

he could not exercise his cruelty in a normal civilian situation, but he went to work as a policeman or magistrate, and here he was free to commit his crimes.

It is not by chance and not by exception that the administration is infested with the envious and the sneaky, the nerdy and the sneaky, the treacherous and the lying. One wonders why, under such conditions, criminals should engage in private practice on their own account and run the risk of running afoul of the law when, as public officials, they can commit the same misdeeds with official assistance. The second circumstance is more important. This, according to L. Hudson, is that the administration not only allows the tormenting of the people to go on freely, but that the practice of the official is inseparable from the practice of tormenting the people. The act of administration itself is what is called the corruption of life.

3.

The very first step towards administration, says Mr. Thorndyke, is not known. The very first official, presumably, may have been a personal secretary to the monarch, and his field of action was certainly writing. Public administration without paper is unthinkable. This clerk or secretary kept account of the monarch's income and property. It was his duty to make certain entries and to give an overview of more complicated matters. The Egyptian poem 'Ode to the Account', which stresses the extreme importance of the clerk's work, is a testimony to this. The poem says that without him the ruler would be ignorant of even the simplest matters, would not know how much sheep, how much wheat, cloth, gold he had. The statement is omniscient. The drafting of the first official document, says B.

B. Hollowbarde⁽¹⁾ [\(12\)](#), is equal in importance to the highest act of civilization, and the first document of the primeval official is the first step in all science and literature and poetry. The first written works were not poems and not religious theses. The first letter was written by an administrative official⁽¹⁾ [\(13\)](#).

It is well known that B. B. Hollowbarde's conception is widely disputed. Titus Paragon⁽¹⁾ [\(14\)](#) put forward exactly the opposite theory, and this has been adopted by the more distinguished scholars.

According to T. Paragon, the first modern bureaucrat may indeed have been the personal secretary of the monarch, acting as a keeper of wealth and income, because the bureaucrat has always been a prowler of public money in world history. So much so that he posits the thesis that wherever public money appears, office is immediately created. In the history of public administration, the period when public money has always come to the fore has always been favourable to the office. When private capital prevailed, the office regressed. The power of public money is the power of the bureaucracy, this is Paragon's main thesis⁽¹⁾ [\(15\)](#).

Two French authors have written extensive books^[16], in which the

to provide as complete an analysis of the official as possible, and in this respect is the most important theoretical antecedent of Mr. Thorndyke's work. The authors also start from the assumption of the personal secretary. They accept the Paragon hypothesis, which emphasizes the relation of the office to the public funds, but regard it as a minor circumstance. The practical need, they say, which created the position for the primitive clerk should not be overestimated.

In any case, in very ancient times, and in a much higher social status, such an ancient official is conceivable, but it is much more likely that the position of personal secretary was held by a relative of the king or a relative of an influential person. Given the fiduciary nature of the post, the person concerned would have been very much under scrutiny. There is no possibility that the post was filled by a person who would later be known as an official. The French authors claim that the man described in the story as a clerk only appeared when prehistoric society was already in a state of great decay. It is not impossible, or even probable, says one chapter of the book, that, as is the case, society in a period of decline tends to create institutions that do not serve society but undermine it. In other words, they have a negative social function. Lorenz Teig⁽¹⁾ [\(17\)](#) develops a whole theory of this in his famous review of the French book. Administration, as a negative social function, is the most important factor in the destruction of society. L. Teig's conception was later adopted by others, and was accepted by Mr. Thorndyke⁽¹⁾ [\(18\)](#) [\(1\)](#). Accordingly, the original official is not at all identical with the official who appears later in the story. The clerk, as an employee of organised administration, appears only where the ruler is alienated from the people, or the people from the ruler. The administrative office is created by mutual distrust.

Whoever was the person who wedged himself between the king and the people, and whatever his position, he had to emphasise his own sphere of action. The phenomenon Mr. Thorndyke has termed '*jurisdictional pathos*'. It is the chief characteristic of all bona fide officials. The true official is always recognisable by a peculiar complacency which takes a special pride in the exclusive power of his actions. The pathos of authority, says Mr. Thorndyke⁽¹⁾ [\(19\)](#) [\(1\)](#), is in inverse proportion to the positive intellectual and moral qualities of human character. A high patina of authority is always indicative of a limited intellect and a corrupt character. This relationship has been developed by others, including Paul SAVETIER⁽¹⁾ [\(20\)](#) [\(1\)](#).

4.

The position of the primitive official was consolidated by the emergence of the pathos of authority. He knew that he could remain in his place between the ruler and the people only if he presented himself as indispensable to the ruler and the people. While openly playing the role of mediator, he secretly sought to corrupt the relationship between the ruler and the people. The position of the office grew stronger in proportion as the relationship between the ruler and the people loosened. The growing mutual alienation necessitated more and more offices and more and more officials.

P. P. Savetier⁽¹⁾ [\(21\)](#) is credited with the analysis of the power of the patronage in an area which had hitherto not been given attention by standard authors. It is the pathos of authority that creates the ladder of rank in the office. This should of course not be confused with hierarchy or rank. It will become clear later that the basis of hierarchy is organic, while rank is merely organisational. It creates the external badges of dress and costume. In historical societies, the struggle for badges of dress occupies unimaginable time and energy of human life. Many millions of people yearn for higher rank and higher title. In the modern age, this means, roughly, that they can only be reached through a series of anterooms, guarded by secretaries and secretaries who fight to keep people from entering. The higher the rank of the boss, the more chiseled he is, the more his voice crackles, the more inhuman and stupid and self-righteous his face.

From the Byzantine period, under the Emperor Justinian, we have a poem by a chancellor's scribe⁽¹⁾ [\(22\)](#) entitled 'Waiting in the antechamber'. The poem describes the antechamber, above all the inscriptions. Speaking aloud is forbidden. The clerk's work is not to be disturbed by noise. Everyone must wait in silence. Wait your turn. All will be admitted in the order of their arrival. Knocking on doors is strictly forbidden. No walking. The noise of footsteps disturbs the clerk. No talking. The clerk loves the word "forbidden".

He leaves the scribe's room. He carries a bundle of papers under his arm, indicating that he is busy with important business in the other office. He takes a long look around, admiring the situation. The anteroom is occupied by men and

women, old and young, ragged and well-dressed. One woman is cradling her baby, with two other children beside her. The official approaches and warns the children to be quiet or he will arrange for the servants to remove them immediately. Yes, yes, there has been no trouble so far. The official shouts at one of the children to behave decently, and the child becomes frightened and starts crying. The woman shakily shushes him, but the little one cries harder. The clerk tells her to leave the hall immediately. Now she looks around. The old man is hanging his bald head. Beside him is a powerful man, the muscles in the corners of his jaw twitching. He stares into the upper corner of the room, and there is nothing human about him. The features have lost their vitality from mad boredom. In the other corner, a woman with clasped hands, half dozing, dulled. Waiting, waiting. Younger man and girl. Marriage license. They do not look at each other. If they had to sit here for a day, they would hate each other and never marry. The clerk nods. The power of the office. Birth, sickness, marriage, poverty, taxes, death, the office is everywhere. Without paper, there is no life. People come here for the paper and wait. Here, you can only wait. Everything else ceases. Inside, the clerks sit and gossip and scribble in mind-numbing boredom. It would be nice to go out in the sun. They can't even do anything else because they've got the snitch, they can't carve anything, they can't take a nap. At best they eat, for a long, long time, chewing, chewing bread, very slowly, gossiping, sometimes going out, spending half an hour in the loo or in the other office, berating the boss. The men wait in the anteroom without a word, and stare at the dirty walls.

5.

In the chapter on the character of officials, the book presents some pen-and-ink sketches of the more notable figures, such as the nerd, the snitch, the anonymous letter-writer, the corrupt, the ambitious, the restless, the idler, the loudmouth, the pompous, the braggart, the paragrapher, the servile, the sneaky, the pedant, the hateful, the schemer, the indolent, and so on. Mr. Thorndyke argues that these should not be considered as separate types. They are all characteristic of officials, and in some complexity they are all present in all officials. He bases his opinion mainly on interesting analyses by A. C. Rain⁽¹⁾ (23) (1). These analyses explore graphologically the elements of the grandeur fad in the signatures of one hundred and twenty chief clerks. The delusion of grandeur is nothing more than a fear of exposing smallness. This polarity is expressed in the signatures of the officials. The recognisable line of the whim is illegibility (concealment). The first letter is normally unheard of, swollen, scrawled beyond recognition and placed high up. The other letters follow the first in an abrupt downward slope, the letters are scribbled over, and finally the last letter's end line is pulled down. The limitation of this primitive self-styling is unmistakable and does not fool the skilled graphologist. It is here a lack of self-confidence, a lack of education, a lack of taste, a servilism.

The existential attitude of the clerk is *ressentiment*. The hidden The hidden instinct of revenge is the name given to it, and it is the seed of the pleasure of the people's rape. When mental qualities were distributed, the bureaucrat was probably very badly off. It is quite natural that he should seek revenge for this. This revenge is the basic attitude of the official.

Mr. Thorndyke has at his disposal the scarcely exhaustible bureaucratic poetry, and he can cite as much evidence as he wishes for each of his theses. He can find excellent examples of the Peruvian servile, the Chinese corrupt, the Egyptian paragraphus man, the Byzantine and Vatican schemer, the Japanese naplopo, the German ambitious. The official, says Mr. Thorndyke, has no sense of humour. There is not a poem in all the bureaucrat's literature in which there is the slightest shade of humour.

6.

Women, says Mr. Thorndyke, are much better clerks than men. They are more pedantic and indolent, more servile and hateful, more resentful, more timid, and above all more nerdy. Women are generally unable to think and act without emotion. Therefore, they always have to face difficulties when they are forced to either control or at least refine their emotions. Sentimentality and bestiality can be more fully realised for women, and they can be more honest in their enjoyment of the people's torment. We sometimes see touching examples of the devotion with which they practice this activity. C. Charpente has carried out research in this area and reports interesting results in his work. Wherever the official has to show refusal, rudeness, malice, cruelty, and meanness, women are employed with particular preference, and, as is said, with strikingly good results. That is why the best secretary in the world is a woman. The stubborn reserve which is the characteristic of many women is admirably adapted to office. Male clerks are relatively careerist in the competition for authority, so that the typical clerical qualities may be secondary. Mainly treachery and nerdiness, pedantry, gossip, hatred. As they rise up the ladder, they abandon their careerist qualities to replace them with even lower ones, such as arrogance, impertinence, arrogance, and the like. Women are rarely careerists, and so their bureaucratic instincts are more freely exercised.

Nothing seems more natural, writes C. Charpente, than that the workers in ant and bee colonies are not males but degenerate females. The males are capable of the borinet patience and monotonous monotony of which these inferior Amazons are incapable. They are not capable of the bland pedantry on which these states are built, nor of the monotonous and perpetual repetition of rehearsed movements that ants and bees perform blandly without any nuance of free instinct or play, as psychoanalysed ones perform love, neutralised females from whom intoxication and child and family have been taken away, and for whom nothing remains but office. A

future, if indeed it is moving towards the bureaucratic state, will surely be, and can only be, based on this asexual female. Only the sterilized Amazon's petulance can sustain a society that is fully transformed into an administration.

7.

The three basic agencies are the police, the tax office and the press. It is through these three organs that the administration exercises violence, exploitation and lies to maintain its power. The three acts have never appeared separately in history; whichever one appeared and in whichever society, the other two were there. The press seems to have been the last to develop organisationally, only in the time of democracies, after the French Revolution. But C. Charpente⁽¹⁾ [\(24\)](#) ⁽¹⁾ refers to the role of the arch-official, whose main activity was to mislead the people and the king about the king. The primordial function of the press: to deceive the king and the people about each other. This is the very first condition for the existence of any office⁽¹⁾ [\(25\)](#) ⁽¹⁾. The daily newspaper is a late and technical form of this primitive function of the office.

The administration which has evolved in recent times, says Mr. Thorndyke, on the basis of the recent results of science, is nothing but a primordial office increased in colossal proportions, in which the role of a single primordial office⁽¹⁾ [\(26\)](#) ⁽¹⁾ is played by many thousands of clerks. The office lives in an artificial gap between the people and the ruler. Over time, this gap has widened so much that the people have lost sight of the ruler and the ruler of the people, and all contact between them has ceased. The office has awakened a guilty conscience in the ruler, and the people have revolted against the ruler. The office is inherently unlawful because it subverts the natural order of society. The distrust created by the office has led the people to oust the ruler, and power is now exercised by the ministry that committed the treason. The political beliefs of this government are largely irrelevant. The *insolence* of office⁽¹⁾ [\(27\)](#) ⁽¹⁾ is the same in all political conduct. It is therefore not the theory of the state that decides matters, but the organisation of the administration. The office has succeeded in breaking up the primordial community of the people and creating an artificial community⁽¹⁾ [\(28\)](#) ⁽¹⁾. As a result of the very first activity of the primordial press, i.e. the primordial office, the ruler disappeared and was replaced by the Leviathan. The meaning of all press activity must be seen in the

to disrupt the natural social order. Within society, the press performs the function of lying.

Lying is for violence, and violence is for lying. There is no press without police, and no police without press. Violence is for exploitation, exploitation is for violence. No police without a tax office, and no tax office without police. For the office to exist and function, three activities are necessary. In the normal state of society, when the king committed lawlessness, it was always in the spirit of despotism, and that was the sin of the vicious monarch. The same act has now become a regulated and orderly practice through office. This, says Mr. Thorndyke, is about what may be called the difference between a monarchy and a republic. In a kingless society the state is in fact abolished, and society lives not in communion but in collectivity. It is no longer a people, but a mass. In a kingless society, it is not constitutional power that rules, but office.

8.

It is here that we must mention the work of SAINT-ORAN⁽¹⁾ (29) (1), which seeks to shed light on the dense confusion with particular force. Saint-Oran starts from the premise that investigative research into the crisis of society is thousands of years old, but that it is concerned in particular with the organism of society, not its organization. In the thousands of years of war against the wolves and the horde, the organism has held its ground and created a high standard of humanity. But Saint-Oran is not at all satisfied with the organisation. To invoke oppression is to invoke limitation, says Simone WEIL, and an oppressed class. There is no such thing. What there is, and what needs to be discussed, is the *oppressive structure of society*. There is a certain inertia in common life, greater or lesser depending on the society, but which manifests itself in the oppression it exerts on the individual. Since it has become clear that the common order of life is far less threatened by crimes committed by individuals than by bad institutions, whatever the reason for their creation, the question must be asked in a very different way. The question, in the clear light of the facts, is how the demoralising effects of institutions that are disruptive to the community and to the order of life from above can be avoided, if not completely eliminated. Saint-Oran argues that there is a single hidden axiom behind the current social organisation which perpetuates its flawed nature. This unacknowledged axiom is that the office is the necessary organisation that sustains the life of the people. This is the one that needs to be criticised. Not only are there such uncriticised propositions, but out of intellectual restlessness or error we are constantly making them up in the heat of history, and our thinking is full of hidden axioms. A representative of an older, more short-sighted and limited school, say a positivist of some sort, would claim that unacknowledged, even hidden, propositions are in the interests of the powerful. Dangerous thinking, always looking for a deliberate culprit and an innocent victim. Nothing, of course, saves modern states, nor does it save those who promote this theory. But the impregnation is not practised by a state, nor by a class, and certainly not consciously. oppression is a property of society. The

a property of organization. Organization is exercised from above, together with the activity of power, it seems, together with administration, and inseparable from it in such a way that some of this dictatorial terror is involved in the simplest administrative activity. At the moment, this *structure oppressive* seems to be maintained by the administration. One could say that the oppression is exercised by the administration.

Saint-Oran argues that as long as the king was at the head of the state, a radical solution would have been possible. The state had a natural centre from which the organisation could have been changed. Since the people live in a democratic republic, they are without a centre, and the oppressive inertia of society cannot be eliminated by any countermeasure. The republic is a society with a characteristically decapitated society, no longer an organism, but merely an organization. Democracy is the typical form of government of terrorist minorities. It maintains itself by the basic lie that the terror of the minority is disguised as the free choice of the majority. In this conscious deception, the minority has an indispensable need for an organisation which maintains this deception, that is, which lies, but if it lies, it already terrorises, and if it terrorises, it already exploits. In other words, the minority's condition of life is office. This is why an unprecedented unofficialism has been unleashed in democracies, and it is spreading to all areas of society. The repression of monarchies is usually of two kinds: either by arms or by money. The republic, however, exercises repression functionally, as a normal and legitimate administrative activity. This is the significance and function of the office in a republic. The office is a substitute for the powerlessness and unreliability of politicians. Before, the question was how to live without mercy, now the question is how to live without justice, writes CAMUS. Now JAURÈS' thought is fulfilled, in a new and more definitive formulation: the nihilists are now on the throne. *Les nihilistes aujour d'hui sont sur les trônes.*

9.

An important chapter of principle by W.C. Thorndyke relates to and builds on Saint-Oran's theory. A society built on organism or organization relates to each other as a family relates to a platoon of soldiers. The family is the absolute community. Such a community is the tribe, the village, in many cases the city, in any case the prehistoric polis, the city-state. It could be said to be the real community of life. It is an organism with a unified and common life function, within which man is a naturally and naturally belonging and interchangeable organ. What is characteristic of the organism is the harmony of subordination and self-determination in the activity of the organs. Within an organic society there is no tension between the community and the individual. Man is at once social and autonomous, a member of society and an individual. Organic society lives *in unanimity*^(l) (30)(j).

The organisation is not organic, but, as they say, rational. Rationalism should not be confused with reason. Rationalism is that which became common in Europe in the modern age and has nothing to do with reason. JUNG says that the degradation of man into a mass being was created by scientific rationalism, which prevented man's autonomous activity and made him a mere statistic in the organization. The organisation does not grow from within, but is assembled from without, never for the purpose of people living in it directly, but in the belief that they know better. The organisation was born against unanimity. Organization is the destruction of organicism. This society is unreal because within the organization there is no community, but there are no individuals either. It is in fact a non-existent society. It is also called utopia. It is only a semblance of the state, outside community, and without community, in abstraction. It is the office^(l) (31)(j).

In other words, it is the push-button theory. The fact that the theory can be taken seriously by those who deal in government is indicative of the sadly degraded standard at which the thinking of these people moves. Even sheep cannot be herded at the push of a button. But these officials live in a dream world in which they, like a machine

sitting at the controls of a machine factory, with different buttons and levers, and millions of people working according to the colour of the light on the wall. The effect of the technology-idea, that is, a rationalised society. Push a button and everyone in the whole country is on alert. Like Bismarck, who was asked what German public education was like, he said: now ten hours and thirty minutes, all the schools in Germany are learning that the finest army in the history of the world was organised by Frederick the Great. In the history of all the great German armies, the greatest army in the history of the Great Britain is the greatest army of the history of the Great German army. Everybody moves at the same time, thinks the same thing, says the same thing. If there are two opinions, there is trouble. Political inertia. That is the ideal of modern government. That's all we can afford.

Members of the family and tribe cannot be singled out and replaced because they are a harmonious unity of cohesive elements. True community rests on the fact that the man within it is unique and one. And the office is characterised by the very fact that man is a mere function, stacked from one place to another, because it is a collective mechanism of unrelated elements forced together.

There is the organic state and there is the inorganic state. Mr. Thorndyke does not deal with the organic state, he merely says that it is the archaic state. It is superfluous to answer the question of how the ancient organic state was c o r r u p t e d . The ancients told us. "What people call governance is not governance, it is destruction". "Whoever interferes with the natural life of the state, and whoever attempts to control it from without, destroys it". "Not to meddle with it, but to guard it". "Not to reward and not to punish and not to administer". "If the superiors exercise power, the state will be destroyed". "The more prohibition and rule, the poorer the people; the more arms, the more restless the people; the more regulation, the greater the disorder; the more law, the more thief and robber" (LAO-CE).

However, between the organic and the organised state, there is a particular form of state in history in which there is already an administration, that is to say, in Lao Tzu's words, the supreme power already exercises its authority and makes its laws. The activities of this administration are not, however, life-destroying in the sense that they later became. This form must be dealt with quite separately. Mr. Thorndyke's hypothesis is that, in that process of irrepressible decay, of not sufficiently clear origin, which in modern times has been called, for reasons unknown, development, we have succeeded in

create a stopgap measure that keeps government activity to a minimum in general and ends up tolerable. This is the solution when the administration is exercised by a caste of knight-governors. Assurances that the caste's activity is as positive as possible are twofold: first, that its kshatriya (i.e., the royal caste) is by nature of a noble, moral rank, and second, that it is under the supervision and influence of the spiritual (brahman) caste. In the traditional state, government is thus, according to René GUÉNON, the joint task of the spiritual authority (*autorité spirituelle*) and the executive (*pouvoir temporel*). This semi-organisation, semi-organization, of the traditional state has functioned in very different ways in different peoples, but it is a fact that its situation everywhere became critical only in the period when the power of the Brahman caste waned and the executive of the knight-governor caste was left without spiritual authority. This phase of the story can be seen in Athens after the demise of the kingdom. Plato's efforts to save the state are in vain. Plato is a kshatri, not a brahman, and therefore his ideas, though touchingly beautiful, are naive, unviable, and therefore unrealizable. Never has kshatriya alone, without intellectual authority, been able to run a state, much less save it from ruin. Athens became the victim of individual and collective despotism (tyranny and democracy). In other peoples the traditional state still survived, most recently in Japan, but now mostly in externals, not tradition but convention, the organicism was broken up and everywhere transformed into organisation.

All the literature on public administration speaks of the office and the official as a phenomenon of civilisation in the same terms. Only one author has found it necessary to make a distinction, a distinction that is very much worth drawing, precisely by reference to the traditional state and the kshatriya caste. Mr. Thorndyke makes this distinction with particular emphasis, and cannot fail to warn us enough of the danger of generalisation in this area. R. SASSOU⁽¹⁾ [\(32\)](#)⁽¹⁾ explains that the disintegration of society and the mixing of castes have led to the administration retaining its official character, but that its original life-destroying nature has increased with the passage of time. However, in the face of the worsening crisis, many people, often for reasons of pure subsistence, were forced to take office, even those to whom the term 'official' could not be applied, because their temperament

and retained much of the nobility and moral correctness of his caste. The character of a kshatrija is chivalrous and royal. He is not strong in intellect, but he is self-sacrificing and heroic, always honourable, and his highest virtue has always been honour. The ideal of the kshatrija is the hero. Hence the knight who drifted into administration, who chose his office not for the pleasure of pleasing the people, but in good faith, or in the want of a breadwinner, must not be confounded with the *the "fanatique obscur"*, as R. Sassou defines the official. One encounters this exception scattered and increasingly rare. The fate of the exception is almost always sad. If the ksatrija is more powerless, he is oppressed and ostracised. If he pursues his activities with great energy in good faith, he comes into conflict with the authorities and meets a tragic fate. History has recorded many such cases. One need only refer to Miltiades, Themistocles. Such great characters later become less and less frequent, and the intact character in the office becomes the naive and comic Don Quixote. This Don Quixote is the last representative of the traditional organic state in the modern office.

10.

The original administration of the state was not an impersonal office but an organic maintenance of order in society by the royal caste. At a visible point in history, in Europe, there was someone who made the prince an official. Later, the monarchs themselves boasted that they were the first officials of the country. This someone was MACCHIAVELLI, who extended the demoralisation that began during the Renaissance to the theory of the state. Whatever atrocities were committed within the State, they were not official acts, but merely political acts, i.e. there was no system, but exception and arbitrariness. From that moment on, atrocity became legitimate through the function of office. Macchiavelli initiated the prince into a new way of exercising power. He authorised everything that had previously been far avoided by a ruler who was fit for something, and used only by a despot. Macchiavelli initiated the prince into the pleasure he took in skinning the people, and freed him from all the inhibitions that stood in the way of this practice. Macchiavellianism can therefore be called reverse Taoism. It is when the king does not guard but intervenes. When there is no more justice, only reward and punishment. The state is now where prohibitions and rules rule, where weapons are stockpiled and decrees are made. The state is where the people are poor and restless, and where there is growing turmoil, and where the ruler's chief activity is to take pleasure in the people's agony.

The prince whom Macchiavelli teaches is apparently a ksatrija, still a bona fide knight and royal character, who would not commit anything out of his nobility and moral rectitude that would go against his heroic ideal of life. The prince has no idea what office is. If he did, he would probably do his utmost to abolish it. Macchiavelli now teaches him that the king is the head of the office. The state must be made an office, then it can be governed more efficiently. The prince is a foolish man. It has been said repeatedly that reason is not the strong point of the royal caste. The knights are not good thinkers, but outstanding characters. Therefore, the prince did not realise that when Macchiavelli talks about the state, he actually means the office. We already know the degrees of deception from the story. The first step is to make the king in the eyes of the people

to make him distrustful of the people. He instilled fear of the people. He taught it to punish and reward. He awakened in him a guilty conscience. He taught him to know only servants and to distrust the free man. He was to control the people, to hire spies to report what the people were doing and talking about. He makes it appear as if the country were a colony. In fact, it is constantly at war with itself, because the people are ready to erupt at any moment. The only important thing is to identify the culprits and strike them down. The police and tax authorities must be strengthened and agents must be hired to spread good news about the ruler.

11.

In the old days, says Mr. Thorndyke, the question was asked: what is the reason why an individual should be forbidden to do something, such as hit a man, and the same thing can be done in the collective by the office? The thing itself is undoubtedly immoral, and therefore a communal disruption. It is immoral even if it is committed by an individual and even if it is committed by a collective. The act itself does not change. A beaten man is a beaten man - whoever beats him. How can an otherwise legally prohibited act be committed in the alleged interest of the community? Perjury is punishable, but at the same time, perjury against someone in the public interest is prosecuted and convicted. We know that tying and price gouging are prohibited, yet they are committed *ex officio*. Food adulteration is severely punished, but at the same time entire offices are set up to professionally deal with food adulteration (called food chemistry, of course). False weighing, defamation, knowingly false judgments in the public interest are not only committed, but must be committed *ex officio*. The use of torture is generally considered animalistic, but the police use it all the time. A teacher is punished for threatening a naughty kid, but the police begin their interrogation of the arrested man by beating him bloody.

The question is very old. As long ago as Plato, the state was allowed to lie in the public interest. And we know that lying is never alone and goes hand in hand with exploitation and violence. What we have achieved, however, is to separate the state from the administration. The state must not be confused with the administration, because the state is the organism of the people and the administration is the organisation of power. The state is a natural unanimity (*unanimité*), while the office is a collective organisation that is divisive and anti-life in order to facilitate domination. So when it comes to alleged crimes committed in the public interest, we already know that they are committed by the office, and that they are atrocities and atrocities, fraud and poisoning, torture and lying and robbery, things that the office commits out of office, as you say, in the public interest, but we now know that they are committed out of official interest, which is the

which is not at all in the public interest, but which is, on the contrary, against any community.

In the light of this, the question must now be put in this way: In what way is it possible to discover the basis of stupidity, which is the only way to protect man against the destruction of the community from above? In other words, how can the activity of the autonomous desocializing organism within society be paralysed and its life-destroying effect be transformed back into a concern for life?

12.

Mr Thorndyke distinguishes three types of modern state. The first is the political state, the second the corporation state, and the third the office state, according to whether the basis of the state is violence, exploitation, or lies.

The paradigm of the political state is the state of Frederick II. Overtly or covertly, it is always dictatorial. It is headed by a single person, but sometimes by a power organisation, a party or other conspirators. This form of government is characterised by being very poor in ideas, little concern for public debate, and economic issues are secondary. It has a certain puritanical character, is simple and crude, ignores dissent, does not bargain with its enemies, is not conciliatory, does not take advice, is too limited for that. "Man passes from nature to violence, from violence to morality". The state of violence is always and necessarily moral, or, what is the same, hypocritical. After a time the political state becomes so bleak that the ruler himself begins to yawn. *'Je suis las de régner sur les esclaves* - I am terribly tired of ruling over slaves,' says Frederick II on his deathbed. The chief authority in this state is the police. All officials are police. The administration is only a hair's breadth from the reign of terror.

The state order of Frederick II is not a political ideal, but an arbitrary mandate of conscience. No nation can endure it for a long time, because power knows only one kind of collective, the barracks, and one kind of individual, the dictator. But the demoralising power from above is so crude and unwieldy that one learns to shun its crude gestures. Of course, there is not much hiding place. But what remains most important: privacy. For this form of government is not so much a destruction of the individual as of the community. What remains private remains in the hut. The most important task of the office is to cut all the social and organic threads, because it recognizes as a legitimate society only the artificially assembled organization. The natural caste hierarchy disappears and is replaced by a donkey's ladder, the ranks of which are visibly worn by the police. See Peru, Byzantium, China, Japan, Russia. The importance of decorations is unheard of. In the political state, real life itself is in the whisper

in a political state. Public language is stiff and lifeless, grey, sad, austere, syllogistic.

This form of state requires the introduction of a new concept. This concept is political clericalism. By clericalism we mean a system in which secular power is sought to be secured by the pressure of spiritual means. Ideas and religions have become such spiritual realities, degraded to the status of instruments, in the administration of the state. The dictator does not take responsibility for the atrocity, and blames his actions on religion and ideology and holds them responsible. The clergy is therefore a very important factor in the political state, in reverse order of precedence, of course, to the traditional state. Here, it is not the brahman (the spiritual authority) that leads the governing caste (the executive), but the political caste that orders the spiritual man to ideological service. The political state is always usurpation. The dictator acquires power by means of a coup d'état and the task of political clericalism is to justify the coup afterwards ideologically and religiously.

Another type of organised state is the joint-stock state. What terror is in the political state, corruption is here. The archetype of the political state is the barracks, the archetype of the joint-stock company is the brothel. There's no need to whisper. Everyone can rant all they want. The political state protects the community, which means that it destroys it. The corporation protects the individual, which means it destroys the individual. Woe again to the one being protected. There is nothing here that cannot be bought or sold. In the joint-stock company, after a while there is such a clamour that one has to retire to a sanatorium. The most important place is the tax office. The administration is only a hair's breadth away from the racket. No nation can endure this for a long time, and rests in a state of political terror. Many say that the prison is more pleasant than the brothel. There is no great difference between private life and public life, everyone is in constant pursuit. The way people relate to each other is determined by competition. Since everything can be bought, political influence can be bought. Man in this society loses his individuality and becomes an economic function. In any case, this state is republican and democratic. Democracy means that the more money one has, the more impudent one is.

The office *state* has rarely been fully *re l i s e d* in history, as if it had been a privilege reserved for the twentieth century. In Peru, it is not known exactly how *l o n g* , in China and

Japan under certain emperors, in Byzantium after Justinian until almost the fall of Constantinople, and in the tsarist state one sees a more or less realised form of the state almost continuously. The full realization was hindered by the still relatively many vital elements in society which irritated the demoralizing activity. Mr. Thorndyke says that society in those days was still so saturated with religious-metaphysical ideas that this kind of corruption did not take hold on the community. It was only in the modern age that there could be *a chance* -a *chance of* the office-state, when the emergence of the state was preceded by that increasing obscuration of reason which was later to be officially called the Enlightenment. The bureaucratic state could only have come into being as a result of the corruption of thought by rationalism, or scientism. In addition to the intellectual and moral demoralising effects of the Enlightenment, after the frenzied terror of the Machiavellian state and the dense web of lies created by political clericalism, a state of horror and protest and hatred became the prevailing one in society, which normally overwhelms the community when it decides 'anything but this', and which tends to precede the most serious missteps in history. The bureaucratic state emerged out of the despair of a society deprived of morality and reason. This state of affairs is also called nihilism.

The political state put the collective first and suppressed the individual. The corporatist state did the opposite. Each, of course, destroyed what it supported. The bureaucratic state recognises neither individual nor collective, only artificially organised swarms which no longer have any organic character and which belong together pragmatically-rationally rather than organically. The office is a negative social function, i.e. it corrupts what it supports. Individual and community life is completely dissolved and the whole state is transformed into a single colossal office.

We have not been afraid of nihilism so far, because we have believed that there is no such thing as a nihilistic state and that it is impossible to live in one. Now we see that there is a nihilistic state. It is one where nothing is sanctioned any more. There are no definitive principles. Ostensibly there is some kind of official worldview, but in reality the stronger authoritarian rule until he is brought down and then the stronger authoritarian rule. But eventually order also breaks down in violence, in lies, in exploitation, and becomes a trickle down where no one takes any more responsibility. Words and deeds are impersonal and deafening.

and no one knows whose clowns they are, but they too suddenly disappear into the abyss, others come **a n d** they too disappear. Nothing is permanent, just the horror of office.

The older infantile, so-called intellectual history, without, of course, recognizing the true nature of this organization, indulged in the idea of contrasting the individual and **t h e** collective, saying that one organization of society favors one and the other favors the other. We now know that there is a form of government that favours neither and that demoralises humanity itself. The official state is neither individualistic nor collectivistic. In fact, it no longer even fits the characteristic of the office, whose only pleasure is to torture the people. In the state of office, this pleasure is shared only by exceptional people, and it is increasingly exceptional and increasingly rare. If only because the higher the position one holds, the more unstable one's position becomes. To some extent, official activity still had to be morally justified. In this late form, such things are no longer relevant. The administration as a whole seems to have been transformed into a permanent criminal activity.

Lorenz TEIG, who has collected with such astonishing diligence the songs of officials of all nations and ages and forms of government, is disappointed to find that poetry still flickers for a while in the bureaucratic state, but in a strange form. Poetry is a function of public office. The poet, too, becomes a bureaucrat, and dares not write anything but what is in the interest of the bureau. After a while, the poet becomes disgusted and stops, and only the most organised write poetry, mostly works that are not even very suitable for propaganda. And propaganda is the first step towards hell, as CAMUS writes: *le premier pas vers l'enfer*.

R. INGERSOLL, an American general officer writing the history of the 1944 invasion, says that the darkest phenomenon in Germany was not the concentration camp. It was like a symptom of the great unabashed madness. No, the darkest phenomenon was surrender. The submissives were given decent food and housing. These are people who are conforming and submissive, for some advantage, for a better job, for income, for money. Professional sociologists can perhaps explain the process by which this moral degeneration took place. The degeneration of the human face in this socio-political system is staggering. But R. Ingersoll saw it all in war, in extraordinary circumstances. He had no idea then

what the downtrodden look like in a pacified environment, already as degraded creatures, washed up, well-tailored, well-clothed, well-paid. He had no idea what people would be like when relations softened, and what it would mean when the nerdiness and flattery consolidated and the golden shower of privileges and rewards and gifts and big prizes began to fall on the submissive, when treachery becomes conventional, when it is the result of cunning and skill and flexibility and good sense, and what such a consolidated villain means when incorporated into society. But there is a deeper degree of stultification than that. It is when the nerd sneaks among men groaning in servitude and betrayed, and in bad conscience pretends to suffer with them, as if he were persecuted, and whines with them, and wringing his hands and wringing his hands, for justice and honour and liberty, and liberty above all.

In this situation, one must always reckon with the fact that dishonesty is on the part of the official state. Since the life-destroying acts committed by individuals cannot be counted alongside the general lying, organised robbery, despotism, kidnapping and assassination committed by the state, the scale of the difficulties is quite different. It is also different because, although in the course of history there have been plenty of villains who, whether as king, or as ecclesiastical dignitary, or as usurper, have committed the crime of life-destroying on a large scale, it has always been in the character of individual aberration. The official state is not an aberration, but a system, and, as it professes to be, the only correct system, which it endeavours to justify and prove with all its theoretical power. Do the chief executives of the office know that this is so? They did not know it for some time, and they had an excuse until then. As things stand today, however, they do know and they still have an excuse. They are unable to do otherwise. That is why anyone who submits to them, for whatever reason, is worse than the official. The official can do no more than he does, but the man can do at least enough not to stand by him. To stand by is to stand by. And one who has sided with the bureaucracy can be recognized from a distance and from behind, by his coat and shoes, his movements and steps and head, and the way he looks into the window on the street. You can't miss him.

In the bureaucratic state, the most sensitive community organ of all, the judiciary, becomes an administrative act. The judicial process is simplified, all crimes are committed against the office, and there is only one judge, the office. The judgement of the office cannot be appealed. The rule of law

but everyone knows what they know. If justice is lost, the whole nation is lost. A few acts of office, a file of cases, and on whomsoever they will, the accusation, the sentence, and the execution are ready. The judge is not a policeman, as in the political state, nor a corrupt one, as in the joint-stock company, but a bureaucrat, who passes his judgments impersonally by superior order.

Healing becomes a public administration. The doctor is a bureaucrat who fills in forms. The population is assigned to institutions by rayon. Here, they wait en masse in the clinics until they are brought before the doctor, whose official duty it is to cure a certain number of patients per day during his working hours. Hospitals and sanatoria are obliged to treat a certain number of patients per month and per year. When a man falls ill, he is not sent to a sanatorium, but to an office. But if he goes to school, he goes to an office. If you shop, the shop is also an office. If you travel, the railway is an office. A restaurant is an office. A waiter is a clerk, like a conductor or a waitress. The theatre is an office, the actor an official, the orchestra an office. Science is an office, and of course literature. The literary work is an official act. What must be served is office, what must be proved, that there is prosperity, justice and liberty, above all freedom.

13.

In the official state a peculiar form of sentiment is realized, which is roughly defined by the notion of sin-centrism. That men should live in a bad conscience, there is nothing more natural under such circumstances. At any moment they can be charged with any offence, arrested, interrogated, and tortured until, only to be finally tormented no longer, they confess to non-existent sins, and then exequatur. But that the official has a guilty conscience is no more natural. The conscience of the office is bad from the beginning and never clear. Sin is the centre of life, some people walk around with their necks craned and their eyes downcast, others are always watching what others say and do. One is just like the other, thinking about the same things: who is guilty, when will they be caught, why, and what will be the consequences. A healthy society lives in unanimity, which means that each person is not only free to express his or her being and exercise his or her talents, but is also supported in his or her activities in the community. This is now here in some form of total soullessness (impersonality), unanimity in the fact that everyone must lie, and fear and hide and suspect non-existent but at any moment realizable sins which are the dominant forces of society and against which man is forced to defend himself constantly. An impure and morbid public sentiment is the best suited for the office to prey upon any one. Everyone is polluted. It is an atmosphere of collective criminalism, where it is almost impossible to keep one's purity, or to keep it only by a very special yoga.

One would think that the public mood of society would be depressed and grey under such circumstances. No, the public mood is agitated and impetuous. The authorities do not like internal peace. Only when they push and pull, hate and rage. Only when there's strife and turmoil. The aim is to have unrest so that anybody can be hit at any time. Only when everyone is guilty, dirty and wants to trample on the person next to them. The reason is beside the point. Everyone finds a reason later. The important thing is the primary hatred. So that those who meet don't look each other in the eye. So that people don't live with one mind. So that there is no community.

14.

A chapter of principle in the book refers to two works by Osborne WESTINGHOUSE. This author has occupied a prominent place in clerical science and has had an extraordinary influence on the deepening of research. The author distinguishes two categories of life. One is as necessary as the other, but there is a fundamental difference between them. The first category is one of *have or not to have*, and applies to everything that is and can be property and attribute, object and possession, in other words, to everything that a man has and can have. The second is *to be or not to be* and refers to only one thing, the existential existence of man independent of all material qualities. This second is ontologically primary, the first is biologically necessary. The first is to be. But to be a fly, it needs a biological base, food, clothing, protection, security, and a thousand other things. The two categories (which, by the way, Gabriel MARCEL explained long ago in terms of *être et avoir*) are complementary in normal human life, because existential existence naturally has the elementary conditions of life. As soon as there is the slightest disturbance in society, a specific shift occurs, and man is forced to base his life order either on ontological existence or on the creation of a biological base. The two cannot go together. Stupid positivism claims that only the biological base is essential, and even attempts to deny ontological existence. On the contrary, it is an irreversible fact that humanity has in countless cases discarded the biological basis for its ontological existence, and that all higher human life rests on the fact that for the sake of family and ideals and country and conviction, man is willing to endure poverty, persecution, imprisonment and death. It is one of the most essential characteristics of humanity that it values the ontological category above the biological, and even that it considers anyone who gives up the ontological category for the biological one to be a vile and immoral man.

In the public administration, violence and exploitation, says O. Westinghouse⁽¹⁾ (33) (1), have always been easier to tolerate than lying. To have been robbed and imprisoned by the authorities is much easier to bear than to have lied. Violence by the agency

power by force, wealth by exploitation. Both power and wealth fall into the biological category, if only as a condition of life, not life itself. At the moment when the office has i t s eye not only on power and wealth but also on justice, it wants to deprive man not only of his biological but also of his ontological life. Lying is such an assassination against the ontological existence of man.

The modern phase of public administration is precisely not only to plunder man and imprison him, but also to construct theories that this is the truth, the future, progress, the good of humanity, law, spirit, culture. We know from history that a greedy and power-hungry, money-hungry and bloodthirsty ruler was just enough. But this could never become a system, and therefore left the ontological truth of man untouched. Let us compare Genghis Khan, or Suleiman, or a Renaissance prince, or Louis XIV, with modern office. Money and power were enough for the historical tyrant. The modern office needs justice. Wealth and power are in fact abstract compared to truth. Truth is always concrete. Exploitation and violence only get under one's skin. Lying is a matter of conscience. The imposition of an ex officio compulsory lie on everyone was experimented with by some Chinese emperors and was used by the Inquisition at the end of the Middle Ages. But in these cases it was not yet a system. Moreover, in the old days, there was still a glimmer of good faith behind such lying. It was only when political clericalism became stronger and, in the course of time, became administrative clericalism in the nineteenth century, and when theorists worked out the details of several dictatorial systems of lying, and finally when the obvious criminality of the official act was exposed and it was no longer possible to lie only knowingly and in bad conscience, that the situation became so acute that every shred of good faith disappeared. In this way, the truth came under the jurisdiction of the administration, and what was true was determined by the administration.

Every lie of detail is based on a single basic lie. And that, as has already been said, is that the terror of the minority is made to look like the free choice of the majority. According to this, all measures are the will of the people. Lying in this society is not an exceptional measure, but a built-in function. This is why Camus says that we used to live without mercy, now the question is how to live without truth.

Another book by O. WESTINGHOUSE^{(1) (34) (1)} raises the internal question of modern public administration. The bureaucratic dictatorship has been in difficulty for some time. The author calls it the *question of the absolute punishment*. It has become apparent that the most severe punishments applied so far do not meet the high demands of the administration. Two such ultimate punishments are known: the labour camp and execution. Either one or the other is no longer severe enough. The two together, unfortunately, cannot be applied.

Attempts have been made to ensure that, if an accusation has been made against someone, their family is also prosecuted, and that the person's offence against the office is also retaliated against by relatives. Therefore, it became administrative law that if someone was convicted, none of the family members could get a job, or the relatives were interned. In capital cases, the accused person's wife and children were tortured in front of the accused person. All these cases, however, are merely ad hoc solutions which should not be permanently codified by the administration. The effort of modern administration is directed towards achieving a definitive result in the field of absolute punishment.

15.

Although Lorenz Teig deals with the language of administration in his Introduction to the Officials' Songs^{(1) (35) (1)}, the most detailed research on this subject has been carried out by Arnold Besserholm^{(1) (36) (1)}. The already mentioned B. B. Hollowbarde also carries out an analysis, and C. Charpente devotes a substantial chapter to the question, so that the ground has been sufficiently prepared for Mr. Thorndyke. We are familiar with the theory of Lorenz Teig. The language of office is outwardly sentimental, in fact it is beastly^{(1) (37) (1)}. The official formulation appears as if it were made for the benefit of man, but it is officially correct only if it torments man. This language has an immediately recognisable character. The specific language of totalitarian doctrines, says CAMUS, is always scholastic or administrative. (*Le langage propre aux doctrines totalitaires est toujours scolastique ou administratif.*)

Besserholm takes the question in a quite different way. In his view, the original source of language is the Mosaic language. That is why poetry is said to be the mother tongue of mankind. Without what excellent thinkers (R. PANNWITZ) have called the Muses, there is no higher spiritual expression. We know that the holy books of mankind, the Torah as well as the Upanishads or the Tao te king, were written in such a language. Such are the oldest metaphysical systems, and the greatest law books, like Moses or Manu, or Chamuragga. If one wished to compile a great code of laws, one had to use the peculiar nobility of the language, and as a last attempt, the Code Napoléon is an example of this. Nothing could be further from this than scholasticism and the office.

The official is not only the non-Mussian, but also the very anti-Mussian existence. It has long been clear from what has been said so far, from what has been repeatedly and well established, that the office is opposed to that which is somewhat higher and more noble, purer and more aesthetic than the most commonplace. There is no need to characterise official administrative language. Everyone knows it is crude and dry. But the most important thing is that it cannot express what it says. The bureaucracy can never call a spade a spade. It scribbles and skirts, piles up a lot of words, tries to grasp its subject with a host of subordinate clauses, but somehow always misses its mark, and the intention of exact formulation something

some nonsense. This blatant tastelessness is the description of the official draft. Its boorish blandness is depressing and annoying. When a healthy man hears five minutes of official language, he feels an irresistible urge to spout some tasty obscenity.

In a society in which official language has taken hold but there is still resistance among the people, a social joke-atmosphere develops. The joke is language liberated from the power of the office. It is always free-spoken, serene, sharply critical, demanding, objective, unbiased and humane. Under terror, real public opinion lives in the joke. The muse of the joke is, of course, quite low, which means that its intellectual quality is one of topicality. Like satire. After a month, it is stupid. But it maintains a living dialogue in a dumbed-down community, and is a faint sign of living communality in a collectivity that has become a desert.

When administration becomes autocratic, the language of office is proclamation. On this subject, ORTEGA Y GASSET has written a notable study under the title *Prononciamento*. This is the proclamation. The poster command. The office believes that it must govern by proclamation. You just have to say it, and then you have nothing to do but carry it out. Therefore the office cannot leave society in its organic form. What is called a commune (family community) cannot be governed by wall hangings. Society must be rebuilt in divisions and sections and centuries. The commander gives the orders and the platoon operates mechanically. Therefore, where the administration is the base of the state, language has become a command word.

16.

An account of the language of public administration would not be complete without mention of the paper by M.C. Exeter^{(1) (38)}, presented at the Congress of the Science of the Civil Service, and published in the Yearbook. The author assumes that radio is creating a new era in press service. Up to now, public administration has reached man only through the letter and thus only through the eye, but the eye can be closed. Radio has made it possible to approach man through his much more sensitive organ, and man's ear cannot be closed. From the very tone of the radio in each state, it is possible to ascertain with dead certainty the degree of falsehood which the government of the state is promulgating. A simpler and drier, more objective and calmer tone indicates that the state is willing to take certain real facts more seriously. The slightest deviation from this highly informative, somewhat drab and monotonous, but eccentric tone towards pathos and rhetoric, or even lyricism, indicates that the State has a guilty conscience. The appearance of emotion is always suspect. The more enthusiastic the radio voice, the more it lies. This time we are not talking about words and style. We have all known for a long time what it means when a radio station talks about humanity and culture, peace and friendship. This is the hidden music of the press. The tone is more concrete than anything else. Some states have a particular penchant for employing women as spies. We have already talked about the role of women in public administration, and we have heard that certain very high values of enervation can only be satisfactorily achieved by women. The ingenuity of women in the field of man-skinning is almost inexhaustible. Women's softer and more musical voices have worked on the radio. There are states whose women spies achieve the desire that power demands. Their sweet voices are thicker and thicker in the air. This voice flatters, wavering a little with emotion, as if enchanted by what it is saying. As if he cannot quite believe all the wonderful and glorious reality he is now communicating with emotion. Like the witch in the fairy tale who lures Hansel and Gretel with her bewitching words in front of the gingerbread house. Like the kindergarten teacher, who soothes the little ones, they will soon have the honey-and-butter bread, and then all will be well. The voice is trembling and muffled, inspired by what she says. There's something to this

...a kind of heady scent, a kind of refined stupor. Banana cream with cream and malaga. It's so decent you want to spit on it. It's all reverence and shock when it announces that the guilty have been punished. When he talks about the Council of Ministers raising prices, he almost tears up. He sighs, but is careful not to let his emotions get the better of him, and not to drown in hiccups of welcome pleasure. All this with the sentimentality of the country schoolmistress or the snotty colored student, and the calculated cynicism of the aged lech. This is the voice that gives the latest news of all the solemn villainy, sung and soft, as a reassuring glad tidings that at last, at last, we have achieved this, with a good deal of sugar, with indivisible disdain; this is the voice that cannot be objective, and that tells with overflowing emotion the latest atrocities of the Inquisition, a little perhaps with tears of happiness, but knowing that its hearers will forgive it. Where this voice is on the radio, we know that there is no hair-raising atrocity in the state that is not being committed. This is the voice that can, with its lulling tone, pronounce all horror and make it sound like salvation. It speaks with the simplicity and easy confusion of the adolescent child, that lullaby voice that convinces not by its content but by its symphonic tone. He makes us believe that the life we are now enjoying is no longer a reality but a genus of poetry, and that if this government is maintained, the Garden of Eden will be realized. The bias in the voice convinces everyone. This voice cannot be disbelieved. It is more than objective. It is the enthusiasm of lying. It is the voice of Sodom. As long as one's intellect is appealed to, there is no particular harm, for it sees through the gall. There is no defence against the depravity of the heart.

17.

All that follows, says Mr. Thorndyke⁽¹⁾ (39) in the outstanding chapter of his book, cannot be stated simply enough. The title of the chapter is in all probability an allusion to a line from John KEATS, where the poet speaks of *joy for ever*. The poem is the source of such an everlasting joy. The purpose of all artistic creation is to offer the world a cup of this everlasting joy. It is what Schiller speaks of in his ode to joy, and what the chorus of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony sings. Nietzsche says that everything we meet is in a hurry to pass away, only joy wants to live forever - *will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit*. The Upanishads teach that this is the honey of life for all beings. It is the only positive thing in our life. We would leave everything else in an instant, except what is the blossoming flower, the sunny sea, the beautiful maiden, the good drink of wine, the child, the friendship, the song, the painting, the love, the serenity, the sweet grape. Joy is our *trump card*, our most hidden sanctuary. Joy is not of the mind, but of the heart. Therefore, for the ancients, the deepest thing in man was not the brain, but the heart. Honey, *madhu*, is not the craving of the mind, but of the heart that knows there is a golden age and paradise and salvation, just as there is a lukewarm wind and ripe fruit and song and laughter. The greatest thing a man can do is to please, and the only right life is to please as many people as possible, and as much as possible. Therefore the highest degree of human existence is the Saviour, who brings eternal salvation to man, who reconciles the angry God to man, and who plants in the human heart the joy of love instead of the fear of punishment. To enlighten hearts. The Khasids teach that the gates of the prayer hall in heaven open or close according to the depth of one's prayer, but when the prayer of joy ascends, all the gates of the hall open to the corners. And the greatest curse of man's sinful life is that life itself, which is honey, the *madhu*, has lost its pure joy, that it can be bitter and broken, cloudy and fermented, dark and poisonous. Therefore it is a hundred times more and a thousand times more good to give pleasure. And man should live thus and now even more to give pleasure, and only pleasure. As if he were no evil and sin, but only a sufferer who can no longer give pleasure to others or to himself,

especially since the god-man has hung up the fountain of joy in the desert of suffering for all to drink as much as they wish. As if there were but one vice, not to rejoice, and not to give pleasure. It is a single sacrilege to break the sacred joy of life, and to awaken suffering in hearts, and to make the honey-drop within it bitter. The fabric of our life is the fabric of the soul, and upon this, as upon the crystal lattice, the mystery of our body has grown, and the body is nothing but the joy of the soul, but all that touches the body touches the soul, and therefore all that arouses suffering wounds the holiness of the soul.

18.

The corrupting of pleasure, when done by an individual, is to be considered an exception, and an exception it is, in every case, even if it is done by one who has a premeditated, dark motive. In the next moment, one repents for his deed, and sometimes he can atone for it. Just as in most cases he regrets it and sometimes makes amends. There is no excuse for institutionalized debauchery. No one can give any excuse whatsoever for an organized activity whose purpose: to interfere in one's life, in the name of facilitating it, that is, to give pleasure, but with the hidden intention of consciously torturing man. The pleasure of tormenting the people is not a common crime committed by one in his descent from human rank. It is the result of systematic work and practice, ingenuity and intuition, slowly and calmly worked out, a system based on the experience of many generations. No man has ever written the history of torture. It would be a task worthy and fitting of one of the modern disciples of the Marquis de Sade to describe why the great and powerful preferred to employ Chinese executioners and what knowledge they possessed. Someone who would collect from museums the instruments of torture, the Nuremberg bride and the spiked benches, the hot stones and the wheel-throwing, and take stock of the lead chambers, the Siberian mines, the concentration camps and the gas chambers. Perhaps the authorities would not want to see such things, because they would give a glimpse into the methods of government and would enlighten the unsuspecting as to what the preached ideal of humanity is all about. We know that our science has never slept, and has stored up its experience, and the Inquisition would be ashamed to know how far it has been surpassed by the modern age. No medieval fantasy of torturing the devils of hell has invented a single one of the methods of policing the twentieth century. This is not an office. This is the guarded secret of the office, which it hides, and of which there is something in every office, even the most innocent-looking, for everywhere you can ask for some paper and suspicion may arise, and there is no office where suspicion does not arise against anybody. But in the pleasure-crushing demonic slaughter of men, the officials of hell, the devils, are more honest, for they are confessedly there to

torment. But the bureaucrats were entrusted with an army of people whose affairs had to be handled in an inevitably and wickedly sophisticated administration. If the Byzantine chancery scribe's work, 'Waiting in the Antechamber', were a stand-alone or rare and exceptional case, one would be profoundly silent. But we know that every day in many thousands of towns and villages there are hundreds of thousands of such anterooms, where old men and women and women with children and young people about to be married sit waiting, and the walls are full of forbidden signs, and the clerk comes out and looks round, in all the fullness of his competent pathos, and is satisfied to see faces gazed upon in the torture of waiting, and their grey eyes, bulging out of their humanity, in their huddled glee, and sees them drowning in a frenzy of boredom, and knows that the clerks inside, in the same boredom, are chewing a single crust of bread for immeasurable lengths of time just to keep those in the hall waiting. - He goes up to the woman waiting with her children and warns her in a voice that makes the child start and cry, whereupon the clerk turns her out. Not the privilege of a Byzantine clerk. There are millions of anterooms where this defilement of human pleasure goes on. You can talk to her of honey and flowers, of love and stars, and of the prayer of joy to which all the gates of the heavenly halls open. This is an office, and here you must not talk, and you must not knock, and you must wait while the clerk inside chews the crust of bread, and stares out of the window, and you must sink into the damp emptiness of boredom, and sink into the dull and dark non-existence, and must bear to have the heart that thirsts for joy roasted, all by unappealable power, by millennia of tradition, in the name of the higher public interest, as order and discipline and law and right and justice.

19.

In the last chapter of his black novel of officialdom, Mr. Thorndyke says that the extreme difficulty is not that the administrative system has grown so immensely, nor that the type of official has grown so much in number. All is merely a quantitative effect, which, though serious, is not insurmountable. The difficulty is not in the system, nor in the number of representatives, but in the fact that the office is an archetypal category of existence, and we cannot change such categories by humane means, because they are grounded in a higher reality. We are powerless against the higher reality, once we have invoked it with our actions and thoughts. The influence of the higher reality that corrupts the life of the individual human being is called sin. There is a remedy for sin in the life of the individual. This remedy is usually called religion. But in society there is no way of repentance and conversion, of prayers and ascetic life and confession and the sacral practice of religion. This was and is the fundamental difference between individual and social existence. Every high value of our life is an individual value, every high thought and act of our life is an individual thought and act, because salvation is the salvation of the individual, not of society, and society is for man, not man for society. Therefore, until that human being appears who, with his special powers, takes upon himself the life of the community and breaks the life-corrupting power of the higher reality within himself, thereby liberating the people and uprooting the life-corruption from the human community, society is at the mercy of the corruption.

What is called office is the appearance of such a demoralizing anti-life and life-destroying archetypal form of existence in human society, that is, such a common crime - extending to all mankind. The definition: office is the sin of tormenting life. It is what Hamlet calls *the insolence of office*. By its very constellation, office is impersonal. No official has ever performed anything in his own name, at his own risk, by risking himself, or by plunging in, consciously and personally. The office is a business act. It is intangible in man. The act itself, empty and impersonal. He who is in office is impersonal and intangible. In the name of someone

acting for someone who is not. Abstract "order", "discipline", "organization", "ideal", "law", "justice". The official has no worldview, and one cannot be too wary of people who have no worldview. They have no conduct, no morality, no standards. Responsibility slides from one person to another, from one office to another. Yet. Yet this impersonality culminates in someone. In the one who assumes this impersonality, who realizes this archetypal form of existence within himself. This person is the inquisitor. You are the official. We know how Dostoevsky drew it. Not without some antecedents. In the inquisitor, the office is already blurred, as if it were transcended. But in the bud it is still clearly visible. This is the revisor. This is the figure in which he lives permanently among us. He is the one who revises everything. The inquisitor is rare, more a literary formula. The revisor is something everyone encounters every day. It is not exactly Gogol's reviser, but the rigid and the cruel, the cold and the indifferent, and above all the inhuman functionary, the decree, the paragraph, the law. There is a great deal of the Antichrist in him, especially as Soloviev imagines him, in whom reason is a blasphemy and knowledge a sacrament. It is he who banishes joy and laughter and comfort and beauty, free play and serenity. He builds and maintains the command and the penitentiary, the terror and the labour camp. Reality is invalid here. Only what has a stamp and a signature. And it is he who, when the saint of saints appears and the people's heart beats, throws the saint into prison. He is the one who then explains to the saint that it is best to return to heaven. If he did not, he would be compelled to be executed, as he has been executed once and ten thousand times, and as he will execute the suffering righteousness every time it takes flesh and speaks.

This is what is going on under the authority of the office, from above, in the word of power, the depersonalization, so that man becomes a function, replaceable and interchangeable, and loses his uniqueness, and is immersed in inferiority and anonymity, the community is dissolved, and humanity is transformed into an organization of military and workers' brigades, led by the push of a button, things by things, in a mechanism of meaningless and purposeless and eternally joyless.

20.

The economic situation of a mechanized society cannot be directly understood without a special study, not because of its complexity, but because of its absurdity. The specialist is constantly confronted with a situation that defies all common sense, and wonders how the state can survive. The very fact that the economic structure of the official state rests on the plan. The plan is an abstraction, because it does not take account of the economic capacity of the state, i.e. of what it 'has', but constructs what it 'needs', regardless of whether it is really needed or whether it is an obsession. The plan is almost entirely built in the air. This unheard-of difference, or even contradiction, between the rational and the sensible is nowhere so directly experienced. As long as the state has stocks and economic reserves from an older era, whether monarchical or republican, there is no particular problem. But nowhere is the parasitic organisation of the bureaucratic state more clearly exposed than in the field of economics. As soon as the capacity for investment built up in the older age by individual capital is exhausted, and the state has misappropriated and squandered everything it had accumulated in sober times, the office is in crisis, for it turns out that its economic capacity is minimal. The economic system of the agency is nonsensical. The only productive force of the agency is the exploitation of its workforce.

E. D. Hull shows by a few examples that in states where the role of the bureau is smaller, wages are higher and the price of manufactured goods is lower. And in states where the role of the bureau is greater, on the contrary, as propaganda proclaims, the wages are the lower, the price of the article of manufacture the higher. In vain does it exploit the labourer, in vain does it obtain raw materials for free, the State is in fact permanently bankrupt.

The author asks what is the cause of this phenomenon. This is the most important chapter of the book. Since in the official state all means of production and most of the raw materials are state property (not public property), and trade and industry and agriculture are official enterprises, the office is forced to control the material and the course of labour. This is the all-preventive importance of control. The more exclusive the exploitation, the more exclusive the

control must naturally be the more effective. The number of inspectors and the breadth of their powers are unimaginable to the most unsuspecting national economists.

E. D. HULL^{(I) (40) (I)} has calculated that one penny of actual government revenue is burdened with five pence of control costs. The deficit of four pence is made up by the labour of the worker, of course, by his receiving only one penny's wages for every five pence's worth of labour, but paying five pence's wages for every penny's worth of food or industry or service^{(I) (41) (I)}. This is the national economic explanation of the astonishing low wages and the still more astonishing high prices of public necessities.

The control is, of course, exercised by the department itself. According to the author's calculation, for every two main economic producers there is one main inspector, i.e. two people working to control one. This is the unheard-of significance of revisionism in the bureaucratic state. It is said that the bureau maintains inspectors for no good reason. In the State, the demoralization of the bureaucracy has so lowered the moral standard, and the poverty in some classes, owing to the low wages, is so great, that theft, robbery, embezzlement, fraud, and above all, evasion and idleness, would, without a large number and large scope of inspectors, assume such proportions that production would cease altogether^{(I) (42) (I)}.

One chapter is a short story, and lists a whole series of events. These stories show a complete breakdown of the sense of ownership. For example, rail freight disappears, especially in winter, fuel. In grocery stores, the customer is tricked into weighing the goods by clever tricks, and when he sees it, he either makes a fuss, which makes no sense, or shrugs his shoulders because he knows that the server's wages are low and he has to steal. But the fraud is mostly official. Milk, bread flour, tinned goods, cheese, cold cuts and cakes are officially adulterated, and defective substitutes are used to dilute them. In imported goods in particular, and in so-called quality goods, the profit margin is between five hundred and eight hundred and one thousand percent. Despite this, the system is experiencing the greatest difficulties.

The section on the analysis of control costs gives an insight into the office system. The remuneration of the average auditor is not high. In fact, they also belong to the exploited class. The burden is so heavy because the number of auditors is exceptional. However, the auditors are also audited, and these auditors-in-chief are also audited, and are gradually followed by auditors with ever greater powers. Some of these

flying audit committees, which appear in a raid-like fashion and act in an inquisitorial manner. The police also have economic control powers. This means not only that the police officer has unlimited power in the shops under his jurisdiction, and so the shopkeeper is forced to give the police officer various discounts all the time, but also that the police officer and the shopkeeper collude against the customer and present a united front to the public. Exploitation starts when you buy a glass of milk and a roll. Because the process is embedded in the state, it is more likely to worsen than to diminish⁽¹⁾ (43) (1).

The Inspector-General is now a chief official and receives a bonus and a reward in addition to his regular salary. This may be several times the normal income. It is roughly estimated that the income of such an inspector-general is earned by thirty-five to forty workers, and even more by those who are exempt. The cost of food and travel for the flying out of a small factory eats up half a year's economic productivity.

All this is, of course, a statistical game, and gives no idea of the public mood under the influence of the bureaucratic wage and price squeeze, which does not know these figures but has a vague idea of them. The bureau is aware of this public sentiment and is increasing its repression. But the pressurisation of the exploited creates even greater despair. The society dreams of a sharecropper's state of earnings. There is worse than the craving for brothels.

Then, when the whole system starts to crack, after a plan period or so, when economic exhaustion is complete, the bureaucracy revalues money, lowers wages and wants to create a tabula rasa, which means solving the bankruptcy on paper. Now it's back on for a while. Right up to the end of the next planning period. It is eating up new revenues, of course by putting an even greater burden on the economically productive layer, i.e. by extending the colonial system.

21.

Mr. Thorndyke's book, like the other works of governology, does not provide a solution. Man has succeeded in finding a defence against the wolves and the barbarian horde, and has built up civilization. The enemy from without and from below was defeated. He has failed to find a remedy for the destruction of life from above. In all likelihood, in this case, the matter is much more difficult than it was in the previous ones. Man above is by nature defenceless. Moreover, what is above is also inside, that is, it is central. What does it mean, Mr. Thorndyke asks, when the disintegration begins to act from within, that is, when the destruction of life is taking place within the organism itself? It is, he says, nothing more than what is called disease. We know it is a disease, we have to make the diagnosis. This is also done. The nature of disease has been established beyond doubt in a whole host of books by serious authors. And the medicine? As in so many cases, we know a great deal about our ills and have no idea of what will make them go away.

We know that the official has set his foot in the breach between the people and the ruler. The office rests on mutual distrust, and we also know that the official has an existential interest in widening that gap and in maintaining and nurturing that distrust. The bureaucrat has convinced a gullible people that the ruler is abusive, exploitative and lying. He has convinced the credulous ruler that the people are rebellious, and greedy, and criminal. Not a word of this is true. Violence, lying and exploitation are not what power does, but what it does in office. It is only authors like Machiavelli who have influenced public opinion by fomenting distrust. And then came Sorel. Mr. Thorndyke goes into great detail about the unique role of George Sorel in the development of the modern official state. Sorel is the father of the modern state. He was the one who argued that in government it is not ideology and principle and politics that decide. It is merely propaganda and window-dressing, for the opponent only. The essential thing is to create a source of law that exercises governance regardless of political principles. This is the office. The office is, in fact, the unfettered exercise of unbridled, even legally sanctioned violence. The three stages of the modern state : Plato allowed the lie,

Machiavelli allowed exploitation, Sorel allowed violence. It is strange that no one has noticed this process. There was no one to inform the ruler and the people of the real situation.

Trust was not restored. The gulf between the ruler and the people widened, and it was here that the office settled down, gaining more and more influence upwards and downwards, until finally it became self-sufficient in the office state, and no longer accountable upwards or downwards. Not upwards, because there is no ruler, not downwards, because it has destroyed the organisation of the people and replaced it with an artificially rationalised collective.

What is called a people in the bureaucratic state is an unreal community, not a society, but an abstract rational collective. Human activity is a dehumanized mechanized inorganic function. In this unreal collective, man no longer has a psychology, only a reflexology. There used to be talk of two kinds of collective, the people and the mass, when positive sociological methods could only vaguely discern the real situation. Undoubtedly, the people was understood to be the organic community, the mass the disorganised collective. In the mass, sociality is loosened and later completely disintegrated. The mass is not a social unit, but an excrementum-like thing selected from real society. Its ultimate state is the mob. It has no hierarchy, is casteless and classless, what Hindu tradition calls *avarana*. The concomitant of a mechanized collective is a decline in biological, moral, intellectual, aesthetic standards. The civilizational level of life activity is lowered. Man, however, does not sink to the level of an animal, but becomes a particular kind of demon, with vengeance and venom, envy and bloodthirsty, predatory and greedy instincts. In the last century, one of the authors of naïve sociology, LE BON, taught that man in the collective loses his intellectual and moral and taste qualities and is degraded. What Le Bon did not know was that not all collectives are degraded. In the organic community of life, man is at home and his qualities are purified and enhanced. Man loses his values only in the depravated collective.

In the mechanized collective, the natural functions of life are dissolved and replaced by artificial functions. This act is what A. CAMUS calls *crime rationel*, because ration is the faculty extracted from human reason, and it is the quality that produces an anti-life function. Office and rationality are inseparable. Office is based on rationality. Official organisation is the paradigmatic manifestation of rationalism. Nor is rationality organic

organic sociality nor autonomous individuality. It speaks in indoctrinated slogans and abbreviations. It dismantles the family, the ultimate refuge of the organic order of life, forces the woman into work, i.e. functionalises her, forces the child into the mechanism of rationalised pedagogy, and there conditions him to the robotic discipline of homunculus existence. But to a certain extent, work is no longer important. The office does not like the correct worker, it prefers the vagabond and the drunkard, the prostitute and the criminal, that is, it does not like the one who has morally detached himself from the rational machine, only the one who can be struck at any moment. What is needed is not faithful servants, the faithful are virtuous and therefore suspect. You need someone who can be locked up at any time.

With the creation of the office, an organic defect in society has taken hold, which has spread like a disease, and at this moment seems to be incorrigible. This is the point at which humanity is drifting to destruction due to its own disruptive forces from above and within. All the more so because, in the modern stage of history, the office has become an autonomous organization and is also disintegrating the state. This is the final point. The state is originally an organism. Now, at this stage of disorganization, it must be dissolved. The state is a moral and historical and linguistic and traditional unity. The office must also dissolve the state, and when every function in the state, education, medicine, commerce, art, travel, food, childbirth, technology, agriculture, sport, is transformed into administration, politics becomes an administrative resort, an exercise in deceiving the people. Like preaching, opera performance, and no need for anything but administration. Today we have reached the point where the office has outgrown the state. What is visible of a people is a naked organization. No consideration of principle precedes the act of government. It is a matter of business, nothing else. What is right is decided not by reason, but no longer by arbitrariness, nor by a small terrorist group of conspirators in the name of the majority, but by a rationalized impersonal mechanism. Under these circumstances, the state can be considered in practice to have virtually ceased to exist.

22.

Even in pain there is a special light. That is what life has in itself. In that sphere of existence which we call life on earth, joy is the highest degree of spirituality. It is deepest in man, as WORDSWORTH says, *too deep for tears*. It is so deep that tears cannot reach it. *Joie, joie, pleurs de joie*, - says PASCAL. The Midrash says that the Messiah will come only when all the tears have dried up. It is in joy that man is fully and completely liberated, man needs nothing else, nothing but this, only joy.

And in the official state, bread and wine and food are adulterated, and with a deaf, dumb and lame obsession with order, newspaper news and history, the present and the past and the future are falsified, with the claim that nothing in this reality, tainted with false ideals, is true any more. In school, children are taught this monstrous and dark reality, and it is compulsory to preach it in speeches and books. In comparison, all wars and revolutions are nothing. The demonic brutality of war at least does not lie, but rages and slaughters with honesty, and creates hunger and pestilence, misery and poverty. But this one poisons soundlessly and by design, with rational and programmatic consciousness, and with decrees, and justifies the results of its activities with statistics. No one can move or open their mouths. Everyone is shackled with the mandatory command of absolute obedience and the proclaimed thesis that this is the only right thing to do. This is peaceful annihilation. Humanity has never been closer to outer darkness, where there is nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth.

There is much talk of the world political crisis, too much, while the greatest danger to peoples all over the world is not from the enemy. The cause of the growing catastrophic difficulties is internal. Not the rich-poor divide. Not class struggle. Not power and oppression. Not a form of government. In every state, the life of the people is imperceptibly controlled by an increasingly exclusive internal organization which has parasitically settled on the people, and while it breeds, the people atrophy.

The debility of morality and taste, of honour and truth, of reason and decency cannot be clinically cured. The spiritual

therapy for the infection of a mental organism? The complications are thickening and moving rapidly towards saturation. Only one solution remains -

APPENDIX ON MEDIOCRITY

If a child, writes PLOTINOS, shows no talent whatsoever and seems unfit for a serious career, parents are told **t h a t** it is best to give him a craft. They do it today as they did a thousand and seven hundred years ago. The difference is that they were then aware of the mediocrity of the man who practised the trades. Today, however, the untalented, not so much by preponderance of numbers as by the very nature of modern civilisation, regard themselves as the sustaining element of humanity. There is no mention of Bernard SHAW's comment at this moment, who, with his customary inventiveness and his customary frivolity, considers the chauffeur as the man of the future. At this moment, the power of technology is in the hands of what is usually called a technician. Which is just another name for the craftsman. Among the representatives of the human spirit, the technical is not and never will be. But the crowded schools of today are the technicians' and the technicians' colleges, for the man without skill is the easiest to get a profitable occupation by the lessons he learns there. It is this man who sets the standard of thought and the style of life and the taste and the morals and the temper. It is the easiest man to achieve his life's ambitions. This man has so-called success.

We are not talking about technology. What we are talking about is the technician. A. PERRON⁽¹⁾ ⁽⁴⁴⁾ ⁽¹⁾ says that the technique is puerile, typically a product of the adolescent child's imagination. Everybody has a more or less developed technical age, but by the age of eighteen it has passed in the normal man. The technical imagination, once it reaches intellectual maturity, is only in the hands of a man without higher qualities. Pity, says A. Perron, to speak of the realization of particularly great values in connection with technology. Behind all technical civilization is the Jules Verne idea of wanting to arrange the world like Captain Nemo arranges the Nautilus. If we valorise the hundred-passenger push-pull aircraft in spiritual terms, we have to admit that it is worth no more than a ring-neck. It is less.

The literature of technocracy is large, but useless, says E. B. Wallace⁽¹⁾ (45). The opinion of every author is decided by some sympathy or aversion, as if it were impossible to take an uninteresting stand on the subject. Technology has become a flashpoint for worldview tensions. Spiritualists reject it principally and unconditionally just as materialists praise it. European thought does not have, and never has had, the unbiased measure that can determine the significance of technology without preoccupation. With a few exceptions, our thinkers have merely framed the passions of history well and badly, but there has been no one who can see them from above. European thought is characterised by a gifted personality, but not by an absolute spirit. It takes more than being an interesting person to be true.

Mircea ELIADE argues that the chthonic rhythm of the earth is slow enough, and that technique is the acceleration of this rhythm. Man takes over the role of time. What the physical-geological-chemical life of the earth creates over thousands of years, man can do with his technology, perhaps in minutes. Man can smelt metal, purify it of elements that do not belong there, or mix it with other elements in a purposeful way, shape it and make tools. Natural processes are shortened, and what is achieved is always more in less time.

Here is one of the interesting theories of European man, as witty as it is frivolous. For the author does not say the most important thing. What is the purpose of this shortening? Why does man take over the role of time and speed up processes?

Man's attitude towards nature can be of three kinds. The first is the metaphysical, which seeks to lift and ennoble every grain of nature. This primordial attitude is preserved for us in the tradition of alchemy, after having disappeared completely from historical religions. Alchemy wants to turn the world into gold, that is to say, it wants to elevate it with all its atoms into the world of the incorruptible and imperishable spirit.

The second attitude is man's paternal care of nature. Archaic cultures have sprung from this care. Where agriculture and animal husbandry are still intact, this spirit is alive.

The third attitude, which b e c a m e common as the archaic age passed, is the plundering of nature. Today, if we look at the mines, the devastated forests, the plundered sea, the slaughtered animals and primitive peoples, and the

the billion civilised robot slaves, there can be no doubt what is happening here. For a short time in the last century, socialism seemed to bring about a complete change of life, and everyone believed that it would put an end to this exploitation. The opposite happened. Socialism is a European theory just like all the others, it is not a solution to a crisis, it is a product of a crisis, that is to say, it cannot grasp things from above, it merely formulates the difficulties with great anguish. Instead of creating a radical solution, it has only increased the robbery and, moreover, justified its crime with a stupid ideology.

There are those who see the life-destroying nature of technology as a forced consequence of overpopulation. Otherwise this insane predatory economy would make no sense. The author⁽¹⁾ (46) (1) revels in the usual nightmare statistics we all know: how many of us were on earth in 1800, how many in 1900, how many will be in 2000. He secretly hopes that nuclear war or some epidemic will thin our ranks. If such a thing did not happen, the situation would be hopeless. In a few hundred years, there will be four people to a square metre on earth, which means that we will have just enough space to stand, like on a crowded tram. For these people, says G. B. BALLING, will have a high socialist ideology compared with the barbarism of today. Only they will have nothing to eat. The predatory nature of technology is undeniable. But this robbery is a compulsion that must be continued because there are many of us. If normal farming were practised, more than half of humanity would starve. Invention, says the author, is a function of population density. The anxiety created by an ever-increasing population forces man to create more and more opportunities for plunder, and to exploit those opportunities by ever faster and more efficient methods. If the population of the earth were reduced to the level of 1800, technology would cease to exist at an eighty per cent rate, if only because there would not be enough of us to maintain the industrial plants and densely stratified occupations that employ so many people. Cybernetics would disappear like nylon and tinned pineapple.

Of course, things can be turned around. It is not at all certain that the systemisation of robbery was caused by overpopulation. It may well be that it was the generalisation of exploitation, i.e. the deliberate breeding of slaves - just to get more workers and labour as cheap as possible - that caused such a horrendous increase in population.

The attempt to explain organised slave farming by the necessity of population density seems to be no more than a poor excuse. One cannot be too wary of a theory which attributes a crisis to external causes and seeks to absolve man of his responsibility. The first cause is always man. Responsibility must be accepted not only out of fairness, but because it is meaningful, so that man has the opportunity to change the situation he has recalled at will.

There is also an author^{(1) (47) (1)} who attempts to bring technique and office together. There is indeed something in common between the two in life-destroying mechanisation. One could also say that bureaucracy and technocracy are both by-products of modern utopianism. The author considers bureaucracy to be the older, but technology to be more damaging. In their demoralising effects, they now work together in wonderful harmony, as if both were intended to exterminate life. G. W. ALLINGTON, by the way, is a more intelligent sort of journalist, who has noticed the life-destroying effects of the two modern phenomena, but who has failed to see the functional difference between the office and the technique. The office is always a question of the human, a tension between organism and organization. Technique is a question of the living and the inanimate, a tension between organism and mechanism. The office aims to corrupt pleasure. Technique is a suicide attempt.

The natural consequence of man's activity to get more in less time is twofold: one is that life speeds up, the other is that it becomes emptier. E. B. wallace calls this phenomenon *loss of life- essence*-^{(1) (48) (1)} · Always more and more in a shorter time. In a shorter and shorter time, the farther. The shorter the time it takes to run or swim a hundred metres. Throw the javelin as far as possible. Jump as far as possible, as high as possible. Lift as much weight as possible. That's the modern heuristic. The Stakhannovist puts up how many bricks in an hour. Cars can go two hundred kilometres an hour, trains can go two hundred kilometres an hour, aeroplanes can fly at the speed of sound. One man handles thirty machines, another forty. We need to accelerate the growth of plants by radiation. You have to produce more in a smaller area. In a smaller area, you have to put more people. Bunk beds, bunk beds. Use space, time, materials, strength, energy. This grandiose idiocy is called rationalism. Rationalism is the metaphysics of the robbery of life. The faster you run a hundred metres, the more you lose the whole.

the less sense it makes. There are achievements that are utterly absurd. Rationalism is a great example of how something can be both rational and utterly meaningless. The smaller the area, the more beetroots you plant. That is rational. To exploit. As quickly as possible. Nobody has asked the question, what happens to the time you save when you do something faster? The word production is used as a deception for this phenomenon. It is clearer than ever that it is a robbery. Sow twice a year. To grow five kilos of potatoes. Planting oranges and bananas in the Arctic Circle. Shorten the production process. The quickest time is the shortest way. This is what Mircea Eliade calls accelerating the rhythm of nature, when man takes over the role of time and dictates a faster pace. He wants to swim the hundred metres faster, but doesn't know what to do with the time he has saved. M. Eliade is certainly not a musical man and does not know the difference between rhythm and beat. Nature, life, thought, art have a rhythm, a rhythm of the ore given to life. And mechanics is rhythmic. The machine is automatic. Rhythm and beat can never be confused. If you use rhythm instead of beat, the result is *loss of life-essence*. Rhythm is dance, rhythm is military steps. A heartbeat is rhythmic, a metronome is rhythmic, even if the two have the same numerical value. Rational thinking is a shortened and accelerated thinking from which the life essences have disappeared. Rationalism is a stagnant beat that makes no sense by any name. It's the modern chase and record and performance and speed and rush and hurry and froth and drag and giddiness and disappearance of essences, when man is just an existence in Nothing.

In every civilization, says Perron^[49], there is a degree, which is the minimum of spirituality, and all the indications are that this minimum is the same in all civilizations. Productive life is possible only above this. When man reaches the freezing point, his life is not governed by spiritual forces, but by pseudo-spiritual compulsions, which we know from the psychology of the feeble-minded, the immature, the primitive, the psychopath, and which are colloquially called obsessions. Obsession is a purely psychological phenomenon without spiritual content. A. Perron argues that if man descends to the spiritual minimum, because he has lost control of himself, he can become the free prey of all abnormality. From

abnormality is precisely that man is governed by obsession instead of by an intelligent spirit. Generally speaking, the helpless man can be recognized by the pseudo-spirituality of his life. Helplessness is in fact a kind of spiritual minimum. The life of a society depends on the wealth of talent it contains. The disintegration of society begins with the disappearance of talent.

Rationalism is in fact an obsession that arose from the spiritual minimum of European civilisation at the beginning of the modern age. The birth of this pseudo-spiritual compulsion is the technique, *un rêve défaillant*, a dream that has fainted. What is this dream dreaming? Jules Verne novels. Blimps and aeroplanes and wireless telegraphs and radio and television, rockets and moon bounces, travel on the river of fire to the centre of the earth, electromagnetism extracted from the air, and solar energy stored in boxes. Captain Nemo sits in his Nautilus, twelve thousand metres beneath the sea, alone. The submarine has its own power station, with light shining all around. It has its own heating. It has its own oxygen generator. Press a button and the invisible organ plays Bach's Mass in B minor. Press the other button and the television plays Hamlet. Meanwhile, he gets hungry, presses the third button and the table rolls up with an eight-course lunch and port. He presses the fourth button and sees the Moon and Venus and Jupiter at close range on the telescope. Press another button, the submarine moves off and rises to sea level, there another button, the Nautilus grows wings, rises into the air and takes off for the summit of Mount Everest. Captain Nemo sits on deck smoking a pipe, watching the hurricane raging over the mountain range, pressing a button, and a glass of fresh grape-fruit juice on the table. All you ever need to know is which button to press. Captain Nemo is very careful not to press the button that fires forty grenades a minute from the automatic rapid-fire cannon in Westminster Abbey when he wants to listen to the Sunday sermon. Captain Nemo is a colossal man, because he takes it all with unheard-of seriousness and swears by the button-pushing theory. He invented and built it all himself. If this fascinates the sixteen year old siheder, it is understandable, because this is his world. If you are a mature man, then *un rêve défaillant*. But if it becomes a whole civilization, it is collective insanity. And if this collective insanity is preparing for war, and is preparing tactical weapons, then this is what can be called suicide. Captain Nemo is a dangerous opponent. Not because he's smart,

but precisely because he is unheard of in his limitations and his madness and his ineptitude. Because he is mediocre. Because he is immature and has no idea of the values of humanity. The only thing he cares about is which button to push. If he were a student, there's still a chance he might mature. But he's a grown man, and the situation is hopeless. Captain Nemo lives below the spiritual minimum, and is as unaware of what he is doing as the student who becomes intoxicated by the fact that he has managed to develop chlorine - and poisons the whole house.

The name *homo faber* has been coined more recently for the mediocre man. Homo faber means a man of art. This is the man Plotinus says is unfit for a serious career. To understand this man, one must turn to the Hebrew tradition. This tradition teaches that creation is perfect only when it passes through four stages. Creation is born in the sphere of potentiality (*aziluth*), as potentiality and thought. From there it passes into the virtual world (*berijah*), the first stage of realisation. Then it must be formed (*jezirah*) and finally it must be physically made (*assiyah*). Homo faber lives only and only in this last, fourth stage. He is concerned only with what has to be done by hand and physically. What is commonly called invention today is such a mongrel creation, which does not involve the mental phases, and is therefore such a clumsy making. That's why most of the machinery is weird and grotesque. The machine was not made to be an object of *joy for* ever, like a work of art. All machines are gnome-like because they are merely fabrications. Homo faber is such a panhandling man. The workings of the machine are both frightening and comic. The machine is stupid. There is little more ridiculous than watching its ever-repeating motions as it spills out its tin elephant. Since all things are not only themselves, but also symbols and signs of something else, the question must be asked: what is the machine a symbol of? The machine is a symbol of rational function, of that certain human capacity below the spiritual minimum, which we have just mentioned, that is, mediocrity, that is, helplessness. Since the machine moves only in the circle of doing, it does only what can be done, nothing else. Therefore, all technical works are just things to be made, like records, photographs and reproductions. The machine does not create, it repeats. That's what's so incredibly comical about it, because life can repeat everything except one thing. The machine stands outside time. It has no metaphysics. And if one were to ask what the metaphysics of **t h i s** metaphysical absence is, one would have to answer that it is the fear of time. Man has managed to create something,

that has no consciousness of passing. But this creation is, unfortunately, an idiot, and can do nothing but say the same thing over time. What does not know death does not live. The machine has no guilt, no conscience, no religion. Technology, say, is the *mystery of ineptia*. Therefore, it is ultimately an occult phenomenon.

You like the machine because it is obedient.

The advantage of the machine over man is that it has no need for freedom. The ideal of the dictator is the machine.

The machine is only practice, without any theory. But we know that practice is a depraved theory.

The machine is rationality manifested, technology is rationalism manifested. It is an interference in the processes of nature, an accelerating and shortening interference. A kind of artificial-and counter-nature, where things are predictable because there is no life-time.

Technology is an attempt to make man live without sacrifice. The machine is favoured by man who is under the illusion that he is at home on earth.

Machine sentimentalism (electric chair).

Technology is the triumph of the outside world, i.e. technology is proof that even the wildest fantasy has a greater reality than the outside world.

To build on the outside world is to degrade humanity. Technology is the desacralization of human labor.

The comfort of technical civilization eliminates tragedy. There are only accidents now.

Sacred and profane work. No productive work without *a valeur liturgique* (M. ELIADE). There is no sacred and profane work. Work is the realization of dreams. Mediocre dreams (Verne novels, technique).

The technique, being inspired by the fear of time, is an insurance against passing away. Illusion. This is the mechanical idea of immortality.

It's a never imagined thing.

Technology is the unconsciousness of the spirit.

The invention of technique is not productivity.

Technique is protection against the danger of genius. The craftsman hides himself in the craft, lest he have to deal with serious matters. Hence the spiritual deafness of the technical man.

The technical man's mongrel sense of reality.

Technique and inanity. A hermaphrodite machine, neither begets nor gives birth.

It excretes. The infernal character of machines.

Technical civilization and narcotics. The
improductivity of machines.

The machine is a projection of the subspiritual layer that is instinct and
reflex, the machine's base is the Pavlovian world.

Mechanized night vision as utopia.

THREE POINTS

BELLING's *Three Points* is a work from the nineteen-nineties, the age of Expressionism, but with its purity of line it belongs to the fifties. It was the first sculptural work to be followed by Max BILL's *Dreigeteilte Einheit* (*Tripartite Unit*) and Henry MOORE's *Three Points*. The formal subject matter of all three sculptures comes from the borderland of sculpture, geometry and mathematics, and depicts the direct reflection of the number three in unity. The two is the dismantled one. The three is the new unity after the dismantling, created on a new basis that seems to be more definitive than the original. The difference between the one and the three is that in the one there is nothing outside the one; the three is a unity that also reveals the structure of the one. In the one, the one is only one; in the three, it is a system. The simplest system, in the sense that it is in fact the most *one-like*.

Belling's work is so musical that anyone who does not know the title of the sculpture cannot for a moment think of anything other than the new meeting of notes in the chord of the triad, after the notes have parted, in a balance that is from that moment indissoluble.

Max Bill's concept is more psychological. The tripartite unity depicts a kind of centroverson; the outward and inward attitudes (extraversion and introversion) are marked by a splitting duality; the centroverson (turning towards the centre) incorporates the disruption in the third into a new unity.

Henry Moore *Three Points*-the convergence of three geometric shapes ending in a single point. The point of union is not visible. The three needle points stand in the empty space between them, so that from three directions all three points point to this point. This is. This is the point. So much so that the sculpture could be called *One Point* instead of *Three Points*. This one, where the

three meet and become one. This is the unrepresentable. Three Points is actually the closest to the image of Creation in the Sistine Chapel. Adam's body lies ready, but still lifeless; the Lord stretches out his arm and almost touches Adam's finger with his forefinger. The spark of life from the being of God the creator into the human body is now popping over. As PLATÓN understands the spirit, as a spark bursting forth from the intangible and infinite being, which leaps into the intelligence of the human being and there lights up the light. The spirit, of which PLOTINOS writes: "it includes all that is immortal, the whole of divinity, the whole of the soul; and it includes it as eternal tranquillity, for why should it seek change when it has everything in its place, and why should it seek when it has everything above it? He cannot desire growth, for he is perfect... and since there is nothing in him that he does not think, his thought is not seeking, but possessing. The salvation of the spirit is not a result of the work of the mind, for it is from eternity all and all, the true eternity... The spirit is what is; and it is always what is, never what will be, for it is in the future, and it will not pass away, for in it all things are imperishable".

In Genesis, Michelangelo's spark of spirit is sprung from the forefinger of the Lord. The finger of the Lord does not touch Adam's hand. This is the tension. What bounces from the Creator to man is invisible. In Moore's Three Points, the ghost that flashes out of the meeting of the three needle points is imperceptible, but everyone knows what is happening. This is what Plato says, in the human sense the light goes out. In any case, the place of Three Points would be in a circular domed marble room built especially for the sculpture, where the work would be placed in the centre and, if one were faced with a decisive decision in life, one could sit facing the sculpture, immerse oneself in its gaze and share in that which is immortal, which needs neither change nor growth, which is always what it is and in which everything is impermanent.

V.J., OR THE REALIZATION

Now, faithful and good servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord. For thou hast been faithful in small things, I will entrust all my good to thee.

Matthew
25:23

When V.J. was eighteen years old, he left his parents' house, but probably no one was further from the prodigal son. The biblical young man sought the pleasures of life and committed infidelity against the ancient order of life. Here it is the opposite, the family and environment became unfaithful and the young man could not continue this life. At the beginning of the century, this rebellion was not uncommon, it was just the behaviour that V.J. chose. The rebels were mostly revolutionaries.

V.J. thought he would go down a grade and support himself by working the land. It was the only work that remained clean. And nothing is more important than a clean livelihood. There is no way that a life sustained by unclean work can succeed. V.J. wanted to start from the earthwork to achieve a more meaningful life.

He was able to distinguish between tradition and religion only relatively late in life, and was therefore under the impression that he was a religious man. But the difference between the two basic positions is great. Religion is much because it is a historical formation, a figure in the life of ages and peoples, in many cases an excuse and a system of lies. Religion is a natural product. Tradition is *the status absolutus of man*, the same in all ages and peoples, and is imperishable.

At first, V.J. believed that he had to seek and live the original evangelical life in a Christianity betrayed above and below, outside and inside. But very early on he was preoccupied with gnostic theories and sought, found and maintained contact with the Kepes movement in the spirit of Henry Jenő SCHMITT. In the twenties of the century, everyone who had a serious ambition and was not satisfied with the prevailing trends of the time was more deeply oriented towards the Gnostics than towards official literature, not to mention the university. With the exception of the careerists, this generation took a significant influence from Schmitt's gnosticism. There is no need to explain why. All that man, especially young informed man, found in the twenties, and that the university, official science and literature and thought had to offer, was either insanely corrupt politics or even more insanely mindless scientism. At the same time, V.J. gave up eating meat, ate only raw food for a while, and began breathing exercises.

The significance of eating and breathing and other disciplinary practices in Europe is quite different from what it was in the East, especially as it used to be in the East. With remarkably few exceptions, the purpose of asceticism here is not to raise the standard of human life and the values of higher existence

of the higher being. The dominant force in European man from the Greeks onwards has been the thirst for life. It is what the Hindus call *kama*, it is *the trisna of Buddha*, the *Sucht* and *Gier* of BÖHME, and it is what C.G. JUNG calls *libido*. Man came here to enjoy. And the whole life of European man is within the libido. It is thirst and greed and seeking and chasing and robbing, and the more man devours and acquires and devours, the hungrier he becomes. The thirst for life can and does take a thousand and one forms. The Proteus of Greek myth. But always covetousness and greed and hunger. Libido is always libido, always Sucht and Gier and trisná and kama. Whatever the practice, it will never be anything but lust for life. Therefore, in Europe, asceticism is not the method which acquires powers higher than life and introduces the power of the spirit into human existence. In Europe there have never been masters, only mystics and philosophers. Mysticism and philosophy are mere theories which cannot realise themselves. Most of it cannot be put through. In Europe, asceticism is a turning of the thirst for life against itself, in other words self-deception. It is not asceticism, but self-mortification. It is not a method of acquiring spiritual powers, but a torture of life. The same hunger for life that manifests itself outwardly in wars and bloodshed and violence and inquisition, inwardly in ascetic self-digestion. It is the rage of the lust for life against itself. The result is not the purification of man, but the senseless crippling of life. The libido's protean capacity to turn against itself, but still a hunger for life, only senesces itself. Libido never becomes spirituality. If one stays within the thirst, one can torture oneself to death by any refined methods, only libido torments libido and it becomes nothing. In a great number of men, the thirst for life lives by preserving and cherishing and nurturing and pampering itself, and accumulating years and providing for itself, and hunting for pleasures, at most trying to exclude others from these pleasures, so that it may have more. But if he takes the path of self-denial, he turns his hunger for life against himself and takes pleasure in torturing himself. As long as man remains in the circle of life, the libido can and does take all forms, even the form of self-torture, just to quench its thirst for life, if not in pleasure, at least in torture, if not in pleasure, at least in pain, if not in good, at least in evil, if not in pleasure, at least in suffering, if not in torturing others, at least in accusing

if not in inquisition and bloodshed, at least in tormenting himself.

Tradition says that what we call spirit is not the enemy of life, but its natural master. As Zarathustra teaches, the father of life, who does not torment life, but who cares for life, who nurtures and uplifts and orders and purifies and transfigures life, and who makes life blossom without any torment by infusing it. The asceticism of the tradition does not say that life is to be deprived of its joy, but that it is to be lifted into that circle where the greater power than life can, with its more sublime knowledge, care for the beauty of life.

At first, V.J. could not distinguish between self-torture and real asceticism. Which goes without saying. He had no master to help him cross the threshold between the thirst for life and the spirit. The absence of masters (tradition) is fatal to the whole history of Europe and to the destiny of every human being. Even in the self-denying movements of V.J., there was always a perverted unnecessary squalor. Therefore, throughout his life, he searched for what was still a thirst for life and a negative, bloodthirsty and destructive discipline, and what was already a spiritual force, a caring and transcendent and uplifting power. It took him almost forty years to acquire the knowledge to distinguish the ennobling of life from harmful and self-defeating self-torture. For a long time V.J. walked the same path as everyone before and with him. The instincts of life, inflamed by misapplied self-discipline, were finally curbed. Without the guidance of an initiating master, he certainly found the only realising method, and that is to start with the smallest things. The very smallest. One of the smallest things is a prayer before a meal. One sits down, recites the prayer to oneself, and in doing so, one makes contact with the spiritual forces. The positive result of such a connection is that the body and soul are at rest. The person is relaxed, his muscles and nerves and organs are released from tension. There is nothing more important than that the stomach is relaxed before meals. One does not chew one's food and force the stomach to perform a task which it can do poorly or not at all, the work of the acids is made easier and more even. The consequence of gorging is disordered acid secretion. One would do well to sit quietly for a few minutes before lunch, rest one's feet, loosen one's spine, release the tension in one's shoulders, place one's hands on one's lap or on the table, and take a few deep breaths. This relaxation before eating is a very small thing, which, if one

neglected, it can and does have serious consequences in digestion, and therefore in the mood, as all haste and rashness do. It is a small matter how a man holds the hoe, how he steps, that is, how he supports himself with his feet while at work, how he dresses or washes himself, where he begins washing, on his head, stomach, or feet, where on his head, neck, forehead, face, or eyes. Movement is of great importance. Never be in a hurry. There is nothing more rude than haste, says EMERSON. without exaggeration. Temper the fervour. No excitement. Always start from the simplest things. The look and the head. He who has mastered the smallest things has accomplished a species of holiness.

Initiation, in the words of DOSTOYEVSKY, when all the essentials of life converge in a single focus. At the same time, spiritual forces penetrate into the circle of life, giving to the spiritual forces in the human existence, from mood and thought to cell formation, a continuous influence, and thus creating in man the possibility of the realization of spiritual values. V.J. did not undergo the shock of such a single initiation. But he was able to make his life a single process of initiation, because he opened himself again and again to the spiritual forces in the smallest things. He saw his life as a place of realization of the highest values of existence. The simple things. How and when and what to eat, how and how much and where to sleep, when to go into the sun and when into the shade, how much to heat, what water to wash in, cold, stagnant, lukewarm, hot. All this is at the service of my life. The hunger for life (libido) cannot complain, because it is not curtailed. But it is not the hunger for life that rules man, but man rules hunger. Man has no fiercer adversary than the stomach, which must fear scarcity, and no angrier adversary than his muscle and nerve and bowels and kidneys and temper and sex and lungs, which must fear the unnatural rules of asceticism misapplied. If man has secured influence for the spiritual forces, he may safely renounce all asceticism. If the human being has placed himself under the protectorate of the spiritual forces, he can rest easy. And he is at rest.

The unheard-of danger of European asceticism is that it almost invariably becomes an individual quest for salvation. The thirst for life in this case takes the form of a thirst for salvation. As an intellect darkened by religion, it thinks that every earthly renunciation secures man's position in the afterlife. As if

there are two kinds of existence, earthly and otherworldly. For tradition, there is only one existence, and it opens up the moment man wakes up to it. It is not earthly things that are to be renounced, but the ordering of life by spiritual forces that is to be realized. Real asceticism is not a method of obtaining happiness in the afterlife (religion - Europe), but the opening of man to spiritual forces, here and now and forever. Asceticism has nothing to do with individual salvation. All that matters is to imbue nature and life and the world with spiritual content as deeply as possible through oneself.

V.J.'s world place is the dangerous and narrow borderland between body and soul, between spirit and soul. It is always the borderlands that matter. The places where things are transformed, where they are transformed and *inqualified* (BÖHME), that is, where they interpenetrate each other, and where the body becomes soul, and the soul becomes spirit, and the spirit becomes soul and body. There is only one rule: that which is below is to be lifted up, and that which is above is to be penetrated and transfigured. Spiritualize the base, and introduce the spirit to the roots. This activity is neither magic nor mysticism. There is no mystery, no mystery in what V.J. does, because the way man eats and sleeps and walks and sits and scrapes and weeds and mows and washes and rests and reads is not in the least mysterious. Things are meaningful only when they are accomplished. That is, when they have become actual practices of life. What is, is not determined by whether it is morally good or bad, but whether it is relevant, - actually here, or irrelevant, - that is, not here. And it will be essential if I can bring down the higher here and apply it here, and if I can draw life out of it, - but in order to bring down the higher, I must first raise up the lower.

In V.J.'s case, this is what the practice of herbivory, breathing practice and the regulation of the order of life led to. Hence the calmness, the renunciation of possessions, the elimination of the hunger for life, the gentleness, the patience, the peace, the silence. What is difficult in this is not to be defiant and restrictive and aggressive, that is, not to be sectarian and preachy and proselytising.

We are full of unfulfillable demands on others. It is a joy to see and live with a person who does not want to control others, but wants to put his own house in order.

Tiszapalkonya, 23 July 1961.

ORPHEUS

1.

Orpheus, Hesiod and Homer are the three steps down in the tradition, regardless of how the three poets succeeded each other in time. Hence MALLARMÉ's remark that Homer is a mismatch with Orpheus, perhaps not historically, but more so in substance. The Hindu tradition in the Mahabharata preserves the three steps together. The first is the hymn-poetry of the prehistoric spiritual caste, corresponding to Greek Orphic poetry. The second is the myth, which is an analogy of the Hesiodic works, from the transitional stage of the intellectual and chivalric castes. The third is pure epic, the heroic chivalric poem, with its pale metaphysics of existence and its glorification of life. In the Mahabharata, the enlightened knight has transcended such excerpts as the Bhagavad-gita, the Anugita, or the Moksadharma, and all that he could have salvaged from the Brahmanic ancestry. In Greece, there was a gulf between Orpheus, Hesiod and Homer, so much so that the unity was unrecognisable. It may well be that the Greeks migrated to the Balkans either without a spiritual caste or with only a vestige of the Brahmanic caste, and that Orphism is nothing more than an attempt by the Greek people to create a spiritual caste after they had settled. A later record called Orpheus the first theologian among the Greeks. How this attempt was made is difficult to discover. Egyptian and Phoenician, Chaldean and Iranian, and possibly more distant influences are likely. ALEXANDRIA KELEMEN claims that all Greek thought has its origins in the East. Which means roughly that Greeks tried to found an intellectual caste under Asian influence. In any case, Orphism should not be regarded as poetry in the modern sense, but as a tradition. And despite all foreign influences, the core of orphic poetry, despite its analogy in almost all traditions, is perfectly original. GUÉNON writes that the orphic is one of the oldest and most profound traditions of humanity.

Orpheus failed to create a spiritual caste. The time of the world was too late for such an enterprise, either for him or for his successor, Pythagoras Empedocles, to be successful. Orpheus wanted to establish the unity of humanity in the Mysteries. For what is called orphism is in fact Brahmanic initiation. What

collected under the name of Orpheus - and attached to his name, poems and fragments - is a complete tradition, with esotericism, metaphysics, salvation, cosmogony, anthropology, mythology, social theory, arithmetology. For us, it is all fragmentary. This tradition never spread as a universal spirituality in Greece. Later Pythagoras tried to do the same thing in a different way. Empedocles in many respects returned to Orpheus, but the nature of the age was that he remained only on the high planes, not reaching the lower, that is, he had glory but no success.

The last attempt, Plato's, is quite modern. It no longer seeks to found but to save, and not humanity but the state. Plato is not an archaic personage, with the proportions of Orpheus, nor the divine light of Empedocles. And the last Orphic is Plotinus, with a narrower but deeper connection to the world of Orpheus than any of his predecessors. Through Plotinus, the Orphic concept came to Dionysius Areopagite, and through him to medieval Christianity, to Scotus Eriugena and Cusanus, - and through him to Sufi, or Islam, and the Kabbalah, to the Hebrews of Spain, and through these spiritualities to the European modern age, all the way to Russian Soloviev, Berdyaev, and Anglo-American logics.

2.

We know of thirty-three works by Orpheus, but only fragments of each are known. These works are poems, some of which are about plants, others about physics and astronomy, astrology, moral teaching and eschatology. One describes the descent into Hades, the other the purification of the soul. Orpheus himself was called *anax*, or saviour. In later generations, he was a poet and musician, a physician and astronomer, a prophet, a thinker, a mathematician and a founder of a religion. His being probably very soon became a myth, in other words he lost his historicity and took an ontological place in a reality higher than history. This is in fact a sign of origin, of progress towards the centre, when one moves from the actual world to a deeper one, virtuality, and from virtuality to an even deeper one, the world of potentialities. Orpheus' descent into the afterlife testifies to his having made this journey. Every catabasis describes a descent into the world of potentials.

In the archaic age, it is not uncommon for people who transcend their historical being to become archetypal figures. They lose their existential reality and become essential symbols. In later generations, therefore, there is a suspicion that such people are not historical figures, but poetic figures, and that they never lived. The historical existence of Orpheus was already doubted by Aristotle, which means that even Aristotle did not understand how a living man could become a supernatural symbol. That modern science does not understand this is natural.

When man and his work become myths, they lose their personal character and a strange process begins. Every work, and indeed every act and every thought, which has some affinity with the supernatural symbol, is drawn to the myth. As long as the myth lives, it grows. What it has absorbed, and what is the content of the myth, is no longer the criterion of whether it really happened, but of how much it enriches and expands the myth's universality. Mythic authenticity is different from historical authenticity. The only important thing for the story is whether it happened or not. Mythic reality looks at whether it is true or not. It may well be that the author of some of the surviving works is not Orpheus, but because of his character he is universally regarded as Orphic. For it is certain that if the work was not actually written by Orpheus,

the inspiration and the concept are Orphic. That this was the case with Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Moses, the prophets, Buddha, Zoroaster, is well known.

3.

Defining orphism is not difficult because its manifestations are so unimaginably rich. Orpheus is not a prehistoric polymath with a wealth of knowledge. In all that is Orpheusian, there is unanimity. It is this unanimity that is indefinable. It is that which is identical in Greek architecture and in the verse metrics of poetry and in sculpture, but nowhere more tangibly than in geometry and tragedy and philosophy. It is a single idea which the Greeks called *megisté muziche*, or the highest music. If the germ of greatness was certainly inherent in the Greeks, we know that the talent that nature gives is not in itself enough. It is always what one makes of nature that is decisive. And what Hellenism did was to put a single stamp on the idea of a central order built into man and the world, an order called *canon*. The point where art and myth and science meet. But the orphic does not see this coincidence behind things. The unity is at the centre of things, that is, on the surface of things. This surface is form. This is the *metaxy tuton* (the centre of everything), the *arché - far - télé* (beginning, centre, end). This is the *nomos*, the law. This is the *logos*, - reason. What is on the surface of things is deepest in us. The face is the appearance of the invisible. The meaning of the world radiates from the face of the world. It is the unity of the depth (*borboros*) which no one can discover, and the surface (*panteleia*) which everyone can perceive. The most concise manifestation of this vision and knowledge is geometry, which is the exact symbol of the fundamental order of all being. It is both essence and representation. For geometry is not only in the world. Human thought, corresponding to the absolute nature of the world, is also geometry. Pascal saw this when he spoke of geometric reason. Therefore *form is pure*, pure form, pure image is nothing but pure idea, and this is geometry. Man, if he thinks correctly, thinks geometrically, because geometry opens up the fundamental symbols of the order of existence. Plato says that the gods are geometric. The essence of human thought is that it symbolizes. It translates the experience of the mind into symbols. Every concept is a symbol of something called reality, that is, a centre of some surface. Therein lies the affinity between prehistoric orphics and modern logistics. The difference

is essential. Orphism, directly and primordially, thinks in poetry, morals, architecture, sculpture, with identical and universal and primordial symbols. Logic, on the other hand, attempts to orphize modern thought in a secondary way, and therefore everything that modern man does is superficial and provisional.

The basic stance of orphics is that of an unattributable supra-human knowledge, *a methé aionios* eternalism, the presence of which is immediately recognizable in all traditions. Logic is unmemorable and abstract and rational, not immediate but traceable to the historical position of thought, from which, in turn, all that is modern is immediately recognizable.

4.

It is spiritual, without emphasizing it, and material, without foregrounding it. It is joyful, without a n y specific intention of its own, and without touching the depths of suffering. It can see the greatest in the smallest object, the orbit of the planets in a single gesture. He is conscious of the immutable order and rule built into man and the world, and knows that order, even the strictest, never violates life, because it is not of constraint but of freedom. It is artistic without any specific intention. It has an exact knowledge without any particular will. What he does bears the stamp of beauty, but this happens because he brings out what is deepest in the thing. Always proportion and harmony, but never at the expense of richness and tension. Always in the full diversity of reality, but always in unity. Individual but not arbitrary. Universal, but not ordinary. The relation of the part to the whole is numerical, but not lifeless, because the number is a rhythm in it. There is nothing in the world that is merely itself, for all that exists is a symbol of something, if nothing else, its own opposite and contains it within itself. It seems to grow like a crystal or a pine, but its every movement is conscious. It is of no use, yet one cannot do without it. To say that there is nothing less natural than being natural is to think that it is more unnatural than being unnatural. His serenity is in his seriousness, and his seriousness in his serenity. What he sees is all symbol, unrepeatably one. To realize in a single drop eternity, in a single thought omniscience, and in a single creation the omnipotence of world-creation. The artist is a thinker, the thinker is an artist, for thought is the sensuality of the spirit, just as sensuality is the deepest thought of the spirit. Beings are gods incarnate, as gods are beings incarnate in spirit. There is no separate being and life, no separate earth and beyond. Eternity is present in every moment of life, and in every moment it passes away to be here again. Every day life arises again and passes away again, and this eternal change of life, beginning and ending again every day, is the unchanging and unmoving One.

5.

The Hebrew tradition distinguishes four stages in creation. Four ages and four worlds. The word for world is the Hebrew word *olam*, which means both space and time, but also the world sphere and eternity, as in the Greek *aión*. The first is *olam ha aziluth*, the primordial manifestation, the world of emanations, before all manifestation, the very first emanation. *The aziluth* is the state of the creator at the first moment of creation, before he utters the word Let There Be. The second moment is the *olam ha berijah*, the creation of pure archetypes, of ideality, of the perfect world, that is, the spirit world. The third is the *olam ha jezirah*, this is the world of formation, construction, proportion, shape, number, the first creation, paradise, light, order, base, elements, unity. Finally, the fourth is *olam ha assiyah*, the world of realization in action, material realization, finishing, technical solution, deed.

Nothing can be said *about aziluth*. If every creative movement in man were not analogous to the creation of the world, and if it were not in microcosmic proportion a repetition of the first - and so, if we did not become directly aware of it experientially, we would not even know that it existed. *Aziluth is an aion of potentials*, and specifically of potentials that rest in non-being, which crosses the threshold of existence in berijah and becomes a virtual idea in light. With this, however, one has said all that one can know about *olam ha berijah*.

These two worlds are known to all traditions. But all of them only refer to it, if only because *aziluth*, *berijah*, *yezirah* and *assiyah* are not only consecutive but also intertwined, and there is never one without the other. And the third element, the *yezirah*, is at the heart of all traditions. It is what the Torah says that Yahweh created the world according to number, measure and weight. This is what the Yi-king and the Sankhya and the Kabbalah and Egypt and Iran talk about. This is the world of Orpheus. It is the tension between chaos and cosmos: creation is the non-existent dormant in *aziluth*, and the cosmos is the ordered world. The idea of orderliness is the number. Arithmology is at the core of all traditions. Orpheus writes a hymn to the number and says: *arithmoi de te pant'epeoiken*. The number is the father of all that exists. On this idea Orpheus builds the largest scale arithmology

Arithmology is like sacral mathematics. Sacral mathematics is that in which the original qualities and quantification of number are not yet separated, as they are in the modern secularized concept of number. But there is an essential difference between the other traditions and orphism. Orpheus says that *trias kata panta metrusza*, - three is the measure of all things. The whole number line is dominated by three. *Pantón archei ton arithmon hé trias*. Therefore the number has three sides, quantity, quality and the third: rhythm. The orphic number is already a form at the moment of its creation. Orphic mathematics is geometry at the moment of its birth. At the moment of the birth of geometry, it is also a dance. Already movement and living body, sculpture and building, rhythmic speech, that is, poetry, song and music, even thought, which is the deepest music, the megisté muzak. What the Hebrew tradition finally calls assiyah, Orpheus *calls poiesis*. It is the making, the doing, the realization, it is the realization of measure (logos). Poiesis completes the creation. The poietaes is the child of the gods (*hoi theon paides poietaes*). The word was not coined for the poet until later, originally meaning artist, the man who makes the work.

Orphika, as Orpheus defines it, is "a theory of the essence and power of numbers and their actions". But theory here does not mean theory, but a vision of reality. Later, *the theorem* is used in the same sense only by Plotinus. Imagination, - imagination of life, - insight into essence. Orphism, like all prehistoric traditions, starts from a primordial concept of the world, but only in Orpheus does this primordial world-unit decompose into rainbow colours, maths, geometry, dance, music, architecture, sculpture, salvation, morality, theatre, myth, down to the work of agriculture and the simplest industrial craft, and here all human activity becomes a world-creating sacred work. And it is only in Orpheus that all that man creates is built into a unified and meaningful order, and in him all human creation refers back to the origin, the world order, the rule, the universal and single system.

Modern mathematics is in a tremendous mess, because, first, it cannot even define number, which would be fine, but it does not even know what number is, second, it cannot cope with the problem of the number continuum, and third, it can only conceive of number in a figurative way, not in a face-to-face way. We already know from the orphic theory that number is a principal measure and meaning (logos), which is built into every moment of existence from the beginning, and on which everything that exists is built as the foundation. Not he who

has ever heard music or seen a building, but he who has understood what is the pot that is put on the fire, what is the stick that is cut from the tree, what is the crystal, what is the plant, what is the atom and the world system, knows only that the greatest law that prevails in the world is this measure, this proportion, which determines the boundaries of things, and therefore form, and at the same time connects things that are farthest apart, and therefore rhythm. Modern mathematics works with the secular number, which is only aware of the quantity of the number. There is no satisfactory definition of this number, because it is a fragment of the real number and is in fact nonsensical. Number is not only a formal measure, but also a content, and not only a content, but also a movement, because number is not only a measure of space, but also of time. Therefore the world can be expressed in numbers, as Maxwell or Einstein attempted to express it. Number is quantity and quality and rhythm. Anyone who has ever seen a dance knows that the feet and hands and head and waist move in geometric lines, in arcs and triangles, in circles and parabolas, and these geometric figures correspond to the geometry of music, and that proportions are not only always expressible in numbers, but are expressible in man, when he dances, counts in the same way as the bird when it sings, and the plant when it grows in certain proportions according to the primordial order of numbers built into the world, and paints its flowers in a hue of colour corresponding to a certain order of numbers, and takes its perfume from a scale of scents corresponding to the order of numbers. It must be acknowledged that the world is not an accident, but an intelligent and conscious creation.

Modern mathematics, because it operates on a purely quantitative concept of numbers, does not understand the continuity between numbers. This is a natural consequence of number made sophisticated. There is no transition from one number to the other, because between the two there is half, half again, half again, and so on, and mathematics never gets from one to two. The Greeks knew this, but they laughed at it. As long as you think of number as a static and rational quantity, you will never get from one to two. Number is quantity and qualia and rhythm, form and content and movement, that is, math and geometry and dance.

This makes the tension of figure and face understandable. The figure is the geometric form. The figure is the very first embodiment of the world's formative power (the power that the Hebrews called the *yezirah*). But the number takes on flesh again, and in geometry, in the same way that the geometric figure is a direct trace back to its origin, the number. But geometry is still in the world of pure ideas (*jezirah*). In order to be a living being, it must be

whether it be made (assiyah), crystal or plant, animal or human, it must once again take on flesh. This third incarnation is the face. This is *the enosomatosis of Orpheus*. Orpheus is a composition of numbers in which the figure is included, that is, in which the sense of the number is the form. If I remove the face, I am left with the figure (the *cricket*), if I remove the figure, I am left with the number. But there is no one without the other. The figure not only regulates itself, but also the relation between figure and figure, and even between figure and face, and the time of incarnation. *Arithmoi de te pant'epeoiken*, that is, everything is governed by the number. The face has geometry just as geometry has number. There is nothing in the world that is not governed by number. Music is number, and morality is number. *The hieros is arithmos*, the sacral number is present in every atom. The more valid an act is, and the more good it is in the long run, that is, the nearer it is to the one and eternal act, the higher it is morally, the higher it is in the hierarchy, and therefore the nearer it is to that which is One. One is the ground of number. The One is the number that is born in aziluth, and is ever present in the realms of berijah and yezirah and assiyah, and holds its place everywhere, and remains one everywhere. The *monas*, says Orpheus, is the *autothen nus*. The intellect above all. The One is above all that exists, he writes elsewhere. And in morality the good is the more momentary, the more fleeting and ephemeral, the more worthless, the less in number, the more minute, and the nearer to the non-existent. Hence, says KASSNER, the morality of music. But morality has music. Therefore that which is face can be translated into image, since all that is art can be translated into morals, and morals can be translated into art, therefore there is a relation between beauty and virtue, beauty and sin, there are beautiful deeds, and truth is beautiful (*beauty is truth, truth is beauty*, as KEATS says), because through number all that exists is related, number is the *metaxy tuton*, the centre of all.

6.

Orfika is a Brahman initiation. What you are initiated into is the world as *image pure*, spotless and transparent and pure image. The closest to this world of the number crystal is the Hindu tradition. Little of the modern world, a few works by Bach and Beethoven, a few abstract paintings (Kandinsky, Mondrian), poetry (Mallarmé, Guillén). In the East, the yantra. Orphic is a genus of *paravidja*, that is, knowledge drawn from a supernatural source about what is *the canon of life* and the world and time. Canon is the order that cannot be broken, and such an attempt does not affect the world, but is fatal to the man who attempts to break it, the attempt to break it backfires on him, his existence becomes illegitimate, he becomes morally degraded and spiritually sinking, his intellect darkened and he is plunged in misery. Whenever the rules of this single system have been transgressed by man and mankind, the spotlessly pure has been disturbed, not in reality, but in man. In the end, this upset image has become so habitual that it is believed that the world has always been the *image confused* as it is today, the lawless science, the **l a w l e s s** art, the lawless society. Canon is as much as a single system. The Hindus call it *the Kali-yuga*, the dark age, the Orphics the Iron Age, the time when for man the world and himself become obscured, and when even the purest in existence, **t h e** mouth and the soul, become confused. Such is the image confusion of the modern world, whether one looks to natural science, music, mathematics, logic, society, painting, or thought, which is the highest music, the purest music. There are some orphic existences who preserve in themselves and in their works the spotless image, not many, there are one or two poets, painters, sculptors who, perhaps more by chance and by luck, see the laws of the canon. There are a few thinkers, perhaps only two, PANNWITZ and KASSNER, who are orphic in being and vision. Pannwitz is the only one who in modern times has seen and expounded the order of the orphic, or in his language: the Muses' world, with a clarity that goes to the very root of his being. Pannwitz did not stray from natural science, nor from modern art, nor from philosophy, not even slightly from Nietzsche, and built up a system which is the only *psychopompos* in the world of Orpheus. Kassner's only obscurity is (it cannot be decided exactly, whether from a representational technique, or from a vision of

the nature of the figure) is that he draws a crucial line between figure and face, dividing the archaic world of identity and the modern world of personhood, and disrupting the unity. Kassner is of the belief that there is no image pure without image confuse, and that one is the background and meaning and shadow and mystery of the other. For Kassner, the worlds of creation and redemption are two worlds.

7.

The second stage of Brahmanic initiation is the soul's destiny in the world, and this can be said to be the fall and defilement of *âme pure*, then its turning (*metanoia*) and purification (*katharsis*), and its return to its original spotless and pure state. Most of Orpheus' works deal with the fate of the soul.

In the beginning, the soul, when it entered the world from the darkness of non-being (*nüx*) through the threshold of creation and took on flesh, followed the law of its life, because taking on flesh did not mean falling. It is curious that Orpheus uses the word *hülé*, which was later translated as rough and heavy material, in a completely different sense. *Hülé* is an inconceivably richly nuanced concept of corporeality, the upper echelon of which is nectar, the celestial and divine substance. The Iranian *haoma*, the Hindu *soma*, the Hebrew *manna*. In the golden age man lived in such a nectar body, the noblest and purest of substances. It is the *matière pure*, the body without spot, and the substance without spot, corresponding to *âme pure*. As time went on, however, matter became heavier and denser, and the filling of the body became more and more a punishment for the soul. In the golden age there was no need for men who knew the way of purification. Everyone was pure from the beginning. The deeper humanity sank towards the Iron Age, the more important in the darkening became beings who taught the teachings of purification. The essence of the soul is that it is a number, a living, self-moving number. It is the living number that holds the pure and unstained image of the world and of itself, because it has been caught up in that increasingly meaningless cycle of confusion (*küklos genesis*) that the Hindus called *samsara*. The soul can only rely on itself, on the spirit within it, on the fire of cognition (*pneuma noéton pür*). If a man waits for the life to run out of him, and enters the afterlife with his impurity, he must return, and must take on flesh again and again until he awakens. For after death in Hades Momos, the Accuser, knows no mercy, and banishes him back to his *samsara*. Only cognition will set him free. *Dnyana moksha*, as they say in India. The soul must undergo *katharsis*. It must descend into the underworld for its own soul, as Orpheus descended for Eurydice, the heavy half of his soul submerged in dark matter. This is the essence of the Orphic Mystery. He who has his own

who frees his own soul from the power of the Hades, who conquers the powers of night, darkness, sin, filth, by the passionate will of light, may be able to lead others who are going astray into the path of light. And he who has been reborn in the sign of Light by Phanes, the supernal deity, may be saved even in human body and life (as in India by the *Jivan-mukta*). And he who has not attained this, but has attained purity, will after death, as the Vedanta teaches, be placed among the pure souls in the moon. The moon is the symbol of the paradise of the saved.

8.

What is most difficult to understand is that one has to operate with a metaphysical concept of number in which social science and psychology and morality can fit. With music and dance and art and physics, there is no difficulty. Everyone will see at once that in these circles the number rules, that is, the canon, the single system. Anarchy has no place. Cosmology is easily arithmologised. Anthropology less so. Morality, society, is harder to understand in terms of number theory. Harder because here you have to work with higher arithmetical operations. It is probable that the basic number of the soul is seven. The number of movement. And it is probable that the basic number of society is four. Four was considered by the Orphics to be the number of truth, sometimes said to be the mother number. Arithmology is actually finding the base value of a number. There are units of one, two, three, four. Four is the last one. Five is a lot. Four is the unit of humanity. Within the four there are two pairs of opposites, the opposition of matter and spirit, of the individual and the community. These are the tasks that man in community must solve. Some people associate the number four with the four castes of tradition. Hence there are four ages, the Golden Age, the Silver Age, the Copper Age and the Iron Age. It corresponds to the spiritual, chivalric, economic and servant castes. The mathematical structure of things, says a modern thinker, is the form by which we can grasp and understand the shape and movement of powers in unbridled anarchy. It can be added that man can make the single system a reality. Nature does not make leaps, nor does nature move continuously. Nature makes arithmological movements, and these movements are most like dancing. Dance is both leaping and continuous because it is rhythmic and geometric at the same time. Nothing is more dance-like than the movement of a bud unfolding, a leaf or a flower sprouting. Nothing is more dance-like than the movement of the formation of a mineral crystal. The dance of the ocean waves. The dance of sunlight on the curl of water. The discipline and morality of dance. It is in it order and rule and canon. For all that is rule has power over disorder. Woe to the time when disorder is stronger than order. Order, the order of the forces that create things, which is not mechanical but

but dance-like, as the movement of the soul is never mechanical but rhythmic. Winter and summer, right and left, up and down, day and night.

The canon of one who builds a state is essentially different from that of one who builds a church. The governance of the state has always been similar to the musical activity of the conductor at the head of the orchestra or choir. The score is the only system. The leadership of the state failed at the moment when the conductor was not leading the only system, but his own arbitrariness. At that moment, politics and morality were split. Or the same thing, the conductor betrayed the canon. From that time onwards, running a state meant piling up immoral pranks at the expense of the people, telling clever lies, picking the pockets of the citizens and building huge prisons for those who protested. Politics has become a chapter of criminalism. It is an open denial of the only system. Running a state is as muse-like an activity as writing poetry or music. It is as orphic as geometry and theatre. Without muses, the world is blind, says Pindar. To run a state is to realize the truth. The unity of truth and power is the basis of common life. It is the mighty man who makes truth prevail, it is said in China, for truth without power has no validity, but power without truth has no light. And further. He doesn't even have to get up from his hammock. The world is in order, and when order is disrupted, it is the fault of the powerful. The highest morality is not active, and it takes its place in the world, just as the highest music has no sound, and all live in peace.

Understood. In the great way there is no mystery. The effect of heaven is to be good, the effect of earth is abundance, the effect of man is order.

Everyone needs only one thing, to live truly.

To unite the most diverse relationships without pain, that is the essence of music. To live justly and simply, that is the essence of morality.

The final phase of the Dark Ages began when politics and morality were split, or, more to the point, when power was left without justice. Since then power does not seek the good of the people, *Macht ist böse*, as BURCKHARDT says, power is evil. It no longer acts according to a single system, it is no longer in the mottled archetype of the world, it is no longer geometrical, but confused, arbitrary, irregular and contaminated, it is no longer a muse of

no longer, therefore, blind, unjust, and therefore it must arouse discord and unhappiness and hatred.

9.

Aesthetic existence is not necessarily the opposite or inferior of the orphic. Kierkegaard speaks of the aesthetic stage as the spiritual infancy which precedes the moral and religious stages. In a normal person, it is completed by the age of thirty at the latest. The aesthetic existence is a bachelor, not the husband of one woman, but the suitor of all, Don Juan, the seductive, fashionable man, who abhors the commoner, and takes nothing, needs not a glass, but a drop, eats not, but gluttons. He is not to be confused with the common man who can do nothing but satisfy his zoological instincts. The aesthetic is a demanding man, and the more corrupt, the more demanding. Frivolity is an aesthetic value for him, because he wants life to be a game and he is a virtuoso of the game. Therefore he is dandy and erotic, gourmet and anarchist, light-hearted and consciously immoral. In fact, he is greedy, but he only licks his lips, that is the ascetic in him. That's class. He collects porcelain, carpets or bronze, but he is a bibliophile, flattering himself that he has taste, when all he is is delicate and hysterical, vain and feminine. He has no real sensitivity. Which he is determined to ignore, and which he deliberately avoids, so as to notice anything that might hinder his enjoyment of life. Because she's only here to enjoy. In fact, there is nothing to talk to him about but his experiences. But there is nothing he fears so much as taking something seriously. She would disturb him with her warm smile. So it's not beauty he wants, but pleasantness. Not the sea, but a bath, preferably scented, but that's not civilization for him, it's perversion. Always secondary, mirror, reflex, eclectic and epigone. Desire arises only in those who fear life. He is repelled by all that is definitive and clear. He loves aperitifs and fashion magazines and Oscar Wilde. So whether it's life or art, it's not binding, and it has no consequences. His world view is the typical *image confuse*. He compresses the history of the world and cannot realise any of it in his life, and remains only a presenter. He is not free, he is merely arbitrary. He is not superior, he just makes things up. To live an aesthetic existence is to be unaware of the dangers of life. Not self-love, merely selfishness. The aesthete confuses intoxication with fainting. And this fainting (the orphika

pathé), which in late Greece and Rome remained refinement, but still taste. It was only in the bourgeois nineteenth century that the aesthetic existential became a characteristic figure of the despair of the unbeliever who, by exalting worldliness, still seeks to salvage a few pots of life's shattered beauty. He was a chimera, but he is getting smaller and smaller, even his virtuosity is feeble. Only his hysteria grows. His perversion has lost its style, so it has lost its real appeal, and his amorality is now a species of *moral insanity*. In the twentieth century, it is an anachronism and comic to see the finely dressed gentleman who adores barbarism, swears by negro statues, and whose life slowly and barrenly evaporates in the anarchy of the mirage, in the courtyard flats of the back streets.

10.

A young Japanese man finds a friend during an evening adventure, they become crazy about each other and decide to return home together in one of his cars. The two young men get on and, without having made any special arrangements, they both take out their flutes and play a duet while the carriage is on its way home. The carriage stops in front of the house, and at the sound of the music the house moves. The women rush for their lutes and citars to welcome the music with music, the many instruments are made to roar, and music pours through the open windows and doors. The old head of the family rises, takes his flute from his cupboard, and does not stop himself from taking part in the concert. The two young men come through the door playing their flutes, and the house is buzzing, music playing from every corner of every room, without one encouraging the other, out of rapture and joy. As if in this place and at this hour what Orpheus had proclaimed, the *aoid of the cosmos*, the singing universe, had been realized.

One of the most brilliant Orphic existences in the history of the world is Pharaoh Akhenaten, whose house, as the record says, is in bloom, every living thing in his house is in bloom, every pillar and statue is in bloom, and every speck of dust in the garden is in bloom. Akhenaten wanted to banish from the earth once and for all that was darkness and confusion, all that was poverty and suffering, because he knew that where there was beauty, demons would flee. He wanted to create a realm of happiness. He wanted to create here on earth the spotless image of existence, to restore the golden age, to build the only system. No one had ever lived in whom the canon's enthusiasm was deeper and more passionate. He wanted to make religion and law, morality and dress, custom and food, building and rite, in the spirit of ancient poesy, a copy of the one spotless image. Akhenaten was the man, writes BREASTED, in the history of the world, who was touched by the highest spirit, and whose ambition was to place the smallest particle of creation in the eternal beauty of the final order. It was not life, but intoxication, *methé*, as Orpheus said, *methé aionios*, intoxication of the world.

Everything in the world happens for beauty, says DIONYZIOS AREOPAGITA. In beauty all that exists meets and unites. Beauty is the unison of things in the eternal order. It is the first cause of the splendour of the world, and it is the word that calls the multitude of things to itself. It knows not the

origin and passing away, birth and death, eternally unchanging and unchanging, and stood at the beginning of the world and will stand at the end of the world as the measure and archetype (*paradeigma*) of the world. Beauty creates harmony and friendship and communion.

Orphic existence now, in the hour of history. They were attempting the impossible when, in the midst of modern industrialism, they wanted to bring man back to simplicity, society back to order, to ennoble taste, to elevate aspiration, to purify thought. English Pre-Raphaelite thought did not spread, but it was certainly not the movement that failed the age, but the age that failed the Pre-Raphaelites. To the modern man, it was a lot, and a powerful one. Not out of insensitivity to beauty. It is here too low and untidy, neglected and languid, coarse and dull, undisciplined and unclean. The Moussa order has once more set fire to the place. The Pre-Raphaelites were the last people who saw the divine presence of the world in the wooden spoon, and in the stocking, and in the keys, and in the pot.

11.

Orpheus wanted to establish the spiritual caste, or, what is more, to build human existence on the single system, but the lateness of the Dark Ages meant that his intention could no longer succeed. Orpheus was too great to disappear from the world without a trace, and his influence is still felt three thousand years later, albeit in a very different way from that originally conceived by Orpheus. For not only is it unlikely that Orpheus intended this consequence, but he certainly did not intend it. Like all prehistoric traditions, Orpheus does not intend to build anything. The first and last words of every Brahmanical initiation are that it regards the human world as ephemeral, a bridge to be crossed, a state of flesh which every soul must try, but here it cannot be permanently settled. From the Orphean poems, and later from Empedocles, we know that the body (*soma*) was regarded as a prison (*schema*), and it was taught that only the soul that is disturbed and detached from eternity is brought to earth. There is nothing to create here. The only task in India and China, in Tibet and Egypt and Arabia, is to dismantle. There is only one direction, back.

Yet, from the orphan, something peculiarly evolved which became the basis for the existence of the whole of Europe, and eventually of the whole inhabited earth. That something is the belief in the sacredness and redemptive nature of the work. Faith in the immortality of art. Belief that the work (*poiesis* - creation) is in some essential aspect more than life (*metapoiesis*). Something into which man incorporates that which is in his essence the greatest and most precious, the highest and purest. A strange madness. It is the creation of the work, this universal making (*jezirah*), this universal poetic activity of mankind by which he creates music and state, building and science, machines and tools, that has unfolded from the Orphic tradition as an involuntary consequence of the intentional spirituality and that has defined the character of life in Europe throughout history from the Greeks to the present day.

Europe has lived in the sacral and redemptive faith of the work ever since. The work has become a kind of karma-yoga, a gender of self-denial and self-discipline for the sake of the work, and of world-denial for the sake of the work, for the work alone and for the

and only for the work, and the basic rule of this is that the work comes first, and man himself comes second. The work has become the measure of human life. It is what he does. But before which he himself also surrenders. That which is more than man, and which lifts man to itself and transfigures and liberates him. To create an artwork is to undergo a catharsis, because man turns around (metanoia) and turns his back on the illusion and looks into reality. Man lives in the work more deeply than in himself. For the aesthetic existential, the work is a mirror and a lining, vanity and swooning, instinct, greed, sophism, selfishness. For the orphic, it is something in which it realizes itself to a higher degree (metapoiesis). Everyone should worship it if it were not a mindless frenzy. To create the work. In two thousand and five hundred years of decay and indiscipline, the only and last basis of order is that man lives in the intoxication of his work, and t h e only and last thing he still believes in, and for which he can sacrifice himself with the remaining fervour of his still half-cold heart. The work is a form of eternity. It may be the last. The work is glory. The work is the very last crumb of sacred existence.

Poiesis is known to correspond to the third and fourth stages of world creation, what the Hebrew tradition calls forming (yezirah) and making (asiyah). Without the first two stages (aziluth and berijah), these two stages make no sense whatsoever. It really does not. The dazzling productivity that mankind has created and is creating in this art-craze is worth next to nothing. The innumerable paintings and sculptures, buildings and machines, songs and poems and theories and music are ultimately, if not connected with the upper two degrees of world-creation, utterly meaningless, mere civilization, as if they were not, because they do not touch the absolute questions of humanity's existence. What is poiesis in the orphic tradition is merely the exotericism of tradition. What makes life possibly pleasant and sociable and comfortable, most of all aesthetic, but all this is a matter for the outer circle and has nothing to do with esotericism. It is not in the service of salvation. Redemption, which Orpheus knew and said. What we call art and poetry, science, philosophy and religion, is the outer circle of the Orphic tradition. The whole obsession with art i s one, not necessarily the most favourable, but a secondary consequence of Orphism. This can be seen just by the proportions and level of art-mania that it has assumed, and ultimately the works it has called forth.

The misunderstanding and misunderstanding of Orpheus began with Plato. Almost all of Plato's thought moves in the outer circle, and nothing reveals this more than the two grandiose chimeras of the State and the Laws. Plotinus returns to the origin, but there was then hardly any inclination to do so. What followed was the increasingly rare appearance of the loners, but they were works, and works only. Achievements of individual ambition, aesthetic and intellectual feats, exceptions and exotica. The world does not change. The world was founded on a single system and will never be different. But if the clear vision of the single system in man is obscured, the canon, the measure of the standard of existence in him is shattered, the consequences are incalculable, man becomes desolate, loses his taste, becomes wild in habit, darkened in intellect, and if he does not recover, as Empedocles says, he does not sober up from his sins, as Empedocles says again, he is plunged in dark-haired confusion and bloody strife.

April 1960.

Patmos II.

(1964-1966)

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A rare work that evokes that intimate tranquillity of the primordial state that is difficult to call anything other than idyll. Some paintings by Corot, Hölderlin, Midsummer night, Wordsworth, Bach, Mozart. It can be aroused by a person, a landscape, sometimes a small object (Chinese porcelain), perhaps metaphysics (Vedanta), or a single sound from the next room or garden.

The primordial state is not necessarily the beginning, childhood and prehistory, there is no nostalgia in recognising it. Rather, it is being aware of something that predates the beginning, and has not passed and will not and can never pass, and not only holds but holds all that has happened and is since. In relation to our lives, this is existence. When it appears in man and work, landscape and sound, everyone knows that home is truly here.

The idyll is first and foremost order. In any case, it is measured; what is worth about a person, a work, a thing, is found out when I put it in the beginning. I live rightly when I constantly counterpoint myself with the beginning. The greatest achievement of my life has certainly been to become aware of this order. Not without inspiration. Jakob Böhme, Russel's mathematics,

Mallarmé and his school, Plotinus, the Kabbalah, the Sanskrit, the arithmetic of the Ji King, but above all René Guénon and Rudolf Pannwitz, without whom I would have got nowhere. I called the primordial order Orphic because I found it as a consciously constructed system in the tradition of Orpheus. Geometry, Greek architecture and music and sculpture, Hippocrates, metrics and archaic metaphysics (Heraclitus, Parmenides, Empedocles). Orphics for me is the anamnesis of the primordial order as an indelible and living memory of pre-birth (pre-historic) existence present in every human being. If this memory is merely wishful thinking, it is wrong. It is right only if it is a vigilant and active realization, an activity of realizing the original situation, first of all in man himself, a renormalization. This is the metaphysical activity of human existence, which manifests itself in great art, in religion, in true science, in moral conduct, in the only metaphysics, and, most importantly, in the life of the alert and pure man, without which there is none of the foregoing. *Reines Herzens zu sein*.

The primordial order, because it is imperceptible, is not lost. It is most correct to put it as the Sufi, the Khasid, the Zen, Jakob Böhme does: it is here, in the world and in us, in things and in the soul, it is and was and will be, but man has, in a peculiar way, in himself, abolished his awareness of it, and thus, as it were, has lost his initial simplicity - and thus the order of his life. Man knows about order, but forgets it, and prevents himself from realizing it, and is compelled to do otherwise, and even to ruin his life instead of keeping it in order; this paradoxical compulsion is called the fall into sin, or corruption, or, in general terms, corruption. He knows and he does not know. He knows how to do it, but he does not do it, and he wants to do it, but he is unable to do it. The Hindus say it is the maddening disturbance (abhimana). The alertness is degraded and one becomes sleepwalking (avidja). I know it is, but I am powerless, as Paul writes. And Pascal: I know what I have to do, but I am not able to do it. I think that this struggle between the clarity of being and the impotence of the human will, this faintness of seeing but not having the strength, is called religion. In this situation there is really only one: God. The wretched man is religious. This misery, according to Pascal, is human dignity.

Idyll is an analogy of the intimate tranquillity of eternity, here and now. I can realize as much of it as I want. When one enters a house, the chairs

and the arrangement of the chairs and the table, the bed and the closet, you know whether the people who live there are living in idyll or in turmoil. To live in idyll is man's greatest talent. You can see in everyone's eyes what one knows about the idyll and how well one lives it. Not to live idyll is unhappiness. When one crosses the border, one knows what of the idyll has been realized in the country. What frightens man so much in the twentieth century is this furious attack of the counter-idyll against order and peace, against proportion and intimacy. The idyll is better remembered by animals; they do not deny their kinship with angels; but still more so by birds, flowers and stars.

The idyll is the order of life of pure being; no matter what knowledge preserves it, the Tao or Christianity.

The idyllic man is not to be confused with the jovial (*gemütlich*) being, who, though he also does not like to hurry, is wary of over-activity, does not bear ill-temper, prefers to sit, discourse, be sociable, laugh and drink. This cosy creature, however, has a belly. The *gemütlich* is the one who has downgraded his needs and lives not in idyll but in flatness. It knows nothing of the intense geometry of the orphic order, which is as clear and transparent in music and soul and morality as it is in numbers. The *gemütlich* is a caricature of the idyllic man.

There are idyllic insensitive, fidgety and loud-mouthed, inconsiderate and intrusive creatures, unable to sit down and listen for a moment and look into the eyes of others. Their eyes dart, their voices vibrate, and they are always in a hurry. Nothing is further from idyll than hurry.

Idyll is our archetype of being; everyone has the will to resume the default position. I know about the default position, I also know that I was initially corrupted. Pascal writes that he who does not know of this corruption does not understand why the stone, when it is thrown, falls. But I also know that the idyll can be restored. Human life can be renormalized. And I know that the strongest instinct of every human being is to restore the idyll in himself and in the world.

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The centre of our being, says Böhme, is dark, cold and raw rage; this self-enclosed rage he calls *centrum naturae*, the essence of nature. He wants to remain in himself, and to remain alone and eternally for himself, but all this is selfishness, self-digestion, and if one makes *the ego* the centre of oneself, one remains in frozen anxiety, burning in the bitter and corrosive fire of fear of the other. This is the glow frozen in the night,

as Boehme writes, the dark fire, for selfishness is the centre of the world, and hell. The deepest circle of Dante's *Inferno*, burning in ice, is the place of Satan. All that exists contains it, God, nature, the world, man. This is before the beginning the stubborn and obstinate will stuck in itself, wrapped in its own darkness and gnashing of teeth, this licentiousness that wants nothing but itself, and excludes everything to remain itself to its infinite infinity.

In the beginning, this self-enclosed darkness opened, the night was revealed, and this is what is called light. The cold was broken, and with the light came the melting warmth. The self-enclosed opulence became serenity and revelation, affection and love. What before had wanted to remain alone and forever in the frozen spasm of itself, now gave itself up, soothed and gentle. What was bitter exuberance has become sacrifice; what was rage has become attraction; what was stubbornness has become compassion, connection and sympathy; what was exclusion has become understanding and union.

The analogy of the deity enclosed in himself and boiling in his bitter self-consumption is night, winter, frost, selfishness, anger, venom, ferocity, envy, greed, avarice, murder, war, strife, hatred. The analogy of the deity overcoming and leaving himself is light, reason, order, connection, summer, warmth, gentleness, love, peace, idyll.

The being of the deity, says Böhme, differs from all other beings in that it transforms the essence of its nature, the dark and poisonous selfishness, at every moment and completely and eternally into a warm and luminous reason. The two are never separate in him. The darkness of God is light in every moment of infinity. There is no unchecked wildness. There is no war that is not resolved into peace. There is no ice hell that has not been turned into the Garden of Eden. The darkness is there, it is there, but it is no longer darkness, it is sunlight. He who would remain himself must give himself up. To be closed and to be revealed, both at the same time, - this is why Cusanus calls divinity coincidentia *oppositorum* (coincidence of opposites). Nature - all beings - is at least half and half, and is caught in the wild poison of a convulsive attachment to itself, which is why here winter and summer, day and night, upheaval and order, change. What in creation is eternally one, man has broken in two.

Jakob Böhme is the only man in Europe who stands on an orphic foundation. He knows not the Greek Orphic, but the Hebrew Moses. But there is no essential difference

between Greek, Hebrew, Egyptian, Hindu, Chinese, Iranian orphics. Each teaches that in the deity chaos is present in every infinite moment, but because he has dissolved his being from its convulsion in himself and raised it into the sacrifice of love, he has been able to make chaos into cosmos, upheaval into order, as Moses says, he has created the upset darkness (tohu vabohu) into an ordered universe.

The knowledge of the ordered universe, which is expressed in mathematics, geometry, music, high painting and sculpture and morality and metaphysics, and which has a single base, is called orphic: the human condition, and this is nothing other than the image and likeness of the divine being, the knowledge that one, anyone, can create light out of darkness, love out of hate, sacrifice out of anger, detachment out of spasm, revelation out of hiding.

When chaos breaks through and disintegrates the cosmos, that is what is called demonic. It is the breaking through of upheaval in order. A breakthrough of exuberance in serenity. The demonic is the will of stubborn attachment to the self that shines through the clarity of open reason. The cold darkness that obscures and petrifies the warmth of light. To be demonic is to be incapable of sacrifice, to be unable to see, to understand, to give, to give, to be gentle, to live in peace. It is to remain upset and disturbed in a night of primordial chaos. The demon is when the dark forces of ice hell crisscross the cosmos unchecked. It is when one's convulsion to self cannot be exploded, and one is left hiding, sunk, and in a confused abyss. This dark rage **t h a t** has not been transformed into light. This hard and bitter and upset inferno that has shut itself out of the world of light. The Kabbalah tells us that this being, after death, is snatched away by the ice hell, and in the afterlife it lingers in the darkness, burning there in the chilling cold conflagration that is chaos.

Orphics is the only knowledge that knows the transformation of darkness into light, that can overcome the rage and drive the demons back to their rightful place in the world order, into the depths of the earth, where they are bound and where they must serve light and order in this way.

But that is not the question. The question for us, and for today, is whether there is and can be a man who has conquered and subdued the demon of the age in himself, and has bound it underground, opening up the possibility of this enterprise to all others. Is there a man today who has discovered and screened the fury of dictators and inquisitors in himself, and

and the lies and wickedness, the filth and wickedness of the greater and lesser demons, and has found in himself, and has been able to turn all the darkness which he found and saw in himself into pure and clear order and gold and reason. If there is such a man, even if I do not know him, and even if I never shall know him, and even if I cannot sit at his feet and listen to him, I am at peace.

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It remains a mystery in the history of the modern age when, by whom and why humanity departed from its basic position and began to wander aimlessly through history. It is possible, it is probable, that someone, either through limitation or some other defect, took the default position to be a religious myth (a priestly lie). He may also have been under the belief that the first foundation of creation, the Garden of Eden, was to be found somewhere in the past prehistory, say in 100,000 BC, in some place, say by the Euphrates, and, as such a thing seemed unlikely, dismissed the idea.

Since then man, denying his basic position, that is, the basis of his existence, has been lost in the beginninglessness and incompleteness of history. Man, since he has left the foundation, has not found his way home. Europe is adventurer and experimenter. Adventure and experimentation are called history. The labyrinthine existence of modern Europe.

Tradition rests on a triple arch:

I know the basic position,

the corruption at the beginning,

and renormalisation, the restoration of a lawful and orderly order of existence in man, community and nature.

Having lost his basic position at the beginning of the new age, man was forced to create a new standard from what remained, starting from the corrupt man and nature. The new measure was called rationalism; in contrast to the ontological order of orphism, it is merely a temporally established historical and empirical order of appearance, which is not only ignorant of *the status absolutus* (it cannot do so, for it must always and everyone knows it, and does know it), but which is a detour from the orphic order. But whether it is an evasion or not, it leaves the basic status out of the calculation and wants to realize its own imaginary (rational) order. The order of rationalism is fictitious. And finally, the question arises whether the thinking that is called rationalism is not one of those demonic manifestations that take the form of a certain order, but which is in fact disordered and dark

demonic forces, that is, invasions of the prehistoric night before the beginning. The events recalled by rationalism and the recent historical situation (20th century) justify this question. Above all, however, it is a remarkably consistent, if not planned, campaign to eradicate orphism completely.

The labyrinthine existence is man's loss of his base in the anarchy of history, in an existence that has become lawless, where there is only natural life and man lives in this mirage, deprived of his normal existence without a solid foundation.

The protest against rationalism is insufficient: Rousseau, whose every thought, however clumsily, is the restoration of the idyll, is of course not idyllic, but sentimental. The idyll of romanticism. The frantic effort of modern art to go from history to the archaic age and to the primitive, to the so-called people and to the children, where the idyll still shines, but only an emigration to the most diverse fantasies against dictators and technology and utopias and theories of the push-button.

But to define our being, the labyrinthine existence is in some ways an outdated definition. It was still appropriate for the times of Hegel, Kierkegaard, Amiel, Hebbel, Schumann, Brahms. Today, we are more like schizophrenics, integrated or disintegrated, our identities solid or unstable, in other words, we are all, without exception, clinical existences. We have no destiny, no fate, no efforts, no loves, only psychology. Nothing is further from geometry than psychology; nothing is further from the idyll than the clinic.

The question has to be asked: why did psychology abolish the concept of normality and why did it have to abolish it? Many have attempted to answer this question, and suspect that psychology wants to eradicate the very uncomfortable and compromising (considered residual) initial corruption and its consciousness, that which religion and morality call sin. The clinic introduced the concept of disease instead of sin. It is not so compromised. The person responsible for the sin is the person, the disease can be blamed on a fantasmagorical mechanism that is nowhere to be found. Of course, sin has not disappeared. The basic facts of existence do not disappear. Today we are at the point where psychosis is becoming as compromising as sin. We all know that the

orthodox Freudianism has been transformed into a Hebrew fascist sect, and the result of the workings of this sect - analogy - is impurity. Guilt cannot be eliminated. It has an indelible place in all so-called science, and performs the same function that it does in religion: it keeps the consciousness of initial corruption inextinguishably awake. And if there is sin, there is guilt, there is anxiety, there is fear, hiding, lying, betrayal, slander, suspicion, accusation, sleepiness. That is why it is more appropriate to keep the concept of sin.

Then we can still speak of *sainteté du crim*, even *crimes glorieux* (Lautréamont), we can quote Luther (*tapfer sündigen*) and Bengal, who says that we need sin because without it, we would never awaken a frenzied desire for purity.

At the moment we are at the clinical existence. We have to accept that Plato and Plotinus, Augustine and Anselm, Cusanus and Cervantes, Shakespeare and Beethoven, were schizophrenics, along with the others, in contrast to others who are either epileptic or paranoid.

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Psychology is the field of wounded subjects, and the very first step to be taken is to acknowledge their wounds. It doesn't happen. Only rarely does psychological orientation lead to an effort to achieve normality, most often it remains a pseudo-resistant system of lies. In this system, one's psychosis is compensated for in multiple ways, and finally the psychologist is able to create a semblance of superiority that deceives not only by being immune to corruption, but also by daring to cure patients. Therefore, the only question of the clinic is the psychology of the psychologist. It is the question of how someone who is exactly as damaged a subject as the patient becomes, as a result of his undertaking to cure, more seriously damaged than the patient. A person who is incurable in the worst case, but in the vast majority of cases certainly a paradigm of public insanity resulting from pseudo-resistant behaviour. Undoubtedly, the doctor is more out of the norm than the patient.

Jung saw the dangers of psychotherapy in his later years. The doctor projects his pseudo-resistant complications onto the patient, seeking to liquidate his own more serious cases in the easier and simpler cases of his patients. In the meantime, he transfers his own injuries to the patient (*transference*), thereby inferiorizing the patient to an extent that he cannot and will not bear. Obviously it is not the patient who needs a doctor, but the doctor who needs the patient.

Not, of course, to cure either one, but so that both can experience new disease sensations. Psychology is not looking for morality, but for excitement. Which applies mostly to test systems. If such a thing were worth doing, it would be possible to determine which test systems are built on which pseudo-resistant problematic. An interest in psychology is in itself a sign of increased vulnerability. The more corrupt a person is, the more compelling is his compulsion to master the technical process by which he can at least cover his wounds, which means that he can gain power over others through his powerlessness. The power of the strong is tolerable, that of the weak, who appear strong, intolerable. In the end, psychology is about one disease, a deviation from normality, and if one begins not with admitting one's wounds but with compensations, one must become pseudo-holistic. But if one were under the impression that psychological orientation should be preceded and culminated by existential analysis, one would be wrong. First of all, because psychology and existentialism are labyrinthine thinking, but more importantly, because existentialism is an even more dangerous field than psychology, in that it is above the advanced techniques of distracting from the essential, and leads to a system of lies that is still less transparent. All the signs are that in the present swoon of reason we cannot even take the first step back to normality, because we are not even capable of admitting an existence more final and higher than biological life. We believe that if man accepts and realizes a higher category of existence than life, his life will be shortened. The spiritual level can be attained only at the sacrifice of life. Therefore, there is nothing more characteristic of the intellect of man today than fear of the world, and there is nothing more characteristic of his action than fear of the real. Man thinks he has won if he succeeds in not thinking, in hiding in convention, in lying; he thinks he has won if he has deceived and deceived others, for to be correct is impractical, one must beware of telling the truth, and mischievousness has unheard-of advantages over purity.

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Not irrelevant, but in any case second-rate.

One works to provide as many and as many opportunities as possible for a life that is really life. Instead: what he does, he does for the props. The props are not irrelevant, but they are secondary. Life has only

a condition. Things. Always the things. The technique. The arrangement. The creation of conditions. They think that life requires something, wealth, money, a job, rank, clothes, a house, news, a car, power, a villa, as if without it there is no life and you can't even touch it. First you always have to get dressed. As if there were no pure moment, when one sits under a tree, even to put a cherry in one's mouth from time to time, or a glass of wine, is superfluous, and there is nothing but life, without translation and mixture, without woman and the music of the thrush, and without memories.

No pleasure. Not even pleasure. Thinkers claim that when life is actually life, it becomes full of itself, somehow more than itself. No one knows how. There is also a theory that says that what is more than life, that which permeates life, is a higher substance, and that is existence. Life can and will be itself only when being touches it. It is not pleasure and not bliss and not joy and not happiness. For it is more, a drop of what is eternally.

Without a prop, nothing can be achieved, yet there is no connection between the prop and life. That is why it is said that a man can live many years in existences and not live a single minute. One can create a multitude of conditions, wealth, money, power, fame, rank, and even acquire taste and knowledge and ability. One can travel, read, go to galleries and concerts. It's a terrific time of doing and taking while nothing is happening. It stays on terms. There is no way from props to life.

The absolute position is Lao Tzu's. He says that one need not leave one's room and can travel the whole earth, know it, see everything, learn everything, experience everything. Lao-ce considers props to be absolutely superfluous and rejects them. To live a full life, one does not need things.

Props are not to be confused with life! Not to be under the impression that the acquisition of a need is and brings life. A prop is not unimportant, but it is incidental. And a prop is not a road or a bridge to life.

One can experiment for years, one can eavesdrop on conversations, no one ever talks about anything but the conditions. Even lovers hardly ever. Children at most, but rarely. It's always football, fashion and margarine. Doing, always doing something, to have something, and no word of what is. After all, it all gets lost in working to earn money, bigger apartments and more furniture, more amenities and more entertainment, even a car, a curtain, a chandelier, a trip away, and the amazing

overactivity leads to more and more desires. The bigger the arsenal of supplies, the more the hunger for life grows, because life itself becomes drier and drier, and man becomes thirstier and thirstier. Demands are constantly being hectored, with more nylon and vitamins, tape recorders, televisions and Frisbees every day. There's always something you can't start without.

The existence of a need is not legitimate. There was a time when every thing was introduced into life separately and made legitimate by marking its place in life once and for all. Man was then the master of things. It was called a cult. In the cult, the table, the chair, the carpet, the bed, the horseshoe, the stirrup, the pot served man and was bound to serve him. Now life serves things whose existence is illegitimate. Hundreds and thousands of new things, if not taken up, intrude, without permission and without question. Here it is no longer life, but wandering among things - as the Hindus say, *samsara*, not a real presence, but a mirage.

Not so long ago, the artist was the only one who did not live for things, whose work was not in the service of things. But then the work of an artist became a thing, and art became a need. If half of the works were taken away today, they would not really be missed. Margarine and Frisider. Nowhere is work a pure moment of life. Things, the problem. Props are necessary because man is anxious; from this anxiety he escapes into distraction (amusement), which is only another form of serving things. One can have a millennium of fun without actually living a single minute. A pure moment, undisturbed by things. When life is directly life and cannot be renounced. I don't want to know about anything but what's important.

Other than the one step that man can take from birth to death, which is nothing more than the touching of raw life (*materia prima*), nothing else has meaning or value. Everyone knows. The step cannot be measured either in light years or infinitesimally, because it is not a distance but a transformation, not a transfiguration but a transubstantiation. There is no external sign. Not achievement, not goal, not success, not being victorious, not happy, not wise. What has happened in one's life is not without witnesses. He has a forum, a single being, but that is enough. Man has no means to measure himself. However, he has the sure knowledge that someone, somewhere and in some way, is recording what he has done and not done, with unheard-of exactness and knowledge of all the hidden details. A single step that

man takes to that transcendence which, of all the human sciences, is vaguely and stammeringly spoken of only in alchemy. One single step, whether in light-years or infinitesimals, in which the whole weight of existence falls on life, but in a strange way. Life remains life, ephemeral and ephemeral and ephemeral and ephemeral, and nothing but life, but in turn actually life, not a circumstance, not a condition, not what it provides and makes possible, not things. Life is that glowing ardour of non-being which man experiences incessantly from the moment he is born, and to which he clings helplessly at the cost of being trampled and defiled and obscured, and to which he must cling, and cannot for a moment give up, nor even diminish. Yet life is not home, it is only hospitality; home is beyond. "Let the shaken things, that is, the manufactured things, be removed, and let the unshaken things remain."

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More recently it is taught that the individual must adapt himself to the collective in all circumstances and without fail. Regardless of the truth content on one side or the other, and regardless of whether there is opposition, and even regardless of whether there is such a thing as individual and collective. Modern psychology also works with this hidden axiom. In the end, it is nothing more than the *nonsense* proclaimed by collective politics: all individuals must be exterminated so that only the community remains.

Man, says the theory, lives primarily in social reality. The social reality, as we all know, was what Oetinger calls *sensus communis*, the shared consciousness of people living together of the elementary and absolute truths of existence. But we also all know that a long time ago, since the beginning of history, this situation has changed. And psychology does not require man to adapt himself to the original *sensus communis*, but to the conventional system of lies distorted in the society of the time. Not in a serious sense, but in a highly practical sense. If man wants to prosper and grow, to live a so-called harmonious life, perhaps to make a career, to accumulate a little wealth, he must come to terms with the conventional system of lies. As the ancients used to say, you have to accept the world as it is. The sign for the world, by the way, in Chinese is the same as garbage. If one does not compromise, the

he will, and must, clash with the community at every step. He may easily become psychotic and go insane.

You have to adapt. Opportunism is mandatory. If one wishes to remain psychologically sound, one must sacrifice moral integrity. Isn't that strange? In order to live in only moderate prosperity and tolerable conditions, and to maintain one's equilibrium, one must be a rascal. And all this is the teaching of psychology as a science.

Of course, there are plenty of people who do not wish - or at least pretend not to wish - to prosper, who do not wish to prosper at all, who do not care for a harmonious middle-class life, who seem to be wary of a career, who renounce wealth and even better income, if not willingly, but who refuse to accept social reality and declare their non-application. The whole of modern art is in this sign. It is the art of non-application, painting, poetry, novels, sculpture, music. Non-cooperation with society's conventional system of lies. Yet we know how surprised artists and poets and musicians would be if the community took the declaration of war seriously and cut off all contact with art, not buying the paintings of painters, not printing the works of poets. Modern artists, while being in extreme opposition to social reality, not only pursue a bourgeois existence themselves, but are very comfortable with the conventional system of lies, and in some respects even defend it. Above all, because they want to assert themselves with unheard-of determination, and let society be as corrupt as it wants to be, they want to make a name for themselves in that society. There is scarcely a more paradoxical situation than to lash out against the system of lies, write a book about the lash-out and then settle down comfortably with the proceeds of the book. And if that fails, to curse. The existential content of European art in this period is infinitely vile, and Leontyev does not speak of its exquisitely immoral character in vain.

Jung swore throughout his life to adaptation (*Anpassung*) and attributed all abnormalities, without exception, to a lack of adaptation. It was only very late, around his eightieth year, that he realised that the two did not tally. Social reality is interwoven with corrupt and phantasmagorical elements, is morally totally negative and, as far as its veracity is concerned, totally unreliable. That is why, while the adaptation is naive, it is only low and comical. Beyond a certain limit, if one recognizes the corruption of the conventional system of lies and yet adapts, this

is a crime against oneself. It is moral impurity that undermines the seriousness of human life. Jung now turns to the opposite side. The cause of mental disorder is not inadequate adaptation, but rather over-adaptation, and this is the cause of the mass psychological abnormality of this age.

The refusal to conform leads to rebellion and defiance of the community, the result of which is insanity; conformity leads to opportunism, the result of which is corruption, the other insanity. Nice little tentacle. More than a psychologist can handle.

The fact is that our being is only secondarily social, and social reality has always been, and remains, secondary for man. Truth is the root of our being and existence, and man can only lie and debauch and be corrupt because whatever he does and says and thinks, he cannot tear his being and existence from truth. Man is free to deny the truth, but he cannot live for a single moment without the truth.

In fact, the adaptation theory of modern psychology is an attempt to dismantle, by scientific means, the rebellion against the conventional system of lies. The lie system does not depend on the bourgeois or socialist organisation of society. Socialism, a hundred years ago or so, claimed that it would eliminate the lie completely. Since then, we have seen that this has not happened, and, if anything, the lie has become even more deeply embedded in socialist society. As long as in the newer era there was a belief in a society of truth, rebellion against the conventional lie was not a crisis. But when this new socialist society, proclaimed to be new, turned out to be even more corrupt than the former, rebellion became commonplace and has since lost all seriousness of any theory of accommodation. Today, accommodationism is nothing more than a scientific attempt to dismantle resistance to society. In this respect, psychology has been transformed into an almost police procedure, which seeks to quell rebellion and offers the adaptee - if it works readily at the push of a button - a smoother and more comfortable, more profitable and more civilised way of life. Behind adaptation theory is an animal tamer. To listen to corruption for the sake of a comfortable life. In the modern world there is no more paradoxical phenomenon than truth as rebellion.

In any case, strong integration with the truth is an obstacle to adaptation. And the inability to adapt is the cause of the failure of life, of man's poverty, woundedness and neglect. At the extreme, it can even be a failure, but failure is not a dirty laundry. Strangely, it seems that the crush at this point is not defeat, but rather the opposite, and as if victory were dirt and success were shame.

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In Athens, as they say, a foreign man, with his distinguished, refined, and calm manners, his quiet and unostentatious speech, his tasteful and reserved dress, wherever he appeared, he was a source of admiration. Say, sir, they asked, who was your master? Where did you learn all this excellence? The credit is not mine, replied the stranger. 'I have lived long in squalor and scum, where I have heard, for the most part, haramites and assassins, pickpockets and highwaymen, swearing and cursing profanely day and night, among men who lived filthily, and were so filthy that it was impossible for me not to do and say the contrary of all that they did and said.

Today, no saints have come out of the world wars and concentration camps. In all likelihood, that is what characterises the mid-twentieth century at its most profound.

All my efforts at secularism are met with opposition. Is such an era possible, when the collective atmosphere is saturated with forces that deprive everyone of the possibility of a high, fulfilled and beautiful life? All that exists is against purity. And in the mass of those who have emerged from these wars and camps, the greatest suffering is the suffering of life itself, because life is not achievement, success, accomplishment, pleasure, but an inexplicable and self-illuminating purity above all reason, which in infinity and infinitely wants itself. But it must be polluted. Otherwise it will not be tolerated. This, in turn, must be denied. A new stage in modern and civilized development has arisen, so that this sleepiness, boiled over in shameless hunger for life, is now regarded as a superiority. At this moment there is no one who does not join, in at least one essential point, those who would not cripple man in his attempt to live in truth. The consistency of the collective exuberance drives back anyone who wants to step out of the mob like the Athenian stranger.

But the truth of human life is not decided at this level. Man's true home, and therefore his true being, lies beyond the fall and contamination of the world and of time. The age may corrupt much in man, but the greater crime is that of the one who lets it, and thus becomes complicit in the defilement of sacred life. It is a sin against oneself to doubt for a moment the sanctity of life, and to believe that one's true being is being destroyed by some alien force. It is forbidden to hide from the knowledge that I can sell everything but myself. If one does hide, and blames another for his contamination, he has hidden something which he does not allow himself to touch, and even justifies and explains it as if what he excuses and for which there is no excuse were the secret meaning of his life. Heidegger says that the truth is a screening of the hidden. In the age of the lie of being, this is the current definition. Lies only disappear when man can free himself from the compulsion to hide from himself and look into the eyes of his own conscience.

I don't know why John of the Cross, Teresa, Augustine, Loyola remain dark to the final point? Were they afraid for their lives of a power they saw through its demonic nature, but powerless to surrender to it? But let no one say it was out of compulsion! What is compulsion? That it must be renounced? All depends on whether I remain true to the truth of my being or yield to the forces of conformity; I avoid the great fall of the victors in truth, to remain small but small in the shame of compromise. This is not what the Master taught us. To remain! At any cost, but to remain! To live? As if that could still be considered living! The lie of the saints is great. To save themselves, they denied what was best in them. For others, such things don't matter. They have committed against their own lives the treachery which they have so beautifully named sacrifice. They saved something that is no longer life, but only its biological automatism. They did not believe themselves that at this final point the truth can only be spoken by man, and that ideals, service, humility, community, obedience must cease, and the terror of survival must cease. One is what is needed.

The whole of destiny can become an obstacle to man's attainment of self in the light; the whole biography built up with boundless tenacity and yearning, with prudence, anxiety and obstinacy, the goals, the beginnings, the patterns and memories, the tremendous preparation for greatness, this is what must be given up. It is what must be admitted to promise nothing, and what may be

really nothing but crushing, bankruptcy and disintegration and dissipation in the non-existent. Blind and deaf, it grinds blindly and deafly at a fate that has nothing to do with it, that was left around its neck at birth, but to which it has attached itself and cannot leave. The little ones don't know that. They're glad because there's something to dictate and they don't have to squirm.

How to ruin life? By wanting to be part of the play of one's life, and not becoming free and alive because one has to produce - one has to have ambition and excel and get involved in things. A life must be ruined by keeping to oneself the destiny in which one ends up drowning. Sufi, Zen, Yoga, Khasidism says that idea, work, achievement, creation are negative, and a life can be ruined by forgetting to give up a single mustard seed other than existence.

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One can hardly make a greater mistake than to take a frivolous man seriously. A frivolous man is not one whom I do not take seriously, but one who does not take himself seriously. The mark of frivolity is to take corruption as a ready-made situation, to adapt oneself to it, and to compound it by squinting. Adaptation to corruption may be the result of a disordered existence; squinting is the sign of a falsehood of existence which stands in the way not only of itself but of the truth of all men.

Frivolity and the confrontation with frivolity will always remain dubious. No one can be caught in the act, because frivolity is not a one-off act, but the result of a decision (attitud) which is (mostly) intended to be temporary, but which is perpetuated by superficiality and later becomes final. It cannot be proven, at most it can be confessed, because it cannot be perceived (apart from physiognomy) and only the conscience knows about it (but then it does).

A man may say anything out of a passion for truth, because he wants to screen his infinite self-delusion with infinite vigilance; but he may also gloss over his failure in order to salvage what he can from the bankruptcy of his life. In fact, it is possible to do both at the same time, because we have lost our psychological innocence forever, and we all live in a labyrinth of existential lies. In fact, the one-off, casual and material lie has little meaning. It is merely a technicality of life; one can despise the person to whom one is lying because one cannot bear the reality. It is quite different to be pseudo-reliable , that is, permanent world and

of the world and self. In the former situation, one is not able to ward off demonic intrusions, but the places of intrusions are mostly healed. In the latter, man is under permanent demonic influence, and not only does he ignore it, but on the very ground that he conceals it, and hides it with his lies, and makes himself appear real, he claims for himself the rights of true life, and in the name of this claims greater powers and greater validity of his being. If there is an existential situation at all characteristic of all mankind in the middle of the twentieth century, it is precisely the extent to which whoever is defenceless against frivolity, is unaware of its presence, and thus lives a life of self-deception and illusion, or is aware of his own pseudo-existence, and raises his being in vigilance in order to overcome his frivolity.

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This is what cannot be agreed to. This is what I would be ashamed of if I could be happy here for one moment.

Here I must live with burning face at the mercy of injustice, and abandoned by justice. To see that machine goons can commit their bloody pranks and come to no harm. The ripper is mighty, and no one will strike him down. And the rest may miserable and persecute, Though all alike crave the sweet benefits of life. The foundation of a law for the whole earth is laid in lies and iniquities, and all mankind groan into it, but nothing is done. Here we must live at the mercy of injustice, and forsaken of justice.

It begins as a rebellion. In the midst of injustice, it fails you. It is despair in abandonment to justice. Not that I want to be triumphant for myself, while the hippies lay their hands on life's goods, not that I expect a reward for fairness. Justice has no chance. For the man that hath made justice his cause, he will not lift a finger. But when the danger is great, the saviour comes to the rescue. When despair over the truth becomes almost rebellion, it must be said: even if he leaves me, I will not leave him. I must, and there is no exception. Leave me, I will not leave you, and my loyalty is yours. *Yahweh Elohim emunatcha.*

In any case, the first to know. Man should not deceive himself, for he finds justice more worthy of him, a more pleasant life earned by right. And the important thing: be it however forsaken, regardless of whether truth undertakes or not, helps or not, I undertake and am faithful and

and I will remain true. Abandoned? I may. I will not abandon you. My loyalty is his. Of my own free will, and without any expectation or demand for return, my loyalty is his.

The first is the knowledge of abandonment. Anyone who does not know this is religious at best. Empty hope in a presence that is not. The second is not to despair in desolation, but to remain faithful in spite of the truth's desertion.

As long as man rebels and waits for help from the truth, and since help does not come, he lives in despair, abandoned, the centre of his being is not in himself. It is a species of fainting, and fainting is always wrong, even when fainting in truth. *One shall not be lost, even not in God.* Not to be faint, least of all in God. If I could declare my allegiance to Him, I had regained my autonomy. I no longer expect him to love me, I love him. He is no longer responsible for me, I am responsible for him. I have put myself back in my eternal place, I have withdrawn from the thrall of truth and I have stepped back to the centre of my being. If the truth forsakes me, that is its business; it is my business not to forsake it, and to remain faithful to it. Without influence, and independently and freely, without hope of privilege or reward, of my own free will.

What is no longer strange, but self-evident, is that when I became aware of my abandonment, and, placing myself at the centre of my existence, I confirmed my loyalty by an oath, the obscurity of abandonment began to dissolve. In the night, something is shimmering, it doesn't speak, but I know now that if it has left me, it is there. If truth has failed him, one's only defence is to remain faithful.

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It seems that at this moment it is absolutely impossible to agree with the existing societies and institutions, religions and theories, including those of the last four hundred years. However, since everyone has the sacred lie in whose name the radical consequences of the impossibility of agreement are postponed day by day, he does not give up his life, but pretends to expect something (this sacral expectation in the abandonment of truth), the open outcry of disagreement is delayed, and one delays the fact of disagreeing, just because one clings to one's life, and hides it, and wants to gain at least one more day - and one more day, like the desperate general, who has been surrounded, but the impossible

of the impossible. Of course, the sacred lie is mostly not sacred but corrupt, and the waiting is not sacred but a sneaky hiding in some cubbyhole, and one clings not to life but to the lollipop. Hence the man of the age is in the habit of a deluded (pseudo-existent) life, who betrays the truth of his life as a surrogate, but who, out of helplessness and cowardice, still prefers this to renouncing it all at once. There is no reconciliation; activity is paralysed, waiting is meaningless, but the life he wins is worth little, only, perhaps, what he keeps secret of it, and which finally perishes.

The game has long since ceased to revolve around whether the content of our existence is actual life or not; no one is so outraged as to dare to call what is here and now a life of full value. What we are talking about today is the next step after not admitting the loss of life. What he has lost, what tricks he tries to make up for it, and at least hold it up as something worth continuing, or at least tolerating. Therefore, the farce that man plays for an increasingly worthless life becomes increasingly pointless, but not ridiculous, rather pathetic, the moment he begins to protest against the acknowledgement of the fact of its frivolity. Comedy is the watchword of a life that has become frivolous.

The exaggerated lie, when one is no longer alive, but one is being farcical, not to save the truth of one's life, but to maintain the appearance of truth by being immersed in the lie, and not to have to admit its loss. Therefore, to play the fool is to live in a system of lies which, once existence itself has been irrevocably lost, is only intended to maintain the appearance that everything is all right. The typical domain of comedy is not, as one might think, society, where man is by nature on stage, but the *vita privatissima*, because, as Nietzsche says, man's lies to the outside are of no consequence compared to the lies he tells to himself and to the inside.

It is comedy, first of all, that man is silent about the impossibility of agreement. He tries to adjust to the fact that perhaps he does. He gives in, explains that there is nothing wrong, it has always been like this, perhaps grins, and if he is very cheeky, says that it is progress. The comedy is not the falsehood of existence, and the pseudo-existence that has become stable in our time, with which

to be reckoned with as a fact of the world, but a labyrinthine system of excuses built to justify a life that has been faked.

The comedy is not based on the fact that we lie in society (sociologically) and in ourselves (psychologically), in public and in our thinking, but on the fact that we attribute to this lie a truthfulness, and, moreover, if someone dares to question this truthfulness, we are even outraged and offended. Lying is done in the belief that we are defending the truth of our lives, and of course everyone knows that in doing so we have strengthened ourselves in the lie. And there is no way around it, because in a labyrinth you cannot tell the truth. It is a comedy when we pretend that our disguised existence is real, and as if it never was and could not be otherwise. It's a farce to keep up the pretence that it's serious, that it's worthwhile, when it's a self-evident fact, already known by everyone, that it's all for nothing. Therefore, when sociology, psychology, history, religion, morality, philosophy, with unheard of apparatus, sets out to expose farce and show that our public and private life, our behaviour and conduct are frivolous (pseudo-relevant), and builds towering theories on this statement, the whole arsenal of scientism itself becomes frivolous and irrelevant, that is, farce. At the moment, let us say, this is the most significant step; the science that debunks the farce turns out to be exactly the same farce. Whoever, by whatever method, in whatever system, wishes to catch man in his existential lie, immediately loses the credibility and truth of method and system, and becomes a farce himself. And all this because we are labyrinthine existences, and we are lost in the irrelevant. We want to uphold the value of life above all else, but we have long since crossed the limit beyond which life can bear the weight of a lie, precisely for the sake of life. It loses its authenticity, not to mention its truth, its essence, its beauty. It sinks to a frivolous and empty and confused and worthless minimum level of existence, where, one way or another, it really doesn't matter, nothing means anything.

If you don't give up on life, you have to make a comedy.

To be a comedian or to be real: what does it mean to be able to answer this question or not?

Meaninglessness, which has no truth, is not transparent, and therefore here all possibility of questioning the truth is eliminated. Truth

without truth, there is nothing but d e c e p t i o n , declaiming, deceit, deception, role and mask.

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The socialist agitators have made us believe that food, clothing and other manufactured goods in all previous clerical and feudal and bourgeois societies were adulterated, that government, especially parliament, was based on lies, that human greatness was a fraud. It could not have been quite so, if only because we know that it was not so, in the older societies, as a result of more or less free competition, bad cloth, artificial leather, adulterated foodstuffs, shoddy manufactured articles were hardly ever produced because they were hard to sell, and not that the profit motive did not like such things, but competition forced it to keep the rules of fair production. What happened in Parliament was not necessarily a blatant lie either, not that there was not a tendency to do so, but also because there was always an opposition which, if only out of revenge, exposed the government. The measure of human greatness was, if not quite, the *sensus communis*, and therefore a reputation that was entirely empty and fictitious could not last. The socialists, however, believed the agitators, and were therefore mistaken about past ages. But that would not be a bad thing. But socialism, as promised and as everyone expected, did not bring about a turnaround. It did not do away with counterfeiting, lying and fraud, but felt itself exempted from the offences - because the former did the same - and counterfeited food and drink, produced shoddy cloth and shoes and booby-traps, and made this exclusive, together with the fact that nothing but lies were uttered in parliament, and with the fact that fame became the privilege of the government's favourites (mostly not outstanding in any respect, but rather pathetically insignificant nurses and carpenters and apprentice mechanics, just because they were insignificant), for whom streets and schools were named and statues erected and idols were set up. True greatness, or the disappearance of true value, can be expressed as the disappearance of gold from society.

The socialist society did not abolish clerical, feudal and bourgeois corruption, but, believing that the community could not be led otherwise than by corruption, made corruption the sole dominant factor. Moreover, any stunted civil freedom of speech has been eliminated here, because everything socialism has done must be considered ex officio correct. A

legal protection, which used to exist politically, had to be abandoned for good. The troublesome man could be safely disappeared in the interests of the community (deportation, labour camp, internment, imprisonment, prosecution). Thus the lies, violence and exploitation which had lurked in older societies but had not become exclusive, and against which socialist agitators had agitated, were transformed into an absolute system of government in socialist society. Since justice could not be achieved, there was only one thing left: revenge on justice. If this attitude cannot be changed, the crisis theories will be right and humanity will be lost.

After the defeat of fascism in 1945, socialists dressed up in the uniforms of the fascists, and the more determined socialists they were, the more they copied the words and the tone of voice and the gestures of the fascist officers and terrorists, in the belief that this would inevitably go hand in hand with the takeover of power; thus giving credence to the ethnologists who say that, according to the bounty hunters, the defeated enemy's clothing and weaponry and severed skulls transfer the enemy's powers to the victor and magically transfer his power. Socialism has taken over the entire power structure of fascism, even the details of magical practice, the carrying around of the images of the leaders, the marches, the salute with the swung arm, the flags, the denunciations, the badges, the grand prizes and the marconia. In other words, socialism did not bring anything new after the bourgeoisie, it did not change the corruption of the bourgeoisie, and in fact, by making it the dominant one, it exacerbated it.

In regressive societies, everything that makes sense in normality becomes magical. Magic is the obscuration of reason as a governing principle; magic is based on the assumption that things and fate and events can be influenced by certain attitudes and linguistic formulas. Human speech and action are in some way related to the forces that govern man, and these can be influenced by certain words and actions. Man can dispense with knowledge of these relations, but without the relation he cannot move. If one does not see the relation of man to the supernatural correctly, he is bound to see it wrongly, but he must see it. This false seeing is called superstition. If man is not connected to the intelligent and clear forces, he will be connected to the number of buttons and the black cat. The primitive (backward) peoples live in magical practice, and are as far as possible from the normally humane order of society.

the more importance they attach to magical acts and formulas, flags, emblems and slogans. A man in magical practice is convinced that if he puts his shoes on his left foot first, he will be lucky, if he sees a chimney sweep or a spider in the evening, he can buy a lottery ticket, but if he sees the spider in the morning, he will be in big trouble. Such a practice does exist, but it is not normally an absolute necessity. In modern society, magical practice is almost exclusive. It is superstition if one transcends in the wrong direction. There are no legal principles, there are slogans which are magic formulas. The connection with reality is broken and man lives in a delusion. Modern society has lost its direction long ago, but it still knew the right way. Socialism abolished knowledge in favour of transcendence in the right direction, substituting magical practice for intellectual, thus regressing society and opening the way to primitivisation. The primitive peoples do not live in the clear simplicity of the beginning, but in a degradation from a high spirituality. It is not certain that mankind can be stopped on this path, if only because it is not order itself but also the consciousness and knowledge of order that is disappearing, and primitivisation is generally regarded as progress.

The putting on of the enemy's clothes is at first a farce, which, while it seems ephemeral, is ridiculous. The consequences of the farce are not ridiculous. It was about the end of the First World War, in the first phase of the shock, that men arose in armies almost all over the world who did not undertake to fulfil particular historical tasks, but who claimed to be the prototype of peoples and races and classes and nations, and on this ground claimed not a historical role but a higher rank. In Hungary, such a person is Dezső Szabó, whose comedy could be witnessed at close quarters. Elsewhere, people with various dictatorial tendencies behaved in exactly the same way. Those who appeared as the prototype of a class or race or nation did not seek material gain, nor fame, nor even political power, nor social privilege. For these people, social privilege was few and small.

By making himself a collective phenomenon, this person demanded absolute obedience, absolute authority and submission, and the immediate and unquestioning submission of all to his will. The

man proclaimed himself a sacral subject. Everything he said and did was a priori and unconditionally sanctified. Dezső Szabó then took on the role of the national shaman, and there have been others like him since, at any rate with a quieter voice but even more prepotent claims. What the primitive community needs is not intelligent leaders, but magicians. As many have already pointed out, it is because it is not ruled by clear forces, but by obscured ones. The sorcerer measures and measures himself not by individual but by collective categories, and can never be regarded as a normal man, but as a collective archetype who thinks and acts on behalf of the whole people, accumulates the powers and abilities of the people, and symbolically represents the people in a single person.

Every dictator is someone with a higher power, not a human being, but a representative of the collective. From the audience this can be convincing, up close it is quite comical. If only because the collective archetype in such individual form is a puffed-up fantasy-magorical chimera. Thinking in terms of such archetypes is very rare in humane societies, but is a feature of primitive communities. With it comes magical practice. In the end, it is shamanism, the shamanism that has been the subject of so much recent concern, not entirely without reason and without justification. Dictators, and their historical role, are completely misunderstood by anyone with political vision. Political power is only one and narrow field of activity of such pseudo-sacral subjects. The dictator has absolute power at all levels of private and public life, it is he who determines the direction of scientific research, the style of art, customs, thought, beliefs, laws, and he alone, by his own enunciation alone, and infallibly. In all that he says and does, there is something of the tremulous mystery (*mysterium tremendum*) of the supreme being, as his being among us here is awe-inspiringly incomprehensible and a wonder. This is the inverted sacrality which normal human society sees through and laughs at, but against which a primitive community, because it lives in a magical atmosphere, is utterly defenceless. It was Hitler himself who created the magical atmosphere, which he first solidified as a gallic mythology and then acted as a myth's hero. Since then, this practice has spread throughout the world, and with the exception of a few peoples still living in the tradition of European civilisation, every state on earth lives under the rule of shamanic archetypes, even if these shamans are shrouded in the ghosts of archetypes that have died out, or if the role of the archetype is not

person, but a complot. Therefore, the definition of these dictators as mere adventurers and political villains is not satisfactory. These people practice demonic magic over peoples who have been degenerated from the human order of life, and are therefore unable to defend themselves against such archetypes.

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When a man curses, it is not because things are disobedient. We do not yet have a satisfactory explanation for swearing. In any case, and certainly as *a mantra* (magical formula), it invokes powers, and if it can no longer help, at least it takes revenge, and punishes the disobedient thing by putting it under a curse. Cursing releases demonic power. Things ought to obey, and man remembers very well the existence in which things did obey; in which man still possessed a power which secured to him an unlimited dominion over things. Man can least of all endure the disobedience of things. It is intolerable that if he lets go of something, it falls; if he touches hot iron, his hands are burned. Man makes colossal efforts to regain his power, and civilization, science, technology are, after all, nothing more than an attempt to regain the unconditional power he had but lost. In the existence that man remembers, the word (language) played such a mediating role between humanity and the order of things that the spoken word was fulfilled by things. Language may have been originally mantra-nature, but it was certainly legitimate. Later (due to corruption), man wanted to use things illegally, and therefore things disobeyed. And civilization, science, technology does not seek the lawful use of things, but makes an effort to find a way to use things for unlawful purposes. In this process, the aim of magical mantras (nowadays usually formulas of incantation in the form of mathematical formulae) is not to use things according to a general principle of order, but to subjugate things unconditionally. Things do not cease to protest against this and resist it. At a higher level, one is always devising new formulas for subjugation; at a lower level, if the thing resists, one curses. Mostly he swears at God (another formula is to ask for God's support), believing that he has been deprived of power over things by God. The initial corruption

man has lost power through his own fault, and ultimately the only way he can regain it is to eliminate his corruption, restore human normality, and return to the general order of the world. By things, of course, we do not only mean metal and stone and air and water. The subjugation of such things is unlikely to succeed, but successes in detail are possible, only to make the failure all the greater in the end. Things over which control is lost, in the thing-world of human relations, in the multiplicity of relations of private and collective human life. And this is incomparably more serious. Man is no longer in control of relations, and in fact has no idea what is happening. Another reason to swear. Things are disobedient. They follow their own laws and do not obey man's orders. In all likelihood, man is not legally demanding. It is not order that demands, but arbitrariness. Therefore, man does not seek how he can restore the lawfulness of his own demands, but he seeks to enforce his arbitrariness, and at all costs. This is what is called violence. Profanity is the magic formula of demonic violence. It is utterly meaningless and purposeless, as all demonic manifestations are.

In all things there is necessarily and always a resistance to humanity. There is language that preserves this knowledge. In German, *Gegenstand*, which means object, and really is as much as resistance. The Latin word *objectum* has a similar meaning. The thing, however, is not maliciously neutral, but rather just stupid in a very difficult to grasp way. In fact, there is hardly a more stupid thing than that an object which is not supported and suspended falls dead sure. The whole technique is based on this unshakable stupidity. Moreover, they dare to call it a law of nature. The danger is when humanity becomes inert and things drift so that it makes no difference who thinks and says and does what. It is an anonymous whirlpool of self-power that cannot be traced and would require endless words and time to discover and describe.

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Fortunately, external events have prevented me from replying to your last three letters. If I had written, I would only have interrupted. So you could say what you wished in full and continuously. We do not see eye to eye. You take the position of conventional sanctity in Europe, you admire Edith Stein, about whom, incidentally, you have nothing

heard of, but to whose purity, on the basis of what she has written about her, I must also pay homage, and I am happy to do so, even if her example does not satisfy me. The awe-inspiring and poignantly sacral touch on the saints is not now in question. Those who do not kneel before it are hard to help. And I am distrustful of European saints. Not only because they merely change their wills, and so the sanctity of these beings, even if sublime, always gives the impression of sublime hypocrisy. They act under compulsion, even if this compulsion is exercised by themselves over themselves, and even if this compulsion is impressive. They are not free men. For many saints, holiness is an obsession. Mask and mania. But this is only a psychological and existential critique. The absolute mistake they make is what Chuang-tse throws in their faces when he says that saints are to be rejected as much as tyrants. For myself, I have put it in terms of the European saints having an incorrect, exclusively religious view of the normal man, and what they realise with their lives is as different from normality as tyranny is, only on the opposite side.

I confess that I would as soon not want to live with saints as with harami. I would be intimidated by a perfection that is more challenging the more modest it is, and more egocentric the more self-sacrificing it seems. I therefore give way to the suspicions of those who associate the mysticism of holiness with frightening selfishness. I am not even going to talk here about the almost universal exultation of the saints, because an examination of this motif would lead us too far. If you are interested, the Brihadaraniaka upanishad has everything to say on this subject.

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I have always wondered why the Church has not canonized Clement Alexandrinus, Origen, Cusanus, Pascal. Later I took it for granted. These people chose the less showy path. It is easy for me to talk about this, because almost from childhood I have thought: how is it that love (Christianity), which seems to be the most meaningless and the most sentimental, and the most absurd in the validation of the average man, is in fact the only love that is the most possible serious solution to life, a furthest is from sentimentalism, and finally the only sensible one, so much so that anyone who does not live it cannot be considered normal, and I am not willing to consider him anything but a lunatic, even insane in his mind.

In short, every system of life outside Christianity is absurd. It is about reason. Emotion is probably inherently Christian. *Anima*

naturaliter christiana. But the redemption of the will of the saints is not the right solution. The right thing is to begin with reason. The right and the only and the most difficult. For just as, it seems, there is something originally Christian in the sense, there is something originally pagan in the intellect. In my unconsecrated masters, after having been preoccupied with this idea all my youth, I found this Christianity of the intellect. Later on, the only opponent for me was rationalism, the backwardness of Europe, and that is why I was guided by Jakob Böhme, Vico, Saint-Martin, Pascal, Baader, and more recently Guénon, Maritain, Ziegler, Kierkegaard. I will go on. That is why I was forced, because Europe did not satisfy me, to turn to the Hindus and the Hebrews and the Chinese, and that is how I discovered tradition, a basic stance that extends to all humanity, and that is how I found in this basic stance the consciousness of absolute normality at the centre of all human beings. It must begin with the liberation of the intellect. Emotion and will are blind in themselves. The intellect must first be liberated, as Eastern metaphysics does. One must learn to see. Europe has called the man liberated in reason a sage, but I object to the name. This man I have in mind is absolutely no different from the rest and does not stand out. He does not even have a special name. It is, as Chuang-ze said, a state of notable anonymity. To be simple. To be normal. While the others are here only in part, this man is here in full. Why? Because he is normal. Because reason is the center of the basic position. Here is the *fundamentum absolutum*. All volitional and emotional life has an obscurity. It is rather a species of obsession. I object to anything that degrades alertness. To paraphrase the Apostle Paul: the fundamental word of the will is faith, of the intellect is sight. And it is not in faith that we must live, but in sight. Faith is only religion; sight is being in the truth. John's central concept is this truth; he calls the Holy Spirit the Spirit of truth (*pneuma tes aletheias*). Man must make himself consciously and vigilantly God-like. The sacredness of emotion and will are caught up in time and age, and often crumble there. The intellectual purity of the normal man is beyond time, for he has gained what he can from the light of the beginning of the beginning. I believe in nothing but clarity. I accept the idea that the only right order of life is that of love, only because it is the only meaningful one. Anything outside of that is nonsensical.

Boehme says of the prophets that they live in *historisches Wahn* (the frenzy of history). The saints too. Humility, sacrifice, surrender,

patience, and all the other heightened virtues are nothing more than keeping the world's utterly degenerate state in balance with unheard-of effort, i.e., to solve a historical task. To keep the world from rolling into the inferno. The fixed point of existence is reason.

In order not to obscure my words, I must also say: Mahayana Buddhism calls a man a bodhisattva, who regards the liberation of will and emotion as a secondary matter. The name bodhisattva is foreign, the man himself is not, because the authentic order of life was represented by this man in the first era of Christianity. Later, out of this order of life, in its degenerated form, arose the gnosis, and still later the mysticism. Actions and emotions hardly count. What is important is to restore normality to the world. Without it, not a single step can be taken. Once one has become aware of the primordial attitude (love), one must keep it within oneself vigilantly. (Compare the fact that the primordial human attitude is love, and that today humanity is universally based on the idea of the struggle for existence. What a mad darkness of reason!). The bodhisattva, having awakened, has one duty: to keep awake the knowledge of the normality of man. Regardless of the degree of liberation he himself has realized. The bodhisattva takes a vow that even if he attains complete liberation, he will reject salvation and return to life, suffering, falling, falling, breaking, dying, just to maintain the clarity of reason. No good deeds, no mercy, no compassion. This man cares nothing for his own holiness, and wants to be last in deliverance. He wants to restore original godliness to all existence before he returns to God himself. The bodhisattva is far removed from the saint in the European sense, if only because the bodhisattva is not a religious rank and category, nor an exception, nor is it for a single historical life, but a metaphysical attitude, a valid and obligatory order of life for all my life (my whole existence) and for all human beings.

Which I, for my part, find incompatible:

the individual achievement of a holy life, i.e. of salvation-passion, or
the realization of a single, meaningful, normal order of life for all.

The sacred is not a universal but an individual solution to life, and therefore belongs not to reason and order, but only to the realm of the sublime.

It is always unique, always individual, always linked to talent, always an exception. Not meaningful, just big. The normal man is placed in the universal order, he needs no talent, he can be taken up and lived by anyone, he is not superior, not individual, not unique, not an exception, but general and regular.

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Narcissus saw himself in the water of the stream, and, as they say, the fearful reflection of the reflection of the revelation seized him with such force that he never moved from the stream, and his mind was troubled. Ever since, the condition of falling under the spell of one's own reflection has been called narcissism. Flowers in general (except jasmines) are female, only the daffodil, that slender white flower, is male, and it is as if the peculiar and forbidden pleasure of narcissism were reserved exclusively for men, and as if this demonic trait belonged to the secret vices of the male spirit. For, it seems, no man is allowed to flourish for himself.

Women in the mirror do not even gaze at themselves, but control the effect of femininity in general, they are in a state of affection with their reflection from the beginning, in comparison to which the male love is a surrogate (see Mallarmé: Herodias). There is no love in the magical paralysis of Narcissus. Heidegger writes that looking in a mirror is reflection, or bending backwards, but what one sees is not a reflection of the unveiled truth; the reflection is not a reflection of the hidden reality. It always remains a mirage, glittering and veiled; it is the least self-evident, it has no probability in its insubstantiality, yet there is little that is more lasting in its effect. It is in this very reflection, flimsy and fuzzy, that I am startled by this stranger's being me, and in my amazement at the elusive identity, I can no longer escape it.

Human existence begins with confrontation with the self. Only when I can confront myself do I begin to live truly. Looking in the mirror is the furthest thing from self-knowledge. Who the mirror shows me is not only not me, but a morbid representation of my being. The mirror confronts me not with me, but with the mirror. The spirit's delight in itself is inevitable and forbidden. That is why Rilke protests against reading the writings about him, having never moved from the mirror. He does not accept any other image of himself because he cannot bear to

to be disturbed by someone else's vision of himself. This is the multidimensional self-realization of modern pseudo-existence. The autobiography is a narcissistic genre, like the self-portrait. It always cripples. The autobiography of Augustine, Rousseau, Goethe, the self-portrait of Velázquez, Cézanne, Van Gogh. It's all confession, and all confessions are faceless. The autobiography is an infinite dialectic of self-disclosure, of seeing only myself, intoxicated by my mirror, with a distracted mind. A swoon of the spirit. A false sense of immortality. Manifestation can only take place in the spirit of metapoiesis, when man represents himself in his most sublime potentiality (Dürer's self-portrait in the figure of Christ). Therefore, confession is not revelation but demonic self-expression, not truth but magic. The great danger of painting is the exhibition as an unmasking of the unconsciousness of the spirit, a narcissistic act in which one sees and can see nothing but the mirror. Instead of representing himself, he offers an untransfigured enchantment, a poor fool drunk with the image of himself, in the tawdry stupor of self-revelation. Narcissism has no subject but itself. It lives from the fact that its reflection has been taken back into itself. A version of self-admiration. But most of all it is a form of self-irony, a high form of self-glorification in the highest degree of narcissism, unconvincing and unmaskable, because it makes the revelation of truth appear to be finished, lest anyone should dare to touch it and let another shine through. Thus, hidden in the stupor of the reflection, he leans over the stream and gazes at Narcissus in the mirror of water.

She is called a beautiful woman who can offer a higher conception of corporeality.

Being a woman, by the way, is a full-time occupation.

The woman who seeks other entitlements to her existence than her own womanhood gives what is more for less.

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He is said to be enlightened who breaks through the bounds of human life and partakes of light of higher origin than life. Theory is for all, theory for few, but while it is only theory, it is self-contained, separate from life, and hovering mostly above life. In order for the theory to be realizable, which means for the conceived order of life to be realized, a decisive step must be taken.

Keyword: realisation. The step was called initiation in archaic times. The consequence of initiation is that one gains power over a force that can transfer the theory into the practice of life.

We know the moments of enlightenment of Buddha and Nietzsche. The Buddha himself tells us how, after his ascetic practices in the sacred grove, he awakened to nirvana. Nietzsche repeatedly speaks of his enlightenment in *Sils-Maria*, eight thousand feet above all men.

Let us be clear that here and this time we are not talking about a literary achievement, a prophetic vision, an artistic or other production. What is happening here is the establishment of a life order. In both cases. Not religion, not philosophy, not science, not art. More than any of these, and more fundamental, because it holds something here.

You can accidentally find truth, but no one can accidentally be true. And this time, that is what is at stake. To be true in the radiance of truth. Nothing else matters.

From the Buddha's enlightenment begins a new chapter in the tradition, Hinayana and Mahayana, Chinese and Japanese Zen, Tibetan asceticism, something **t h a t** Shakyamuni had not thought of, nor dared to think of, nor could think of, yet it sprang from that one bright moment, as if someone had created a new base for the earth for a thousand years for many billions of people, and a new sun to illuminate and warm it with its light.

Nothing came of Nietzsche's enlightenment. In tradition, when theory breaks through into the practice of life, it is like liberation. It is the general and common cause of humanity. Every word and action of the Buddha is valid and binding for everyone else. In Europe there are no disciples, at most no epigones. Humanity is not in the spirit of universal liberation (salvation), but in the spirit of competition, in which everyone wants to be first. One-off acts that are invalid for everyone else. As if there is no existence, only situation. Individual performance. He who does not achieve clarity on his own has lost clarity. One person does not share in the other's achievement, only enjoys it and imitates (possibly steals from) it. One person does not use the other's achievement, at most exploits it. There is no ancestor and no descendant. The intimacy of joint labour is lost, because the effort to liberate is individual. Everyone starts in an arbitrary place, and even if he finishes, there are no consequences. If enlightenment applies to others, it is never without reservation. One man is untraceable to another. Why?

One does not necessarily have to stick to the names of Buddha and Nietzsche. The two persons can be Ramakrishna and Pascal. They can be Jadhnevalkyia and Cusanus.

What the Buddha or Ramakrishna or Yajnyavalkya says is not only for everyone, but by saying it, it actually addresses everyone and calls for everyone to speak. I cannot evade it. There are no side points and, above all, nothing is hidden. Enlightenment is when one has fully enlightened oneself, and communicates this full enlightenment to others, and demands it of others.

He does not expect truth, but true life.
Not to tell the truth, but to be true.

In the tradition, the being (saint) purified in the general confession opens up the whole of being in himself to all men. What Buddha illuminated for hundreds of millions of people, Nietzsche went mad with. In Europe, Pascal, Cusanus can be high and moving, John of the Cross, Augustine, Teresa can be human and profound, there is always something incomparable between what he says and the man who speaks. No exaggeration, no role, no lie, no pettiness, no self-delusion, no shadow or filth or tawdriness or jealousy, no low adaptation to the age or the historical situation. This man has nothing that the Buddha has. I know when Buddha says something, he is really where he is, and I can see it. Cusanus, Pascal, Nietzsche, John of the Cross, Teresa, Kierkegaard, Augustine? The credibility that Europe lacks in relation to tradition. It is this lack of authenticity that makes the thought and religion and science of Europe a fantasy without reality, behind which live, for the most part, petty worms, vain and greedy, faddish and poisoned creatures who fear nothing so much as the radical consequence of their own thoughts.

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The wording must be precise, lest it give rise to misunderstanding on either side.

In all likelihood it started with the Galileo trial. The clergy must have lost the case, because the clergy were only allowed to guard human salvation, and had neither knowledge nor power over the things of nature. That is why it was not competent to intervene in the debate about whether the sun revolved around the earth or vice versa. On the question of salvation, a statement of natural fact has no influence whatsoever. Man can live a high and spiritually meaningful life, regardless of whether the

what you know about gravity. The rightness of the order of life is determined by moral and religious conduct, and knowledge of how the planets orbit in the astronomical system has no influence or bearing on this. It was an improper interference on the part of the clergy to cast doubt on empirical facts, just as it was later improper to draw far-reaching, and mainly negative, conclusions about salvation from astronomical or physical or biological or psychological findings in the name of science. The clergy should have taken the position that scientific research was not the province of the clergy. Science is a lower field of knowledge. The results of this field of knowledge have no spiritual significance. The Galileo affair, however, was sharpened by the clergy into a power problem.

At that time, the clerical (intellectual) caste had long since lost the intellect to distinguish between high and essential knowledge (the Hindu *paravid*) and natural-experiential knowledge (*the aparavid*). The clergy had by then usurped the Church and exercised world power. The clergy should have lost the Galileo trial, not on the basis of appealing to the Torah as opposed to the natural sciences, even though the Torah nowhere teaches astronomy, nowhere says that the sun revolves around the earth or the earth around the sun, because the Torah's *paravid*, or knowledge of the essential questions of human destiny - the earth's motion or immobility - is an empirical question.

After the Galileo trial, two mistakes were made in Europe (with the exception of one or two thinkers). The first was to confuse the clergy with the Church, i.e. to fail to realise that the community and institution of the spiritual unity of mankind was being used by the clergy for the ambition of world power. By comparison, they attacked the Church across the board, questioned revelation, waged war against religious and moral tenets and ways of life, in other words, they broke the spiritual unity of Europe to pieces and demoralised Europe. The second is just as important: they were unable, like the clergy, to distinguish between knowledge of primary and secondary importance (*paravid* and *aparavid*), and whereas before they had appealed to revelation in matters of nature, even in trivial matters, now they wanted to prove their case with physical and biological and psychological facts, even in matters of human freedom of will, immortality, virtues and vices.

What decided the general direction of thought in the centuries that followed the Galileo trial - especially the nature of the direction that liked to call itself Enlightenment science - was not, or even not at all, a search for truth, but the widening of the gap left by the Galileo trial and the widening of the victory in the trial. The aim is to punch and kick the Church one more time, to tear another piece out of her, to smack her one more time, and to strike her down one more time. The whole Enlightenment, with Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists at the forefront, of course, was marked by this cant. Later on, for Darwin, Marx, Freud, Feuerbach, Drews, the search for truth is quite secondary. The only thing that mattered was that they won the approval of the mass majority: To blow up the Church, so that this mass majority might at last be relieved of the spiritual and moral and religious obligations, and sacrificed to the pressure of Christianity, which they felt to be so terrible, and the instincts of anarchic life-livers freed from all discipline, and nothing else important in human existence but to skim the benefits of life, to regard life as a pleasure, and to rob it of its wealth.

For authors who move at the level of journalism, such as Darwin, Feuerbach, Marx, Freud, Drews, this can be excused. There is no way that this sanctimony can be forgiven Nietzsche, who in some respects became the main figure of this sanctimony, of mockery, of railing against priestly lies, of limited atheism, of rabid anti-Christianity, the impudent, false, stupid, and guffawing critique of revelation, and, finally, the blindness of confusing and even confusing mere life values with absolute life values, and even of holding life values above life values. What is decisive is what is useful for life. Or: Truth is the kind of fallacy that best provides breeding for a certain kind of person. Nietzsche could not distinguish between the paravid and the aparavid. He even attempted to consolidate and absolutize all value here in this life, that is, he made a mind-boggling attempt to read the higher intellectual knowledge into the practical-natural knowledge, in other words, the higher into the lower.

The Church was not destroyed by the truths revealed by the Enlightenment. The Enlightenment did not find truth, nor did it seek it, because the only, repeatedly and emphatically the only, activity of the typically Enlightenment thinkers was not the search for truth, but a vendetta against the Church and Christianity and religion and spirituality

and (with very few exceptions) every thought uttered in the last four hundred years has been not in the spirit of seeking the truth but of revenge against the Church, and therefore, from the point of view of the *fundamentum absolutum*, it can be considered as null, as if no one had said anything.

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Our knowledge is small, or rather we have a lot of false theories, and every operation of that thing called science is wrong. Hence the fallacy that man differs from the animal only in degree, or, which is the same thing, that man has more of something quantitatively than the animal. It is a common belief that man, who has fallen in the rank of being, should be called an animal; on this is based Darwinism, which teaches that there is no gap between animal and human existence, and Freudism, which believes that psychological difficulties can be removed by the introduction of animal inhibition. Nietzsche is above this fallacy, and better than the others only in that he is repeatedly and visibly frightened by the nonsense he utters.

Today, when the general level of human existence is sinking all along the line, nothing seems more certain than that we are falling back not to a simpler and more innocent animal existence, but to a degree of existence totally alien to that of the animal, infinitely more complex and more disturbed, a depraved humanity which is not approaching but moving away from the animal. Since Kierkegaard, this new category has generally been called demonic. Below the level of humanity lies not the animal but the demonic. When it descends from the rank of human existence, it becomes not an animal but a demon. This demon remains human, only devastated, debauched, depraved, morally and intellectually more and more vile and darkly human, that is, the demon remains always human, only degraded human. The Brihadaraniaka upanishad says that the hallmark of human existence is the animal victim. Existence is human when the biological life of the instincts is ceaselessly in sacrifice (heaven), and the sacrifice of life is what makes it human. It is characteristic of human life that it is always more than life, and must be more than life.

It is not the other way round. If, as is the case today, the biological life of instinct is sacrificed for the human, man does not sink back to the animal level, but into a kind of disorder, not into the sharp animal instincts, but into an underworldly obscurity, and does not return to himself in animal existence, but loses his essence, becomes vile, vile, a link, a swindler, and even becomes perfectly self

even lose himself completely. But more than this, and more fatal: if man sacrifices reason and morality and order for biological life, he does not even attain biological life, for the demon is characterized by the fact that he so disintegrates the world and himself that he who must first perish in this disintegration is himself.

There is no unscrupulous animal for man. There is no liberated animal existence for man. When the human condition is disintegrated, man becomes not an animal, but a corrupt man. Underneath the degenerated human existence, there opens up, not the innocent unquestioning animal world of the Rousseauian or Darwinian or Freudian or Tolstoyian or Nietzschean paradise, but the inferno of demons. Our existence is tied to being human, and humanity has an unchangeable order of being.

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If there is a primordial plant and a primordial language, and if there is a human base, there is a primordial voice. Therefore, everyone can measure the relationship of the music of the thrush and the nightingale to the primordial sound, and also how and to what extent Mozart's music is related to that of the nightingale, and Beethoven's music to that of the thrush.

It is not a question of hearing the ever-constant and eternally unchanging three bars of the male dragonfly's saffron-whistling jubilation in the garden after a little rain in June, towards dusk, until the end of the world. Bird music is a breakthrough into transcendence, without taking a single step out of concrete life and leaving life behind. The sound of the bird takes the whole earth with it. Human music is always detached from the world. To the male's squawking, the female utters a small, broken, somewhat shapeless, mainly illogical coo, whereupon the male squawks again, and the female again, in a peculiarly feminine voice, as if to emphasise her insignificance unnecessarily, chirps again. If this is repeated two or three times, one has the impression of witnessing a domestic quarrel, and of hearing the kind of air-clearing quarrel which is an unacceptable condition of agreement in love.

To be a hero is to be true to one's destiny. To accept what is suffering, struggle, accident, death, sin. If one becomes aware of this and takes it upon oneself, moves to a higher level, wants to solve it all alone, or at least takes the lead, trusting no one but oneself, because it is impossible to count on anything in this world. This is the innate self-confidence of the Herero. The hero's life is completely independent of success. The glory of most heroes is in their failure. Tragedy is built in. But that's right. It is undoubtedly the most beautiful life, in form, in light, not because it is the most indicative, but because it is more than all other

more radiant than anything else. It is certainly immature, and will remain so. The hero is always immature, like Arjuna and Achilles. To be a hero is to struggle, and to struggle without success. Therefore, the heroic existence is tragic.

To dream is to melt completely into the whole. Heidegger called Mozart the lute of God. This lute plays music in which there is no resistance. It knows itself as given, and its music is nothing more than the transmission of what it has received. It does not collide or even friction. Next to the heroic trombone of the blackbird, the nightingale only begins when the sun goes down and sings at night.

The music of birds is more music than that of humans; the greater half of human music is speech. This is why human music is said to be an imperfect logos. And the higher the music, the closer it approaches that of birds. The bird has no need of sound systems and tone sequences. In one voice it can rejoice and despair, tremble and exult, swoon and yearn, weep, call, disappoint, play and pray in one voice, consciously and ecstatically. And everything he sings, as Gabriel Marcel says, bears the bite of reality. Nothing separates the bird's voice and its voice.

Beethoven's music is full of heroic rhythmic motifs. Challenging heroism that calls all powers to battle. In Mozart's music, existence without the intervention of human beings is a dream of the first state of the world, when light and darkness have not yet parted. The thrush has emerged from the world, is confronted, awakened and born. The nightingale does not want to be born and wake up.

The manifestation of the primordial voice was called *bath qol* by the Hebrews. The key to the full understanding of the term has been lost; today it is usually translated as the voice of the heavenly maiden. It is the voice that combines the thunder and the hissing sound of the drops as they fall on the sea in the calm, the cry of the child, the voice of the prophet, the St Matthew Passion and the fairground accordion, the sigh and the clatter of the Pullman cart wheels.

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I stopped halfway. I managed to be neither an insider nor an expert in anything, but I failed to be like Chiang-cc's gnarled willow that no one can use for anything. I have always been a bad citizen because I have not adapted to the current categories of bourgeois existence, bohemian or revolutionary. The exception for me among the common solutions to life

all of them, without exception, were wrong from the start, including their compensation, which I found boring and distasteful. The most important thing I found in myself was inaccuracy, in the sense of a damaged ego, a certain demonic second-rate, the consequence of which is superficiality, frivolity, undoubted cowardice and intellectual harlotry (eclecticism). This inaccuracy and superficiality and hastiness are the result of this. I usually prefer to leave something behind rather than the pleasure I get from finding it. Terhemre was. I have never done a job abandoned from the outside well. In later life, past fifty, I concentrated my energies resolutely on the exact performance of duty, but there was never a case of not having missed it. It was painful, and I started again. I didn't hide in heredity, constellation, constitution and other theoretical justifications to excuse myself. Frivolity is at the centre of my life yoga, but I missed it here too. I knew that to be eccentric was to renounce genius, but I also knew that eccentricity was a moral quality. I needed the latter. At one time I had given up refined concealment and the dialectic of the lie, but rather because my taste had become more refined and my ambition more ambitious. All this in a very fragmented way, and as a modern man par excellence, in a pompous surrogate of greatness. I had not the patience to be true to my superior being, but I had not the ethos to renounce it. I did not succeed in knowing anything better, but I did not succeed in admitting it to the final point. There was never a problem with what I knew, only with what I was. Everyone has to come back for something. From the idle priest to the penitent impostor, as a melancholy infidel dreaming in infidelity, and a virtuoso liar who cannot even take repentance seriously.

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It is not known exactly who it was who said of the Hungarian word order that words in a sentence are arranged in order of importance. The more important comes first because the emphasis is at the beginning of the sentence. The person was probably not Hungarian. Our theory of language was made by Germans, but in any case under the influence of German philology.

The word order of a sentence cannot be arbitrary. Only if the average temperature of the language is higher in poetry, the order is decided by the freedom corresponding to the temperature. The greater the fire, the more freedom. If the heat is not there, the non-standard word order - because it is unjustified - remains rhetorical and pathetic. In this case, the sentence is ruled not by order but by passion.

To say that the stress of the sentence is in the front is a mistake. There is no evidence to support this claim. On the contrary, the final word is the most important: the final chord, where the meaning is decided and where the sentence becomes irrevocable. Therefore, the last place belongs to the predicate. It is the final word. The end. Like the conclusion in mathematics and logic, like the last scene in drama, like the final speech in a meeting, like the lesson in a story.

The prepositional phrase upsets the balance of the sentence. The structure is not based on grammar, but on emotion. Calm is lost and the mood takes over. The more the preposition is placed in front, the closer it comes to a shout, where the words are not in logical order but in the uproar of passionate outbursts. It's not a rant, it's a mindless howl. The press is not saying that the government has failed, but: the government has failed. Why? Because it revels in sensationalism. If the allegation is put forward, it is, because it uses an extraordinary word order, unsettling and exciting. In a calmly constructed sentence, containing a serious statement, the predicate, as the actual weight of the statement, takes the last place. Bad poetry, bad journalism, bad cookery, bad rhetoric, bad faith, bad improvisation, can be recognised by the fact that it does not speak, but shouts and cries and agitates. The grammatical value of a sentence is determined by its regular word order, which is characterised by the fact that, unless there is a particular reason for the deviation, the sentence is closed by the preposition. Every sentence is a balance where the subject is guided by the parts of the sentence in the first pan, and the predicate alone in the second, which is the balance. The predicate is the denominator of the sentence.

The word order of poetry is determined by the temperament of inspiration. The nobility of prose is the grammar of the sentence. Between the two is that which is neither this nor that, untidy and weightless chatter, fair, clamour, confusion, street, advertisement, sensation, whether uttered or not, signifying nothing.

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Martin Buber argues that there are three degrees of intensity in our lives. The first is to live in the circle of direct revelation. This is how Buddha and Mohammed and Baal Shem Tow lived. This is the myth.

The legend is less powerful. One lives not in the world of revelation but in the memory of it. The third is doubt, forgetfulness, criticism, denial.

The degrees can be reversed. One can start from criticism and rise to legend, that is, to remembrance. It's all about

depends on one's ability to plunge into the depths where memories are together. I know it is possible. And from there one can ascend into myth and witness direct revelation. It is also possible, because each man keeps within himself the memory of all the events that have taken place in the world, and in eternity he chooses the master whom he has loved best.

To give a direct revelation? This is the greatest undertaking of human existence. Apart from Jakob Böhme, no one in Europe has succeeded in this task. By revelation is meant teaching about authentic living.

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One can only return to where one has already been.

I first returned from the new age to Christianity without refusing to commune with it and to take its difficulties, without becoming unfaithful to it, for I found it worthy of hatred and rebellion against it, and never so much as to despise it as to praise it.

Then I returned from Christianity to tradition, to the place where Christianity is at home, among the Hebrews and Hindus, the Chinese and Egyptians, the Indians and Greeks, to the place where Christianity was born, where all thoughts and customs, rites and ideas, law and knowledge, are so similar as to be interchangeable, and all that is, is still quite close to each other.

Then I returned from the tradition *to the fundamental*, to the fundamentum, to the *status absolutus*, without denying either the new age or Christianity or tradition, I took it all with me and put it back in its place, and the

and returned to being without

denying life,

to a place where nothing is alike or related or interchangeable, but

an

where nothing is irregular but normal, in comparison

with which everything else

is relative and contingent and transient,

where the opposites belong
together, outside and inside the
same,
fire and water are in each other
because they are the centre,
one, being,
immovable and eternal.

*

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there was much and much speculation about the differences between people, and the rationalist drift towards equality of the French Revolution most probably arose from this speculation. Equality is the theft of unity, says Saint-Martin. The basis of the rationalist calculation is wrong. It calculates equality, when what is at stake in the human community is not the realisation of equality but the realisation and ever re-creation of unity. Equality is only possible between purely quantitative factors. Such a thing exists in the abstract space of mathematics, nowhere else. It is undoubtedly a peculiar law of the existence of living beings that each being lives in each case (most certainly by analogy with a higher unity than itself) as a self-contained and autonomous unit, separate, visibly and palpably distinct from all others. Whether the living beings are disintegrated or united, what is produced is not some indifferent aggregate, but a new qualitative unity within which the factors are not equal but different, solely because they are united in another unity. And the condition of unity is that the elements differ from each other. If the elements were equal, man could not separate them. The idea of equality has created this confusion, and it is this confusion which excludes unity. It has created equality, and in so doing it has robbed unity.

The modern society of equality, democracy, is based on a flawed rationalist calculus. Democracy is a fallacy, not to mention socialism. It ceaselessly prevents itself from doing what is the only condition of its normal existence. The law of life of living beings is unity; unity depends on the autonomous diversity of elements. Democracy is a confused form of sociality. There is no question of equality, and there cannot be any, if only because ultimately and in fact everyone thinks of unity, but because of the wrong calculus, believes that unity is achieved by equality.

But equality is the theft of unity. Where in the name of equality, democracy seeks to eradicate differences between people, it fails to realise that by eradicating differences (by equalising) it creates upheaval. By advocating equality, society becomes more and more confused. This totally confused formation is called socialism, whose aim is: to make society homogeneous, all differences must be eliminated.

What man desires, and has always desired, is a unitary community, an integrated society, within which all the factors (people, caste, language, class, religion, group, individual) are united with the full maintenance of their differences and characteristics, if only because only sufficiently differentiated factors can be integrated. No unity can be created from elements with confluent boundaries and unclear contours, i.e. with a non-autonomous existence. At the moment, it is not democracy that characterises the higher societies of today, but the proximity of the elements of society to each other and the clarity of the relationships, i.e. the integrated nature of the community. Lower sociality societies are disintegrated, the relations between classes and castes and languages and nations are unclear, the factors are unconnected, the organisation is irregular and disorderly. Relationships have not been established, individuals do not live in unanimity but are distrustful of each other, and are ignorant of and fearful of each other. This is the hallmark of a disintegrated society.

The levelling out of economic differences does not make society more integrated, i.e. equalised income does not shorten the distance between people. But neither does the extension of political rights shorten the distance. Still less does a one-party system create an integrated society. Modern dictatorships are extremely disintegrated societies, where not only is there no unity, but special care is taken (state protection) to prevent the integration of groups and individuals and opinions, in order to facilitate the assertion of political power. These are peoples living in pseudo-sociality, where conscious social disorganisation is carried out against the achievement of unity. Where integration is repeatedly prevented by terror.

It is a pity to experiment with fanciful theories, and an even greater pity to use terror. The key is simple, not even volumes are needed. All the knowledge fits in ten lines.

In modern democratic societies, it is a matter of breeding a homogeneous mass that can be controlled at the push of a button, with the complete elimination of differentiation. If anywhere, the theft of unity is here for all to see. The more uniform a society is, and the more the differences between people are eliminated, the more disintegrated it becomes and the further it is from unity, i.e. from normal social existence. A society may be social in its general character and organisation (integrated) or socially weak (disintegrated). A social society is one which promotes the differentiation of the qualities of its individuals and is organised to serve this purpose; a socially weak (disintegrated) society is one which is organised to prevent differentiation, to uniformise, to maintain the appearance of unity, but in fact to disintegrate itself by equalisation.

Of course, collective self-knowledge is difficult. Individual self-knowledge is much more difficult because it has fewer and simpler laws. According to Lao Tzu, there is only one: not to interfere. Whoever does, spoils it. Whoever tries to improve it, destroys it.

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Little is known about the normal man, but one thing is certain: his individual differences do not conflict with the general, but complement it. It is unattainable today. Today the individual and the general must be opposed, and therefore there is neither normal individual nor collective, only corrupt self and mob.

In the normal human being, individual diversity and the general complement each other because this is the normal human being's conception of life. Our conception of life is short-sighted. It is closed at the boundary of biological life and we are locked into our life. Here we have to do and achieve everything. Time is short and the frontier is narrow. As a result of centuries of misinformation, we have bought into the delusion that with our life our being ceases, and so we have not lost most of our existence, for that cannot be lost by man, but we have obscured it in our consciousness. Everything here and now; to hurry and devour and gather and exploit what we can, covetously and greedily and insidiously. There is no need to hurry in the long-distance concept of life. There is time. Today we count in minutes, at most days. For the Buddha, time was quite different. He says that existence is like a cube of stone a thousand paces wide, a thousand paces long and a thousand paces high, and that if one strokes it with a soft wool every thousand years, the cube will wear away before existence ceases. There is such a thing

long-lived life. There are women whose faces show that they are set up to take endless care of life, and at the biological limit of life they just smile. The bodhisattva, from the moment she woke up, has taken note of the fact of infinite life and knows that her work for the final liberation of humanity must continue in every new bodhisattva for an infinite time. This, of course, is a symbol. Just as the re-incarnation is a symbol of the infinite maturity of life that opens all boundaries, life that has opened into being. And the lowliness of life confined within biological limits is not because it is short, but because in this shortness it is forced to be insubstantial. Life becomes and can become substantial only in infinity. The longer the concept of life, the less self and mass there are. The less the individual and the collective are mutually exclusive. In infinite openness, individual and universal do not clash. We have time and space in abundance, there is enough for everyone, we can all fit, everyone can be themselves without harm, there is no need to be afraid and hide and lie and gather and devour and hurry.

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Apart from minor hiccups, there was peace in Europe from Napoleon to the Great War, but - except for the unsuspecting, who never mattered anyway - no one could (or would) take that peace seriously. Not that war was imminent. Rather, because the corruption of peace made it desirable - not war, exactly, but certainly war - to end this age of gall and idiocy. The outbreak of war in 1914 and the Russian Revolution in 1917 were accompanied by such jubilation because it was believed that this corruption would be got rid of. Even the devil seemed to be a saviour in the ruined peace. Of course, the peace of twenty to forty became even more corrupt. Today, in the third peace, the situation is very different: one yearns for the clarity of either peace or war, for here it is neither, as Heidegger says, and Camus expounds the idea so convincingly in his footsteps. For peace is not that the guns do not sound, and man, wrapped in silence, is not disturbed in his sleep by the firing of shots. Peace has only one foundation, and if peace is not built on truth, it will inevitably and surely break up again and again. There is therefore no peace by agreement or compromise or police; and there need not be war for there not to be peace. As long as a single drop of injustice lives, peace cannot be achieved.

Hénoch sees the most serious consequence of the corruption of mankind in the fact that *uk estin eiréné*, there is no peace for him. For the immediate future, sensible men predict that there will be no war, but that the injustice maintained in the intractable collaboration of non-war and non-peace will eventually become intolerable. Soloviev looks forward to this application of warlike exuberance to peaceful relations in the twenty-first century, after a twentieth century of wars. But the possibility of its realisation already exists, even if its full realisation is still hindered by a few obstacles. The stale faintness that characterised the peace of the bourgeoisie of the last century must have been more pleasant than the present one, when terror is wrapped in light blue sentimentality. It must have been especially pleasant for the powerful, because then they could use the techniques of cover-up to conceal their crimes. Today, this is almost entirely out of the question, because a man used to villainy, even if he accepts injustice with lethargy, sees through the bluffs of power. Therefore, today, all aspirations to peace have become suspect, because peace other than that of Soloviev, a vile peace wrapped in sweet terror and debauched prosperity, is quite impossible, and man stands here with a secret desire in his heart for a war of revenge, which would rather see the world destroyed than this peace last. There is no just war, but there is a peace whose injustice is greater than war, and then man has a senseless longing for war. Today, war would be a fatal destruction; peace is likely to be more embarrassing, but above all more radically destructive.

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Goethe says that the eye has a solar nature: for it is necessary that that which receives light should itself be of light. *Wer Gott erkennt, muss selber göttlich sein*. But this is not the final word that can and must be said of the eye. The Zohar seems to be the book that knows everything about the eye. From the eye the finished, completed, and complete world looks out upon the cosmos and back upon itself; for it must be that what sees the whole of reality must itself be the whole of reality. What we call vision in the eye is the self-recognition of the world in man, and the self-recognition of man in the world. Janus, who sees inward and outward, and the vision is unstoppable, transcends all limits, and not only into infinity, but into infinity. The cosmos looks at man and man looks at the cosmos, looking and looking back at the eye are one, because the world is man's *Gegenwurf*, as Böhme says, man is the world and the world is man's projected model. The world is always order. A

eye is also a logical, ethical and aesthetic system, because to see is to weigh and evaluate and sort and put away, and to see is to place in the system. The system that sees from the eye, sees in every human being, is unique and unrepeatable, because everything in existence is individual. The system which sees, which looks at each other and looks back, is the same in all, since everything in being is reciprocal. The infinite mirror, the mirror in the mirror, one man in another, the individual in the common, man in the world, and vice versa. At the centre of all is the eye, which sees and measures and compares with the system that is from the beginning, which is the system of the structure of being, and therefore with the secrets of its being which it reveals and the revelations which it conceals, with the light which it receives from the Sun and which it gives to the Sun. The system can be accurately read in the eye and in the eye; but peculiarly, not from its properties, but from its opacity fused into a higher dimension and condensed into the ray of vision. A fully awakened and opened eye. The lie (life deceived) can only be fully understood from the eye. The lie is not the presence of demonic exuberance, but the hiding of the demon for some reason. Lying is difficult because the eye cannot hide. If one wants to see, one must open one's eyes, and once the eyes are opened, one must reveal under all circumstances what one has hidden, that is, in opening one has shown that one has closed one's eyes. According to our eyes we see, and according to our eyes we are seen; according to our system in our eyes we may close our eyes, but then we cannot see and we cannot see. He who hides himself must necessarily see so much less of the world than he has hidden himself. The concealed existence must see the world as false. Reality and truth are connected; reality is seen only by the true man. We call truth that system which can recognize reality. He who hides himself has excluded himself from truth. Hiding eyes that hide, confused in their vision, cannot see clearly, and the more one lies, the less one sees.

The eye sees in a system: one eye in the system of the prison, the other in the system of the brothel, the system of the fair, the system of the nursery, the statistics, the double-entry bookkeeping, the graph. The pure eye is incredibly few, which sees in the system of the sea and the starry sky, and lives like a brother of the trees. Broken systems, veiled eyes broken by life's delusions, see little but money. We probably can't even see the most obvious facts, because our apriori vision is clouded by our deluded existence.

What is there? An interwoven man-world, a self-you, one the eye of the other, looking at each other, two systems seeing and weighing each other, and telling each other everything about itself, the more unmasked, the more it exposes the other in what it says about itself, and in what it sees in the other, and in what world it carries within itself, and what world it lives in. What the eye sees and what the eye sees are identical.

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The right conduct is in all probability not impatient indignation that the world is at the stage of corruption at which it stands, that this corruption is on the increase, and that the truth of life is being increasingly lost. The right attitude is certainly that of one who is shocked to see that, after thousands of years of rule by the tyrants, there is still at least a trace of truth; he is amazed that those who make the effort for truth, and thereby provoke scandal, are not exterminated.

This, as it is, is doubtless almost a miracle, and there must be some simple reason for it. The Kabbalah teaches that the world still exists because there are forty righteous men on earth. *From the sensus communis*, it would seem, truth cannot be eliminated. The *sensus communis* is, as far as we know, the knowledge and consciousness in everyone of the basis of human existence. Therefore corruption cannot stand on its own. It must necessarily refer to truth. However inconvenient, truth cannot be eliminated. The Hindus say *sat* - which means true and there is, that is, only that which is true. What they value today is life, not self-worth. More recently, especially since Nietzsche, the attempt to shake off all of life's self and leave it as the only value has failed so badly that no thought at this moment has failed more definitively.

A man who lives a corrupt life accepted by the so-called world (history, conventional system of lies) and places himself under the protection of ideas that are pleasing to himself must be considered a man with a deluded life (pseudo-egalitarian). He must be considered as such because he does not lie once, but constantly, not exceptionally and out of impotence, and bases his life on this permanent lying; but also because he is deceived not by an objective fact, but by his own being.

Existence and pseudo-existence are not equivalent in existence. However reluctantly, someone has to say it sooner or later. And the two are not equivalent in a definitively formulated existence. This

existence is of course not salvation, nor the afterlife, nor eternal life. All these are the naive words of religious clumsiness. It is even a question whether such a final existence exists at all. The possibility of final existence is and remains open, and therefore we have no knowledge of the ultimate consequences of either truth or corruption.

There is a suspicion that

1. that this final existence is nothing more than the fantasmagorical satisfaction of those who have failed in life. The ideal was once abhorred by a despicable power, which sanctified credulity with great ceremony and countless lies in order to maintain its power on this basis.

But at the same time there is a suspicion that

2. another, newer and more despicable power has settled upon the denial of final existence, which seeks to dissuade man from the consciousness of salvation and the afterlife and eternal life, only to deprive him of the prospect of life on earth, to lay its hand upon him permanently, and to exercise its most wicked power without limit.

Existence and pseudo-existence are not equivalent in existence. As regards the truth of existence, existence has an advantage, which means nothing else than that this advantage cannot be exchanged for worldly advantages. These advantages are fame, wealth, power, etc. As regards the goods of life, pseudo-existence has an advantage, which means n o t h i n g else than that it obtains worldly goods at the price of giving up the truth of its being. Why the truth-content of man's life stands inevitably in the way of the acquisition of worldly goods, and why the acquisition of worldly goods necessarily requires the giving up of the truth of his being, is undoubtedly the most fascinating question of human existence.

It may be supposed, of course, that a life of righteousness and the acquisition of the goods of life have been opposed to each other by some error, but t h e two are not in fact mutually exclusive. Fidelity to the truth and the acquisition of goods are, after all, independent of each other. Existential existence in worldly things does not necessarily have to be disadvantageous; and the acquisition of goods is not only possible for corruption.

There is such a belief in any case. It is generally held that the more corrupt one is, the more of the goods he obtains, and the more faithful to the truth, the less of the goods he obtains. But this is only a belief, nothing more.

Between the existentialist and the pseudo-existentialist, however, there is an actual irreconcilable and mutual antagonism. The man of truth despises the corrupt (for his conduct) and envies him (for his goods); the corrupt man hates the existential (for his intrigue) and fears him (because he is superior in existence). And what is most important, the opposition of the two existences has been at all times verified by the authentic man of the time, and he who denies the opposition, makes himself suspect, and seems to defend himself almost exclusively, seeks to blame the thing, and is therefore not bona fide. The antagonism between existentialism and pseudo-existentialism must be accepted.

And the question of the reality of final existence remains open. But the question is much more complicated at this point. It seems that there are people who stand in the openness and do not decide; there are people who take a definitive position. And it seems that one who does not decide, standing in the openness and remaining open, keeps the possibility of final existence in abeyance. The other closes and either says: there is or says: there is not.

And this already implies a resolution in existentiality or pseudo-existence. In all cases, truthful existence is recognised by its openness, lying existence by its closure. To be existential is to be open and uncovered, to be pseudo-existent is to remain hidden and closed. The Gospel of John identifies truth by the word *aletheia*, which, in contrast to untruthful and closed and hidden, means truthful and uncovered and open.

The knowledge of final existence is uncertain, existence itself is open, man's conduct in existence is uncovered. Therefore, tradition says of existence that it is not an end but a way (tao, via, veritas, vita).

Everyone has innate knowledge of final (authentic) existence. It is always doubtful and therefore unrealized, and it is this that must be realized, and on the realization of which the truth of human life depends, because it is the realization or unrealisation of this existence that determines whether man is existent (undercover, uncovered, open, true) or pseudo-existent (closed, hidden, self-defensive, disguised).

Definitive existence is objective but not provable, probably evidential. The existential value of human existence depends on its being **i n** this elusive oceanic world. Again and emphatically, this existence has nothing to do with the afterlife and eternal life and salvation. Within open existence, there is no boundary or distinction between life and beyond, life and salvation. Our life

are wrong, therefore the measure of the sacred is wrong, because the sacred is superior and exceptional only in virtue, not in being. But because it is superior and exceptional, it is not normal. And final existence is normal, and is open to everyone all the time. Holiness is only religion. Religion's solution of final existence is false, because it applies and sets up a *deus ex machina* by the measure of the final judgment, when it measures man by his sins and good deeds, not by the weight of his being. Virtue is important, but not enough. Religion is true, but it is not enough. It does not rehabilitate truth ontologically, it merely makes it appear to be the will of the supreme being. And truth is the supreme reality built into existence and sustaining existence. And true life is absolute only if it is intrinsically untouchable without any divine authority, and if God bows to it. What we call true life is identical with final existence, and therefore has intrinsic value. It is identical with that final being which can never be anything but uncertain. Since everyone has a direct and unprovably evident knowledge of this existence, and since everyone remains in doubt about it, it is possible to be faithful and unfaithful to the truth, and to have the indelible guilt that goes with the latter, which is forced to cover itself with the fundamental falsehood of existence in order to appear true even with an untruthful existence.

In the lethargy of abandonment to truth, man throws himself on what remains after the loss of his true existence. Joy over the goods of life is not a surrogate, and especially not a surrogate of real existence; but the goods gained at the price of giving up the truth of existence are worth nothing, because lethargy in truth (despair in abandonment) knows no real joy. The goods are there, but the joy in them is not pure.

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Considering that we can no longer be considered sane, it would at least be good to know what a sane person thinks about what has happened on earth in the last fifty years. Gandhi is dead. Saint-Exupéry was shot down with his plane by the Germans. The only living credible man, Albert Schweitzer, having expressed his thoughts thirty years ago, seems to think it best not to comment. In any case, long before that, but certainly since the First World War, our lives are beginning to take on a shape that cannot be interpreted in terms of any category of thought that has been practised. There have been two world wars, a dozen revolutions, a host of nationalities have become independent, almost as many enslaved, and a great many more.

we have seen how dynasties have collapsed, we have seen civil wars and reigns of terror, and strangely enough, in all that has happened, there has been no hint of greatness. There was not a single figure in world history of the last fifty years whose name, when mentioned, would make one's eyes light up and the desire to be like him awaken. Not because we are bad faith and cynical, and not because the characters were predominantly adventurers and villains. Without exception, the events in the story were all beyond moral judgment, and the actions of the characters were hardly criminal. Not a crime, something else was going on here. In the Nuremberg trials of the German fascist leaders, this something was clearly manifested, but few people noticed it. The fascists were not, first and foremost, villains; this is now very clear, if only from the fact that such creatures lived and live in abundance elsewhere, and have committed and are committing even more bloodthirsty acts. And after the trial, the practice of German fascism spread throughout the whole world, so much so that today there is hardly a nation or state that could maintain itself without the lessons of the practice of fascism. And those that do not, keep their mouths shut and pretend that all is well. For all the acts for which Hitler's general staff was executed, an innumerable number of heads of state and ministers and generals should be urgently indicted today - by another Nuremberg tribunal. Today, however, there is no possibility of such a court being set up, because Hitlerism has become common practice. They would rather be poisoned or shot or stabbed in the back or end their lives in a police torture chamber, but if not, it could happen to them at any moment, and they know it very well. Beyond that, however, we are now in a situation where open crime is far above the immeasurable tide of sordid vileness that has become commonplace; in some respects, a blatant crime is almost a relief to us, but it is certainly a distinguished value that millions of the degenerate cannot even approach. An attitude and a way of life and an insight have become widespread, almost exclusive, which not only allows the historical events of the past fifty years to take place, but takes them for granted, as if to say, this is, please, a historical necessity. Of course, well prepared by the notable theories of the last century (world-views), once it was established that man came by natural selection

if he wishes to be a healthy animal, he must cast off his moral inhibitions, and if he voices the interests of his people or his class, he may safely plunder and lie and kill, and in the name of humanity wipe out in a moment a city of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants.

All this certainly seems like a disaster, but, as we have just said, a disaster in which there is no trace of greatness, no seriousness, no tragedy, no crime, but rather a sense of being at home in an infernal atmosphere, a peculiar filth that cannot be excused even by not knowing about it, because one does not excuse it, but lives a life that is almost nothing more than an open and deliberate, even premeditated and defiant permanent abuse of humanity. The notion of sin is in fact obsolete; man lives in intimate proximity with forces which he has hitherto always abhorred, and which he has concealed and denied and persecuted; but here today he has attained to a degree of skill in impurity so admirably virtuoso, the technique of living has become so permanent and so general, as hitherto unprecedented.

In the early twenties, Leo Sestov, drawing on the lessons of the first war and some revolutions, argued that the catastrophe under way was not tragic but scandalous. The nature of a scandal, as we know, is not amenable to aesthetic or logical, psychological or sociological evaluation. Scandal is quite different. The category is entirely new to us. It may be in some respects an existential dramatic structure. All the signs are that in this dramatic situation an order of life hitherto respected by humanity is crumbling. That is why it is so unspeakably painful. The fact of scandal is beyond moral or artistic, religious or social judgement. It remains before us as a colossal shameless fact that we cannot deal with. For the moment, all we see is that the scandal hero cannot be measured by the traditional scale of meaning, because the scandal hero is not guilty, but dirty. That is why he lacks any greatness. The greatness in sin is that it expects forgiveness, and sin can be forgiven; the scandal is insolent, and spits on forgiveness. It is this filthiness which characterised the defendants at the Nuremberg trial, and this wanton, vicious and ugly vileness which characterises the scandalous heroes of the scandal since, and by comparison the common villain is a remarkable human value. The guilty are broken, the impudent are tongue-tied. In the West, the gangster, in the East, the terrorist, all of whom are becoming more and more

we are all becoming more dangerously like. Since the First World War, our lives have become increasingly interwoven with scandal, or, let's say, world history is becoming scandalised. There is no beauty in disaster, no seriousness. There is a total absence of shocking catharsis. But it is all the more refined in its impure excitement, which does not unravel but, on the contrary, becomes more and more convoluted, to finally swallow you up in the pit of filth. World history in this form, as a chronicle of scandals, nowadays has a shameless sordidness in store for man every day. For the time being, it is still pleasant to be outraged by this, as if one were still protected by the hypocrisy that one is perfectly innocent in this, or as if it were a satisfaction, especially for the majority, that here we are, and that hypocrisy is no longer necessary. The occult and obscene invasion of life-destroying forces has also given rise to a new idealism, the apotheosis of impoverishment, which can be recognised by two features

– first: the honest man is the weak man, honesty is hypocrisy, the saint is the man with bad teeth who cannot bite. Truth is a phantasm. To claim honour is impudence. All cleanliness is suspect, this is the man who hid his filth. He who is disgusted with filth is a fanatic. Let's play the open card, be obscene and shameless. Anyone who stumbles over this is ripe for the mental hospital. Man has always been like this, and world history is a mess. What seemed high is the lie of deceitful impostors;

– secondly, homage to the insolent and the insidious and the ripper, envy that he who dares to be vile, admire the more insolent, and bow down before the more brutal and despicable. "The best business is treachery."

We know that this is the consequence of the fundamental depravity of human existence. The manifestation of this depravity is not crime in the first place. Crime is already a gross symptom; it is secondary at this moment. Crime does not count for victory. Here we are talking about the depravity that has become the victor of life, and with the consent of the greatest public. The actual scandal may be that of the glory of life, which is the glory of the one who defiles life. The fact that it can and does happen is the scandal. It is the triumph of corruption over the purity of existence; it is that which was not there in the original conception of existence, and it is that which is entirely a human work. In all probability, this is the real meaning of the Jesus trial. The God-man did not live to make sin disappear, but to fight against the corruption of existence.

to teach us protection. All holy books do this. In a corrupt existence, the absolute and prepotent power of filth over purity is unbearable. And what is happening today: the way to victory in life is now almost exclusively through conscious corruption. It is a scandal that life is the prey of those who defile it. The unanswered question in the history of the world is how man can endure this, and what he is capable of doing only to evade answering this question. The Gospel tells us that sin is not necessarily a bane of existence; Jesus brought sinners to Himself and spoke to them. The Penal Code is purely a disciplinary code of society and does not even touch on the fact of being corrupt. Jesus befriended prostitutes and tax collectors. Far beyond the *Sabbath* and the law of thou *shalt* not commit adultery, something new had to be formulated here, that a man's life is not won by keeping the law, but by touching no filth. If he does not live in scandal. If one avoids the blight, who knows, perhaps sin will disappear altogether. The idyll of Eden and Paradise and the Golden Age is the archetype of man's true existence, and the idyll is wounded by sin, but the wound is healed in the suffering of repentance. It is man's true and original instinct, which he has brought with him to make the earth his permanent home; it is the scandal that ravages life, the scandal, the scandal and the lewdness and the lewdness and the turmoil, the deceit and the confession, the terror and the deportation and the concentration camp. When the idyll is sullied and undermined and spat upon, and when all this becomes permanent behaviour, and when this behaviour becomes the only sure way to the values of life, and when without the sully of existence and the dark alliance with secret forces even daily bread becomes doubtful, then this is scandal. One can live in constant scandal, tainted by obscene powers, but in this case the possibility of realizing the idyll has disappeared, and the consciousness of the fundamental human order of life has vanished as the forces that destroy existence are unleashed. The holy book proposes a radical remedy. It says that victory in corrupt life is not to be triumphed over. Do not want power, fame, wealth. If you want to stay clean, resign. If one wants to win, it will only be a scandal. The pure life suffers and is broken, so suffer and be broken, it is still much better than being stale. One remains pure. Where? In paradise, that is, in essential existence, as the holy book says, in salvation. This is the fall in life. That is the tragic. But if one does it the other way round and sacrifices salvation for victory in life, that is the scandal.

The difficulty, of course, is that such things don't get through to those who need these thoughts. There are a great many intelligent people alive, and they write a comparatively great many intelligent books which agree on the important points. But the powerful, it seems, don't read good books, and so it is all said in front of people who know it anyway. Is there no way that those interested can be confronted with some truth? Or is it that in the frenzy of this world-historical catastrophe, the possibility of them waking up is out of the question, and if they think for a moment of anything other than their over-indulged obsession, they would become dizzy and unable to continue?

It is said of Pope Leo X that when the bags of money filled with Peter's coins were carried to the treasury, he stroked the bags and said: 'We are well rewarded by this legend of Christ. This is the scandal. This is the cynicism of the modern powers that be, for whom the idea of social justice pays so well. Of course, the Pope's attitude is a bit bohemian compared to the moderns, just as Cromwell's or Calvin's or Robespierre's is more adolescent than today's, who take pleasure in capturing someone who was their friend yesterday, stuffing excrement into his mouth and urinating in his face today. The man is suffering beyond imagination. He suffers because he cannot be clean. He is a coward to live a real life. Vile and despicable despair, not tragedy. This is the scandal.

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In the last fifty years, the event now being observed in human proportions has been repeated in parts in different parts of the earth. History is being led in a fateful direction, but the occurrence of a certain catastrophe is being ignored in a peculiar paralysis, under the influence of a stubborn and fallible hope (worldview) that is obviously completely unfounded. The disaster could have been avoided up to a certain point. The opportunity was missed, but the solution was still open. That too was missed, but some opportunities remain. Eventually the collapse occurred. Nietzsche says that it is unresolved issues that ruin a man's life. The disasters in the life of mankind are caused by unresolved issues. In the First World War, we saw brilliant paradigms in the case of the Tsarist and German imperial rule and the Habsburg monarchy. After the war, the peace treaties did little to settle anything, but created a host of new unresolved issues, the consequences of which were only to create new

another war. And with the end of the Second World War, all the questions were left pending, without exception, and now the unresolved questions of two world wars are waiting to be resolved, and predictably in vain. The unresolved issues have accumulated to such an extent that, it seems, only a tabula rasa can bring order. Is this what we are waiting for? Because everyone has given up on the ethos which, with patience and presence of mind, could carry out the clearing up with day after day of hard work. We do not have such a strong man. We are living in a situation where things have long been understood to automatically draw their own consequences, and it is as if we no longer have to wait for anything to happen before a final event (which all the signs are that it will not be favourable). Until the last moment, however, there is always only one option.

We are living in a time of increasing tension in the accumulation of events with an uncertain horizon, but undoubtedly dangerous. The threatening build-up of events towards an irrevocable conclusion fills us with a sense of unease that forebodes the worst. In this tension, which is becoming less bearable by the day, most of humanity is able to restore its equilibrium - to replace the normal life it has lost - only by taking desperate narcotics, and instead of living a real life, it lives in a stupor. He wants to know nothing but another glass of gin (vodka). The measure of health in historical epochs is, for the most part, sex; to the extent that the possibility of normal life is removed, sexuality is intensified. There is nothing more characteristic of t h e g l o w o f nerves than debauchery. Sex can be predictive. Innumerable phenomena in every part of the earth are undoubted signs that the possibility of the final event (Proust: *Sodom and Gomorrah*) is imminent.

Valéry asserts that whatever happens, life goes on. The fact is that living water, however contaminated, neutralises the toxins in a very short time and purifies itself. The fact is that life, like living water, consumes all impurities; life does not need disinfection. It does not need to be washed, it washes itself. Life, this holy virgin, who turns all ugliness into gold. However broken and filthy a man may return in the evening, as if in the darkness of night the dirt had been washed from him by some white power, in the morning life in him may be as crystal. This is the miracle of life.

One does not know to whom to thank that one has not received a part of it, but all of it. But it seems as if the water of life here, today, h a s lost this capacity for renewal, and the dirt is piling up, slag,

and we have a fearful anxiety about what will happen if it goes on like this, and we reach the point where there is no more. All possibilities for reparation are missed, we live in a superficial and momentary compromise, in arrangements that no one trusts, and all that matters is that we have gained a day, maybe only an hour, maybe only five minutes, but that is no longer clear.

The situation is being explained away as a quest for power, but that is wrong. The very explanation is an evasion of the solution. Things are not formulated, and therefore the consequences cannot be drawn. They wait for things to formulate themselves and present a ready-made situation. Until the consequences draw their own conclusions. But if one puts off settling things, things come loose at the last moment and start to fall. Now it's too late. Over the last fifty years we have witnessed some of these localised events; now it is threatening the whole.

From the moment that the final event should actually have taken place, a certain amount of time always elapses, and during that time at least one possibility remains open. This is a certain period of patience, which we also know from the recent past. At the moment, we are living in this period of patience, rather shakily, knowing that the hour in which the event should have taken place has already passed, the event has not yet taken place, and we are waiting in suspense.

Of course, we can live in this waiting for millennia. And there are those who predict that if the open clash between extremes, which might mean rapid destruction, can be avoided, this period of very slow continual default will follow, whose only task will be to preserve the state of the world. All over the world, every state is locked in extremism into its own conservatism, the decision is postponed from one day to the next, and always postponed, always a compromise, preferably with a validity of no more than a few hours, while man continues to be tense and anxious, over his head with accumulated defaults, the anxiety grows, but it is more and more suffocating, a high-pressure excitement, because things are worthy of disaster, but there is always only one option, and nothing to do, only to evade. Millions of armies will stand facing each other for hundreds of years, on strict alert, waiting for orders to fire, but not a single rifle will be fired, and the parties will sometimes negotiate, sometimes break off negotiations, sometimes go on a year's leave, and the meeting will be adjourned. Always just enough to keep things from falling on their heads, but

in this lies an unimaginable virtuosity, just slowly, very slowly, just not deciding, just not facing things, just not deciding, just no openness, no conclusions, no omission and procrastination and delay, no solution for the world, to remain in uncertainty and doubt, whatever it takes, to keep the way open to the only possibility.

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To develop a theory that assesses, exposes and screens corruption (the demonic power of the age), organizes forces with respect to the humanity of each, and thus not only provides personal protection and maintains vigilance, but offers hope of restoring a corruption-free existence.

Patmos III.

(1964-1966)

PREFACE TO SIN AND PUNISHMENT

Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* is not a symbolic work. It is probably nothing more than the story of a student. The student wants to study but has no money, so he kills the old satrap. He tries to motivate the murder by contrasting his poverty with the old woman's moneybags, thus making it look like an injustice. And there is something to it. That the young man, eager to learn, lives in poverty and at the same time cowers on the greedy old hag's rubles is not right. But Ryodion Raskolnikov beating the woman to death and taking her rubles is even less right. The student knows it, and everyone knows it. The fact is that the distribution of money in this way is unfair. But the fact is that if the loan shark is murdered and the bags are taken, the injustice does not become justice, on the contrary, it becomes a crime. The murder of a robber cannot be made out to be an act of justice. Dostoevsky takes this view, and so does every sane person who has ever read the novel.

Crime and Punishment is not a symbolic work, and it does not even vaguely suggest a more general meaning than that which it narrates. It is just that

the idea itself. It is so characteristically mid-nineteenth century, trying to digest the French Revolution and Napoleon. It may be added that it is influenced by Stendhal and Balzac. This was a period when greatness and career were mixed. For it must be remembered that Napoleon was a careerist, a careerist even more gifted than Julius Caesar, and the confusion in his understanding was always caused by the failure to separate greatness and careerism in him. Careerism can be defined as ambition that is indiscriminate in its means - and therefore impure. It is essential to distinguish it from ambitious ambition. Greatness has style, careerism only success. Greatness is a game, a career is a matter of staging. But what is the biggest difference between the two is that greatness is without a mirror (it is not a spectacle in itself), and a career is independent of talent or non-talent, and depends entirely on the application of validation techniques. Therefore, it cannot be said that a career is a poor greatness, only that a career is a sham.

This was certainly what Stendhal and Balzac failed to notice. The heroes of the age, all of whom are discussed in these works, seem to be ambitious of greatness, even though they are careerists. Without style. In Stendhal's interpretation, a man of genius, if he can justify it afterwards, perhaps by his work, can commit any villainy, *à la Napoléon*. In Dostoevsky's language: the talented student can beat the bastard to death in the interests of his career. Rodion Raskolnikov, in the time before the murder, is such a Stendhal figure, who believes that in order to get his way, rich old hags can be hit on the head with an axe without further ado. It was then that the era began, characterised by two traits: great wit - and that man's *moral insanity*.

More than half a century after Dostoyevsky, Theodor Dreiser wrote *American Tragedy*. This novel poses exactly the same question: is it sabbatical to kill for validation? Dreiser concludes that, because of the unjust social order, the responsibility for murder lies not with man but with society. This stereotypical phrase was taken as the cutting edge of the matter at the time, and we know this all the more because it is now taught in schools.

Before the murder, Rodion Raskolnikov was undoubtedly a Stendhal hero like Julien Sorel, possibly a character from Balzac, i.e. a contemporary careerist ready to commit Napoleonic atrocities to enforce his. After the murder was committed the thing changed.

Raskolnikov would have shrugged his shoulders at Dreiser's theorem, that he was actually trying to get himself out of the mess by doing the same thing, but that was on a theoretical level before he beat the woman to death. And now? He's like a dog about to bite, he's pulling up his gums and saying, "Yes, Mr. Society, come closer, don't be afraid, and look at me. What is this? (He shows his hand). Do you know what this is? I tell you, these are two hands. My two hands. I killed him with these two hands. You won't take this off me. You claim that the social order is wrong and that I had to kill the loan shark. Society is responsible for that. Because it's unfair that the distribution of money... - we know the rest. Look, if I could undo this whole thing, I would cut off these two hands. But I can't. I killed it, and now all I can do is take responsibility for it, go out and fill the cathouse. Twenty years? Well, twenty years. But I forbid you to spread any news about me that I wish to shift the blame to the unjust system of society. This injustice exists independently of my case, and it may have some, but very remote, rather theoretical role in the murder. But if my hand confesses to the murder, my tongue must not contradict it, for I would, I pray you, not only want to cut off my hand, but I should also want to tear out my tongue, for I would be lying. It was not society, it was me. What you say is insolent and cowardly sophistry. The responsibility is not society's, but injustice here, injustice there, I reserve it for myself and I don't pass any of it on to anyone else. I am a murderer, and I am proud to be able to admit it so bluntly. Contrary to your opinion, Mr. Society, please acknowledge this once and for all, be ashamed of yourself, and get out of my sight at once.

Today, of course, it would be a great relief if someone were to write the novel in which the hero kills and robs the old witch, enrolls in university and whistles his way through his studies. He dresses well, as the old woman's money is plentiful, goes to the best society, attends the theatres, concerts and vernissages, and eventually marries a millionaire English lady. It would have been a crime against God to leave the money in the usurer's dirty room. But above all, it would have been an irreparable loss to humanity if such talent had been lost. For the hero became a world-famous scientist, a university professor, a respected politician. With his family

lives in his own villa on the Riviera, his fortune in the best stocks, his rooms filled with some of the most beautiful Matisse's, even a Cézanne. This gentleman seems to have succeeded in eliminating the injustices of society to perfection.

The novel would, I think, encourage many, many thousands of tiny careerists, and, as psychology says, make them self-consciously more unscrupulous in their farting and portraying themselves, whether as actor or journalist or poet, politician, lawyer or professor of medicine, more free to be nerdy, sneaky, sneaky, the less dirty rascal the better. As we have learned from the works of Balzac. To be able to be sleepy for the sake of being valid.

Shakespeare had the old woman in mind, all the more so because everyone has the old woman in mind. How convenient it would be if you could knock her down, take the money and make a career. What if I could kill for a career? Macbeth and Richard III tried it, it went about like Raskolnikov. Shakespeare probably pondered something like that a lot, which you can see in *Coriolanus*. Coriolanus is a man who, in the spirit of pure greatness, rejects the vile methods of a career. Since then, Napoleon, no doubt with his lesser pranks of style, has brought the standard down, because Shakespeare's heroes still had style. Greatness has become a career, say, the murderer has become a whore, taste has sunk, man has become more undemanding, no longer wanting to rule, only to open a bank. After Napoleon came Rastignac.

After Stendhal and Balzac, people's hearts suddenly began to soften. The social order is wrong, and the crimes committed in this unjust society must be judged in a different way. Out of a soft heart and a sense of justice, they began to forgive the murderers of the robbers, because they had committed their crimes not out of a lust for life, but because of the unjust system. Moreover, the conviction has developed that prisons are full of innocent people. They began to forgive cheats and embezzlers, and those who lied for money, and those who committed sordid little outrages. As a result of the unjust set up of society, crimes and depravity have begun to be understood and forgiven. As, for example, at first only coups like Napoleon III's, and later on even such as Mussolini's and Hitler's. Or perhaps

careers like those of American billionaires. The misdeeds were not committed by two hands.

There was no attitude more characteristic of the era than compassion for the streetwalkers. Not necessarily out of sentiment. The sentiment that so naturally complemented bourgeois greed. It has been the height of humanity to weep over the fate of the Camellia lady. Of course, the courtesan has always been in a key position, we know from Dostoevsky, who speaks of her in *Crime and Punishment*, when Raskolnikov prostrates himself before her and weeps in the name of the suffering of humanity. But we also know it from the Apostle John, who tells how the sinful woman flees from her stoners to Jesus. It is just that it is difficult to confuse the sinful woman and the streetwalker in St Petersburg with the Camel lady. The sinner woman and the streetwalker are certainly a sign of greatness, the Camellian lady of career. There it is a question of a higher purity above a life of sin; here it is a lust for life. There the woman becomes a man, before whom the possibility of purification is open to the last moment; here it is a matter of the moon.

In an age of rebellion against the injustice of the social order, nothing was more fashionable, of course, than to feel about the fate of the poor. The poor man is the good man, the rich man the bad man. That is why everyone tries to acquire wealth in the shortest possible time. A whole host of suggestions have been made as to how this poverty can be eliminated, the most important of which is to take money from those who have plenty and give it to those who have none. Let everything be common. Or not? If the usurious old women resist, money can be taken from them by force. In the name of society. If necessary, in the interests of social justice, the rich can be killed. In this way you can take away the land, the factory, the business, the gold, the silver, you can strip people of their clothes and shoes and take the morsel out of their mouths. Let justice be done.

Property, of course, is not an easy thing. That is why the jubilation of those who found that at last, at last, there were some who dared to touch property could have been tempered. As far as I know, the bullies have been touching property for thousands of years, but, to their credit, they do so without any theory. There is always and inevitably an injustice attached to the fact that there is property. Man, and something else of which it is uncertain

belongs to it or not, but it's stuck with it. Let us say that the question of property can only be radically resolved by consciously renouncing it. There is no other way. For if my hat is lost and taken to an unknown landscape, even though someone else is wearing it, it remains mine. This is the property of property, that it remains personal property until one dissolves its relation to it by one's own discretion. The scope of property can be narrowed. If the scope of property is smaller than the scope of man's need for life, this is poverty. He whose security of life is not established is in need of property. This is why Guénon calls property an intervention, a more subtle intervention, which supports man with external things and helps him to live his own life. We know that we are all dependent on property. Property is therefore the material basis that we absolutely need for our personal security of life. And our personal security of life is, as is well known, extremely fragile. Property is protection, and anyone who takes my property deprives me of protection. It is easy to theorise. That property is distributed unfairly in society is not right at all. The distribution of property is unjust, but if property is taken away, there is no justice. On the contrary, as the case of Raskolnikov shows, it becomes a crime. Whoever does it, and on whatever theory, whether Jacobin, Napoleon, Julien Sorel, Rodion Raskolnikov, or a Council of State, does it.

At that time, of course, in the wake of the eighteenth century and the revolution, it was said that the just distribution of property was carried out in the name of the community. Today we know that Raskolnikov is right. Actions are carried out by that something. What is it? The two hands. The community does not act, and so takes nothing into public ownership. We know there is no such thing as a social act. Nothing is committed collectively, things are taken into public property by its composite members. You know what that is? Two hands. And then, instead of ripping out their tongues, the complicit members would say, this was the justice of society. The community did it. In the twentieth century we learned that communities do nothing, everything is done by two hands. And then they refer to the community with insolent and cowardly sophistry. The whole democracy of the twentieth century is characterised by the sophism of how conspirators in a tiny minority can make their own will appear to be the opinion of the majority.

The word 'crime' - because of its small diameter - is, of course, not at all appropriate to describe what is happening here. The murder of Raskolnikov is a crime, but the many small and large villainies committed by Napoleon and Stendhal or Balzac's characters in novels, which may be darker than the former, are not crimes, and are not even against any law, although we know that they are more serious. However, the perpetrators have not been imprisoned, on the contrary, they have made a career. The lying and slander of a desperate careerist against his opponent, or the usury of a greedy old witch, but many, many little words and deeds, out of envy or revenge, that is, out of lust for life, dishonesty and lying and treason and forgery cannot be prosecuted. The concept which links the great and open sin with the general level of blatant and disgusting ordinary impurity (from which the great sin mostly springs) is absent. What is missing is a word that would mark with the great sin the acts of the dirty and sordid pederasts, such as the hypocritical image of the Pharisees, and that would not allow them to be effectively separated from the acts that are contrary to the criminal code. This is the word with the larger diameter: '*licentiousness*'. It is a violation of existence which, regardless of who, under what circumstances, at whose expense, or why, has committed something by word, deed, thought or conduct, which offends and pollutes the existence of which we are all a part, tells us what it is all about. It is about destruction. Or, as the Gospel says, not only an eye for an eye, not only thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not seduce another man's wife, but it is also a blight on life to cast lustful glances at another man's wife, to slander, to betray, to betray, to deny, to cast an eye on another man's property, to leave the sick by the roadside, to refuse food to the hungry, to refuse clothing to the ragged, and to awaken revenge and envy, to hide from another what he needs, to mislead any, for you spoil another's existence, and everyone else's, and your own, and the whole. This is the corruption of existence that the Gospel has revealed and revealed. Not the blatant and bloody evils. It's also the minute by minute, barely noticeable sordid vile deeds. The corruption of existence extends to the whole of existence, and decides the fate of every generation that follows by the purity or impurity of the existence it creates here and now, because with every aspect of our being we constitute the existence that extends to all the existence that follows. Compared with the corruption of existence, sin is merely a moral evil, a crime a legal technical term, a social misdemeanour. The destruction of existence

ontological corruption, within which there is no distinction, at most, between degrees, between robbery or murder or fraud or lying or treachery, between the evil look, whatever the purpose for which it is committed, because it offends and defiles the being common to all living things.

Raskolnikov, when he killed the old woman, was committing a crime of depravity; of course, with his usury, the old woman was also living in depravity. But when Raskolnikov said that the woman had hoarded money and that it was unfair and should be taken away from her, he committed another crime. Anyone who says that the social order is unjust and that a man has the right to do justice in this way is committing a crime. Napoleon, when he misled and tricked and lied for his career, and deceived whom he could, as Julien Sorel did when he seduced an unsuspecting damsel without love for his career, he committed a crime against existence. But anyone who dares to claim that society is responsible for what it has done, for injustice, is also committing a disaster. Anyone who, even before giving up property, lays his hands on property commits an act of depravity, regardless of the theory he uses to justify his action, and even more deeply if he claims injustice in the distribution of wealth.

Crime and punishment go hand in hand. However, the destruction of life does not involve punishment, but reparation. The one who commits a blemish on existence owes it to mankind to make reparation for the blemish. For punishment is another ruin, another imprisonment, another loss of life, another loss of property. Order is not restored. Punishment is retribution, which is another upsetting of the balance. The balance of the world, upset by the destruction of life, can only be restored if someone who has committed the crime makes amends. The idea of sin and punishment is pagan. The Gospel teaching is that there is no sin, that murder and robbery cannot be separated from lying and slander, from greed and lust for life. Even to say to someone that he is *a crab* - a fool - is a violation of his existence. The corruption of our being, of the self, of you, of our existence, of universal existence, of the future, and order, if the corrupter is punished, is not restored unless the corrupted is made good. This is the only acceptable human behaviour. There is nothing extraordinary about it. What Jesus says is what any man would say if he were pure and simple enough.

There is a recent opinion that socialism and Christianity actually want the same thing. What do they want? To abolish the unjust structure of society, to distribute rights and goods fairly, so that greedy old women do not hide the money from the students who want to learn. The identification of Christianity with socialism is, of course, nothing more than the great, clear and blinding folly of the age.

Socialism arose in those Napoleonic times when greatness and career could no longer be separated, and it began to be believed that any depravity in the interests of career could be bravely committed, because the unjust social order could not prevent the genius of man from asserting himself, and man had a right to assert himself. Is it free to do an improper thing for the sake of assertion? The answer to this question in the days when socialism was born was that it was free. Of course, they do not realize that what one achieves is not greatness, but only a career. This is the secret of Napoleon's - and later all dictators' - tyranny. Citing the unfairness of the social order, small and large conspiracies seized power and began to proclaim socialism. This should be well noted and kept in mind: wherever there has been a reference to the community in recent times, it is always a conspiracy or criminal organisation that refers to the community, which is mostly nowhere to be found, if only and only to justify itself and to make its own will appear to be the opinion of the majority (as if what the majority says, just because it is the majority, is necessarily right). The social order is thus undoubtedly unjust and a blight on existence. But by taking away rights and wealth, socialism does not create justice, it creates another degradation. In vain does it wish to present this activity as justice, or even as the realization of final justice. If the old woman has the money, it is wrong. But if the money is taken away from the spinster, it is much worse, that is to say, it is a higher degree of ruin than the former. We cannot change this fact. Regardless of whether the depravity is perpetrated by the student Raskolnikov or by some organisation and apparatus, and regardless of the theory of social justice he invokes. The consequences of this depravity are tangible in Raskolnikov's being. The extent to which this sympathetic young man is stripped of the very essence of murder is chilling. It

it is said that when such a depravity is committed by collective consent in the community, there is no trace of this hideous disease.

Raskolnikov's being is subverted, he becomes like a mad dog, he retreats into a corner, he is narrow-minded, he is hateful, hysterical, raging, he really does not give the impression that he has done justice, and the way is open for his brilliant career. "What is this?" they ask. This, please, is a corrupt existence. Unhappy student! The communities that perpetrated the ruin of socialism seem to suffer from a similar disease. Morbid hatred, envy, greedy ambition, betrayal, nerdiness, gossip, strife. Society before socialism, in the bourgeoisie, was bad enough. Under socialism it is much worse. Although there is no such thing as collective remorse and guilt (collective hysteria, however, seems to exist), the community is as if everyone lives under pressure, evil faces sneer at each other out of the corner of their eyes, and everyone is dirty, it is certain that no order can be restored, and no community can be realized in a ruined existence. The dominant type is good in mind, lousy in character. "What is this?" they ask. This is a corrupt existence. An unhappy society!

Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* is not a symbolic work. The novel is the story of a student, Raskolnikov, who kills an old woman for money, and motivates his murder by claiming that the unjust social order gave him the right to do so. The novel does not suggest any other meaning, yet it seems as if it does. Beyond the middle of the last century, Dostoevsky, like other prominent figures of his time, contrasted the idea of social injustice with the two dominant theories of its elimination, in the case of the Russians, Slavophilism and Socialism. The former later gave rise to fascism, the latter to communism. Slavophilism, like other nationalisms, sought to establish order in the historical vocation of a people and its unity. Dostoevsky understood this historical vocation as the need to base the truth of society on Christianity. It is the mission of the Russian people to accomplish this task. It is for this reason that Dostoevsky had to confront the other conception, namely socialism, as he later did in fact confront it (see *The Devil's Own*).

There is no doubt that the old woman is living in a state of ruin. Her destructiveness is to exploit the injustice of society and to engage in usury. But if the

student steals the old woman's money, he is certainly committing an even more serious crime and has not remedied the injustice of society, even if he graduates brilliantly, makes a career, becomes a professor of medicine, a highly respected and admired doctor, and buys a villa on the Riviera. The impact of socialism is due to the fact that it allows the destruction of existence, that is to say, it recognises the taking of property as an act of justice. That kind of thing was very popular at the time. For two thousand years, the Gospel has been protested against because it refuses to allow such a pleasant solution, nor even to allow someone to call another person a crab. It does not allow the parasitism and exploitation of other people's goods, nor any legal basis for such a thing to be done on the grounds of injustice, nor does it allow anything to be taken from another, not even a matchstick, even if the poor and talented student wants to use it to complete his studies, or even if he wants to do away with the injustice of society.

Injustice cannot be committed in the interests of justice. This is impudent and cowardly sophism. And sin for this act is an obsolete religious technical term, utterly invalid, because it appears to be a matter of the victim and the offender. What is happening here, however, is the common cause of all of us, because we are all equally offended and wounded and offended when anyone is robbed or plundered or has their property confiscated and taken into public ownership, and all this is called social justice. That is why socialism is a blight on existence. The forcible taking of property cannot be presented as an act of justice. For then we cannot say a word if Hitler and Stalin later made deportation and mass executions and genocide look like an act of charity.

Everyone always knew that something was wrong with socialism. Not in the general sense that it has minor defects that can be corrected. The principle of socialism is absolutely wrong because it systematically and principledly seeks to make a career out of the old woman's moneybags. This is an idea from the novels of Stendhal-Balzac, which is based on the belief that it is possible to make a living in order to make a career. To believe such a thing is insane. But insanity is complete when you believe that you can do justice to it and operate on the theory that this is what community does on behalf of the community you do.

Appropriate? Take the bag of money from the old ladies? Who? The community? The community? - The hands. The language. Always the language. Which, rather than allowing it to explain itself, one would do best to rip out.

Socialism, in all likelihood, did not come to deliver social justice, but to create a new and more sophisticated (more organized, more apparatus) system of power for small conspirators, where injustice is immeasurably greater than before. See Dostoyevsky. Socialism is a system of power that makes man vulnerable by depriving him of his personal property. Man without property is forced to live in servitude, and cannot even find a basis in his mind, because the theoretically organised tyranny (see *The Devil's Own*) deprives man of his counter-arguments even in theory. Socialism has taught us only one. That, however bitter, it is always better to endure misery and poverty than to be a hoodlum or to join the hoodlum conspiracy and, on a higher level, to plunder whoever comes my way, on theoretical grounds of the unjust social order. The fact that property was touched did not reduce the injustice, it increased it.

Sin, a concept from the Hebrew tradition, adopted by the Christian religion of the Middle Ages, is a residual term that is not even adequate to denote what is. If one retains the notion of sin, one can have hundreds of cases like that of Raskolnikov, where, behold the robber-murderer, who is in fact a man of quite extraordinary integrity; behold the triumphant emperor, who is a man of quite extraordinary villainy and careerism; Behold the public-spirited citizen, who is a greedy and avaricious philanderer; behold the famous poet, who is a desperate traitor, and, moreover, a swindler and a swindler; behold the fervent religious high priest, who is a prisoner of the prison. All this because the sin must be connected with the punishment, otherwise the thing makes no sense. There is only sin if there is punishment as a consequence. If there is no punishment, the sin is invalid. However, this is not true.

A man can be immersed in the ruin of existence up to his head, and live in total ruin, if he commits no so-called crime, no harm is done. And that is what the Gospel says is intolerable. Not sins, but people with corrupt lives. The Gospel does not look at the crime, but at whether or not the person is living in depravity. Not individual sins

It looks at the individual things that may or may not be committed, but (see the sinful woman) at the effort of redemption in the midst of ruin. Sin remains sin and is a ruin, and cannot and must not be forgiven. But the wound of sin on the body of existence can be healed by reparation. Except in one case, which the Gospel calls a sin against the Holy Spirit, and which may be defined as a betrayal of existence, to make evil appear good, ugliness attractive, injustice just, in our case the fact that the two hands have killed and robbed, the tongue has lied, but man blames this on the injustice of the social order.

The notion of subsistence offers man the opportunity to reconcile, let's say, internal and external discord on a global scale. The only task of the federation of the peoples of the earth is to see to the purity of the life of the peoples. Wherever, for whatever reason, a blight of whatever nature is committed, not to impose punitive warfare or retaliation (another blight), but to make reparation obligatory. Not only in the relations of nations among themselves, but especially in the internal affairs of nations, which are also a matter for the world. There can be no hiding. The purity of internal affairs is a matter for all mankind. Impurity is a danger to all other peoples. The prohibition of interference in internal affairs is one of those impudent and cowardly sophisms which have already been mentioned. It enables the destruction of existence and protects the snake's nest. Destructive state arrangements may be abolished by the confederation of peoples for the intact existence of mankind. Fascism and communism are above all such. A terrorist and dictatorial and corrupt and greedy and money-hungry state system makes the intact existence of other peoples impossible.

There is no way that any people can voluntarily choose terror, dictatorship, exploitation, lying, when it is possible for them to live under humane laws. It is out of the question for anyone to have a different opinion about normal human existence and to give it up for some fantasy. Anyone who deviates from this must not be punished, but must be made to make amends.

The introduction of the notion of 'being' removes the distinction between individual and collective existence, for here individual and collective cannot be separated, but what can be separated, and what must be separated, is

intact and corrupt existence. The corruption of existence is never committed by several people together by common consent, but always by only two hands. Responsibility is personal. Society cannot be held responsible for its actions. That society does and can do something, anything, is headless nothing. This idea is a social prank. Always two hands. It is forbidden to blur responsibility in general society. Society never forces anyone to commit villainy, not Raskolnikov, not Napoleon, not dictators, not the loan shark old woman. There is no injustice that can only be redressed by another ruin. That a student has no money to pay for his education is no reason to put down the loan shark. That the distribution of property in society is unjust is no reason to take it all away. We know that the idea of the distribution of property was not suggested by common sense, but by the sentiment that the poor man is the good man and the rich man the bad man. The condition of establishing economic justice is not at all such a sentimental anointing. Sentimentalism is notoriously dangerous, with bestiality at its heart. The bloodthirsty dictators have always been sentimental people. But the fact that the state is in turmoil is no reason to shoot people to death. This is not a crime, it is a continuous degradation of existence, which cannot be dealt with by punishment. It is a degradation that must be atoned for, and not socially, because society is not responsible for anything, it is not a conscious being, it has no reason and no conscience.

Crime and Punishment is not a symbolic work, because it does not seem to refer beyond itself, and is merely the story of a student of Raskolnikov. Yet it seems as if Dostoevsky had something more general in mind, such as the question of the unjust ordering of society, and in connection with it the responsibility for actions, the passing of this responsibility on to the community, and what crime and punishment are, and whether or not the concept of crime is satisfactory, and on this unheard-of delicate matter of crime and punishment, should not some more definitive and apt term be applied, and, if we have this term, what if we apply the concept of the ruin of life to social and historical relations, in addition to the individual fate of life, and what would be revealed if, with the help of this word, one were to attempt to measure this socialism or whatever, and to break it down a little and look into it, not only because one is so curious and wants to know how loud words sound in reality, but

but also to see a little more clearly in the unprecedented confusion that exists.

THE UNKNOWN
(Demon and idyll)

The inconsiderate is a so-called ordinary being, in the sense that it is really ordinary, commonplace, rude, that is, uneducated and inconsiderate. A rude person who has no idea of nobility, let alone generosity, is not even that. He is neither forgiving nor forgiving. Incivility is a reduced fitness to live together; it is mostly a total incapacity. It is difficult to live with such a creature, because this being has no sense of humane community. He has no friends, no relatives, no family, and if he does have any in practice, so much the worse. Because it has no real relationship. It does not accept equality with other human beings. He claims privileges, stomps his feet, reaches into the bowl first. He sets himself apart from the rest. Out of inconsideration. But he has no idea that it is inconsiderate. He knows something is wrong, but he believes it's not him, but the others. But he does not go so far as to admit it. It is precisely because of his indiscretion. He is above criticism. He is untouchable. Any criticism would be unfair, even an insult. Some confused notion of the exception, which of course is also inconsiderate. He alone has the right to judge. He is probably a marginal in the human community, someone on the edge, half out of it. In all cases, incivility is offensive, not to someone personally, but to the peace of mind of the community. Indiscretion towards others is an insult to me. And it is not stepping on my toes, but instead of calling me by name, shouting at me, hey, or hello. This is a hopeless case. Hopeless? - That's a scary thing to say. Because what does it mean, hopeless? It means that I've got a chance here, but, say, in the afterlife, I've got no chance. In the afterlife, in the final existence. Where man actually is. It is hopeless because it evades self-reflection and thus has no possibility of purification. Therefore, the word "*I*" is used twice in each sentence. Not out of selfishness, because he is not selfish. If only he were. He has no more regard for himself than for anyone else. What he does have regard for is obsession and anger. No being is less lovable. For which the formula is this: wherever I go, I am loved. And he adds, moved, "I am already like that.

The inconsiderate stands alone and naked, and whatever he does, he remains naked and alone. In constant suspense and without any help. He has to be on the defensive. Defence, of course, must at all points be separated from what is called protection . Love

is unjustifiable, and not for this or that reason, but because it needs no justification, that is, it is a given fact of existence, but it is love that dissolves man's loneliness and envelops him. Love is protection. Love, apart from being love, is also protection, and the only real protection against being here in the world, naked and alone. Lao-tzu says that a good defence is to guard oneself with love. Protection is something else. One must defend oneself if one lacks love, if one refuses to be in communion with others, if one exalts oneself and intrudes. He who is not loved and who is not guarded by love must hide. That is, he must defend himself. To live without protection is impossible; but protection is futile, because some part of me always remains uncovered and must be covered up. To live without love is an experiment in desperation. He is not loved and does not love; at most he flatters or bribes.

In fact, he wishes to be called miserable. Then at least she'd be pitied and could crawl into this little hole with the others. Still something. He'd be relieved to be the unlucky one. It's the relief he's been waiting for, and always has. Nothing but miserable. That's the distraction, the excuse. It is because he is vulgar and uneducated, it is because he is unloved and alone, it is because he is naked and naked and hiding and hiding and hiding that he is miserable. But it would be an abomination if it turned out that he is not. If it turned out that there were no alien reasons, no injustice involved. And it is actually and constantly abhorrent when you think that the moment when it will turn out is coming, and you will not avoid it. In vain he drags on, it only gets more serious, and in the dark room he is even more afraid. He must one day find out that he is not unfortunate, but inconsiderate, and that his transgressions are infinitely more serious than those of all those he has incessantly blamed and held responsible.

For, after all, it is an extreme and ultimate case of what is called the unpardonable. That is to say, what only he could forgive, and first of all to himself. This: diligence in the ruin of life. It is not a simple corruption of life, and it is not a one-off and not continuous and not accidental and not exceptional. With care and diligence, with knowledge and conscience, it is an unceasing and invincible corruption of all that is life, that bores and undermines, wounds and poisons, upsets, and cannot but defend itself, hide itself,

to complain, to suspect, to accuse, and above all to corrupt. Not out of selfishness. Selfishness is at least dishonest.

To be alone and naked is to be miserable. It is a category of existence with which everyone is intimately familiar. The only thing to do with misery is to admit it and endure it. It is usually said that only good religion can do this. The religion of this wretch, however, is merely to represent. It wants to be good. When he takes communion, he makes sure that the wine is served from a separate cup. He is defensive, always defensive. An obsession with impurity. Hygiene and doctor and medicine. He attaches such importance to sterility as if it were purity. Why do you feel soiled? Is it always something dirty? Excessive hygiene is an evasion of actual cleansing. Because there is no idyll. Because you have never been a child. You cannot be intimate. That's why his presence is so distressing and uncomfortable, even for himself, of course. If only she could be without herself! It's a public disturbance. A misery that fears nothing so much as being exposed. Everyone will see it. The arrogance is gone. For a man who bases his being on hiding, there is hardly a greater disaster. A man can never be so alone, and never so naked, as when he is publicly humiliated on the pillory. To endure humiliation, one needs much more than to drink from the fountain of holiness, which is called the fountain of reconciliation. Is there anything further apart than incivility and reconciliation?

When one sees him with his back bent, his head down and his eyes looking sideways upwards, one has the impression that he is carrying a hidden burden, perhaps a dark memory from his past life, which may not be true, because for him the boundary between the true and the untrue is blurred. After all, he is not sure whether anything has happened or not, and what might happen he forgets in a very short time. Only obsession and anger. In his imagination, he confuses an event that happened twenty years ago with a fantasy he thought of five minutes ago. In any case, he does not believe that there are facts. Only impulses. Out of indiscreetness, of course. Yet the fact is something solid, and there is loyalty in it. The facts he does not believe, probably because he thinks it is to disguise the fact that he is really him; that is, he is who he presents himself to be, and whose part he plays on the stage of life. He is not satisfied with himself. He may be who he is not. This is, say, the reverse Vedanta, not erasing the illusion from existence and retaining reality, but erasing reality and retaining the illusion.

Just to stay hidden. For him, there is only psychology. His basic word is spirituality and state of mind. As if such things were his prerogative. And it's as if he wants to deny his soul, or at least hide it well so that no one will see it. Modern psychology has replaced the knowledge of love in our lives. Living in love is a vivisection instead of a living together in love. That is why today there is no communion, only collectivity. We are without attraction. And to escape from this is almost impossible, what is possible is to suffer from it. Brotherhood instead of analysis, human knowledge instead of wiring. That is inconsiderate. It is psychology that saves the tactless from looking into themselves and teaches them the subtle ways of ruining life. Because fear and terror are linked, and the more one fears, the angrier the terrorist. His tactless voice can be recognised by the fact that he is both afraid and frightened. If he is indifferent, he is still like a battering ram. But usually he's either flattering or insulting. He flatters with insolence (I'm being nice) or insults with insolence (I'm doing justice). He flatters those he fears and insults those he doesn't. But what is said to him, he cannot interpret differently. It is always temper. He can't decide whether to fear or frighten. But he'd rather make it worse. He has a frightening look in his eyes when he's both running and hating. It is the eye that is eager to scorn, especially the left eye, which is smaller and lower than the other and has a slanted axis, the fury eye. It hates bright positives, transparent cheerfulness, **c h e e r f u l n e s s** and humour, intimacy and idyll. No one has ever seen him just sit and discourse and laugh. Especially they had never heard him purr. Everything in his house is uncomfortable and awkward, you can't even sit down properly. For him there is no sunny garden, sparkling water, clear sky. The mood must be upset. No creature is less idyllic. Idyll is the beginning of all coexistence. Insensitive to pleasure? No. Where he sees joy, his face turns green and he tramples it underfoot. Disfigured features, moaning, weight, anguish, tears, November and gloomy mornings. Always that which is morbid. Horror of the erotic. A desperate and desperate protest against what could once be something happy. Always mourning, impure mourning, feeling himself a participant in every death, certainly because he would have liked to have been an active participant in it, to have killed, needing to justify himself in some way that the one who killed was not him, but in himself arousing suspicion that he was, and that this was the great triumph. It's a waste of life, at least in thought. Kill, subvert, rampage, rampage. To mystify him, or not him, the less, the more. And to blame another for it, to see oneself as a victim, to resent the other for it, and to blame it on the eyes of another

and blame it on others. The resentment, the reproach, well disguised, that is, defiantly, with a showy justification, to plead how much he suffers from the faults of others, to avenge this, but to hide the revenge, to feel remorse for the hiding, to pass it on to others, to deny the passing on, and to make an accusation against others out of the whole, because he is the good one.

If at one end of the world is idyll, at the other is demon. Therefore, if the inconsiderate is anti-idyllic, it is necessarily demonic. The demon can be recognized by his temper, his obsession, and his drive. And what it opposes and is the enemy of, and what it must corrupt, is the child, order, serenity, cheerful simplicity, intimacy, humour. It draws its strength from its alliance with the forces of darkness. He does not think, but obsesses; he does not feel, but is impulsive; he is not active, but is in the pursuit. He demonizes his environment, but this is not naive murder, for then he would be a villain at best; in this situation, a guilty conscience is an empty boast. Wronging life is unforgivable. It is the result of intimate association with demons, which cannot even be confessed. The demon must necessarily and always be renounced, and therefore one cannot live in the consciousness of a demonic alliance. Demonism is only possible as hiding. Therefore, the demon fears nothing so much as the light. The sun must evaporate. The inconsiderate hides deeper and deeper from the sun. It is incapable of a me-you relationship. The demon has no you. In its inner dialogues it clears itself of self-accusation, argues, proves itself right, and passes the buck. It's always someone else's fault. He is a bad sleeper. At night, he makes defensive speeches. The trouble is, he doesn't believe it. He has no other relief. His demons whisper powerful words to him in these desperate rants, which he uses during the day and attacks with. Filled with accusation and questioning, against which there is no defence, for there is no truth in it.

He does not live among real people, but among nightmares. His friend is the one who cheats and exploits him. That is what he trusts. What happens to her is not a real event but a nightmare, she mistakes herself for her demonic imposter, and her only excuse is that she is sick. Yes, being sick. If it weren't for that, that is, if he didn't blame the ruin of life on the illness, he would have had to have had a clue long ago, otherwise he wouldn't have made it. Awareness of illness is a safe haven. Illness is a privilege. It can always be invoked. Oh yes, he needs extra leniency. You must not attack. It must not be criticized. But he can criticize and attack. He may be vulgar, he may be unloving, he may be miserable, he may be obsessed, he may be irritable, he may be impetuous, he may be in a state of chase,

he can be abusive, he can have fits, he can throw himself to the ground, he can be hateful, he can be spiteful, he can be venomous, he can be fearful, he can be terroristic, he can be diligent in the ruin of life - he can be inconsiderate.

The instincts of destruction, which in man are condensed into an autonomous complex, are called demons. This is of course a modern definition, entirely psychological. For the moment there is no other. The demon, however, cannot be grasped by psychology. It's much more atmospheric, yet much more concrete, than what this definition says. First, the demon has no face. You cannot look it in the eye. It cannot be made to confess. Not b e c a u s e it lies (hides), either out of instinct or out of its characteristic inconsistency, but what it has is not a face, but a system, an organization and apparatus of certain life-destroying forces, but it does not take shape. It cannot be a living being, only a web. It is deeply woven into man, so deeply that, to the unsuspecting, it seems as if it could not be separate from life, and that the destruction of life is a property of existence. More recently, psychology has become convinced of this, believing that the instinct of life is in fact the instinct of death. This time, however, it is not death that is at stake, but the ruin of life, and the two should not be confused. Life, it seems, is a monster which devours itself, which when it runs out, devours itself. The chimera, which when it is born and begins to live, begins to destroy itself, and devours itself until it is lost to us in nothingness. So the main function of life is to destroy life. But that is not the frightening thing. Life itself is chimera, we know that. The scary thing is that the life-destroying forces begin to condense and become a self-powered system over life, and take power over life.

Life has two faces, the child and the fury. The two are always separate. It is rare that two things do not have a point of contact somewhere. But the child and the fury never meet. Nor can they ever meet, because the child lives in idyll, and if there is anything that the fury hates and envies and is jealous of and wants to upset and destroy and poison, it is the idyll. If there is anyone whom the demon necessarily and always wants to corrupt, it is the child. The demon has no childhood, perhaps it lost it, perhaps it was born that way. It is the inconsiderate. For idyll is precisely tact and tenderness. That is why it is so simple and clear and calm and serene. The demon is the one who has no contact with the Garden of Eden through himself. He who has not brought with him the fragrance of Paradise, and who does not keep it within himself as the honey of his being.

Idyll is not good. *Agathos*, as the Platonists say. It is peculiar, but good is also a species of the demonic. Man challenges evil with the good, and the despot with the sacred. To mend is to destroy, the Tao teaches. Unbearable goodness! The idyll of being a child. A child is not sweet. A child is not good. It is idyll in which existence, burning in the blind and dark fires of creation, is transformed into a soft and glowing warm light. Where a gentle gentleness shines out of brutal exuberance. The world is not the scene of the struggle between good and evil. It is the colossal concept of being that in the whole and all being, good and evil are one and the same; this is when the cold fire of ice radiates like the warmth of light.

The demon is that against which bona fide humanity has been struggling for many thousands of years, and which it seeks to restrain by law and self-discipline, morality and asceticism. But through which the demon always crosses. Where does this terrible power come from? And what can be done here? Only one thing, it seems, that the authentic man says: do not resist. Which is not passivity. Non-resistance is certainty and elevation. To let go. To become nothing. Some Buddha monuments depict an empty throne. Not weakness, but tenderness. Not indulgence, but reconciliation. This is what the Hindus call dissolution in being. This is the Chinese Tao. Which is not the disintegration of the personality, but the dissolving of the dense core of the destructive forces in man into the positivity of being. Which is idyll. What the Hindus call nirvana. The Hebrews call it the bosom of Abraham. What religions say is salvation, and no mongrel nation is ignorant of it, and the idea is preserved in a pitiable form by rationalism, which calls it utopia.

The demon is always and immediately recognizable. Destruction cannot be committed now and then and a little. And it cannot be hidden. He who is not in an idyll necessarily lives outside it. Outside of it, which means against it, in the turmoil of corruption. The child is not innocent. The child, as Bataille would say, lives in the world of the rising sun. He is awake and open to and accepting of all existence. There is what is. There is nothing to add to it, nothing to take away from it. It is always whole. Kassner writes that the child is the whole and the true person. He can accept the whole because he is himself the whole. The wholeness and truth of the person rests on the golden age of consciousness. It is not corrupt, it is not rotten, it lacks nothing, it has not lost its life, its light, its fragrance, its aura is intact. For the child is a person, all his relations are clear and single, to his parents, his friends, his angels, his doll and his shoes. The child

is not a matter of age, it can be an artist, a thinker, a woman, a saint. What is deepest and most secret is the least that can be hidden. Boehme seems to be right, the mystery is the obvious. Clothed in modesty, without heaviness.

The Chinese, the Hindu tradition, the Kabbalah teaches that the guardian of the threshold between the demon and the idyll is the woman. She is the mistress of demons, who, as they said in the Middle Ages, possesses the knowledge of the differentiated and can trample the head of the serpent. In her being, under her peculiar and high influence, the demon of mysterious exuberance can become an idol. It is the woman who lives in inner intimacy with the demon, and has unconditional dominion over the life-destroying forces. But because she does, if she does not restrain them, she unleashes them on man. The depraved woman is an abominable power, stronger than all knowledge and all morals and all laws. The corrupt woman is not a sinner, but a demon. She is the irresistible invasion of the corruption of life, which by its self-possession destroys all tranquillity, against which man tries in vain to defend himself by a standard order of life. There is no serene and sure equilibrium that is not upset and laughed at. The guardian of the golden age is woman, and she who upsets the golden age, woman, in intimate and lewd intimacy with demons, as Virgil says, unleashes the underworld on man. Man crushes the child with his ambition, woman with her demonic corruption of life. Not that he wants to destroy the idyll. It's not as if he's upsetting the idyll. Why? For domination? For the corruption itself. Which is the demonic. Let there be no idyll, let there be no upheaval, let there be uproar, let there be disturbance, hatred and strife and blood, anger, obsession and chase. Boastful, lascivious and lying. The demonic seed grows thicker and harder. The Self is the centre of man's hunger for life for himself, the concentrated life. Thirst. Even if it eats away at one's being, or even more so. Unashamed and shameless and sleepy and grinning. Of all the manifestations of the demon, the most vile is the flirtatious demon.

The demon is the opposite of grace. In the Middle Ages, it was said that nature is not man's final place, because our world is full of demonic forces. Here and thus man can never be at home. This is not idyll. Man's activity must be to achieve a state of grace. But the realization of grace is not up to man. Grace is precisely that which can only be received. Yet, it is not won and cannot be won by anyone who is not ready for it. What is it when you are ready? Not to resist. Reconciliation. Just not the demonic corruption of life. Only the child. The term for this is.

conversion, what the Greeks called *metanoia*, the Hebrews *tesuvah*, the Romans conversion. In fact, it means conversion. To turn one's back on demonic activity, to turn from the corruption of life and return to childhood, and to realize that human existence can only be whole and pure in idyll. The turnaround has been confused with religion, but it has nothing to do with religion, if only because, regardless of religion, this step was known to all peoples of the earth in ancient times. To return to what is pure and simple in man. Dostoyevsky's Prince Mishkin and Karamazov's Alyosha are such an attempt to exorcise and to ground life in childhood. For what the demon does not know is reversal. So much so that the demon must be called the inability to turn around. The demon is restlessness and agitation in idyll. One for whom order and clarity are unbearable. Whose element is rampage and spitting, clamour and indiscreetness, and from which it cannot turn.

If the corrupt man, instead of being like the child, turns against the intact being and corrupts it, it is called demonism. Demonism is not a moral, not a psychological, not an existential, but an ontological category, because it affects existence itself, in its intact or corrupted state. The turning away is never done consciously, but it is never done without consent. By suggestion. But suggestion is itself demonic. It is not a question of consciousness or unconsciousness, but of purity or impurity. To give up demonism is to overcome the opposition to intact being and to turn back towards the original direction of being (*metanoia*). The centre of the demonic man is the Self, but not out of selfishness, the demonic man does not love himself, but is selfishly selfish. He feels that he has been cut short, that he has less, and so he begins to demand more. Why is it not enough? He is always hungry. Because he has no idyll. To spoil life is not instinct, but rage and madness. It corrupts what it thirsts for and destroys what it wants to achieve. This is the demonic. No psychology, biology, physiology, or morality applies to demonism. It is a peculiar mix of crime and frenzy, lying outside the realm of mathematical probability, unexpected and astonishing and challenging, at once a depravity and a gloating over depravity. One glimpse of it and it is gone; one reaches for it, but it is gone; one begins to examine it, but it is no more. The visible quality refers to that which is not visible, but which holds it within; but the reference is deceptive, because it is not within, and the reference misleads. All this is the demon. It is and is not at the same time. Not

irrational, but false. At once personal and impersonal. The consistency of reason is more fragile than that of obsession, the fervour of emotion is more feeble than that of impulse, the force of action is less than that of the hair. In a corrupt existence, man is the plaything of the demon until he turns. Therefore, in a corrupt existence, life and destiny and community, cohabitation, love, marriage, friendship, art, thought, reason and history are imbued with demonic forces; demonic foci are unleashed at every point of reality.

MIRACLE

We have few books of the same importance as even a mediocre work of the Chinese or Arabic or Hindu tradition. Europe is bogged down in the excitement of history and does not even get to the question of existence. It does not touch reality, at best it is interesting. It is therefore uninteresting. *La Rochefoucauld's* would be among these few books, if his basic premise were correct. The basic word is selfishness. There is nothing more wrong than to take the basic words in their wrong sense.

La Rochefoucauld assumes that selfishness is self-love. In this he agrees with the two thousand year old convention of Europe. He considers love to be something that is nothing more than the instinct of the mother monkey. She sprays her foetus and stuffs it with candy. Of course, such a mother sometimes eats her children, and sometimes does worse to them, in what is known as careful parenting. La Rochefoucauld's definition: God punishes man for his original sin, and therefore allows him to turn his self-love into an idol which then corrupts every moment of his life.

I not only want what is good for the beloved being, but I know what is good for him. Selfishness wants the good of the self, but has no idea what is really good. Love is taking on someone's difficulties in order to make their life more beautiful. Why? Because I love. Love is not hysteria, not the mixture of sentimentality and bestiality that is La Rochefoucauld's selfishness. Self-love is not selfishness. Selfishness is man's hunger to live for himself. We must realise that we do not live in self-love, but in a hunger for life.

Erich Fromm, in his book on the fear of freedom, explains this idea with exemplary clarity. Selfishness is not self-love, he says.

Selfishness is a species of insatiable appetite, the selfish can only be concerned with himself, fearing that he will not get enough and will miss out, imbued with envy of all who have more. The selfish therefore lacks the basis of a secure sense of self, a sense of self. He only adores himself, he only indulges himself, he is enchanted with himself. Narcissism? Perhaps, yes. In any case, a lack of love. The modern European lives in this self-obsession and self-absorption, the only living part of which is to plunder and swallow oneself alive. The selfish man lives in the torture of the thirst for life, and the selfishness demon proves to be more powerful than the most powerful in man, the Eros. No love, says La Rochefoucauld, is stronger than flirtation. The pleasure given by the other man and the other sex is not equal to the pleasure given by oneself. Flirtation sacrifices the other to itself, love to selfishness. I, I. Selfishness, which robs itself and others momentarily for the sake of life, all for me, to devour and swallow, moreover, knowing that what it does is wrong, hides it all by an elaborate mechanism, because, as La Rochefoucauld writes, it allows its wickedness to be revealed only in the light in which it wishes it to be seen.

Self-love is a permitted, even obligatory, behaviour. One must love oneself. Self-lust, on the other hand, is an aberration. Self-love seeks to restore and maintain the integrity of being in itself; selfishness accepts life in this particular corruption, however it may be, and froths it up, for in life, in particular, there always remains of some original elemental wine-flavoured honeyed intoxication.

La Rochefoucauld calls self-love what is in fact and in fact man's hunger for himself, because all the pleasures of our life are tied to our bodies, that is, to our selves. Anyone who has ever read a single sentence of *Maxims and Reflections* knows that the analysis of this demonic hunger for self in La Rochefoucauld's work is perfect. Which means that, among the historical and literary improvisations that predominate in Europe, the formulation of this work is definitive and authentic. It is just that the word 'self-love' must be replaced throughout the book by the expression 'hunger for self'; selfishness is man's demonic hunger for himself, in all probability the first cause of the error of our corrupt existence.

Neither Chuang-ce, nor Patanjali, nor Hallage would have confused the concepts of self-love and self-hunger. For those whose world is

has even the faintest idea of the original order of things, he makes no such mistake. But more than that. Selfishness, or the lust for life, has been and remains a reprehensible sin in Europe, from the beginning to the present day. The only thinker who did not make this mistake was Jakob Boehme. *Gier* (roughly the Hindu *kama*), or covetousness, need not necessarily be a vice. The basis of our existence is not clear, but paradoxical; we live always in contradictions and contradictions, always in ambiguities. The longing for life should not necessarily be avoided. The highest degree of existence, says the Sufi, is to rise in the raging flames of this elemental greed. This is what Islam calls *myrrh*. For God desires with his body, like Hallaj or Rabia. He wants to taste it and inhale its fragrance, so the Sufi calls his knowledge of God succulent knowledge (*marifa*). If one wants to get an idea of what it is like, one need only compare this *marifa* with the knowledge of modern science. Modern science has a gypsum surface of cognition. As the Sufi cognizes, it is bright and fiery and delicious, like sweet grapes. What is that smell? Like lavender? Like pine or laurel? At the final stage of cognition, when the mirage is realized and the soul is united with the highest, there is a rapture like that of exceptional love in exceptional moments. There were those who could interpret cognition in this way in Europe, in the spirit of the Gospel, but most were frightened by the prudish priests. A few poets remained, Milton, Hölderlin, Wordsworth, Keats. My senses are made to know God with my finger and tongue and nose and ear. For it is the thirst (greed, *kama*, *trishna*, *libido*) in me that was open, and remains open, and can never be closed. The hunger for life cannot be quenched. The hunger for life is that I am torn and I have to eat and drink and suck in and swallow. This is why Boehme says that the Holy Spirit (*pneuma hagiū*) is nothing but a sacral craving. This again depends on the correct interpretation of the words.

In Europe, the hunger for self has not been overcome, and so for two thousand years there is nothing but exuberant exuberance on one side and self-destructive self-denial on the other. For self-consuming asceticism is nothing but a form of self-hunger, just as the hunger for life is nothing but self-mortification. In the torture of craving, we live in greed for life. Therefore, the history of Europe is nothing but an effort for power, for wealth, for prolongation of life, for luxury, for pleasure, and at the same time for the

denial and devouring of life and self-torture. It is a dog's breakfast between total renunciation of the world and an uninhibited thirst for life. As if our holy book didn't teach that one is just as bad as the other. The world must be lifted up, or if you like, spiritualised, without denying a single grain of it. The wrong assumption is whether we are for the world or against the world. It is right to ask what is less than life and what is more than life. And as if for thousands of years before us man had not possessed this knowledge, which is called succulent knowledge because man can live a high life and keep the wine-flavoured honey of life. What the Hindus call kama the Romans call libido, which is Böhme's Gier. The exuberant thirst for life, as a natural power, is unprecedented; it becomes a ruin of existence only when the work of the Self is completed, becomes selfishness, a thirst for self, and it is a ruin of existence even if it is a worldly thirst for life, but also if it is monastic asceticism and self-torture. All for myself. Suffering too. The pleasures of life, too, and the salvation of the afterlife, with frothing and chasing and spiky whips.

Quite a few people in Europe knew that from the beginning. But even if there were many who possessed the powers of transcendence, no one knew what the realization was. The case of La Rochefoucauld is typical. He sees clearly. As clearly as Plato or Augustine, as clearly as any medieval mystic or saint, as clearly as modern psychology or existentialism, which makes the transcendence of the existential (*Existenzerhellung*) so important. It is also. It's just that this illumination is not enough. In most cases, the transparency of self-knowledge with its desperate logic of seeing through the person in the person, but nothing else. The real work begins after the screening. He has acquired knowledge from which he is frightened, because he must be frightened. He knows, however, that with this knowledge he has not even an inkling of authentic existence, he has only recognized his own corruption, and has not been able to realize anything of real existence. Europe has several correct methods of screening, but no methods of realisation.

Europe begins with Socrates' question of whether virtue can be taught. He divided the knowledge of virtue and the practice of virtue, which was one before him, into two. There is no such question in the tradition. Tradition provides the absolute order of life in which thought cannot be separated from its realization. Tradition is an order - pre-existent (preexistent) before the creation of the world - which was, is and will be identical and valid for all worlds and for all existence. This tradition is written

For a man who asks questions like Socrates, there is a gap between thought, word and deed, the transition and identity are not immediate. In order to move from theory to practice, one needs another push. It is the impulse of realisation that is missing in Europe. This crisis begins with Plato. For two thousand five hundred years, European thought has done nothing more than to enlighten man. But it is incapable of realisation. Realisation is the mirage. The way up. *The ascensio. Ascende teipsum*. Lift yourself up. If I ascend to heaven, I lift the whole world with me. An innumerable series of confessions, all self-confession, from which nothing follows. There is an idea without a position, the terrible weight of an unrealized life. What I do not lift up, I am burdened with. For a successful life does not depend on what one has confessed, but on whether one has performed the conversion (*tesuvah, metanoia, conversio*) without which there is no authentic life. The screening of existentialism is not enough. Confession only makes one better. The cheapest thing is to be good, the only cheaper thing is to be bad, and the only cheaper thing is to be nothing.

We have ample knowledge of how tradition avoids the danger of antagonism between the life-hungry and the life-giving, the dandy and the ascetic. We also know why. Whether I am devouring the pleasures of life or squeezing myself, I remain within the circle of selfishness. It is all my world. Narrow, just one point. My earthly bliss, or my unearthly bliss. To give the world for the beyond, or the beyond for the world. For the tradition (Zen, Sufi, Khasids, Yoga, Gospel), such either-or is the mark of a stuck life. The bodhisattva does not renounce a single drop of the sea, a single pebble of the Himalayas, let alone abandon a single soul. For him there is only the whole world and the whole of existence. The bodhisattva does not desire his salvation. Neither the Khasid nor the Sufi, and we know that neither does he who has been initiated into the Gospel. Salvation is only for religion, Europe has that which is salvation, only placed in the afterlife. Tradition is not religion, but knowledge of the absolute order of existence. The evangelical man turns from the hunger for life and salvation (*metanoia, tesuvah*), takes the upward path, and lifts the whole world with him. The self is no more. I keep what is good in the pleasure of life, and I keep what is good in self-denial, for without asceticism there is no exalted life. A

boddhisattva throws back his own salvation; he could enter nirvana countless times, but always returns again, undertaking the suffering of existence, perhaps to free a worm. Until I have perfected existence, there is no peace for me, and I cannot rest in anything or anywhere.

The man stuck in the Self, in religion, in earthly life, in salvation, lives in a peculiar, tortuously closed attitude. It is a kind of imprisonment. All religion is a prison. Salons are prisons. The first step towards liberation, says Hallaj, out of solitude. Europe has naturalized a peculiar form of this closed attitude. It is called a system, at least Kassner called it a system. Plato and Aristotle built such a system. Christianity was made into such a system, the Gospel was made into such a system by Thomas Aquinas, philosophies into such a system, sciences, states, theories, societies, peoples, armies, industries, world views. The hallmark of a system is that there is always at least one point at which things are not the same. At that point, it all falls apart. It can't be patched and it can't be fixed. It is hopeless and must be discarded. The second is just as bad, the third is much worse. This is the system, whether it is a worldview, a religion, or a society.

Tradition is not a system, but an order. Order can be recognised by the fact that it is constantly improving itself. A system is an organisation, an order is an organism. If the system is not good somewhere - and it always turns out that it is not good somewhere - it collapses. If the order is not good somewhere, it corrects itself. Tradition is not a system, but an order, in all its forms as we know them, the Chinese, the Hindus, the Hebrews, the Greeks. Order is not a closed and static building, but an open direction and path. Mahayana is the great path; Sufi calls itself *tariqa*, path; tao means path; I am the path. The way up. The myrage.

Europe had and has a system, many; it had and has no order. One system is worse than another. One cannot help throwing them away. Everywhere, blind consistency, regardless of all else, helpless to correct itself, as state and social and religious and philosophical systems have collapsed, one after another, and will collapse. With terrible syllogisms and utterly without logic. Monomania and obsession. All are the product of a limited hunger for self, which cannot see beyond its own fixed ideals, and which even imagines itself to be self-love.

THE SPACE OF LIFE

Man must make of himself a work, so that he may live in it forever. But the work must be open so that whoever wants to enter it can receive it. The work can be a house, a painting, a country. Achilles did not write poetry, yet no one can say that he did not create a work of art, a work of heroic life by his actions. The saints.

A work must be distinguished from a feat. The work is made of the stuff of human life, as if it were a single, dense and definitive form of that **w h i c h** is perishable; the feat is a feat that can be learned and repeated. In the stunt, man is missing. The work is what the Hindu tradition calls karma, something made of nature, but which remains. A stunt is not an opus, it is merely an act, unranked and without grandeur. Art is that there is something more than life, and life must be given for that. Not to be preserved, but to be. But to have it forever. Every brick of the life-work is a renunciation of something in life. To enjoy life while building the work, there is no such thing. It does not give way to its reprobate fidelity, and therefore the work elevates man into a consistency independent of life, into a being formulated on a higher level, in proportions far exceeding the dimensions of the self, and repeats itself as more than itself.

Karma is the concentrated form of all man's thoughts, words and deeds, in a space larger than life, and there is no escaping its consequences; the only thing that can be done is to eradicate karma. But the elimination of karma (life-work) is also an art. This work is called *nirvana* in India and *fana* in Arabia. It is the final work; it has no external mark, its permanence is absolute.

The life of man grows beyond himself, and is deposited in its concentrated extract in a sphere which, like life, yet with a different form and force, reverberates upon life, and moulds life in its own image.

We know that life has no purpose; it has meaning. And meaning is placed in man himself by the life he considers worthy of him. If life falls below a certain standard, it is meaningless; if it exceeds that standard, life itself becomes a work. It is consciously constructed, and clearly not out of biological life at all, but as music or

poetry or metaphysics. For the work of life has a logic of its own, independent of biological life. This logic is not the most intense participation in the natural benefits of life, but greatness. The two are incompatible. Greatness regards life as a betrayal on the level of mere enjoyment, because it considers loyalty to an inexorably higher as valid for itself. I have the right to live a psychological or social life, but the standard of greatness regards this as disloyalty to the life-work. Although there is so much to be said against it, one is forced to claim the life-work as one's own. The question is whether the being that the work represents is the self, or if it is the essence of the self, whether it is someone far above the self.

A traveller said of the Parthenon that the shock in the spectacle was not art at all, not beauty, in his view. He saw the place, the very place on which the Parthenon was built, as standing out from its surroundings and at least one step higher in existence. It cannot be justified, much less proved. Architecturally, it is all correct. But not a flaw, or perfection. The way this church is here, it seems to be higher than it is.

The construction of the work is done against the man; a state of being in a mysterious place, someone (who is me and not me) answering not the question of what to say and what to do, but how to live.

The real work is posthumous. As long as the creator is alive, the work remains in the mirage that is the gift of life to all the living. For as long as one lives, one has only life, and only when one is dead does one have a destiny. And the theme of a life's work is the closed and the finished and fate. Some works may be meaningful five minutes before death; five minutes later they are nowhere. Works that nobody knew about for a hundred years, and all at once, as if they were made today. One must not take advantage of what one has laid one's life upon. There is no age difference between great works. All great works are simultaneous. All great works are ever-present. All great works are contemporary.

The Greeks called the making of a life work *poiesis*, simply doing. For the Hebrews, too, it was simply *jezirah*. Perhaps because in this

in this making they were not opposed to anything. Today, and we, when we make the work of life, we are opposing ourselves; the work is not a creation, but a re-creation of ourselves over ourselves. Not poiesis, but *metapoiesis*. Perhaps for the Greeks and Hebrews, life as it is was enough to make the work. We must raise ourselves above ourselves. *Über*, as Nietzsche said. The reality of the work of life is surreality. What is life is temporary and formless. Destiny must stand in the final, finished, closed, at least one step higher than life, like the Parthenon.

A leap from life to the work of life.

The life-work is metapoiesis, man builds himself above himself to the infinite. From this life-work must be distinguished the oversized work in relation to life, which is mostly a deliberate deception to make man appear larger than he is. This is the stunt. That which is saturated with powers higher than life remains; the stunt dissipates with life.

The stunt is not built out of the permanent sacrifice of life, just as it is not the alchemical transformation of impermanence into permanent meaning; the stunt is staged by man, rather for effect. Perhaps even less. Man enters into the work as a final embodiment; the stunt is only good for hiding behind.

In a good many cases it is easy to distinguish between art and stunt, and even how long a work of art lasts and where the stunt begins.

A stunt represents an extraordinary version of man; a work represents his normality. The sign of the extraordinary is the forced sound, which is false. The trick, the bravura, the loss of the gloss, is the result of a certain swindling virtuosity, whose name is style. The authentic work has no style.

The absolute work is the holy books (revelation). The abstracted work is called literature.

The language of holy books is the authentic language. The language of literature is sophism.
The lower limit of sophistry is journalism.

Authentic language is truth, sophistry is interest. The mark of journalism is sensationalism.

In the archaic age, man did not have to find the work himself, but was given it as a task. It was a time when life was shaped by great collective works, so-called cultures. It is uncertain when, including in the middle of the second millennium BC, the creation of a life-work became an individual task. In any case, it was linked to the religious event that man began to seek salvation not collectively but individually. Since then, the creation of an individual life's work has been linked to the idea of personal immortality and is a sacramental act. In fact, the importance of the individual life-work is diminishing alongside that of the collective. Individual works, such as those of the prophet, the saint, the king, the herald, the poet and others, have taken shape. Attempts at collectivisation have become increasingly hopeless, and it is now impossible even to imagine salvation within any collective category, people, caste, class, nation, religion. Man is unlikely to be able to fully reintegrate into any collective. Cultures no longer exist, and the construction of a new culture is nonsense. There are no religions, no peoples, no classes. There is only one collective, the whole of mankind, and in this collective salvation (life work) is personal. The collective today offers man a degraded and inferior salvation, which is accepted only by a being partially deprived of his humanity, and even then only under compulsion. The collective is at this moment an obstacle to the realization of the individual life-work. Since the advent of Christianity, what salvation man considers worthy for himself, and what work he creates of himself, and where he wants to dwell in eternity, is decided by himself alone.

The authentic human example of the twentieth century is not the head of state, the general, the billionaire, the scientist, the painter, but a being like Albert Schweitzer. Even if there are many such showmen, there is only one. One is more than ten thousand, says Heraclitus. The humanity of a life's work. Albert Schweitzer puts the life's work in the language of the Gospel, because everyone understands it immediately, and says that Christianity did not teach forgiveness of sins, nor resurrection, but that man must build the kingdom of God. This is the work of life which is binding on every man individually and on all mankind universally,

and which we must put into practice, for if we do not, we shall be irrevocably destroyed. The kingdom of God is the universal life-work of humanity and the personal life-work of every man, the very meaning of human history, which replaces the cultures that have been dissolved, which fuses peoples, nations, classes, religions, and especially individuals separated from one another, in the spirit of universal unity, and which realizes the initial golden age of existence on a higher level as the final form of being. It is very simple: while on earth people were being exterminated, Schweitzer was curing sick people in the jungle, and while on earth there was an unprecedented desertion for the sake of greater wealth and power, he was working to buy medicine for his patients. It really couldn't be simpler. You don't even need genius, just to be a simple normal human being.

The foundation of the holy books is order. There is only one order, preexistent, which means that it was and is before the world. Order is that which regulates itself from itself, constantly ordering and keeping itself in order. The metaphysical order (India, China), the objective order of the cosmos (Orpheus), religious and moral order (Iran, Judea), the order of human existence here and in eternity (Gospel).

When the consciousness of order is lost, systems appear. Order is that which wants to be order but cannot, somewhere something is always a principle, and at that point it fails.

Rudolf Kassner put it this way.

The language of order is recognizable by the fact that it does not prove (not sophistical), but declares (reveals).

Historical states and societies, religions and world views and philosophies are not of order, but of system. In Europe, with the exception of a few exceptional thinkers, only systems were built. Self-interested ideas with endless (sophistical, dialectical) proofs, which have proved untenable in at least one place and collapsed. While today we live on the fallen ruins of all systems.

If an idea needs proving, says Vauvenargues, it means that it has been wrongly conceived.

The moralist does not need a complicated procedure to say what he wishes. If it did, all Chamfort's epigrams could be built on a system like Kant's. The moralist wants authentic language. The moralist is the secular prophet (Montaigne, Sebastian Frank, Erasmus, Pascal, Kierkegaard, Lichtenberg, Nietzsche). What he demands is what he has. There is no need for systems. A single sentence is enough. Existence as we live it is corrupted, full of gaps and pits and holes and cracks and slopes, and antagonisms squeeze each other. There is no point in evading contradictions, in building a smooth and pleasant world, the greater half of which is not true. What is authentic in Europe is not said by Thomas Aquinas, Descartes, Kant, Hegel's system, but by the moralist.

The system is always a figure of the apparatus of power. And we know that the apparatus of power is in every case the theft of existence. The system stands in the way of the realization of order.

The system is characterised by abstract unanimity, the order by infinity. The system is a spasm, the order by reason. In order everything is included, in system something is always left out. All systems are pedantic and therefore humourless. And therefore comic. Order is different every minute, yet always the same. Order is always open, the system is closed, and offers the best opportunity for hiding.

In the system one proves circumstantially, mostly that which is untenable. Proof is the defence tactic of the man hiding in the system.

The epigram is a figure of order thinking. The epigram is open and does not prove. Tao te king, Lun yü, Heraclitus, Vedanta, Sankhya, Greek sages, Talmud, moralists. Anyone who writes more than can fit on a business card at one time is not telling the truth.

Sacral order is the quiet ordinariness of everyday life.

In the system, the measure of things is man (sophistry). That's why he needs proof. Sophistic dialectic is an unauthorized interference in the absolute order of being; epigram is a higher act of thought.

He who is conscious of order has no need of system (tao). System is the desperate form of anarchy, and the most desperate of all is utopia.

The modern epigram is *spéculation sans sanction* (Valéry), an irresponsible pursuit of opportunity. To defend itself against the verbosity of literature, it creates its own linguistic excitement.

The absolute system (*théorie pure*) says nothing, it only proves. This bare proof for its own sake (method) is the basis of the apparatus. Bureaucracy, technique, science, state power, industrial organization, automation, mechanism, button-pushing theory. The system of destruction of existence.

Principle is the basis of the system, principle is obsession, obsession leads to terror. Abstract architecture. Blind rationality. Prison philosophy: what should be the rational rules of the prison, what is the ideology that makes life in prison pleasant.

Diversity. Russia: only a common prison; America: everyone should have his own prison.

One has an obligation to the work. In the consciousness of the work, no one can have regard to practical considerations, say, of livelihood and validation. I must insist on a consistency which no one can say he owns, but which no one can deny. If man lives in the higher reality of the work, he is aware of the presence of a power which is infinitely more than the powers in his biological being, and it is madness to identify himself with it, or not. The difference is that if I give my life, I suffer; if I deny the work, I am contaminated.

(NOTE ON THE LIFE'S WORK)

Europe's blind and incurable mania for activity was (and remains) an obstacle to understanding the basic words of the ancient and oriental sacred books here. These basic words, not to mention the rest, are first and foremost expressions of the highest state of being available to man. They are *purusa-prakriti* in the sankhya, *atman* and *nirvana* in the Vedanta, *nivritti* in yoga, *sunyata* in the discourses of the Buddha, and *vu-vei* in the Tao. Understanding was not possible because from the beginning in Europe these words were interpreted from action, associated with non-action, and translated as such. They were under the belief that what is not activity must necessarily be inactivity, or passivity. In this way it is fundamentally wrong. It was wrong in antiquity, throughout the Middle Ages (mysticism), in the modern age (Quietism). It was on this lack of understanding that one of the most profound European intellectual endeavours, the *soledad*, failed. They simply did not know what they wanted, least of all, of course, Molinos, the spiritus rector of the *soledad*.

The basic words of the ancient holy books can be understood by us not if we approach them from the idea of activity, but from the idea of the work of life. The translation of the word *vu-vei* is faithfully not non-activity or non-action, but abstinence from building an individual life-work. In yoga, *nivritti* does not mean the fully pacified and passive consciousness, but the settling of the restlessness of consciousness that one creates in oneself by building the life-work. *Nirvana* does not mean non-being, emptiness and nothingness, but the ultimate pure and transparent state of the dismantling of the individual life-work. For the destruction of the life-work is the absolute preservation of being. The life-work always remains an object, and if it is an object, it belongs to the world, it is ephemeral, changing, a mirage; if it is not objectified, it remains a being in absolute existence.

These fundamental words of the holy books guide the building of a life's work, that is, the liberation from the burden of good and bad deeds accumulated by activity. Activity weaves destiny. *Désœuvrement*, as the precise and felicitous French expression has it; dissolution or dismantling of a life's work, or the like. In any case, in the creation of a life-work, there is disinterestedness, which is neither activity nor non-activity, as the Bhagavadgita teaches: neither *prakriti* nor *nivritti*. And if it is neither, then it is most certainly the weeding out of karmic germs, and in any case an activity which, instead of building up, tears down, that is, instead of creating by its deeds and words and thoughts the possibility of new human destinies, the new and ever new destinies accumulated in it

and the web of ever more accumulated destinies. The weaving of fate, activity, is the *teh* in the Chinese, *the sakti* in the Hindus, *the prakriti* in the sankhya, the active, the parent, the feminine element that weaves life; for the analogy of the creation of the work of life is birth. What is meant in the dismantling of the life-work is said in the holy books to be: the dismantling of the work of the woman (sakti, prakriti, teh). To do this, one must eliminate the ups and downs of the mind. Which is the sole purpose of Patanjali *Yoga's sutra: chitta vritti nirodah*. This is the aspiration of Buddhism, the *sunjata*, the *mahasunjata*, the great emptiness. It is not karma enhancement, it is karma dismantling. It is the dissolution of all initiative. In Europe, it would be called liquidation of the story, and stepping out of the story. And if he has to act, he does so without personal consent. If he has to speak, his speech is non-speech. If he thinks, his thought is non-thought. He allows the forces to flow through him into the world, but he himself neither consents nor does not consent. That is why the Buddha's perfect discourse is the flower discourse, when he showed the pilgrims a flower and said not a word.

The dismantling of the life-work is an act of dismantling the activity which has the consequence of accumulating in man new possibilities of destiny, new inclinations, unfulfilled desires, wishes, aims, covetousness, unresolved issues, attachment, hatred, envy, jealousy, ambition. All this is the result of a thirst for life that wants to prolong life to infinity. In other words, when man identifies himself with the bearer of unfulfilled desires and wishes, instincts, the individual self. In that state, which the Hindu and Chinese tradition calls nirvana and vu-vei, man dissolves all identification with the individual self. He who acts is not himself, but some power in and through him. He himself is empty. This is why Guénon says that liberation is not a state that is above man, but an event greater than man, non-space, non-temporal, in which the active element is not the human individual, that is, which does not take place in identification with the self. It is beyond individuality, and it is peculiar in that it is not only beyond individuality, but also disintegrates individuality. What remains is emptiness, nirvana, nothingness, sunjata, mahasunjata. And because the relationship between activity and the human being is broken, the result and trace of activity is not accumulated in the human being and is not accumulated in the human being, and is not built up in the human being into a new series, that is

a life-work. The life-work is emptiness. The non-work. The only certain and undoubted and absolute and eternal and final. Man has cast off all identification and retained only one, the identification with emptiness. The only identity, which while all other identities with deed or thought or word or work are false, mistaken and wrong, this one is really and truly identical and true. This is what Guénon calls *identité suprême*: it is the identity with the supreme of existence.

The perfect work of life is the non-work. It is not a result to be projected, but a result realized in the human being. From this non-work, no more destiny is woven. The activity of realizing this work is not construction, but the continuous abandonment and dismantling until there is nothing left, and then the abandonment of even this nothing, and the abandonment of abandonment.

LETTER TO V.J.

Total dissolution in impersonal divinity and personal bodily resurrection have always been two for me. We know that this is the antithesis of East and West, or of the prehistoric and the historical epoch. Mereskovsky put it, I immediately recognised that this was it, and I thought: there must be an existence in which the two are one. Yet two, because if man is purified and becomes transparent, and is fully merged in the spirit of the Creator God, it is in no way compatible with man sinking in death, floating in an uncertain, diminished existence, and then also rising bodily, and taking his eternal place after the judgment. The one necessarily excludes the other; therefore the two must be one.

I have always believed, and still believe, that with these two mutually exclusive ideas I have touched the nadir of our existence. That which cannot be explained by differences in cultures, even by changes in historical eras; it is all flat science. For even if, as tradition teaches, there are countless possibilities beyond life, and these are only two of the countless possibilities, surely, by raising this idea, you are tearing existence itself apart. The being torn up shows two things: the total absorption in divinity, and the permanence of the personal being in infinity.

In any case, the tradition is saying something that is as much in the Mahayana as in Sufi, Orphic and Christianity. The man who is ripe for liberation from earthly life is not recognised **b y** stepping out and leaving the rest behind. Not at all. Not even the saints do that. Man could quit life and take his final place on the basis of his merits; but he does not. He returns to life, takes flesh and assumes destiny, to take an active part in the deliverance of the weaker soul. This is the being through whom we, the erring, are brought to light, without whom our situation here would be hopeless. Not for its own sake. What it may have here is very little, small, unheard of, dazzling, little in fact, largely disorder and obscurity, ignorance, but above all suffering. He has not come to gloat. It is peculiar that life is honey; but nothing more. There is no one who is not intoxicated by life, but even those who consider it the only one remain insatiable. This being knows all this, but returns to deliver someone or someone else. It returns again and again.

There is remelting back into infinity; there is death into damnation or salvation; there is refilling to clear the obscurity of the soul's destiny; there is returning to liberate others. All these are not separate. They are all the same. And all have nothing to do with religion. It precedes religion. It is tradition.

Christianity in its original form, as it appeared in the Gospel, is not a religion, but a tradition, and in all probability the foundation of tradition which fully states the meaning of existence. Jesus, the incarnation of God's being, appeared, not to reward or punish man, but to liberate him, to break down the gates of death and open the higher stages of existence.

With the advent of Christianity, what we call life suddenly became devalued. A terrible fright at the nothingness of life. But life is not nothing. Life is the intoxication of a dazzling phenomenon, but it is a low degree compared to the higher worlds of existence that have been opened up. In Europe, it took hundreds of years to recover from the consequences of devaluation, but never again was the restoration of life as the only value possible.

Nor, it seems, is it today. The gateway to the higher levels of existence has been opened and stands open. Uninhibited enjoyment of life can only happen with a bad conscience. Therefore, every thought, word and deed that is born out of sheer lust for life is nothing but a complete shut-out from the whole of existence, and is therefore unspiritual. It is a corruption. The Middle Ages were spiritless, not in the sense of what they taught, but in the sense of how they betrayed what they taught. However, spirituality is not the worst of it; spirituality appeared in the European modern age. It came under various names, as rationalism, as science, as a materialistic worldview. Intellectualism does not attack, at least not openly, like anti-intellectualism; it undermines, slanders, suspects, neutralises, is indifferent, theorises, appeals to reason. Intellectualism alienates man from all that is serious in existence, and teaches man that he lives here and now, once, and therefore it is best to devour the whole. This modern European hunger for life is more serious than the Hellenic-Roman one was, because it is not innocently pagan. It is the corrupt rage of a man who has been raised up against Christianity, and revenge on Christianity. Everything but life has been denied, and on scientific grounds. By which time the presumption had arisen which began to believe that from the tower

from the tower unscathed. The ghost, of course, is not the most. It is merely that rarest and finest aggregate available to us which can penetrate and illuminate the coarser and the denser.

The man of the European modern age has become a spiritless man and has neutralized Christianity. But it was neutralised not by those who attacked Christianity (science), but by those who professed to be Christians, when they were not, and lived in as much spiritual annihilation as anyone else.

Christianity was compromised by Christians. Christianity has lost all its influence. Christianity, says Kierkegaard, does not exist. Of course, not a word of this is true. Christianity is the same today as it was when the words of the Gospel were spoken, only man, in his inanity of spirit, in order to live a more unscrupulous life, has come to believe it to be a priestly fraud, a pathetic mistake at best.

What is Christianity? An opening to the whole of existence. Which is the Hindu or the Chinese or the Iranian or the Orphic Greek tradition, but in some ways all of them together, because no tradition can absorb the others, only the Christian. Christianity is the fundamental position of all traditions.

What is happening today? An unspiritual retreat from wholeness. Today life is the only possibility of existence. And life is infinitely narrower than all existence. The thought of annihilation after death has excited man to the extreme. Man throws himself upon life as the only possibility, plunders it and squeezes it and robs it. Here is the cause of impoverishment, of corruption, of darkness, of strife, of greed, of atrophy, of destruction.

I do not consider this result, as I have formulated it, to be anything other than *a gnosis*. If it stood on its own, it would in many ways be an attempt to ensure that if Christianity as a religion is irretrievably lost (and has been lost), it can still be saved as a tradition on the other side. No, not a justification. Not a strategy to make it a tradition and elevate it in status if it has perished as a religion. To throw Christianity as a religion to the beast of history. For me, there was no violence in this, and no quirk or sentimentality. One must reckon with personal incompleteness, but maintain fidelity to revealed truth, and endure such words as unreal, phantasmagorical, mystical, fanatical, lifeless, religious, blind, frivolous, timeless, sectarian, and foolish. In any case, the question must be asked: if the Christian religion

has failed, because it has failed, and that is an undeniable fact, is there any point in constructing a theory that it can still be saved by sophisticated reasoning? Does it make sense to claim that only the religion has failed, but that Christianity was never a religion and that the fall did not touch the essence of Christianity? Christianity is a revelation of the fundamental truth of existence, and it cannot fail because it is a recognition of the truth of our existence at all times.

It is a fact, moreover, that Christianity was a religion of the oppressed and the poor and the ignorant, and that today Christianity stands firm only in the spiritually advanced and intellectually superior man, and more firmly than ever, while those who are lower in intellect and caste have been reduced to the backward.

The idea was put forward by René Guénon and Leopold Ziegler, and it is certainly the idea that has been the most serious in terms of its weight and importance since the mid-twentieth century.

The difference between Guénon, Ziegler and what I thought was that they were much more prepared than I was; I had to guess a lot, use intuition, often guess, exaggerate, be superficial, be hasty. Guénon and Ziegler lived the life of the modern European thinker, in bourgeois living conditions, with good libraries, financial security, free travel, intellectual work, without moral or material threats. I was forced to expose myself to a life that was face to face with the spirituality on the stage. Disadvantage. But above all an advantage. Since I did not take the life offered, I had to withdraw from the ghostly community in life-threatening situations, living in a mere semblance of community, in a ghostly existence, working for a living, otherwise alone, essentially only associating with a few friends (most of whom became unfaithful over time for a small or large bounty). I was willing to draw all the consequences of my conduct down to the simplest practical matters, and to create a separate order of life, to confront the forces that were destroying my existence personally, and to take them seriously as a matter of standing my ground, as I had learned from tradition, and to incorporate my ideas into my life in a real way, not to remain at my desk (when I had no desk at all), and not to be content with the idea, that is, to leave it in the state of an idea, but to actually apply it, and if this was not possible, to withdraw from all activity, but especially from

to abstain consistently from the life order of spirituality, to refrain from taking part in the modern ruin of existence, and, most important of all, to exclude the unscrupulous and shameless lust for life.

What is this? Existentialism? Undoubtedly, by which I mean that I have had to put the theory to the test on myself. I have had to consistently make it a life-work, to what extent I can turn what I think into behaviour and a life-forming force. If one does not do this, the theory is null. If one proclaims something and does not fulfill it, one speaks pseudology (a system of lies), and one is pseudoegalitarian (living a life of delusion). Examples are the systems of lies in history, and their creators.

Guénon and Ziegler and others who developed similar theories did not confront the modern existentialist in concrete terms, i.e. remained bourgeois in their behaviour (scientist, researcher, writer). Let us say that he fell back into the outmoded order of life of the nineteenth century, as the majority of people on the planet are at the moment. Because the twentieth century has not, at least up to now, managed to break out of the bourgeois order of life. The bourgeois way of life, which is characterised by a standard of living, can be recognised by its willingness to compromise on everything - but mainly on spiritual things - for food, housing, pay and comfort. The Bolshevik attempted to break out of the bourgeoisie, but only got as far as spitting, and then fell back into compromising for the standard of living - and thus into lying for existence. He became as compromised in his subsistence as the bourgeois was. In the second half of the twentieth century, a kind of mondé bolshevism spread among the peoples living under communism, whose only basis is envy of prosperity, all its ideals are bourgeois ideals, and therefore naturally faithless and opportunistic. Everything remains the same: American and Parisian fashions, advertising, comfort civilisation, co-travel and reproduction. The only person who could oppose the bourgeoisie was the artist, but even he only reached the bohemian, that is to say, he remained in the circle of arbitrariness and parasitism.

It is here that Tolstoy's greatness unfolds in its entirety. Tolstoy is said by the bourgeoisie to have written fanciful novels and to have preached foolish theories. That is to say, what in his works is admired as a feat, and what has unpleasant consequences is interpreted as clumsy fanaticism. There is nothing more characteristic of the citizen than that the moment his comfort is touched, he disparages it. Tolstoy was one of those who recognised that Christianity is a life-forming force, and we know that the greatest opponent to its realisation at this moment is the

the bourgeois standard of living. In all our recent history (apart from John Ruskin), Tolstoy was the only man of note who came close to the Apostle Peter, to that evangelical faithfulness which was undoubtedly clumsy, but clumsy as a saint because it proved to be a rock at crucial moments, And without a drop of pathos, he had the courage to carry out what he thought down to the most ordinary of life, right down to the way he dressed and ate, with a simplicity of heart that was childlike and which the citizen could not fail to find offensive. Tolstoy was clumsy, but that did not matter, for he knew that the only question of human existence was what forces he served, what forces he respected, and what forces he was loyal to.

Beyond that, nothing else means anything. Tolstoy knew that what is being done today is nonsense. Primarily because things are not done for their own sake, but solely to prevent something good and right from being achieved. And justice cannot be avoided. Every action, whether positive or negative, is for the realization of truth. What is happening today is a mad attempt to achieve the opposite of the good. It is as if, while the events of the present are taking place, a higher power were saying: my empire is being built by my enemies. Those who deny me and humiliate me and spit on me and spit on me and laugh at me. Because all that is lying, dark, dirty, vile and meaningless that is happening now - and has been happening for many thousands of years - is gradually, but seemingly at an accelerating pace, failing, and one by one repealing itself, because it attempts to be implemented, but proves impractical and fails. In the end, only one option remains, order, purity, peace and joy. It must be done. It must be done, because all else has become impossible. It was the only thing that had not yet been tried. Of course, the simplest thing would be for man to give up his attempts to destroy existence immediately and to realise that he is destroying himself. They don't. And no one will be able to prevent the truth from being realized. There is no hope of perpetuating the destruction. There is only one way. Man should, after all, be merely clever, should really want his own good, and should understand his own interests. Anyone who thinks that all this gallant folly can be perpetuated is not sane.

Nothing else should be done but to understand the voice of the Gospel. It is not something we would do and do, even if we think it all through from the beginning. What the Gospel says is

from a place where the whole thing can be seen at once, at a single glance, say from the top of the mountain of the world. Anyone who understands this can distinguish between what is the human word and what is revelation.

To go as a *Vanapra*, a hermit of the forest, an ascetic, was not an option, nor would I have gone. It was not a question of denying life in the Middle Ages, but of restoring purity to life. Without asceticism, there is no seriousness; but asceticism as a programme is a torment of life. At stake was not one's own salvation and liberation, but the search for a way to liberation. If one thinks only of oneself, the contemplative life can be just as much a ruin of existence as debauchery. One must work on the work of liberation, by applying to oneself the truth one has found, by making oneself more and more transparent, and by never ceasing to show this way in ever clearer and simpler terms. For the Gospel is not an unctuous doctrine, but the most meaningful and even the most useful of all attitudes. Why? Because the Gospel opens up existence from a deeper point of view than even Hindu, Chinese, Hebrew or Greek, by leaving their truths intact (not a single yod can be lost!), but by touching the place that binds all traditions together. The Gospel calls for a life of love. Love is not an emotion, not a sentiment, not a state of exception, not a sacrament, not a high calling; love is the original normal state of being. It is the basic state of all existence. But it is not the state of the first creation, but of the second, that is to say, of redemption, because the work of the second creation is greater than the first, without the first and the second being separable. Theology (Baader) so teaches. Theology is necessary because pure reason also desires to delight in truth. It is love which in the frenzied diffusion of creation maintains permanently the cohesion and unity. Love is to mathematics what infinite differentiation is to infinite integration. Love is what love or motherhood is in dark and hot animality. Love is the unity of families and peoples and nations. Love is that which creates all levels of existence in the unity of belonging. Love is the work of being that realizes order and proportion and beauty and truth in the mind-boggling richness of creation by connecting and unifying and interweaving and balancing and penetrating. Love is not pathos, but normality. This love is what the Hindu (except for the *Bhakti*), the Chinese, the Hebrew, the Greek tradition does not know. Love is not intoxication, but

sobering up. Because there is love, the soul must be united with God, and that is when one is awakened, retaining one's personal being, when one has spent one's life in half-sleep, without self, so that one is reabsorbed in God and melts in Him.

I feel obliged to answer the question of what it was that made me think of this idea. What interest did I have in exploring Christianity not as a religion, but in a heightened sense as a tradition - and in this also as a revelation of the fundamental position of all existence - and in attempting to put it into practice as far as my abilities allowed. No particular practical advantage can be derived from such a thing. I was living against my individual interest in life. In other words, I only looked at what was useful to me. The idea was and is as much a burden to me as it is to others. It is an obstacle to the unscrupulous exploitation of life and thus to pleasure. It is probable that this intention could not and did not lead. What remains is the ambition to say something that no one has said, or that very few have said, but they have not said it clearly and unambiguously enough.

Beyond the middle of the twentieth century, the essential event before and above all else was the understanding of tradition and the beginning of its exploration. The individual traditions, their interrelationships, and the space and time of the whole humanity in time and space of all mankind.

From event recognition is undoubtedly a glory; distinct and separate and contrasted with what is called success. For success takes place at the social level, and the precondition of glory is, as Kassner says, that humanity has a sacred history. It is likely that I wanted to share in the glory. The idea of tradition made it possible to recognise the fallacy of the collective categories that had hitherto existed. There is only one authentic community: humanity. People, nation, class, caste, religion, worldview are present only within it, not as separators, but as richness and multiplicity, but only in that order. Tradition is neither a historical excitement, nor a social revolution, nor the foundation of a religion. Its first characteristic is the final tranquillity of truth. Tradition is not revolutionary; revolution has failed, but so has conservatism. The darkness of the Middle Ages failed, but so did the Enlightenment, so did Romanticism, but so did disillusionment. But nothing has failed so irrevocably as life, life in bourgeois terms, as comfort and pleasure and compromise and science and Darwinism and purpose and psychoanalysis. All this is totally out of date and out of date. It is a failure of

Rebellion against Europe and failed Europe is a betrayal of either Buddhism or Hellenism, along with Negro and Indian and Egyptian and Mayan and Aztec art, and there is no more exoticism. But it is not replaced by something new, but by the old. The greatness that has been in the story so far has all fallen, especially the genius, the politician, the dictator, the banker, the priest, the dandy, the poet, the artist. Only the saint has survived, peculiarly transformed as the most natural man, a man who is a man in his own right, that is to say, a simple, normal man, abstaining from all distinction and privilege. Nor is this new, but old, very old, from the beginning of time. No sect, no obsession, no rationalism, no science, no aesthetics, no anointing, no culture, but a man who is a king in disguise among the people, and among a people in which everyone is king.

CHERRY-PICKING

The treatise on apple picking was written a long time ago. Cherry picking is quite another, if only for the music. In October, when the apples are picked, the only birds that can be heard are the moorhen and the occasional magpie, otherwise the garden is silent. For my part, I don't even go up to the cherry tree in June until the nightingale starts singing in the neighbour's decoy. It's part of it. This world around us, as Baader says, is not the original creation, but its shattered form. That is why tragic fate and ruin are the most beautiful things here. But we know about the original creation, and I once had an experience of it. One morning in the south, as I lay on a white rock under a flowering leander tree, and among the long, silky needles of the Aleppo pines, the azure of the sea glistened. The sound of my nightingale is like this gold, so fragile and heavy and fragrant. Only the taste of fully ripe cherries playing purple is like it.

It is said that the nightingale's song is a love song. It is certainly not. When I wake at sunrise, my eyes unopened, my ears seek out the bird's song and listen. I know by the sound that the sky is clear, but there are a few small white fluffy clouds in the east, the grass is dewy, the vines are in bloom, the tiny flies have swarmed, and a light southeast wind is blowing. Much more. This is what Orpheus says, *cosmos aiodes*, the

singing world. No man can make music like this, except Mozart, but his voice, especially when it is most beautiful, is ruin and tragedy.

Down in the valley, the heroic lyric of the thrush. The flock of finches, the chaffinch, the cuckoo and the magpie rattle like a snare drum. All this is absent at apple picking. When the last cherry is plucked, the symphony is complete. The grapes have bloomed, the raspberries, currants and peaches are ripening.

One walks around the tree several times the day before to determine which branches are ripe and where to pick. I prefer not to use a ladder. A ladder is an intrusion that disturbs the relationship between the tree and me. I have found that the ladder is not liked by the tree either. Especially cherry trees. The cherry tree is the most sensitive of all trees. Its branches grow in such a way that one can always find a comfortable position among them. Most of the time it also provides a seat, sometimes an armchair. I noticed this when I was a child. On the higher floors of the tree there are very good resting places, where you can sit and look around, there are always a few seeds available to pick and eat, and you can even take a spit-out seed in your hand and squeeze it with two fingers to pop it. I learned this as a child. With cherry seeds you can shoot far away, up to the next tree, or beyond, if you're lucky.

The branches of the apple tree are not usually comfortable. You can't really sit on them, or lean on them at all. The apple is a kind of rose, a vain tree in any case, unconcerned with anything but its own beauty. The cherry tree resembles the ideal being. Chamfort says that the ideal being is the well-bred twelve-year-old child. It would be best, he says, to entrust every throne on earth to such a being. No other tree is to be considered for comfort. Not even the plum. I remember from my childhood some plum trees that welcomed a man into their branches. Walnuts are rare, if they seem to be. The walnut has a naive gigantic image of itself and likes to outgrow itself. Climbing these giants is usually difficult, and resting among their branches is not at all possible.

One of the biggest differences between apple picking and cherry picking is that in October, at noon, you eat - if you're sober - sliced apples with nuts and honey. It's best to slice the apple early in the morning and pour the honey on top so that it has plenty of juice by midday. In the evening the menu is vegetable soup and roast chestnuts with mustard. June, of course, has no such rich diet. He does, however, have something

as short-lived and as unrepeatable and irreplaceable as chestnuts: green pea soup. Those who wish to live a perfect life go up to the tree early in the morning, fill up on cherries, and then, when the dew has not quite evaporated, pick the peas, put them in the shade and cover them with a cloth so that they are still perfectly fresh when the soup is made at noon. The reason for picking the peas early is to save them from the burning sun later on.

Man is identical with the highest spirit in what Master Eckehart calls the soul-rock, and this, as the Hindus teach, is man's true being, the atman, uncreated, eternally existent and imperishable. But man is also a creature, born and dies. And if he is a creature, he cannot exist of himself. It is a sign of man's helpless impermanence that he has to draw forces into himself, that is to say, he has to feed, in order to survive. But what he eats and drinks is nothing but *Brahman*, as the Hindus say. For food is Brahman, the Upanishads teach. Food is Brahman; besides, it must be kept up. Therefore the senses are important. What my master, John Cowper Powys, wrote in defence of the senses, I have learnt to the last letter and follow. Probably in all the literature of the world there is hardly a more poignant scene than that of Mayor Geard, who, in Powys's *Glastonbury*, on Easter Sunday, takes a huge loaf of bread under his arm, pours wine into the jug, goes out into the garden under the flowering trees, kneels down, breaks the bread into colossal pieces, stuffs it into himself, and drinks the wine in long sips, while he thinks of the resurrection and sheds tears. This is communion. In my eyes, it is a grandiose representation of man's insatiable hunger for Brahman, far more than any self-denial.

Actually, the Chinese are right: you should eat everything you can. For my part, I am suspicious of those who are picky. And I regard fastidiousness as hysteria. I hate to admit it, but there is one food that I have never been able to eat, and still can't, and that is boiled milk. This protest must be a sign of some fundamental corruption of my being. A serious defect of character and bargaining, a deviation from normality that I could not change. There is a hierarchy, of course, and one is entitled to construct a subjective set of values. No one can demand that I put cream raspberries on the same level as bacon stew. But you should eat everything you can. And if you've got good senses, you'll eat anything you can eat. That is the norm, in my eyes on earth and beyond, the authentic human being. From

taste. Boehme builds the world out of tastes. I often think it would be good to use this analogy to build the world out of the scents of flowers, to learn what daffodils, violets, grape blossoms, cherry blossoms, wild roses, elderberries, oil, mistletoe, elderflower, lavender, and the scents of fragrant trees, pine and laurel mean.

You can't pick apples without bringing the hair with you. Kassner calls it overcrowding. He considers it the most unfortunate thing in modern life. Guillén describes it as: hurry up and live. Life itself dissolves in the non-existent. Nervousness, haste, time panic. For my part, I would keep the word chase. This is what is inherent in the modern work-barbarism. The history of work is the history of the corruption of existence. Earn your bread with your sweat. What a curse! And it cannot be changed. There is no happiness in work. And work happiness is only one, if I work to put the world and myself back to its original place and make it normal again. What is here now is not. This is narcotics, escape, suicide, rage, frenzy, exuberance. And when the shit stops, there's something else to lie about. I'd better not tell you. When the construction of the outer world rests on the destruction of the inner. At the moment, I think that's what makes you suffer the most. He is compelled to do something which, with great effort and concentrated attention, with the full use of his abilities and knowledge, and even beyond (overload), throws himself into nothingness. Nor is it possible to pick apples barbarously, frantically and furiously. The most beautiful ones slip from your hands, fall and get damaged. But not cherries at all. And not the opposite of what one does when one is working. No. Cherry picking belongs to a different order of life. One where there's no stress and rush and overload, and as much as possible in as little time as possible. Where there is no chase. Cherry picking is not a relaxation. It has nothing to do with work barbarism. To be able to pick cherries, one must be simple, that is, normal. Otherwise, he's just scraping by, and he'd better go to a football game. Cherry picking is a perfectly unexciting occupation. Once you're well positioned at the top of the tree, have your basket in a suitable place, hanging it in your hand, the hook neatly laid on the branch so you can bend the outer twigs, you've got time for everything. He can admire the landscape, even the garden below, whose face from above is quite different from that *of* the neighbouring trees. He can smoke a cigarette, listen to the nightingale or the thrush, and watch the sunlight

shines in the western sky, on a cloud of foamy ice crystal. Meanwhile, he gently grasps the cherry stem at the base, turning it in the opposite direction to the direction of growth, so that it will let go easily and detach without violence. He places the fruit in the basket, two by two, three by three, as he happens to manage. More than three grains at a time is not recommended, as the fruit will suffer. I have had an experience while cherry picking at the top of the tree that I have not had while playing the piano, writing, thinking, or traveling. This is the experience of freedom. Because I had not done this in any other activity, I had to assume that I was neither an artist, nor a writer, nor an adventurer, nor a thinker. In all likelihood, I am a simple man who feels and knows himself to be free in the simple circumstances and conditions of life. All I can say about freedom is that it is neither pleasant nor unpleasant, but rather pleasant. There is no trace of excitement. For my part, I felt completely open, and that was good, downright good. Like I could look someone straight in the eye. Things were neither obstructed nor distracted, nor did they disappear. The simplest way to put it is that all things were what they were and where they were. There was something of the immutability of geometry in it all. Freedom for me used to mean complete unobstructedness; it was not freedom, of course, but arbitrariness; now I know that to be free is to be sure of what is and where it is, and to know how to move between things. The basket hangs on the twig, the hook lies beside it; if I want to reach this cherry blossom, I must step over here, so that I can take it down without risk and put it in the basket. The basket is already half full, I have to get down and empty it into the big basket at the base of the tree, because the fruit breaks down and spoils faster.

The knowledge that I am neither an artist, nor a thinker, nor a writer, nor anything else, but a simple human being, gave me a special satisfaction. I felt exempt from special stunts, and this helped me to understand my freedom. No production. No sensation. No compulsion. Nothing out of the ordinary, which is to say, nothing abnormal. The very fact that the experience was not a sudden release, that is, it was not a shock. It was simply there, not as a scene, but as a present. It is not that now I can do what I want, not that I can do it all, not that I can do it all, as the apostle Paul writes: now I have everything free! Freedom is only a thrill as long as it is not there, as long as it is in you.

once all possibilities have been opened up, and t h e resistance of man to himself has disappeared, it becomes so simple that if he does not take special notice of it, he does not notice it. Those who say that the earth could quite easily be made a paradise are probably right, only we make it a hell.

It's strange that when I was a child, if I didn't like something or was offended by people I didn't like, I used to climb up the cherry tree, even when there was no fruit on the tree, in summer or autumn, I would sit in the armchair at the top and make my peace in a short time.

THE NOBODY

In the early twenties, just after the world war, Hofmannsthal noticed that the citizen had become a *Jedermann*. The face of the citizen was never very sharp, except in the case of the genius, who was of course nothing more than the citizen's protest against himself, and more rarely his overgrowth of himself. In the old days, the clergyman could be distinguished from the cook. From that time onwards the boundaries began to blur completely. It was like when paint cans burst open and all the colours flowed together. Or when the whole lunch is poured into the bucket. The whoever was created in such a swill era. The man still had some nuance of character, but more as a decoration. No matter who is who. The whoever says that character is not important. The important thing is to find your number. People have become interchangeable. Mostly women too. Because whoever marries whoever. Marriage is what it is. Society is what it is. So is the state. Only business should be different, but in the end it is what it is.

After the Second World War, the whoever survived in the whole world, except in Sweden or Switzerland, only in embalming, otherwise it disappeared. The whoever was a phenomenon of democracy, that it was blurred and featureless, but it still had, if not a face, at least a caricature. He could still be envious, greedy and scheming, he could be perverse, and he could tremble if he had no idea what that meant, but he could still call it all: enough hypocrisy, let us be who we are. But more than that: throughout history, it has always been so. Because the

whoever was a snob, he referred to history as a real citizen, so he needed a genius. Whoever believed in talent, therefore founded talent institutes, where the sculptor was sent to be a baker, or vice versa, because it doesn't matter. After the Second World War, the one who didn't matter appeared. In comparison, no place was stable any more. The man who came after the whoever, that is, the nobody, was no longer a face, but no longer a caricature. At most, he is a skeleton. And that too rarely. He is now only a costume, a uniform, but even that is only a pretext. Mostly just a badge worn in a buttonhole because he's a member of a football team or a party. You get a tattoo, like the one next to the Congo. To distinguish one from another, numbering has become a justification, like in internment camps. Women were transformed into fashion editorials, but that didn't matter either. Joke papers used to be full of caricatures of kings and presidents. There were rulers who collected the distortions drawn of them and took pride in them, seeing it as a sign of their popularity. In part it was. Ministers, if they weren't mocked in the funny papers, felt insulted. In the no-man's age, cartoons are not drawn not because power is humourless and it would occur to the cartoonist to lock him up, but because heads of state and ministers are in fact faceless, non-existent beings, no longer masks or distortions, but irrelevant, not even to be forgotten, because they never meant anything. If their names are taken off the street named after them, they disappear into non-existence.

Whoever they were was characterised by compromise. He could be bargained with. He no longer resisted in any direction, but prices were still more or less firm. It was still the age of the geek. Who is a geek? It can be contrasted with someone who is not only not a nerd, but who is on the other side. You could call him a heroic person. For the heroic man, the law of necessity is different than it usually is. It is peculiar, but the hard fact of what we call reality yields to him - but only to him. What is a stone wall for us is at most a flexible membrane for him, and he can stretch it as far as he needs to for the sake of his enterprise. Big things need big space. Because reality can expand. For example, there is Heracles or Ghandi. It's not like travelling, when you set off from home, the world opens up and the further you go, the bigger the horizons become. In travel, only the curtains behind each other are blown apart, because it's all just a spectacle, not freedom. In heroic destiny, at every step

layers of existence are dissolved at every step, and no other landscapes appear than in the panorama. Unknown possibilities open up, shells are peeled off, it is not enough to stare from the deck of a ship, something must always be done, always a crossing over to somewhere where something must be done again, with consequences that are completely unknown.

The heroic life is not the privilege of Heracles. The Greeks called and considered a warrior, a king, an artist, a thinker, a doctor, a hero. And not just a man whose misdemeanour made him break down. Heros, says Seneca, cannot be defeated; at most, he can be killed. He who succeeds, at least in the great moments of his life, to be stronger than fate. He who achieves greatness, regardless of whether he falls into it or not.

Reality is not the final frontier for the nerd either. But this reality is not, as in the heroic life, a rock wall, but some gooey substance, tar or something. In this slime, the nerd does not struggle with reality, but burrows into it. Reality does not apply to the geek either; it has no necessity. Small things need small space, just to fit. And then, when it does, it gets cheeky and starts pushing the rest out of place. He pushes, and to those from whom he expects something.

The helicopter and the nerd are bound together by ambition, the same thing that separates them. The ambition of the Heros culminates in sacrifice, which means that he pays with himself. This is the nobility of the heroic life. That is why the hero is the noble man. Because sacrifice is knowing that there is something more than life, and giving life for that something more. A heroic life is a finished work, even if it is broken.

The nerd is not broken, he's just broke. The geek can't be killed, he can only be trampled. A victim? - You'd never think of it. Small benefits. Realpolitik. The cheaper the better. If he's successful, he's brash and never fails to make a point. The nerd is unranked and therefore impossible to be either tragic or comic. He is not dramatic and, crucially, he has no clashes. The nerd is without antagonism; probably not even the dishonest would dare to confront it. He doesn't look around and see what anyone has to say about what he does. And that's the same as saying you're below average. He is a man who is the best approximation of insignificance. He just scrapes ahead, and it is the exact reverse of a heroic breakthrough. The reality of the nerd can be expanded, because he crawls stubbornly in the mud, but because he is below measure, he can never be said to be full. What can be f u l l ? He can do and say what he wants,

It's a nuisance that human life can be used for such things.

No one knows no resistance, and therefore in the no-man's age, all compromise has ceased. There is nothing to give up. Therefore there is no bargain. There are no more conflicts. It used to be that one had to choose between crime and blueness. After the Second World War, the villain was too determined, in some respects a dramatic character, to be taken on. Real crime became rare. However, it is no longer compromised; if it succeeds, it is envied, if not, it is shrugged off. He was clumsy. In turn, the drama itself ceased, because conflict is more about trying to do the right thing. Instead of drama came scandal. In scandal, one does not fail, one becomes tainted. The event of drama is effort, the event of scandal is exposure (Freudianism). The centre of drama is sin, the centre of scandal is shame. But in the age of no man, there is no scandal, because man lives in filth. There is no shame, because everyone is dirty to begin with. It is strange that what Mussolini or Hitler did, although it seems to be bottomless filth, is not a scandal, but nothing came of what happened, that is, there was a hole and a pit and a void, from which nothing came, and nothing remained in man but revulsion and disgust. This applies to the dictator epigone to an even greater extent. For in the no-man's-age, the acquisition and exercise of power is not particularly difficult. Nor is a career. It is a certain skill, relatively easy to learn, which can be described in manuals as precisely as how to make nitroglycerine. Careerism is a methodical process that modern extraverted Europeans generally adopt as a way of life rather than yoga and other spiritual methods. Because it is only the outside that matters. To be valid. In order to achieve his goal, the European is also forced to be ascetic, because without self-denial nothing can be achieved, but the renunciation is not for what is more than life, but for what is less than life. This is the blueness. What the European achieves with his technique of assertion is not glory, at most success, not greatness, at most news, not a work of art, at most a feat. A career has a recipe. Its most important component, as we know, is shamelessness. The absence of a face. It requires nothingness. That's why the powerful, the dictator, the shameless, the policeman, the informer, the bureaucrat, became shameless, that is, faceless, the condition for being able to disregard one's humanity.

Who have you compromised? No one. You don't matter to yourself anyway. Only decency. Nobody is characterised by a distrust of decency. He believes only in deceit. In the whoever era, integrity was comical. It was laughed at, not because it was a moral value, but because it was character and face and solidity, something that was. To the nobody, decency is a fraud. It can only be imagined as a joke. Otherwise, in the no-man's-age, things can only be taken in the form of a joke. The joke is not humour, not satire, not irony. The joke is not in relation to the ridiculous, but to the frivolous. It is the nobody who makes a joke of his life. The important thing is to take the edge off things. To name big things with small words. To trivialize. Public life can only be understood as a joke. Private life is even more so. It is not comic, it is frivolous. It's exactly as it's portrayed in the funny papers. We seem to have brought with us the nothing from which we were created.

Nobody was not created by shrinking man, shrinking in size, shrinking in size, and then disappearing. Man became more and more dilute, his substance thinned, his form, in other words, disintegrated, became more and more empty and insubstantial. Nothingness is in fact insignificance. Not only does he have no personality, no self, no attitude, no sense of self, because he has partly given up all that, partly lost it; nothingness is where one ought to be, but there is no one. Not to some external influence. Nobody wants one thing, to live; but what he means by that we already know.

One of Dostoevsky's ancestors of the nobody is the creature living in the obscurity of the big city, the sewer-dweller, this filthy ascetic of wickedness, this dark saint of degeneracy, who madly tears apart in himself all that is still human, but with him, angry vile is still a glory, unlike his later contemporaries, for whom defilement is a matter of course and an accepted part of everyday life, like the morning bath and the ironed shirt. The sewer is the articulator of the most important concept of modern European man, reality. Reality is the collective term for the phenomena created by the corruption of existence, let us say that reality is the swill in which we live. For the sewer man, however, it is still a triumphant discovery, and he grins desperately at himself as he brags about his obscene existence and spits on anyone who is so stupid as to refuse to see it. No one dared think of total betrayal at the time. Nor did the gutter-dweller dare to believe that the demonic nature of the man reduced to nothing would so soon be lost and become not only commonplace but obligatory, even normal. Today, with a face burning with shame.

that he has lost his position of exceptionalism because his great vision, the being reduced to zero, has become commonplace. He was not humiliating enough. He was not enough nobody. He was proud of stitching his tongue. Today there is no such thing. No more scandal. No self-respect. There's only hazards, and everyone's a blowhard.

The other ancestor of the nobody is the agitator. For the agitator does not promote a program of ideology, but, independently of any program, he makes man uneasy and agitates and excites, or rather arouses naked excitement, and stirs man up without purpose or reason. The agitator does not communicate propositions and ideas, but deprives man of his security, even of his equilibrium, even of his peace. The thesis is only a pretext. It does not matter why man rebels, only that he rebels. The agitator does not believe what he says, and, what is more peculiar, he does not say it to be believed, nor does he lie, nor mislead, nor does he seek to deceive anybody, but he arouses anger, and envy, and revenge, and bloodshed. Why? Because of what he says, certainly not. For the unrest, for the excitement, for the naked rebellion, that there may be disorder, and upheaval, and then not even that, nor excitement, nor anything.

Nobody, by the way, as a mass attempt at existence, arose out of social hunger. The realization of nothingness requires that man voluntarily renounce his substance. The grades are: bourgeois mediocrity (idol of talent, genius), - anybody, - whoever, - lynchpin, - insubstantiality, - nobody.

It is well known that in the last century, with the mixing and disintegration of the castes, the community effectively ceased to exist. The existing social formations were communal surrogates, and in the absence of community, social hunger was bound to set in. The anarchic self-reliance that is individualism was unsustainable. Community had to be sought; the hunger was unbearable. Of course, when there are burning gaps in the story, there is no time for calm reflection. Immediately. That's just the story. That is why nationalism, socialism, fascism, communism are improvised experiments in desperation, and are not real, but pseudo-existential. None of them counts with the individual; only the collective. Man is nobody. And man, in the pretense of living together, has undertaken this. It was not a choice, of course, but an escape. Not a search for natural protection, but hiding. The collectivity of the nobody is the total state, just as the base of the total state is to make man a nobody. Not mediocre, not

self-serious, not just anyone, not a link, not frivolous, but nobody who does not matter, not because he is ignored, but because he ignores himself. Yet totalitarianism is something the nobody must cling to, for if it were not for that, it could not even survive biologically. At least the totalitarian state lies, at least it exploits, at least it interns, and at least it says it is progress.

The totalitarian state was not made by nobody, just as the totalitarian state did not make nobody. Both arose simultaneously out of the apparatus from which the modern bureaucracy, the industrial corporation, the bank, the army, technology, and whose basis is rationalist science, have all emerged. For it was science that created the concept of the impersonal world apparatus. The modern state arose out of the idea of science as a total world factory. To be nobody is to live in the apparatus. To hide in the organisation, to steal existence for tiny lives, while one makes oneself invisible. To have something, just in case he wants to keep something and hide it away. But most of the time, he doesn't even get it. The dictator is an exception. The dictator is not a ruler, he is a function of the apparatus, and if he wanted to be free, the apparatus would throw him out the minute he wanted to be free. Sociality is gone. There is only apparatus. Just as individuality is gone, and there is only nobody.

Heidegger - and almost at the same time Camus - says that the period after the Second World War is characterised by non-peace and non-war, something faceless and featureless. One cannot distinguish between the two. Because he cannot distinguish between truth and lies. That is what totalitarian states live by and abuse, truth, lies, whatever. Boundaries in the age of whoever are conflated, in the age of nobody they are gone. There is only the factory. In the factory, truth and lies are together, like peace and war, without distinction. It is called truth, which gives continuity to the momentary plant. Tomorrow will be different. The day after tomorrow, whoever speaks out will be shut down. Just as in science there are no truths, only statistical probabilities. The apparatus must work. This distinction between being true and being a liar is out of date. There are no questions of truth, only questions of administration and organisation. What is called scientism is nothing but confirmation of the thesis that the world is an impersonal apparatus. And if human existence is subordinated to the apparatus, man loses his substance. Nobody is not even bad. At first it was a link, that is, frivolous. This was back then,

when he was still resisting decency and truth, when he was still, say, a rationalist and an atheist, and joking, because at least that was idiocy. Anyone who later considered such things as propriety or seriousness to be applicable to a grin became a thoroughly obsolete man. Why? Lying is an assertive technique. Why make a big deal out of it. The basis for judgement was edited by scientific impartiality. Kassner says that science will end in a colossal lie. He is wrong. Science started out as a colossal lie, that the universe is an apparatus. Nobody is the inhabitant of this universe apparatus. And this fact is neither tragic nor comic, because there is no drama in it, nor even scandal, nor shameful, nor a joke, but a fact.

EPILOGUE ABOUT SOMEONE

In any case, by right of shame, there are a whole host of scientists, artists, clergymen and thinkers who protest against total nothingness. It does not depend on the number, of course; it does not depend on how many there are. It is rather what Guénon writes, that the efforts are feeble and partial. Man is attempting to save his humanity in the no-man's age, and even to prepare for some kind of spiritual restoration. One is largely independent of science, art, religion, thought. For the emphasis is not on the production but on the integrity of the human person. The somebody, regardless of the field in which it is opposed to the nobody, strives to maintain the seriousness of its humanity, and, however feebly and partially, as Guénon writes, it desires the restoration of the lawful and normal order of life. It is this someone who seeks to preserve as much as possible the substantivity of the human being in himself, unless he has to, not a nerd or a careerist, or even anyone. Therefore, even if not quite someone, he is someone, not nobody. Not because he's a scientist. Science is probably indefensible; as a natural science it is existentialism, as a spiritual science it is Alexandrianism. Science is the messianism of the citizen, because the citizen expects the scientist to redeem the world. The proletarian, since he has nothing new to say anywhere, has taken over and inflated this messianism, and has heaped privileges on the scientist, believing that the redeemer must be paid a high salary. The proletarian's ideal of life was not a lot of money, like the bourgeois, but a high salary.

The proletarian, moreover, should not be confused with the nobody. The proletarian, though primitive, is a legitimate caste and has an absolute place in society just as much as the Brahmin or the knight or the economic caste. The nobody, on the other hand, is a non-caste scum, *an avarna*, as the Hindu tradition calls him, or as Guénon calls him: *a cadavre psychique*.

The somebody is independent of being an artist. It is peculiar that the significance of Klee, Mondrian, Schoenberg, Bartók, Mallarmé, Rilke, Moore, Brancusi is only a small part in the work, a larger part in the effort to stand up for the work, to restore a legitimate and normal order of life. As with exceptional scientists. And as with priests or thinkers who, regardless of religion or worldview, engage in the same effort. The Buddhist Suzuki and the Hebrew Martin Buber and the Catholic Przywara are in the same line with Maritain or Ziegler or Sesztov and Bergyayev and Gabriel Marcell. And identical in being partial and powerless.

One is not a complete human person. Somebody is just somebody, not quite nobody. Always dubious and uncertain, because they are ignored by all but those like them. This was the tactic of the bourgeoisie, whoever says or composes, paints or writes anything of substance, it doesn't matter. Indolence. To be silent. Silenced if possible. The genius is an idol, but it would be best to do to him what totalitarianism did later, if his mouth got too big, to make him disappear into the sink of state protection.

Here is the case of Alfred Weber, who exposed the apparatus. Not on the scale that would have been desirable. And rather only as a concept, scientifically. The discovery had no consequences. Aldous Huxley would say it is because heads of state today do not read good books. Heads of state today are suspicious of those who enjoy good pictures, read good poets and listen to good music. Just as good painters and composers are distrusted by heads of state. Who is right? Undoubtedly the painter, because if not a great weight, at least he is somebody, and the head of state is nobody.

Alfred Weber is nostalgic for the great fixed and integrated life systems of prehistory, such as the Chinese, the Hindu, the Iranian, the Hebrew, the Egyptian, the Orphic Greek. He calls these systems of life 'cultures' in obsolete scientific language, and can therefore see the present moment in history as nothing more than a cultural crisis. We are, of course, long past that.

The beginning of Europe, says Weber, is Thermopylae, where a small army of a few men held off the Persian colossus and fell, but defended the freedom of the Greeks. The meaning of the battle is this: there is something more than life, and for that something more, life must be given. This is the original basis of the European way of life. The glory of the European man. After Thermopylae, the Christian martyrs, the medieval sects, John Huss, Giordano Bruno, all uphold the integrity of the human person, even if life must be given. What is happening today is the reverse Thermopylae. The vast majority of mankind, for the sake of sheer and bare life, be it any shameful servitude, who, for as good money as they can get, will sell the glory of freedom. With his own, of course, the other's.

If a man is detached from the fixed point of his life, he falls apart and is thrown back. The European man, in the moment of history when he betrayed his freedom, lost his seriousness. Freedom was replaced by the apparatus. In place of the thermopylean existence came the nobody. The transformation of today's official and technocratic apparatus, of power and work and private life, of the entire order of life, into an apparatus, can only be understood if one knows that it was created at the cost of betraying freedom, and that this betrayal has been going on for centuries, and if one knows that today, both in the East and in the West, the majority of humanity has ceased to protest against it. In his nothingness, man is forced to give up more and more of his biological existence every day, and in this nothingness he now rests contentedly. He who gives life for more than life is free, he who does not is first a slave, then nothing.

Guénon says that the movement of being is in all cases antinomic, and that therefore disintegration takes place in parallel with the apparatus, alongside solidification. Decomposition and disintegration at the same time as the same phenomenon. He who wants to remain somebody, rather; he who does not want to be nobody, must defend himself in two directions and be positive, dissolving and solidifying. Where nobody is mechanized, there to dissolve, where nobody is disintegrating, there to solidify. Because man brings with him a more or less intact being, and everyone without exception. But in subsistence, the vast majority compromise themselves. For the sake of power and wealth and fame, it defiles its original being. In ambition most of all. For very little, and always less. It mechanizes, and is equally absorbed in the void. This is nothingness. Apparitized and nullified. There is no full-fledged existence, and it is increasingly difficult to imagine. A person cannot know anything other than

individual skills and qualities and talents. That leaves someone, not exactly no one, but just someone. He is unaware of that spirituality which is "neither invisible nor superhuman, but which is greater than man". What the somebody attempts to realize is

"a straight extension of individuality". This is not what is needed. Not religion, not salvation. Not science, not art, not music, not thought, not the basis of anything. What is needed is the perfection of human existence, and that through the realization of forces from a world greater than man, as Guénon writes, because realization is

"the realization of the operations of the word acting on the level of divine existence" (*opération du verbe divin*). This activity is not superhuman but supra-individual. To be able to receive authentic spiritual influence. To be able to do this, man needs a turn to the roots: towards the initial and eternal and absolute attitude of man, towards the fundamental position. This is the state in which man is in conscious and alert communication - not with the forces of the superhuman, but with the forces of the greater-than-human world. What the Hindu tradition calls *vidya*.

RECONCILIATION

Authentic thinking must start from the present. But actual presence is not enough. It is only situationalism. What makes modern thought meaningful is that it applies the universal human standard to the present. Only in this way can the present become measurable. The measure is tradition, that is, the sacred books. This puts an end to the sophistry that began two thousand five hundred years ago. For the measure of things is not man. The measure of things is mankind's knowledge of existence, which has always existed, still exists today, but is buried, unrealizable for the majority of people, as Boehme and Guénon say, known only sometimes by a solitary, sometimes by a small closed community. This standard, like normal behaviour, is in every human being; it is called the default position. The peculiar tension of modern thought, the only tension in Europe, is that man attempts to become aware of and to restore the basic attitude.

What is obsolete?

Above all, what is obsolete is the idea that order can be invented, and that human life can be transformed according to it, that a new existence can be created, a new culture can be created, history can be changed, a new religion, a new society, a new philosophy can be invented. These concepts of worldview and philosophy and religion and economics and history and culture are obsolete. At best, they can be used to build a system, and we know that there is no right system. All systems are invalid. And order cannot be found, because it is the same and given in all places and times, and that with the world and existence. The order of tradition is preexistent, that is, it existed before the beginning of the beginning, and the world arose from the idea of order.

The mono-caste power is obsolete, whether priestly, chivalric, civil, or labourer, with its attendant arrangements of life; for man does not live in a phantasmagorical collective, but in a social hierarchy, and has always lived in it, and in the maintenance of the order of an intact community all castes must participate. One-caste power is wrong. Whichever caste practices it. Casteism is even worse.

The notion of the people, the nation, the race as a viable community has become obsolete because it is the germ of rivalry and discord, of jealousy and discord, of foolish pride and intrigue and lying.

The concept of politics, which does not reconcile, but fosters and maintains antagonisms in the hatred of castes and peoples, has become obsolete.

Religion has become obsolete because differences of creed create divisive and hostile communities; diversity of beliefs does not create anarchy but is a sign of the richness of the spirit. The clergy betrayed religion to totalitarian power, the chivalric caste betrayed power to money, the bourgeoisie betrayed the abundance of earthly goods to vile and sordid aims in life; the proletariat, which proved unproductive in creating its own order of life, was unable to do anything but realize the bourgeois ideal of life to an even lower standard, and instead of the liberation it proclaimed, it brought labour terror and slavery. ("Man loses the purity of his being the day he becomes a slave.")

Science, which is not an ideology of authentic cognition but of the exercise of bourgeois, and later proletarian, totalitarian power, has become obsolete, and it supplies the ideas and means by which the violence over humanity, the exploitation of humanity, and the obscuring of reality are easier and more certain.

Where is the enemy?

The enemy is the apparatus. It was not easy to find. Almost everyone knew that the enemy was a life-destroying power, if only because almost everyone suffered from the same causes. But the dark spot was sought in technology, more in the state, in the economy, in science. The apparatus is a universal system that destroys life, which manifests itself in all areas of human existence, in technology, in the state, in science. It is characterised by its impersonality. It manifests itself as an order of life, namely as rationality, which has the advantage of being easy to implement because it is practical and useful. It is a common sense that makes things easier and simpler. The machine has been and is mistakenly and superficially regarded as the enemy, because it believes that mechanisation is the essence. Mechanisation, however, is merely an external factor; the apparatus is a blight on life. Mechanization is a consequence of the apparatus. It is the organisation that can be operated at the push of a button. For technology is not an autonomous concept, but - especially in its modern form, as rocket and atomic technology, telescoping, artificial brain - an instrument of the apparatus of the destruction of life. The strongest power of the apparatus is not even technology, it is only the tangible manifestation of the archetype of the apparatus; the greatest power is the bureaucracy. Where life is transformed into an inorganic organization, that is, where the apparatus leads man. In the old days, the apparatus was not even recognisable; the large financial, military, political apparatuses arose after the Second World War. The Apparatus is no longer a fully coherent universal and unified system of existence, but by the 1960s there is every indication that it is spreading throughout the inhabited earth and the whole field of existence in the name of demonic dark alliances. Most importantly, it has become beyond doubt that no one is doing it, but it has become an invincible power, as they say, independent of human will. Prior to this, in the age of the Great Inquisitor, the destruction of existence was done at human instigation. It was a time of religious (clerical) and political absolute power. Since then, the three institutionalised activities of totalitarianism, technology and science, the apparatus of destruction, have been built up. For the activity of the Grand Inquisitor was still only to intervene and extinguish the light where it appeared. The apparatus has implemented a system which prevents the appearance of light, and even the darkness and

invents formulas to glorify slavery, and takes up a unified theoretical stand against intact and authentic existence, which makes it obligatory to settle down in the ruin of existence under the penalty of loss of life. To him who is outside of the existential is given no bread. The Grand Inquisitor was aesthetically corrupt, and the bourgeoisie has retained something of this saga corruption. The totalitarian corruption is that of the mob. There, you are anybody, here you are nobody.

Of course, one does not think up the ideas one puts into practice. The ideas that govern life emanate from a supernatural plane of existence, and are therefore very rarely grasped by a single exceptional person; they are usually grasped by several people, in distant places, quite independently of each other. This is what Plato says when he talks about ideas. The ideas that influence human existence come from a higher, mainly broader, plane of existence, and it is these **t h a t** govern our lives. Our natural being is merely the organ of the realization of these ideas in the mundane. Man only decides what force he takes into himself and to what extent he realizes it. He cannot change the nature and character of the force. Therefore, crimes against life, murder, war, execution, are not only unjust, but utterly senseless, because man's life is taken for an act whose impulse is not in man. Life itself is innocent and is nothing but honey, as Vedanta says. An idea, a thought, an ideal, independent of life, radiates into man, and he acts at its suggestion or compulsion. This is a most essential part of the teaching of the tradition; together with the fact that the tradition teaches us how to distinguish between thoughts and ideas and to recognize them according to their nature. This is the *diakrisis pneumatón*, the discernment of the spirit, which the Gospel speaks of. The diakristic pneumaton was the knowledge of the spiritual caste, so that man could distinguish between harmful and beneficial spirits, receiving the beneficial and not absorbing the harmful. The spiritual caste lost this ability in Europe very early, in the second century after Christ, and it lost it because the clergy embraced the forces of power and opened up space for the idea of world domination in itself. Since then, they have been living under the fatally mistaken anthropological notion that what man says and does and thinks and proclaims and realises is man's individual invention. What is spiritually opposed to each other is never man and

thought and thought embodied under the influence of higher powers, and it is not man that must be destroyed, but the procedure by which harmful thought can and must be neutralized.

The apparatus does not originate in man, but is the realization of a superior thought. The apparatus is nowhere to be found in man, and there is no one who can fully identify himself with it. The use of force is futile against ideas realized by a more subtle influence. Only the brahman (spiritual caste) possessed the knowledge which could recognize the wrong, could awaken the right, and could overrule the wrong. As the Gospel teaches, evil must not be resisted. Fighting against evil is harmful because it forces evil to defend itself and thus strengthens its position. This is the knowledge of old Tolstoy. This is the knowledge of Gandhi. Not to resist. To make the harmful, but clear and pure force radiant, and then the harmful disappears (*satyagraha*).

What is happening today is exactly the reverse. Man cannot distinguish one idea from another, the harmful forces are given free play, and these forces are condensed into a single organization covering the whole earth. There is no spiritual caste, no Brahmanic knowledge. The knowledge of the Gnostics, which was still possessed by them, is lost. Diacrisis, the knowledge of the high priest, is unknown.

Is it free to be reconciled?

The cause of the trouble is early reconciliation. I do not take any communion that exists today. No people, no nation, no caste, no class, no race, no religion, no worldview. The only community whose validity I acknowledge for myself is the communion of saints, the Church. The unity of humanity in the Gospel. To be alone is madness, but to be mad is better than to be corrupt. The clergy, the army, big industry, the bank, the nation, the state, the university, socialism, fascism, communism, the monde bourgeois, even the monde proletarian, are woven into a single apparatus of existence within which we are in a permanent state of war. What is called the struggle for existence. I do not recognize t h i s order of life and consider it illegitimate. A readiness to go to war is a readiness to kill. Or compromise. Compromise is the solution of a man powerless in reality, if no lunch, at least the crumbs. The result is the pseudo-Pacified Man, rushing madly for small edges into dissipation in annihilation. The whole

and to remain profoundly silent about the whole, to pretend that it is a passing confusion, and to console oneself with the consolation that, after all, it has always been so in history. Against which only one attitude is possible: the most resolute and uncompromising opposition at every point. *Anathema*.

No reconciliation. Man must seize for himself the whole stock of hatred in the world in order not to give in and not to be able to give in. Man's radical humanity must be in this hatred. Abundance is my reconciliation. I will not tolerate any kind of existential degradation in anyone, anywhere.

At the scene of the miracle

The apparatus of wonder. It is completely irrelevant that it is called reality. Today, they say, there is no miracle. But there is. What is called reality is a miracle. But it is an ugly miracle. Is there no faith in it? But there is. Faith in garbage. The apparatus is a miracle, because it is a miracle how man, who in an orderly and normal and authentic existence wants to take his share of the goods of life, can create conditions and circumstances in which he either cannot get these goods or can only get them, however little, at the cost of his own degradation. It is a miracle, because it is exactly the opposite of what man wishes to achieve. It is undoubtedly the miracle of the dirty and the ugly, of error, of blindness, of immorality, of harassment, of vile, of lying, of depravity, of crimes, of frivolity, of irrelevance, repeatedly, regardless of whether it is called reality. A miracle, because here this world is the reverse of what one longs for, yet here it is, in its suggestive glare, the essential reality overwhelmed and swallowed up and dissolved in its magic. It is necessarily a miracle, because man wants to live an intact life, and in fact lives in a state of being that cannot be explained by natural means. This is the wrong miracle. Only within this can such an idea arise, that of a struggle for existence. But the reality is to care for existence. This is the normal. Only within a bad miracle can there be a willingness to kill or compromise, and one can be silent about it all and one can gloss it over.

Simone Weil says that bad is when life is torn from its roots, and that is more or less like death. Life is stoned and clouded and poisoned, and in evil one is left alone and without support, and most frightening of all, the soul is unloved and abandoned. But this is not enough. It is not only human life that is corrupted in evil. In evil the whole world echoes. Evil is an attack on existence

against existence. That is why it is worldwide. Evil is not a sin, it is deeper and more powerful. Evil is a blight on existence that affects every part of the world. It envelops and darkens creation and attempts to extinguish the light of all existence.

I am not dealing with man. The truth and light within me are opposed to the dark powers of the miracle of the Fall, and reconciliation with them is forbidden. Man must be reconciled. Man lives in the miracle of delusion, and has always lived in it; he slumbers in the miracle in a half-dream, nor can he fully awaken, except as brahman, the spiritual being. The Gospel teaches reconciliation with the living man, but it has never given an inch to the living man, and has considered it unlawful.

What does Christianity teach?

Christianity is not a religion. It is a religion of historical and social and spiritual origin, with dogma and priestly organization and rituals. Christianity is a teaching about how to behave normally in life.

It has dialectical appeal. It is like closed systems talking to each other. Usually debate, because none can give up its closedness. It is about problems. Propositions are at war, and they want to convince each other. Justification and proof. Man has built himself into propositions and systems. Language has become a dialectical logos, in fact outside man. They do not talk to each other, but abstract propositions are fought over.

There is existential address, in which there is no system and problem and proof, and no objective question. I am confronted with man. Language here is existential logos. We are face to face and we have opened up and touched each other. We are uncovered and we are translucent with each other's words. We are together.

Jesus never spoke dialectically to anyone, and never spoke of material issues, and never argued, and never proved, but always touched the essence of man. Not arguments. Not defenses. Not questions; not whether guilty or guiltless. Now I speak to you, I open to you, and open to me. Let me into you as I let you into me.

The Gospel is an existential logos, and does not teach propositions, but speaks to the man. The man who is uncovered and open and simple, and who responds to the address, is stripped of his defensive reserve. The Gospel calls existential logos *aletheia*, or truth, because

aletheia means both truth and unconcealment. He who is unveiled is open, that is to say, transparent, and ultimately true. The one who shuts himself off from transparency does not open himself up, instead the proposition begins to speak, the principle, the question, the argument, the argument, the argumentative, and the dialectical.

A fully enlightened being is called a child in the Gospel. The dialectical archetype of seclusion is the Pharisee, who, on hearing the address, hides and responds to the word with action, and argues and disputes and defends and separates, for Pharisee (*perusim*) means in Hebrew, separated. The Pharisee always finds an excuse to set himself apart and not have to be with the others, and builds a system, that is, a prison, whether it be a building or a state or a theory, and locks himself in it. The Gospel speaks to man in his existence, in that which remains childlike and incorruptible in everyone and always and in all circumstances. He who opens himself and responds is undercover, that is to say, uncovered, that is to say, true. The one who closes himself is dialectical, in a state of lifelessness and remains separate, alone and to himself, and refuses the call. The one who hides from the call, Jesus cannot open.

The existential logos is the only today that unties the apparatus. In thought, in art, but especially in living speech. For the existential address awakens the child, the original being of man (Guénon: *état primordial*, Böhme: *Urstand*), and the way to a return to the ground of being is opened. Truth (aletheia, uncoveredness) dissolves the apparatus.

What to do?

We can do nothing but yield to the call and keep calling. Resist the infamis miracle firmly, unmistakably, clearly, simply, radically, at every point, uncompromisingly. Not against man, for in everyone lives the authentic and real man, *al-insân al-kâmil*, as the Sufi calls him, not destroyed by any corruption, and there is no darkness from which he is incapable of awakening. Man must be reconciled. Forgiveness and reconciliation are obligatory. But no appeasement can be allowed, that man may trust in corruption, and in the apparatus obscure his mind, and pretend that all is well, and deny and silence the darkness, and even build theories to defend it.

What does it mean to be reconciled? In no way to forgive the offence. We will not go that far. It means no more fear. Openness to the powers that be remains, and must be intensified. But it must be acknowledged that there is no chance of ruin. It is all improvised and temporary, foolhardy and frivolous, and unsustainable. The apparatus can only do one thing, it is destroying humanity. But whatever happens, human love is compulsory, and with the same determination with which, while the destruction of existence is going on, even if it is only in the palm of one hand, the implacable resistance must be maintained. By yielding to the call, or by abstaining from it, man judges himself.

At the end of time, they say, the beginning returns.

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