashionable, superior man. It is better to be disgraced and become a prison fodder or an intellectual rabble than to be actually shamed. There is nothing more comic than the failed playing the part of the victor. Human greatness is not in talent and intelligence and achievement, but in the extent to which one can transcend them all. Pascal. That is, PASCAL, the only man around who understood what greatness is in being *hotan asthenó tote dynatos* - if I am weak, then I am strong. One who knew that greatness is not a rank according to historical and social achievements, but a tragic existence purified in catharsis, one who has been trampled and spat upon, and who, crossing the threshold, has found his true home. Demosthenes must still have known this, for he could still see the orphic Dionysus being torn to pieces in the symbols of the tragedies. But of course where was Dionysus on the agora, and where was Orpheus! Even Socrates, when all was lost, wanted to win, at least to win in truth. He could not say he was beaten. He did not know what it meant to be abandoned by the truth.

The Demosthenes lifestyle is the highest attainable for modern man. He can only go beyond that with Christianity, but we know KIERKEGAARD is right, there is no Christianity. All that is not of the naked and bare being is nothingness. All that is talent, production, is invalid. What remains is the human being. Only the human can be purified and enlightened and awakened and that is the only result and ultimate meaning of being born to life. In the time of Demosthenes, this knowledge was only a tragedy, it had become a mystery, what was originally the natural rule of life for normal man.

The difficulty is that nothing can be said, so to speak, about man's true home, to which the path leads through the shattering of the earthly abode and which is opened by destruction, because it lies outside what can be named by language and can only be recognised in the symbols of art, religion and metaphysics. The Hindu tradition calls this cognition *pradnya*. That which is *pradnya* is indissolubly integrated and at the same time

differentiated into infinity, which has its own logic. The first and most important characteristic of this logic is that it is a paradox. It is through this operation of the intellect that I recognize that the recovery of the smash, what it closes on one side it opens on the other, what is abandonment, what is the result, what is tragic, what is the idyll, what is the threat of dark destruction, is the true home.

This knowledge is lost to modern man. Hölderlin and Baudelaire, Schumann and Van Gogh, still reach the crushing point, trapped in it, like Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gogol. But he cannot take possession of the fall, and does not know that it is not to be feared, nor to be fled from, nor to be shunned and hidden, but to be regarded as the depth of existence, and to sink into it as into the sea. Modern man has built a whole civilization to hide this step from himself. Strange, but happy have the despondent, the melancholic, the guilty and the rebellious, because they at least feel the threat and experience what Gabriel Marcel calls the bite of reality. Modern man has created a new category, the irrelevant, life, whether it is or not, the lukewarm, which the Gospel says is only good for spitting out.

## **INTERVIEW**

It is not appropriate to talk about oneself without being asked. This time, since I wish to speak about myself, and there is no one to ask questions, but I wish to do the decent thing, I must ask the question myself. It is an emergency, and as usual, if one wants to make it easier, it becomes even harder.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, the use of the first person singular makes me feel self-conscious. I admire someone who can pronounce "I" with the necessary emphasis of self-esteem, although this admiration is not without reserve. I cannot repress my suspicion of some self-deception. In speech it is all very well, but in public, and even when one writes that I am, it is always doubtful whether he who writes is the one who writes. For my part, I cannot utter the singular first person without irony, much less write it. It's like saying I'm a gentleman. When I learned of the Khasids story, it was particularly satisfying. Someone knocks and the rabbi asks: who is it? It's me, the answer is. The rabbi looks up in disbelief and says: Who is he who dares to call himself I, except God? May be,

that the self is from the time when we were gods. Today, I think the word is only figurative.

The questions I wish to ask myself are more realistic than if they were asked by a journalist. The interview is a form of truth, but in the form in which it is used, it is a sacrificial form and, as is the nature of the press, it is clumsy and indiscreet. The journalist asks non-existent questions. The answer sometimes comes before the question, the question before the answer. The journalist looks where the paint is thickest. Yet it is only serious when one touches a sensitive spot where one has least insured oneself.

The loner's position in such cases is favourable. A loner is a man who has a heightened need for companionship. Loneliness is so much that one plays out alone what one should actually play out with others. Exclusion from protection and publicity, from a publicity that does not attract and even repels me, not with the magnitude of its demands, but with demands that I abhor. Solitude is as much as not making concessions. It wants to maintain itself with fewer self-deceptions and to eliminate those that remain. Let us say that he likes to think. It's unimaginable the lengths one will go to just to avoid thinking. People who made me feel comfortable made clarity desirable. And if it seems that a clutter-free life is only possible with self-deception, clarity is only possible without self-deception. Otherwise there must be a life, I remember, that is both real and uncluttered.

**Let's start with constant irritability.**

**Since he justifies his exuberance against everyone and everything who and what has had and is having success**

- I owe much to this *resentment*. I would even venture to say that without this anger, I would have gone nowhere. Not even in understanding my own being. For a long time, my life was built on revenge. I don't know if I've managed to eradicate it completely.

There is nothing extraordinary in envy of the famous, the wealthy, the powerful. I think it's the most common and profound instinct of common life. Nor is it that envy, according to compensatory psychology, always takes the form of some positive ideal. It has settled down in me and has become a systematic theory and a consistent attitude.

Resentment can only be sustained if the belief that one is right has become a conviction, and if, moreover, the hidden axiom has been consolidated deep down: 'I am a just man'. The lie is not in what I say, but in lying to myself about my right to say it. I was a pseudo-scientist. Pseudoegalitarianism cannot live for a minute without self-defensive lies. If this lie, which must be constantly defended by new lies, is built up, it becomes pseudology. In deception, the emphasis is not on deceiving others, but on deceiving myself. Nietzsche is right, what I lie to others cannot count compared to what I lie to myself. To protect my pseudo-existence, I have constructed a system of lies in which, in order to conceal my resentment and jealousy, I have taken an offensive attitude not only against the famous and the wealthy and the powerful, but against all news and wealth and power, claiming something higher. I call it a system of lies because what I said was true, but I was not allowed to say such things. It is called paying with a promissory note without collateral. I have never asked the question of what envy refers to, whether it refers to the fact that someone has achieved success through dishonest means or just that they have achieved success. To demand something I cannot do myself is dishonest, and dishonesty can be poisonous to life if one makes it appear as if the demand has been made by oneself. That was my case. I could not overcome the lust for news-power-riches, and I was consumed with desperate anger because I had achieved nothing. I attacked not because I recognised success as futile, but out of revenge, because I got nothing out of it. I was well on the way to losing myself and my whole life. I ended up living like everyone I knew except for one person I could count on the fingers of my hand.

**If there is nothing extraordinary about all this, what is extraordinary?**

– That I could recognize this complication of self-deception and apply it to myself. Truth in itself is irrelevant, and if one's personal truth does not cover it, it remains so. One need not necessarily be wrong, one can be insignificant. It is that which is ordinary, that which is demonic mediocrity, faceless and impersonal and featureless. I was not

guilty of being a liar, I was mediocre, a swindler and a liar. I wasn't living in hell, I was living in swill. I was not a criminal, I was unclean. I was distant from the living and the dead. This is the dreaded mediocrity. There is nothing more vulgar than to demand - not what one cannot do, but - what one thinks one does all the time. It is demonic to revenge, to envy, to resentment, to jealousy, because it seeks to gain success not by effort, but by evoking the underworld. To be mediocre is to do what the uncountable majority do, to lie, to build a way of life on this lie, and on this basis to pretend to hold everyone responsible for the helplessness which, by hiding, gives itself the privilege of judgement.

### **Realisation -**

– To realise is to begin by making a claim on another by first fulfilling it myself.

### **The greatest enemy is the man who is deceived -**

– For he corrupts life in himself and all who come in contact with him. Lying is because "here nothing is self-evident, everything must be said". It is peculiar, but it seems as if life is what can be said out of existence. The one and only and irreplaceable and irreparable importance of what one says should be real. Real is what one can keep up with by saying it. In the place where one lies, one is alone and closed. He falls out of the community, he is no longer a dialogical person, but "I". Heraclitus says that this man is the *axynos*, who lives not in reality but in his fantasies. That which is fantasy is unreal, that which is unreal is empty, that which is empty is irrelevant, that which is irrelevant is demonic. The unimaginable majority of humanity, the *hoi polloi*, as Heraclitus writes, live in this demonic insignificance. As soon as man is cut off and becomes uncontactable and alone, the lie in him, because he has no resistance and out of self-defence, begins to breed unheard of. A system of lies is built. This is pseudology. To realize is to dismantle pseudology and build life on reality. To be real here and now is to open up in language and say it. To be nothing that cannot be said, and to be incessantly open to all questions. *Alethes*, true and real and open and uncovered, as the Greeks said.



### **The first step -**

– No harder than the others. But that's only because it never occurs to man to do it. I spoke long ago of realization, and of the need to realize the unity of life and spirit, and to undo the self-deception of life's falseness before I took this first step. This was extraordinary. It was that, although I knew there was life truth, there was life-work unity, there was word-deed-identity, I did not know that I had fulfilled any of it, nor did I think that I should.

I found a small slip of paper, a few words written on it, in pencil, a simple list, the sensitive points of my pseudo-existence. I was not ashamed to be exposed. My guardian angel, who wrote the note, did not wish to shame me. It was a simple piece of paper, like the kind children write to put in the window before Christmas. I knew the sensitive points. It disturbed me that it was so visible from the outside. Like the man in denial, I was under the illusion that my transgressions were known only to me. I felt like Andersen's King, thinking I was wearing a fancy dress, but I was naked. What I read was tender and a little sad. There was no prompting. No pressure. I had to obey.

The difficulty of the first step. First, I had to break the connection with the hunger for life. To break the complete identification with life. Then the life in man is frightened and he thinks he will be deprived of himself. It is only later that he understands that nothing is taken away from him, and that clarity, order and elevation offer a hitherto unknown pleasure.

Man is born with hunger. The hunger for power, the hunger for wealth, the hunger for fame, the hunger for women, the hunger for intoxication, and of all these, the hunger for life itself is the least appeasable because it is the least concrete. I am made of what is non-existent in me, the void, the nothingness without which I cannot be, what I want but do not have. What is the point of burning in the fire of hunger, in the fire of hunger for fame, for honour, for money, for love? You cannot be satisfied with life, because you cannot be satisfied with want and craving and emptiness. It seems to me that the enjoyment of life is only possible at the cost of shutting oneself off from the higher. The law of life is not in itself, but one level above, and what is only life is emptiness, lack, non-existence, nothingness, nothingness.

The hunger for life does not diminish with age, it is only through attrition that gaps are created in the continuity of man and the

and thus rays and elements of something else penetrate into man, preparing him for a fearful transformation.

**The exceptional situation of writing -**

– Yes, because here nothing is self-evident, everything has to be said. As if writing were the score of a symphony of life. Every lie must be told here first, and every lie must be redeemed here. It is here that one is detached from the higher and lives, nothing else. This is where the reconnection, or realization, happens. It is here that betrayal and infidelity and falsification of life happen, and it is here that the restoration of unity must take place. Because there is only one substance, I can call it spirit, matter, soul, all of them, and none of them. There is only one substance, and because several important degrees have fallen out and continuity has been broken, it seems as if there are several. It is in writing that the interruption occurs, and it is in writing that coherent unity must be re-established. The tension between writing and life became unbearable in the early twentieth century. STRINDBERG, following Nietzsche, wanted to dissolve it by saying: I can't do it, so I won't preach it any more. At first glance, he seems, if inferior, at least honest. But this is wrong, because it drags the writing down to itself, instead of lifting itself up to the writing. It is at best confessional, and unsustainable. The constant factor cannot be man, life, the self. In this case, writing would be merely an expression, whereas if writing is an expression, an expression of life, then the one who writes is a buffoon, as Nietzsche says, *nur Narr, nur Dichter*, that is, only a poet, just crazy.

According to G. Eliot, writing enables man to connect his despair of his own self with the pleasure that unites him with the life outside himself. I could only correct this eloquent formulation in that what man connects his despair of his own self with is not outside his self, but in the very depths of his being. This is what he stands on, this is man's reality, his life is built on it, on which all human beings rest. The indissoluble and the absolute foundation.

The untruthful writing and the untruthful human existence are overlapping, and are the same task, the realization of the human foundation.

**Guénon, Lajos Szabó, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche -**

– Not only. Every book I've read and every person I've known, every journey I've taken and every walk by the sea or the river, and morning and evening and in the picture gallery and at the concert. The significance of writing for me is the fidelity with which I transcribe the original text, and how much of it I realize myself, or at least how much effort I make to realize it.

GUÉNON says that the original text of existence is once and for all in the sacred books. The text, as I see it, is authentic, but not definitive. It becomes definitive when it is nourished unceasingly and when it is witnessed to with one's life. According to Lajos SZABÓ, everything has been said, all that remains is to do it. Guessing? Authenticity? NIETZSCHE gave his opinion. Writing has an originality from where one writes it. This original text is full of signs. And only someone who has made himself sensitive can decipher it, and this sensitivity is not a matter of inspiration but of ethos. It is not a matter of talent, but of genuineness, of being true, which is the first condition for knowing the truth. All Guénon said was that the authentic text of existence is there. Nietzsche and Kierkegaard only said that one must live a pure life. I tried to connect the two, to realize in myself the original purity based on the authentic text of existence. A reconstruction of the past and the present. Whoever wants to be present today has to stretch his roots back at least ten thousand years.

To be a saint requires special abilities. One must be wary of talent. My life has been so deeply woven with lies that the path from this depraved existence would have led straight to holiness. But I was wary of talent. All talent is a liar. I wanted the solid, what anyone could achieve without any special ability. That is the normal. It is the realization of the authentic text of existence. Everyone can be normal. It is the simple, it is that which is without show and showiness, which is transparent and real.

Who I was, I am, but who I am, I have not always been.

I carry my lost existence with me, I can't get rid of it, and maybe I shouldn't. I won't let it down because it needs me. But I'm not anymore.

What I would like to realize is loyalty to place and time, to age and people, but since this cannot be done in a European sense, to realize the simplicity and purity of the prehistoric and the oriental, not in theory, as Guénon did, and not as subjective heroism, as

Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, because Guénon has no existence, only spirit, Kierkegaard and Nietzsche have only existence, but no objective stability. To live one must find the authentic text, to find the text one must find the realizing existence.

I thought that there would be a time, perhaps a few years at best, when I could stop writing and devote myself exclusively to realisation. All indications are that I will never be able to do without writing, because the deciphering of the original text of existence and the effort to realize it will be in the activity of writing. It is only through writing that I will acquire the forces necessary to accomplish the task. If I could get rid of writing, my existence would become more archaic and thus more authentic. So now I am forced to be more European than I would like.

**It is a renunciation of influence.**

**Resignation -**

– Not at all. The one who has returned to normal, or at least is returning to normal, has stepped out of what in Europe is called history and historical glory, and has become again like the fathers and mothers and Samaritans, whose greatness is nowhere recorded, but greater than the Caesars. For me, the glory *in Lear* is not of the king, of this phantasm, who the moment he appears I know he will topple, and will not stop until the deep bottom of madness. The glory belongs to Kent, who is the only normal man in the whole work, faithful, pure, simple, biblical as bread, absolute reality. For me, Kent is the authentic human existence, no heroics, no story-telling, no fads.

History is as much as being recorded in the memory of humanity. It's a pretty low level of glory. Kent's glory is recorded in a memory higher than human memory, where fathers and mothers and Samaritans are recorded. I don't know what they were called. Chuang-ce calls this glory this notable anonymity. To be recorded in eternal memory. The Hebrews said: his name is written in the book of life. And if one's name is blotted out of the book of life, it is more serious than dying, because one becomes inglorious. The heroes of this story are such inglorious men, deceitful and deceitful madmen, and few deserve to be distinguished among them. The human story is a non-existence compared to the real one. A catalogue of crimes, a deviation from the norm. How can it be imagined that those who have remained simple and pure have never been known to be so, and that no one

did you not notice that the names of the faithful were not recorded among the hypocrites, the bloodthirsty and the desolate, and that they were not preserved somewhere where their survival is more final and brighter than in human history? How is it conceivable that they are lost to us, and to humanity, and what remains is a scum of shameless villains? Has all that is ephemeral been preserved, and what is eternal lost? There is a memory that counts true glory. This is what separates Europe from the real tradition: the European, from the Greeks onwards, wants to be immortal in history, the Sannyasin, the Sufi, the Tao, the Zen, the early Christian, the Khasid in the notable anonymity. Whoever inscribes his name in the story remains for me in a lower category. Only fame, only career, only success. It was my raging anger and envy and revenge for this that enabled me to find the book of life, the book in which are inscribed the simple who remain unknown in history but have won the glory of existence. There comes a moment when the pages of human history flame up and are destroyed in the fire of truth. At the same time, the book of life is opened. Perhaps this is called the last judgment, so that each one may take his rightful place in eternity. Small ambition to remain in the history of transience, my ambition was higher, I wanted to remain in eternal memory.

No bargain. Fame, fortune, power, success and prevalence in history have not in the past and exceptionally made glory in eternal memory impossible. Today, the two are completely mutually exclusive, because fame is not the consequence of a higher life value, but the result of a planned activity completely independent of values, no longer news, but a career. No such exception exists today. Three of them are GANDHI, Albert SCHWEITZER, SAINT-EXUPÉRY.

Human life is irreplaceable, yet we always act as if there were something more than life. The only concept in the story is glory. Glory is not a consequence of performance, but of conduct. But it is not a consequence. One has glory, or one does not. And one has it when one recognizes that there is something more than life, and when one gives life for that something more. Fame can be made, and there is a technique to it. Glory is as good as entering eternal memory. Fame is something that one works on oneself, and one scrapes one's name into the story. Glory is when one's name is written in the book of life. One can fail in history and

broken and lost and faded, but to gain renown and anonymity that no man on earth knows.

History is an ugly, tasteless and lying book, especially since it has been made into a science, that is, since it has become like a Zola novel. It is becoming increasingly irrelevant, because no serious people are included, and all the real events are left out, and what remains is a list of swindles, scandal, mischief and bankruptcy. That is to say, history does not record what happened, because it is omitted or denied, but exposes the irrelevance of human history. What I do and think, but above all what I live and write, is not for me the measure of human history. I want to remain higher.

**Nowhere in his life has he ever stood his ground -**

- One of the most sensitive places and very true. I have never been a useful member of society, I have never done the job I was entrusted to do, I have never earned my pay, and there was a time when I even wanted to make a virtue of it. You cannot, as in the novels, plead the depravity of society. And it would be easy to claim that it is a petty crime in the colossal dump that is the world today. Such things are forbidden. The simple work of everyday life is a must for all, and no one can justify himself by the privilege of talent. In fact, I have been able to work only at the expense of my bread-winning job, out of wasted time, and have been forced to live off this moral deficit. I did not excuse myself by saying that the work I did was not a recognised vocation and that here, especially today, everyone generally wanted to be a well-paid servant and, what is more, it was illegitimate and needed to be explained. No complaints, site plan. Nor is it an excuse that the rest worked even less, just stole the day in obligatory fashion, gossiping, reading the paper, having their lunch, i.e. clerking. I read and extracted books and took notes for myself, while everyone else sabotaged me by conventional methods.

It is not an excuse, not even a mitigating circumstance, that I was at all times incapable of any kind of exact work. I am aware of the strong asocial nature of this, because it means that I cannot take it seriously. I do not want this to be taken as a confession. I knew about it, and I have always known about it, and I have always tried again and again to overcome what the biographies of artists and philosophers call generosity, because I did not regard it as a mark of genius, and I did not wish to give myself internal satisfaction on that basis. The reality is that most of the time I did not even notice what I was neglecting and what duties I was neglecting. When I did notice, I resolved that starting tomorrow. I hated myself for only being able to do what gave me pleasure in life. The work I had to do was pretty menial, but that's all the same in this case. More than once I deluded myself into thinking I was as socially useless as Chiang-cc's gnarled tree. But I knew I was not useless, I was useless. When I forced myself to practice my social duties, I felt lost. Never mind, I was lost

myself, but I'll do it. Yet I couldn't do it. Every time I handled a cash register, I never had a good balance. Sometimes I had more money, sometimes less. And if I paid more attention, the mistakes just got bigger. Couldn't I take it seriously? Am I unreliable? Superficial and sloppy. A bad citizen. It's not hard to build outward overclaims on these shortcomings.

Apart from one exceptional two years, I have never lived, and could never live, entirely for my work, except on scraps, sometimes half an hour, sometimes ten minutes, sometimes an afternoon I stole. Therefore, my livelihood is based on constant impurity and impurity. I could not even face up to things, I was preoccupied with my guilty conscience and I was incapable of doing anything but exploiting my talent. This is the very first characteristic of sub-existence, parasitism on oneself (constellation).

**The complication is not uncommon, and is becoming more frequent -**

- Seventy years, but usually only an hour or two a day, sometimes less than that, often nothing. In an environment where one's doings are suspect, but always against the rules. And if that to-do is passionate, all the more so. One must learn to see it not as a cause for rebellion, but as a time. But to learn not to resign, in fact this is what must not be resigned to. One becomes a shelter-eater, and a shelter-drinker and a shelter-liver, hiding oneself, so that one may at least be allowed to eat or drink, as one pleases, in the corner of the café or in the bushes, so that one may be oneself with one's life. The man who lives in a corner, lest someone else peep in, steals time from others, is the exact opposite of the sannyasin, for whom solitude is life, not an escape or a guilty conscience. The sannyasin does not hide, but enters a wider world. An institution must be established urgently, if one wants to leave the active life, for weeks, months, even permanently, in a monastery on the mountain or on the waterfront, in a solitary cell, and there tortured neither by radio nor by monastic rules. I went from being an outcast to a shut-in, from being a burden to everyone, just because I had to steal the time I needed for myself in secret. The life in the hovel can become a mood disorder, eventually one begins to envy every moment of one's own life, to want to keep it all for oneself, to suck it away in one's hovel.

**All this is twentieth century par excellence.**



What is characteristic of twentieth-century man is the unheard-of Nietzschean exaltation of his sense of life, which even the fascist-Bolshevik attack has not been able to disturb.

**What do you mean by a sense of life?**

– The kind that does not postpone entry into immortality until after death, but begins here and now. For me, it is the bridge that connects antiquity and this century. Man's ideal of eternal immortality. In the old days, life was sacrificed for salvation in the afterlife. Later, the afterlife was sacrificed for life. Thus life and the afterlife were divided in two. The unworthiness of life lies in the fact that the eternal opens up to him who knows it, in every moment. Only the ancients knew this. Eternity is not to be fought for, it is not to be earned by good deeds, for it is not a reward, it is a fact. It must be noticed. It is here always and for everyone. The moment I throw one away for the other, I have lost both.

**Not a very common attitude.**

– Sure, but "one for me is worth ten thousand". I'm not a Democrat and I don't think the right thing to do depends on the number of votes. A borderless majority doesn't even know what it wants.

Fascism-Bolshevism is an attempt to achieve total life truth. What it says and what it does do not touch at any point. It is the final phase of European idealism, the last chapter of Platonism, when the last thread between theory and practice is severed. When words hover far above life, and are nothing but unrealizable ideals, for they are not there to be realized, but to conceal a wickedness. Fascism-Bolshevism sees ideals not as something to be realised, but as a tactic to cover up crimes.

If a spiritual construct hovers above life, unconnected with life, as a separate idea, without permeating life, it is not mere emptiness, not nothing, not indifferent spirituality. The idea then becomes a cover-up, a *pseudo-theory*, which takes on the role of a system of lies and demonizes life, i.e. poisons it. That is why in fascism-bolshevism, freedom is officially proclaimed and man lives in reality as the condemned.

## **Nietzsche -**

– What Nietzsche said can be considered radical existentialism. To live a life without lies. Nietzsche taught a critique of ressentiment. Criticism that arises from ressentiment is only reliable if one elevates ressentiment above consciousness. One must be aware that envy and revenge are at work in him, for only then can he see clearly. Criticism is not enough, the critic's criticism is also necessary. In the one who has done this, the dark and exuberant poison turns into reason.

**Criticism of a corrupt civilization cannot be taken as absolute truth...**

– It can be much worse than corruption. Let each one look for an example for himself, and he will find that there is little else but an example. Even Tolstoy. Man begins by taking revenge against those who stand in the way of his ambition, then he takes revenge against the group, then against a class, then against the whole of society, against the state, against the age, against civilization, against humanity. This revenge has been the only driving force of history in recent times. They don't know about it.

It is therefore most dangerous to ask what relation man's thought, that is, the greatness of his life's work, bears to the actual truth and purity and existence and genuineness of man's life.

**All this has become topical -**

– In the middle of the twentieth century in men like Pannwitz, Balthasar, Berdyaev, Bulgakov, Saint-Exupéry, Camus, Simone Weil, Bataille. I was over sixty before I achieved the kind of literary achievement that any of these men had achieved at the age of thirty. I felt that I had made some positive progress in shedding all pseudo-resistant formations. This is what I call Nietzsche's heightened awareness of life. Not to give up on life, even for life itself. To acquire the authentic voice. The authentic voice of one who has overcome pseudo-existence in himself.

**Of course, to be a writer -**

– I don't recognize writing as a profession. Writing is no more a talent than being a good painter, pianist, or pocket engraver. There are logos stronger

and weaker people. The stronger in logos is actually the weaker, so weak that he thirsts for logos. There is nothing more comical than someone writing in the occupation field of a blank form that he is a writer. Strength in logos, authentic existence.

**The definition of authentic existence interests me.**

– Authentic existence is the one who is present. For me, to be present is to be in crisis. This attitude has been obligatory since Kierkegaard.

As if it happened today, I was barely twenty when I found Kierkegaard's *Critique of Time* in the library, I don't know how. There is no society, no state, no poetry, no thought, no religion, what there is is a corrupt and lying mess. Exactly right, I thought. But it had to start sometime. I started looking for the dark spot. The *proton pseudos*, or the first lie. That's when I entered the crisis, and I haven't left it since. I realised that the only way to be present today is to take the crisis on fully. I have gone backwards from the middle of the last century to the French Revolution, to the Enlightenment, to rationalism, to humanism, through the Middle Ages to the Greeks, the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the primitives. I found the crisis everywhere, but each crisis pointed to a deeper one. The dark point is even earlier, even earlier. I made the typical European mistake of looking for the dark point outside myself, when it was inside me. The crisis centre is in everyone. To be in crisis is to be in crisis, to respond, to choose, to divorce, to commit. It is to be present and not to hide and not to be lost and not to be disfigured and not to flee to anywhere, neither theory, nor worldview, nor poetry, nor religion. To accept is to know that the dark point, the first lie, is within me. Given with life is the all-preceding honey of life, as Bataille says, the unjustified and unjustifiable and unjustifiable celebration, laughter, dance, orgy that mocks its own end, the material, the moral, this honey of life that is 'so deep that tears cannot reach it'. And in this honey, there where it is sweetest, and where it has the most delight, and where the gold of honey is thickest, there in the centre, there is that certain dark point, and the dark point in its bitter and agonizing anguish, and in the loneliness and fear and suffering and agitation of the night, there where it is deepest, there is the honey. As the Tao teaches, in the middle of the white is the black, in the middle of the black is the white dot. The ancients knew all this. The white and

the black is one. The dark point and the honey are one. The centre of life is death and the centre of death is life and the two are one. *Advaita*, as the Hindus say. *Hen panta einai*, as Heraclitus writes.

### **The geographical position -**

– Eastern Europe. The first of the three stages of Europe is the Mediterranean. Not only a natural but also a spiritual climate. This is the Orphean world. Being a muse. Colourless light. The other paler, the white-yellow light called the West. The third is even dimmer, already greenish blue, as if under water, the province, Eastern Europe. Not a source of light, but a reflection. Its character is not even understandable in itself.

Eastern Europe for me is Rilke and Kassner, Chagall, Kandinsky, Klee, Bartók, Kafka. Compared to the Mediterranean and the Western man, children are naive but also immature. To be an adult is first and foremost to be built into the community. In Eastern Europe, there is no real sociality and therefore no place to integrate, and therefore we live in a loose semblance where there is no individuality or community. Rilke, Kassner, Klee and the rest, having no actual environment, are forced to give us something more whole than they have. Nowhere is this perverse situation more offensive than in Russia. Soloviev, Florensky, Merezhkovsky, Berdyaev, more universal than is justifiable and permissible, as all Eastern European works are, at the expense of detail, of exquisiteness, and especially of tradition. One sees no nuance here, one gives more whole, but it is not whole, only exaggerated. Man is at once here, without any antecedents (ancestors, tradition), and like an orphan or a pauper. He belongs to nowhere, he has no successor, outside the human social web, just as the French cannot be imagined without each other, they cannot be imagined here without each other. Everyone is constantly in danger of being lost. The intellectual enterprise has an arbitrary character, and there is indeed something in this arbitrariness, because the enterprise is on the verge of being completely meaningless, it does not address the West because it is itself an enterprise, it does not address the East because there is no need for it here. A stronger voice must be used here, but what is stronger here is rather harsher, cruder, more uncivilised, cruder, and therefore more powerless. I am no one's successor, nor predecessor, nor condition, nor companion, nor mirror, nor adversary. In the West, the complexity of civilization's externals corresponds to the simplicity of life; here, externals are simple, life is unheard of complicated, like a negro village. There is no body to judge values.

and that is more serious than being wrong, because they remain insignificant. One lives here in oblivion.

**Closer -**

– It's even harder. In Hungary, there is no ambition, no ambition, only individual achievement. In comparison, there is no glory, not even fame, only popularity. It is instantly recognisable. Glory cannot be redeemed. One can have glory only independently of power and wealth. Fame is redeemable, but mostly only for big bankers. Popularity is good income in pennies. The top level is politics, these are manifestation in journalism, poetry, painting, sculpture, thought. Deep below the level of perceptibility, and insignificant not only for Europe but also for Hungary, whether it has it or not. If it were taken away, no one would miss it. The environment of lying has become natural, and here, if one takes it seriously, there is only one thing to do, to suffer unspeakably. Between the squint of corruption and the sectarianism of the lame. Criticism is complaining and disapproval, at best blasphemy. The best are uneducated, and when one's blindness breaks out, one is called a genius. The majority are of the opinion of Dostoyevsky: kick, kick, but feed.

**Why does he not talk about methods of humiliation?**

– It started by letting people stand and talk, and if they were in trouble, they would meditate or quote the Gospel. That is a thing of the past. To humiliate psychologically is to arouse in a person a sense of inferiority. The point is to break the brotherhood with man. In recent times, the technique of humiliation has been perfected. When a man is fired, he wonders how he can use it to further his career. Self-esteem is obsolete. It is all servant. The only possible view is that of Simone WEIL, who writes that one cannot forgive those who humiliate one, but one must remember that it is not humiliation that is happening, but the true quality of the person.

**1956 -**

– What is happening here today, we know. Nineteen nineteen fifty-six, the whole of literature, the whole of the press, music, painting, art, society, the

science, politics, betrayed. Betrayed by what? That you just have to live. No one dared to die, like the workers and students and children under the Russian tanks. Poet, writer, sculptor, musician, painter, doctor, teacher, engineer, minister, soldier, peasant, worker. Never before have people been so abandoned. No wealth, no fame, no power is worth what they now had to pay for it all. There is no depth or height of life that will not crumble under this treachery.

After a year they lived as if nothing had happened. As if in this vile and corrupt, miserable and debauched, impure and vile people, the truth had not shone forth once, once alone, and unitedly in all the earth, and had not been spoken once and unanimously by all who live here, in spite of two hundred times the superiority. He who has told it is no longer vile and no longer vile and no longer corrupt and no longer wretched. They live on and sing and paint and preach and teach. Has nothing really happened?

For years I have wondered, if the truth ever gets out in history, what will be said about the time that followed nineteen fifty-six, about the people who composed music and exhibited pictures and played on stages and ate and drank well instead of gnashing their teeth. Not writing is more than writing. Instead of going off to hoe and chop wood, they were sweet on validation and money.

At first I thought that the names of today would survive only to be spat out a thousand years later. But I know Hungarians too well. Immediately they started making excuses, whispering about how they were suffering, while they were pocketing fat sums of money, the martyrs fattened on goose pimples. I bet that they will be recorded in history as martyrs, these dirty and lurid scum, glorifying each other and introducing each other into history, carefully placing themselves between Berzsenyi and Csokonai, Petőfi, Bartók, Csontváry, Arany and Kemény, instead of being presented as examples in the panopticon: behold, those who had silk ties more expensive than nineteen hundred and fifty-six. As if what they live could be considered life, as if what they do could be poetry and music and drama, as if it were possible to live in such conditions, even in an office or a factory.

Of course, one has to live. It's very difficult. But if it's very hard, it's very hard. Hiding and listening and working as a day labourer and getting teeth

and grit your teeth and not rebel, or rather rebel, and not give in, and live in a damnable and raging convulsion and not give in. Where is the name today, outside of prisons, that does not stick to the filth?

"There is nothing sacred that this people has not desecrated, that it has not reduced to a vile instrument, and that which remains heavenly pure even among barbarians, these wicked savages practice as a scourge, and know no other, - where man is humiliated, he can no longer live but for his own interest, he seeks his own profit, and there is no heart in him any more, even if he celebrates, or if he loves, or if he prays" (Hölderlin).

They will be justified. They are washed down, entered into the lexicon, into the history of literature and culture, as having achieved high aesthetic values. What kind of history will this be?

**It does not satisfy me.**

- I have already said it a few times. What happened in Russia happened elsewhere, and everywhere else where there was ever a revolution. The revolution of the democratic brotherhood of the left could not hold and, as in Athens and Rome and London and Paris, the revolution of democratic and liberating equality became a dictatorship of individuals and a tyranny of right-wing privileged. This is what happened in Russia with Stalin. This is what they do not know, and this is what they should not know. Russia has had fascism, that is to say a right-wing dictatorship, since 1924, and it is immediately recognisable and immediately identifiable by all its hallmarks. Leftism is merely the lie that makes this state of affairs intolerable. This lie was brought over here after the war, and it was against this lie that this 'people born to whip and yoke' rose up in the fifties. But in Hungary the same thing always happens. It doesn't matter what kind of government we have here. Bolshevism cannot be held responsible for the bloody mess that went on here until fifty-six, and the government cannot be held responsible for what has happened since then. The people rose up against Bolshevism in the name of human justice. If the revolution had won, nothing would have happened other than what has happened. It is true that Bolshevism was a raging villainy as a result of the revolution, but what happened a thousand years ago in *The Gypsies of Nagyida* still happened. Guiding principle: everyone wants to serve what he gets on the first, and nurtures a worldview that will ensure his next month's pay. We live not by work, but by lies. The mere presence of one such being poisons the lives of thousands.

What is happening in Hungary has nothing to do with Bolshevism, just as it had nothing to do with Christian nationalism in the 1920s, and later with fascism. My disgust with the subjugated was so strong that even if I had agreed with them in principle, I would not have stood among them for the world, lest I be mistaken for them. Nothing here can be blamed on whites or reds. Everything was in favour of sleepiness, and there was nothing but sleepiness. If the revolution had won, it would have been no different. Then the Hungarians would have come.

However, this level has long been invalid for me. Fascism-Bolshevism is a reduction of human existence, as is all politics. Narrowed man becomes primitive, which is why we are beginning to resemble savages today. The only thing that matters is the expansion of man. Narrowing is sinking, widening is rising. For me, all politics is too little. Even the artist is too little, the poet too little. Few in world literature have had the courage to be poets. If I had been a poet, I would have been debauched, as others have been debauched in idle feats. Even the sacred is too little for me.

I wanted to connect the true European line of Europe, the Apostle Paul, Augustine, Pascal, Nietzsche, the line of existential and subjective confession, with the absolute human tradition, Vedanta-Mahayana-tao-Kabbalah-orphism, and to give human life a definitive and irrevocable foundation. Not as a theory, but as an actual order of life. I am therefore in contact with all those who wish to establish spiritual caste, with the Pythagoreans, the Church, the Pre-Raphaelites, the Georgists, I am opposed to all forms of secularism such as clericalism, democracy, socialism.

**It seems to me that you have had a life resentment at work in you. Your ambition was not satisfied, you took revenge on society, on the people, on theories, on science, on the wealthy, on the powerful. But it was not enough. The maximum of resentment is when unsatisfied ambition takes revenge on life itself in the name of something higher.**

– I think that is what happened. I don't know if there is a more serious case of poisoning. Merely to discard a man or a people or an age is not a particularly generous thing to do. Even if you bite them all together, it is not. I've been through it. I thought I had found the dark point in life. The proof is in



Baader's definition, all the more so because it is it, really it is, which covers the reality that life itself is empty and meaningless, and nothing but a longing for meaning. This hunger of life for itself, which has been so characteristic of Europe from the beginning, which consumed the Greeks and the Romans, destroyed the Middle Ages, erupted with elemental force in the modern age, to culminate in men like Goethe and Nietzsche, and that the glorification of thirst and hunger should overwhelm everything else, was for me the dark point, the first cause of all corruption, first and foremost in myself, of course, and it was this hunger that I had to sift through until I understood that I am not life, but that I am where I am more than life, *je suis plus que ma vie*, as Gabriel Marcel said, and where I am more is the weight of being in me, and this is what resonates through all my lives and is the same in all my incarnations, and what must never be sacrificed for the sake of mere life, because whoever does so has gambled away his being. To find and awaken and realize the seed of the being beyond life is the greatest achievement that man can achieve.

**Can this be done at the cost of the sacrifice of life?**

– Neither can life be denied for the sake of being, for then I arrive at what medieval asceticism is. Neither can existence be denied for life, for then I shall arrive where man stands today. Both cases are pseudo-resistant. Life and existence can only be separated at the cost of a lie. The one lives a tormented life, like the ascetic, and through terrible self-incestuous virtues, he tricks his way into salvation. The other is drunk with denied spirituality and biological pleasures.

**Yet -**

– The greater weight falls on the second because it is the current one. It is the basis of the present order of life that man denies the being who is more than life in him and throws him over to mere life. I give something for life that is more than life. The conscience immediately protests. The accusation and excuse is made. Most of the theories of Europe are dialectics of lies in which neither the accusation nor the defence is true. More and more lies must be told. Man can only cope with the increase in lying by lowering his standard of living. Lying requires obscurity. And in Europe, the lie of glorifying life at the cost of denial has become an exclusive triumph and a universal crime. He in whom life triumphs is close to the disintegration of his spiritual powers.

Life in its crude state is a craving and hunger and want and thirst for self. This is life asleep. It is the wild and uninoculated life. In Christian terms it is the unredeemed. Traditionally, the uninitiated.

I despair that in life the whole world is transformed into life. The spirit is also life. That which is more and higher than life seems to be changed into life, except at one point. Indeed everything becomes vegetative and organic and earthly and biological and ephemeral, but it is all ephemeral being, being untouched by spiritual being, the bearer of that being which is itself beyond life. Its value and worthlessness depend on the intense presence of the spiritual being, the divine subject.

If life is left to itself, its hunger is directed towards itself, it sees nothing but itself, and thirst takes it away. Emptiness thirsts for emptiness. Hunger for life is not hunger for life, but hunger for hunger. Provizórium, chase, greed. Pretty, alluring, siren, debauched, vile, vile, fanciful, nauseating, dazzling, vile, glittering, meaningless.

If one is only alive, nothing else, subliminal. Not really living. If he is not inoculated, if he is not ennobled, if he is not redeemed, if he is not awakened. A subalien is living below the actual life line. For him there is no spirit, no truth, as if he were only half-born, he is deluded into un-lived life, and most things are invalid to him. The normal condition of the subaltern is resentment (envy of life). Full of instinct, which achieves its goal by stirring the underworld. Envy, venom, hatred, revenge.

### **What is it when you say life?**

– Thirst, haste, greed, insubstantiality, transience, change, emptiness, transition, nothingness that consumes itself, this nothingness and insubstantiality, this value, this depth, this richness, this beauty. It is that once and never again, and that now, always the last moment, and unrepeatable and unending. That it is irreplaceably once, and here in this ephemeral it is imperishable, in this once universal and eternal. Its warm physicality, its jasmine scent, its velvety materiality. What is ephemeral and immortal passes and perishes at the same time. There is none. And in this perishability, it remains forever in its honey-flavoured eternity. That which is truly life is eternal, as the Greeks said, as Ariadne, like a standing star, was placed in the sky and remains there for millions of years,

like Orion and Andromeda and Perseus and, as Nietzsche says, life, if true, is eternal, ...*tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit*. The only impermanence. Pascal says that nature is the eternal counterpart. Life is the correspondence of that which is being, the outbreak of that which is in the imperishable obelisk and pyramid and dome. As Heraclitus teaches, it is one with the unchanging world of ceaseless change and eternal logos. As the Hindus write, the dazzling and dissipating and the immortal atman are one.

**The question I have long wanted to ask is, how is it possible that since time immemorial every sane man with intellectual integrity has taken a s t a n d against what is happening, and opposed science and art and politics and the order of life, and is opposed to all that is?**

– One explanation is the Iron Age theory of tradition, the Hindu Kaliyuga. Guénon says that the final phase of this began around six hundred B.C. and is moving inexorably towards the final disintegration of man and the earth and the world. All the signs point to this, the spiritual descent of man, the unheard-of population explosion, the plundering of natural resources, the dissolution of states, and the now stable and permanent war.

The other explanation is that the seed planted in man at the beginning, and even innate in man, is the invincible power to restore the golden age and paradise and the original full and high life (the realization of the kingdom of God). The path to the realization of the golden age is negative. Which means that it tries all the possibilities in turn, and all attempts that do not promote the realization of the golden age fail in turn. All attempts must fail, and in the end there is only one that remains to be done. "My empire is built by my enemies," says the Lord. They don't want to. No one wants it. They fear it and abhor it. But the whole thing, as it is, will be bankrupt, and everything that is not real will be eliminated. In the end, the real must come to pass.

The fact is that everything on earth today is negative and sinful and wicked, filthy and dark, except for one thing, the one thing that is contrary to the whole order of life in the world. Therefore, today, all so-called optimism is a crime and a concession to falsehood, all reconciliation with science, politics, morality, religion, is a sacred privilege. Only one position is possible, to oppose and reject and condemn, except the intellectual

which accepts none of it. All smirking is insolence and treason. The authentic existence: to oppose.

The solution to the world crisis is not a matter of history. It is foolish to assume that we will just evolve nicely to the point where everything is resolved. The crisis is happening because the human condition is not being realised. We have drifted away from reality. Realisation is a single moment. It is the defining moment for all humanity. This is what I was looking for. The revenge and envy, the exuberance and venom of a life so poor in external achievements, forced me to seek my glory in the place where the finality of life is found. That is why I had to connect what Europe lived - Augustine, Pascal, Nietzsche - with what the world has always been, from the beginning, Vedanta, Mahayana, Kabbalah, Sufi, Tao, Orphism. No one and nothing can be left out. What I say must not appear in books, but be realized in the workshop and the kitchen and the bed and the vines.

Today there is nothing but total opposition. Whoever yields is suspect. Whoever accepts something is open to bribery and commits a crime.

This is what is no longer comprehensible in European terms, and cannot be achieved in any other way than by recognizing the basic position, the human *status absolutus*, the sacred books.

### **What have you achieved so far?**

– The years that I have spent so far are only the first thirsty orientation. It cannot be anything else, since I lack the foundations, the system and the school, which we have further west, but where the spirit is softer and the corruption greater. I consider myself a student. It would take me twenty, perhaps forty years to make my work plan in the major libraries of the land. I should learn a few more languages, perfect more. I should at least deal in broad outlines with Chinese, Japanese, Toltec, Persian, Egyptian, Arabic, the languages of several Negroes and Indians and of Australia. Every language knows something that only he knows, no one else. I should learn Sanskrit, Hebrew and Greek thoroughly and definitively. I would look for certain clues in the libraries of Basel, Paris, London, Rome, Calcutta, Beijing, Kyoto, without going into detail.

Then would come the learning itself. It would take me a hundred and fifty years, and I think I would have to work ten hours a day to finish it. The piano, the picture galleries, and a bath in the sea would be a rest. It would take me fifty years to travel, not by staying in one place for three days, but for at least a year. After that, I would dare to start teaching, because at least I would know something for sure. Anyone who does not do so is unscrupulous. I would teach fifteen or twenty young men, whom I would invite myself from all over the world, and a hundred years would be enough to check whether my ideas were working or not. I would now feel confident enough to formulate my work. In four hundred years, with the help of my students, the realisation of the work could begin.

The sixty or seventy years that a man has to develop his intellectual powers are nothing. I have repeatedly made calculations and have seen that, even under favourable conditions, this time is not more than two or three hours a day, or five years in all. Therefore, it is not surprising that what is usually done during this time is dilettantism. Rash works, forced institutions, unfounded ideas, hasty and arbitrary systems. During this time, one cannot learn anything seriously, one cannot even ask questions, one does not see the connections, one makes them up, one makes simple-minded mistakes. Perhaps this is one reason why those who took themselves seriously did not make a system, and even shied away from great works.

Art, religions, states, science, improvisation not thought through. For myself, I reserve the right to yes and no on all issues at a time when I have already known the issue. Now I neither know nor don't know. I am learning. To work out a way of life that humanity can accept and implement without denying all its positive results.

No more exuberance. The life that has failed has achieved these internal results.

### **Does this self-vivisection make sense?**

– I have no other way to defend myself against my ego. At the stage of lying at which I have spent most of my life, I have rejected naive and murderous selfishness. I have reached a high degree of lying by exposing the lies of the world, while at the same time, in the background, insidiously, I have aroused a veiled suspicion of myself that I have been cleansed of these lies.

My ego-triangle, the exaltation of the idol Self, creates and maintains in itself the belief that it throws it all away, here, because it lives in the truth. Selfishness is not self-love. On the contrary. I did not love myself, but lived in self-love, while deceiving everyone, especially myself, that there was no idol in me. To defend such a high-minded lie requires colossal knowledge. I have acquired it. I lived in a web of idolatry, and the strategy of lying to defend it, and my significance was that I lied more profoundly than anyone I knew, and if I had any cause for contempt, it was only to despise those who stopped at the lower degrees of lying and settled for the more primitive degrees. I despised the more honest because it was more transparent. I know, the undoubted fact that my environment, neither near nor far, did not allow me to "be myself" and that I had no way to realize the truth of my being, is of no consequence. All this, if I were to invoke it, would be unfair, because it was a given for everyone. "No one has contributed to my attaining the truth of my humanity." But that is no excuse. The power I used to lie could have been used to tell the truth. Self-love is not self-love, but a strange madness, independent of instinct and reason, rather infernal, composed of fear, cowardice, despair, pride, but above all obsession, and self-love excludes self-love. If a man loves himself, he has won, because he can love. Pascal says that all men hate each other by nature. Can it be added that he hates himself first and foremost? There's no fury more peculiar than when I hate the truth.

**What do you consider the greatest lack of your life?**

– Or what is it that I must come back to, that I must take flesh again? How convenient it would be. One makes up for what one has missed by appearing in another incarnation. I could never accept the idea of reincarnation as anything other than a metaphor. It figuratively means something I don't understand. Yet if I were to reincarnate? I understood very late what it is that stands above me in immeasurable height as a mere little person. They know something that I do not. They have the brilliance in their being that I lack. They are nearer the highest, and compared to them, with all my acquired sublimity, how small I am. I do not mean in the first place the saints, in whom so much of the sacred

and touching hypocrisy, nor of mothers, who are so clumsily and maniacally exercising the talents of their motherhood. There is a kind of carefree smile that I see only on the faces of those who are loved. Lao-ce says that the safest place to be is to guard oneself with love. I know this. There is one who guards me and under whose wings I can smile with peace of mind. But there is a smile that is more than that, of the one who loves himself. Ambition is a kind of despair, they say. And despair is the absence of love. Hence the chase and man is like "an arrow shot into the night". It is the face of paradise, the loving face, without fear or care, without defence or tactics or strategy. Without selfishness, which I so deeply despise, but which I cannot help myself through. I cannot realize what makes it superfluous. The impure self cannot even understand. I understand it, but only understand it and bow to it. Love is not necessarily sacrifice, but whatever it does, it becomes. I know it and I don't know it at the same time, I am aware of its presence, but it cannot come to life in me. There is someone whose being radiates the warmth of paradise. Nothing flashy, no anxiety, the simplest there is, and until I understood it, I knew nothing. I understand. Understand everything.

They say there is no solution to the great questions of existence. There is only one, and that is to evolve beyond them. It's the higher level, where one question merges with another and becomes part of it. For a long time I thought. Now I know that there is a complete solution, a complete solution to all questions.

I think that is why I have to return.

## METAPOIESIS

**Poiesis** means mastery, and the Greeks used the word to describe the work of an artist. Poiesis is the activity that does not concern immediate biological life, but goes beyond the purposeful conduct of the struggle for existence. There is something surplus in what is poetic, and it is this surplus that is important in it. In what art does, there is not only something ideal, but it is precisely this ideal that seems to be the meaning of the activity. Therefore, the masterly activity of artists is not the creation of what is man, but of what is above man, and not of what is life, but of what is higher than life, and not of what is nature, but of what is more than nature. That which is art is not only masterly

creation, but a masterly creation of that in which the excess of being is manifested, as NIETZSCHE says, not *Schöpfung*, but *Überschöpfung* (not creation, but creation above self), that is, not *poiesis*, but *metapoiesis*.

It seems probable that this metapoetic attitude is a distinctive characteristic of the whole of human existence. It may be added at once that the idea of activity for the sake of mere interest and profit is a fantasy within human existence, certainly the fantasy of one who has never seen what man does when he digs or picks beans or mends linen or fries bacon, and has not seen that every movement of every man is characterized by the perfectly open purpose of being good, which in turn corresponds to the built-in intention of human existence to attain a measure which lies far beyond the so-called practical expediency. There is no practical activity for mere gain in human existence. That certain idealism which is exclusive to the activity of the artist is also present in the way one stirs the jerky. Man does something in order to have what is not yet; to realize something that does not exist and is only in human ideality, something that is extra to nature because it is not of the physical world but beyond it, and is not biological life (it is not even understood from biological life activity) but permeates biological life and transcends life itself. And this human act is not individual and isolated and self-contained, it is a characteristic of the human life order of each moment. It is never a mere maintenance of life, but always and in every case and without exception more than all. Human activity is not characterized by utilitarian expediency in the struggle for existence, but by reason. Reason is that man follows in his activity a universally human **o r d e r**, which is not here, but awaits realization.

Art is that form of man's metapoietic behaviour which, in the struggle for existence, completely disregards useful expediency and seeks nothing more in its activity than to realise the order of reason, to construct an apparatus of existence which corresponds to its tastes and needs and values and demands. Metapoiesis is not in the spirit of ideas, but of the *vita nuova*. Art does not follow ideas, but realizes the absolute and definitive and complete life of man. The *vita nuova* is not reality; the *vita nuova* is that which is truer than reality. He who chooses himself, chooses only life and nature and the world, can live in reality,



but this is only blind productivity, this man is only exercising his talent. He who chooses only himself, chooses only the mirror, and remains far from truth. *Lontana come in uno specchio*, far away, as in a mirror. Art proceeds from the fact that there is no object of full value corresponding to the human being. Art is the activity that creates the complete world corresponding to human existence. This is metapoiesis. The metapoetic world is not real, but hyperreal. The content of metapoiesis is the concept, given to everyone in and with human existence, of the final form and equipment of human existence. Human hyperreality is a system, with its own particular laws, which are the same in all art: style, rhythm, proportion, measure, the hierarchy and arrangement of values of being.

The specificity is this: it goes without saying that the human being can only be fully at home in nature elevated to art, only if he has taken nature entirely out of the sphere of nature and metapoetically transformed it for his own life. We are not at home in nature, but in art. But the curious thing is that it is as if nature itself could feel fully ready for life only if and when man elevates it to his artistic being. This has nothing to do with what is usually called culture. What culture does is, for the greater part, only useful and expedient, and in culture nature (like man) mostly suffers. Nature made metapoetic is liberated and happy, the more artistic the happier. How happy can a Chinese vase, a Peruvian weaving, the marble on the column head of the Parthenon in Athens! The desire to be in a permanent home is alive in the grain of dust. The whole earth yearns for *vita nuova*, for there is no pebble that does not long for a full existence. Metapoiesis, when man does not express himself but creates that which is more than himself, art, when man elevates himself above himself. Only in this way is his being fulfilled. And it is from man's art that nature expects man to draw the *nuova* of the *vita* to himself.

## THE SNACK OF GOD

June is the red month. As May is green, and August is golden yellow. In June the poppies bloom. Red Pentecost, when the Holy

Spirit appears on earth in the form of a red tongue of flame. The month of red fruit, cherries, sour cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants. And what you can't help but wonder about, it's not the covetous and feral red. There's nothing defiant about these fruits, on the contrary, they're all a laugh. They are bright and childish red, the colour of the first nature of the year.

It should be eaten in June. For about half a kilo of fully ripe strawberries, one should count twelve to fifteen grams of powdered sugar. The general opinion is that the fruit and sugar are best layered, and the strawberries broken up a little, just so that they will release more juice. When this is done, pour over it two quarts of sour cream. The amount can be slightly more or less, to taste. Excess should be avoided. Many people prefer cream, but these people misunderstand the point of the dish. June is not a month of pungent sugar, but of gently fresh and slightly acidic fruit. Using cream is a mistake. Later on, at the end of the month, strawberries are allowed, and some people refuse to eat anything but cream with fresh raspberries, especially with rice pudding. This is the right thing to do. But cream with strawberries is a bad taste. Wrong taste leads to wrong judgement, which leads to wrong living, and should be avoided.

The way to prepare it might be to put a layer of strawberries, a layer of sugar and a layer of sour cream on top of each other, and open the fruit just a little. Others leave the fruit intact and pour the sour cream over the top to let it drain, dissolve the sugar and draw out the strawberry juice. A pink drink collects at the bottom of the pot, and it is best to eat the strawberries as they are, not with a spoon, but to drink them. It is the perfect end to a snack.

The penitent man puts the strawberries with sour cream in the icebox and unnaturally chills them. This is to be protested against in the strongest possible terms. Below a certain temperature, the fruit loses its flavour just like wine. The correct measure is the temperature of the cellar, or, which is the same thing, one drops the vessel, in fact the ideal is the earthenware vessel, the metal being discarded, into the well and keeps it there for a few hours. It is best to prepare the strawberries in the morning from the fresh morning picking, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and keep them in a cool place till three-thirty-four in the afternoon. Because the classic time to eat strawberries with sour cream is when the midday heat has broken and the air is beginning to cool, which is half past three. When the Good Lord wakes up from his afternoon nap, he eats strawberries for lunch. He sits on the shady terrace, the walnut tree leaning over the table, where he eats it with a small spoon before going back to the vineyard. For who wouldn't know, God is the

is the highest profession in the world, that of a vine grower. After snack, with a settled stomach and a happy disposition, he tucks the raffia into his belt, puts the pruning shears in his pocket, takes the hoe and goes out among the vines to pluck off the irregular axillary shoots, straighten the loose canes, and where he finds weeds, he plucks them out.

## **HOMAGE TO RENEWAL**

This is a very personal thought, and I can't imagine how much others can follow. Every day, and more and more every day, I am confronted with what I do not understand, and this incomprehension makes me uneasy, because it also blocks understanding, and evades it, while at the same time demanding it. In any case, he knows something that I do not know. He will not talk about it, nor can he be made to confess it. While he lives in abject ignorance of himself, all that he does is unheard of in its consistency, in its peculiar inconsistency, but he never deviates from himself. All the signs are that he does not know himself any more than I do, but he has no need to know himself, and takes his incomprehensibility for granted. I have relied on two comments. The first is that of NIETZSCH, who writes that a woman is to a man what sleep is to his life. I don't know the author of the other comment, it is quoted from an unimportant book, I don't know where. He says that in marriage the woman rebirths the man.

The world, from one of many perspectives, is the embodiment in a person of a set of impersonal forces. Personhood of humans, animals, plants, minerals, atoms, where personhood means very little at the lower level, quite remarkable consciousness and capacity for self-determination (freedom) at the upper level. For we know since quantum theory that freedom is undoubtedly experienced to some degree in physical bodies. Several schools of thought hold that the unity and embodiment in a person of a set of impersonal forces is temporary and ephemeral, and will dissolve at the end of life. Such directions are the Sankhya or Buddhism in the East and natural science in the West. Others hold that personality is preexistent and persists after the end of life. Many religions and metaphysics teach this.

Based on what I have learned, mainly from the holy books, I believe that man is a collection of impersonal creative forces. This is the tradition. The female being, as I have seen in the Vedanta, the Torah, the Tao, the Sankhya, the

impersonal forces of renewal, and it is the embodiment of impersonal forces of renewal. This is why Nietzsche can say that woman fulfils in the life of humanity the role that sleep does. While man is renewed. This is why the unknown author says that in marriage, man unites with woman, and woman renews man, because man is partaking of the forces of renewal.

The idea has the extraordinary advantage of being one of the great truisms, and there is nothing original about it. Creation is a one-time manifestation of power, a one-time ordering of the erupting world powers. Creation is one and complete. But the world is not only finished, but in this finishedness it is reborn at every moment. The other half of the world is the ceaseless manifestation of the forces of renewal. Creation and renewal, which are two and one. It is strange, in any case, how much what HEBREW says of the world coincides with this duality, or unity, of the masculine and feminine forces. The world is always the same, and different at every moment. The fire is kindled to a degree and extinguished to a degree. That which is eternally burning in change is abiding, and from the beginning is the same. The world must be created, and the world must be endlessly renewed. Man, if he thinks anything through to the absolute limit of reason, always meets Herakleitos.

All this has nothing to do with psychology. Neither does biology. It is the metaphysics on which psychology and biology rest, and which is their meaning. Everything that is analogous to the feminine being has the character of renewal. Nature dies in the autumn in order to be renewed in the spring. The moon wanes in order to grow. The sun sets in order to rise. Death is that there may be birth. According to the holy books, it is *maya*, or *prakriti*, or *teh*, or *jin*, or *kali*. It brings the new, and always the new. It is a strange spell in which we become dizzy, but from which the man is a prospect, the woman never. The woman does not awaken from the renewal, because she does not know herself, has no need to know herself, and even protests against it. She is ignorant of herself and wants to remain ignorant of herself. Let us say that the woman's reflection is the mirror. And the mirror is the greatest magic, in which there is no self-knowledge, only rapture from oneself.

What we call feminine beauty is probably nothing like real beauty. A woman's beauty is the richness and delight of a life unrealised in the world. It is such a thrill because it is still only a promise. Most of the time, little of it is realised. Real beauty is for its own sake. Female beauty is for renewal. I can't separate it from the effect it makes, like

cannot be. She is not beautiful, she is irresistible. Without which creation is impotent and invalid. That fire and excitement to be not just being but life, not just constancy but change, not just beauty but magic. Sankhya says nature and change and life are dancers. Therefore, Antal Szerb's eloquent definition of the absolute woman as the supra-corporeal body is not valid. She is even less identified with the corporeality of the woman than the man. Physicality belongs to the world of creation. Woman is rather the dress, of course the dress as she understands it, the dancer's dress, as ALAIN writes: woman is really a woman not undressed but dressed. The dress that is the petal of the flower. Fashion, which is constantly renewed, dazzle, play, role are the sovereign realms of the woman, where the forces of renewal are manifested, but never has she confused herself with her corporeality, and her vanity is true vanity because for her the body is not the self but the work. All that is connected with the physical is ritual for her, powder, paint, cosmetics, but nothing so much as hair, the absolute symbol of uninterrupted growth. The eternal subject of sculpture and painting is the renewing woman emerging from the bath. Every four weeks she is renewed. The Greek myth says that Hera regained her virginity every year.

One might also think that the woman is far from being the concentrated erotic creature that psychology and biology and bad poetry would have you believe. It is not renewal that depends on eroticism, but eroticism that depends on renewal. Woman is relatively often un-erotic, even anti-erotic. Because it is true that the relationship between mother and child is erotic, and cooking, housekeeping, caring for the family cannot be imagined without eroticism. But what is decisive in this, as in all of human life, is the ideal of immortality. The ideal of immortality is the unconscious thought which pervades and governs the whole of man from the moment of his conception. In his created world, man is immortal. In the renewal of woman. She is the mother, the lover, the wife, the muse, the wisdom (sophia, hohma), the dancer, the enchantress, the beauty, the body, the supra-corporeal body, the manifestation of renewal. Creation is opposed to nothingness, for all creation is creation from nothingness. The woman does not know what nothing is. Woman confronts chaos, she lifts the world out of it to renew it. Therefore, man's danger is to be stuck in nothingness, which is barrenness, woman's danger is to be lost in chaos, which is the demonic. The black and the devilish dancer who does not renew but consumes is the Indian Kali. The creation has something that only she has, alone and only one, she has a name. Renewal is nameless, therefore she is spring, waxing moon, fragrance, dress,

dance, song, flower, even if it is spiritual renewal and rebirth in knowledge and wisdom. Immortality in renewal, not when the woman is doing, but when she is dreaming.

Simone WEIL says that when a man eats, he feeds not only himself, but all the generations that follow him. This thought is true above all, but it is one of the few thoughts which, because it comes from women's knowledge, could only have been uttered by a woman.

### THE VYACHESLAV (SIGALEVISM)

*Vyacheslav* Dostoyevsky is a work in which, not because his inspiration has diminished, but for some other reason, the author imitates himself. Such things are common in lesser writers, but they also happen in the lives of great masters. He is not content simply to be Russian, but begins to be Russian, as he does in other ways in *The Humiliated* and *Siheder*. He behaves as if he were his own epigone. Vjesziz egyébként annyit jelent, mint ördöngösök, vagy megszállottak, vagy megmételtyezettek, mindenesetre olyanok, akikben démoni hatalmak dühöngenek.

"To destroy the foundations of the human community", "it is necessary to transform man into a vile, ugly, cowardly, cruel animal", and "to make him accustomed to fresh blood", "to set fire to, to commit assassination, to denounce, to lie, to create legends", "to allow drunkenness, slander, lewdness" - "it will be necessary to cut off a few hundred million heads" - "to destroy the old times without replacing them with new ones."

There is a liberation in Russia itself. In any case, compared with Europe, there are far fewer paralysing principles. It is not so much the recognition of the folly of every activity, but rather the high cynicism, the defiant and impudent tone in which it is expressed in a way that has the power of blasphemy.

Everyone is worthy of an umbrella, says Dostoyevsky, and with that we have defined the minimum of human rights. Behold, what an admirable formulation, which sounds like a trilogy of specialists among European idealists. This Russianism, which in the bigoted atheism of fanatical sects

... "We will foment rebellion, but the shortest way is to flood the land with atheism."

Lately, only the Russians have been able to commit crimes, the rest of us are at best foolish. Of course, only a religious person can commit a sin, and knowing about sin: that's a pretty high degree of religion. This sin this time is conscious and provocative, in fact stupid, but religion is always stupid at crucial points, that is its strength. This offensive and outrageous conscious crime programme. It stirs something in man that he is at once frightened and correct, he approves of radical sincerity and is horrified at the meanness that this "good" leads to. The sin that is consciously committed is in fact a believing attitude, a faith that says: it is not good that leads to the goal in life, but evil. Now, let us do evil. Let us be evildoers. The great modern event is that sin is no longer a disease, no longer madness, no longer a defect or organic imperfection, but is in fact sin, and cannot be blotted out by any kind of biologism and psychology and morality. Sin is really what religion says it is, that is, the defilement and depravity of the human being. Russianism is so much more than that, it revels in it and flaunts it as if it were a special excellence, testifying to it with obscenities and profanities, and, say, defying God.

This unheard-of liberality no longer cares for reason, but is absorbed with delight in purging the instinct of God and human love, as if drunk with sin.

Dostoyevsky expounded obsession as a world programme in the teachings of one of his figures, Sigalyev. Sigaliev invented equality, he says. The theories of Plato and Morus and Fourier and the other utopians are sentimentalism compared to his. If Sigalevism is implemented, "everyone will observe the other, and be obliged to report the other" -

"all are prisoners, but equal in bondage" - , "the first thing to be done is to lower education, science, talent" - , "superior talent is not necessary" - , "as soon as there is family, love, talent, there is an immediate desire for property" - , "desires are exterminated",

"the prisoners are bound to be equal" - , one tenth possess freedom and unlimited power, the rest lose their personality, live in primordial innocence, in a paradisiacal state, like the herd, and have to work - , "without despotism there was never freedom, nor

equality", "Sigaliev started from the most unlimited freedom and arrived at the most unlimited despotism".

In practice, of course, this is put into practice in such a way that everyone, without exception, makes a mad effort to belong to the one-tenth, and therefore commits treason, deceit, slips, denounces, just to belong, forsakes his reason and truth and sense of self ('nowadays no one lives with his wits about him'). It is natural that 'sometimes you need a change'.

"Every thirty years they start to devour each other, just so they don't get bored of sameness." "Boredom is an aristocratic sentiment, and such things should not be allowed to spread."

Sigalevism has worked, it has worked beyond reckoning, Russianism has been far more effective than, for example, simple Russianism would have been. Now, about a hundred years after its creation, everyone is forced to see this. The only point that needs to be added is that the belief must be awakened and kept alive that life is the supreme good, that life is the only value, that there is no more and no higher, that is, that a religion of life must be founded which, with fanatical madness, clings to transience, to the animal guardians of life, and fights furiously against the idea of immortality and the idea of supra-life values and the afterlife. For if man is locked into this sheer and bare life, this life of a year or five minutes, and if the superhuman forces are excluded (made rationalistic or atheistic), he will inevitably develop a hunger for life, for brandy and cigarettes, for the punch and the salami and the sandwiches, he will commit embezzlement and fraud and treachery, and he will feel obliged to be vile and dishonest and despicable, and to bash everyone in his way for five more minutes, for one more sandwich and one more ice cream.

The calculation is good. To destroy the foundations of the human community and then nothing happens, you really have to do that. Once it starts to develop, you have to suspect that it's going to be something big, something very big. Maybe paradise. We're moving inexorably towards it. That's the developmentalism. *Acheronta movebo* - to move the underworld. Because what is needed is to transform man into a vile, ugly, cowardly, cruel animal, and what is needed is to cut off a hundred million heads. To destroy the old times without replacing them with new ones. Nothing follows. But this nothing is the most important thing. This is the element in which harsealevism thrives. A practice without a theory. It is that which contains the umbrella, that is, cigarettes and brandy and



sandwiches. The surest way to destroy the foundations is to spread a religion of life (atheism, rationalism). In Nietzsche's words: the smallest man. In the world of the sandwich, a welcome louse.

What is impressive about this Sigalevism is its total lack of talent for self-deception. It is a radical and secular cynicism, compared to which all the profuse villainy that has been perpetrated so far in the story is pathetic sentimentalism. We know that what is called civilisation is predominantly hypocrisy, and that if they start to question honesty and naturalness, civilisation is finished. "The destruction of old times without the replacement of new." What is fascinating about this Sigalevism is its offensive and provocative shamelessness. Diogenes is said to have had public intercourse with his mistress in the Athenian marketplace. Sigaliev smears excrement on everything that one has taken seriously. Out of desperation. *Ochayanye*, as Dostoyevsky says. "Sigaliev went out of despair and came back to the same place."

About a hundred years after Sigaliev, we can say:

**First:** the highest aspiration of all beings is to grow into one. Infinite differentiation, so that infinite unity may be achieved, as Hölderlin says, is the counter-Szigaliev. The most important obstacle to this growing together today is power. Power inserts itself into the process of unity, and the unity that wants to be realised is always broken up again and again. For a long time, this power has lived as a personal autocracy. This was the era of the Grand Inquisitor. The Grand Inquisitor was the one who prevented the community from coming into being, and did so for centuries. Today, dictators (inquisitors) are out of date. Unity is prevented by the impersonal plant. Therefore, the most important issue in history today is organisation. To organise is to break up real-life relations and replace them with fictitious and unreal-life relations. So that the human community, which always wants to be realised over and over again, cannot be integrated.

**Secondly,** in thinking, there is a clarity wedged between primary instinct and reason, which has the peculiar property of being blind (*lucidité aveugle*, blind reason). This unnatural lucidity is the enemy of life, that is to say, it is destructive and destructive and oppressive. "This is the cheap and dilute popular science," says Dostoevsky, "but real science is in its service." This blind lucidity (in its forms, such as rationalism, utopianism, etc.) narrows and oppresses and plunders life. Exploit

the forest, the sea, the depths of the earth, human labour. Man exploits himself. Blind lucidity corrupts life, chiefly as philosophy and worldview and science, that is, as so-called truth.

**Thirdly**, to cut off the transcendent roots and crown of the tree of life and keep only biological life, to concentrate all power on life, to build devices that count only on life, to foment a hunger for life, to justify greed, because life is pleasure, here is where everything must be achieved, now, the whole.

Here are the three critical points: the impersonal plant that prevents the community from being woven together, the blind lucidity that thinks itself more intelligent than reason, and the shameless lust for life that wants nothing more than to enjoy the whole.

At the moment these three are still separate, each with its centre of gravity in different parts of the world, the impersonal apparatus probably in China, blind lucidity in many places, and the lust for life in America. But all the signs are that these three will meet and we will then enter the final stage of the world crisis. It is possible that this will happen in Russia, where the ground has already been well prepared by hara-Levism. There is also the likelihood that the unification will be international, say, as a counter- or rather a sub-organisation of the League of Nations, an international alliance of bankers, racketeers, terrorists, gangsters, ideologues. Seven powers fought in the Second World War, and it was foreseeable that only two of them would survive to accumulate all the other villains. And so it happened. However, the struggle between the two powers was not decided, because as soon as one of them took a step forward in its degeneration, the other immediately assimilated it. The unfolding after this can only be that the final step will not be taken by the state and the people, but by an international organization with state power. Immediately after the war this could have been prevented, but not today. In the meantime, we are all showing barefaced hypocrisy and we are offended that there is harlequinhevism, that this is merely the formulation of a way of life that we have been practising for a long time and that we have no intention of stopping.

## **ENOUGH IS ENOUGH**

(Analysis of holiness)

The Polish boy, born at the end of May one thousand nine hundred and forty-one, is now twenty years old. His parents were killed in the name of some justice, the baby was left in the stable among the hay, the mare-man had not the heart to stick the pitchfork in him. Later he did not know whether he regretted it or not.

I saw a similar face on the train once. Fear is in the eye, between attack and flight, ready for either. This eye was not afraid, but rather stared and waited. I've never seen a more clumsy waiting, I think it was waiting for the Messiah, wondering why he wasn't here yet, when by absolute reckoning he should have been here long ago. He was not interested in the people, and even less in the scenery. He didn't look around or out of the window. He put his hands on the bench, sat on it and rocked, not to play, but to pass the time. He had no schooling, he had learned no trade and never would. Things are not important. He does not think about tomorrow, he does not want to start a family or build a house, he does not save or long for that one day. No one loved him, and he loved no one but the one.

This boy gave a hint of the Pole who lived around Brest under the slate blue sky, among the spruces and the crows. But the Pole was even more forlorn. He may not even know what a railway is, only hunger, lice and rags. The maltsters who raised him were no meaner to him than to their own children, but it was a burden. We are all here today at each other's expense. Not even hate, just bored, bored. The child knows it is useless, and most therefore want to make themselves useful. He will be better than he is. This is how the nerd is born. He obeys, becomes a clean student and a good citizen. Or at least he rebels.

I was told that soldiers came, no matter what hat they wore, they rounded up a lot of people in the village. They were herded into the yard of the mutt because it had a high wall. They took them to the forest, and no one ever came back. The skater's wife used to talk in that voice about how good she was.

The constellation at the end of May one thousand nine hundred and forty-one is very difficult. I know of only one person born on the critical day who died of an undiagnosed illness in infancy. Apparently, he didn't make it. At the time, there was a gold conjunction in the sign of Taurus, and huge stellium around it. The potential for an outbreak of a kind of concentrated madness that we are only beginning to understand now, when it is too late, and when we are about to go even bigger. These people have absolutely no capacity to rejoice, to suffer, or to be happy.

much. They are born with such a shock that they cannot but look to the heavenly powers for relief. Because they are here? What can you ask of them? There are very powerful people, but no one knows what is important. What do they know? To be careful they don't fall out. The one who's careful not to fall out is already out.

The golden conjunction is the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, in fact a messianic constellation, in the house of publicity in the sign of Pisces at the birth of Jesus, in exact opposition to the birth point and at ninety degrees to the Sun-Moon conjunction. Regular cross. The Messiah is the being incarnate from a very high sphere, who can do what man cannot do.

The golden conjunction is the constellation of sacrifice. Unheard of questionable, for if man persists in sacrifice, he gets nothing of life, but he gets the glory. If, on the other hand, he desires happiness, power, fame, he must betray the sacrifice, all that he wants he gets here, and the glory he loses, and he can never return to the high sphere from which he has incarnated.

The conjunction was then surrounded by the stellium of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Uranus. One can see its secular significance by looking at what happened in the second quarter of forty-one. The campaign against the Serbs, the Greeks, Crete, Africa, the invasion of Russia. Anyone who does not perceive him as a madman will suspect himself of being insane.

The world is in a state of irredeemable ruin. This can be established beyond doubt, not by doing wrong, but by believing wrong. As they trust in the success of evil, and in it they not only reassure themselves, but rejoice in it, with filthy glee, and squint, and the sound, as they say, is reality. All efforts are futile to prevent disaster. They only talk about it. What do they want? Things.

He tried to visualize the final event, but at some point, just where it would become visual, his brain kept stopping. It's not like the flood. Not fire. Not so-called external. Man makes it, and he could stop it even at the penultimate minute, but no. The effective antidote to accelerating deterioration is in everyone's hands, and they don't use it. No more fate. There is nothing to hope for. There is only what is done and its consequences. Man has destroyed the power of external forces before he has acquired the knowledge to restrain himself. Just understand.

Only with the intellect, instead of grasping with their whole being. Only to understand, not to realize. Things, always things.

In the wilderness, Moses wanted to set up the tabernacle of the Lord and proclaimed that everyone should bring what they could. They gathered the velvet and the silk, the gold and the silver, to the brim. At last Moses, impatient and annoyed, said, "Enough of this stuff. Finally, something that is not a thing. Like the woman who would rather give her body than give herself. The easiest way to redeem something is with money. To keep yourself completely to yourself. People hide themselves from each other and secretly enjoy their lives for themselves. Nothing for anyone. To find a train and suck it all up for yourself there alone. The only thing that could stop the ruin is the only thing, but to do so involves sacrifice, renunciation. Just not to give up. No one is willing, and so it gets worse by the hour. Everyone takes all the others with them. Stop? No one wants to. Him of all people? And right now?

He heard people talking about events, because people were talking about nothing but events. Who was taken away. Who was executed. We're out of potatoes. The bread is bad, but the day after tomorrow it won't be. They're coming. Who's coming? When? Why? This bad is not even feasible, they only do it to ruin the good.

Maybe it is only bad because we don't know what is happening. Of course, the horizons, if one knows the horizons, are all good. Progress. But we know what's happening, we really know, because only those who are in it know. There is always some little spark that remains that is not meaningless. Who knows? From taking it all away, something always holds it back. Maybe he's a coward and doesn't dare draw all the consequences. Perhaps he can't see clearly. Is it possible to suppose that it's all just an impulse?

While someone is simply right, he tends to be quiet, modest and taciturn. As soon as he lies, he becomes admirably loquacious, inexhaustible in words, and justifies himself with eloquence rich in guile. He becomes at once resourceful and inspired, fertile in evidence and persuasive.

What I am is not known for certain, only who I am. If this dark age is doomed and irrevocable, the only thing I can do is to preserve the purity of my life. That is a dead cert. If there is a way out, the only way out is to use my own purity to preserve the purity of the world. of the purity of your own purity. That is even more certain.

Man has lost his sense of importance. What a sacrifice for mere life! How much filth they take upon themselves for a mere morsel. What treachery. Is it over? It's all over anyway. They say life is stronger than anything and goes on. Yes, but how! Loyalty to the earth only makes sense as long as it's not revenge for what's more than life. When one violates that which is more than life, it is not the larger than life that is destroyed, but life. Therefore all compromise is meaningless. Every sacrifice one makes for the sake of life itself is abject. I do not recognize the competence of anyone but the Savior in matters of life. Neither from humiliation, nor from neglect, nor from scorn, nor from ridicule, nor from hunger, nor from loss of liberty, nor from rags, nor from lice, do I suffer so much as from my own lies.

But the me that I am is not myself, but a being of peculiar loosened independence, someone who is natural, but who is not more unnatural than I am. I can never accept it, and must never for a moment deny it. I am in terminal despair over my incorrigibility, and need to be in constant control, otherwise I will become a scab and a careerist, or envy dictators. How strange that this I cannot exist without me, that my mirror and I am its mirror, we see ourselves in each other, unmistakable and inseparable, and I must take him on, even though I want to be rid of him, I take him with me across borders, and I am strangely attached to him without wanting to be. I must not betray it. The Gospel says so, and when one thinks of it, one cannot help but prostrate oneself before the invisible One who lives alone, and weep.

What is important is not what will be, but what is.

Everyone here has to go through that to get there. To where? Every soul must try the flesh, says the apostle. The only important thing is, that without letting the world down, one may at least catch a glimpse of the promised land from the border. Against what is, he does not protest. He does not hasten nor delay the end of corruption. It is not the years that count, but the weight of the darkness that weighs on man. And this cannot and must not be lightened, it is the ruin's. Neither the foolish good will, nor the end of the world, but to be the least clever. To each must be given what is his, but to the devil nothing.

No sense in entrusting important things to someone who does not meet the prerequisites. No learning is needed; no education, no schooling,

no book. I've lost a lot of power by acquiring this frightening ignorance of the irrelevant.

He did not know what was the stupid and obsolete old science, dull as a Zola novel, what was the newer, more impudent one, which served the terror state and terror perfidiously, but there was newer than that, now only science, regardless of everything else, and in this we became data along with our poor lives. Things. He did not know what art was, either with the refined madness of the old or the new. Nor religion, which can do nothing but beg. Nor thinking, which thinks because it is sick. Things again. What world is this? The mystery of reason. Where does it lead? He knows no one who does not live doing nothing but counting what is not his. Shoes, clothes, mine? He looks at the paper box with the shirt, the stockings, the handkerchief, the soap. Mine? No. He has no one and nothing but himself. Still, it's best if you wait. You don't need anything empty-handed. Wait. You don't want the thing. Waiting is when the thing is not yet, but not even the thing you are waiting for. He doesn't even cling to his sins, they're not his. He has fallen upon his neck, like these false parents here, this mutt, stable, work and soap. Of course, until one sees here that the Fall is the defining concept of existence for everything else, it means nothing, nothing, not even flies. He cannot bring the world into a tolerable relation to himself, for what is the weight upon the world is not gravity but man's sin, and to attain purity he must cast it all away, all of it, even life, even salvation. Nothing remains but the effort to realize the kingdom of heaven.

And this strange confusion, to help others when he needs help, to speak of purity when he is impure. Shame. Not a word to be said, only to wait. The great thing about God is that He is not a thing, not a thing at all, and cannot be grasped and perceived and calculated and measured and forced and mechanized and tricked and misled, and whoever remains in things never comes to Him, and has no idea of Him. The essence of the thing is that it is empty. The dominion of things. Submission to nothing. The prison they have made here is called the world. He is repulsed by the thought of coming into this world as a good man, especially as a saint. It is even more serious than being rich. It is a stupid and debauched religion. Man has no choice but to hide and foam himself up. The happiness of heaven is to be trifled with. To be good. Yikes. Heaven is also a prison, a prison of the happy, a prison of all the ins and outs of life.

with all the comforts of home, all the comforts of life, and a clear conscience to boot. A colossal internment camp where things are served. Man burns in nothingness. Submit to things, then plead for family and children and the need to just live, to do villainous deeds with filthy loyalty to country and humanity. Strange. Why is reality called a mystery, and why is the man who has become aware of reality called a mystic? No one will be able to save you until you yourself are pure - and then?

## **TANGUY, OR THE MYSTICISM OF LOGISTICS**

Art theory writers, and not the worst of them, claim that most painters, and indeed most painters, paint a single picture, albeit in many versions, throughout their lives. Just as musicians and poets write one work. This is certainly because the great artist never paints a picture, nor writes a sonata, but creates a single work.

In the case of Yves Tanguy, even the layman can see this immediately. Tanguy's paintings are by no means portraits, still lifes or genre pictures, but rather landscapes, at least in perspective. The landscapes are unfamiliar, even alien; Malraux would say that, as authentically artistic works, these pictures do not seek to maintain any relationship with reality.

In the foreground of the picture, figures are placed, which one would sometimes see as instruments with incomprehensible purposes, half beings, perhaps algae, perhaps just shreds, which have lost their biological character through a strange metamorphosis, merging the living being, the machine and geometry. In any case, they are to some extent outside the circle we call life.

The instinct of life probably plays the same role in the field of life as gravity does in physics; it is the most difficult inertia to overcome. Inertia that manifests as an unstoppable activity. Inertia that keeps it all moving here.

In Tanguy's paintings, this inertia seems to have disappeared; as if there is no vitality in these paintings, or it is in a different place from where it usually is in paintings. For in these pictures there is no movement. The nature of the visible objects is completely fictitious, they stand motionless in their own separate and



in their own separate reality, in absolute stillness. But if things are fictitious, and stillness is fictitious, this existence is irresistibly convincing, and this hyperreality is also a fascination for someone who otherwise understands nothing about the thing. The representation is not regular, but at the same time impressively exact; in every painting there is something of the photograph, if nothing else, its absurdity (BRETON). As if this something were here not the naked thing (the ancestral image of the object, the something), or perhaps the fact as fact, but the definition of the thing as a logical act. Something like this has recently emerged in art: at the beginning of the century, Kandinsky called Schoenberg's music a sheer brain operation. And this thing for its own sake, this definition of things, stands in a perspective that anyone who has ever seen a Tanguy painting knows is only possible, perhaps, far beyond the sphere of the earth, in a starry world measured in light years. Marcel JEAN therefore called Tanguy the painter of the Milky Way. Sterile monumentality, as we imagine the cosmos beyond Earth. It is a world that is unlike any vision of the world that painting has ever given us.

In Tanguy's paintings there is stillness and silence. It is strange because modern paintings are extremely musical, and throughout history there is no painting more musical than the present. Tanguy's paintings are also highly musical, but as immobile as they are soundless. In some of the paintings (especially the large blue canvas) there is a single blur of deaf and fading sound, resounding in an immense void, rather echoing like a distant chime in the mist, at night on the sea. This seems to be all that is left of the colossal musical bonanza of life. Most images, however, do not even sound that much, but, as befits the true image, are silent, merely there. Nothing else. Certainly the most speechless pictures, more speechless than the Egyptian.

The content of Tanguy's painting is subdued excitement. Excitement is probably the most essential existential element of our lives, because it is well known that man does not seek the good, not pleasure, not joy, but excitement in all circumstances, regardless of pleasure or suffering. Therefore, at the centre of our life is not ambition, not the passion for breeding, not the passion for fame, power, wealth, but the hunger of life for itself, what has more recently been called the libido. In Tanguy's pictures, excitement is not visible at first glance. But it is there in its entirety, only no longer what it was when it was excitement, but in a new form, subdued and muted. All the tremors have disappeared. The greatest force in life is the hunger for life, the hunger for the

there's only one greater: to curb that hunger for life. The greatest fire is the fire of life; greater than that is the stemming of the fire of life. This is what the Katha upanisad calls *tapas*. This is the fire of self-control. Things are burning, but no longer in the fire of libido, but in the fire of self-denial; man is burning, but no longer in the fire of excitement, but in the fire of overcoming excitement. With Tanguy, the act of restraint is not yoga, not asceticism, not renunciation of life, not self-denial, but an act of the artist's cognitive intelligence.

Tanguy's painting is the moment when the powers of excitement have been conquered and man's thirst for stimulation is no more. Excitement wants to touch and taste everything, and if it cannot be swallowed whole, at least licked. But there is a higher excitement than this, the desire to overcome the hunger for life. That's why there is a grave silence and a grandiose bleakness in the pictures.

Not that Tanguy's particular ambition to liquidate Libido stands alone. These pictures show signs of a new technique of living, if not an old one, which has been growing in importance for some time. These traits are similar in the various arts, in thought, in some sciences.

The artist, almost certainly the first was BAUDELAIRE, made the discovery that the art of the libido was unsatisfactory. We call libido the hunger of life for itself, which is absolutely blind; and we call libido-art that art which unsuspectingly accepts the hunger for life as the only fact of existence, has no idea of any other possibility, and glorifies the hunger for life.

The content of such art of life is mostly struggle-for-life-valor, that is, the suggestion of an attitude that will favourably influence man in his struggle for so-called existence. This art is always partly narcotic and partly therapeutic, but in all cases it is doping. Art, in this sense, is there to make life more beautiful. Therefore, what we are talking about here is triumph in life, the triumph of the righteous, the punishment of the wicked, and the lovers will be happy. It is important that everyone gets something extra out of life. It is good if it makes a person more combative, but if possible it should also have a positive effect on digestion. Instincts and concepts that are part of biological reality, such as love, morality, communion, family, country, people, class, should be exalted. This is the vegetative-animal-social-cultural reality. This art, as a whole, does not require a higher standard than biological life and pretends to be

our lives run smoothly in a horizontal undulation, and that man has no vertically salient issues at all.

The discovery of the modern artist was that such a work of libido-art is aesthetically unjudgeable. The question of whether it solves a life disturbance or makes something disappear, whether it provides an escape or hides something, whether it makes up for a lack, whether it expresses a desire, in each and every case and without exception, only to satisfy its hunger for life and to have more life. The art of living in its naïve form, as children's drawing or poem, as student poetry, as women's diary, does not even make any artistic claim. But the fact is that we are constantly inundated with thousands of novels and paintings, poems and plays and sculptures and music, all made out of such life-art. It is an expression of a life interest, i.e. a pure libido function on the part of the artist and a libido gratification on the part of the public. In the end, it is a strictly private affair. If it stays in the secretaire where it belongs, there's no harm done. But if it makes a claim to art, it turns out to be a mere clinical artifact, a biographical illustration at most, recounting dreams and injuries, but all made to justify the author's right to more life.

All this, of course, is not art, but psychology. Psychology is concerned with emotions, desires and injuries, and with daydreams, with the soul's deficiencies and sensitivities. For psychology, such art is the basis of diagnosis: characterology can identify many characteristics; therapy can discover certain psychotic types and propose a cure for them.

These manifestations can be interesting, even exciting, individual, even extravagant, and in most cases gifted. It can be many things but one: it cannot be art. For a work to be art, even such brilliant talent is not enough. The artist must cross a threshold, and that is to stop the hunger of life for itself and stop the glorification of the hunger of life. All true life begins with a more careful control of self. What comes before it does not matter, it is immaturity. The threshold to be crossed is the elimination of the libido.

It is said that the controlling force which restrains the libido, which sets a limit to life's hunger for itself, is no different from the libido. In fact, it is the same libido, but at a higher level, now acting as a function of self-restraint. This view is held by whole schools of thought. They teach that with a certain discipline the libido with itself

can be turned against itself, and then, even if a part of it remains a life-lust and blindly continues to serve the instincts with elemental force, another part is released and becomes self-controlled. This is the basis of yoga. It is up to the individual to decide where to put the greater part of his libido, in the libido or in the control of hunger.

Other schools of thought hold that the blind hunger of life for itself can only be curbed not by the libido, but by a qualitatively higher power (*spiritus, pneuma, spirit*). So the Upanishads teach. The tapas, the fire of self-denial, is inherently different from the hunger for life, because it is not blind, but sees and is alert, never confused with and cannot be confused with the fire of light and life.

The ambition of modern art to cross the libido threshold is to create works that do not satisfy the biological need for life, and whose content is not a blind glorification of life. All real life begins with a more profound control of itself. Making art is not a pleasure. *Chaque oeuvre est un exemple de renoncement* - every work is an example of renunciation. **O n e** cannot blindly live the thrill and make art. Once the threshold is crossed, psychology ceases to have any influence; what can be psychologically deciphered is not art. Art is not in the service of life interests. *Je ne veux rien d'humain* (MALLARMÉ). What the libido creates can be very meaningful in the animal-social world as an emotional or moral or ideological or national or political ideal, but as art it cannot count. Art represents a higher order of reality than life, that which is more than nature, than the world, than life.

In Tanguy's paintings, therefore, there is no excitement. It is as if there were no vital instinct. It is not a psychological artifact. A fascinating stillness. There is no desire, no passion, no emotion, no entanglement, no lack, no substitute, no instinct, no hunger. It all remains at the threshold. Here there is nothing but an exact definition of the archetype of things. As they say, *intérieure métaphysique*. "Pure brain activity." The disfigurement is gone. Dreams have been distilled. Elevated and transfigured into the reality of pure logical order. It remains. This alluring and terrifying vision, neither intimate nor reassuring, rather a spooky chilled atmosphere, no misunderstanding, for the only essential is to see clearly.

The peculiar process that manifests itself in modern art as a consistent aversion to life, a

with resistance to society. That art does not accept modern society in any form is more than natural, but that is not the point. Art is not a critique of society, and in no form has it ever been a rebellion against the world. The artist does not oppose the subaltern (living below the threshold), but engages in an activity of cognition and realisation which establishes laws of being (value, proportion, order, measure, rhythm) more fundamental than the social everyday. From a distance, this seems to be an antagonism with the world. But the point of liquidating the hunger for life in art is for the artist to find the laws of the final order of the world and to realise this final world in his work. In art, it is not primarily a rejection of the social quotidian, but the artist's invocation of a hyper-egalitarian existence in opposition to the social quotidian.

At this point, art has a certain affinity with religion. We know that religion has consistently and consistently contradicted the social-biological order of life for millennia. This, of course, is not based on emotion, but on a more profound knowledge. The world and religion have never tolerated each other. Everyone also knows what religion is right about and what it is wrong about. But the attitude of art is not to be confused with that of religion, for it is true that religion and art also refer to a higher order of life than the world, but art never denies or rejects the world, but transfigures and orders it, as it is said, art creates a world of the Muses from the vegetative-social world.

Ever since Rudolf PANNWITZ found and clarified the concept of the Muses, there is no doubt that all that we call maths and geometry, architecture and music, poetry and metaphysics, rests on the same primordial order-principle. There is an *attitude centrale*, a central attitude of the human intellect, as Valéry writes, which, if man reaches and occupies, from it all the enterprise of cognition and all the action of art are equally possible. This attitude is the attitude centrale of the Muses; an attitude whose base is the curbing of life's blind hunger for itself. If the libido can be controlled, man can realize the attitude centrale, and thus the possibility of knowing the hyper-empirical world opens up to him. But the attitude of the muse is the basis not only of cognition and artistic enterprise, but also of morality and religion and of every order of life which is

which is conscious of the final order of the world and of human existence, and which makes an effort to realise this final order of life. What we call the Muzai world is the absolute, that is, the anamnesis to the primordial world, and therefore it is possible that in all high art, morality, religion of all times and of all peoples there is something identical, and that this is the ancestral image of the primordial world.

It cannot even be said that it started in painting. Baudelaire and Manet were contemporaries and had their first scandals around the same time. They began to define a picture as 'a flat surface covered by colours in a certain order'. The definition was a declaration of war. The academy's hair was pointed to the sky. It turned out that painting no longer claimed to copy things. The principle, used since the Greeks, that art is an imitation of nature, was shaken. The Pre-Raphaelites argued that the model for the furnishing of our human existence was not taken from so-called reality but from art (the Mosaic world order), and that the higher the order of our existence, the more so. Art conveys forces that are above nature. It is not imitation, but the realisation of an order higher than that of the material world. The poem is a construction of sentences that evoke the absolute logos. Poetry is that which uses words in their true sense. Not only now, it has always been so. It has been a hundred years since Baudelaire and Manet, since then the theory has been developed, and it teaches us that art begins when one transcends the values of passions and instincts. "What is called reality has no relation whatsoever". Art transfigures reality and orders it and elevates it. What does it elevate? By inspiration. What is inspiration? Contact with those supra-real beings whom Orphic Greece called the Muses. The Muse mediates the forces of higher existence.

In the middle of the last century, some English poets, painters and theorists, well grounded in theory, constructed an order of life which sought to set a limit to the increasing laziness of an industrialised humanity. This was the association of the Pre-Raphaelites, the first place in recent times for conscious Muses to recognise how tastelessness was a life-destroying force, and equal to immorality, or what religion calls sin. The covenant sought to restore taste. The poets printed their works on paper of their own making, with their own type, wove the fabric of their clothes and underwear themselves, accepted only handmade furniture, and rejected all factory manufacture. A

The Pre-Raphaelite Association wanted to be the first cell of a Muzsa community that wanted to extend the artistic way of life to the whole of the commune, to achieve a kind of human brotherhood and a correct distribution of goods according to social justice.

According to the Pre-Raphaelites, man must get used to the idea that this world is reality. Nature is imperfect, history is unimaginative, reality is clumsy. Man has the knowledge and power to know the order of absolute existence and to construct the world. That it has always been done wrong is no argument against this conception. Humanity is recognizable by the character of the thought that guides it, which always originates from beyond nature. Art is the conscious elevation of the world, so that man may create the final universe. The objects of art are not from the world, just as the values of human life are not from the world, but from the higher being. These values have existed and exist from the beginning, they need not be discovered, only read. The absolute (musesai) world, this reality that has existed from the beginning, is the reality that lives in every human being and that everyone remembers and recognizes without being taught. The world of the Muse, however, is not a counter-reality of nature, but a hyper-reality independent of it. And the connection that exists between human reason and the original reality is not imagination or dreaming, but the pure state of reason. It is pure, that is, undisturbed by the vegetative-social world, and libidomontous. From the moment when man can restrain his desires and passions, his appetites and hungers, and raise himself to a higher state of being (free from the thirst for life), his life is governed by this purity of reason. Human existence as it is in nature, in history and in society is nothing but the egoism of despair. In this circle all thought and all action is necessarily wrong. Selfishness is conduct in delusion. The struggle for existence. Social, biological, vegetative circle of life. The basis of the Muzai order is number. Moussaicism is truthfulness reduced to mathematics. Rhythm, proportion, order, measure are based on the number of the muse. All this is a requirement of the ordering of the higher world. Muzicity is the absolute music of things. The world of the Muse is the world of the matrices of existence.

The modern age is aware of another Musesian alliance, Stefan GEORGE's circle, which does not change the theory of the Pre-Raphaelites about artists, but confirms it, and has more to say. The separation of man and art is forbidden. The work obliges. The identity of the word and the deed is the basis of the Muses' existence

the very first condition. Wherever there is a discrepancy between life and art, there is no art, but the hunger for life covers itself with the means taken from art. The work of art in this case cannot be measured by the laws of the muse, it is merely a compensation of the libido, that is to say, a psychological artifact, to be treated as the art of the adolescent or the insane, not subject to aesthetic judgment.

It is a stable tenet of modern art that modern poetry is not poetry in the sense of the older poetics, but, as they say, the poetry of poetry (metapoiesis), modern painting is the painting of painting, music is the music of music. The specific formulation means that the orientation of poetry has changed. It no longer wishes to deal with eroticism and nature, the family instinct, the home, religion and collective emotion, and painting no longer wishes to paint still lifes, landscapes or portraits, i.e. art no longer considers itself to be the expression of the social and psychological world. It has eliminated so-called reality, which used to be - and still is - only symbolism for great artists, and does not tolerate the instinct for life in the work. Art has taken up a direct relationship with the hyper-existent (museal) world, and offers its reality without its natural and social world signs. This is why they speak of pure poetry (*poésie pure*), pure painting and pure music. The modern artist depicts reality not in a forest or a face, but by omitting nature. The presence of nature in the work is nothing other than the presence of a blind thirst for life. And in the work, he refuses to tolerate any thirst for life (libido). Art is a representation of the world of the muse. It has nothing to do with anything else. Art used to be the apotheosis of life. Now it is gone. Art is not a life-giver. What takes shape in the work is socially and biologically and psychologically uninterpretable, because it has no relation to this reality. Art is not life-glorifying, and it is not life-enhancing. Nor is the creation of art a pleasure, but a technique of living that is more intense than the enjoyment of life, and the precondition for this is precisely the withdrawal from social-psychological life. Artistic creation is a higher degree of readiness for death, or, what is the same, a direct participation in an existence of a higher order than man's mundane life.

The Muses' consciousness was also awakened in some sciences outside art at the end of the last century, most openly in the French *critique de la science*. This school - first by POINCARÉ, later by LE ROY, MEYERSON and others - in science unfounded so-called



the limited theories of so-called positivism. The school demanded a science that was only willing to give credence to propositions with a correct basis (open axioms). Poincaré began to address the question of hidden axioms in the most delicate place, in mathematics; later, René GUÉNON perfected this method in his book on the infinitesimal calculus, and illuminated the hidden worldview of all modern mathematics. However, criticism of science soon extended to the natural sciences as a whole, and many concluded that these disciplines, with few exceptions, were operating with unacknowledged ulterior motives. The axioms of positivist science serve hidden life interests, i.e. they are not in their entirety in the name of truth, but in the name of libido. Science in its positivist form is not science at all, but a social-historical product determined by time and society, which does not seek the truth, but justifies the order of life of the moment. This statement applies to almost all scientific achievements of the nineteenth century. For the first time in the modern era, the critique de la science demanded that scientific fact should not be an expression of social-biological instincts, but should formulate the regularity of a reality that is higher than life and free of interest. The direct consequence of the French critique of science was the creation of pure logic, which sought to codify once and for all the requirements of correct scientific thought. The search for truth must be preceded by a screening of all hidden presuppositions. Social and psychological and historical and power and emotional preoccupations have no place in science. Human reason can transcend life. And the task of reason is not to serve life, but precisely to restrain the instincts of life in order to know a higher being.

Modern art and the criticism of science have revealed that man, immersed in his everyday life, lives in a peculiar life-spasm; man cannot escape from the blind thirst of life for himself in the atmosphere of the social everyday, and in this sphere he is and can be conscious only and only of his biological existence. Modern art and the critique of science see that in this circle man, with his degraded intellect, does not and cannot have any experience of reality. The hunger of life for itself is blind, and therefore man does not realize that he is living in the midst of delusions of being and delusions of existence. If it is the ambition of the artist and the thinker to step out of this subliminal life,

to examine his/her existence and to gain authentic knowledge of reality, he/she must face the hunger for life and release himself/herself from the spasm of life. Modern art and scientific critical thought have succeeded in crossing the threshold of sub-existence and gaining insight into the order of reality that is more essential than life. Therefore, modern art and thought had to take a stand against life, and this attitude created modern pure painting and pure poetry and pure music and pure logic. All this was done in the name of the eradication of the hidden blind hunger for life. Modern art has dissolved man's spasm in the social-psychological web, and from that moment on, any work that remains in the world of blind hunger for life is meaningless as art, is meaningless as thought. A work that satisfies or justifies a hunger for life cannot be considered art, it is merely a social or political or psychological act that is beyond aesthetic judgement, it can be evaluated on a social or psychological or historical plane, not an artistic one.

The discovery of the Muses' world has changed the way art is evaluated. Life itself, with its historical-social character, is hardly a tolerable condition. 'The land of madness is the only one on earth worth living in, human beings are so nothing that only what is not is beautiful'. RIVIÈRE says: art always offers unexpected help, it makes staying in the earthly life absurd. The poetry of numbers. The basic idea of MALLARMÉ's *Igitur*: to perform an intellectual act without being human. That which is unreal is a sign of the supernatural and is therefore already sympathetic (surrealism). The most important thing in the work is the lightning flash of logic. Pure existence (*l'être pure*). Art does not tolerate being measured by reality. In this atmosphere, a Puccini opera is a libido reeking of lust; Wagner's music is a dog-comedy; bourgeois fiction is pornography; lyric poetry is an ocean of syrup. Where there is no higher reality than life, it is as if there were none for art. Only that in which there is not a drop of libido (abstraction) can be called a painting. Poetry is that from which the accidental, narrow and unworthy nature of reality has disappeared (Mallarmé). The muse of existence is the one who lives in the intoxication of egoism, intoxicated by geometry. The exemplary manifestation of the ecstatic attitude of pure reason at the beginning of the century was certainly Bertrand RUSSELL's mathematical logic and the resulting logics, which, by radically screening the hidden presuppositions for modern man for social-psychological

from the psycho-psychological delusion. Mathematical logic is inconceivable without the art and poetry that preceded it, just as art and poetry are inconceivable without logic after logic. It is a stage of consciousness reached by art and thought at the same time, simultaneously and with each other's support, and even if independently, in interaction, in parallel, intersecting and, if not always aware of each other, implying and supposing each other. Russell called this peculiar attitude of modern reason, which radically rejected the wild, clumsy and unrealistic social-historical order of life on all lines, and built on the order of numbers, the system, geometry, measure, proportion, that is, on a world imbued with pure reason, Pythagorean. Pythagorean is just another word for Muzai, or orphic.

The field of modern thought and art is a borderland. It has always been the borderlands that have been important. But they have taken on a particular importance in this age when, as they say, there is nothing in music but extremes, the avant-garde or kitsch; avant-garde, which, in the spirit of pure being (*l'être pure*), bursts forth into the unknown and the unrealizable, and kitsch, which serves a sub-egalitarian social world, and is immersed in a blind hunger for life, and is therefore frivolous and irrelevant. But borderlands are particularly dangerous places. Here, first of all, is the pure number; the more over-illuminated the number appears, the more of its abstract purity it seems to give up. It loses its sterility and abstractness, becoming a myth beyond a line in a mysterious way. See FREGE's mathematics. Here are the basic figures of geometry, such as the triangle. The more explicit its definition, the more untranslatable its meaning, the more a strange non-intellectual surplus appears, and the more the symbolic which is inherent in its content is reinforced. The triangle, besides being a geometrical shape, signifies a whole host of other things that follow from the complex meaning of the triangle.

Ludwig WITTGENSTEIN has undertaken to develop a perfect intellectual language which expresses itself with definitive precision. In thinking, he has undertaken the same enterprise as Mallarmé attempted in poetry. Wittgenstein found that a certain obscurity, which he called metaphysics, could not be eliminated from language. Not only was language imbued with metaphysical meaning, but metaphysics also influenced the grammar and structure of grammar itself. Thus, perfect intellectual cognition by means of language is impossible. In pure logic the abstract and sterile

something else comes along with the elaboration. With the increase of the light of reason, there seems to increase another light, which, being different from the light of reason, is usually thought of as homely, but which is in fact mystical light.

Bertrand Russell, the formulator of pure logic, is said to have "never satisfied by human things". *I want certainty*. "I thirst for certainty in the sense that people usually thirst for religious faith". He had a passion for maths, and a parallel passion for understanding what mysticism is. He told his biographer: 'before I die, I must find a way to articulate the essential something that is in me and that I have never yet expressed, that something that is not love and not hate or compassion or indifference, but the real breath of life, the light that has come into human life from somewhere far away, the passionless power of the non-human world'.

This is the characteristic of being between the merging extremes of borderlands; it is the specific place of modern art and thought. An overlit shadowless space. "Human things have never satisfied me". I want certainty. To overcome the thirst for life. "Je ne veux rien d'humain." A borderland separated from nothing by a line narrower than a hair. An azure sliver of sky, as BAUDELAIRE says. "Nothing is as beautiful as the non-existent." *La pureté du non-être*. The purity of non-being (VALÉRY). MALEVICS painted it in the form of a blank white square on a huge white canvas. This is the objectless and nameless and intangible. "Art is the tool of the spirit to multiply itself in nothingness". The borderland called pure intellect lies directly next to this non-being. It is a space of extremes, a compound of two lights, that of the infinitely heightened intellect and that of the incipient mysticism, as if one of these two lights were the obscurity of the other, the intellect of the mysticism, the mysticism of the intellect. "The true light of existence". They are both identical in that they "come from somewhere far away", in that they are not human, in that they are from the frontiers of non-being, and in that they are the manifestation of the "passionless and tremendous power of the non-human world". This is the over-illuminated shadowless space in which the abstract and sterile light of logical reason is inseparably fused with the light of mystical existence swirling in the abyss far beyond the border. Man seems to be struck by this double light merging. And it would seem that if Russell and Wittgenstein's pure logic has such an affinity with mysticism, it is understandable that the

logic and mathematics: Plotinus, Eckehart, Cusanus, Boehme.

Here, in this double infinity, Tanguy's painting does not stand on the borderland of non-being, but rather floats, as if the spectacle, if only a little nudged, would disappear completely in the non-existent and nothing would remain of it. This is the unparalleled tension of images in the double clarity of logic and mysticism on the border. It is the excitement of the limitlessly higher order achieved at the cost of restraining the excitement of everyday social life, the excitement of discipline and order and measure and number, whose appearance in the fearful shadowlessness of this fictional space is the place where the tremor has already stopped. The transparent glow of objects and colours translucent to each other's light and existence in the bleak silence. A silence permeated by a lifeless emptiness. "The purity of non-being".

The blue of the sky is life in every painter; in Tanguy's paintings, the azure abyss, the great blue pit of non-being (Mallarmé). No passion, only the fervour of logic; no emotion, no rapture; no definite contours, only the mystically exact sharpness, no fixed place, only what metaphysics has fixed. *Intérieure métaphysique*. Sterile fantasy and abstract mystery. Dream and geometry. In any case, in modern art, the highest degree of readiness to die has been reached.

## **THE SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS**

Soon, what is written about modern painting will be more interesting than painting itself. The situation is similar in music. GUÉNON calls our age the age of commentary, in the sense that we are incapable of creating authentic texts. Our strength lies in interpretation. Modern painting and music are an excellent opportunity to make the commentary generally better than the work. The rare situation has arisen where the primary inspiration is in the perception, the work may be incidental, created merely to have something to draw on. The attitude does not imply a lack of humility towards the work, but rather the seriousness of unconditional humility towards what the work omits. The right of the work to exist is not usually questioned, but there is every indication that we often have a higher concept of the work than the artist and that we know of no work of art, especially modern art, which we accept without reservation. We take the question of authenticity more strictly.

It is not enough to make good art. We need more. We need to live an authentic life. We have a notion that the work is absolutely binding. The work, however perfect it may be, is a sham without an authentic existence. That is the only question of modern art.

Ernő LENDVAY's work on Bartók, as an authoritative commentary, is at first sight not exactly fortunate, because it seeks musical effects with its concepts in a dilettantish manner, with the bad style of those who seek to translate the musicality of a work into grammar. The movements of the Sonata for Two Pianos are characterised as a draining of deep forces, in contrast to the evocation of primitive-magical-barbarian imagery to open the gates of the world. He speaks of a naturalistic principle, and claims that Bartók wants to evoke an animistic age. All this is a cliché, and to say such things in an *espressivo* tone other than the colloquial is in bad taste. The bulk of Lendvay's book, however, is concerned with the proportions and scales on which the sonata is built, and finds strict order in the apparent arbitrariness and liberality. What is then particularly significant is the discovery that this order is not an ad hoc theory applied by the composer to a single work, but an immanent law of music. This time it is not about pentatonicism, nor about SCHÖNBERG's twelve-tone sequence, nor about atonality. It remains to be seen whether Bartók used it consciously or not, but the sonata shows the construction of a theory of the intervals and the outline of a harmonic rhythm and format which, in its regularity, seems to correspond without doubt to the principles of Pythagorean geometry. The basis of the orphic (Pythagorean) proportion theory is, as is well known, the golden metre. Lendvay finds the golden section in this work and shows step by step that the whole work is consistently based on it. The analysis reveals that Bartók, in at least two of his most important works, the *Sonata for Two Pianos* and *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*, managed to challenge the pentatonic preconceptions of folklore, but also to make a step forward in newer compositional technique that no one else had ever managed. The significance of this step is that a more universal musical formulation than that adopted in the last century does not in fact need a new theory; the whole system of laws of this universal musical language is ready-made and has been ready-made for thousands of years. It could be said that the musical *status absolutus* has not been lost, but is, if not easily, discoverable. How the musical status quo must incorporate the seven-degree scale, Schoenberg's twelve-degree scale, all so-called folk

and atonality is a music theoretical task that needs to be solved. After Lendvay's work, there is no doubt that the psychological or sociological interpretation of music can be considered obsolete. Music is not an individual or collective expression. Music is the first form of order emerging from chaos, the first articulation, a system that shimmers under a veil of sound, which does not yet have a logic and cannot therefore speak. All true music is based on the pain of the fact of life, that is to say, authentic music is tragic music, but it cannot say it, which is why it is so similar to children's writing. The greatness of music lies in its irresistible clumsiness. It is a resistance to being fully awakened. For chaos and order go together, and man's place in existence is to create a bright and orderly world with his innate geometric intellect from dark and exuberant powers, and to throw back into the pit that which does not conform or is tired. Music is the bubbling logos, it knows about proportion and rhythm, measure and order, if for it the definitive formulation of the world, precisely because it has no logos, remains suspended. Music touches but does not speak. It touches directly only the small self, not the big. Music builds, but it does not lay a foundation. If it were only music, we would have no idea of the whole. Music is only a hold, as painting is only a moment; music is only an ear, as painting is only an eye; language is both. Therefore music knows only of the first idyll, not of the last. Music is a sign, a symbol, a formula, an arithmos spoken; as the Greeks said, he who plays music counts. Musical counting is, of course, infinitely more complex than mathematical counting, and the simplest song performs an arithmological operation that even a perfect cybernetic calculator cannot follow, certainly because the musical sound is a cybernetically imperceptible quality, and the calculator cannot measure it. This is why modern machine music is nonsense.

Bartók's works are disproportionate, the music in them is much less than a resistance to the times. In this respect, Bartók's attitude is identical with that of other serious European composers, and even with that of the essential painters and sculptors and poets, as if resistance to the age were more important than art, and even as if art were only there to maintain this resistance (since it has disappeared in other aspects of society, and the great majority have succumbed to the corruption of the age) and to defend the truth of humanity. In music, BRAHMS was probably the last composer who lived and lived fully in the world of music. The work then became increasingly resistant, and

and less and less music. The significance of the work began to be determined solely by the stance taken by the composer in the growing tension between corruption and truth; the stance determined not only the musical content, but also the form and style, and the underlying harmonies. It may be true to say that for about a hundred years music has revolved around the question of disharmony. Disharmony, it is now well known, is not the individual arbitrariness of the composer (wanting to do something new at all costs), or perhaps deliberate offence (*épater*), revenge on a corrupt society. Disharmony, even cacophony, is, on the one hand, nothing other than a mirror of social existence, since man perceives only disharmony and cacophony in social existence, but it is also a sign of the author's rejection of criticism, by which he declares that he does not accept it as life and radically rejects it. Of course, the theory of disharmony is deeper than that, because in more recent musical works not only historical questions are raised, but also layers of existence hitherto untouched are revealed, such as the opening up of the existence beneath the world of the triad, so much so that in mid-twentieth century modern music there is no chord more cacophonous than the triad.

In art, in poetry, painting, sculpture and even in thought, two phases of confrontation with the epochs can be distinguished, completely in line and clearly:

the first is the opposition to the bourgeoisie - and this was sympathetic to and went hand in hand with socialism;

the second, once socialism had taken over and was shown to have betrayed the truth of life even more than the bourgeoisie - opposition to socialism as well.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, there was only one order of life, the bourgeois. The bourgeoisie was a mixture of the secularised clergy, the depraved nobility, the merchant-industrialist-farmer, and the working classes. The ideal of the bourgeois was the two- or three- or four-roomed dwelling, with all comforts, now mechanised, a fixed and good income, fashionable dress, the number of rooms rarely more, rather less, and if more, not out of actual need, but rather out of ostentation and hysteria. More recently, it includes the radio, which plays from six in the morning until eleven at night, the television, the car and the holiday home. It is more a condition of life than a life, and the citizen lives to obtain these conditions. The theatre, of course, but more so the operetta, more so the orphanage, but even more so the cinema. The less obligation, the better. That's why the bestseller is good, because



it's only fashion. Just not taken seriously. Taste? Snobbery at best. It's important not to disturb the peace. Peace is also called peace, but everything is called something else. That's why they call it liberalism, but it's actually restless, cowardly and greedy corruption. It is all sleepy and soft, shapeless and parasitic, bigoted and hypocritical. It is like the badly ventilated courtyard room that the excursion was later invented to endure. But it was the air of the mountains that became stale rather than the fresher citizen.

Resistance to the bourgeoisie was in four main directions: the disruption of traditional forms, children's music, folk music, primitivism. The nature of resistance in music is the same as in painting. The common base is the frenzy (*les fauves*). This proved to be the most effective. It was nothing like the attitude of the *Germania* of TACITUS, which contrasted Roman depravity with the moral superiority of the uncivilised Germanic people. Barbarism was and became a tried and tested means of stumbling (*épater*), the overnight dismantling of the entire European musical tradition, in which every harmony and form was perceived as a fraud. The formal and tonal upheaval was a manifestation of a furious criticism of the bourgeois order of life, with a curious consequence: the artist rebelled against the existing collective in the name of a demanded collective, but in doing so excluded himself from the actual collective and, as ADORNO writes, became a representative of a non-existent society. This is the reason why the reality of the artist as a person in the community has suffered such a serious loss. In most cases, however, the rebellio was little more than an immature play at barbarism, that is to say, it was nothing more than a stumbling block. Tacitus, in *Germania*, demanded the restoration of a Rome of pure morality; the initiator of this modern barbarism, ROUSSEAU and TOLSZTOJ, did not wish for a primitive state, but merely to be rid of the inconveniences of civilisation. The attempt along the whole line succeeded only as a stunt, not as an actual reality of life, nor could it succeed. In poetry, in painters, in music, but also in society as a whole, since the existential basis was not clear, the primordial status of humanity was not restored, but a refined flirtatious barbarism, with corrupt elements of late civilisation, was created, which, at the moment of its birth, turned out to be much worse than the bourgeoisie. In society, this

The attack (NIETZSCHE), launched in the name of barbarism, led to consequences that no one expected, but by the time it was noticed, it was too late. With SCHUMANN, children's music is rather the dream of a misinterpreted poesis; with DEBUSSY, a salon form; with modern composers, doctrinaire and scholastic. If one is not clear about the ultimate principles, one does not really know what one wants. In art, of course, one does not necessarily need a logically articulated analytical knowledge, but one does need the more that the artist, by his imagination, knows more about the situation in question than any logical analysis. To make society childish is nonsense, but the idea has opened up a reversal that parallels primitivisation and barbarism, and the destruction of the foundations of civilisation. Children's music confronts the idea of maturity, and therefore represents a regression that is a regression of the consciousness already achieved. the abandonment of what has already been achieved.

In any case, there is a regression that is constantly complemented by its own progression, and the two opposing movements are held together and united by the existential, central and actuality of the moment. The regression to the beginning (the beginning is Bartók's most important concept) can also be an anticipation of the final completion (it is also in Bartók), but at the same time, when it is both beginning and final, it is a regressively progressive and progressively regressive movement interpenetrating each other, present in one time. What is given but hidden in the beginning and in the final and in every moment is *the status absolutus* of the human, the basic human position, which in the mature Bartók is almost constantly, but in a shell, present, sometimes (*Two Piano Sonata, Cantata profana*, several smaller piano works) breaking through, and only not becoming an exclusive attitude because Bartók's imagination was not able to free itself from the strong influence of modern scientism. Undoubtedly, Bartók made a mistake when, in order to give his music a theoretical foundation, he placed such an extreme emphasis on the scientific methods of folklore that he gave scientism a greater say in his work than was permissible. In Bartók's formulation, the people is a universal unit of humanity (as opposed to the bourgeoisie), the guardian of the essential content of life, that is to say, he personifies in the people a collective which can only be, in fact and in the end, the whole of humanity, from which no one can be excluded. In this scientificity, Bartók's music is rarely undoctrinaire. There is a theoretical knowledge that always remains musical (BRAHMS). With Bartók, science is alien to music, even anti-musical. His popular music is the

(not fidelity), and traces of this can be felt throughout the whole line. His collection of folk songs has a museum character. It is not what it was intended to be, but a collection of examples and herbaria. The folk songs are photographic clinical artefacts and models kept at laboratory temperature. The inspiration he draws from here is instructive and instructive, and his barbarism is often nothing more than a desperate attempt to break through this pedantry and finally to make himself heard in his true essence.

It is not the theses of the real social order, for that is not its task, but the form and general principles of the order of human life which art enunciates by establishing a relationship with the forces of reality on the basis of which order can be realized in all spheres of human existence. This is what is now called Pythagoreanism, but we know that the original theory is not that of Pythagoras, but of Orpheus. The essence of Orpheus is that above the world of the struggle of the raw life instinct for natural existence there is the absolute, pure, transparent world of reason of the logos (arithmos), and the highest of man's faculties, so that he can recognize the ideas of the order above nature with his intellect and realize them by his activity in the material world, in society, in human life, in the soul, in morality. This is the basis of culture. The different traditions have given this order, which transcends nature, different names. In India it is called *devayana*. In Hebrew it is *malkuth ha-sammajim*. In early Christianity it was called the kingdom of God. In Plato, no doubt in a derailed form, it is *Politeia*. In the European modern age it appears in a false and comic form as rational utopia (socialism).

In the days of the supremacy of the bourgeoisie, it was believed that the resistance of art to the established order was linked to the revolutionary transformation of society. They believed that they were on the threshold of a very favourable change and that what was happening in the new anti-bourgeois art was a parallel phenomenon of revolutionary change. Of course, this was not a particularly intelligent view. It took some thirty years for artists across the board to become disillusioned and to realise that socialism had failed humanity irredeemably, and in a far more unforgivable way than the bourgeoisie had done. If nothing else, it was surely the 'dictatorship of profit over culture' (which socialism proclaimed to be the opposite) that made artists turn their backs on socialism.

The period before the First World War was an extremely comfortable time for socialism. It was a time when art went hand in hand with socialism: it was the avant-garde. It was a time for revenge against the clergy and the nobility. The times that followed were all the more embarrassing, however, because socialism proved powerless to create a new social order and, as became clearer than daylight, it could do nothing more than create a kind of medieval reign of terror, completely outdated in Europe, simply to secure its power. At the moment when it seemed that, refusing to give way to the immanent humanity of art, socialism became an enemy of the new (avant-garde) art even more dangerous than the bourgeoisie, because art could no longer even languish in totalitarian societies, but had to disappear from them. Art was required to extol the lies of Christianity, which had been corroded into socialism, but only if it was done to plebeian standards.

Socialism could cope with the money and political power of the bourgeoisie, but it could not cope with the bourgeois way of life. It was powerless against the bourgeois way of life. Socialism left all the essential arrangements intact, except that while the bourgeois would have given half his life if he could be a nobleman, the plebeian's whole standard of living is the bourgeois standard of living. The change is not great. He no longer eats his three courses in the dining-room, but his one course meal at the kitchen table. They don't work eight hours, but ten and twelve, for a quarter's wages.

If, in the life-being-unit system that is our being, the vertical tendency is the stronger, our individuality increases and our collectivity decreases, the initiative in the community is that of the individual, which means that of the luminous, of freedom, of richly nuanced differences; if the horizontal tendency is the stronger, our individuality diminishes, the word belongs to the collective, which means to the night instinct, the unconscious, the uniformity, the generality. Because whether it is an individual or a collective life-revelation, the same life-being-unit system is being expressed. In the unity of our being, the two directions are necessarily reciprocal, and one without the other is absurd. The vertical tendency is always going beyond the horizontal, the horizontal beyond the vertical, but never so far that the other cannot make up for the disadvantage and compensate for the difference by going beyond the other again. Individuality, alertness, clarity, masculinity, activity belong together,

as collective, unconscious, darkness, femininum, sleep. The Chinese called this the eternal rhythm of *tao* and *teh*. If the vertical tendency is the stronger, the dominance of the prominent individuals holds; if the horizontal is the stronger, it is the merging in the common.

Today, however, this theory is inapplicable. Equalisation is ruled out. Man's harmony with himself has become a lie. MALRAUX says that the most vulnerable point of an artistic work is where it is in agreement with the community. To merge into society without reservation is impossible. Faith, trust, serenity, order, peace are only possible as lies. Therefore, in music, the preponderance is on disharmony. That is why today all optimism is political humbug. It is impossible to agree with oneself. Such things as democracy, reason, science, have no meaning, so much so that there is no need for refutation, no one believes in them, least of all the one who does them. There are those who believe that a tragic art could have developed from the examination of the situation. It has not developed in painting, poetry or music, or in anyone else, not even Bartók. All he could do was to regress to the nearest high point in music, Beethoven's last quartet.

Bartók's examples were not the best. Liszt's art was art memorized in front of a mirror, like Wagner's. It all has little to do with music, because everything depends on how it is played. Debussy's palm-garden harmonies are more perfume than music. Finally, with Stravinsky's vocalized infantilism ("infantilism is a style of bankruptcy") and his *mal-fait* technique, which dazzles by spoiling things with virtuoso bravura (ADORNO). The rebellion of the whole art is misguided because it is in the spirit of rebellion, not *vita nuova*. That is why modern music is only music in some parts, and protest against the times in larger parts. Bartók - with the exception of *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*, and even more so the *Sonata for Two Pianos* - could barely lift his head from the passionate resistance against organised criminalism. For modern music there was little left but anxiety and aggression. The only theme, even for Bartók, is the fruitless struggle with demons. It is futile, because the only way to stop the demon is to recognise it and name it. Each art has its own special knowledge of how to bind the powers of darkness. Only language can banish them.

In the triumvirate of modern art, it is less so with JOYCE, more so with STRAVINSKY, and more so with PICASSO, that we are dealing here with something other than art. Perhaps the persistent and general aversion to the works of artists can be understood from here. One tries in vain to exempt oneself from the fascination of these works, because they are made with the irresistible brilliance of virtuoso technique, but this influence has nothing to do with art. The works of Joyce, Stravinsky, Picasso are not works of art, but manifestations of modern extreme lucidity.

Childhood is the *Mephisto of Faust*. Youth is the *Sorelje of STENDHAL Julien*, still only ambition and dreaming of a new possibility of greatness. He comes of age with DOSZTOJEVSKY, with *Ivan Karamazov*, and even more with *Stavrogin*. Then came not so much the dictators as their behind-the-scenes inspirers, terrorists and diplomats and scientists. The archetype is Ludwig WITTGENSTEIN, undoubtedly the most lucid mind in modern logic. Modernism has been around since Wittgenstein. It was here that thought crossed the boundary between the flawlessly organised reason and the madness of sterile rationality, beyond which, at the cost of removing oneself from being affected by the decisive facts of life, indifferent reasoning, kept on ice, can operate with immeasurably greater efficiency than ever before. Modernism began with this discovery, and since then this extreme lucidity has become the basis of modern industrial corporations and armies, of bureaucracies and political parties, but above all of the *drednautised* state apparatus. This involvement of crucial life facts was what Wittgenstein called metaphysics, and he argued that it was the main obstacle to exact cognition and the modern praxis based on it.

Modern lucidity is extreme, but blind (*lucidité aveugle*). It has no truth and can therefore concentrate itself entirely on solving its task. But it has no need of truth, because the only thing that matters for its purpose is the exact operation of its ego-system. Since he has freed himself from the inhibitions of truth, he cannot and refuses to distinguish between the precise elaboration of a mathematical equation, the precise destruction of a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and the precise exploitation of a people of a hundred million. Blind lucidity is a diabolical insanity, against the prevalence of which there is no defence in the practice of life at the moment, because the only one that exists, waking normality, is not feasible. Therefore, terrorists and scientists

its power is absolute, and therefore the influence of acrobatic techniques such as those of Picasso and Stravinsky is irresistible.

Joyce, Stravinsky, Picasso, in this antagonism, is not on the side of authentic existence, but under the guise of art, with its virtuoso knowledge of effect, and its flawless technical knowledge, exercises authoritarian power. Hence the blurred line between a Picasso painting, say *Guernica*, an act of political terror, and scientific discovery. It is not art, it is not statecraft, it is not scientific research, it is the virtuoso performance of a demonic intellect. This is modernism.

Criticism of the spiritual and moral indifference of modern extreme lucidity is swooning. It is not because it is not in possession of the basic position (it cannot see clearly) and seeks to catch the demonic intellect in the crimes of politics and economics, society and science, and to make it appear as if the opening of things in these subfields were, and could be, a restored order. That is why they talk independently of each other about political and economic and social and scientific and ideological and religious and other crises. Science, reason, democracy are so intertwined that if one indulges in just one, all remains in place. Modernism leaves no half-acre of human existence untouched. It seeks to transform the life order of humanity into a rationalised and uncluttered factory. To do so, it is true, man must be convinced that this is right. The means of persuasion, as we know, is ideology. There is not a single modern ideology that is not a system of lies of pseudo-resistant man. The critique of modernism fails because the critique of pseudo-resistant behaviour does not lead to a reexamination of it, but to a system of lies more sophisticated than the former and techniques of lying.

No kind of pseudo-existence can be unmasked from the outside; it can only begin with the admission of existence and be eliminated *ad interna*. External criticism is useless, because the lie is withdrawn from the statement into its essence, and at this moment there is no clear and energetic criticism against which it cannot confront a more complex system of lies and hide behind a new ideological line of defence built up by more intricate techniques.

The peculiarity of being corrupt and the corrupt thinking that follows from it is that the deeper the lie that the transparent criticism touches, the less the hidden apparatus of corruption is exposed; in other words, and once again the same: the more substantial the criticism, the more sophisticated the defensive lie technique that the corrupt man is forced to use.

This defensive strategy of the corrupt order of life and its constant readiness to retreat is natural. A large part of his life is made up of fear of exposure, and he must therefore arrange his life around the defence of his disguised being. There is surely no more decisive step in human life than to become aware of the unheard-of complex organization of the hiding technique and to illuminate its infinite concealment with infinite vigilance in order to restore the authenticity of man's intact being or to work off as much of his own and others' corruption as he can. The procedure can be no other than to set man's primordial truth against his own and others' deluded being, and thereby to illuminate himself. This is the method of the gospel. Each man must do it for himself. No one can live through man's death, no one else can reckon with man's corruption, no one else can restore the truth of man's existence in man's stead.

One of the tried and true procedures of the defence against vigilance in the hiding technique is to divert the direction of the scrutinizing criticism from its proper purpose, lest it be directed to the essential question. The European modern age is rich in the development of such defences. In the early modern period, and later in the Enlightenment, when the clergy's system of lies was to be liquidated, the clergy retreated into the Church and made it appear as if the offensive was directed against religion. By which he betrayed that religion was destroyed, the Church almost lost its authority, the clergy survived and clericalism as a method of world power (using spiritual forces for political deception, i.e. subjugation) spread all over the world and power can only be maintained by means of spiritual systems (ideologies) ever since. The latest variant in this field is to maintain the rule of violence hidden in the idea of social justice.

In the last century, in the disintegrating bourgeoisie, castes were broken up and confused, but MARX did not raise the question of collective confusion, but projected confusion into the pseudo-ideology of class struggle, and although class struggle was partially liquidated, confusion was all the more strengthened.



The confusion in the hierarchy of existence caused by rationalist atheism was successfully removed by shifting attention to a fictitious theory of evolution (racial selection, Darwinism).

In democracies, the primary *androgynous* relation of the sexes was loosened, but Freud did not focus on this issue, but on sexuality.

In examining the nature of the upheaval on a global scale, they did not explore the only possible basis of unity, the basic state that binds all human beings together (*état primordial, status absolutus*), but argued over the transience of different cultures (cultural morphology, Spengler, Frobenius, Toynbee).

Of course, whereas in the past the critique of a corrupted life order was initiated at personal risk and responsibility in the name of an evidential truth, in the last century one of the characteristics of pseudo-criticism has become that it has emerged as a science. To be in the science of pseudo-science has become an absolute certainty. The weight of law has been lost. The final word does not belong to law, but to science. When socialism sought to hide from attack and to secure for itself a perfect defensive position, it called itself scientific socialism. Science as a system of lies of extreme lucidity.

The critique of extreme lucidity is ineffective, **t h e** deliverance from the power of demonism is thus hopeless, and the circumvention of difficulties becomes more and more impossible, because the demonic forces, because their lucidity enables them to do so, penetrate into the most private circles of man, and bring the human being entirely under their control. The only option left seems to be to renounce the self. We know that the collective and the individual cannot be separated; the perpendicular community is the self, the horizontal individual is the community. But man's vertical tendency can ultimately be undone, his individuality extinguished, and he hides in the collective. The modern collective has no analogy in history; just as there is no analogy for the individuals of extreme lucidity, the terrorists, the scientists, the modern generals, the diplomats, and artists like Joyce, Stravinsky, and Picasso. The list of epigones is superfluous. These people, in their unprecedented individuality, severed their collective relations and almost completely liquidated their horizontal relations. Particularly so now, from close up, the figures of lucidity have risen to titanic proportions above the average in inaccessible perpendicularity, social their contact quite loose and

precarious, as if they were at the top of inaccessible columns, independent of any community. The foundation is not solid, and this glory does not seem to last. In any case, it is so today, and this movement is complemented by a frightened flight from individuality and a split in the plane of the horizontal mass in the multitude of people who live in society as mere statistics. Any form of the modern collective (people, nation, race, class) is not an organic cohesion. The incomparably greater majority of aggressive baromism and energetic idiocy understood nothing but what they suffered. Deprived of their humanity, the hundreds of millions of the humiliated and wronged flung their individuality madly away, ducked their heads and hid in the unrecognizability of the massive multitude. He has renounced his humane existence. As Brecht says: *ich will ja gar kein Mensch sein* - *I don't want to be human at all*. This is the origin of the modern collective. The tasks of individual life for the average person were no longer manageable. The weight of the self was too much for most people to bear. Therefore, the modern collective is not a society, but a corpse of self-extinguished "I". The rest, but above all the fascist and communist collectives.

The pit is characterised by one thing, no matter how many people are in it. If there are more, the space is tighter and the rations smaller. But it is still better, and easier, than taking the risk of individuality. Here at least there is no criticism, no rebellion, no revolution, no privilege, no ambition, all is monstrous and humourless, the reassuring irresponsibility of leadership is bored listening to the superlatives of professional liars and shrugging off the blood-dripping bluffs.

The two historical collapses of the last two hundred years can be expressed musically as the appearance of kitsch with the bourgeoisie, and musical lies with the plebeians.

We have known kitsch for longer, and we know about all there is to know about it. All that remains to be added is that kitsch is a work of art (painting, music, poetry, sculpture, etc.) which has no authentic existence and is therefore a complete fraud. It is not in the nature of kitsch to deceive, probably because to deceive it would require some little insight that it does not possess at all. That is why it is so characteristically bourgeois. Kitsch can be made to a relatively advanced degree, as is not uncommon in modern times. A

of kitsch is not bad faith, just tasteless and silly. However, it can never reach the level of art, because it is made for pleasure, it remains an illusion, a game, a pretence, that is to say, frivolous. It is the art of the bourgeoisie par excellence, because it is irresponsible and does not oblige (cowardly and restless). Kitsch has no connection with the reality of the orphic, that is, with the order above nature. It lacks the transparency (cognition) that is obligatory in art. It is therefore insignificant and it makes absolutely no difference who made it, where it is, where it is, where it is, whether it is lost or not made at all.

The fact of the musical lie has not yet been acknowledged, but since symphonies written to glorify political marches and songs and cantatas and terrorists have been heard around the world, it is about time. Tunes and harmonies of purely bourgeois origin, stolen from worn-out, mostly out-of-fashion hits, should be obliged to make people optimistic, because terror is not content with narcotising, it demands real idiocy. Behind the sweet chords, a mood of menace, sugar and execution, indicating the difference between what is demanded and what actually happens, marching merrily and at a fresh pace through the barracks of a concentration camp, waving the flag joyfully towards the gallows. Compared to this task, the repertory of such a work is rather poor, and its quality barely rises above the noisy finale of the average Viennese operetta, but rather remains below it. But the fair and the verkli are in bad faith, *fortissimo*, lest the moans of the tortured be heard. This is a completely new step in music history. In language, lying is very old, and man has learned to eavesdrop on the difference between the true and the false. The childlike nature of music has always been respected. We cannot yet regard music as a non-spontaneous expression, and we have not yet learned to defend ourselves against existentially false music. On the whole, we only know what is good music and what is bad music, but there is no definable criterion for this either. True and false music have not yet been discussed. False music is not abstract music; it is merely an extreme form of protest against the age (like abstract painting), which is disgusted to touch anything here and thinks that only what is fictitious remains pure. The musical lie exploits the sacral clumsiness of music and its childishness in articulated logos to trick man into a confession and revelation, even an activity, that is an obliteration of the truth of human existence. It is certain that the lie of music is the

of all lies, because it demoralises man at his most defenceless.

The truth of music, precisely because music is more naive than all art, and because it lies closest to the roots of humanity, is the most sensitive. The lie of music hinders the dawning of the human logos, deprives it of the possibility of an exit from chaos.

The line between kitsch and musical lies is blurred in most cases. This seems to be because, as many have recently argued, there is no essential difference between bourgeoisie and socialism. Both are based on the plebeian way of life, and socialism is in fact a late bourgeois phenomenon. The basis of this bourgeoisie is a humane cultural ideology that masks violence, profit and lies.

BLOCH distinguishes between dialect and mathematical music. The theory is based on the separation of rhythm and melos, and ADORNO also speaks of music that is rhythmic in its articulation as opposed to expressive dynamics. The former is the song, the actual continuous musical duration, the latter is the drum, the division of time into equal measures. PANNWITZ used to build his theory on the distinction between vocal and instrumental music, in the sense that the characteristic of vocal music cannot be other than melody; in instrumentation this can be eclipsed, but instruments are either singing or rhythmical. The piano has the unheard-of advantage of combining melos and rhythm. Either way, neither of the two can stand alone, except for the solo drum, and this is certainly why the Confucian Chinese tradition says that the creation of the world began with a drum beat. *Music for strings, percussion and celesta* is built on this basic tension, the strings representing the vocal *esprit*, the percussion the mathematical rhythm. In the sonata, the two pianos take the melody, but the sound of the percussion is built in. The vocal and instrumental contrasts are in large proportions in the *Cantata*. The *Cantata profana* is probably the only work that can be seriously considered as a unity of vocal and instrumental music after the chorus of the Ninth Symphony.

In modern music, Stravinsky completely suppresses the *esspressivo* dynamic element; Schoenberg emphasises precisely this. Bartók's desire to strike a balance between the two is said to have opened up the possibility of a kind of new classicism (LEIBOWITZ). The sonata is on this path, but the task is much greater than is at first sight apparent.

What in music is vocal, vocal and melodic, is at the same time expressive and dialectical, *legato*, the same as the continuum in mathematics, the horizontal in geometry, the feminine in one place and the collective in another, homogeneity and the night, the unconscious and the general. The continuum of melos is, after all, the analogy of the ultimate reality that we call existence, which is the horizontal and homogeneous content of the unbroken continuity that is the infinite eternal.

And what is instrumental and rhythm in music is at the same time beat, drum, dance, *staccato*, and what is vertical in geometry. Elsewhere this is called masculinum, elsewhere it is called individuation, or heterogeneity, day, consciousness, separated self entities, and it is an analogy of the ultimate reality we call life, because life is a temporal individuated difference.

We are and are not in the unitary system of being-life, because we should be in the golden scale of the unitary system, and by corruption we are not there, simultaneously in time and in the supratemporal, in the bounded life of individualized being and in the infinite content of being.

The basic movement of our being is the Heraclitean correlation: open and infinite being is formed into individuated life, and closed individual life is opened in infinite being.

Most of what Europe has created is probably music; but most of what music has created is certainly the sonata. Music has an advantage over all other intellectual activities because it does not need a proof. Music is logostatic. Music works with evidence. Its advantage and disadvantage is that it excludes itself from the intellectual activity whose basic nature is to prove. Only the sonata is a form which, although it does not prove, is dialectical in its own musical way. The sonata is a musical universality. There is no form that it does not incorporate, first only dance and song, later the two highest forms, fugue and variation, but even here it does not stop at mere musical proposition. Hence there are three parts to the sonata: the exposition, in which the propositions are raised; the elaboration, when they are deduced in themselves and in relation to each other; the reprise, when, after the dialectical procedure has been completed all the propositions

reappears in every detail of the proposition, unquestionably and convincingly, perfectly transparent. Which is, moreover, in accordance with human logic (orphism).

It is curious, and at the same time self-evident, that the musical idea, which is the character of the main theme, is different at the beginning of the sonata from that at the end: in the exposition it may be witty or profound or delightful or possess some other aesthetic quality above that of the other themes, but it is on a level with them; after elaboration, having undergone a peculiar process of maturation, it far surpasses the others in importance, a whole host of hidden meanings have unfolded, it has opened and purified, and it has become strangely transcendent, as if something beyond music were resounding through it, undergoing a change to which neither variation nor fugue can subject the theme. This is the free dialectic of the sonata's elaboration. The character of the sonata is neither lyrical nor emotional. The formal nature of the sonata is not linear like that of a song or dance. The sonata is a system, and when the main theme is played out in its mature form, transfigured, with its open transtonality, it occupies an unmistakable central place in this system. Transtonality is the most essential aspect of this change: all art begins by being able to go beyond itself (metapoiesis).

Modern music has left little of the classical form of the sonata. The tonalities have disappeared; the themes are not immediately recognisable; there are no definite propositions; the ideas sometimes do not even return, sometimes only in allusions, sometimes disguised or in rhythmic formulae; the boundary between exposition, elaboration and reprise is blurred, and it is as if the whole sonata had been transformed into a single elaboration in which the knowledge of the theme is assumed and in which the conclusion is not drawn, as unnecessary, and must be invented. Something, however, is definitely and undoubtedly recognisable, and that is the sonata-atmosphere, the free dialectic. The sonata is a system. It is not comparable to any poetic genre, it is not lyric, but rather prose, dramatic, but without the inclusion of persons, because the propositions do not remain individually autonomous, but merge, shrink, condense into formulas, change their dimensional position, hide, but without giving up any of their essence.

Modern music has shunned the sonata form (at first believing it to be a requisite of the bourgeois era). Rather, he wrote suites, songs, dance forms, ballets, and reverted to the pre-classical format. Piano and violin concertos and symphonies were more a kind of paraphrase

but refrained from sonatas. Bartók was late in his approach. Certainly when his thinking had become systematic and when he had found no other way of working out the ultimate meaning, and finally when he had reached the point where he had to stop the immature glorification of life and start the interpretation (the musical cognition). The other forms are more or less content with the musical vernacular; the sentences of the sonata cannot be expressed in the musical vernacular, they require a higher standard. As MALLARMÉ would say: *un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu*. Finally, the sonata, as the principal form, had to be used, because the breakthrough to a higher musical reality is only provided by the sonata, because of its formal characteristic, the breakthrough to transtonality, which is precisely the characteristic of the sonata. The sonata provides a means of developing musical thought that no other form can; the two-piano sonata was written using a technique that has more recently been called total development.

## **TREATISE ON PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION**

# 1.

The state was named Leviathan by many. Leviathan is known to be a monster that likes to devour people by the thousands. *L'état c'est le crime*, says CAMUS, the state is a crime. Such formulations have got us into a lot of trouble. Many people have become passionately engaged in theorising against the State and in trying to eliminate the evils attributed to it. In droves even the well-meaning jumped into revolution and conspiracy, assassination and anarchism. With that peculiar desperate blindness which always characterised those who did something foolish, they set about dismantling the order of the state and exterminated those who did not look after themselves in unheard-of numbers. An endless and very bloody brawl broke out over the question of which was the bad state and which was worse. Another reason to kill. Meanwhile the upheaval grew. The riot spared no state on earth. Today we are about at the point where conservatives, but also revolutionaries, aristocrats, but also democrats, monarchists, but also republicans, are staring at each other with not very intelligent faces, and would ask each other something if they knew what. The revolutionaries in particular were touched. The disillusioned revolutionary is a modern phenomenon. He undertook a clean-up, and the mess became even bigger than ever. No republic has proved less Leviathan. W. C. Thorndyke<sup>(1)</sup> says the name is wrong. Leviathan is not the state. The mad political wrangling that has been going on for hundreds of years is utterly pointless, and if we continue to fight like this we can only expect the situation to get worse. Leviathan is not a political issue. In every state there is an organisation which is characterised by the very fact that it is apolitical, if only because it is a ready instrument of every political tendency. It may be politically influenced, but that is not part of its essence. Politics, whatever it may be, is always full of desperate dreaming and refined ineptitude. And this particular organisation is characterised by only one thing: systematic *violence*. Mr Thorndyke takes the title of his work from Hamlet, where it is about the packing of office. The author sees Leviathan in the office.

Thirty years have passed since the publication of the study. In that time the question of a large literature has been created, the study of the bureaucracy<sup>(1)(2)(1)</sup>, the subject



an international scientific association<sup>(1) (3) (1)</sup> which publishes a journal<sup>(1) (4)</sup>  
(1) and organises occasional-congresses<sup>(1) (5) (1)</sup>.

And in recent weeks, the science's initiator, W.C. Thorndyke, has published a major synthesis<sup>(1) (6) (1)</sup>. —

Scholars, says the author in his introduction, have been persuaded that it is a mistake to deal with the question of government by confusing the state with administration. The state is a *corpus*, or body, a physically extensive reality with a territory, a history, a constitution, a language, a nationality. And the office is an impersonal body whose organisation is independent of the state. It is conceivable that an office organised in one state may be transferred to another state. There are enough examples of this in history. The Byzantine bureaucracy was adopted by many medieval states, including Russia, and after the conquest of Byzantium, it functioned even more effectively under the Turks in Istanbul. The bureaucracy is not transformed by the form of government. The administration is unchanged in monarchy and republic. There are just enough historical examples of this. A conquering state governs the conquered people with its own authority. Even in the midst of revolutionary changes, the office serves the king just as it did the Jacobins.

The state corpus maintains an army against external forces. So far, the administration seemed to be nothing more than a civilian army turned inwards. This is a misconception that must be dispelled. In fact, and in many places where the office has been extremely strengthened, it is not the office that is dependent on the state, but the state on the office. It is here that a process of *governmentalisation*, distinct from the political, is under way. This is what created the bureaucracies of China, Byzantium, Peru, Japan and Tsarist Russia. The bureaucracy is an autonomous organisation within the state, which exercises power inwardly according to its own arbitrary will.

## 2.

In the next section, Mr. Thorndyke deals with the analysis of the act of office<sup>(1) (7) (1)</sup>. The starting point is Lorenz Teig's work<sup>(1) (8) (1)</sup>. Lorenz Teig, as we know, has collected the poems of Egyptian, Chaldean, Chinese, Peruvian, Mayan, Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman, Medieval, Byzantine, English, German, Russian, Japanese officials and has written an extensive introduction to the collection. This book is considered by many to be the standard work in the study of officialdom. It is also well known that the author has analysed some of the poems in detail, including the Egyptian "Ode to the statement", the Pre-Columbian Peruvian "Interrogation with the Chief", the Italian "Birth Certificate", the Roman "Census" and the modern German "Grafikon". According to L. Teig, the main characteristic of bureaucratic poetry in all periods of history and in all peoples without exception is sentimentality and bestiality.

A recurring motif in the bureaucratic poetry is that the bureaucrat goes home during the day, after applying the laws and existing decrees and legislation in full rigour, and gives free rein to his emotions. In this respect, the most striking poem in the collection is that of the director of a German concentration camp. He takes the example of Himmler, the bloodthirsty minister, who signs the gassing orders in his office and at night takes out his violin and plays Schubert's softest songs at home. The camp director recites Goethe, Schiller and Mörike with all the fervour of his heart. After working as an inquisitor in the Ducal Chancellery of Mantua, he wrote Petrarca sonnets for "The Fairy Sweetheart" and "and 'The Angelic Bride', and admires his monarch, who on his way home from execution cannot resist picking up a girl in the street and kissing her.

Mr. Thorndyke approves of Teig's analysis in principle, but finds it mild. It is probable, he says, that these two emotions explain poetry satisfactorily. But it is still far from defining official existence. The author refers to Constant Charpente<sup>(1) (9) (1)</sup>, an eminent specialist in the field, and wishes to base his judgments on his research. In a chapter of his major work, C. Charpente writes that the trait which

characterises the act of office in general is the *plaisir de tourmenter le peuple*, that is to say, the pleasure of skinning the people.

In order to justify his judgment, W.C. Thorndyke constructs a theory of fracture philosophy and seeks to distinguish three periods. He calls the first epoch the struggle against the wolves. In some respects this is the primeval age, when man's enemy is the beast and the forces of nature, especially the weather, that is, all that threatens his existence from without and against which he needs effective physical defence. This difficulty of life can be solved once and for all by the simplest means. In the author's opinion, the achievement of this age is the house and the gun.

The second age is called the struggle against the horde. This war is no longer between man and nature, but between the superior and the inferior, and the struggle is now decided within the sphere of humanity. What is opposed is civilisation and barbarism. This age is deeply rooted in history, and it is only in more recent times that it has ceased completely, apparently with the final triumph of civilised man.

The start of the third era is uncertain. Mr. Thorndyke thinks it likely that the struggle is very old, but only came to a head in the modern era. It is characterised by the struggle against the powerful. What is called class struggle is a delusion. We find in countless cases that when the king and the aristocracy were ousted, and the theory was that the struggle should have ceased, the tension between the ruler and the oppressed in society remained, and even increased. The struggle within society has not been eliminated by any form of state; on the contrary, it never seems to have been as bitter as in the so-called socialist states. But the reason is not political. The rebels, says Jaurès, are in the governor's palace (*Les révoltés sont aux Tuilleries*). Mankind has no effective weapon against the powerful at the moment. The governor's palace is far more dangerous to humanity than either the wolf or the horde was. Against them man could fight with the full use of his humanity, but against the government there is no possibility of doing so, for it is humanity that is paralysed. How does it do it? By terrorizing, exploiting and lying. If the triumvirate of violence, exploitation and lies prevails, the three basic agencies will be created: the police, the tax office and the press.

Mankind, after an unforeseeable period of time, and continuously, and with the consent of all people, against the corruption of life by the forces from below

and created civilization, must now change its face, because the forces that destroy life are not threatening from below, but from above. In the past, Bernard Oussard<sup>(1)</sup> [\(10\)](#) [\(1\)](#) devoted a remarkable book to this question, and Lewis Hudson<sup>(1)</sup> [\(11\)](#) [\(1\)](#) came close to definitive formulations. He asks how it is possible that civilization has created a code of laws and can hold accountable any person who commits any crime against life, while now it is powerless against the powerful? What the wolf and the pack were to humanity in the past, the office is now. However, this is only half of the truth of the matter. The office makes the crime appear, not as a blight on life, but as law and justice and justice, and commits it from above with a legal apparatus. And this is what makes the matter unheard of complicated. There is hardly anything more embarrassing than being under the power of an incompetent man with a positional advantage. The institution that was created to serve life has now turned against life. Hence, what Oussard calls the falsehood from above has two faces, one is the philanthropic grin he shows to the public to justify his claim to be the defender of humanity, the other is the delight in the suffering of the tortured man, which is the real essential. Lorenz Teig calls this duality sentimentality and bestiality. The savage and the barbarian are harmless in comparison, because against them the house and the weapon were a protection, but now power sits in the house and the weapon is in his hands. Oussard refers to Saint-Just, who said that there is no greater pleasure than to torment the people (*c'est une chose hereuse de tourmenter le peuple*). It is curious, L. Hudson notes, that when Saint-Just uttered these words, he was writing his theory at the same time as the Marquis de Sade, who was justifying the emotional world of the torment of life almost poetically, but in any case in literary form. The scaffold, says de Sade, is for me the ultimate pleasure. Here, however, it is not the elemental animalism of the wolf and the horde that is at stake, but the kind of abjection that high civilisation creates.

According to Lewis Hudson, this new danger has two telling signs. The first is that it operates as a powerful organisation, and the second is that it operates from the sanctuary. This makes the situation intractable at the moment. Mankind is powerless against the corruption of life from above. A whole host of instances are related from Chinese, Peruvian, Egyptian, Muslim, medieval history, all of which seem to prove that the instinct of robbery, revenge, envy, and