SOUTH AMERICAN MEDITATIONS

By the Same Author

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER
THE WORLD IN THE MAKING
EUROPE
THE RECOVERY OF TRUTH
CREATIVE UNDERSTANDING
AMERICA SET FREE

COUNT
HERMANN KEYSERLING

SOUTH AMERICAN MEDITATIONS:

ON HELL AND HEAVEN IN MAN'S SOUL

TRANSLATED FROM
THE GERMAN IN COLLABORATION
WITH THE AUTHOR
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FIRST MEDITATION

THE CONTINENT OF THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION

THE more days and years elapse, since I stayed in South America, the more clearly do I realize how much this continent has meant to me. It was a man without conscience, yea a real traitor, who first fixed the fleeting impressions of his life: he had no understanding of that law of growth through transformation, which demands a forgetting from day to day; and he betrayed his inner life to things external and dead which, but for his evil-mindedness, would not exist at all. For 'facts' do not exist in their own right; they are artificial creations of arbitrary abstraction. Originally, there are only total situations, incapable of disjunction; to the components of these total situations belongs, among other things, what more or less all can more or less uniformly experience, if they submit to more or less uniform conditions. Certainly, the emphasis may be laid on these constants. But then the world narrows down and shrinks. That perishes which makes the difference between the painting and the palette; vital experience vanishes, significance fades away; the quality of uniqueness is lost. No Brazilian ever reacted to tactless insistence with like displeasure and annoyance, as does the Universe. He who has the impudence to urge fixations and statistics upon it finds it instantly transformed into a lumber-room; whereas it attunes itself with joy, as does a woman, to the poetic vision of every true lover. And in both cases it is a genuine transformation. For this reason, every man who enriched the world with a world truly his own, has proved to be right not only for himself: if he was really called to the lover's part, then the Universe always — again with womanly partiality — demanded that each and all should adopt and share his view. Until another and better lover made his appearance.

This is the Significance of the progressive transformation

of the Gods. Primitive cosmogony charged a First Author with the entire responsibility for all happenings; and what then went beyond the narrow compass of the original pre-arranged plan, it divested of its reality by calling it Sin. Very logically, man, before the judgment of the sternest and most stubborn God of history, has for ever remained an offender. As a matter of fact, things are exactly the same here, as in the case of the dance in which the sun and the moon move around each other: it cannot be determined with final certainty which it is that revolves around the other. Creator and Creation represent one single insoluble total situation, which at every moment changes, or may change, in all its dimensions. Therefore, even though in the beginning everything may have been such as it is registered in the entries of the Seven Days' Work: as soon as somebody else beside the First Creator had an inspiration of his own, everything became different. Even that little intrigue between Woman and the Snake succeeded in upsetting the foundations of the original scheme. Then Paradise had to be left, although it had been intended as a permanency. Then happened that most alarming thing — alarming as viewed from the Original Order of things — that the outcasts were commanded to work for themselves; a command which gave full scope for every kind of initiative; soon Cain made his appearance, of all men the man who had no possible place in the First Plan; and thus things went on and on, to so great a disgust and annoyance of all who clung to the prejudice of the 'once and for all', that to-day only blind belief still preserves the original constellation of the poles Creator and Creation. But blind belief as 'religion', that is as the affirmation of a tie which unites the One and the Whole, is the extreme imaginable expression of despair. It means that a vital bond has ceased to exist. For this vital bond consists entirely and solely in the organic connexion with Creation as it really is: that is, a perpetually changing

thing. The maintenance of this relationship does indeed pre-suppose belief as the ultimate subjective resort, but belief not in the sense of obedience to what is fixed once and for all, but understood as the adding of what is personal to what belongs to others. Genuine Belief means affirmation of the imagination.

The world has as many possibilities as imagination can imagine. There have been as many actual worlds as there have been imaginations capable of being substantiated. From here we arrive at once at the sole idea of Truth which can be called cosmically valid: it is synonymous with the idea of *co-respondence* between subject and object. In its lowest expression this idea is congruent with Truth in the sense of the multiplication table. But just as higher mathematics are distinguished from the lower by the fact that, as they ascend, they comprehend ever more mutable quantities within connexions valid and capable of being maintained, even so correspondence *may* mean, that Creative Spirit transforms the world in correspondence to itself. Understood thus, and thus only, the concept of a First Author, in connexion with what demonstrably happened in the sequel, has meaning and content. To this content belong not only natural evolution, but also re-Creation from out of Spirit. This and nought else is the meaning of the world conquests achieved by religions and philosophies. As they taught man to take a different view of things external, things actually became different. Without any kind of metaphysical prejudice, it may be accepted as proven that Spirit *co*-operates in the formation of the world. And in our human world sense-bestowing Spirit, which experiences for itself, and imposes its own connexions on the universe, even means the ultimate resort. Prior to all science which only interprets *a posteriori* given facts, there always is religion which primarily bestows meaning and significance. The truth of this assertion has been proven most

impressively by the religion of Matter: this 'religion' has peopled our earth with formations which never existed before, and has pressed the cosmic forces into tracks never trodden hitherto. If to-day its power is on the wane, the reason is that it fails to understand its own significance and origin: for both lie entirely in the realm of Spirit: in the *belief* in the primacy of matter. But however this may be — I have no intention of developing a theodicy here — what is essential in this context, is that World-Creation never ceases, and that it depends entirely on Spirit's quality, what part it can play in the process.

Spirit is primarily creative, and not an interpreter. That it should so easily degrade itself by assuming the latter's rôle, is something akin to the fact that precisely the aristocrat, the master *par définition*, is so apt to turn into his opposite — the servant; for the courtier is the servant *par excellence*. If to-day Spirit serves not gods, but so-called facts; if it shows itself more cowardly in the face of facts than ever an Azteke before his murderous gods, this is like the cringing of the same upright men, who dethroned kings, before financial magnates. Now all my activity, ever since I outgrew the state of my first contemplative spirituality, means nothing more nor less than the overcoming of this fear. Significance creates the facts; Imagination transforms the world; Symbols make history: all my life and work bear witness to this truth. And in this there is no presumption whatsoever: I am simply putting into practice the elementary rights of man. If God were opposed to the continuance of this creative activity by man, long ago He would have put a stop to it.

EVEN to-day I cannot think of South America without experiencing a feeling of profoundest attachment. It is not love, such as I knew of yore; it is rather what the ancient pictures found on African rocks are meant to express, when they represent roving man as tied to his far-away

mother by the navel-string. My first words on reaching the Argentine shore were: 'I have come not to teach, but to learn.' This seemed to open to me the souls of all. From that moment I met with such readiness to receive and to accept, such an opening-up of souls, that I gave and could give and felt urged to give as I have never given before. But as thus deeps became correlated to deeps, and the new field of forces could fully work itself out, I myself underwent a transformation. Those deeps and abysses within me which corresponded to the determinant deeps of the South American world, forced themselves into my consciousness. I gained access to the stratum of the Third Day of Creation within my own being. That is the layer in which Life, such as man is capable of re-living and re-experiencing in imagination, first wrested itself from the dead gravity of First Matter. In these deeps there is no liberty, there is only bondage absolute; their psychic part is ruled by the exact correspondence of the material force of gravity. There, man primarily experiences the Earth, not Spirit, within him. And inasmuch as I first became cognizant of these deeps on the continent which since I have called the Continent of the Third Day of Creation, I feel tied and attached to its soil, and not to my own.

What deeps within me had been stirred, was first made clear to me on the heights of Bolivia. I had had a foreboding of some prodigious experience in store for me there. One afternoon, long before I left Europe, the following sentence came to my mind without my being conscious of its origin: 'The most interesting thing in South America is the puna'—that alpine disease which occurs within the exact limits of determinate beds of ore and is evidently caused by their emanations. Thus I entered its range with an inward disposition for it. Nevertheless, I was totally unprepared for what actually happened. To try to explain the *puna* in terms of altitude is as foolish and irreverent as

to speculate upon various sorts of matches, in order to gain some knowledge of Hell. In no time my organic equilibrium was destroyed. First, the organs proper of balance failed me; then followed symptoms of cerebral inflammation; kidneys and liver were gravely affected; the salivary glands refused to work, the heart alone held out. This was more than an illness, it was a real disintegration of my organism — just as stone becomes disintegrated by hydrofluoric acid. Similar influences, only immeasurably more powerful, must have caused the catastrophal transformations of the faunae. By my own inner experience I know what those reptiles must have felt, when telluric influences put them before the alternative either to become mammals, or to die. During that illness I felt myself to be a part of the Cosmic Process as intimately as the embryo, were it endowed with consciousness, would experience itself as an element of super-individual organic evolution. Then did I realize: among other things, I am Earth and pure force of the Earth. I am Earth not merely understood as material; this non-ego is an essential part of that which I experience myself to be. In the melting-pot of the puna, the constellation of earthly elements which I myself incarnate, wrestled with other earthly elements of a power far greater than my own. And had I not prematurely quitted the scene of action, either death or mutation would have been the end.

For only mutation can create the correspondence to a new constellation of elementary forces. One and whole is the organism, and always as an integral whole does it adapt itself to new constellations. Thus, according to astrology, the stars fix the form and the course of a man as an insoluble totality in the instant, when he autonomously enters into, and takes his place within the cosmic process. The working of medicines belongs to the same order of things. If they effect so little, wherever the organism is affected in its depths, this is because as yet no somatic regulating-centre —

provided such a thing actually exists — of the organism as a whole has been discovered; therefore, every stimulation of subordinate centres entails the danger of one organic complex being healed at the expense of others. This is why, with rare exceptions, man dies when his own hour has come: the circumstances which occasion death in each particular case are of secondary importance. That material substances should have any effect at all, is obviously due to the circumstance that the body is, in the last resort, an earthly thing. Already, some of the hormones, those magicians of matter, can be created by synthetic chemistry: in principle, all can be thus produced. For each and all are forces of the earth, that is, forces not exclusively belonging to organic Life; what makes them appear exclusively vital is merely the fact that Life binds them in a specific manner, be it in the form of unconscious regulation or the chemist's art.

As I was struggling in the melting-pot of the puna for my identity, my own Minerality awoke and reached my consciousness. And then I learnt to understand in a new sense that longing for Death, which ever and again seizes me with the compelling force of a vertigo. Death, viewed from earthly consciousness, means liberation. What tension, what convulsive struggle lies in the necessity to live! Shifting from one lack of equilibrium to another, a constellation of forces, which relatively to each one of its elements is an artificial structure, withdraws from and eludes powers immeasurably superior. Thus, when the limbs unbend and relax, to use Homer's beautiful words on Death, this means a true solution. Hence the ineffable peace on the faces of those who at the right moment died a natural death. And thus, from the angle of earth-consciousness, Buddha was entirely right: the Meaning of Life lies in the fact that it can cease. Buddha was born under the sign of Taurus. Deeply embedded and bound up in material Samsara, he could not but feel that dissolution meant liberation.

This overwhelming power of the telluric influences has coined man of the Andean heights. It is of symbolic significance that as late as the Tihuanacu period the dwellings of the princes were built in the shape and size of tombs: Andean man is actually of a mineral nature. Obviously, the emphasis within the organism can be laid in such a manner that the characteristics of the mineral become determinant. Driesch is right, when he sums up the first premise of all possible philosophic reflection in the sentence: 'I have something consciously.' If having, not Being is the first experience, there is no eschewing the logical inference that consciousness of Ego and of Spirit need not necessarily be a primary phenomenon. As a matter of fact, it is the last to make its appearance in the course of natural evolution. As far as the experience of organic processes is concerned, the fact appears familiar to all, although even this can in no wise be understood; for that which thinks within man belongs not to the organic, but to the spiritual world. Accordingly, only a history of Creation, in which the *primus movens* is Spirit, can appear at all plausible. It is different, where the Unorganic decides. In Alto-Peru I first understood those myths according to which the dwarf, the catachthonian miner and smith, is the older creature as compared to man. Never have I seen such souls of bronze, as the souls of those mountain-dwellers; never did anything human appear to me so strange, so altogether foreign to myself. This inertia, this lentor, this monstrous memory, this insensibility immediately below the surface, the sensitiveness of which is identical with the quick incalescence and defervescence of metals; this candid disregard of history, this dull melancholy which dwells on the near side of the mere idea of hope, are truly unorganic. Once this connexion has presented itself to the reflecting mind, it no longer appears inexplicable, however unintelligible it may remain. All the component elements of man co-operate in him;

even that surrounding world which shaped him belongs to him as an organic part as well: thus, also the 'spirit' of metal, the 'virtue' of the mineral must needs co-operate in the formation of the soul. Indeed, does not everyone in whom Spirit is not predominant become mineral, as with age he draws nearer the Earth? Is it not this that makes old age uncanny to youth? Not only the vessels of the body — soul and mind, too, grow hard and rigid. Typical old age is conservative, materialistic, superficial from imperviousness. Thus, no myth describes the dwarf otherwise than as a senile creature.

Here, in Bolivia and Alto-Peru, moreover, it is in all probability a case of historical age. My intuition tells me that these Indians are far older than historical research will have it. Why do they live at such insane heights? Very likely they fled there, when in the West and the East continents or giant isles sank down into the sea. This high-culture around Lake Titicaca impresses me as almost inhuman. The landscape more harsh than in North Siberia; paralysing the mineral emanations, if not murderous. How well did I understand here the cult of warmblood and the cult of gold as the cult of liquid Sun, free of all weight! These steppes at a height of 12000 feet, harsh and bare, livid and grey, above which cloudshaped snowclad mountains tower almost as high, literally call to mind the age when the earth was still 'without form and void'. All the more as they are not uninhabited — never have I felt a sense of such utter desolation as when I saw the flocks of llamas and asses driven by sad little men, clad, with a last attempt at self-assertion, in flaming red ponchos, the women with the grotesque head-dress of grey top-hats.

While abiding in this fantastic world, my soul could not help mythologizing. I write down, as a rememberance, the cosmogonic vision that then came to me. It is not likely that it should be true to fact, yet I do not think it lacks

significance.—When the man of the mineral age crept forth out of his cave, he gave himself up to the care of the llama, which was there before him. The llama is of all domestic animals the most primordial. It was not man who tamed the llama, as it is man who created the dog; the llama bred man in order to give a meaning to its own existence. The llama embodies the primeval will to serve; and this is the primeval expression of the will to power. The capacity to yield is the first characteristic of life; then follows the anticipation of desire; last of all comes manifest rule. And even to-day this last is the least secure. The llama is all things, can do all things, and requires nothing. It need not be fed, nor otherwise cared for. But on the other hand it clothes, it carries, heats and, after death, nourishes. For the lonely shepherd in days of old it even replaced woman — this seems to be the meaning of the fact that, even to-day, on certain occasions the sexual organ of the llama is worshipped. The Spanish plague even is, according to the Indians, a gift of the llama to man. But in its essence the llama is the prototype of the responsible housekeeper. During my illness, while correspondingly high-strung and sensitive, I saw a flock of llamas wandering across country, selling its ordure for fuel to the frost-nipped populace. And when I became aware of the big lead-llama, a money-box tied to its neck, cashing and keeping a sharp eye on the money with a look that bade defiance to omnipotence itself, I was scared: as it stood there, with neck uplifted, head thrown back, lips pursed to spit, it evoked in me a vision of that 'first mother of the world', according to a Kabyle legend the first creature on earth, as she stood there before God the Lord with arms akimbo, asking Him not to meddle with what was no business of His.

Upon these heights, in the beginning was the llama, not man. Of the First Mother of the World Frobenius relates: 'Once she was displeased with her maids. The most careless

she addressed as "You pig!" Thus, the world knew the word "pig" before God had created the pig.' In our world, in the beginning was the Word. In South America, the flesh was the first of all materializations. Thus, the llama continues bodily as a primary principle since the mineral age. Almost everywhere, the rooted South American of whatever blood is characterized — as compared with the European and the African — by a small, thick-set figure, clumsy body and tiny hands and feet. He who would object to this definition because of the frequent great beauty of the race, should remember that the queen of the llamas is the delicate and untamable vicuña, slim and slender like the gazelle; and that here it is a question of prototypes.

ON the heights of the Cordilleras with their ore-bearing beds from which even to-day issue emanations such as, in days of yore, suddenly transformed faunae and florae, I became conscious of my own minerality. But already when my ship neared the coast of Brazil, the basic notes of the era succeeding the mineral age sounded within me. That was when I became aware of the essential difference between the last island bearing African characteristics and the first of the Brazilian isles. And I found a kindred landscape cardiogram throughout that continent, wherever the earth was not 'without form and void'. A weirdly pale or livid green, sometimes with a silvery opalescence; the sun so softened, that even in the tropic summer the protecting helm is rarely needed; or else a heat not more scorching than in midsummer on the Siberian Tundra. Some of the red and yellow rays must be lacking in the South American spectrum. Wherever there are no mountains and deserts, the amount of water probably exceeds that of all other continents. Hence the South American landscape is a reincarnation, however softened down, of that equilibrium between the animate and the inanimate, which belongs to those earliest ages when Life first became determinant in its own right.

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South America perpetuates those ages in a similar sense, as the Massai steppe in Africa perpetuates the tertiary-period of Pikermi in Greece, or the deep-sea the fauna of the mesozoic age. It cannot be accidental that as late as the beginning of our own era, mastodons were hunted by the South-American Indians, and megatheria were kept as domestic animals. The general distribution of the natural forces on this continent is of a kind which has long ceased to exist in other parts of the world. The genealogical age of later forms of evolution is no more absolute in time than the connexion between the Creator and Creation is absolute in their mutual relationship. Haeckel misinterpreted the succession of the phases of embryonal development by saying that the history of the individual is a repetition of generic history. The truth is that the cold-blooded creatures did not necessarily exist before the warm-blooded in the sense of time — from the earliest days the existence of most organic types can be traced — but that the former incarnate a deeper layer of life; a fact which may express itself in all theoretically possible manifestations of one identical functional basic relationship; thus, among others, in the form of ontogenetic and phylogenetic succession. Therefore, whatever has been is virtually existent even to-day, ever ready to be reborn; whether and in what manner this happens depends upon the fundamental distribution of the forces of the earth.

In this sense South America is ruled, wherever life has detached itself from the realm of minerality, by the spirit of the age, the original expression of which is the cold-blood. When, still in Europe, I had been meditating the first South American souls I had met, I was assailed by visions of snakes; before my eyes arose mottled or tiger-spotted fragments of trunks of huge pythons, flecked by flashes of light filtering through the tree-tops; bodies welling up and rolling forth out of a bottomless opaque pond. In its native landscape this netherworld which lifted to the surface its inner

correspondence within me, took its original elementary shape and mould. All colours paled, all firm lines faded into each other. I felt encircled and begirdled on all sides by coils of writhing larvae; the first time I saw them, the awe-inspiring music of the Dance of the Shades of Gluck's *Orpheus* sounded within me, as though it were the necessary accompaniment of the vision. And so it is; only in the pace was the great seer mistaken. With slow movements, like the chameleon of to-day, the brood of the netherworld creeps and crawls around in a circle within an infinite yet closed space. And least of all do these larvae resemble the shades of humans. They are not real snakes, but they are like unto snakes; they are most akin to the glass-eel, that earliest form of the eel after it has shed its larva; only they are pervious not to light, but, as it were, to darkness. When first I saw those cold, slimy bodies crawling towards me, and the innumerable staring glassy basilisk-eyes fixed upon mine, I was horror-struck. I felt abandoned to evil. But soon I realized that neither were they crawling towards me, nor did they stare at me; they were ever moving yet without direction nor aim, and with eyes phosphorescent and wide-open they were blind. And then it was revealed to me that what had first evoked in me the idea of evil is simply Life primordial; the association with Evil is due to the fact that a distorting mirror receives its reflection. And then I understood, moreover, why nethermost Life must needs be reflected in daylight consciousness in the form of the snake, as indeed the Chaldeans had but one word for Serpent and Life. Our consciousness can only reflect what partakes of the quality of light. But the netherworld is shrouded in darkness eternal. Thus, its projection onto the surface appears, if it does appear, in the shape of a counter-shadow, as the opposite of a shadow: the blind as seeing, the inert as swift of movement, the invisible as shining. Thus, that which 'in itself' is the primordial worm, for ever

incapable of rising, glistens forth as the cunning, wicked and gem-like snake.

But, first and foremost, it is never a question of one particular animal, nor of many; these coils of writhing bodies move on the near side of the cipher; all possible snakes together form one single primordial manifoldness, an inseverable primordial Something which yet is ever coiling and uncoiling, which is ever melting away and re-emerging. And as I contemplated this vision, the only adequate expression which came to me was 'Yeast of Creation'. This primordial Something is the very opposite of anything endowed with imagination and soul; viewed from the earth, there is no original world of ensouled images. The primordial world is indeed in a state of continuous movement and fermentation, but it is obtuse and blind; even to the results of psychoanalytic delving which science deems primordial with the greatest show of right, it stands in the relationship of the movements of the bowels to artistic creation. At depths immeasurably profounder than deepest psychological research can grope down to, there are vast domains of existence, which, although they also elude definition in terms of what is called physical, can only be experienced from the body. All those who have not entirely lost touch with the earthly 'Mothers', as Goethe called them, have experienced at least for short moments what the expression 'knowledge of the blood' means.

But even in man there are things profounder than blood. Blood is already liquid light. Blood is already Day of Life. But before the day there was the coldness of Night. In its nethermost layer Life is cold, slimy and viscous; it is jelly as opposed to the mineral, inseverable like the tentacles of the polyp, rampant, suffocating. Here, the timeless existence of the mineral turns into endless development in time; here the law of the conservation of energy, which keeps the mineral realm in the state of balance of an eternal beauty,

becomes subservient to the law of unlimited rampancy and propagation. And this has its primeval limit in murder, and the mere possibility of murder means proof positive that the equation of life is essentially and eternally incapable of solution. And murder was there long before natural death, which possibly means a kind of compromise for the appeasement of dawning moral sense.

Procreation perpetuates on all planes the primeval spirit of the coldblood. That this is so, is proven also by man, wherever his sensuality lives itself out as a detached thing. Then does the cold snake crawl forth from the netherworld. Hence the glassy eyes of the whores, the pallid look of the debauchee; with both, drugs must ever more and more replace personal warmth. Hence, in particular, the clammy coldness of the onanist. Here, sex belongs in the latrine; with worm-like convulsions he gives back to the morass his primordial slime. Hence the ugly expression of the men who seek nought but sensual satisfaction. Hence the cold cruelty of such men and women, in whom primordial instincts are determinant, when one partner wearies of the other; then and there the morals of the dragon directly supplant the moral sense of man as he should be; few crimes are so foul and infamous as the daily hushed-up phenomena of intimate discord. Hence also the frequent bitter, cramped and desperate expression of young married couples whose consciousness is overwhelmed by hitherto unknown primordial impulses. This primeval love is the brother of Death. Here, the male frog after the completion of his endless copulation is the symbol for all creation. Hence, finally, the ugliness of all sexual organs. They belong to the netherworld, to the Night of Creation; it is not for nothing that the same formations serve to procreate and to excrete. As soon as man abandons himself to his detached sensuality, he too becomes 'yeast of creation'. Then the untold numbers of spermatozoa the male ejaculates in every act is the adequate expression of his being.

incapable of rising, glistens forth as the cunning, wicked and gem-like snake.

But, first and foremost, it is never a question of one particular animal, nor of many; these coils of writhing bodies move on the near side of the cipher; all possible snakes together form one single primordial manifoldness, an inseverable primordial Something which yet is ever coiling and uncoiling, which is ever melting away and re-emerging. And as I contemplated this vision, the only adequate expression which came to me was 'Yeast of Creation'. This primordial Something is the very opposite of anything endowed with imagination and soul; viewed from the earth, there is no original world of ensouled images. The primordial world is indeed in a state of continuous movement and fermentation, but it is obtuse and blind; even to the results of psychoanalytic delving which science deems primordial with the greatest show of right, it stands in the relationship of the movements of the bowels to artistic creation. At depths immeasurably profounder than deepest psychological research can grope down to, there are vast domains of existence, which, although they also elude definition in terms of what is called physical, can only be experienced from the body. All those who have not entirely lost touch with the earthly 'Mothers', as Goethe called them, have experienced at least for short moments what the expression 'knowledge of the blood' means.

But even in man there are things profounder than blood. Blood is already liquid light. Blood is already Day of Life. But before the day there was the coldness of Night. In its nethermost layer Life is cold, slimy and viscous; it is jelly as opposed to the mineral, inseverable like the tentacles of the polyp, rampant, suffocating. Here, the timeless existence of the mineral turns into endless development in time; here the law of the conservation of energy, which keeps the mineral realm in the state of balance of an eternal beauty,

becomes subservient to the law of unlimited rampancy and propagation. And this has its primeval limit in murder, and the mere possibility of murder means proof positive that the equation of life is essentially and eternally incapable of solution. And murder was there long before natural death, which possibly means a kind of compromise for the appeasement of dawning moral sense.

Procreation perpetuates on all planes the primeval spirit of the coldblood. That this is so, is proven also by man, wherever his sensuality lives itself out as a detached thing. Then does the cold snake crawl forth from the netherworld. Hence the glassy eyes of the whores, the pallid look of the debauchee; with both, drugs must ever more and more replace personal warmth. Hence, in particular, the clammy coldness of the onanist. Here, sex belongs in the latrine; with worm-like convulsions he gives back to the morass his primordial slime. Hence the ugly expression of the men who seek nought but sensual satisfaction. Hence the cold cruelty of such men and women, in whom primordial instincts are determinant, when one partner wearies of the other; then and there the morals of the dragon directly supplant the moral sense of man as he should be; few crimes are so foul and infamous as the daily hushed-up phenomena of intimate discord. Hence also the frequent bitter, cramped and desperate expression of young married couples whose consciousness is overwhelmed by hitherto unknown primordial impulses. This primeval love is the brother of Death. Here, the male frog after the completion of his endless copulation is the symbol for all creation. Hence, finally, the ugliness of all sexual organs. They belong to the netherworld, to the Night of Creation; it is not for nothing that the same formations serve to procreate and to excrete. As soon as man abandons himself to his detached sensuality, he too becomes 'yeast of creation'. Then the untold numbers of spermatozoa the male ejaculates in every act is the adequate expression of his being.

Original life as a product of the Earth must indeed appear evil to day-time consciousness which has grown self-assured. Decomposition, foulness, stench are the all-pervading concomitants of procreation; and all self-preservation necessitates ugly and evil actions. This ugliness appears one-sidedly exteriorized and materialized in the world of snakes and toads. What fiendish imagination was it that created those Brazilian giant toads, those living traps and chemists' shops, the murderous eyes of which, encircled by grotesquely tattooed skin, twinkle pleasantly from out of the mud wherein they bury themselves! What a horrible idea to create live creatures as professional producers of poison! He who calls to mind its correspondence within the world of man, must perforce acknowledge that here it is a case of something *objectively* ugly and evil. But then he must also admit that Evil is objectively the basis of all Good; for it constitutes its manifestly necessary underworld. In the face of this evidence moral considerations are of no avail. The conventional praising and extolling of the beauty of nature is to a great extent an unconscious attempt to conceal the reverse side of the picture; just as all nuptial rites among humans mask the actual purpose of the ceremony. Viewed as a whole, the Beautiful in nature stands in the same relationship to the Ugly as the rare blossom to the perennial root. Only, that here the root is decomposition, corruption, putrefaction, filth, stench, misshape, hideousness and perpetual murder as a matter of accepted routine-work. The most repulsive phenomena attendant on disease and death are not only accessories, but conditions and preliminary stages of all renewal. When this became quite clear to me, while contemplating the spectacle of growth and decay in the Brazilian jungle, where it seems impossible almost to determine where death ceases and birth sets in, I realized the whole insensateness of the paradox incarnated in the Ideal of Purity. This ideal, when transferred to what be-

longs to Earth, is truly hostile to Earth; the conviction it carries seems to me to be proof positive of the fact that one of our roots is not of this earth: it is an evidence of original longing for the overcoming of Earth. In particular, the North American endeavour to cleanse earth of all filth once and for all, runs directly contrary to sense; it means an attempt to overcome darkness and obscurity on earth, too. But this is impossible. As long as there is Birth and Death, the ideal of purity understood in the earthly sense, can never be realized. And as a matter of fact, it does not make for progress and advancement, but for sterilization. It not only sterilizes food of noxious microbes, but it sterilizes the whole of life. All birth proceeds from out of the earth. All coming into existence is fraught with filth and horror. What the philosophy of pure Spirit would banish to the very depths of Hell, is the earthly womb of all Life. No primitive painter ever imagined anything more ghastly and horrible than what characterizes all primary Becoming.

In South America the determinant spirit of the Third Day of Creation brings this ghastly aspect of Life to the fore so that it first impresses one everywhere. There, man involuntarily sees the Magna Mater face to face. I copy out a few passages of a novel of the Columbian José Eustasio Rivera *La Voragine* which, whatever its merits as a work of art, must be recognized as the grandest epopee of the deadly jungle which has as yet been written. There Rivera describes an invasion of the Tambochas, those terrific carnivorous ants, real wasps without wings, with scarlet heads and lemon-coloured bodies which triumph like fire in the prairie wherever they appear by virtue of the terror their poison strikes into all creation. 'This dense, rank wave which devours birds, rats, reptiles and puts to flight whole peoples of man, penetrates into every hollow, every rift, every crevice, into every tree, every leaf, every nest and hive.' Then Rivera goes on to speak of the termite: 'It

makes the trees sicken and droop as though tainted with galloping syphilis; invisible on the surface it grinds down the tissues and the bark, until of a sudden they heavily collapse . . .' 'But in the meanwhile the earth again and again works renewal. At the foot of the rotting giant the germ shoots up; in the midst of the miasma flies the pollen; the atmosphere is heavy with the breath of fermentation, hot vapours of the dusk, the scent of death, the marasm of procreation. . . .'

'Where is the poetry of solitude? Where are the butterflies like unto transparent flowers, the magic birds, the melodious brook? How poor the imagination of poets who know none other than tame solitude! No amorous nightingales, no gardens *à la Versailles*, no sentimental panoramas! Here dwell the responses of bloated toads; here are the pent waters round rotting reeds. The aphrodisiac parasite is the master here, strewing the earth with dead bees; here is the varied wealth of obscene flowers contracting like sexual organs, whose sticky odour inebriates like a drug; here is the malignant liana whose downy beard blinds the animals; and the pringamosa which enflames the skin . . . And in the nights unknown voices, phantasmagoric lights, funereal silence. Death passes on its way and gives life. There is the sound of fruit crashing down with the promise of seed as it bursts; the fall of the leaf filling the mountain recesses with vague sighs, and offering itself as dung to the parent tree; the crunching of jaws eating for fear of being eaten; the squealing of the disturbed, the moans of the dying, the belching of creatures easing themselves. And when the burning dawn reveals its tragic splendour above mountain peaks, the tumult of the surviving sets in: the cooing of doves, the grunting of boars, the grotesque laughter of the monkeys. All this for the short joy of living a few hours longer . . .!

'This sadistic and virgin forest fills the soul with the

hallucination of constant and imminent danger. The plant is a sensitive being of a psychology to us unknown. If it speaks to us in this vast solitude, its language can only be understood by forebodings and conjectures. Beneath their pressure the nerves grow tense like ropes preparing for attack, for traps, for treachery. The senses exchange their virtues: the eye hears, the back sees, the nose explores the horizons, the feet calculate and the blood clamours: let us flee! let us flee! — "We have lost our way." In the midst of these forests and mountains these words, so simple and usual in themselves, cause such an explosion of terror, that even the *sauve qui peut* of utter defeat cannot compare with it. Before the soul of him who hears them there arises the vision of a man-eating gulf. It is the forest itself which stands there, its jaws set wide open to swallow up any human being whom hunger and despair drive into its teeth . . .'

This is what Life is in its nethermost depths. Thus does it present itself even to-day, unveiled and cynically frank, in the morass world of the coldblood.

IF the spirit of the mineral can determine a whole landscape, the same is true of the spirit of the snake. Of the layer within me which corresponds to the serpent I also became conscious on South American soil. First, this growing consciousness manifested itself in the form of projections. Not only did I, again and again, have visions of snakes — I saw more amphibia and reptiles into the landscape than I actually beheld, and I fancied primordial backgrounds even behind the most shallow creatures of the foreground. But soon the true relationship of the 'within me' and the 'without me' was established. South America is indeed 'Yeast of Creation' like no other continent on earth. More creative imagination is here fixed in Nature than anywhere else. No continent produces, even approximately, such numbers of medicinal herbs, poisons, and food-plants. Nowhere else does the world of the plant and the coldblood manifest it-

self so luxuriantly and obtrusively — luxuriantly in every sense of the word. The skin of Brazilian frogs is endowed with faculties which the greatest medical and technical genius might envy them. The Amazonas alone is said to harbour one thousand one hundred kinds of fish known only there; and in the jungles covering its basin dwell hardly less species of birds and insects than throughout the rest of the world taken as a whole. In how densely specified a form nature appears there as yeast of creation is best illustrated by the following account of an expedition to a pool in the Brazilian jungle.* I write it down as a symbol; on all planes correspondences may be found; but the monstrousness of precisely this description is best suited to the purpose I envisage. First of all the night atmosphere: 'Between the trees the turbid water was rippling gently beneath the fiery red of the blazing moon; the melancholy call of birds sounded in the gloaming, an almost inaudible rustle of wind went whispering through leaf and reed. But then the water was stirred with weird motion: a gurgling, splashing and rustling, an ever wilder spattering and plashing. The whole of the dead water was heaving with invisible life. And gradually I began to understand what kind of life this was — and my hair stood on end. Those were crocodiles. The whole pool seemed literally to consist only of crocodiles! And now at night the reptiles were apparently falling upon each other; a continuous hollow bawl and roar arose from the centre of the pool; a furious lashing of tails, a loud rattling of jaws, a foaming bubbling of the water; and over the crest of the surging waves flashed the dusky red reflexes of the spectral moon. I felt carried back twenty million of years to the primeval world — this is what the nights at the jurassic sea must have been like, when the fights of the ichthyosaurians were raging amid the vapours of carbonic acid clouds, and

* Quoted from an article by Arthur Heye in *Die Neue Schweizer Rundschau* (Zürich) August, 1930.

the lurid light of the still fiery moon gleamed down upon the scene.' Heye then goes on to relate the next morning's hunt: 'The *vaqueiros* went down into the shallow water armed with sticks, and began to stir up whatever living thing there was; and these living creatures without a single exception were crocodiles, crocodiles, crocodiles. The armoured giant-lizards must have lain on the top of each other in this lagon like packed herrings, otherwise they could not have found room in it. For through the narrow branch of the water near which I stood no less than five hundred came passing by . . . Just before the *vaqueiros* had reached the centre of the pool, it had turned into a swarming chaos of crocodiles. In wild terror the armoured giants came hurrying along, driven by the shrieking, poking men; rushed up on either side of the channel on to dry land like seething surf, waddled away across the dry ground in uncouth haste; then, like the swirl in the wake of a ship, they shot through the shallow water, swarming close-pressed like a shoal of herrings; and the clubs of the *vaqueiros* following in their track were continually crashing down upon the armoured skulls.'

This spirit of the Yeast of Creation is dominant in the landscape of South America, wherever the earth is not 'without form and void'. Wherever new life comes into existence on that soil, it at once acquires the character of a primordial beginning. This is true of the Argentine. To its original landscape correspond only the extinct prehistoric animals; first and foremost the huge edentates. And the few ancient forms of life still extant there, all, one way or another, impress one as being antidiluvian: the *ombu*, the sole native tree of the pampa, more sponge than wood, a pseudomorphosis resembling those lizards which, in days of old, anticipated in the form of a sketch the mammals of a subsequent period; the armadillo, the guanaco, the ostrich; that great yellow bird with its jazzy screech which

builds wasps' nests; Patagonian hare, a rudimentary blend of stag and antelope. But whatever is truly characteristic of the present-day Argentine has, without an exception, been imported. Without European grasses, the pampa of to-day would not exist; had not Cook discovered Australia, it would lack that vertical element it is to-day impossible to imagine as absent: the eucalyptus. The real fauna of the Argentine consists of imported domesticated animals, cattle and horses run wild, but in such numbers and of so monstrous a fertility, as though they were frogs. The coldblooded creatures as such play but a small part in the Argentine landscape. But owing to the spirit of the continent of the Third Day of Creation the warmblood itself participates in the coldblood-modality of life. The masses of cattle of the pampa can only be understood in terms of the 'Yeast of Creation'. And the same holds true of the animality of Argentine man. However much he may differ from the South American of the tropic zone — he is yet a special expression of a general type, so that from a high point of vantage one involuntarily includes in a single glance the Brazilian, the Venezuelan and the Argentine. If the different nations of South America think themselves more distant one from the other than are the European nations; if they refuse to have anything to do with each other, and actually hardly come in touch; if at best they despise, hate or deride each other, this again denotes nothing but primordiality: the nearer its earthly origin a life, the more it is exclusive. Only when seen from a sufficient distance does the homogeneity of the peoples emerge as the primary phenomenon. And there again the traits belonging to the coldblood jump to the eyes as being the first characteristic common to all. In the following I shall simplify and generalize, and although there is much which does not hold good for some types in the ratio of weight, such as I am describing it here, it is absolutely true in the qualitative and differential sense. South American

man is essentially inarticulate. The more silent, the profounder he is. The more serious a conflict, the more does he control his voice. Important things are never clearly expressed; they are merely hinted at. Inversely, mere hints are immediately understood. Here, Spirit shuns the light. Here, the contact which for man of the upper world is created through the medium of speech, is based on silence. All intellectuality characteristic of the country is of a passive kind, the faces are fixed and rigid. That inscrutable dull expression, blind and at the same time lurking and sinister, which belongs to so far greater a number of people in South America than can possibly be bad, mirrors the look of the amphibia and reptiles of that continent. Even that glorious enthusiasm of the South American, which occasionally breaks forth like a volcanic eruption, has something of the serpent about it: it resembles the queenly anaconda throwing herself out — but immediately afterwards relapsing into brooding apathy. And when first I met there with spiritually striving humanity, the aboriginal symbol of Mexico, the plumed Serpent, of itself came to my mind.

Such a reptilization of man is by no means incomprehensible. As soon as the dominant notes of the Third Day of Creation are sounded, a general picture similar to what has been outlined here inevitably merges. Mere hypertrophy of sensuality, due to influences of earth and atmosphere, already works in that direction. In this connexion I may do well in inserting some descriptions of surface. The atmosphere of Rio de Janeiro is one single aphrodisiasm. That of the virgin forest is over-exciting. But in the cooler climes the spirit of the landscape creates monstrous potency and fertility. Thus, the assimilation of the immigrants to the new soil manifests itself most strongly in the awakening of frenzied sexual desire. Sexual potency means more to the Argentines than to any other men on earth. Their life

is bent on sensual satisfaction and procreation in a way unlike any other type of man I have ever known. But since this is thought a matter of course there, this life, even where it is frankly vice, has all the innocence of the Yeast of Creation, of the pond in spawning time. In South American brothels, there is no shrill lewdness, but the silence of concentrated procreation, and in the intervals of inactivity something like the peaceful mood of curfew-time. I remember a dinner given to me by men of the worlds of official science and politics in a primitive brothel: its atmosphere was comfortable and homely like the house of a cattle-breeding farmer. Thus also the world of the slave-dealers and procurers in South America is distinguished by the fact that the girls are not merely used as a means of earning money, but that they are cared for as well. It is typical of those brought to the Argentine and Brazil, that they do not come to an unhappy end. The real *queridas*, the mistresses, have a distinctly brilliant position. The highest in rank among them, mostly women of exceeding beauty, are imported in the same way as an oriental sultan collects the loveliest maidens for his harem; many a married woman in Europe might envy them their position. There are the most diverse circles and ranks of *queridas* which do not interfere with each other, and mostly know nothing of their mutual existence; they co-exist like the various species of animals in nature. In so far even vice and family life do not come into conflict. The family is the sanctuary, because the man desires this *too*, and even in the first place, where he enjoys a detached sensual life besides; here he is the tender and careful patriarch. The girls are chaste, the women faithful — it is thus that the original order of nature would have it. The families are true breeding grounds; there are stupendous numbers of children. Whether with regard to the brothel or the family — on this soil I was, again and again, led to think of the French verbs *grouiller*, *pulluler*.

And always with the shade of meaning expressive of the ebullient procreation of the coldblood. This is why South America so easily impresses the superficial observer as a pool of vice. A pool it is indeed; only the idea of vice does not belong here. And if many phenomena there belong to the range of vice, this is true merely in this sense, that there are not only mammals, but also salamanders and toads. This coldblood quality impresses one as something weirdly paradoxical, until one has learnt to understand; for the Argentine in particular is also the country of cordiality, impulsiveness and spontaneity. The women are of a great sweetness, and since the whole order of life is rooted in feeling and emotion, the warmest of atmospheres ought to pervade the continent. This conclusion seems so obvious, that for a long time my imagination construed the existence of this warmth. I was wrong nevertheless. Here, tenderness, gentleness, sweetness, and friendliness are essentially qualities appertaining to the coldblooded creatures: chilly in himself, the man of these latitudes instinctively adjusts his whole life to being warmed through pleasing impressions. He *responds* to warmth like no other man, but he has none himself. He is permeable to warmth as well as to coldness like the coldblood; this is why South American women have a horror unknown elsewhere of all hardness; anger to them is vice; in warm passionateness they sense foremost the violence underlying it, and violence they cannot bear. But on the other hand in their heart of hearts they desire to be violated; they want to be able to remain entirely passive, completely irresponsible; and the sexual success South American men so frequently have in Europe is due to the fact that, despite their delicacy, they violate as a matter of course. Dr. Groddeck is not quite mistaken, when he says, that primitive woman recognizes but one proof of love — violation.

In the frenzied reptilian sexuality of the South American also lies *one* of the roots of the deep sadness pervading the

continent. *Post coitum animal triste.* The mood of the exhausted male frog or of the female bursting with the abundance of its eggs is dominant there. Just as man feels swallowed up in the primeval forest of the Amazonas, even so does he feel engulfed in the morass of the netherworld within himself. The exuberance of South American life never stands under the sign of joy. Argentine life I called *una vida a la sordina*, a life with the mute put on. The streets are wrapt in semi-darkness by night; the faces are impassive, the voices subdued in speaking; externally, the extreme of decorum is observed. But all this for the purpose of shrouding and concealing the morass within the souls.

But hence, also, on the other hand, the South American's peculiar bent for beauty. Does this urge exist anywhere on earth without an ugly subsoil? Was it not born everywhere on the Third Day of Creation? Nowhere else do stones so frequently refine to gems as in South America. The original significance of the emerald, the ruby and the turmalin is incarnated on the animal plane in the coral snake, the giant butterfly, the humming-bird, and above all in the abundant family of the gem-fish of the Amazonas. Thus, also, self-realization in the form of beauty is a primary aspiration of the South American, as it is in no other man of these days. As yet he is apt to impress one as being but half formed, a raw product or sketch of Nature. What was intended as perfect beauty, remains a mere co-existence of scintillant surface and abysmal Being. Hence the appearance of the *rastaquaire* so typical for this part of the world: his extravagant and false elegance, his diamond-studded turn-out, his showy exhibition of a mostly non-existent and certainly highly insecure wealth are not the characteristics of the essential impostor, but of the incongruency of Being and form; the *rastaquaire* honestly longs to be what he can only make a show of. But for this very reason his descendants will one day be what he desires to be.

IN the context of this first meditation I have chiefly laid on the ground-colour and painted a few easily discernible lights and shades on to it. Let us now revert to the point where I said that I feel more tied to the soil of South America than to the earth of my own country. The connexion with the soil always is a connexion with the netherworld. Only most people are unaware of the meaning of this sentence, because they feel related to the earth by the tie of blood. The plant 'Man' may certainly be bound up with its landscape from the roots upwards to its crown; and this is true of most people with regard to their native landscape. Yet the profoundest, the real relationship is based upon the coldblood element within man. And only from out of this can the Significance of Earth and of what belongs to it be grasped aright.

The revelation of this Significance is what I owe to the contact with South America. South America has given me far more than India and China. The Chinese as well as the Hindu is closely akin to me, for he, too, lives from out of Spirit; thus his difference from me means no more to me than does the difference of the French and English language. Now the South American is entirely and absolutely Man of the Earth. He embodies the polar opposite of the man conditioned and permeated by Spirit. Thus, I was unable to hold my own against him by means of my hitherto-developed organs of understanding; new ones had perforce to evolve. This did not take place without pain and travail. Just as the Bolivian puna threatened to disintegrate my body, even so the vibration in tune with the foreign rhythm of the Argentine for a long time endangered the balance of my soul. This found its expression — for the body is the dial of the time-piece of Life — in protracted attacks of arhythmia perpetua, this being the symptom of the interference of incompatible melodies. But this very danger hastened the formation of new organs. As they developed,

I gained a novel perspective with regard to reality: *the perspective from the point of view of Earth.* From there, everything assumes a totally different aspect from what it looks from the vantage of Spirit. But many things can only thus be seen at all. These things and problems and solutions, new to me, which have since come into my range of vision in the course of an organic process of growth, will be the subject and content of the following meditations.

SECOND MEDITATION

ORIGINAL FEAR

AS I lay ill with the puna, and my overwrought brain made possible that lucidity of the inner eye known only to the sick, I had a strange vision. I was hovering high above the sea. Far below, very small, I saw the South American continent as it is outlined on the map. At the same time, petrel-like, I was skimming over the icy foaming waves surging up from the Antarctic. And there I beheld, very near and yet afar, a mysterious being. An indefinable body: at once woman, snake, kraken and amoeba; with hands and feet folding and unfolding like tentacles, melting into each other like pseudopodia; and with a woman's small and shapely head. Its delicate nose with vibrating nostrils incessantly scenting the air, searching the horizons, the monster pressed forward poised on the crest of the billows, anon darkling between two waves; now livid and pale like a calamary; then flashing silvery scales and then again gently iridescent with all the hues of the moonstone against the background of the sombre tide. And equally fleeting was the expression of its face. It was rigid like that of a snake; but the splendidly chiselled human features were so entirely irregular, that every view of them revealed a different face. Even as sunlight and cloud-drifts in a storm throw ever varying shades of colour across the ocean, even so did divine beauty and hell-born ugliness, gentleness and malignity drift across the mute visage. One expression alone remained throughout: an expression of hunger, of so tremendous, so unutterable a hunger, that even out of the classic features of the beautiful woman loomed forth something of the wolfhound.

Not lightly and triumphantly did it drift along — it toiled northward with unspeakable trouble, searching convulsively like one drowning. Anon it weltered in the surge,

distress in its gaze, sending forth wailing cries across the watery waste, and I could not tell, was it a sobbing woman throwing herself about in her pillows, or a barking sea-lion.

With this image primodial consciousness broke through within me. It is a consciousness of Original Weakness, Original Hunger, and Original Fear. Nature which I find outside myself I am not. Nor am I that Nature which I feel within myself. Thus, originally I am nought but suffering experience. Prior to all questions, all answers and responses are there. To all influences the soul responds; it cannot refuse to respond, and when itself asks a question, there is no answer, and none of its commands find a hearing. On all sides the soul feels overpowered; it would flee, and yet again it would not, for on that which overpowers it depends its existence. Only in eating its way through creation does it see any hope of safety and salvation, just at the worm eats its way through the earth. Thus, hunger is the original expression of the autonomous stirring of life; and thus insatiability is the original form of hunger. Life would absorb into its body the entire universe, and thus eat its way out of all danger. Thus even the nightingale daily devours several times its own weight; thus it is the eternal dream of human understanding one day to swallow the World. Nevertheless, Life in its nethermost depths knows that its hunger is unappeasable, and that Nature's overwhelming power is irresistible. And from all this arises Fear.

And furthermore Fear arises from the presentiment of the existence of Spirit and its might, and the consciousness of the ultimate weakness of all nature in the face of Spirit. For the soul of nature has not got Spirit for its Self and Subject. There is no thing animate, surely no thing animal, which does not somehow participate in the principle of Spirit; but only in the highest expression of humanity is it determinant. Yet all creation which, however darkly it be

aware of the fact, partakes of Spirit, has a dim perception of its power. If to-day that dwarf called man succeeds in pressing into his service the primordial forces of the Earth, it is because, judged from the spirit, they are quite weak. Spirit enters into Nature as a deus ex machina; it circumvents Nature or casts a spell over it by ways against which Nature lacks all means of defence. Primitive races are right, when they hold magic to be the original manifestation of Spirit; for the very reason that they are closer to Nature, their judgment here is more exact than that of intellectual man. Every scientific formula too is at bottom a magic formula: a mere 'charm with words' compels Nature to change its course. In the face of the right magic formula — magic in the fairy-tales demands exactitude precisely in the same sense as does the forming of equations in the science of the physicist — in the face of the right magic formula Nature is absolutely powerless. But long before any living thing is capable of practising sorcery, it succumbs to sorcery; and of this it is dimly aware; hence the defencelessness of the bird before the snake, which yet only *seems* to cast a spell. I know of no animal which is not familiar with the uncanny as we understand and experience it; and the uncanny always means some agency which comes athwart the normal course of Nature. In so far fear of the Spirit stirs and trembles within the earliest rudiments of mental images. And this fear in its turn re-acts in a paralysing manner; thus a circle is closed like the one drawn by man in which the hen turns here and there and finds no way out: this is by no means a phenomenon of hypnosis, as mechanistic interpretation would have it, but a manifestation of true magic spell. For the mechanical effect of suggestion presupposes in the first place the agency of a word or image which crosses and thwarts the normal course of Nature; and precisely this is magic.

Thus in the first place all animals are afraid, of Spirit as

well as of Nature. This is why there is no animal courage. Precisely the most formidable among them are fearsome, unless primordial force breaks forth violently through them, and thereby makes them blind; for precisely they feel most completely overpowered. Their courage never is free initiative; it is passive yielding to superior force which breaks forth, as a force foreign to their consciousness, from out of the darkness of the inner world. The basic mood of the lion and the tiger, as in the past of the antediluvian dragons, is Fear. They are filled with a dull dread, just as primitive races in their twilight-consciousness have an obscure dread of raising their voices during their negotiations, or of keeping hold of their weapons or walking fast, lest the demons within them awake and break loose.

It seems to me to be of a symbolic significance that the first animals should have been crustacea or mullusca. Prior to the open house there was the fortress. Before individual warmth made possible a closed state inwardly conditioned, permeability was the best weapon of defence, if an armour was lacking. Thus mullusca are either transparent, or else they freeze and dry up in unison with frost and heat or they regenerate any members they have lost, or multiply when they are torn to pieces, or finally their reactions are so dull or so slow, that they are unassailable on the near side of death. There is complete liberation from fear for the impotent only in complete insensibility. Hence the cult of apathy of the Indian, in whom the snake lives nearest the surface: this insensibility does not mean stoicism, for the strong man affirms a sovereign Spirit within him which no external world can shake. The Indian possesses no such inner world of his own; his ideal is no longer to feel, just like the snake which mutely lets itself be hewn to pieces. The last organic symbol of the original impotency of Life is man's nakedness. The sublimest expression of Original Fear is shame. On every stage the game begins anew.

Spiritual creativeness, too, begins with the building of fortresses and with softness — the softness of understanding.

OUT of Original Fear follows Evil. Originally, viewed from the Earth, there is neither Evil nor Good, but simply primordial Life such as it is; and no living being honestly wishes it to be different, because therewith it would have to wish away its own primordial life which is the premise of its capacity to wish. But the first shadow of fear which presupposes consciousness however obscure, turns existence into Evil. When viewed from the idea underlying torture, the Significance of the process appears most obvious. Just as in the beginning there was murder and not natural death, even so the passion to torment precedes the urge to destroy. And this from out of the dim perception of ultimate impotency and futility. All torturing is the expression of dimly felt helplessness: the impotency of making the victim suffer the full measure of the fear the torturer himself self feels in his heart of hearts. The Unconscious is not satisfied with destruction — it requires the perpetual fear, the perpetual agony of the other for its own security. Now, even as torturing is the result of fear, even so all Evil is not a primary cause, but a first consequence.

Original Fear of itself endows that which inspires dread with terrifying attributes. Thus, in those ages when Nature still invented on a grand scale as freely as does our imagination on a very small scale to-day, those monsters came into existence, the mere skeletons of which inspire terror. As a matter of fact, all those beasts of terror appear far more formidable than they actually are; probably the South American mud-devil, supremely malignant according to all human standards, is before God a creature more guileless, honest and well-meaning than the most harmless of philistines. But once fear is the womb of creation, it must needs bring forth things of terror.

But wherever the world of the Third Day of Creation is

not terrifying, its essence is seduction. And therewith I arrive at the original expression of Evil. Abysmal life is suffering experience devoid of personal activity. The first consciousness of growth and development leads not to the query: 'What am I doing?' but to the question: 'What is happening to me?' 'Was I all this?' the question asked by Goethe's Helena after her history has been unfolded to her by Phorkyas, is the expression of original wonder. First, Life knew of Fate, not of Will. Now the first possibility of escaping Fate which was offered to it thanks to the awakening of a first faint initiative, consisted in disguise and deceit. Hence the Original Lie. Spirit first appeared on earth in the guise of the actor. The batrachian played being mud, the serpent acted the foliage or the branch, the butterfly played the hornet. Everywhere, the first impulse of the savage is to conceal and veil the truth. Why does one call the serpents false — those most indolent and least imaginative of all beasts? Because, one way or another, they deceive and thus seduce. In Butanton near Sao Paulo in Brazil, that world-famed snake-farm, I was surprised by the indolently pleasant expression of the most horrible of the venomous snakes; they lay there like fat becalmed mothers of twenty children. Whereas the harmless serpents were constantly on the alert, looking fierce and wrathful, responding to the slightest provocation with swift attack. In answer to my questions I was told that I might assume with tolerable safety that a dangerous exterior argues harmlessness and vice versa. Thus one may generalize by asserting: in the beginning was not Man, but Woman; not Truth, but the Lie. Women who are close to the primordial depths even to-day and even on the highest summits of culture incarnate the modality of Being belonging to primordial Life. Whether such women ever tell the truth with a clear conscience, I cannot tell; certainly they never lie with a bad conscience, excepting when the education of children demands truthful-

ness as a matter of technique. But the 'mother' is something widely differing from 'Woman'; as a mother Woman acts from a higher plane similar to the Pope who, in deciding *ex cathedra*, is infallible as opposed to the fallible private man. And in another dimension, the wife who grasps the meaning of marriage, or the lover who is a true partner of a man's destiny, rises above the plane of primeval womanhood; she lives from out of a spiritual connexion. Yet nothing could be more mistaken than to draw inferences concerning the original character from these life-forms permeated by Spirit. Primordial Woman is completely unchecked by any spiritual or ethical motives. She is entirely rooted in the world of the Third Day of Creation. This is why beauty with woman means so much as opposed to the little it means with man: her attractive qualities are a true expression of her self; it is not, as with man, a manifestation of the genus with which the individual is connected only by what does not essentially distinguish him. This is why woman is originally devoid of moral sense. This is why the real element of her life is disguise and deceit. This is why her womanhood dwindles in every world of exclusively determinant truthfulness, such as the North American world of to-day; this is why man becomes enmeshed and enslaved by primeval woman, by *Carmen*, by *She*,* and by her alone, for she catches him there where Spirit and Freedom do not reach down to.

No wonder that exclusively spiritual religions in their heroic early days stigmatized woman as intrinsically sinful. What is false, not what destroys is originally held to be evil. Only treachery and crafty deception are thought evil by elementary consciousness, whereas killing in open fight is held to be noble and therefore good. Thus, not only the cunning tricks and artifices of woman appear wicked — all her deceptive and seductive ways of holding her own, must

* The heroines of the novels of Prosper Mérimée and Rider Haggard.

needs impress man as being evil. But woman is 'evil' only in so far as primordial Life is 'evil'. What is considered intrinsically feminine to-day belongs to the character of primordial Life: Original Impotency which expresses itself in the form of passivity, Original Fear and the Original Lie.

These characteristics of primordial Life manifest themselves most purely on the continent determined by the Spirit of the Third Day of Creation. Proceeding from the general Significance of Original Evil, we can fully comprehend the true nature of the South American's reptility. Shortly before his death, almost in the sense of a legacy, the great Bolivar wrote: 'No hay fé en America, ni en los hombres, ni en las naciones. Sus tratados son papeles; sus constituciones, libros; sus elecciones, combates; la libertad, anarquia; y la vida, un tomento.'* *La vida un tormento* — the word means more than torment, more than torture; its basic note indicates Torment of Hell. For Bolivar, who looked upon all things from the politician's viewpoint, Life's netherworld was the whole of Life. The prototype of the South American as a political animal is the *compadrito*. The concept originated in the suburbs of Buenos Aires. The *compadre*, the sponsor or godfather, played a decisive and distinctly beautiful part in the life of the gaucho, whose proud and lonely poverty found its sole social support in a noble ethos of friendship. In Buenos Aires, however, the 'sponsorship' which had been taken over from the gaucho became in a corrupt and perverted form the cement binding together that particular underworld, which is the natural train of followers and means of action belonging to the South American chieftain; and in this latter sense I shall apply the term *compadrito* to the corresponding class

* 'There is no faith nor loyalty in America, either in the individual or the nations. Its treaties are scraps of paper; its constitutions books; its elections fights; its freedom anarchy, and its life a torment.'

of men throughout the continent. The South American chieftain, the *caudillo*, who in the case of decisive victory becomes the dictator, is the coldest of the coldbloods. He is impenetrable, taciturn, more of a magician than a hero, passive and biding time and opportunity till the moment of making a lightning-like grasp has come; he never forgets; he is vindictive, wily, tenacious, cruel from utter callousness beneath a most courteous surface; in short, that which is understood by the word *taimado* in South America (not in Spain!); if he be cast in a large mould, he has the grand qualities of the giant snake. But his train of followers is reptilian in the lowest sense of the word. Venal men, slanderers, blackmailers, sycophants, hypocrites, toad-eaters and willing tools to dark machinations may be found all the world over. But never have I seen men of this kind, which thrive in all democracies, whose basic attitude was so ugly as in South America, and who, in the slimy cohesion of their 'sponsorship' among themselves and of their relation as clients of the chief impressed me so strongly as a netherworld. Owing to the fact that the cold substratum within them is near the surface, they display the expressions of resentment, treachery and possible revenge as openly as amphibia exhibit their amphibianism. Nevertheless, or rather for this very reason, they are more harmless than their species in latitudes where the warmblood determines: as toads feeling they have a right to live in a toad-world, they have a clear conscience in being ugly. And Original Fear dwells so near the surface that they only become dangerous on serious provocation. They are moreover susceptible to understanding and kindly treatment like lizards to the warmth of the sun; and he who takes them for what they are — and that means, above all, never to rely upon the working of moral motives within them — will find them quite pleasing. Nevertheless, this world of the *compadritos* is evil in the same sense as the world of toads.

In the same sense, the women of South America furnish a perfect illustration of the truth than in the beginning was not Man, but Woman. Uncontrolled to an unparalleled degree, although for this very reason innocent and seldom dangerous, that Evil unfolds within them which is the first-born of Original Fear. Nowhere else does one find so much indiscretion, so much venomous slander among women-friends. No woman on earth makes such masterly use of all the possibilities of passivity and deceit. None has so spider-like a way of catching man in her net; none abuses the indissolubility of marriage so slily and unscrupulously with the view of harassing him. Nowhere else does loyalty so often mean nothing but sloth; once an Argentine woman went so far as to tell me: 'With us faithfulness is a disease.' And all the Argentine men present applauded the saying of a Frenchman, that a surprising number of the women of the country made him think either of tortoises or vipers. Nowhere else do the emotions of the women so easily turn into their opposite on the slightest provocation. Nowhere is the subsoil of the strongest passion so cold. Withal I do not in the least dispute the high qualities and most of all, the possibilities of South American woman: what I have said merely goes to prove her primordial womanhood, which makes her particularly seductive. Furthermore, it is proof positive of the fact that, since what seems 'evil' in her belongs to primordial nature, it is never the last word. Our fairy-tales know the truth about it: the animal which goes upon its belly and eats the dust often is an enchanted princess.

ORIGINAL Fear was the root of what we call Evil. Accordingly, the entire underworld bears its stamp. Original Fear is the mother of the urge to terrify, not vice versa; and since fear was there before courage, the lie is first-born, as compared to Truth, and seduction as compared to persuasion and convincing. Courage and Truth are the two unnatural virtues *par excellence*. The idea of 'natural'

courage is a mis-concept; courage is one with the victory over natural fear. From the point of view of Nature courage means absolute folly, for only hiding or flight really remove from danger. Thus no manly man expects a woman to be brave, and every manly man considers it an abomination to kill or violate women — not because they are higher beings, but simply because Original Fear demands safety in the same sense that courage demands risk. Whoever accepts Woman, therewith also accepts her will to security.

Therewith we arrive at the primary protection and shielding against Original Fear. With man, Original Fear does not engender as a first impulse courage as a means of overcoming it, it begets the dread of suffering. And therefore the first active impulse is the instinct of *security*. Its original form is possession of property. Complete security is not guaranteed by armour, but solely by the impossibility of being attacked, and this can only be attained by means of the right of property; that is, the right of the exclusive possession (Latin: pos-sidere — to sit upon) of the necessary life-space. This then explains why, ever since there have been humans on earth, property has *not* been instinctively recognized as inviolable only in days of revolution, or in the case of criminals, or finally by completely spiritualized men. The original idea of rapine alone is proof positive of the fact that property incarnates a right which the robber violates. The right of property is therefore more deeply rooted in instinct than anything else that incarnates a legal claim. Indeed, most probably the earthly root of all sense of law lies in the sense of property. For at bottom the sense of law has nothing whatever to do with justice which adjusts and equalizes, a thing which is impossible to what is blind; it simply asserts a personal claim to security.

This then explains what seems entirely incomprehensible when viewed from the Spirit: that originally property and not force enjoys prestige. If moral authority ranks before

force in the dimension of spiritual ties, the prestige of property is equally superior to it in the dimension of the earth-bound. Precisely in the earliest states of humanity, debt-slavery was considered a matter of course, which in a given case need not even be enforced by violence. In the eyes of profoundest primordial instinct, the man who gives or lends wins the rights and claims of a buyer; here a functional relationship asserts itself which one may well compare with that of the man who becomes a slave to primordial woman; all inward liberty is lost, and this means thraldom absolute. In the relationship of social dependence it is not loyalty which forms the original tie — true loyalty exists solely from out of Spirit which must itself create the tie in order to be bound — but the material relationship of the bread-giver and the bread-winner. So strongly is this view of things rooted in that part of man which lies nearer the deeps of the earth, than even blood, that the prestige of all power is originally felt to be this: that a man 'possesses' so much more than the other that the sword obeys him. The king was originally the rich man; as indeed even in our days the Spanish hidalgo was wont to say: 'The king is no more than I; he is merely richer.' Essentially peaceful empires there have been since days immemorial; no greater mistake than to think that the war of all against all is the primordial state of things; on the contrary, the normal state is a peaceful co-existence of the diverse, such as that of the animals, including the beasts of prey. But never has there existed a commonwealth in which property was *not* determinant in the last resort; if the Inca alone was in possession of everything, or if the Soviet state is so to-day, this does not alter the problem. Thus the prestige and claims of wealth in the New World are by no means a proof that Life has become severed from its roots, nor that the latter have dried up; on the contrary, it is an evidence of nearness to the roots; the attitude of American public opinion toward the world war

debts differs in no wise from that of Cain toward his weaker brother. Similarly, property means instinctively recognized right to power even in South America, a continent otherwise so completely uneconomic that it mistakes debts for capital and is as blindly wasteful as the United States are keen-eyed and thrifty. The national epos of the Argentine *Martin Fierro* is a thing unique in the literature of the world, inasmuch as a poor devil is its hero and does *not* triumph in the end: its pathos lies in the implicit recognition that the superior power of the rich is immutable fate; the whole atmosphere of this poem is one of understanding resignation. The fact is that for the primordial deeps in man property means original security; even the lowliest creature claims the right to own its exclusive life-space.

This recognition compels us to see many connexions in a different light than has been usual so far. On the one hand it is profoundly true to Significance that spirituality should originally show itself hostile to property, and spiritualization should be concomitant with (at least postulated) sublimation of the right of property; for property is entirely of this earth, and to be freed of earth's bonds is the one aim and end of all striving for spiritual perfection. But on the other hand, those are fundamentally mistaken who make a dead set at the so-called materialism of the present-day masses. The overwhelming majority actually lacks the elementary security against Original Fear; and, without this, exuberant life and nobility of soul are possible only to him who is so profoundly and firmly rooted in Spirit that earthly motives hardly determine him any longer. Logically, poverty ought to be a privilege and not the recognized norm — the privilege of the most superior. This was the idea underlying Brahmanism and Christianity, when they enjoined poverty to the Brahmans and the monks, the then highest orders of society. Those who are not of supreme superiority of outlook and soul cannot reach an inner

equilibrium of the highest kind without sufficient security. This is proven beyond all doubt by all the facts of history: the unlovely state of soul of the overwhelming majority, wherever it does not consist of landed peasants or where a primitive collectivism does not yet exclude the position of individual problems; the generally nobler outlook of those secure from mean cares; the lack of ill-will, resentment, jealousy, envy, hatred and other ugly qualities in the North American, the only mass-being of history who could hitherto feel fairly secure; it is proven, moreover, by the instinctive striving of those in power to keep the masses in a necessitous state; *they* always knew very well that external dependence entails inward dependence. There have indeed existed social formations on a high level — most of the aristocracies belong to them — where independence did not require private property for its foundation. But then the security on other planes was so absolute, that the members of these communities simply did not need to be rich. All kings on principle live on their civil list. Thus, the so-called materialism of the modern masses is a thing far profounder than all conventional idealism of the well-to-do, as its religious fervour alone should make clear. Their fight for property or position which is identical with, or surpasses the former as far as security is concerned, is originally neither a fight for the satisfaction of hunger at the expense of others, nor for ambition. It is a fight for the acquisition of the absolutely necessary protection against Original Fear, a protection which the masses have *not* got and all the idealists of the upper classes had, and of which — with the exception of the rare genuine saints or the artists possessed by their creative impulse — they stood in such need, that all their idealism would have turned into materialism, had they been forced to struggle for their daily bread.

IN the beginning was not Man, but Woman; the latter perpetuates as a differentiated form the primordial

qualities of animal life. This explains why woman, not man, originally desires property: woman, not man, in the first place craves security. Hence the feminine quality of the socialist ideology with its ideal, the State of pure welfare and well-being. Hence the fact that in all history the matriarchal, and not the patriarchal peoples were the possessive races. The patriarchal peoples originally desired usufruct or income, not personal property; this is the meaning of the feudal order of the Teutonic races and of the so-called Communism of the Russians. Here we gain the first access to the understanding of the earthly foundations of what is primarily masculine. On the same plane, on which Woman in a differentiated way represents Original Fear, Man in an equally differentiated way incarnates Original Hunger. Hunger in itself knows of no limits save those of self-destruction. Therefore, hunger from the outset *risks*, and therewith stands in opposition to all desire for security. Therewith hunger indeed proves itself to be the original means of incarnation of spiritual freedom, which is conscious will to risk, and of the desire of spiritual conquest. But in the netherworld there is no freedom. Accordingly, pure Hunger stands out here against pure need of security.

Thus the war of the sexes of later days is already preformed, where sexes have not yet come into existence. Already in the netherworld rages perpetual warfare between Hunger and Fear. There is no lasting and harmonious state of balance between the two. Wherever consciousness, however vague, and wherever spiritual initiative, however slight, mirrors and directs the working of these primordial forces, they gain a hundredfold in intensity. Security demands hoarding; exaggerated, it turns into avarice, the limit of which is self-suffocation. Similarly, life must again and again experience the feeling of hunger, in order to continue growing, and therewith it posits never-ceasing, everlasting desire for more. But if this is intensified, it

becomes greed which aims at devouring all things existent; its limits is self-devouring. Accordingly, the history of primordial man as it is uniformly described by all myths, was in its nethermost motives a fight between greed and avarice. And all myths record that the original proprietor was not man: he was the original conqueror. The original right of property belonged to the dragon, the dwarf. True to logic, the latter was always slain, because then only did man become the Lord of Creation. But on the other hand, all myths have known of the curse of covetousness. The stolen gold takes revenge on its new owner, just as subdued woman revenges herself on man by binding him in chains.

This primordial and fatal connexion is made clearer than any myth could make it by an event in recent history: the course of the Conquest of South America. And the exact and necessary counterpoint to this is incarnated in the development of the United States. — The Spaniards of the heroic age were men in a unique and unparalleled exaggeration. They were not patriarchals, for then they would also have had to stand for order and security, but men in so exaggerated an incarnation as can only grow up, where Woman holds the reins as a sovereign ruler in her own domain: they were gamblers, adventurers, conquerors; licentious, foolhardy, phantastic, spendthrift, irresponsible and insatiable. They lacked all wish for security. Instead, they were filled with unrivalled covetousness. The noble Cid even was as shameless in his greed as a little child. In order to induce his little band of men, which later achieved prodigies of heroism and endurance, to undertake the march to Peru, Pizarro exclaimed: 'Before you lies Peru and wealth, behind you Panama and poverty: a true Castilian knows his own interest.' This greed was entirely uneconomic; it was simply original will to rob and despoil. But in so far as it was the will to rob what was recognized as a value, a spiritual motive ensouled Original Hunger. And, therefore, Spanish con-

quering has a twofold root: nethermost lies blind and insatiable Original Hunger; uppermost, creative imagination which recognizes and creates values and deems it contrary to sense that its imagined object and goal should fail to be attained simultaneously with its conception. Therefore it chooses the shortest way, the way nearest to magic — that is, violence running athwart the existing laws — in order to reach its goal, and loathes above all that reckoning with external law which is called work.

Wherever Original Hunger alone holds the sway over a man, one speaks of the mean thief. But if imagination rules supreme, the sublime figure of the 'noble robber' emerges, which accordingly is the original ideal of all unsophisticated youth. Now the conquistadores were neither mean thieves, nor noble robbers: they were a synthesis of supremely creative poetic imagination which masters all facts by virtue of Spirit, and of most earth-near rapacity. This tension worked itself out in their fate. The conquistadores achieved almost supernatural prodigies of heroism. But all of them ended in dire misery — not merely in poverty like most true soldiers, whose motto is: 'Lightly come, lightly go.' And by the very means of the imported gold Spain sank into poverty with an equally supernatural rapidity. Nevertheless, this evil end was not the ultimate solution: the curse of Alberic — a third miracle — left no stain upon Spanish-humanity. In spite of all the horrors perpetuated by the conquerors and settlers, no dragon's crop of hate has grown up on South American soil. And Spain to-day incarnates the noblest humanity living in Europe. And now for the even more wonderful counterpoint: the first settlers of North America were not robbers, but pious men, who wished to found a Kingdom of God on earth. But since then North American humanity is irresistibly becoming de-humanized into a Fafner who grunts: 'I lie and possess.'

How is this?

Here, the roots of Original Fear and Original Hunger stretch right down into the mineral realm. But here, too, the significance of the light of Spirit shines out for the first time against the darkness of the earth, like lightening of silver against the rocks.

The conquistadores were at bottom one-sided incarnations of insatiable Original Hunger, and to this no instinct of property as a will to security set a limit. Consequently, they could not help finally devouring themselves. But what they craved ultimately was not any kind of booty, but *Gold.* Now gold is the symbol of value; and all value is of a spiritual quality. Doubtless the archæologists are right who relate back this transference to the primordial idea that gold is liquid sun — and the Sun is the original image of divine and therefore spiritual creativeness. Hence the search for gold in the West, the region of the setting sun. This idea in its pure form was the soul of the cult of gold of the Incas, to whom gold meant economically nothing. But with the Spaniards, too, an equally ancient race, the same primeval idea played a decisive part; as indeed the Incas could find no other explantion for their ecstatic behaviour before the material gold than in the assumption that it was their god. But to the primary idea that gold is liquid sun, a second motive is straightway added, wherever it gains practical importance; a motive which consolidates the idea of Gold as a value. It is an absolute miracle, entirely inexplicable from the primordial instincts, that with gold other values, in particular live men, should be purchasable; the Incas gazed in incredulous wonder, when first they saw this possibility realized by the Spaniards. Thus, besides being the image of life-giving Sun, the prototype of the Supraterrestrial and therewith the Spiritual, gold symbolizes true magic — and it means a rebirth of this primeval belief, if the possession of millions in the United States transforms an ordinary person into a great man.

But nevertheless, gold *is* a mineral. Now, wherever a mineral is considered the supreme value, all consciousness of values involuntarily and inevitably adapts itself to the norms of what is dead. Thus a re-transference takes place, with the end-result that the worship of gold leads to a determination of all value by gold. This, then, is the origin of that tragic circle called the Curse of Gold.

For now the spirit of the inanimate or pre-vital decides. Original Hunger is insatiable; but inserted into the individual law of each particular life, it finds its normal limit. Eating has a limit in disgust, swilling in imbecility, craving for power in the surcease of all resistance, sexual insatiability in impotence. But how is hunger for gold ever to cease? Here, no limit can be even imagined, since no assimilation is possible; all that has been gained as gold one way or another, melts away, whenever it is put to use. Thus, greed must needs become infinite like the universe. And since here quantity alone matters, and quantity of the inanimate at that, the soul irresistibly takes over the law of dead quantity. It becomes not only dehumanized, but deanimalized; re-mineralization takes place. Hence the cold cruelty of the Spaniards, who are in reality so warm, in the flush of their gold-frenzy; hence the cold calculation of modern financiers. Coldness is the specific warmth of metal.

If the specific spirit of Original Hunger remains determinant, the result in the long run is self-destruction, and therewith the sovereign rule of the inanimate comes to a natural end. This natural process was Spain's good fortune. Its Karma of greed has cancelled itself. Things are different, when the Spirit of Original Hunger turns into that of Original Fear and becomes metallized as such. Then, possession turns into a being-possessed. And for this state there is no natural end. Then, there emerges a world of entirely impermeable security. And if security in its turn congeals

into avarice, then the whole soul indurates into a mineral. This fate is the way of the present-day United States; for with them the spirit of Woman craving security is becoming more and more determinant, whereas that of adventurous Man is ever receding.

This way will remain North America's fate, until human value will again be thought more important than the value of gold. If gold, which means liquid sun and thus symbolizes Spirit, is worshipped as a material fact, it draws the man who has become possessed by it back into the nethermost underworld. This is the prototype of all seduction. The will to security grows hard and rigid in its most primordial form, in the form of insensibility absolute. Original Hunger is satiated by complete self-devouring. And in the impotency of live man before Gold, Life's Original Weakness experiences a ghastly rebirth.

THIRD MEDITATION

WAR

SHIVERING with cold, my neck enveloped in a vicuña-poncho, I am sitting in the semi-darkness of a petroleum-lamp in my room in 'La Porteña', that estancia belonging to the province of Buenos Aires, in which Ricardo Guiraldes, the last great singer of the dying Gaucho-period, wrote his *Don Segundo Sombra*. Don Segundo is still living in the body, far advanced in age. In the afternoon I had gone to see him in his more than modest home; and over our *maté* I had delighted in his subtly pointed sarcasms clothed in archaic Spanish. Then he came over to the estancia for the feast given in my honour by Don Manuel Guiraldes. There was guitar-playing, singing and dancing. With incomparable grace the old man executed some of those *pas* in which the man of the Argentine *campo* concentrates the whole rhythm of his body as the Hindu baiadere lets hers die away in a motion of her fingers. And then followed a Homeric orgy. Cow after cow had been caught. With the same deftness and deliberation, the same enjoyment of complication and fuss with which the old ladies of my youth were wont to weave delicate laces out of threads fastened to pegs, the animals had been caught by means of lassos cunningly thrown out by the gauchos from various sides, encircling now a horn, now a foot, until the catch stood there motionless. Then a swift stab into the throat . . . The flesh in its skin was then roasted in the open in enormous quantities on roughly piled-up wood-fires. Huge pieces of *asado al cuero* filled the plates. But many preferred the bowels. Everything found favour. It was all exactly as it was in the circle of Penelope's suitors.

Ever since I am haunted by a vision of blood gushing forth. I feel as though over the Pampa, that plainest of all plains, that vastest of all vastnesses, which is so plain and

vast because there is not the slightest curve to give it shape; I feel as though all over that Pampa with its hues eternally dimmed like colours at eventide, with the profound melancholy of its atmosphere, which is somehow intensified by the fact that the swarms of birds called ravens here are in reality black ibisses, there were gushing forth in untold numbers hot springs of red blood. Those same Gauchos, otherwise so delicate and refined, ever subdued in manner, ever kind, are essentially slaughterers, ever ready to draw the silver-hafted knife in order to let the red blood pour forth from any throat within reach. They even cut the throats of the ostriches we chased on horseback with the aid of slings, as soon as the huge birds fell caught in the meshes of the lead-ball-weighted ropes. The type of the Gaucho actually stands and falls with the profession of throat-cutting, which the Argentines call *degollar*. And I feel that his beauty, his sweetness has something to do with this fact. This gives me food for thought. Are not the Spaniards more humane than other humans because of their bull-fights? Is it not the killing in war-time which makes the genuine warrior so gentle in days of peace? Is not the root of that cheerful serenity typical of the surgeon and of the joyousness of the assistant nurses the same as the root of the Gaucho's gentleness. Is there not some necessary connexion between the inhumanity of the man of the machine-civilization and his conscious loathing of blood and killing?

However this may be: deliberate killing most likely began in the spirit of the Gaucho. Nothing evil appears originally associated with it. In the netherworld, there is no well-defined border-line between killing and natural death, nay, not even between killing and dying. This border-line becomes clear and distinct only after the Night of Creation has turned into Day of Creation. But at first the rising sun blinds the eyes for the perception of the Dark. Thus, primary consciousness knew as little of the deeps under-

lying the lust to kill, as does the consciousness of children. The first motive of killing which flashes forth into dawning daytime consciousness is the incentive of the pure ecstasy of bloodshedding. I remember the hawks I trained in my boyhood: in paradisiac harmlessness they lived at large with other birds, by which they also were recognized as harmless, until almost by accident they first pounced upon a bird. After this there was no checking them; the ecstasy of blood-shedding had awakened. But not at once did they associate killing with the reception of food. Thus, with man, conscious killing began with what we call war; with killing for the sake of killing. First hunting was war-fare. Any utilitarian considerations were foreign to primary killing. Primeval man felt in the same way as the genuine huntsman even to-day feels all the world over. And the eating of the prey occupied the same place in earliest consciousness, as did in later days the eating of the victim sacrificed to the

It is this elementary and primary nature of the ecstasy of blood-shedding which explains why in all history it appears associated with the earliest religious ideas: judged from awakening religious consciousness, all killing was originally immolation. And even to-day every true soldier, however unconsciously, looks upon killing in war as human sacrifice. Otherwise he would not, from genuine inner experience, make so clean a distinction between killing in war and murder; instinctively he visualizes the sacrifice of his own person and the killing of the others as one and the same thing. Proceeding from the idea of sacrifice we also understand what primary courage means. Even the most courageous of animals are not really brave; they merely yield to the urge of inward instead of outward superior power; and relatively to their Conscious, the inward urge is just as external as the outward force. But simultaneously with the ecstasy of blood-shedding awakes the urge to sacrifice. The

mere welling forth of blood intensifies the sense of Life; there is little discrimination at this stage as to whether it be a man's own blood or that of another. And thus also the desire of fight is a secondary, not a primary impulse. Viewed from the nethermost deeps, it is even a late phenomenon. First was the will to blood-sacrifice; then only the will to fight. Fighting as an end in itself becomes possible only when in the consciousness sport and play have won the primacy over reality. But the dark, dull and blind primordial states, in which even to-day are rooted all the profoundest motives, know nought of sport and play. They have all the sombreness of dead earnest. Precisely in this sense are despots called sombre. For this very reason Soviet Russia is in such ghastly earnest. It is contrary to sense when poetic imagination builds up cosmogonies out of the state of childhood: childhood belongs to Paradise, not Hell; but in the beginning was the netherworld. Therefore, murder was there before open fight, and murder was not thought evil. Therefore the killing of the defenceless preceded that of the armed. Fighting originally was the result of the *vis major* of a situation in which the attacked turned to defend themselves or Man himself was assaulted. For this reason, too, it is true to significance that hunting — which is as much the joy of all men with anything of the beast of prey in them to-day as it was in the glacial period — should in its essence mean murder. And modern warfare, in which the attacked are practically defenceless against the weapons of the assailant, really leads back to first beginnings. This explains the fact that no genuine soldier sees anything monstrous in modern warfare, however much it may destroy all ideas of chivalry which could still hold good a few decades ago.

THE above explains why, in the records of the past, no killing appears associated with ugly and evil thoughts. Man's first killing was not connected with the idea of pro-

fitableness; nor was his primary aim the providing of meat for food. And man's first killing had the same roots as that of the beasts of prey only to the extent that beasts of prey too know of the ecstasy of blood-shedding. Everywhere, the earliest emphasis lies on the intensification of Life conditioned by the outpouring of blood, and since killing is concomitant with self-sacrifice, nobility must needs be the first characteristic of the warrior. After having meditated the type of the Gaucho, I know how all these things came into existence. By accident Cain slew Abel, just as it was by accident that my hawks first pounced upon a live bird. But out of this awoke the ecstasy of blood-shedding; Cain's descendants were all warriors. However, just as Cain first felt that he was lying under a curse, even so the Gaucho is not called a murderer, but *desgraciado*, an unfortunate man who happened to kill a human being. Nothing can be more contrary to sense, nor more mistaken, than to imagine the first humans acording to the image of our criminals. Even today among primitive races criminals hardly exist; their killing is a sacrificial act.

But on the other hand it is true that the most horrible of the demons who abide in the netherworld of the Night of Creation very soon take advantage of the situation created by the purposeless and in so far innocent ecstasy of blood-shedding. Original Fear begets the will to destruction for the sake of security. It breeds the greed of possessing what does not belong to it. In its first transference it generates cruelty: the tortured is to suffer the full measure, to exceed and therewith to annul the fear and anguish which the tormentor feels in his own heart of hearts. Original Hunger demands endless killing and conquering and grasping and destroying as a means for its own soverign reign: wherever Original Hunger predominates, all the beauty of the ecstasy of blood-shedding deteriorates. At bottom everyone desires to devour and absorb all that is foreign to him, be it alive or

dead; in his heart of hearts he claims the universe as his exclusive heritage. But the universe does not submit to him, and thus out of every resistance is born as a primary reaction the desire for retaliation which turns into vindictiveness wherever memory is tenacious; just as the desire for ever-more-and-more which is normal to all original Life is in the same case intensified to rapacity. Man's netherworld exultingly welcomes the death of every other man, with whom he does not indentify himself. Here, determinnant group-consciousness, be it a primary phenomenon as in the case of primitive races, or a secondary manifestation as in modern warfare, offers no particular problem. The netherworld experiences every passing-away of another life as a vital addition to its own. To explain and justify all the sorrow of the world in terms of the bliss of the 'rejoicing heir' who ever and ever stands for the future, would be a more sensible endeavour than all the current justifications of Evil. So deeply rooted is this claim of exclusive sovereignty, that the mere growth of another calls out thirst for vengeance because such growth is felt to be a challenge. When the French cried: 'Revenge for Sadowa!' where Austria's defeat was no concern of theirs, they were neither extravagant nor eccentric, but simply primordial. Hence the true pathos of revenge in all early history. It was not a question here of resentment, that is of bearing a man a grudge because of one's own impotency; nor was it a case of vindictiveness, which only arises in such as feel too weak to react openly and promptly, and too little self-assured to be able to bear a shifting of outward conditions to their own disadvantage — there it was a question of the very same feeling for which Jahveh called Himself a 'jealous God'. What he meant was this: Whoever dares to recognize anyone beside Me, merits death.

Here, in the claim of Original Hunger lies the second of the primordial roots of Law — the first lies in security se-

cured by means of property which Original Fear demands. Law has originally nothing whatever to do with Justice; for Law rests not upon adjustment and compromise, it rests on self-assertion absolute. Hence the law of arms is at bottom a more honest law than any law which pretends to conciliate the claims of all. Modern endeavours to justify the fact of war by intellectual and moral considerations mirror the conflict between that absolute sense of right which anyone, who fights for his life, feels as a matter of course, and mind-born theory. And from this follows as another matter of course the hardness and cruelty concomitant with the creation of every new law. The methods used by the Bolsheviks were already acted upon by Zeus with regard to his father Kronos, when he started remodelling the world according to new 'law and order' (Aeschylos). But in order to understand the underlying deep causes and motives, it is necessary above all to recognize the fact that no idea of law sprung from a spirit-born sense of right can possibly be applied to this domain. And it is the less applicable, the more 'advanced' a state. It is in accordance with the nature of things that the World War should have been incomparably more bestial than any warfare among cannibals. The more intellect matters, and this means the more the ideas of aim and purpose predominate, the less important must be the part played by the ecstasy of blood-shedding which is free from all ends and aims; and the more force must pass to the demons of the netherworld. In particular, the aftermath of the World War is a purer expression of Original Hunger and Original Fear than was the war of the Titans in days of old. The profoundest meaning of the World Crisis of which that terrible unison of the entire orchestra of humanity, the World War, was less the cause than the introduction is this: it is a fight between Original Fear and Original Hunger in a purity unparalleled since the mythical ages. All the masses throughout the world have become

aware of what technical science can achieve; they have realized that they might lead a life of greater comfort than is actually theirs. Consequently they are no longer satisfied to accept this earth as a valley of tears. Thus Original Hunger urges them on with elementary violence. But simultaneously Original Fear is intensified as an expression of consciously felt lack of security. But Original Fear first and foremost determines the attitude of the propertied classes: they desire to preserve at all costs the security which is theirs. And since they are dimly aware of the hopelessness of this attempt, within them Original Hunger awakes in the form of the most unscrupulous greed of profit; and this is the chief cause of that phantastic dishonesty of post-war days which fills the gaols of all countries foremost with those who used to be considered as particularly respectable. The stirred-up deeps manifest themselves on the surface in the form of the polar opposites of capitalistic and socialistic interests, as the will to *sécurité a tout prix* which dominates France in the first place, and the will to absolute violation of law incarnated by Soviet Russia in the form of a primordial symbol. But Hunger and Fear originally connected with the economic side of Life in their turn call out the will to war. For if all security ceases to exist, youth feels impelled to enlist, for the soldier alone is free to rob when he is hungry. Now war for the same reasons becomes more and more horrible, the longer it lasts and the more terrible the suffering of the combatants. In a desperate struggle man as a dweller of the upper world almost completely abdicates and his hellish nethermost deeps alone remain vital. Again an event of modern times provides a clearer illustration of this truth than any myth. More ghastly by far than the World War was the civil war waged between the Whites and the Reds of Russia, in the course of which the representatives of the old system surging back, measuring untold distances under untold privations and incessant fights grew ever more

cruel in their increasing reprisals on the Reds. Finally, the whole of the European and Asiatic Russias were one single hell more hell-like than any a medieval painter ever imagined.* And the hell-born primordial instincts once awakened have since continued working. As a matter of natural evolution criminal characters have become increasingly determinant; a truly fiendish sadism is at work against everything they refuse to tolerate any longer. This is so, because Bolshevist Russia has progressed even farther on the intellectual plane than the West and is still less checked by motives of a different origin. Thus, purposeful thinking vitalizes and quickens the whole of the netherworld and vomits it far and wide over the shuddering earth.

Things of similar horror, on however reduced a scale, have happened everywhere on earth, whenever the netherworld was stirred up and broke loose. And this has occurred again and again, wherever killing came to be looked upon as justified, because the originally noble esctasy of bloodshedding by slow degrees encroaches upon and irresistibly infects ever deeper strata of the Unconscious. Fairness and equity understood as a conscious admittance of another's right to live originally existed solely as a compromise between humans belonging together, where the question of possible destruction could not arise. As soon as it arose — as for instance in the case of struggles for the throne — a brother murdered his brother, and a son his father, as a matter of course. How natural destruction of any check to life is to

* Cf. Edwin Erich Dwinger's splendid description *Zwischen Weiss und Rot* (Between White and Red), the Russian tragedy 1919–20, Jena 1931, Eugen Diederichs. The author is right when at the end he says: (p. 499). 'Will it some day be recognized that this tragedy will remain for centuries the disgrace of mankind? That this gigantic raid has set a foul blot on the history of the world surpassing all its blemishes up till now? That misery was brought upon a people of 150 million souls merely for the sake of money, and no voice of its dying ever found an echo in any heart? That the words oil, platinum, gold, ore should have so drowned the vast choir of a million dying men, that not a soul on earth heard it?'

primeval consciousness became quite clear to me, when I heard the surprised question of a Brazilian woman during a discussion of the problem of assassination, which is acute in her country: 'Why, would you not welcome the thought that a person, whose existence is irksome to you, simply ceased to exist?' I had perforce to admit that this would indeed be the solution most welcome to my own instincts too. Those Byzantine emperors who at once rid themselves of every inconvenient person, surely suffered from far less a number of complexes than modern Europeans. Indeed, even in Caligula, who wished the Romans had but one single head for him to cut off, a universally human desire appeared merely in an extravagant form. That nethermost Being within us, the womb of all creation, which would swallow all things existent, must needs experience the feeling of supreme happiness, if it can say say to itself: 'There is none but me left in the world!'

I know of few things more superficial and contrary to sense than the considerations upon which uprooted and all-too-civilized people found their hopes of a nobler humanity. If the nethermost deeps are denied, their energies are banked up and one day break forth with all the more destructive force, as World War and World Revolution have already proven in an appalling manner. And the more things are referred to Spirit which are not of the Spirit, the uglier the resulting picture, the more abominable the lie, the more pernicious the consequences. *Only* where the combatants honestly own to their will to kill, to their hate, their vindictiveness and the ecstasy they feel in blood-shedding, can noble motives become ultimately determinant. All noble-minded commanders knew that they did an *evil thing* when practising the law of arms; their greatness ever lay in the courage with which they took upon themselves their Dharma of guilt, as Krishna commanded the wavering Arjuna to do. Those who were profoundly conscious of this evil and yet did not hesitate

to do it — *not* those who tried to mitigate its horror in a way contrary to sense — have been adored as leaders by their soldiers and later even been worshipped as saints by mankind. Similarly, those wars have sown the least dragon's crop that were recognized for what they really were, and have therefore been spontaneously passed over in silence or disavowed, when peace has been restored. To do this is all the easier as all 'law of arms', from the point of view of peace, is criminal, for it rests entirely on violation. But since, on the other hand, the impulse to violate is normal — that is normal to the netherworld, and not to the upper world — and dies when it is satisfied, merely to refrain from insisting can lead to organic forgetting. Thanks to the sense of the nature of this connection, wars of primitive warrior-tribes hardly ever leave behind them bitter feelings. Owing to England's understanding of what matters in the same connection, there is so little resentment against that nation, however uncompromisingly and consistently it may practise the law of arms. It is France's fatal misfortune that it has the least understanding of the nature of this problem. In the case of every French victory the antique belief in a judgment of the gods incarnated by victory experiences a rebirth in France, so that it refers to spiritual values what can have meaning and a *raison d'être* only when referred to the netherworld. Hence the hate-provoking effect of the exclusively French idea that *la paix par le respect des traités* is a thing both moral and ideal. No forced treaty ever incarnated the slightest moral right. Even a far more general proposition is true: most of the injustice in history is due to the fatal confusion of the ideas of justice, right and law. Thanks to this association of ideas alone was it possible to perpetuate the bitterest injustice with the consent of the victims through hundreds and thousands of years. All oppression, all violation, all slavery has its roots here. Of all idols, Law understood as incarnating justice *ipso facto*, is the

most infamous. The world will become a better place only when this fetish has been dashed from its pedestal. Law in itself is nothing but a *fixation*, without the slightest moral and spiritual qualification. Law becomes just only when the legal tie fixes something that is just in itself. But in the sense of a 'once and for all', a final fixation is essentially impossible, because Life changes from one moment to another, and every novel situation demands a new formation and arrangement of the equation. Therefore, not only does the ancient Latin sentence *summum jus, summa injuria* hold true, but *every* law understood as an unchangeable tie is immoral and evil in the deepest sense of the word. Here applies all that Jesus Christ put forward against righteousness according to the letter of the law. Here, too, good will alone means goodness. But good will is possible only from out of freedom.

Now, wherever war created the basis of a legal state, there cannot possibly be any question of determinant freedom. From the latter's view-point, violation always means crime. In the case of war it was ever the netherworld, foreign and hostile to Spirit which, transforming the landscape like a volcanic eruption, set its stamp for a time upon the upper world. And this process can be justified before the forum of spiritual and moral consciousness only through the recognition that the netherworld necessarily belongs to man and cannot be permanently repressed. Hence the sympathetic character of ingenuous warriorship. In this case, a most cruel mass-murderer may even otherwise be a saint, as was the Caucasian Shamil who naively thought it a command of God to destroy all and sundry of his enemies. But no sooner does consciousness of Spirit endeavour to justify what is not of the Spirit than man turns into a fiend. Far from denying as improbable the atrocities which all nations are alleged to have committed during the World War, I think, on the contrary, that even worse deeds than are recorded are prob-

able: the less of a clear conscience a warrior has in the practice of his profession, the worse must be the form in which his netherworld breaks forth. From the point of view of Spirit, the fact of war can be justified solely through insight into the necessity of Evil. I submit the following considerations: in this best-possible of all worlds the Spirit of Evil alone is able to create those radical changes which at times evidently are accordant with the intentions of the Spirit of Good. Furthermore, there exists a kind of justice even in Evil's own domain, in so far as violation and oppression steel the defeated, provided they are still vital. This has nothing whatever to do with 'Eternal Justice'. It rest on the biological law, to the best of my knowledge first formulated by Hans Much, that every minus is not compensated by the requisite plus, but by its multiple; for this reason difficulties are in principle conducive to growth.*

Consequently, all possible immediate advantages of war are to be found in the biological and never in the spiritual or moral sphere, and in the biological domain solely when judged from the netherworld which lives out its blind urge in war. For this reason it is intrinsically contrary to sense to justify the fact of war even from the plane of the *biological* upper world. It is not a tonic or bracing bath. It does not lead to the survival of the fittest, but to that of the most unfit. And understood as a means of substituting one kind of humanity by one alleged to be superior, it is ineffectual, barring the extreme case of literal extermination which is hardly ever realized. Of the World War, this may be said in 1931: even in the sense of destructiveness, it has been completely futile. Despite all the losses, there are already on the whole more humans than before the War, more means of production, more products destined for consumption: the present-day difficulties are solely due to the circumstance

* Cf. his pamphlet *Was ist das Leben?* (What is Life?), p. 73, Leipzig, J. A. Barth.

that the ideas are not yet adapted to the facts. Taken as a creature of instincts and impulses, no man living to-day, *even among the defeated*, can help assuming a positive attitude towards the War, for to it he owes his own individual character and his individual possibility of existence, which he cannot reasonably wish away, since it is the premise of his identity. Every survivor and every human born after the war is a 'rejoicing heir', however meagre or evil the heritage may be. From the vantage of the individual, death, loss of fortune, shifting of power happen in days of peace as well as in times of war; and hardly a few dozen individuals among the many millions who took part in the war had any personal interest in its so-called aims. Those who have grown to maturity since the conclusion of peace know as little of the horrors and atrocities of war as did their predecessors of 1913. And what is the most monstrous thing of all: even the combatants no longer have any recollection of it; not, in any case in the sense of an experience which continues to work. The war was so horrible that the remembrance is repressed, just as no one recollects a dentist's operation. The sudden blaze in 1929 of a prodigious publishing success of all books on the war which had till then been overlooked, is proof positive of the fact that at that very moment the forgetting of the war and its experiences was completed.

A poet has profoundly grasped and grandly set forth the significance of the connection last considered: Balzac in his novel *Colonel Chabert*. In this novel, he describes the intimate tragedy of the surviving hero of the Napoleonic Wars: that nothing, absolutely nothing in the order of life natural to him with its values and motives should survive in times of peace. There is no connection between the worlds of peace and of war. Therefore, he who is one-sidedly adapted to the one state cannot help being a failure in the other. It is at bottom untrue, whatever may be the case externally, that war is the continuation of political opera-

tions by other means: war belongs to a different plane altogether. All its roots abide in the blind netherworld. Consequently, it is in itself devoid of any possible aim and any possible idea; the hired soldier is the warrior's prototype. He who becomes fully aware of this abysmal incommensurability of the norms of the upper and the netherworlds, shudders more even than at the atrocities of war at the delusion of the war-ideologists. What political aim and object was ever even by a millionth per cent worth the sacrifices made for its achievement? Only non-political objects may justify such sacrifices; for instance objects of religious belief demanding human sacrifice; or objects of personal or tribal honour. It may have been true to Significance to immolate hecatombs for the beauteous Helena, whose rape meant a symbol of the most personal interest to all Greeks — but not for oil. At the conclusion of a war for objective aims, there is indeeed nothing to do but to forget, lest one lose one's mind. Thus, unfortunately, it is not true that the World War, with which the mechanization of warfare set in, has led war as such *ad absurdum*; on the contrary: here, for the first time, war exactly as it is with the whole orchestra of the impulses and instincts which make it possible, has become a vital experience. This, is it true, means a tremendous step forward, and for the sake of this one recognition the World War may not have been quite in vain. For the first time humanity at large has become consciously aware of the fact that war essentially is *not* idealism, courage, discipline, comradeship, nor joy of sacrifice, but murder, torture, fear, horror, rapine, rape, falsehood, imposture, destruction, violation; in short, crime in every sense of the term. In my eyes the most horrible result of the World War is not the destruction it brought in its train, but the increased idealization of war by most of the young who took no part in it. This cannot be understood as proceeding from any kind of idealism, but solely from the fact that humanity

has become antediluvially unfeeling. Soviet Russia's outlook created the example for this attitude. Killing, murder, violation are not evil or sinful at all. Only the ideology of the warrior as seen from the view-point of the commander, counts. But the true significance of that essential countersense called war is not incarnated in the commander, but solely in the nameless soldier of the line. Thus, the first war memorial of all the ages which is true to Significance is that which arose spontaneously out of the Unconscious of all the nations who took part in the World War: the memorial to the Unknown Soldier.

IN times of war the evil netherworld lives a legitimate life. Wherever the stage of the ingenuous and to that extent beautiful ecstasy of blood-shedding has, one way or another, been passed, Original Hunger and the urge to retaliate are its deepest and ultimate motives. If these demons did not dwell, perpetually alive, in the nethermost deeps, no war of nations would be even theoretically conceivable. Now how is it that the consciousness of mankind refuses even to-day to own to this truth? The reason lies in the monstrous and tragic paradox which war incarnates as a phenomenon of the upper world. The warrior who must be ready every moment to do and to suffer the most ghastly things, is the merry and easy-going man *par excellence* — he actually is, he is not merely thought to be so. And unreflecting consciousness does not mirror war at all as that which it essentially is. As the lowest basis of war, its concept evokes the idea of discipline absolute. On a higher plane it evokes the idea of mathematically clear calculation. But in its ultimate analysis war is held even to-day — despite the experience of machine war and poison gas — to be a knightly game, a thing it never really was, a game whose soul is the sense of honour. This idea is so deeply rooted in the soul of man, that the Unknown Soldier sacrifices himself from conviction for his commander, and that solely the meaning

war incarnates for the latter survives as the essence and meaning of war in the memory of man.

How can this be? Let us consider the various points in their logical succession.

The warrior can and must be *insouciant*, light-hearted, because as a warrior he takes over the norms of the netherworld which is blind and accepts killing and dying with utter indifference. This taking over of the norms of the netherworld with a clear conscience, on the other hand, has a liberating effect; for now all those checks are suspended which, operating from the upper world, preclude the netherworld from living itself out. Thus even the readiness to die effects a solution of inward tension. But the compulsion under which the soldier lives, in its turn, is accordant with the netherworld, it is no contradiction to it. The netherworld knows of no freedom; to force and to be forced corresponds to its nature. What is truly opposed to its essential character is forethought and responsibility — and precisely of these the soldier is relieved. There are always superiors whose task it is to know whatever goes beyond the requirements of the moment; even for the latter *they* bear the responsibility; and judged from the angle of experiencing man, this ultimate lack of responsibility has its limit only in the person of the commander-in-chief. Finally, the warrior is sure that he is materially provided for; hence he suffers least of all men from Original Fear; for Original Fear refers primarily not to Death, but to starving. From the standpoint of the instincts, the soldier is the most secure of humans; for this reason he is the least conscious of Fear; therefore it is psychologically justified that the soldier should be expected to show more courage than the civilian. One more circumstance has a liberating effect on the mass which in times of war possesses unlimited suggestive power: that hardly any feeling of inferiority arises; in war the man who is most inefficient in days of

peace is equal in value, if not superior to the most efficient. As General Crozier once aptly put it: 'There are no bad soldiers, there are only bad leaders.' Finally, in war the entire netherworld can live itself out as a connected whole. To the life of the warrior also belong heavy drinking, gambling, ribaldry, whoring and the rejoicing in filth. But the beautiful aspect of instinctive and primordial Life too can live itself out without restraint. Primordial life desires hardships, for the muscle gains in strength through exercise; Original Hunger manifests itself in the form of defiance of death; all striving for security vanishes and therewith all avarice; there blossoms forth the capacity of a love which gives away with god-like generosity. And since every existing force causes correspondent chords to sound in others, the most unapproachable maidens give themselves up with joy to almost any man they believe to be a hero in times of war. They too yearn to immolate themselves, and compared with the offering up of life no other sacrifice seems too great. Moreover, since Love is the brother of Death, Love given in the face of death means supreme bliss. This picture of a fostering of *insouciance* is completed by the psychic mechanism, thanks to which all stressing calls out the simultaneous and exaggerated stressing of the opposite. For the very same reason that the warrior's existence is one purely of the netherworld, the latter plays the slightest part within his Conscious. The ugliness belonging to the profession of arms leads to an exclusive stressing of the Beautiful: of song, music and play and the cultivation of the noble group-feelings. The irrationality of the modality of life of the netherworld, in its turn, fosters *insouciance*. Blind Original Hunger, the blind instinctive urge to overwhelm and retaliate, blind ecstasy of blood-shedding and the blind rapture the dying of others calls out, all find their justification on their own plane. To understand all this is impossible — so, why think at all? Hence one may finally

say: the more rationalized a world, the more true to Sense must be a war which defies all spiritual and moral norms.

In the case of discipline a different chain of causes is at work. In the first place, the importance of discipline in war impresses one as a monstrous paradox. The nethermost, lowest, the most uncontrollable and savage impulses make warfare at all possible. And yet warfare is expected to present itself in the form of absolute ascendancy over Nature! The paradox is a fact; nevertheless, precisely the foundations of discipline abide in the netherworld. Compulsion and violence are its exclusive norms; freedom alone is completely foreign to it. For the rest, discipline, first and last, works with the motive of fear, that original quality of primordial life. And primordial life desires to be violated, not to decide for itself, just as Woman in her heart of hearts desires to be violated. How exactly military discipline is adapted to the netherworld is proven by the fact that, proceeding from without to the inside, it actually transforms a man; and that at bottom he *rejoices* in being broken and broken in through discipline, just as a child is grateful for the punishment which helps it to overcome its bad inclinations and to be good. But that every soldier should think discipline an ideal, once it has permeated his whole being, is a result of the fact that discipline serves not only to bind, but also to liberate. By binding the netherworld, by disciplining from out of Spirit what is in itself incapable of discipline, it clears the way for independent workings of spiritual energies. The traditional saying is true, that one must learn to obey, in order to be able to command. This is why every path leading to the goal of spiritual perfection, too, begins with asceticism, that is, with exercise and discipline. The man who is entirely disciplined on the plane of what is capable of discipline, is for this very reason the freest of all men. Now the fact that discipline should be univer-

sally thought the soul of the profession of arms, is proof positive that its spiritual aspect means more to consciousness than its primeval basis. Thus, soldiership is not only a road to freedom understood as the living-out of what belongs to the netherworld, but also a road to freedom understood as a way to liberate Spirit. For the man not graced with original superiority there is but this one road to freedom of spirit. In fact, there is no higher spiritual goal attainable for the ordinary man than to reach complete self-control; precisely in the sphere of Spirit, only a very few are called to rise beyond the rank of the sergeant. Hence the enthusiasm for military drill shown in later days by most men who have personally experienced its effects. Drill will survive, for any kind of purpose, as a tried and approved technical method, even if war should one day come to be out of date.

That for the strategist war should be a matter of pure mathematical calculation is not only the result of the fact that mass decisions cannot possibly be brought about in any other way; it has deep and vital reasons. In accordance with the law of polarity the high officer instinctively withdraws from the state of pure determination by the netherworld and seeks refuge in pure intellectuality. He honestly sees in war nothing but the shifting of flags on a map, and in blood-sacrifices deductions to be made in his calculations. But the very inhumanity thereby manifesting itself is a proof of the power of primordial life working from below. There are few generals who do not repress glowing feelings of sensual gratification when thinking of the blood-sacrifices made at their command and therefore overcompensate such feelings by cold calculations. That theirs is a case of ultimate determination by the netherworld is finally proved by the fact that innumerable commanders send thousands of men to their death as a matter of course, in order to gain for themselves a military decoration.

Now the final paradox of war is the one thing which ultimately gives it the quality of nobility. Where there is bestial ravage and cold-hearted calculation, the motive ultimately deciding in the Conscious is the most soulful, most subjective and personal of all on earth; and at the same time it is the most spiritual, since it has meaning and significance solely with regard to the incomparable unique individual: this motive is Honour. Personal Honour is ultimately determinant in the very connexion in which the individual as a fact means nothing at all! Honour can never be explained, nor its existence proven. Honour has no basis in the instincts, since it has essentially nothing to do with vanity, self-love, the instinct of property and power. Nor has it any foundation in intellect, for intellect must needs compare, and honour precisely posits and demands absolute incomparability. He who seeks in any way to find the meaning of honour in the idea of 'respectability', the good opinion of others, entirely misunderstands its essence. The idea of honour is a thing so purely spiritual, that it is self-evident that merely intellectual epochs, as also periods purely determined by the impulses, must fail to understand what it means. In so far, honour is the first and foremost exponent of those deeps in man, the roots of which do *not* belong to the netherworld. Now since in the beginning was the netherworld, it should be easy to understand that after the in-break of Spirit its first corresponding polar opposite should have manifested itself in the form of Honour. First, there was Woman's honour. It is a primary expression of the consciousness of uniqueness and at the same time of the consciousness of value absolute that a woman should feel dishonoured when a man to whom she has not freely given herself, takes possession of her. Immediately after this, as the first manifestation of Man's honour, the consciousness of the warrior's honour awoke. Henceforth, honour ruled supreme, independently of any motive and any object for

which war could be waged. Henceforth, it was assumed that whoever fights, be it even as a robber, a mercenary, nay as conscious organ of meanest economic exploitation, under all circumstances fights for his honour.

FOURTH MEDITATION

BLOOD

ON Argentine soil, I reproduced more than once an ancient dream of mine. The Earth had changed back into a livid star. I stood there as the last man left. And I laughed with exultation at being alone at last. But the feeling of joy which accompanied the vision in South America had a different meaning. In former days my joy had been genuine. My yearning for solitude was then so immense, human beings were so irksome to me, that seclusion for me meant perfect happiness. Now my laughter had the distinct character of jeering. And it was at myself that I was thus jeering. My spirit had severed itself from me and I had somehow grown one with the Earth. And yet I felt lonely. And this feeling of loneliness was horrible.

I was a stranger in a strange country. Nothing unpleasant used to be associated with this word for me in former days, for never had I felt a stranger in contradistinction to what was mine. I felt essentially a guest on earth; as a wanderer from one strange land to another I was in my own element. Now that the Continent of the Third day of Creation had lifted the earthly part of my being into my Conscious, this feeling underwent a change. And this change was all the more perplexing to me — and consequently it struck my attention all the more — as my spirit had never been so happy as on Argentine soil, and as that kind of sympathy which alone I value came to me in wondrous abundance. Now I felt it to be of decisive significance that nothing in this world was *akin* to me. These were not the stars under which I was born. This heaven was to my eyes an unfamiliar maze. No part of this transequatorial soil was originally mine. And with the deeps within the inhabitants of this earth I could gain no sym-

pathetic contact. Then I realized the profound truth of the image of the genealogical tree. That only belongs to one which has the same roots. An unbridgeable void separates one tree from the other.

This belonging together, the significance of which for the first time became obvious to me through the experience of the feeling of strangeness, is represented for man by the symbol of Blood. No attempt should be made to penetrate this symbol or to resolve it into its component parts and translate it into something more distinct to intellect. Wherever men want to understand such realities as do not pertain to the sphere of reason, the same situation again and again experiences a rebirth out of which the first thinkers created their cosmogonies. There, the one thing needful for recognition, both with the creator and the man who reflects, is that which may be defined the least amiss by means of the three co-ordinates: unbiased experience, first sight and immediate realization. And the most exact expression for what is meant is not the most exclusive but the most comprehensive concept. It is the *word* understood in its archaic meaning, which lives on in the Chinese ideogram or the Nordic rune, but not in the modern form of writing; it is the symbol, which, by evoking determinate experience and understanding, just as the chord of an instrument when struck makes harmoniously attuned chords sound again — not by reducing what is new to something familiar — establishes a relationship of correspondence between the inner and the outer worlds. Such symbols are the better suited to their purpose the more, not the less scope they offer to interpretation; the more overtones and accessory sounds they awaken in the soul in unison with the notes that are struck. The symbol 'Blood' stands for the same connexion for which the genealogical tree too is a material sign. Only it refers to all the dimensions of time, not merely to the past; it stresses a different and specific aspect of this

same connexion. It is that aspect which is the first to strike the feelings and emotions. Proceeding from these I involuntarily associate the idea of kinship and home with *warmth* in the first place. The interval between the stars is cold. All alien countries are cold. But the germ-plasma too is cold; it belongs to the world of the Third Day of Creation. Its sphere and kingdom is the boundless, diffluent Yeast of Creation in its ferment. Warmth presupposes a closed state. Blood is essentially warm and can flow only within a closed system. This is why Blood is the first and foremost symbol of original intimate connexion between humans. The primary image of their communion is the closed body of the warm-blood which, as long as it lives, preserves its individual warmth in all environments. The primary form of this connexion is consanguinity. This always is and means a closed circle which exists independently of all moods of the individual soul. With this closed circle stands and falls any possible feeling for kinship and home. My own circle I had left in Europe. And from the closed circles of South America I felt the more excluded, the more they drew me into their radius. For there are but two ways of entering into circles of kinship and home, which otherwise are without entrance or egress: through intermixture of blood and through taking root in the new country.

Thus I felt a stranger and lonely. But out of this very sense of forsakenness I felt urged to create a home atmosphere. And from out of this urge I understood the original way in which humans have settled the earth. Since man as a being of soul and spirit is world-open, he had perforce to unite with his kindred, lest he freeze in the coldness of the world, just as partridges in a snowstorm press close together. The original urge aims at overcoming solitude. This is why even a few hours after He had created Adam, God saw that it was not good that Man should be alone and

made him a helpmate out of his own flesh. Hence the primacy of group-consciousness within man; not lack of individualization is its profoundest basis, as indeed consciousness of family, tribe and nationality may be found among the most individualized and spiritualized peoples. Out of the Yeast of the Night of Creation, with the dawn of day when light made possible the warmth of Blood, there arose the closed blood-community. The root of the blood-community too reaches far down into the netherworld. The closed system of the warm-blood among other things means a safeguard, and is to that extent also a child of Original Fear. Still, the world of Blood is a new world, the world of Dawning Day. And therewith the dissolving shapelessness of the snake which dwells on the near side of the cipher turns into articulate groups, and the chaos of indistinguishable eating and being eaten into warfare. It is a mistake to make too clean a distinction between herbivorous and carnivorous creatures: the difference between the two is slighter even than the difference between exploiting economics and violating politics which are constantly merging into each other: what is essential is that both are hungry and live upon what is alive. There is as little essential difference in this connexion between animal and man. The hunting of beasts of prey for their food already means genuine warfare. And since here it is a case of original and primary things indissolubly connected with the earth-part of Life, no progress definitely leads beyond the importance of the blood-community and whatever pertains to it; thus primordial states can again become determinant on every stage of evolution. Hence the primary significance of kith and kin in the most modern circles of South America. Argentine families of ancient tradition form real tribes like those of the Children of Israel; they hold together inwardly, not merely outwardly, in an unheard-of manner; the shortest separation makes them feel

as though something were tearing in their souls. Here we grasp another root of the joy of war: precisely in the hour of the passage into the final solitude of the cold Night of Death does man desire to feel the close connexion with his fellows. Hence modern nationalism. Wherever long periods of concentration of humans within States independently of natural connexion, and wherever intellect-born powers deeply interfering with private life, such as capital, threaten to do away with the significance of Blood, the primordial forces are convulsively urged to the surface to stand on the defence. Only nations of a unifying tradition in which the norms of Blood are taken into consideration as a matter of course — such as France in the first place in post-war Europe — are not nationalistic to-day after the fashion of primitive groups. And thus in the most spiritual ages, given some particular constellation, Blood may be felt to be a thing of Fate as it was in ancient Nordic days. This applies to German racial idealism which, for this very reason, no other nation of comparable civilization can understand. Probably in order to compensate his hypertrophy of 'objectivity' does the German to-day so often lay the stress on Blood in a primordial sense and measure. Then indeed Blood *is* Fate, it becomes Fate. Then a completely irrational policy inspired by a kind of blood-mysticism must needs appear perfectly rational. For everywhere interest in, and stressing of a tendency leads to its vitalization.

BUT the above does not suffice to explain the whole significance of Blood. Unity of Blood is not merely a fact, it is a postulate. This postulate results from the fact corroborated by all experience that unity of Blood creates unity of outlook and feeling. If humans enter into relations with those who are not of the same blood as they, it is instinct of a similar force as the instinct of seclusion within the family which, on the other hand, urges them to intermix. Since to begin with they do not enter into mutual relation-

ship, the postulate of seclusion creates the earliest laws. The desire of incest which lies in the nethermost depth of each and all, results from the yearning for familiar warmth. Hardly ever has the idea of exogamy gained the primacy anywhere, before a tribe felt strong enough to assimilate alien blood; for this reason, in the extreme case of kings, meant to be the symbolic incarnations of the unity and equilibrium of their peoples, marriage between brother and sister has to this day remained a precept; for precisely this is the meaning of the demand of equality of birth; for this very reason do sovereigns call each other brothers. But after a tribe has gained inner stability and desires to extend its conquests over inhabited land, it feels urged, sooner or later, to intermix; the goal directing the Unconscious in this case is the goal of creating a more extensive sphere of home.

This and nought else explains the policy of assimilation which all conquerors have practised in the long run. Nothing is to be alien and strange in the surrounding world. If all are interrelated, then, but only then, is loneliness finally overcome. Then so firm a connexion from out of the Unconscious sustains every individual that without any personal effort each one holds his own preordained position within the community and does not even feel solitary when he wanders forth into the desert as a hermit. The way shown by instinct to create this universal home-atmosphere is intermixture of blood. Wherever there can be no question of unity through restriction, Blood peremptorily urges its bearers to create unity by means of the most universal interbreeding possible. Thus everywhere the conquerors begat children with the vanquished, and out of this interbreeding emerged other new and permanent units. Naturally, the conflict of heredities, and not their unification was the first result. In this connexion, too, present day South America offers the best symbol of all primordial ages.

The first instigator of a South American revolution in the style since become traditional was a son of Cortez with an Indian princess. In fact, all peoples and States which sprang from intermixture of Blood have begun their historical career in the South American way. After the Teutonic conquerors had begun to intermingle with the old inhabitants of the Roman Empire, the state of things was for centuries very much like what it is to-day in Mexico. The conflict within the souls sought to ab-react in outward conflicts. And everywhere and in all ages the 'South American state of things' ceased as soon as a permanent equlibrium had been attained. Yet even then there never was a question of a final state, unless the absolute end had been reached. Man is so variable, he is capable of such infinite differentiation; on the other hand, he is so apt to become fixed in specialized variations, that the rhythmic alternation of primarily necessary seclusion and intermixture of equal primary necessity is eternal. Definite fixation understood as a loss of all capacity of variation ever was the beginning of the end. The deeper archæological research gropes down and the farther ethnological science goes back into primeval ages, the more reason do we find to wonder at the manifoldness of the peoples who have inhabited the earth and vanished again; on a small scale the history of mankind offers the same spectacle as the history of the prehistoric animals. There, too, the congealing of determinate differentiations was the cause of extinction.* In both cases, new life, pregnant with a vital future, ever emerged only from what was *still* or *again* undifferentiated. For intermixture resolves the fixations, and out of this follows rejuvenation.

* I consider this formula the truest to fact, for it includes induration (hyper-mineralization; according to Schramme the chief cause of the extinction of the animals and plants) as well as relaxation due to too favourable conditions of life, and finally degeneration resulting from the accumulation of pernicious heredity.

This explains how the same nations could profess not only different, but opposite ideals as time went on. Every nation which created a civilization of its own has at some stage been guided by the ideals of equality of birth or purity of race. And this was always right as long as the period of a stabilized and at the same time wholly vital equilibrium lasted. But it never lasted long; soon fixation led to congealment and devitalization. Then salvation, provided salvation was still possible, ever lay in rejuvenation by means of belief in the opposite ideals. Thus we find opposite ideals taken as guiding-stars in opposite situations working identical salutary effects. If the perfectly developed man of traditional culture has every reason to be very particular as to purity of race and equality of birth, lest an alien *gen* shake the existing perfection of equilibrium, healthy instinct demands intermixture wherever a new form of life is to come into existence. It was this instinct that guided the conquerors of the ancient Roman Empire; it was thus that the great nations of modern Europe were born. The same instinct prompts North America to waive all prejudices of caste and race within the framework of the white variety of man. South America's feelings in this respect are extreme, because its first settlers had no racial prejudice of any kind. One evening, when returning to Sao Paulo after a visit to a coffee-fazenda, I met with the most convincing symbol of this outlook. I passed a celebrated model herd of cattle. But there was no question of one single breed: *all* the breeds which have stood the test, from the Anglian cow down to the Hindu zebu, were present. Thus South America's most original ideologist, José Vasconcelos, prophesies that the 'cosmic race' which will bring forth the highest expression of humanity, 'integral man', will be the result of the intermixture of *all* the races in existence. And since the population of South America is the most mixed on earth, mankind, according to Vasconcelos, will fulfil its

destiny there. This theory, understood as the only path to salvation, is even more mistaken than the theory of racial purity, because many of the *genes* exclude or neutralize each other, and only a determinate and limited number of combinations leads to the development of vital stock. But the mere possibility of such a theory arising is all the more significant. It is proof positive of the truth of our idea that the urge to intermixture at bottom aims at turning the surrounding world into 'home'. The representatives of an unconsolidated mixed race can hope to find the atmosphere of home only in an entirely and thoroughly intermixed world.

Spirit is not able to set up norms of absolute validity for Blood. Every kind of eugenics at one time or another led itself *ad absurdum*. A genius emerges as a surprise; nations of permanent superiority cannot be bred. If virtue cannot be taught and good education does not necessarily create valuable individuals, the issue seems altogether hopeless where it is a question of improving races by cultivation. With animals and plants a lasting improvement of breeds is possible, because here the body alone counts with its fairly simple laws; because complete isolation can be maintained and disturbing influences can to a large extent be excluded. But how are humans to be bred in the same sense as thoroughbred animals, where in their case the individual character is more essential than the species? Where spirit and soul which no one can isolate are determinant and where the laws ruling the chemistry of spirit and soul are totally unknown? Moreover, successful races may emerge from the most improbable kinds of intermixture. Thus the admixture of negro-blood is held in some regions of South America to foster intellectual talents. The explanation of this phenomenon, as far as it is a fact, possibly lies in this: that the inertia of the Indian blood and the coldness conditioned by the Continent of the Third Day of Creation are compensated by the impetuous vitality and the great emo-

tional warmth of the negro, so that thus indirectly, as though by means of a catalysator, a higher level of being comes into existence. Brazil at any rate provides the proof that negro-blood in a slight admixture — Brazil is becoming not more negroid every year, but whiter — is not necessarily harmful in the long run; on the contrary, it may lead to the formation of a new and superior race. In the African kingdoms throughout history a similar state of things must have existed; had she been born to-day, the celebrated Nephretete of Egypt could at best have been a Brazilian woman. What is essential is never the problem of 'intermixture or no intermixture', but the question of whether out of intermixture emerges a new and propitious state of balance.

Now if such an equilibrium has been attained, it represents an insoluble unity of a novel quality, exactly as in the case of a new chemical combination. In the case of a half-breed who has consolidated into a new unity, it is a fundamental mistake to speak of the predominance of one determinate component, however external appearances may tempt one to do so; what is decisive is always the *new* quality. In the long run the blood of the original conquerors which at first played the leading part never meant more than the language taken over from the victor; here it is not philological derivation which decides, but the *novel* quality of the daughter-languages, their new soul. Nothing could be more instructive in this connexion than a meditation of the different meanings which the same words have in Spanish and in other Latin tongues (I only set down the Spanish words, since most of my readers will be acquainted with the corresponding French and Italian modulations). *Verificar* in Spanish means 'to realize', otherwise 'to verify'; *facilitar* in Spanish 'to deliver', otherwise to 'facilitate'; *manifestar* in Spanish 'to communicate', otherwise 'to show' or 'to declare publicly'; *preciso* in Spanish means 'necessary', otherwise 'precise'. Even *vis* and *vicium* have been confused in that

language; otherwise one Spanish fortress would not bear the name of Villaviciosa. And in the popular idiom the grand word '*destino*' 'destiny' has even come to mean 'a small position'; for instance *Fulano tiene un destino de quince mil reales;* that is, 'Mr. Brown has a "destiny" of fifteen thousand 25 centimos pieces.' A new Spirit endows old linguistic material with almost any kind of novel meaning. The true significance of the intermixture of blood can best be estimated by a contemplation of the parallel of language. It would be correct to say: to be a mulatto means a horrible jargon. The English language even to-day according to its wording as such is a monstrous mixture of Germanic and Latin fragments. But the unified soul of the new English nation expresses itself so perfectly in this language, that nobody would dream of calling English an unsuccessful mestizisation. In the last analysis it is irrelevant in the case of live beings to speak of origins, for it is always the Now and Here alone which count. To the example of language as a means of clearly illustrating the significance of blood-intermixture I would add in conclusion the example of the Argentine national dance, the tango. This dance originated in suburbs of a doubtful character; the most important of its traceable ancestors were Cuban negro-dances and Neapolitan songs. Considering the great passivity of Argentine man it was obvious that the awakener had to come from without. But soon all the vastness, all the melancholy, all the boundless unresolvable passion of the Argentine built itself into the forms which had been taken over from without, just as the English spirit re-created the original Germano-Latin jargon into a convincing original language. The self-contained steadiness of the horse-breaker took the place, as background, of the exuberant gaiety of the negro and the Neapolitan. The crack of the whip adapted to the guitar created a manly rhythm. To-day the tango, both the dance and the music,

belongs to the classics of our age. The way it is danced by the *compadritos* — historically the sole genuine way — even today impresses anyone who understands as sacrilege, although as late as 1900 hardly any other way of dancing it was known. And the same is true of the sensuous manner in which it is danced in Europe. Correctly executed, the tango is an expression not of released, but of suspended passion, just as the Rio de la Plata carries the purple sand suspended to the sea. The genuine tango most resembles the minuet; only the minuet is the expression of the sadness of autumn, whereas the tango expresses the melancholy of spring.

HOWEVER, the problem of Blood has still another aspect, and this aspect gives it the whole of its portentous significance which again and again leads to tragedy. The awakening of the consciousness of Blood within the Ego is hardly more comprehensible from the view-point of Spirit than is the awakening of the consciousness of minerality or reptility. For Spirit it means a consciousness of a non-Ego. The awakened individual feels itself to be primarily a 'Self' in contradistinction to the species. For this very reason did all primary spirituality begin with denial of Blood: the prototype of the spiritual man was the monk. Thus my original lack of understanding of the tie of Blood was nothing abnormal, it was the normal thing from the standpoint of a man primarily conscious of spirit. Before I achieved integration on the plane of spiritual personality, before this spiritual personality closed around the centre of the Self, the Hindu phrase *neti neti*, 'this is not you', ever again and again occurred to me with regard to the contents of my consciousness. And the unification succeeded only after I had resigned myself to admit, *without* understanding, that a non-Ego preponderating in quantity nevertheless belongs to me, and that it is no use denying its existence. This consciousness of a non-Ego already applied

to my soul as I had received it from Nature. How then was I to recognize my body as identical with myself? And beyond that the more extensive connexion of Blood? It was the less possible as this blood carried within itself conflicts which I felt had nothing to do with 'me.' However, with me it was a case merely of conflicting family-tendencies racially closely akin to each other — and yet even this conflict sufficed to cleave me into parts which faced each other with feelings of strangeness and distrust. What then must be the feelings of the mulatto and the mestizo? True, the full realization of the non-identity of the Ego and Blood is possible only from the Spirit; but everyone is dimly aware of it, for every man has, however faintly conscious, a part in Spirit. And it is possible, it is even probable, that the conflict of Blood was the physiological cause of the awakening of all consciousness of Spirit. In so far the increasingly marked 'Fall' of humanity awakening to spiritual independence, as compared with the innocence or perfection of more tied states, is not in my eyes a bad symptom. The ugliness concomitant with it means no more than the ugliness of every transitional or embryonic state of organic life. It is at bottom not true that the man awakened to self-consciousness harbours feelings of envy, jealousy and resentment against other people, unless he belongs to a group of victors: he finds it hard to resign himself to the fact that *he himself* cannot be what he visualizes he might be. And he never visualizes anything worse, but something higher and better than what he actually is. Only on the superior level of *amor fati* does man, whose basic consciousness is that of a sovereign, not find it a bitter task to resign himself to the limitations of his nature. And even the lowest type of man knows the feeling of inferiority. But this feeling alone means proof positive of the fact that at least his Unconscious realizes the existence of value and therewith of Spirit.

No man can identify himself completely with his blood; even woman as a mother finds it impossible. In this sanctum of his sense of Self everyone experiences the tragedy which Christianity clothes in the words: The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. And if consciousness of Spirit has awakened, this tragedy is most keenly felt not by the most spiritualized, but by those nearest to earth. For earth alone binds, whereas Spirit sets free. Hence the greater need of religion felt by woman as opposed to man. Hence the profound belief in Fate of all primitive men — Blood *is* a fate which they feel they have to accept. Hence their melancholy. But, on the other hand, earthly happiness is possible only in the lap of a communion belonging to the plane of the non-Ego. Thus, practical wisdom from days immemorial has taken care that personal consciousness should play as slight as possible a part. Everything is de-personalized and transposed onto the plane of general custom and usage. The most modern instance of this primitive device is — or was until lately — provided by Spain. I was struck by the fact that most Spanish women seemed perfectly content as opposed to the profound melancholy of South American women. José Ortega y Gasset, who confirmed the correctness of my observations, explained it as resulting from the fact that personal destiny in Spain's highest social ranks is spirited away: since their representatives are originally imbued with a profound distrust of Life, and are moreover again and again taught by examples that every attempt to break away from routine leads to disaster, they live out their personal life in the projection of impersonal tradition. Thus they manage to get round love, passion, grief, in short everything that is profoundly affecting. This again does not mean primary collectivism, but self-absorption in the Collective from dread of personal experience. Thus, the happiness guaranteed within the blood-community has ever and everywhere been

overstressed. Everyone is from childhood onward influenced by suggestion to believe that one loves all one's relatives as a matter of course, and that as a matter of course one is loved by each and all. Conflicts with blood-relatives do not exist.

But the earliest myths already tell of the antagonism between Nature and Spirit. The eating of the Tree of Knowledge destroyed Paradise. Cain slew Abel, and this was the beginning of history. Ancient Greece set forth its intimate torment and pain in the form of the myth of Oedipus and the Oresteia; it even dared believe that Zeus precipitated his father into the depths of Tartaros. The earliest days of distinct Spirit-consciousness ab-reacted the inner conflict in the form of images. But in later ages this conflict became the chief stimulus of historical evolution. What distinguishes in its nethermost depths the history of man from that of all other creatures on earth is the dynamism arising from the antagonism within the frame of self-consciousness between the sense of personal identity and the non-Ego of Blood. It is this tension which urges man from below to strive untiringly beyond his given state. Man desires to attain to his *personal* fulfilment and perfection. This becomes possible only after the conflict of Blood has been overcome. Out of the discord which the antagonism of his paternal and maternal heredities create within his soul, he strives for unity. Out of the conflict between the separate and disconnected impulses which press upon him and the consciousness of a possible ascendancy over them, he strives for spiritual personality. Psycho-analysis teaches much about the ab-reaction of intimate conflicts of the soul in the form of grand enterprise. Thus, according to this teaching, Alexander the Great conquered Persia, in order to vanquish his own father within himself. But psycho-analysis gives too narrow a formulation of the problem, and does not penetrate down to its profoundest roots. All

outward dynamism is an ab-reaction of inward conflicts. Thus, completely balanced souls among individuals as among nations cease to strive. Hence the lack of spirituality of the Swede. But the ultimately decisive conflict is not that between different contents of the soul, it is the conflict between the non-Ego of Blood and Spirit. The solution true to earth of this conflict is Death. The solution true to Spirit is inward withdrawal from the world.

BLOOD and that for which it stands belong entirely to earth. Thus several times I involuntarily wrote 'home' where I really meant 'kinship'. Thus, meditation of the problem of Blood of itself merges into meditation of the connexion between man and the soil on which he dwells. There is no disregarding the connexion of Blood with the earth, not even in the case of the nomad. The latter's state only mirrors in a specified form the difference between the freely moving animal and the rooted plant. Among humans, in particular, the nomads are what the beasts of prey and the hoofed animals of the deserts and steppes are among animals. Of these, too, it may be said that they lack that soulful quality belonging to the game which faithfully keeps to the same surroundings. But, on the other hand, most of the types of the ruler and the daring trader spring from the original nomad.* Every live creature adapts itself to its surroundings, or is shaped by them. Owing to the extreme variability and peculiar sensibility of man, this is true of him in the highest degree. In the long run, there always emerges as the ultimate unit a synthesis of Blood and Earth which is so firm and so tenacious, that it is easy to understand that mistake which Oswald Spengler made: his idea being that the root of all culture is to be found one-sidedly in the landscape. If Spengler were right, so large a number of cultural changes could not possibly have taken

* Cf. the most interesting considerations on this problem in *Offene Welt* by Otto Corbach. (Berlin, 1932, Ernst Rowohlt Verlag.)

place on the same soil. But once a connexion between Blood and Earth has been created, it represents an insoluble unity. The longer this connexion has lasted, the more difficult is it to reduce a formation one-sidedly to one or another of its elements. Even that which originated in Spirit then enters into the synthesis of Blood and Earth as an integral part; the Word becomes Flesh, and only in the flesh does it work effects. But this implies that not the intrinsic essence of Spirit nor its truth nor its value condition cultural significance, but the realization of Spirit within the framework of the phenomena in the form of comprehension and activity. Now this depends entirely on the vital forces which conceived it. What misled Spengler to advocate the existence of an autonomous 'soul of the landscape' is the circumstance that the more man becomes rooted, the more does the modality of his life converge with that of the plant which is inextricably woven into its environments. Thus races which have lived for ages in the same country really are the children of the landscape (in the widest sense of the term) to which they belong, so completely do they live from out of it, and so entirely is their life bent towards it. Sensations and feelings result from impressions received from the surrounding world; these feelings are transformed into emotions. The latter attach themselves to the environment to which they correspond; they enhance and intensify each other through mutual infection; they grow differentiated; the differentiated form becomes fixed; the various ramifications growing from different roots anastomose and finally there actually emerges a specific 'soul of the landscape', which of course depends on the particular humans dwelling in the landscape, but which, once born into existence, shapes as a psychic atmosphere every native from the moment of his birth and likewise takes hold of every immigrant. This soul of the landscape really means the historically decisive agent, as long as it remains vital. Not even

religions, to say nothing of theories, ever succeed in conquering it, for to the one-sided power-unit of spirit-born origin is opposed a complex structure built up of all the forces which make up Man in his connexion with Nature. Customs, usages, habits are in the long run as fixed in their specific character as are physical functions. The question of whether the connexion between Man and landscape takes the shape of a culture, depends on the landscape only to the extent that 'culture' develops only out of rooted states. As a rule, nomads are more spiritual than sedentary races, but as such and on their own account they do not produce cultures. Beyond these general premises, blood and its capacity of conceiving Spirit and bringing forth things spiritual play the decisive part in the process of formation of culture. Earth certainly stimulates the organs necessary for spiritual activity in a specific way and thus fosters their growth; surely, India's religiousness has something to do with the forces of its soil. But culture stands and falls with its significance and spiritual substance; and this can never be deduced from what belongs to Earth.

If now we lay the stress on the earthly side of the connexion which first we considered from the view-point of Blood, we find that we can learn most from the study of the inner relationship of Man to *new* soil. Just as new earth awakens the sense of family ties as a safeguard against loneliness, even so does young soil call out the most passionate feelings of love of home. It does so in a similar sense as the young woman inspires the strongest passion, particularly if the man is not quite sure of having finally conquered and attached her to himself. Compared with this the home-feeling of the firmly-rooted resembles the almost unconscious bond of affection uniting old married couples. The humans most strongly attached to their native country to-day are, within my experience, the South Americans, and therefore a study of the South Americans is the quickest way to gain

a clear view of that aspect of the problem from the which the influence of earth on the soul emerges most distinctly. For the sake of clarity we will attack the problem from the question: how is it that in South America, despite all intermixture of blood, more things European survive and promise to survive permanently, than in the United States? *The reason is that the Spaniards, as opposed to the Anglo-Saxons, surrendered to the new soil.* The Anglo-Saxons never entered into a vital relationship with it; in the industrial age, they even turned away consciously from the earth. Therewith the vital bond connecting man with the landscape was severed; the nourishment of that part of the soul which depends on the earth grew ever more meagre, and thus the soul has dwindled. But herewith the European tradition was bereft of its physiological substratum. Only when incarnated in feelings and habits does even the most spiritual tradition live on as an immortal thing. Spirit as such does not bind, nor does it create bonds or ties.

Now all the inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula are characterized by an original recognition of and a bent towards Earth. *Destierro, desterrado* (bereavement of one's native soil, bereft of the soil) is the word the Spaniard uses, where the English say *exile, exiled* and the Germans *Verbannung, verbannt.* The soil has ever been so much the focus of his interest, that for this very reason the Spaniard never has posited the problem of race in the way Anglo-Saxons do. The short period in his history in which he stressed purity of Blood was the expression of a convulsive and religiously determined reaction against too much blood-intermixture. Thus, at the time of their emancipation, the colonials rose against the Spaniards on the explicit ground of their being *nacidos en la tierra*, born in the soil, who as such differed as a matter of course from the natives of the Iberian peninsula and therefore equally as a matter of course claimed the right to live a separate life. Now since the

question of which parts of a man's soul are vitalized and consequently thrive and grow, depends upon the spot on which man lays the stress within himself, it is obvious that in the case of the Spaniard the soil is given a unique chance of working out all its forces within Man. More than any other man does the Iberian stand forth as the son of the soil on which he dwells; more quickly and more profoundly does he take root in new soil. This explains why he alone in Europe has remained unchanged throughout the millennia, despite the fact that nowhere have so many conquering people swept the country overlaying the original race and mingling their blood with the latter's. When visiting the ruins of Numantia, that Celtiberian stronghold which, despite its smallness, offered resistence to the legions of Scipio for whole decades, I stood amazed at the identity of spirit shown here with all the subsequent manifestations of Hispanism. Since the days of the Goths, the Celtiberian blood has hardly meant more than a leavening in the peninsula — yet the very same individualism survives, the same particularism, the same pliancy and capacity of enduring hardships, the same tenacity, the same loyalty to himself, the same power in the defensive. All admixed blood within the shortest possible time became assimilated to the original native blood, for the very reason that all the emphasis lay on the soil. It is true that the same adjustment leads to the highest differentiation *within* Hispanism; consequently, more and more distinctly regional types may be found on the Iberian peninsula than anywhere in Europe — yet the psycho-physical unity of the peninsula has always remained the decisive factor. Now since the Iberian is rooted in the earth with all his feelings and emotions, and since all his life is bent earth-ward, there are more earth-forces alive and active in his soul than in that of any other European; the whole of the emotional sphere is permeated by the central well-spring of Life, as blood permeates the body.

Hence also the Spaniards' peculiarly intimate relationship to Blood, although he does not posit the racial problem at all; for him Blood is the symbol of earthly life in a manner unknown to any European since the days of the cult of Mithras. Thus in the Christian faith, too, all emphasis with the Spaniard lies on its earthly aspect. Christianity for him is essentially Agony, as Miguel de Unamuno has so beautifully shown, not Overcoming of Death; the welling forth of the Saviour's blood understood as a real human sacrifice in the primordial sense is what matters most to him. In that grand stone image of the cathedral of Burgos which shows the concatination of all the spheres and worlds, the Crucified Christ steps out, as it were, of the plane of Heaven and hangs down, nearer the observer, into the sphere of earth.

This soulfulness of theirs, pregnant and mighty with Earth, the conquistadores took with them to America. They came there not merely as warriors — from the very first they carried with them cattle and grain, in order to take new root, as it were, in native soil which went with them. And as thus they entered into relationship with the new earth with the vital earth-part of their soul, a union took place everywhere. On the one hand, the influence of the new soil was from the outset accepted without resistence; on the other hand, whatever could be transplanted from Europe could at once take root again. This then explains the survival of European cultural tradition in South America as opposed to the United States. In South America it was as though a tree had been replanted as soon as it had been dug up. And in many cases the South American earth has proved more propitious to traditional life than the soil in which it originated, just as some plants thrive better in foreign earth, or put forth more beautiful blossoms or bear more exquisite fruit. The emotional side of the Hispanic sense of family appears more richly devel-

oped on the new earth, because in South America the counterpoise of invidualism, which grows from another root, is lacking. In South America one finds to-day almost more vital ancient Spanish customs than in Spain itself. In the Gaucho survives the *caballero andante*, the knight errant; in the cultivated Peruvian the courtly Spaniard of the 17th century; in the undisciplinable revolutionary and the unscupulous *caudillo* of all the South American States survives the son of Macchiavelli's age. And thus Spanish customs and usages irresistibly take possession of the modern immigrant: the Italian, the Syrian, the Slav. In the case of this conservation the influence of the hyper-conservative Indian naturally also plays a part. Thanks to Indian conservatism there sometimes even survive in South America antiquated European states in the form of real mumifications; that is, not vital ancient customs and usages, but indurated states of mind. More than once, in South America, I met posthumous representatives of the spirit of 1800–1830, with a ghostly resemblance to the men of those days even in their physical appearance. In one town I could not help remembering Conan Doyle's *Lost World:* where I least expected anything of the kind, in the Outermost Corner of the World, I found the last exemplars of Moliere's *Femmes savantes*, pathetic in their steadfast genuineness, women to whom intellect and intellectual activity still meant an abnormal thing, and who because of this cultivated eccentricity had completely lost taste, tact, womanly intuition and sense of reality.

Thus, since with the descendants of the Spaniards all the emphasis is placed upon Earth, the earth-side of man expands ever more richly in South America, whereas vitality and soul dwindle and deteriorate in the United States. And in the South American this earth-side on the one hand perpetuates things belonging to ancient tradition, while, on the other, it bears everywhere the original impress

of the new soil. When man in the battle of life comes face to face with new and alien Nature, adaptation to the outer world is so elementary a necessity, that at first almost everything seems to be explicable in terms of environment. The most impressive instance of this fact to-day is provided not by the adaptation to new earth, but the adaptation of all humans to the novel conditions created by the industrial revolution. How long ago is it that the first modern workman was born? Are there many aware of the fact that John D. Rockefeller formed the first trust, and that therewith the whole standardization of the North American originated from this one man? In South America Earth and no industrial juncture transformed man according to its image. In the Pampa the Spaniards could not remain the gardeners and vine-growers they had been. Thus the beduin-like Gaucho-type came into being. But the Indians in their turn converged with the immigrants. On the Pampa and the Llanos the introduction of the horse first created for man possibilities of a normal existence; but no sooner was there this link than genuine equestrian races emerged, as it were, overnight; equestrian races no less 'born on horseback' than Beduins and Caucasians and endowed with the same basic feelings. The most essential feature of the change worked in the European immigrant through the new soil is this: that the stratum of the Third Day of Creation became determinant. Nothing cold, nothing of the reptile dwells in the Spaniards. But he has as little of the sweetness so characteristic of the South American, with which I shall deal in detail in a latter chapter. When thinking of the South Americans of Spanish blood in reference to their peninsular ancestors, the comparison of sugar dissolved in water always presented itself to my mind. The Spaniard too is sweet and delicate in his most intimate essence, but he impresses one as being crystalline and hard. The latter side of his nature was lost in the new world, whereas the

sweetness spread everywhere and became intensified. It is very characteristic that the Argentine should use passive phrases where the Spaniard as a matter of course prefers the active form of expression; he says for instance: 'I am beloved by my father,' not 'My father loves me.' Similarly, Spanish religious faith has been lost in the new world, whereas indifferentism and fatalism survive. But on the other hand, Hispanic man has gained in differentiation and mental alertness on the new soil. He has become curious, inquisitive in the original sense of 'inquiry into what is new', a thing the Spaniard so emphatically is not.

Let us now turn to detail. That the unified colonial empire, after having gained its independence, should at once have separated into many parts, was in the first instance an expression of that particularism and localism typical of Spain. But the earth-bent character of Hispanic humanity led to the result that the inhabitants of the different States of South America soon showed differences of soul directly reflecting the nature of the landscape they inhabited. This holds true down to the very lines tracing the geographical boundaries on the map. The bearing of the average Argentine is expressive of his consciousness of belonging to a wealthy country pregnant with a grand future. He is wide-flung in a Russian way. But no more than twelve hours' journey from Buenos Aires, in Uruguay, the national type is narrow, akin to the Swiss, prudent, distrustful, thrifty, sterling, efficient; he is far more realistic and to that extent more intelligent than the Argentine. The Constitution of his State is said to be the best in the world. But the Uruguayan, the 'Oriental', as he is called in the Argentine in remembrance of the ancient *banda oriental*, is distinctly small and provincial in his outlook in accordance with the relative smallness of his country. The Brazilian, on the other hand, is wideflung; the Chilian again narrow, but in a different sense than the Uruguayan: inas-

much as the country of the Chilian may be said to have two dimensions only, and is for the greater part a stony desert, so that he can just manage to maintain himself along the coast, he has retained or acquired something of the nature of the Viking; to this extent he is to-day more like the conquistador than any other South American. Hence also his military efficiency unmatched on the continent. And now for a few observations on the peculiarities of soul of the various South American nations regarding which I shall intentionally be brief, because thus only do the differences show in clearest outline. Argentine man has a peculiar kind of arrogance. His is not the natural pride of the Spaniard which really means modesty, that is, wanting to be neither more nor less than one actually is, the Argentine does not so much represent his present state of being as that he poses as what he expects to be in the future: he lives from out of a projected image of himself,* a fact which, on the one hand, makes him more capable of progress than are other South Americans, but which, on the other hand, makes him liable to cross the line of the *rastaquaire*. He is essentially uncertain of himself. Thus, either he exaggerates in *parada*, showing off, or else in aloofness; more often than not he fails to discriminate accurately between natural or culture-born dignity and the mask of the man who refuses to be impressed by anything. Moreover, all those who were bred in the country and yet no longer incarnate the knightly tradition of the Gaucho, have that specific arrogance of the equestrian races and that peculiar coarseness of men who have grown up among horses. Here the Argentines converge with Magyars and Tartars. The general impression conveyed is a strange blend between sweetness and hardness, indolence and *élan*, wildness and *tenue*, romanticism and *terre à terre* naturalism, weakness

* This aspect of the problem has been dealt with in a masterly way by José Ortega y Gasset in vol. VI of his *Espectador*.

and progressive energy, delicacy and provoking inconsiderateness which creates an atmosphere of nervous tension. The women too participate in this state of nervous tension. But on the whole with them predominates that quality which appears on the surface only in men endowed with supreme gifts of soul: sweet heaviness or heavy sweetness. Their souls impress one as true daughters of the monotony of the Pampa and the vastness of the Rio de la Plata. If they are vital and strong, they are rich like the exuberantly fertile soil, brooding and sultry like the heat of noon on the steppe, melancholy as the horizons at eventide and pregnant with tempests like the electrical unbalanced atmosphere, that bastard between subtropic sun and icy currents from the Antarctic.

The Brazilian's mind and soul have the *frondosidad*, the luxuriance of the Brazilian flora; whatever his blood, he is mentally more differentiated than his European father. Brazil's peculiar 'legal-mindedness' which has no parallel on earth — many of the most modern legal ideas, in particular those referring to international law are of Brazilian origin — has its roots in a sense less of justice then of form; it is that same sense of form which manifests itself in Brazil's incomparable nature. The Portuguese character predetermines the general structure of soul, as the Spanish character determines that of the Hispano-American. But that polarity positivism-romanticism* belonging to the Portuguese has found in the new landscape a new expression true to the *genius loci*. Positivism here means an anti-metaphysical outlook, a complete absorption in what seems superficial from the view-point of Spirit, however considerable the natural depth may often be. And *saudade* here is a superlativism in the sense of the tropic flora; it is reckless growth and decay merging into and exaggerating each other;

* Cf. my detailed analysis of Portugal in the 5th German and the 2nd French editions of *Europe*.

solid structures can hardly develop. On the other hand, the Brazilian lacks the coarseness and plebeian character of the Portuguese; generally speaking, he lacks whatever makes the latter small and mean. And the aphrodisiac atmosphere of the country gives him a charm and a melting sweetness never found in Portugal. In our first Meditation, we already dealt with the bronze souls of the Indians of the high table-lands; their soul has also immigrated into the European, to say nothing of the half-caste. As far as my knowledge of the types can be trusted, the Spanish character of the great days has been preserved in its greatest purity in Columbia. But there the particular tropic environments have led to an unparallelled flowering of poetical gifts, so that of all humans the Columbians to-day are most deserving of the name of a nation of poets. The Mexican is the one man belonging to this cultural sphere, in whom the line, not colour, predominates; his music is the most melodious and the least harmonious of the continent. Moreover, in him survives the sombre heroism of the Azteke, albeit often distorted into the melodramatic. The Mexicans undoubtedly are a strong race and may experience a momentous resurrection.

Now as to Chili. There, southern races have turned into Northerners, that is into the equivalents of the Northerners in the direction of the Antarctic. It is surely for this reason that the fair Gothic or the modern Nordic element which immigrated in more recent days has been so well preserved in the Chilian and gained a considerable specific weight in its heredity. The Chilians no longer show any trace of the Latin. The men have the reputation of *rudeza* in South America as opposed to the *delicadeza* typical of the continent. They are rough and masterful, but no lordly types, and despite their greater inward (as opposed to artificial) *tenue*, they impress one as being less aristocratic than other South Americans of the same cultural level. They are not only strong and efficient, but often uncouth and

undifferentiated. Even where no intermixture of blood can be traced, they show a convergence with the untamable Indian tribe of the Araucans which bears so strong an outward resemblance to certain Ugro-Finish tribes of North-Siberia. Then a meagre existence in a volcanic region has bred a frugality and a readiness for ever new beginning, an active fatalism foreign to other South Americans which again makes them appear akin to Northerners. The difference between the Argentines on the one hand, the Peruvians on the other, and the Chilians to-day is greater and profounder than that between the Germans and the French. A new race is emerging which has more of the Araucan than of the Spaniard, because evidently the type of the Araucan corresponds best to the country. Thus, it is surely due to the spirit of the Chilian landscape that the women of pure Spanish blood differ in exactly the same sense as do the Araucan women from the men to a degree otherwise to be found only among animals. On seeing the first Chilian women I experienced a surprise bordering on amazement: they are the only women outside the Empire of the Rising Sun graced with the charm of the Japanese woman; all that I have written in favour of the latter in my *Travel Diary* applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to this daintiest, outwardly figurine-de-saxe-like product of South America. This cleavage of the Spaniard in Chili into a rough manly and a sweetly-delicate womanly type must be due to the soil; and the convergence between the Chilian and the Japanese woman must have some connexion with the resemblance between the Chilian landscape and Japan. Both countries belong to the general volcanic region of the Pacific. In both, the eye delights in an incomparably rich, varying landscape and vegetation. Just as the peach-blossoms against the background of the Cordilleras mirror on a grand scale the flower-motif on the background of the Fuji Yama, the subject of so many Japanese artists, even so does the Chilian

woman of bluest Spanish blood resemble her lovely sisters of the land of the Rising Sun more than any nearer relatives. On the whole, I may state here that Chili is one of the most beautiful countries of this earth: it is predestined to become the land of tourists of the South American continent as Switzerland is in Europe.

Thus, in South America new nations are irresistibly developing. One day it may stand forth as articulated and disrupted as Europe. And in South America the almost unlimited variability of man which equals, nay even surpasses that of the dog, manifests itself with unique impressiveness, because the manifoldness is becoming more and more accentuated, although the peoples on this continent speak the same language, and almost the identical blood flows in the veins of all. When contemplating Europe from South America I first understood completely what it stands for. Not a unified humanity would be true to Earth's own Spirit, but on the contrary, a humanity so highly differentiated that every family might represent a separate nation. For each determinate memory creates a determinate fixation; in the course of but a few generations it creates distinct and permanent racial memories. But an order of such extreme differentiation is at the same time the order truest to Spirit, provided the separate nations enter into communication with each other. For consciousness awakes with the realization of differences; and all questions are born out of the necessity of recognizing the existence and the claims of things unfamiliar. Hegel's theory, according to which Spirit can develop only in towns, and dispersion over vast and wild spaces already suffices to de-spiritualize, surely is not quite true to fact; but there is no doubt that intellect lives and thrives on the perception of differences. For this reason alone Europe will ever be of greater spiritual significance than North America and Russia. For the same reason no greater mistake can be made than to interpret the

surcease of national differentiations in terms of progress. If spiritualization and consequent de-animalization at first lead beyond primordial differentiation, it must subsequently all the more merge into equivalent differentiation, if it is to survive. For only supreme truth to earth of the vital roots can be equal to bearing the tension of supreme spirituality.

And, fortunately, with peoples things are no different than with families and individuals. The process which began with Adam ever begins anew in all its primeval originality. And there is a rebirth of first beginnings every time new beginnings on new soil set in. As soon as man by detaching himself from the old stock or by stepping out of the frame of his tradition falls into a new state of inner loneliness, Original Fear awakes afresh in all its ancient, uncanny and formidable force. It seeks security in property, community of blood and the feeling of home. Thus it comes about that phenomena apparently of an entirely novel character are best understood through meditation of the most ancient. This is true of two phenomena of our own days: nationalism and the agrarian revolution. In nationalism Blood revolts against the disregard and neglect it experiences at the hands of the spirit of the mechanistic age. But the true significance of the agrarian revolution lies at even greater depths: its roots go down to the world of the Third Day of Creation. South Americans are fond of maintaining that on their continent the social problem has found an exemplary solution. In so doing they confuse the conditions Europeans are striving to attain with a state of things in which the social problem has *not yet* arisen. *As yet* the Indians of the mountain heights have no desire of changing the conditions they have been used to for thousands of years. In a world which is either sparsely settled or new or overlaid with a new stratum everybody endowed with the necessary initiative *still* succeeds without difficulty in finding the right

kind of relationship to the soil. Now on our continent too ancient a tradition of ownership has destroyed the natural equilibrium between man and earth. This, and no other, is the basic reason of that revolutionary state which manifests itself more clearly in Russia than in the West of Europe, but which in reality exists in every country of the Old World with the one exception of depopulated France. The *leitmotiv* of the rising Russian peasant was the verse: *Semlyá nitschya*, 'the land belongs to no one'. The meaning of this verse was this: that every man on earth has the same claim to own a part of the soil as to breathe the air. For the same intuition Mexico invented the verse which best formulates the basic feeling of reflecting man: La *tierra a quien la trabaja:* 'the land for him who works it'. The metrical wording is symptomatic: metrical structure always denotes an existing harmony with the rhythm of earth. When Rabindranath Tagore as an old man began to paint — his pictures really being elaborations of the lines and ink-blots on the proof-sheets of his verses — he propounded the theory that the meaning of Life lies in this: to absorb all experience into one's own being in such a way that it vibrates in harmony with one's personal rhythm; this is so from the standpoint of the soul. Only, the fact that rhythm is decisive proves that the soul belongs to earth and not to Spirit. The man who speaks in metrical form as opposed to the man who expresses himself in prose is nearer to earth; he moves in harmony with the numerical laws of the earth. Thus the metrical structure of the slogans of the agrarian revolution are proof positive of the depths to which they reach down in the netherworld. Its claims have nothing to do with any abstract theories of property, and most emphatically nothing with any so-called Rights of Man: they are an expression of the sense of the originally right relationship between Man and Earth. Most likely in all history there have existed but two deeply rooted

and therefore profound motives for revolutions capable of working lasting effects. First the urge of new blood to rise to the surface of the social world; it is born out of the feeling that the traditional upper strata of society have lost their vital claims; most of the leaders of such revolutionary movements were bastards of the traditional rulers and the daughters of the land: that is, they were representatives of younger and more vital lines of the ancient stock. The second urge is the urge to restore the true relationship with Mother Earth. This was the urge which led to the destruction of the Roman Empire. The Bolsheviks of those days were the Teutonic tribes which were then hailed by the peasants of the Roman provinces because the latter no longer saw any other means of rising from serfs into free dwellers of their native country. I myself have lost not only my property, but the land of my birth and my ancestral home in consequence of an agrarian reform. And yet I must acknowledge: all hope of a new and better state of Europe *is actually* bound up with a new solution of the problem of land. And for this there are reasons profounder than the over-rationalization of the large estates which can no longer employ as many people as are in search of work; profounder too than the economically desirable limits of industrialization: there is no other way of helping man to strike new roots. Unless he is rooted in the earth, he becomes de-vitalized, once a reversion to primordial nomad life has become impossible for physiological reasons. Not only does the land grow empty, when the principle *La tierra a quien la trabaja* is no longer held: the Blood degenerates. Now if Blood has degenerated, Spirit can no longer find a body true to earth. Then does the man without roots become the prototype of all that is representative of Spirit. And the uprooted man cannot help desiring to destroy in order that the Earth be his home.

FIFTH MEDITATION

FATE

I KNOW now what fate or destiny means. It is nothing metaphysical. It is true that its meaning can no more easily be grasped from out of the concept of necessity as it is generally understood. The case of that remarkable Brazilian butterfly with its giant-antennae resembling the ears of a hare which is able to scent the presence of a female in heat at a distance of three miles requires no explanation in the sense that this particular female represents its 'fate'; and things are scarcely different with most particular accidents which occur in the course of man's life. Most humans are of too indifferent an individuality than that many accidents could not become equally significant for them. Furthermore, the present-day intelligence-system in the human world seems superior to all long-distance organs of the animals, so that it is as possible to sense affinities in antipodes as to become aware of their existence close at hand. Yet this does not preclude that there actually exist fateful accidents, that is, such as require a different interpretation from those hitherto alluded to. To the determinate life-melody of determinate beings *also* organically belong determinate external accidents; a fact which the idea of causality as it is generally understood fails to explain.

In what sense this is so became clear to me when an accident — this time pure, real accident — brought before me the most recent discoveries about the history of the eel. This curious fish, which attains to sexual maturity only toward the end of its life, then wanders from the rivers and lakes of the North to the deep-sea between the Bermudas and South America; there it brings forth a new generation, and then perishes; at any rate no full-grown eel has ever returned from the Tropics. For years the young eels bear but a very slight resemblance to the image of their future

perfection; they pass through the strangest larval states. But the most mysterious thing of all is this: although they appear in no wise fit for long pilgrimages, as soon as they are able to move, they make for the sweet waters of the North. There only do they grow up. But there, again, they cannot propagate. If fate thwarts the longing of the mature eel for the tropic sea, he dies without progeny. Many another animal's odyssey is even more adventurous. The best known may be that of the tape-worm, which passes through all the stages of its possible career only when as a determinate larval stage it 'happens' to get onto some determinate grass and then 'happens' to be eaten by some determinate animal. A simpler instance of the same relationship is provided by the birds of passage. But I should like to keep to the eel, because its particular case revealed to me the significance of the general problem of fate. Here, there can be no doubt that the shifting in space intrinsically belongs to the melody of life, which as such is a thing solely of the dimension of time. Now evidently the same is generally true of chance within the connexion of fate, wherever the latter word can be reasonably applied. The career of the eel and the course of the birds of passage and the vicissitudes of nations and individuals are different expressions of one and the same original connexion.

For its comprehension Einstein's theory of relativity furnishes the most adequate scheme. And in this case one can fill this scheme with a vitally understandable content; a thing impossible with regard to the world of objects of the physicist. From the view-point of understanding it is absurd to assert that time is the fourth dimension of space; for space and time are determinate qualities whose difference and incompatibility no formula, however correct, can bridge. Here, the only conceivable way to make the idea comprehensible would be the following trend of thought: there should exist a being capable of experiencing the primary

unity of time and space as immediately as we experience space and time as belonging to different dimensions. Now in the case of fate such a unity incomprehensible to thought can actually be experienced. Were they endowed with consciousness, the eel, the tapeworm and the bird of passage would immediately realize that a determinate movement in space intrinsically belongs to the melody of their life, and determinate accidents to the fulfilment of their destiny. If a formula for this relationship could be found, it would have the same meaning as the basic formula of Einstein's theory. As a matter of fact no such formula can be set up, not only because here it is a case of essentially concrete situations — that is, of situations which cannot be understood as particular cases of a general law — but above all because here freedom comes into play at every point. But no matter whether or how far one may succeed in finding the right concept for the case — under all circumstances the tapeworm, the eel, the bird of passage *live* immediately from out of a synthesis which comprises simultaneously Time and Space, Necessity and Accident as integral component parts. And thus, too, and all the more so does a man who is conscious of a personal destiny experience them. The more marked his personal line of life, the more do all accidents which befall him necessarily belong to him. He feels where he 'should' turn at a given moment; he feels when his hour is come and when it is past.

It is exactly in this sense that I 'had' to go to South America, although I might very well have refrained from undertaking the voyage. The case of man endowed with free will stands in exactly the same relationship to that of the eel impelled by blind generic urge, as accidents which befall a person stand to a will which deliberately provokes accidents. Man voluntarily exposes himself to the hazards of his life; he takes conscious advantage of his chances. That such a relationship exists seems to me directly proven

by the fact that, according to all human experience, only the man who has the courage to risk fulfils what others subsequently call his necessary destiny. The intrinsic significance of accident remains what it is; only the behaviour of the man it befalls is different. What has been said is true even of supremely spiritualized man: the inward melody of life awakes and attains perfection, only where external inducements force it to do so. Hence the significance of chance and accident in the lives of all great men; their importance goes so far here that there are legends and traditions which fully express what they mean and which yet refer only to external happenings. Hence, on the other hand, the necessity which arises, again and again, in the life of every man to assent to and accept the role of accident — a thing which is, more often than not, anything but easy. My grandfather whose life was exceptionally blest was wont to say that at bottom it had been a chain of mishaps.* As a matter of fact, the beautiful epic flow of his life was due to a considerable part to his resignation of personal desires. Of me it is often thought that I have always done exactly what I wished to do, for I have not often needed to bend to circumstances in the usual sense of the word. And yet precisely the decisive turns in my life which led to better things are due to my having, often with a heavy heart, made a sacrifice of my bents and wishes. I did so from the feeling that precisely my inward destiny at the given moment necessitated my consent to something which seemed purely external.

In the above we find the roots of what is true in astrology and in the Chinese Book of Transformations, the *I Ging*.†

* One should read his biography compiled from his letters by his daughter, Baroness von Taube: *Graf Alexander Keyserling, ein Lebensbild in Briefen*, Berlin, Vereinigung Wissenschaftlicher Verleger.

† The only edition true to the original sense and at the same time comprehensible to Europeans which has hitherto appeared is the German translation published by Eugen Diederichs, edited and annotated by Richard Wilhelm.

The fate or destiny which these sciences mean and outline differs from the fate hitherto contemplated only in so far as their starting-point is the cosmos as a whole and not the earth; but precisely this premise is undoubtedly correct. Astrology asserts that *on the plane of nature* every life has a route to which it is bound. This is true in the same sense in which it applies to the eel. And just as the eel may easily fail to fulfil its destiny, if it be driven off its course by currents or devoured on its way to the Tropics, even so no horoscope precludes Sense-realization and realization of Spirit. To the static truth of astrology the *I Ging* adds the necessary dynamic component. Every moment, according to the teaching of the Book of Transformations, every man is the centre of a determinate cosmic situation. From this there result only determinate possibilities for the good. Thus, according to this teaching, there are times when to act is advisable, and times when it is wise to refrain from acting; at one moment it is good to anticipate, at another to bide one's time; of two possible directions at one moment the one should be taken, and the other at another time. Here, too, there is no question of anything metaphysical. On the basis of age-old experience the *I Ging* merely states general rules, the possibility of whose existence results from the laws governing large numbers. The route is prescribed only for the Good; every moment man is free to will and to do disastrous things, just as an animal can be prevented by outward accident which crosses its path from fulfilling the normal course of its life. Now astrology asserts that good and bad luck too are inwardly conditioned — we may without hesitation subsume the modern ideas of 'having a chance' and 'taking advantage of a chance' under the rich idea of 'good fortune' as antiquity held it; according to it good fortune meant an inherent virtue. This, too, may be admitted, because this idea of luck likewise does not lead beyond the frame of Nature. The soul of every being is

akin to the organ of scent of that Brazilian butterfly we mentioned in the beginning. If modern psychology teaches that man 'evokes' the accidents of his life, this only means that the Unconscious leads each one in the direction of the happenings which correspond to him. If every affinity of this kind is lacking, no accident of personal significance can supervene. In so far most accidents do not fall under the idea of fate. But one should be careful not to attribute to the purposeful Unconscious everything the nineteenth century ascribed to causality which then was held to be divinely omnipotent, omniscient and ubiquitous. What can be affirmed with certainty is only the existence of a connexion of multiple dimensions which among other components includes real irreducible accident; a connexion which we compared with Einstein's world-construction. Therewith I revert to the sentence in which I said that I 'had' to go to South America, albeit I might very well have refrained from making the voyage. As a matter of fact I fought a greater inward battle about the question of whether I should obey the call which had come to me, than I had ever fought in most previous cases of necessary outward decision. I felt that this pilgrimage meant danger for me — a thing in which, again, there is nothing mystical, since I had sufficient knowledge to have at least an unconscious foreboding of the probable effect of the clash between this world and my own nature. But the fact that I went there was genuine fulfilment of destiny. For without South America the problems with which I am dealing in this book would never have presented themselves to my mind as they have done. It is not every 'accident' which calls for things of equal 'inner necessity'.

FROM out of this recognition we have gained one more co-ordinate which helps to determine what *Blood* means. For Blood, among other things, also means 'Fate' and, under certain circumstances, its most essential part

And from this angle it becomes clear, in the first place, how very natural it is to quarrel with fate, barring the case of such complete and perfect good fortune as humanity since days immemorial has held to be a provocation which rouses the envy of the gods. One may even say this: only a man of supreme inner superiority does not quarrel with his fate, for he alone has the greatness of soul to accept freely what does not depend on him, what is not identical with himself and yet belongs inextricably to him. There is good reason for the fact that the perfectly beautiful woman and the man of perfect racial development or the all-round man who is accomplished and complete in every respect hold their heads high to the point of Greek Hybris: they do incarnate a lucky constellation suggestive of the belief in Election of Grace. But in most cases the sentence that 'the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak', *mutatis mutandis*, holds true. We have already explained that in the higher stages of development most of man's resentment, most of his envy and most of what is ugly in him is due to the fact that Spirit in its consciousness of freedom cannot recognize that fate's unkindness should set limits to his willingness. Why should not I be called to great things like that other man? Why should another nation possess greater power of attraction or occupy a higher position in the world than mine? Why may not I accomplish great things, where I am no less gifted than many whose lives mean fulfilment? In thoughts like these is rooted the profoundest strength of the proleterian revolution. The tremendous impetus of the mass-movements of this age can only be understood as proceeding from the strength of spirit and soul which is called out by rebellion against *Fate*. And such rebellion is not an unworthy thing. It was a revolt indentical in significance which lifted man, the bearer of the freedom principle, out of the connexion of Nature which seemed fixed once for all. Thus, every revolution meant rebellion against

Fate, and if it was succesful, posterity always worshipped its leaders as heroes. Resignation indeed befits man only after he has realized his highest possibilities. Until then the most boundless and unlimited ambition, nay the craving for the impossible is what is true precisely to human destiny; for here, as opposed to the destiny of the eel, free initiative plays the most important part. This is why every higher religion teaches that good will is what ultimately matters.

But, on the other hand, everyone has to accept his fate as a last resort in this sense that he should not will himself different from what he actually is. And there my feeling of strangeness in the South American world has opened my eyes to many things which I used to overlook, or rather which I failed to see in the proper light. The significance of the fact that every Now and Here is determined by a specific Past, became clear to me. I felt a stranger in South America, not only because I had no kinsfolk there, but also because from the outset I envisaged most problems from a different angle than did the South Americans, a fact which made mutual understanding impossible. We did not speak the same language. Every Now and Here is and means something different according to what lies behind it. If the latter is a long past, unbroken by any factor of discontinuity, and which survives in the tradition if not of the Conscious, at least of the Unconscious, then this cumulated memory creates a particular point of departure for all experience which no one can actually hold, who has not lived through the same history, and which only a person endowed with the highest gifts of mental vision, if he does not incarnate something akin to it, can experience in imagination. On this rests the peculiar mystic quality of nationalism. Every scion, conscious of his roots, of a nation which has acquired an individual form is the bearer of something intimate which he shares with all his countrymen equally conscious of their roots, but with no citizen of alien nations; thus he feels every

dling on their part not only as an inadmissible interference, but as a desecration. To the same fact is due the peculiar arrogance of ancient races. They really are the bearers of a wisdom, which younger races lack, and incarnate a superior state of Being corresponding to it. Hence the greater force physiologically inexplicable which is shown by blood of ancient culture in the case of intermixture. Joseph Reibmayr has shown in his history of the devlopment of genius and talent that at one time or another, often after a long period of incubation, this superiority invariably manifests itself; thus, the fact that great talents emerge at an increasingly later period in post-antique Europe as one proceeds from the South and the West to the North and the East is due to the fact that the admixture of blood of antique culture becomes ever slighter proceeding in the same direction. The same phenomenon manifests itself with particular clarity in South America. In Mexico and Peru the Spaniard is becoming indianized; in these regions dwelt races of more ancient culture than was that of Spain; accordingly there a Renaissance of the Indians may be expected. Whereas in Chili the Araucan is becoming europeanized, for he had no civilization of his own. But more generally speaking, all ancient races have determinate memories exactly in the same sense as individuals. The French are different from the Germans, because — to state but one reason — they have experienced a determinate great revolution, and this at the particular time of the end of the eighteenth century. The Spaniards are different from the other Europeans, because their memories, on the one hand, go back to prehistoric days, but, on the other, do not include the Reformation and the eighteenth century. Understood thus, 'race' is a very real value; not indeed in the sense of alleged inferior or superior blood, but in the sense of this or that memory become Being and habit, which represent a psychical fact of different value, of course, in each separate case. Centuries

of slavery make for determinate hereditary character as necessarily as do centuries of rulership. Present-day Europe and Russia would appear less ugly if classes which had lived too long under oppression were not there playing the decisive part.

But, on the other hand, every life, even the life moored in the most ancient tradition, begins anew with every generation, as though nothing had happened before it; and this circumstance, too, must be taken into consideration in each separate case. All youth feels impatient when its elders would continue to guide it on the grounds of the greater experience, beyond the time when it has become full-fledged. And the young are right: their own particular point of insertion into the scheme of things is not the same as that of their parents; therefore the latter most rarely see them in the right light and judge them correctly; for in most cases they proceed from the prejudice that children must needs resemble their parents. This relationship appears exaggerated when old and young nations clash. Mother-nations are apt to forget that the mere fact that the history of the daughter-nations began later in time makes of them different nations. Every nativity determines a new and unique basic situation; it marks, in particular, a limit in the direction of the past, beyond which lies nothing of personal importance; it defines a peculiar angle of vision and creates a peculiar rhythm of active life. Periods of revolution, whenever they can, introduce a new chronology. If the chronology of the Jews and the Greek Orthodox Church sets in with the Creation of the World; if the chronology of the ancient Romans began with the Foundation of the City and that of the Jacobins with the French Revolution, we are witnessing the same with the Fascisti to-day. In the case of ancient peoples who yet take an active part in the historical process, exclusiveness never means the last word, the reason being that after all a common current carries along those rushing ahead

and those continuing the old tradition. But new races on new soil cut out new channels for themselves, and thus they would have a divine right to use a different measure of of time than we do. The history of the two Americas settled by the white man only set in with the colonization. As I have shown in *America Set Free*, one may say almost without exaggeration that emigrants only take along their bodies, but not their souls. Both Americas therefore do not in the least understand our problems which are conditioned by our longer past, because for them this past is no longer vital. They have joined in the Anthem of History in a different place than we did; they inserted themselves into the scheme of things at a different point and the result is a fundamentally different melody and a different measure; for the specific weight of the same happenings is different for the old and the new worlds. The North Americans differ from the Europeans among other reasons for this that they were never pagans; their history began in the 17th century, it set in with Christianity, and Puritanism at that. The South Americans began their historic life in the age of Macchiavelli and of the lansquenets. This tradition was later overlaid with the peaceful tradition of old Spain. And if Spain for itself has not experienced the Renaissance, the Reformation and the eighteenth century, the same is all the more true of South America. Add to this the influence on the European immigrant of the life-rhythm of the Indian and of the long tradition of overlordship over slaves which, thanks to the work-despising cavalier ethos of the Spaniards, has left unusually deep traces in the souls. Thus I remember a a fragment of a Cuban song which a son dedicates to his mother, thinking to pay her the highest tribute:

El solo trabajo que hiciste
Soy yo que te le di.

[The only work you ever accomplished is that which I gave you: (namely; by bringing me into the world).]

But, on the other hand, all South Americans are profoundly influenced by that Europe which came into existence after the French Revolution, and therewith foremost by France; this makes them bent upon the future, liberal-minded and despite their natural passivity progressive as far as their intention goes. All this taken together results in a unique synthesis of things ancient and modern. A totally new melody with undreamt-of rhythms is beginning to sound in the symphony of mankind. Indian tenacity and passivity, the memory of the age of the great discoveries which continues as an active stimulus, the tradition of the cavaliers and modernism: these four co-ordinates indeed suffice to determine a modality of life fundamentally differing from the European, and therewith a different destiny. How should I not have felt there a profound sense of strangeness, once I had turned my attention to the problem of earth? I have not seen South American horoscopes. But they ought to be antipodally opposed in particular to North European horoscopes. Freedom means almost nothing to these peoples. Their life is essentially suffering experience. And yet they are progressive. This alone makes for an entirely un-European fate.

NOT individuals only, nations too have a destiny. Since I have observed the Indians who refuse to live differently than they did in the days of the Incas; since I have seen that certainty of a grand future which characterizes Argentine man and have identified myself with the consciousness of the Brazilians who, even when they were born in Portugal, as a matter of course do not consider themselves Portuguese — since then the significance of historical destiny has become clear to me. Here, too, it is a question of Fate in the very sense which applies to the eel. There are nations which have an imperial destiny and others which have not; the fate of some is linked to continents, and that of others to the seas; some are predestined to be

great nations, others can never get beyond the state of provincials; some are called to be agents, others to be instruments of history. It is not a matter of accident, if a nation expands or breeds daughter-nations or continues as a closed system within a determinate space. Nor is it a matter of accident in what direction a nation turns, for man, unless he be born a serf, remains only where he feels that the surrounding world is congenial to him. The migrations of the peoples have ever been events of fate. Thus, there exists a real organic correspondence between the Iberian peninsular and South America, of which the remarkable compatability with the Indians is but one expression; never have birds so wisely guided the ways of men as did those parrots, the direction of whose flight induced Columbus to turn his ship's course from Florida to the Antilles. In the case of movements or revolutionary changes on a large scale it is a mistake to place in the foreground the idea of 'political ability' or any kind of special talent; nations have at bottom and in the first instance a real destiny which is the result of the particular constellation of Blood and Earth (understood in the widest sense) which they incarnate. But this destiny too is nothing metaphysical, nothing mystical; there is nothing in it which requires the assumption of spiritual Providence. Spengler would be less mistaken than he actually is, had he not omitted two things in his construction: to estimate correctly the importance of rejuvenation and of accident, of irreducible accident. If one inserts the corresponding quantities into Spengler's equation, it is not incorrect to say that destiny *qua* destiny is preordained. No objections to this statement can be made on spiritual grounds since the idea of fate applies solely to the terrestrial path, and never to spiritual significance.

Now the dynamic element in the connexion of Fate — what corresponds to the teaching of the *I Ging* completing the static aspect of destiny outlined by astrology — is re-

presented by the arts of strategy and politics. Here it becomes clear with conclusive distinctness that positively nothing spiritual nor metaphysical plays any part in fate as such. Strategy and politics have their roots in blind primordial impulse. The very earliest races already knew of the same strategical boundaries which to-day staff-officers ascertain by means of calculation; the case is the same as that of the one route to which animals of the same kind invariably keep in however new a landscape. Attila, who lacked all education, at once accurately gauged the specific weight of the rulers of Eastern and Western Rome and at a glance saw through the cunning intrigues of the Byzantines. Success in politics is not only actually, but essentially impossible where political instinct is lacking, And this not because genius is required here, but for the opposite reason: because in this primordial domain the blind man most easily finds his way. If one sets about analyzing the *haute politique* of all the ages with regard to its actual, not its alleged or ideological elements, as Ferdinand Lion* has up till now best succeeded in doing, it will be found that not one single spiritual motive plays a primary rôle in its domain, nor can this ever become the case. Politics belong entirely to the plane of primeval life. Blind urge to power, blind instinct of possession and blind ecstasy of bloodshedding are the profoundest physiological motives which animate statesmen. If these instincts are lacking, or if they appear subjected to spiritual motives to the extent that their significance changes, political activity invariably proves abortive. But let us put aside for the present the men who make politics, of whom I shall have more to say later: what are the objects political activity deals with? With relations of space and time and

* Cf. his book *Die grosse Politik* (Stuttgart, Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). It is the first book entirely true to significance on the subject which I know of. Among theroeticians of politics Lion is something akin to what the great Frenchman Tarde was among sociologists.

weight; it knows of no qualities nor values as last resorts; nor can it possibly be otherwise. Politics are so indifferent to these things that for the statesman religious values lie on the same plane as material values. Politics are entirely indifferent to the spiritual significance of the means they make use of to gain their ends; for solely the gaining of their object — which means nothing else but fulfilment of destiny in the sense of the eel — is and can be their goal. What is held to be the supreme value in each separate case, depends upon the particular character of the destiny in question. The ocean-bound realm of the British Empire must maintain at all costs certain detached strategical points spread all over the globe, whereas for an essentially continental power there is no such necessity. The specific weight of every State as such at every given moment defines the rôle it must play with regard not only to the policy of power, but also to the spiritual policy it has to follow. An independent State which is small and weak is bound to support the idea of international law of treaties binding once and for all. The vanquished must stand for different aims than the victorious; it was true to sense that imperialistic Germany after its defeat, from one day to another, turned into the champion of the rights of the weak. Again, for the administrator of a spiritual empire, such as the Pope's, values of a totally different nature must be paramount. Here one may even admit that to a great extent the Marxist doctrine is right, when it asserts that talents owe their origin to a particular external constellation. Every constellation stimulates the development of the qualities which correspond to it, and if corresponding talents are at all existent, they grow in correlation with the constellation. Thus, the hereditary intelligence of certain races, such as the Armenians and the Jews, is doubtless the product of oppression. And there is much to say in favour of the idea that the intellectual progress of the last century has something to do with the rising of the lower social

ranks. In this connexion Behaviourism is indeed right. All good home policy has always acted according to Behaviourist principles. Now with foreign policy it is necessarily a case of externals in the absolute sense. A policy which fails to move in a purposeful manner on the plane of externals, cannot claim to be called policy at all; therefore, policy of this kind has in all history led itself *ad adsurdum* in a manner most disastrous for the nation in question. In so far the ideologists have ever been the worst traitors precisely to spirit. For by misunderstanding the laws of the earth they have, again and again, prevented the realization of spiritual ideals.

Now the man who handles the elements of historical destiny with the greatest skill is not the most spiritual man, but he who is nearest to earth; not the most farsighted man, but he who grasps most keenly what is close at hand; it is the man whose spirit most nearly equals the body in its way of holding its own against the changes within the surrounding world. Hence the absolute impossibility of intellectualizing politics: their scope is precisely to adapt themselves, from one moment to another, to the irrational elements of life. Hence the absolute impossibility of moralizing politics. Within the sphere of primordial earthly life killing is as normal a thing as natural death. There the lie which means deception ranks before truthfulness. The ugliness and Evil which almost universally characterizes the devices employed by foreign policy, devices which, one way or another, always at bottom mean violation or seduction or extortion or deceit, correspond to the basic nature of the netherworld. Who can doubt, especially in our days, the essentially hellish character of politics? Wilson's 14 Points were accepted as a matter of course, in order to put an end to the War, and again as a matter of course they were ignored afterwards, or else interpreted with absolute *mala fides* in accordance with the material interests of the victorious powers.

Since then money holds a more sovereign sway in the world than ever before; human life and happiness mean less than they have ever meant. Each and all are aware of the crimes committed by the Bolshevists; each and all condemn them in sonorous phrases. But not only does everyone in a position to do so turn to profit the material advantages which the Bolshevists offer — more and more does the world pass from the fiendish deeds they have perpetrated for more than a decade to other matters of interest. Misdeeds so flagrantly evil have not been committed nor acquiesced in since the days of the Renaissance. But even the tamest political practice cannot bear the test of the most tolerant spiritual standards. Paul Valéry has recently defined politics in the following manner: *La politique fut d'abord l'art d'empêcher les gens de se mêler de ce qui les regarde. A une époque suivante, on y adjoignit l'art de contraindre les gens à décider sur ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.* In this definition the essential *mala fides* characteristic of all politics is but mildly hinted at. However decent as individuals men of politics may be: it lies in the nature of the profession that politics should be violation, seduction, extortion, cheating, deceit, and at best, coldly egoistic self-assertion and self-interest. The modern statesman who is eternally and undauntedly talking of ideals and rights, has not progressed beyond Macchiavelli's *Principe*, he has outdone him. Espionage and counter-espionage, provocation, exploitation of other people's weakness, Shylock-like insistence on treaties or crafty attempts to set them at naught belong to the daily routine of every successful foreign policy. As far as this goes I know of no baser profession. Its worst aspect is not its patent criminality which only occasionally manifests itself; it is the pretence it makes of standing for or defending justice and right. Politics are *always* unjust, *always* morally evil. This is why so many criminal characters were great statesmen. The man whose nature has no trace of the criminal, will never be successful

in foreign politics. He must then at least be a lawyer which amounts almost to the same thing; for it is the lawyer who by the natural bent of his profession takes as Foreign Secretary the most unscrupulous advantage of the letter which favours his case. Some statesmen, the English in particular, try to solve this conflict by making a clean distinction between their public and private life. But of all foul solutions this is the most foul. And things are no better, when reasons of State or the advantage of the majority are put forward as justifications; for Justice has nothing whatever to do with the questions of expediency, unless its idea be given a thoroughly shameless interpretation.

Here, there is but *one* solution which is not cowardly, not unsound, not vile and insincere: to own that politics are a thing of the netherworld, just as the functions of the bowels belong to the netherworld. And then to make what is base and low subservient to what is superior. And this not in the sense of Macchiavellism which pretends that Evil is good so far as it is useful; nor in the sense of the Jesuit proverb that the end justifies the means. But in the sense of a taking-upon-oneself the tragic fate that the netherworld intrinsically belongs to man; that nothing can ever make it a moral or a spiritual thing. And that what it good can be realized on earth only be means of this Evil which for ever remains evil. Only the politician who consciously incarnates and represents the netherworld can direct events in such a way as to give Spirit an opportunity to work itself out. In ordinary circumstances, he alone succeeds in balancing the economic forces and interests so that a minimum of injustice should result. Where it is a question of enhancing the importance of what incarnates greater value, he alone has the courage to be as ruthless as the case requires. But, above all, only the man of the netherworld has the inward callousness which makes it possible to a man to commit a crime which forestalls greater evil. This applies to preventive war

as well as to politicial murder. Only the man of the netherworld can succesfully play the part of Fate, for the very reason that Fate has nothing to do with Spirit. The constructive significance of crime in history is still immensely underrated, despite the object-lessons our generation has had the privilege of enjoying for more than ten years. There is no nation that has not gained its position of a world power by means of infamy. Thus, there can never reasonably be a question of changing the character of the netherworld: the sole aim can be to make it subservient to Spirit, just as the murderer in the person of the executioner serves Justice. But this, again, can only succeed where spiritual objects have become the motives of the impulses and strivings of the netherworld.

There is but one comforting thought in the midst of all this horror: it is the thought that this end can to a certain extent be reached. The religious wars illustrate this most clearly. Here faith in a Beyond meant the strongest motive of all earthly life. This was due not to the idealism of those ages, but to the fact that their faith incarnated a greater power and a greater interest — and therewith offered more immediate aims to Original Hunger and Original Fear — than did material profit. And this is where the efforts of modern world reformers mean steps in an absolutely positive and right direction. It is imaginable that in the process of spiritualization spiritual ideals *may* acquire such predominantly vital significance, that the netherword from its own standpoint will conform to them.

But it is not only the political activity of the peoples that must needs take its course according to the laws of the netherworld. The same holds true on the same plane of every individual. And to that extent all individual destiny, as judged from ideal postulates, is tragic. It is impossible to live otherwise than at the expense of others; the struggle for existence is the primeval phenomenon, and the ways and

means it employs can never become conformed to Spirit. The man who asserts the contrary with regard to himself is either too cowardly or too blind to see things in his own case as they are. If I am not a vegetarian, it is not because I think it true to Spirit to eat animals, but because from the standpoint of Spirit it is all the same whether a man live on vegetables or meat, or even human flesh, nay the flesh of his own parents. And economics no more conform to spiritual ideals than do politics. The industrial magnate, the banker and the merchant do not commit downright murder; but on the whole and indirectly they live more at the expense of others, than does the soldier. And since in so doing they never risk their own lives, but really spend their days in ambush, they are the more base. Now this state of things becomes ever more marked, the further the world 'progresses', because it lies in the momentum of progress to bring out in ever sharper outline the individual character of every separate activity. Economics which are to-day superseding politics as the decisive power,* do indeed tend to make the world more rational, but they do not improve it morally. No one has ever grown rich without overreaching others; without overreaching others it is merely possible to earn one's bread; our Middle Ages were right when they drew the line of possible honourable money-making here; mammon really is 'unrighteous' in is essence. To exploit the more ignorant and less capable, be it only by keeping a secret close or by guessing a new economic juncture before others become aware of it, and to speculate on the rise of prices even though everybody starve — these are the things without which economics as a means of growing rich would

* I wonder whether many of my readers have noted that the author of this book was the first to define this basic character of the world in the making in the chapter 'Wirtschaft und Weisheit' of his book *Politik, Wirtschaft, Weisheit* (written in 1921); also that the chapter 'Privatism' of his *America Set Free* (written in 1928) was the first to differentiate the new spirit of the age from all preceding ones?

be impossible. But socialism with its hostility to private property is unfortunately even less likely to change this earth into a heaven. In order to introduce its system, Russia had to despoil its own citizens on a larger scale than had ever before been the case. Since then it is robbing everyone of the possibilities of improving his material status. By professing the right of violence, Bolshevism subjects the upper world to the laws of the netherworld. And ultimately all the mass-movements of post-war days are identical in spirit with Bolshevism. They all are anti-individualistic and hostile to freedom. The anti-Marxist and nationalistic movements are superior to the others inasmuch as they have a profounder understanding of Blood and Earth and Fate; to that extent they live from out of a deeper sense of Life. But even this depth is depth in the direction of what lies nethermost. And thus even they inevitably work for the netherworld.

LET us conclude this meditation with a few thoughts on the first beginnings of history. Blood and Earth decide at bottom over what at the surface unfolds itself as the process of history. The possession of land is demanded by Original Fear which finds its primary security in possession; here all statics of history have their roots. But within the boundaries of given nations its dynamics are dependent on the degree of the Blood-conflict, and with regard to their foreign policy on the power of and the part played by Original Hunger. If it plays a prominent part, then peoples become conquerors. The genuine conquering nations, however, always were and even to-day are originally aimless — corresponding to the 'muddle through' of the English who are primitive even to-day; it is by muddling through that in the long run and without any clear intention they created an empire. And in the days of first beginnings this was true in the extreme. Accordingly all myths unanimously record that history began with adventure and

the spirit of the adventurer. And the original adventurer was not Don Quixote, the prototype of ruling world-ascendant spirit, who forces his dream upon reality; it was the adventurer completely devoid of imagination, devoid even of the power of representation, who longs for what is absolutely unknown, and to that extent desires the Void. What we call an adventurer to-day is an extreme case differentiated into a monstrosity. The modern adventurer is the absolutely empty man, whom fate leads on from accident to accident from sheer *horror vacui*. But it does so in vain: he is incapable of experiencing anything, to say nothing of transforming experience into values, for there is nothing in him which might be called out. The adventurer as a pioneer of history was even blinder; but his blindness belonged to the nature of Primordial Life. He was impelled by Original Hunger which would eat its way through the universe, as the worm eats its way through the earth. But the same Original Hunger is also the original expression of the masculine principle, and therewith the germ-cell of freedom. Freedom has its roots in the will to risk which, in the course of spiritualization, becomes the vehicle of choice and daring and decision. To expose oneself to the accidents of Life is the only thing which, in the long run, calls out all inner forces. This still holds true even of supremely spiritualized man; in his case, too, it is only when he exposes himself to the accidents of Life that the inward melody of his destiny is made to sound. But in the beginning of history, there was no idea of foresight and planning and aims. There, the blindness of Original Hunger was the original womb of all dynamism. Hence the prodigious grandeur of earliest adventures in which never repeated deeds of heroism were accomplished; such as the first sea-voyages which eventually led to the conquest of the earth. According to Herman Wirth earliest Nordic man proceeded from North America, then doubled the Cape of Good Hope in a canoe, and thence settled the

South Sea Islands. Such prodigious adventures were possible, because the power of imagination which engenders fear hardly existed and at the same time Original Hunger was boundless. Like men drunk or walking in their sleep, the first ruler-races conquered the earth.

Involuntarily the word 'ruler-races' flowed from my pen: they were, indeed, originally the sole races which showed any initiative; they alone therefore are responsible for the great outlines of history. The others in whom the principle of Original Fear and therewith of security secured by means of property predominated, have remained without a history what they originally were, and thus no experience called out forces of development within them. Races filled with the craving for security can become forces in any way determinant only on the summits of general attainment. This explains the present-day primacy of France. In the beginning the adventurer alone counted. And long afterwards the hero was the prototype of historical man. In those ages there was no alternative but this: heroic history — no history. If the desire of security and therewith of property is the mother of all law and order, war is the father not indeed of all things, but of all historic development. Since it means effort and struggle to live a historic life, that is, a life cutting out its own channels and not following the momentum of nature, every spiral line seeks to return to the circle, and all history to relapse into unhistoric life. New beginnings always happened only when the will to risk broke up ancient order grown rigid and, in proud certainty of a constructive future, owned to the will to destroy. Hence the periodical phenomenon not only of great wars, but also of great revolutions.

SIXTH MEDITATION

DEATH

ON Argentine earth, the teeming blackness of which is one single readiness to bury, so that everlastingly new life should find the soil on which to grow, I called to remembrance one day, while dangerously ill and weary of life, what an ageing woman had told me long years ago, and what then I had failed to understand: 'I feel like a sister of the black earth. Would I might lay me down and wait, until I too turn into dark mould.'

It may have been the horizontal expanse of the Pampa which refutes all theory of the earth's rotundity, that roused the force of gravity within me to a determinant motive of consciousness. I have always been more frequently ill than well. Always, I have had to spend whole months of every year on my bed. But never before had I felt drawn and urged to sink away; never before had I felt it to be a temporary, a meanly temporary thing that the earth should bear me; that I should not be merged in it; that it should persist and resist closed beneath me and turn away all longing into the empty space of heaven scattered with pale stars.

I had no thought of suicide. Severe illness of body relieves the soul of all will to die. Hence the deep calm it bestows. Without aid of consciousness, without haste or turmoil, the millions of individual beings which make up the body shift in harmony with the rhythm of serious disease — as swimming filings of iron move towards the magnet — and turn towards Death; without panic, but self-restrained, calmly expectant in the attitude of defence; not self-denying, but taking positive part in the fate of their finiteness, that it be fulfilled in its own time; no earlier, no later. Serious illness is in so far the one state in which there is no fear. It may mean agony and torture: nought can mar the sense of security within the rhythm of the earth for him, who gives himself up to it without reserve. Therefore, the result of its

processes is the will to recovery, not to suicide. Therefore, there is but an infinitesimal number of sick who wish to die, for the will to die is taken from them. And therewith, for a little while, the tension of tensions is solved. Spiritual consciousness knows of no natural end. It must be benighted in the literal sense of the word, the clock of the Night of Creation must beat the measure, if there is to be no conflict between the worlds of Body and Spirit.

I have always felt peculiarly happy in days of sickness. It may be, because sleep which is the natural absorption into the process of Nature, is vouchsafed to me more rarely than to most men. Thus, I stand in need of some other shifting of balance, in order to give unto earth what belongs to earth, and to take from it what it can give. But never, before that Argentine experience, had I known the longing for death otherwise than as the desire to interrupt the melody I had no wish to continue. I still remember how deeply I was affected at the age of twenty, when I heard Wotan's cry of longing for The End, which Richard Wagner has composed with such wondrous understanding; never since has it ceased echoing within me as a basic note of my consciousness. As I lay ill in the Argentine, and ever since, I am experiencing something seemingly similar in a totally different sense. At every moment now, I feel the urge of the primordial life within me towards the absolute end. But this has nothing whatever to do with my spiritual destiny. It is no interruption to it. It is its fulfilment. To turn back into earth is the fulfilment of the earth-part within me. Since this part of my being has grown into my consciousness, I no longer feel the gloom of Wotan deep down within me, but the mood in which Bach created that incantation of his: 'Sweet Death, come!' And since then I understand the meaning of all great hymns. It is true that Triumphant church music exists. But it is no more than a child of poetic imagination; it can only exalt, but never

edify. All true hymns are dirges. Hence their deep moll. They cause that to sound within man which desires the earthly end. And precisely thereby do they bless and liberate.

ALL cult of the Indians was cult of Death, or was death and killing. No race of man has ever laid the stress of consecrating and sacred experience so strongly upon the end, as the Indians. And on death in the sense of a real end, not understood as the threshold of a new life. Of religions without belief in or idea of a Beyond there are many. And methinks: with many of those that proclaim the existence of a Beyond of the grave, this only means mistaken interpretation. They know not, how else to interpret their cult of the end. Indian religion means clearly accepted and affirmed tiedness to earth; even where, as with the Incas, earth appears drawn into the system of the Sun. Accordingly, the Indian's ideal is to live in harmony with Earth. Health is the proof that this concordance has been achieved. To this harmony also belong right morals. But the Indian does not practice morality for utilitarian considerations, 'that his days may be long upon the land', but for the inner urge to move in concord with the rhythm of the earth. Therefore, he knows of no will to progress which should change the original rhythm. His pathic attitude or apathy, his resigned acquiescence and melancholy do not mean adaptation of the weak and timorous and unwilling to that which is more powerful, it means free and spontaneous surrender. Hence the Indian's nobility. Hence also a similar attitude towards human sacrifice on the part of both the immolator and the victim, as in our more active world only the hero in war shows towards death. The blood freely spent is fecundating rain. Death such as this is a gift of Grace, even as health is gift of Grace.

Hence the physiological impossibility of all fanaticism. But, since this life is entirely determined by its primordial

forces, there is as little tolerance. Time-honoured tradition takes its place. Beyond that, indifference. Externally, this leads to the mask of scepticism. If the Indian is not too inert to think, he is ironic. Abysmal irony is the outlook of the Gaucho, that strange and so beautiful blend between the chivalry of Spain and Indian resignation. Of him it is said: *el gaucho se persigna por las dudas:* he makes the sign of the cross in order to express his doubts — not his belief. But, in the last analysis, the basic motive is not irony, which is the child of sovereign spirit: it is indifferentism. Every peasant shows indifference towards the happenings in the world of politics. Even educated people do so with regard to the rotation of the earth, or the course held by our planet in its mad flight through space. This outlook predominates absolutely and in every sense within the inhabitants of the continent of the Third Day of Creation. Among the *caboclos*, those inconceivably poor half-caste serfs of the Fazendeiros of Brazil, I found cynic philosophers who would have been a credit to Greece. Argentine *Macana* crowns ultimate indifference with a disdainful laugh. The overtone of Chilian fatalism, that child of a volcanic territory, is grim. This indifferentism which is universal throughout the South American continent is one of the most stupendous phenomena I know of. It does not mean lack of interest, nor lack of anything whatever: it means blind existence. It implies the primacy of primordial life in its impenetrable isolation and seclusion. For a long time, I sought for a convincing image which might serve to make this incredibly foreign outlook, if not comprehensible, at least distinct to the consciousness of a European. At last I found such an image in the following fact. In Bolivia obituary notices frequently are not printed in the usual wording: Mr. X. passed away . . .; the text runs: *Fulano se quedô indiferente:* Mr. X. remained indifferent. There is indeed nothing more indifferent than a corpse.

DOUBTLESS, *one* way of solving all problems is neither to feel, nor to recognize their existence, and to accept all things, without questioning, as they are. During the war, I chanced upon a Russian tale which impressed me deeply at the time. The hero of the story was a convict sent to Siberia for the term of his life. In a lonely and abandoned region he worked a ferry, which but a few people used in the course of the year. A young convict was ordered to assist him in his task. And when the youth expressed his horror at the desolate dreariness of the life in store for him, he answered calmly and with a slight undertone of gaiety: 'Thou wilt get used to it — may God bless everyone with such a life.' Is not the greater part of woman's wisdom a variation of the one theme: 'There is no altering facts'? Childhood can and should be full of bliss and happiness. Then must and should follow the dreary routine of school cheered with the enjoyment of occasional holidays. Highest hopes and expectations are implanted into the souls of daughters with regard to future marriage, and the mothers honestly share and cherish such anticipations. But afterwards they dwell upon the necessity of resigning as a matter of course. It is woman's fate. Men will be men, and there is no altering them. Such women live through, thoroughly and deeply, every illness; they live through as thoroughly the feeling of their gradually growing useless and becoming an inconvenience. The last stage is preparation for death. This, in the best of cases which alone I contemplate, is not superficiality, but complete identification with the experience of life, such as it is. These women have no illusions. They cannot imagine anything that is not before their eyes. Every stage on the road of life they feel and endure with poignant intensity. They invariably experience exactly what actually affects them, and they accept all experiences with the same readiness. Their attitude is equally positive towards birth and death, joy and

pain, happiness and affliction, for each and all at one time or another fill and pervade their lives. Thus, they can bear to witness another's anguish; they enjoy arduous nursing; they love to assist at every death agony to which they can gain access. Then they mourn with perfect sincerity. But their grief has no association with the idea of eternal farewell and separation; it is simply a particularly deep content of their lives. This also was the state of soul of that widow in the New Testament who *would* not be comforted.

It implies a complete misunderstanding, when all this is interpreted in terms of philosophy or religion. What is essential is that here motives of the Spirit play no part at all; that there is neither imagination nor comprehensive vision, and therefore no problematism. It is a drifting along from one second to another, entirely exempt from thought or reflection, within the momentum and rhythm of primordial life. But if consciousness is anchored in the deeps of this life; if it faithfully mirrors all its stages, then man, despite all lack of problematism, lives a deep and infinitely rich life. It is deeper and richer than the life of any man endowed with imaginative consciousness, who fails to notice all things and to understand them profoundly. For, first, the power of imagination tends to make man inwardly poor and superficial. Here, Kant's sentences apply, that the world is my representation and that intellect imposes on nature its own laws. And the inner world of most people is poor and trivial, and the connexions the intellect creates from out of itself exclude most of the deep and essential relationships. Thus, before the immediate consciousness of the earthly part of my being awoke within me in the Argentine, I should never have experienced the longing to return to the earth from which I come.

Yet what has been said hitherto does not exhaust the advantages of an identification with the blind netherworld.

Blindness alone, which identifies itself with the law of earth, makes possible a life free from all preconceived ideas and open to all experience. The man who has no share in this blindness, who does not feel that demands of Spirit fail to do justice to the wholeness of life, and that, if life seems inadequate, the fault lies not in life itself, but in the incompleteness of his experience; he who fails, for instance, to perceive that sorrow and suffering mean not negative influences only, but fulfilments in the sense not merely of preliminary stages or stimuli, but in their own right — the man in so far deprived of all experience of blindness, must perforce be moved with the same feeling as Prince Siddharta, when he saw the first sick. He cannot help endeavouring to banish death and killing from the world. And since this is impossible, he cannot but think life a pure evil, a nought-but-suffering: he must needs visualize a Nirvana, the cessation of life in any kind of form as the goal. Buddha was the profoundest of all revolutionaries. He sought not, like all the other founders of religions, to ignore or interpret away what is absolute in evil and pain. He was fully cognizant of the character of abysmal life. His entire teaching rested upon the recognition of the primacy of Original Hunger; this is the meaning of the fact — to use the happy paraphrase formulated by Paul Dahlke — that life to him was but one single eating and being eaten. But the unique sublimity of his teaching lies in this, that it is an expression, on the one hand, of pure Original Fear, which in the form peculiar to Buddha is the Fear of Suffering, and on the other hand, the expression of the overcoming of fear by virtue of extreme courage, the courage to be fully awake, to see life entirely as it is, in all its horror. Buddha taught and undertook no less than this: to destroy the impulse to live by means of impulse guided and ruled by Spirit. But if Buddha was the profoundest of all revolutionaries, who ever assailed and fought existing things, he could not for this

very reason induce a crisis which should work a fundamental change of the world. It is indeed possible to draw Nature into the sphere of new connexions from out of Spirit, but never to destroy it. Buddha gave the possible solution in his personal life, not in his teaching. One can attain to such heights of inner superiority as to be able to bear being 'fully awakened' and to see and accept life such as it is, and yet feel the perfect bliss as of angels. But to pluck out the abysmal root of this bliss is impossible.

BUDDHA'S personal achievement is the grandest in the records of history, because of all men he alone was perfectly truthful from beginning to end. What is amiss with his teaching is due to organically conditioned prejudice — just as, from the point of view of the horse, it means a prejudice to be a cow — and to rise above this kind of prejudice is beyond the power of man. By far the greater number of mortals are unable not only to be Buddhas — they can neither live the life of original wisdom of abysmal woman and thus find peace for their souls, because they are not blind enough, nor is their spirit capable of the degree of awakening needed to create out of itself a connexion which would give to life a satisfactory significance. Thus, they take refuge in disguise and deception which they practise even upon themselves. Their Original Fear gives birth to the Original Lie. And the lie transposes experience, genuine in itself, into formations which unroot and lift the man who identifies himself with them out of the depths of earth, but fail to moor him anew in the deeps of understanding spirit.

The most superficial, and therefore the most typical example of this solution is provided by the men of the world whose occupation it is to kill time. It is not true that they suffer boredom with dignified decorum — this was what the categorical imperative of the traditional courtier demanded. They are not bored at all; their often admirable art consists in

this, that they exclude from their lives whatever is personal, and therewith whatever is capable of vital experience. This keeps them incessantly occupied; less than any hard worker do they know of real leisure. Now they must play cards, now pay visits, anon assist at weddings and funerals, next conscientiously undergo a course of medical treatment, or else indulge in some sport, or appear courageous according to rules in duel or war. The life they lead is actually the life of most humans: they centre their consciousness in a 'Should' which is of spiritual origin and in so far seems to bestow a meaning, but which, on the other hand, demands no undestanding whatever; for understanding always tends to destroy the airy ease of life. Moreover, this enables them to conjure away the personal experience of the netherworld within them, and yet they move in harmony with its rhythm, for their existence is a constant and unproblematic acceptance and affirmation of life as it is. Custom is an expression of the same original dissimulation which is a degree more profound than the one we have just explained. Custom divests action and suffering experience which touch the vital roots of life, of their problematic and personal aspect. It is the custom to eat one's old father. It is customary to burn widows. It is a procedure sanctified by usage to prostitute one's daughters on the day of a particular festival. It is customary for the Inca to wed his sister. Propriety demands that on certain occasions hara-kiri should be practised. Here, the idea of Sacrifice acts as an intermediary between abysmal urge and command of Spirit, and neither is really experienced. In the same sense, rites absolve from personal experience. Whatever is horrible or touches the individual too nearly is kept at a distance by being made an integral component of some mind-born formation. This was true of human sacrifice in Mexico and Peru; it was the case in our European middle ages with execution and torture, both of which the spectators would

not have enjoyed as they actually did, had not the death of the criminal meant to them a recognized part of the scheme of things, which their imagination visualized as a plastic reality. To-day the same applies to burials. In hypersensitive Brazil a funeral is actually transformed into a pure feast of flowers, where the profusion of colour and perfume entirely obliterates and effaces what is ghastly. And finally the same is true of weddings; on all sides everything is done in order to transpose this stage of life on to the plane of some other connexion than the one in which is at bottom belongs. According to rule, the bride is 'radiant'; unconquerable passion for the 'only possible woman' was the man's motive, the life in store for the couple will, *par définition*, be pure bliss. The picture of these deceptions and dissimulations is completed by the whole complex of official positions, dignities and institutions. Each and all are children of fear. 'This I decide not as a human being, but as a judge,' says the man who pronounces sentence of death and therewith deems himself exempt of all personal responsibility. Similarly, the commander in war with the best conscience in the world gives the order for a general massacre; the statesman in all innocence sets all possible intrigues and plots for the undoing of a foreign state; and the president of a trust ruins the lives of innumerable people with the consciousness of rendering selfless service to his neighbour. There is nought so rare as a bad conscience where it would really be appropriate; therefore, of all states of the soul a clear conscience is the most suspect. Infinite are the artifices practised by original dissimulation and deception for the purpose of transposing or divesting of its reality the true character of life. What actually owes its origin to primary hunger or blind greed for power appears in the guise of love for the people, or of justice, or else of sacrifice of personal desire and opinion for duty's sake. And conscience becomes of a crystalline purity, as soon as

'sacrifice' has grown habitual, so that the king or judge or executioner feel like that Siberian convict who said: 'Thou wilt get used to it, God bless everyone with such a life.' And everything, absolutely everything, can thus become a habit. The Indians of the highlands cannot cast off the bondage of their serfdom. Even as they did thousands of years ago, they pass backward and forward to-day between their homes and the place of their drudgery like mules, their bare soles striking the frozen ground with a dull patter. Not long ago I met a Russian student not belonging to communist circles, but who had no distinct remembrance of the days before the October Revolution. He had never even become aware of the horrors of Bolshevism. Certainly there were executions — but old people are apt to die. Life is easy for the young. And they are so far more joyous than European youth! They have no wants and therefore feel no privations — and then, what a future is in store for them! Ten years before, on my last return from my own country, I met on the steamer an Italian boy with his parents who had fled haggard, distracted and almost broken-hearted from Petersburg. 'Are you looking forward to the life of safety in Italy?' He answered: 'I think of it with fear. When in Russia the housing commissionary behaved in a threatening way, or father was to be sent to prison, I knew what to do, but in Italy? . . .' This logic of the primordial impulses is the mother of all permanent order. Probably no order was ever established without atrocities and horror. And every one at some moment grew to be beloved flesh and blood. That is, it became rooted in the realm of blindness.

THE medieval church had ritualized all life. The death of the others constituted a part of every man's own life. And no one allowed himself to be despoiled of his own death and the pomp and ceremony appertaining to it. For all things there existed a dogmatic support which represented an absolute safeguard. When this faith was

transplanted among the passive Indians, its full significance was revealed. In the Jesuit-state of Paraguay, Indians who had been taken to the hospital refused to die unless they had got a written licence so to do; after that, all was well. Such belief in authority is the most complete conjuring away of personal life. He, for whom the decision of another man can mean anything in any way final for his own person, not only relinquishes his freedom of spirit, he shirks and evades his own individual life in general. His existence is one completely and perfectly divested of all reality and actuality. Christian humanity would be the most superficial of all, if the reality of its life corresponded to its doctrine. What saves and justifies Christianity to a great extent is not, that only a very few are capable of bearing the burden of ultimate responsibility and personal experience and suffering as a last resort, but the circumstance that most Christians use it merely as a vessel. Into this they pour their own personality which in so far they do live out in an individual manner. That is, in reality personal faith has the primacy over authority. Nonetheless, wherever genuine consciousness of the spirit is not determinant, it must be recognized that the heathen Indian is profounder than the Christian. For he surrenders completely to the abysmal world within himself. He lives more in accordance with the motto of Saint Theresa: *vivre toute sa vie, aimer tout son amour, mourir toute sa mort*, than any European whose centre of consciousness lies in that inbetween-region which is determined neither by the netherworld nor by Spirit.

The South America of to-day is as yet too unfinished and immature, too dependent on foreign ideas which it has taken over, as to be profound. But irresistibly it is evolving in the direction of Indianism. And thus I doubt not that in days to come it will create a culture of great depth in the sense of nearness to earth. Even that part of South America which is of European blood is not Christian in its deeps. It

is determined by primordial life, not by Spirit. It is essentially blind. Again and again, it seeks to appear what it is not; it cultivates narcistic tendencies; the lie glistens and plays on the surface in more changeful hues than anywhere else. But its world of representations and imaginations is too indistinct and too weak as that it should be able to take the lead. In the last analysis, it is a world of imitation — as indeed all the inhabitants of South America without an exception have been perfect imitators for want of imagination. Yet even the actor cannot really live out his personality in imitation and reproduction. South America's true life is the very opposite of a play: it is nought but darkness of the netherworld. No art of life beautifies and adorns its actual facts; no genuine faith of the spirit redeems life from reality. Thus, the original heaviness of earth completely dominates the atmosphere of the continent. South American joy is the voluptuousness of the Night of Creation. Its suffering is abysmal pain. Its mournful sadness is the fulfilment of Life's melody in moll. Its death is simple and unquestioning homecoming to the womb of Earth.

To judge this humanity from the Spirit makes it impossible to do justice to its character, for its conscious life is not rooted in Spirit. But for this very reason it understands death better than any other humanity on earth. Death is no problem of the spirit. Judging from the Spirit, death does not exist. It is either the threshold to some other spiritual life, or else it means transformation. But this recognition robs it of none of its pathos, for it belongs altogether to the plane of the netherworld. On this plane, death means the most massive of all facts. Here it means the extreme expression of possible suffering. It is the absolute end of activity. But even killing is originally neither a guilty nor an arbitrary act, it is one to which the doer must submit. No animal can help being compelled to kill in order to live; and no animal lives on anything that

is not the death of others; the plant alone is no murderer. Thus, the South American judges the act of killing in a manner more true to significance than the European; indeed, than any humanity in which Spirit predominates. In the eyes of the gaucho, the man who kills another, be it in open fight or by murder, simply brings trouble upon himself. *Desgraciarse* (to bring trouble upon oneself) means 'to kill' in the idiom of the gaucho. Manly activity, too, is held by these men to be not a capacity, but a compulsion; therefore they think it a misunderstanding that a judge should pass sentence. The specific primordial force which animates the masculine expresses itself in the form of attack and provocation. Nevertheless, from the point of view of experiencing man it is a thing to suffer and submit to. Joy of fighting exists in no other sense than the bliss of motherhood. Thus, of all the men I know, the gaucho has the deepest understanding of death as an earthly phenomenon. He boasts of no heroism, no honour, no fame. He is brave as a matter of course. He is originally indifferent to himself. Thus, he looks upon Death with a melancholy indulgent smile, a final *desdén*; a word which is more expressive of pride tinged with resignation than of disdain — it has something of the same shade of meaning as the French *il daigne mourir*. After all, the men are there to shed their blood and fertilize the earth. Thus, in the course of the Conquista, whole tribes of Indians, when they had had enough of suffering, with modest pride committed suicide.

SEVENTH MEDITATION

GANA

IN the Argentine I met the first humans in whose case I had to admit that they could not do as they wished. Among them were beings of magnificent spontaneity; at first sight they appeared to be strong of will and gifted with a high degree of imagination. But soon I found that appearances were deceitful. They improvised without a preconceived mental image of their actions; they could only do what they must. And their faculty of volition hardly went beyond that primary nay-saying to which even the water-lily gives expression when it repulses a foreign body. The meaning of the essential difference between this modality of life and that which before I had deemed the only possible form for man, became clear to me, when a friend told me the following story. She was playing tennis in the country in the neighbourhood of Argentine Cordoba and offered a child a peso an hour, if it would pick up the balls. It shook its head mournfully: *no puedo* (I cannot). Why not? — *Porqué no me da la gana* (Gana does not urge me to do so). This *Gana* does not mean inclination for something, which always is subjected to a will-decision based on understanding; nor is it Spanish Gana, which also essentially is not will: it is unconscious elementary force which urges from within, and over which consciousness has no control. Even the Spanish idea of Gana does not apply to any content of intellectualized European consciousness. It is neither will nor impulse nor urge nor yet an inward 'Must' as we understand these words; it is the elementary linking together of mental image and blind organic urge. It includes the element of imagination which in the case of so-called will is the real creative element; therefore one should not say: 'What you will, you can do', but 'Imagination creates Reality'. But, on the other hand, it lacks that element of

real will which draws lines, sets limits and by means of this negative quality guides and directs. In the economy of the Spaniard's soul the function he calls Gana plays the part played by Will in the case of the Anglo-Saxon. This is why the Spaniard hardly ever uses the term *voluntad:* actually he never 'wills' in our sense of the word. If mental image and spontaneous impulse meet, prodigious dynamic energy manifests itself. Otherwise the Spaniard lets things drift; he lets himself and others live in the way that comes naturally to them; he enjoys events as a spectator and refuses to allow himself to be tied down to or by anything. If he makes a promise, he assumes that his partner will have sufficient tact as not to insist under all circumstances on his keeping it. Furthermore, the rule of Gana in the place of will results in this: that in Spain initiative either proceeds from the whole personality, or is entirely lacking. Hence those alternatives of fervent faith or indifference, *hazaña,* adventurous prowess, or passivity. That, on the other hand, Spain should have produced the man who of all men valued will most highly and knew its technique best, Ignatius of Loyola, is in accordance with that law of Nature that every nation out of itself projects its counter-type.

South American Gana is what the vision of the Second Meditation expresses in the form of an image; as indeed the latter in my dream bore the name of Gana. Gana is what our earlier meditations called Primordial Life and Netherworld and Blind Urge, as opposed to a life determined or co-determined by Spirit. Especially in my meditations on War and Fate and Death, I should have liked to use the concept of Gana; but it was impossible before I had given a definition of its particular bearing on the case of man; and this definition can only be given in this context. It is the strongest of all that is strong, and the weakest of all that is weak at the same time; it is primordial puissance and helplessness in one. It lacks all element of

imagination. Thus, Gana is essentially aimless and purposeless. But for this very reason it forces and binds like the force of gravity. No sooner had I reached Buenos Aires than I felt bound in a mysterious manner. Somehow, whatever I did or wished to do others decided over me. I might indeed have broken away; however, I felt that only if I let others dispose of me, could I work at all. But neither did any of those who thus ruled me, decide for themselves: what ultimately decided was an inarticulate anonymous power. It was not public opinion; it was a thing not only nameless, but unnamable; a thing on the near side of any possible conscious shaping. Soon I became aware of other things which helped me to find the further co-ordinates required for the determination of the unknown point. It proved impossible not to receive visitors on the spot, when they surprised me without previous announcement and often at unearthly hours. No one with any knowledge of the country dared refuse to receive a visitor — an old Argentine gentleman holding a prominent position to whom the card of a young Nobody was brought in the course of an official lunch, rose at once explaining as he went: 'if I refuse to see him, he will become my enemy and get me into trouble.' In the Argentine nobody can wait when he has some particular desire. But, on the other hand, every abstract idea of time is lacking; things always are postponed to another day, unless an overpowering urge demands that they should be done at once. There is no planning, nor keeping to plans. Inversely, my wish to plan and arrange was considered sacrilegious; it was thought an anticipation of Fate; as indeed few Argentines dare name the steamer on which they contemplate taking passage. At first I did not succeed in making arrangements even for the next twenty-four hours; I was never told before the day itself where I should dine. But soon I understood. The visitors I could not refuse to see, followed an organic

urge which completely mastered them — to fail to satisfy it would have been equivalent to murder; this certainly explained violent reactions. South American Gana is intrinsically blind urge to which the mere idea of forethought must mean an offence, since it implies a denial of its very essence. Its centre lies beyond the pale of mastering consciousness. But as a blind urge it has a compelling power which man of these latitudes can not resist.

This blind urge is the firstborn of the forces of the Night of Creation. It is the intrinsic force of blind Life. Only from out of the personal knowledge of passion in all the wide and profound sense of its German equivalent *Leidenschaft* can the European experience it in imagination. To the essence of passion also belongs blindness; for the man who has eyes to see looks beyond it. Where passion does not fill the entire consciousness, so that the light of vision is not totally extinguished, it transforms all external impressions and experience in accordance with the intrinsic meaning of its own essence; hence that narrowing down of consciousness which notices nothing that is not connected with the object of its passion; hence the rose-coloured spectacles of the lover; hence the dark spectacles of the man or woman who hates. For him who has become the slave of a passion, it is impossible to see its object in its true light; he only believes what accords with his feelings. All those constructions which psycho-analysis succeeds in removing by the simple means of exposing to view their instinctive basis, belong here. But there is nothing to be gained by interpreting what is elementary from the basis of differentiated phenomena. Once I wrote that the specific fears of the animals are identical with the complexes of humans. This was true; only I should have defined the facts from the opposite side. The fixation, the inward isolation and exclusiveness of the Gana-melody is the primary phenomenon in all cases; it mirrors on a higher plane the immut-

ability of the reflex curve. Man alone, among all the creatures we know of, is capable of loosening those fixations and liberating himself by means of spiritual initiative. I used the word Gana-melody: as a matter of fact, the image of melody as an isolated unit of time actually does full justice to Life on the plane of Gana; more so than on the planes on which Spirit is co-determinant; for the illumining and discerning quality of Spirit which creates continuity, therewith destroys finiteness understood as a last resort. Gana-life is the co-existence in the dimensions of simultaneity and succession of monads without windows. It is as essentially discontinuous, as imaginative Life, that is life ruled by Spirit, is continuous. And in the beginning was not the image, but blind urge. The specific nature of this primary psychism corresponds exactly to that of the physical organs and functions: of these, too, each represents an isolated and articulate unit of space and time, and blurrings of the boundary-lines and confusions of the functions never occur. A whole does indeed guide and direct from within the growth and decay of the parts, but the latter have no share in the comprehensive vision of the former. For although they themselves are melodies, they stand to the melody of a higher order represented by the total organism in the same relationship, as the single note, which suddenly sounds and dies away without leaving a trace, to the symphony.

Thus, abysmal Life may be called a connexion of what is disconnected. Every separate manifestation is isolated and finite. Each one 'desires' only to finish the melody it incarnates. It is precisely this that my first Argentine experiences illustrate. That an urge should not be satisfied; that a visit should not be received, or an expectation disappointed, is, from the view-point of Gana, an attack upon life; for if Gana is the last resort, then disappointment literally amounts to a capital execution: a particular life-

form is doomed to die. This explains the course of many love-affairs. Every love which is deep in the direction of the netherworld, is an exclusive life-form. It may grow in the face of resistance, it may hold its own against the most convincing arguments: if it is *really* disappointed, or if it is played out, it is at an end. If women and men whose love has died are hard and cruel towards its former object, and ignore his claims on their interest and regard with a contempt, as though they were rubbish, this is true to sense: if a person existed for another only by virtue of his love, he dies with its death. And primary instinct feels it to be revolting and absurd that a corpse should claim human consideration.

Gana, on the one hand, is an isolated system in each separate case and, on the other, it is blind. The meaning of this connexion is best made clear by the relationship between feminine and masculine love. Primordial woman is almost purely a creature of Gana. Intrinsically passive, she must be seduced or won. But if this is achieved, she becomes the slave of her love. Her love becomes her life. But this love is something definite and particular in each separate case; it is a particular and unique melody excluding all others; no intermediate notes connect it with others; the phenomenon is akin to that of the medium who is *en rapport* with one person only. This is why the mere idea of loving another appears monstrous and loathsome to the enthralled woman. This is the meaning of woman's so-called originally monogamous nature. Woman is not originally monogamous at all in the moral sense; for every determinate melody is finite; it can be brought to an end; and if this is the case, woman feels entirely free. She forgets. On the one hand, she *must* forget, in order to be able to love again; for the exclusiveness of each Gana-melody suffers no other melody to sound with or beside it. But on the other hand, she succeeds in detaching herself from the past to a degree

few men can understand. Thus, frequently, in wild times the ravished woman became as passionately attached to the murderer of her passionately loved husband.

Herewith we arrive at the opposite of determination by blind Gana. As soon as *imagination* comes into play, or decides, there is no exclusiveness, for all images are interconnected. The more so, as imagination does not know of those differences in kind by virtue of which one emotion excludes the existence of others at the same moment. Now, since man is the original bearer of the quality of imagination, he is polygamous in the absolute sense. He is incapable of forgetting; involuntarily all his loves co-exist in his imagination, so that he does not feel guilty of infidelity, when he actually is unfaithful; for from the viewpoint of blind Gana he always is. Man absolute is as originally 'seeing' as woman absolute is originally 'blind.' This is why he is the original bearer of Spirit; this is why the word 'history' is instinctively understood by each and all to be man's history. This is why man never feels that his own thraldom to a woman, even where he is utterly unable to extricate himself, is his own last resort. Blind Gana cannot look beyond itself. And the more a person is ruled by Gana, the smaller the part imagination plays within him. Hence the inquisitiveness and curiosity of absolute woman: incapable of imagining, she must see, if possible, touch. Of course, what has been said applies only to pure primordial types; woman absolute is as rare as man absolute. A differentiated woman is capable of so many kinds of feelings and emotions, that she can love many men at a time; but in different ways — that is, she loves each man in his own way — a fact which tends to obscure the clarity of the picture. And if she be permeated by Spirit — and she generally is to a considerable degree in the modern West — she acquires a psychology akin to that of man. However, here we deal solely with what is primordial and essential.

Do not the above trends of thought hold the key to the problem of all typical conflicts between man and woman? Since woman as a creature of Gana — and every profound love carries her back into the Gana-sphere, even where otherwise she does not seem to belong there — is blind, she cannot but feel man's large-heartedness as real or potential treachery; even the devotion of the artist to his work strikes her as treachery, and she appreciates outside professional activity only, because age-old racial experience has preformed within her the knowledge that such activity is necessary as a means of securing her own security. Inversely, where man decides, he cannot help establishing a double standard, in order to create a tolerable state of balance. But the problem is further complicated by the fact that man is also a creature of Gana, only in a rudimentary, simplified form, and as such inferior to woman. Thus, where man is enthralled, he accepts for himself with a complete lack of understanding the feminine standard and incarnates it in foolishly rigid laws; a thing real women never do, because they live and experience Gana with understanding, and therefore harmonize the rule and the exception in their true mobile relationship from one situation to another. Hence that feeling of inferiority and bad conscience every man who loves experiences with regard to the passionately and deeply loved woman, whom his Unconscious sublimates quite irrationally into a spiritual ideal. No woman idealizes in so irrational a manner: more often than not she merely expresses in the imperfectly acquired language of man that she loves her beloved with all his faults and would not have him different for worlds, because every change would annul the beloved identity. Hence the tendency of man, wherever he is the master, to inflict barbaric punishments on an unfaithful wife. The whole of man's idea of ownership is an intellectual superstructure of this kind born of misunderstanding. Woman must

and should desire to possess. Firstly, the possessive instinct is primary with her; and moreover she feels one with the beloved and must therefore desire to possess him exactly as she possesses herself. One should realize how keenly woman feels her body as 'herself', a thing which applies to no spiritually awakened man: thus, she must feel that every slightest gesture of the beloved is legitimately hers. And *nota bene*: the will to *possess* is decisive with woman, not the will to be possessed. The latter stands and falls with the urge to physical surrender, which is always intermittent and finite, whereas the will to possess rules uninterrupted and absolute. Man as a Gana-creature can only feel possessed, he lacks the original possessive instinct. What with him seems to be will to possession, is really will to power. Only on the latter can he base the former, never on his love — and the will to power has no primacy in the erotic sphere. Accordingly, man has always from time immemorial lived out his pure eroticism, wherever he could, with courtesans and paramours; that is, with women he knew he did not possess exclusively. That will to power and not love is the soul of man's will to possess — this is what again and again incites the most monogamous women to commit adultery. Seldom does woman's adultery originate in love; more often than not it is born of the desire for independence or retribution.

If now we consider the problems in question from a higher vantage, it should become finally clear that in the beginning was woman, not man: on the one hand, Gana is the original form of all vital urge, on the other, it is woman's primordial characteristic. Certainly, Gana also lives in every man, only in a form specialized on the one hand, and on the other, latent or rudimentary. Of specifically masculine Gana we shall treat later on. Only this much may be said here: man is completely unreal where he lives himself out in woman's ways. Hence the ludicrous aspect of the man who is nothing but the 'father of a family'. If it is customary

to smile at the henpecked man — and every man is henpecked in his relation to the woman he really loves — this is a diversion from the main point from subconscious tact, just as it was prescribed in the house of a great-uncle of mine to say *tambour* instead of *amour* in the presence of young girls. Hence the pathological quality of the Don Juan. When first I talked about this type in Spain and at the same time saw his classic portrait in the Museo del Prado of Madrid, it struck me that everywhere in Spain, as opposed to Europe, Don Juan was conceived and represented as effeminate. The consciousness of the Spaniard still mirrors primarily experienced and intellectually accepted Gana: therefore, instinct tells him what no modern Englishman or Frenchman knows. If a man can *forget* one woman after another; if he can experience something unique with every new love, he is womanish. This should not be confounded with the truly virile type of the conqueror, to whom lasting possession means nothing either. The genuine conqueror is the very opposite of the Don Juan: he is no slave to Gana; from incarnation to incarnation he pursues a soul-born image, and it is from loyalty to this image that he is continually unfaithful to live women. Whereas the type of the Don Juan is a normal phenomenon among women. Wherever her sexual instinct or her eroticism develop into independent forces, it lies in her, again and again, to become enthralled 'without engagement,' as it were. Here an unbroken line leads from the *grande amoureuse* and the type of which Goethe says:

> *Fraun, gewohnt an Männerliebe,*
> *Sind nicht Wählerinnen, sondern Kennerinnen.*
> (Women used to love of man are not fastidious, they are connoisseurs.)

down to the courtesan. For it is very seldom that the latter does not go about her business whole-heartedly. She is merely characterized by an abnormal state of detachment

relatively to her body and by a possessive instinct specialized on money. The bad reputation of the courtesan is quite unmerited. The greater number of them are not at all criminal, they are kindly and altruistic. They are not averse to work like all real criminals; they are exceedingly conscientious and persevering in their work. Their venality is merely a specific expression of the typically feminine and absolutely legitimate claim to be kept. And a far greater number than is generally assumed finds its way back to respectable life. Many sterling hostesses of public houses, especially in the south of France, earned their working capital by means of venal love. And one should not forget those daughters of Japanese samurais, who not so long ago entered brothels for a short time, in order to enable their brothers to serve in a good regiment . . .

But the courtesan does not indeed incarnate a type which woman creates from out of the laws ruling her own being; this explains the peculiar lack of understanding other women show for this variety of their sex. The courtesan is the woman whose qualities are best adapted to the desires of the man who refuses to be bound, and to that extent she is untrue to her womanhood. For primordial woman desires above all to bind. She desires to make man as unfree as she herself is. It is true that man, too, wishes to bring woman to the point, where she cannot help belonging to him in love. But woman is only too willing to do so. All she waits for is to be conquered, and she resents as an offence, when her suitor fails in the attempt. Woman is so entirely and completely a creature of Gana, that thraldom for her means no inner conflict, so that in belonging to a man she asserts herself the more powerfully and, on the other hand, can without ado detach herself, as soon as the melody of her love is played out. With man it is different. He loses himself by becoming the slave of a woman, for his specific form of life is not ruled by Gana, whose laws he does not know by

instinct. Thraldom generally sweeps him off his feet. And only in the light of man's specific nature does it become apparent in what respect Gana is a thing profounder in the direction of what lies nethermost, than are the feelings and emotions of the soul; for in man's consciousness there exists no normal connexion between Gana, feeling and emotions. Thraldom with him essentially is not what he imagines love to be. This is so for this reason, among others, that thraldom is not connected in any way with imagination. It is never an Imago, it is never an Anima which binds insolubly. In becoming the slave of a woman, man grows so blind, conformably with the specific character of Gana, that it is doubtful whether such serfdom has anything at all to do with the idea of a psychical relationship. The relationship is pre-psychical; it may even be called pre-physical; it is a primordial relation on the plane of the Third Day of Creation, compared with which even the navel-string which on ancient African rock-pictures rivets the roving son to the far-away mother, is but a superficializing image. Men of such binding power are rare. Not only because with man imagination is the primary phenomenon which conditions a lack of connexion with Reality; but because instinctively he desires to conquer, not to possess. This is why the men whose success in seducing is surest and quickest, are those who bind the least enduringly. Indeed, there is nothing they dread more.

But the woman whose Gana has the power of casting a spell, binds absolutely and irretrievably. The woman gifted with this power is the Woman of the Earth. She is seldom intellectually brilliant; her soul is mute. Hers is a feminity passive and brooding to the point of rigidity; a womanliness whose roots reach down to greater depths than sensuality or motherliness. Almost without doing anything, she draws man irresistibly down into the netherworld. She is that 'dewy woman' of whom Goethe sang:

Halb zog sie ihn,
Halb sank er hin.
(Half drawn by her,
half yielding did he sink.)

And this woman primordially *puissante* (Walter Pater), this *femme fatale*, generally casts her spells from no desire of her own; her most conspicuous attractiveness very often lies in this, that she suffers from her seductive power. She feels it as a thing alien to her Self; she longs to be released from her enthralling charm, and instead of ruling, she would fain serve. Thus, the *femme fatale* endowed with spiritual gifts almost always is a Kundry. But this attitude merely enhances her power to enthral; for thereby she stimulates man's imagination. Just as every woman desires to have a redeeming influence, man too would be a redeemer. But the most irresistible, the ultimately victorious spell lies at the very depths which make the sufferings of Kundry. It lies below the region of possible imagination, of possible images; below the domain of the Eros of the soul; nay it lies below sex. It lies in the netherworld of the Third Day of Creation, where the livid snakes, permeable to darkness, with their basilisk eyes, writhe in an everlasting circle, insolubly enmeshed and diffluent. If men fall a prey to this force, it is a thing more abysmal than all love and all desire. There sets in a dependence as absolute and inextricable in the direction of what lies nethermost as that which the religious Mohammedan feels as *Islam* in the direction of the Highest, of God. That here something different from love comes into play, is sufficiently proven by the weird impersonality of such a tie. To that extent it is the real opposite to genuine Passion in the Spanish sense, which means absolute belonging, body and soul, to one particular woman, but as a personality; a belonging which sublimates man, inasmuch as body and soul fuse and every atom serves ideal imagination. This impersonal quality alone suffices to explain

the horror of thraldom. It is the impersonal quality of the creatures of the Night of Creation, for which killing and being killed, eating and being eaten are one. This is why thraldom always is mirrored in consciousness simultaneously as love and as hate. It engenders extravagant jealousy; for the exclusiveness of Gana demands absolute and despotic rule. The war against inner fettering which every man enthralled wages unconsciously, begets cruelty. All too easily, almost joyfully it merges into murder. These manifestations of the man enthralled mean something entirely different from the manifestations of the enslaved woman which are outwardly the same. For woman, thraldom means 'home,' the surrounding natural to her. She desires to be bound, desires to suffer. If she believes in her beloved in the face of all facts and evidence, this means not infatuation, nor delusion — it is thus that her original woman's nature expands in all its wealth of bloom. However much she may suffer from jealousy: it is in accordance with her Gana-being that she be jealous; and to that extent she would rather suffer than feel her life to be void. Her cruelty never *means* more than lover's play; with her, murder and suicide never mean more than passing moods. This is why no reasonable court of justice condemns a woman who committed a *crime passionel.* Tragic conflict sets in with the enthralled woman only when she becomes the slave of what is spiritual. For man, the laws of whose being belong altogether to the upper word, thraldom always means a fall. This is why women instinctively despise the man who could become their slave, and prefer even the the most faithless and cruel man to him.

And yet, here as everywhere, that which is originally evil is the foundation of all that is good and beautiful. It is only the woman to whom man can become a slave that inspires him, for she alone sets free his primordial forces. And all earthly creation as a thing of shape and form is

born of earth. It will remain the eternal tragedy of the all-too-spiritual woman that precisely she can be neither muse nor sybil. It is true that the sybil and the muse never belongs to the type of the brutal Earth-woman. But woman of the Earth she must be, through and through. Only from the earth can she stimulate to activity man's creativeness; this is why the question of possession or non-possession in the case of love-relations uniting the artist and his muse always played a decisive part. Thus, too, all woman-prophetesses were in their essence women of the Earth. As beings of the earth they knew of the future; they knew of that Fate which is not metaphysical. Thus it is no wonder that the supreme figures of the genuine *femme fatale* were produced by unintellectual nations. The type of Carmen is specifically Spanish. I could easily imagine that in days to come in South America puissant figures of this kind might be born; for South America is the Gana-continent *par excellence*. Already there are heralds of such an event. José Ortega y Gasset affirms that in the days of the French Revolution Paris was actually ruled by a small number of Creole women. In the case of Josephine at any rate this is true. She was entirely unspiritual. But Napoleon was enthralled by her. And it was this that made him capable of achieving his prodigious work. With that supreme clear-sightedness which characterized him, he took heed not to tear himself away from her; consciously he overlooked her ever-recurring Helena-failings and the constant harassment of his feelings. He knew that his boundless freedom of spirit required as a completion to be bound to the absolutely unfree; that his active nature needed the tie of the absolutely inert; and similarly his logic necessitated her waywardness, and his self-mastery her lack of discipline. Man is not meant to be free 'only'; and the profounder he is, the less does he desire such freedom, The freer he is as a spirit, the more does he, on the other hand, need to be bound to earth. Thus,

Day ultimately has no wish to overcome Night. It is not true that Zeus sent the Titans into Tartaros, where their call no longer is heard. Nothing can be more natural than that spiritual religions, new-born and therefore light of heart, should invent such false myths. Just as the Greeks recognized only Beauty as a reality, even so Jesus taught celestial as opposed to earthly love. Not the Virgin Mary, but Mary Magdalene is the central figure of Christianity. Thus Brahmanism taught its disciples to overcome Gana through renunciation; and Buddha's teaching was to analyse away all earthly bondage to the end of loosening all ties so completely that ultimately nothing is left. But here on earth the dark and evil netherworld is and remains the womb of every possible World of Light. And therefore withdrawal from the world here on earth always is, among other things, an expression of Original Fear. This is why the glorification of the weak as opposed to the strong always has *one* of its roots in resentment, and accordingly in abysmal Evil. And the longing for immortality is born *also* of an Original Hunger more insatiable, than ever animated the Spaniard's greed.

GANA is blind. It lives itself out in discontinuous and exclusive formations. It acts uniformly and according to routine, as is the case with all expressions of life not ruled by Spirit. Nevertheless, it is thoroughly unreliable. The reason is that every organic process is like a melody, everyone of which runs contrary to all good faith, judged from the view-point of the lawyer, inasmuch as each process only fulfils what lies within the range of its finite meaning. Another reason lies in Gana's dependence on external influences; mineral bases, too, cannot be trusted, inasmuch as they are transmuted by acids; yet in so doing they follow laws they never violate. Thus, psycho-analysts again and again marvel at the certainty with which the reactions of the Unconscious to the same stimuli can be

foreseen, and the uniformity of the course these reactions take. Similarly, there are absolutely unerring technicians of seduction. But we must now consider a further fundamental quality of Life ruled by Gana. Its essence is inertia. It is devoid of initiative, passive or yielding, reacting, never acting autonomously. For this I know of no better illustration than that of the lad in Cordoba who simply *could* not do a little thing for whatever money, *porqué no le daba la gana*. It is on this determination by Gana that rests the notorious passivity of the South Americans. On the strength of this Carlos Octavio Bunge has proclaimed *pereza*, laziness, as the national characteristic.* But the South Americans are not really lazy. No man achieves greater prodigies of strenuous labour than the Gaucho. For days and nights, without rest, amid the extremes of hardship, in peril of life, he seeks and drives together his storm-scattered cattle. None is more industrious within the frame of his accustomed work, than the Indian of the High Tablelands. If the dweller of the tropics does not work much, this is due to the climate as well as to the fact that it is unnecessary to work much there, if the demands made on life are adapted to climatic conditions. For the rest, in South America that ancient tradition survives, according to which *otium cum dignitate* is superior to drudgery. Owing to this, there are, of course, more idlers pure and simple among the well-to-do people than elsewhere. Nevertheless, there can be no idea of laziness being a national characteristic.

But the South American undoubtedly is passive. He suffers his life. It is a continuous yielding to what urges him from within, whereas he does not allow outward influences to take a strong hold upon him. It is the same modality of life as that of the courted woman who resists as long as she is not *compelled* to yield, but who then follows

* See his book *Nuestra America* counted a classic in South America.

her inward impulse with enthusiasm. It is a life of complete self-indulgence, lack of discipline, lack of all initiative or forethought, and accordingly of all consistency. All activity in South America is the result of a yielding to inner urge. To that extent advance, too, really is retreat. The significance of this fact first struck me when an Argentine, well-known for his intelligence, told me: 'We are an imperialistic nation.' When I asked him whether they intended to conquer the whole of South America, he answered with some surprise: 'Certainly not; but we have, for instance, withdrawn from the League of Nations.' Retreat as a manifestation of initiative . . . Undoubtedly, retreat *is* the latter's earliest expression. Long before the first Yea, there were already innumerable Nays. The greater part of historic change owes its origin to mere Nay-saying to the existing state of things; for the power of imagination needful for a Yea with regard to what is new is lacking; in the best of cases, improvement or progress mechanically results from the fact that the Unconscious is influenced by the Spirit of the Age and changes in correlation with it. But previous to any Nay, there was impenetrable silence. To displeasing remarks or proposals the South American is apt to answer: 'to this I make no reply.' And if will sets in, its typical manifestation is like that of the armadillo which rolls itself up. I know of a woman who could find it in her heart to live for ten years with a man she did not love without even once addressing a word to him. She could not summon sufficient initiative to leave him, but she had the courage to treat him with the extreme of passive hardness. This sway of Gana is the cause of that immense, as it were, suspended monotony of the psychic atmosphere of South America. The trend of a life entirely ruled by Gana, which no spiritual impulse again and again forces out of, or turns off its original beaten track, must needs be monotonous. It is, as it were, an epopee devoid of events. In the Argentine

this manifests itself with a certain grandeur, because there the changeless infinity of the Pampa and the shoreless and mouthless Rio de la Plata, sluggishly rolling along its waters burdened with red sand, correspond to the state of these souls. Never did I see women of such inner lentor and heaviness, of like tiedness to all that belonged to them; owing to the contrast to their outward quickness this impressed me as almost uncanny. This monotony is interrupted by new Gana-melodies which gush forth like well-springs. But they never work any real change; for whatever of novelty is added, soon falls into the old broad channel, deeply cut into the soil. On the other hand, the monotony, again and again, is broken by sudden explosions of banked-up energy; at one moment they are revolutions, at another enthusiasms. But since in this case the explosions are essentially blind, no progress is achieved. The spectacle of South American enthusiasms, in particular, always evoked in me the image of the lasso which, if it is thrown out and misses its mark, instantly drops back flat on to the earth.

This is what a life ruled by Gana is like, as opposed to a world in which Spirit decides. This is Primordial Life. It is not permeated with soul, not fired with divine enthusiasm; it is blind and dumb. It is a blind side-by-side of exclusive life-melodies, which awake when the moment of their birth draws near, and close abruptly, barren and faithless, when the tune comes to an end. The resultant is a broad, monotonously flowing river, to which the incidental revolutions and explosions stand in the relationship of wavelets and eddies. This life has no direction of its own, but it has a momentum. No wonder that, mirrored in understanding consciousness, it calls out abysmal melancholy and abysmal scepticism. Nothing new ever happens. Nothing matters. There is no relying on anything. No effort is of any avail. When once I spoke of the fateful

character of all love-relations, an Argentine lady said with surprise: 'But is not the ultimate cause of all things chance and accident?' It is indeed, if no connexion is visualized or experienced; a thing which is possible only to spiritual consciousness. And all sense-connexions do indeed crumble into a simultaneity and succession of chance-occurrences, unless one keep hold of their significance. Thus also good faith cannot really exist, for all ties are dismissed by forgetting.

Yet hence also the wealth of nuances in South American suffering experience; it is a child of monotony in the same sense, as the great landscape-painting of Europe is the child of Holland's deficiency in the picturesque. And hence the musical gifts of the South Americans. Their root is the desire to transpose an inner life which is inaccessible to consciousness, into a sphere in which the same infinity of the total stream of life and the same finiteness of each separate form may be experienced as bliss and joy. Here, the Argentine is akin to the Russian. Otherwise these nations have nothing in common. But the Argentine, too, knows of that fathomless melancholy the Russian calls *Unynie*. His most characteristic national songs, too, are endless and monotonous. And, above all, the music of both nations is essentially polyphonous. Wherever harmony means more than melody, the significance of such music lies in a suspended lingering of the soul's emotions in all their multiplicity. There, harmonization means bliss and redemption, because it transposes chaos into cosmos. But pure rhythm, too, is a genuine expression of Gana-life; for this life has a rhythmic and periodic flow. This is why primitives are superior as rhythmists to all cultured races. Argentine rhythmics, in particular, are grandly symbolical for a state of being nearest the depths of Life. They articulate monotony pulse-wise. But, on the other hand, they break through this monotony, again and

again, as a restive horse breaks through the motionless infinity of the Pampa. Whatever is wild in Argentine dances and Argentine songs has its prototype in the *Corcovada*, the galloping of the wild horse straining to throw off its rider. And, again, it is profoundly symbolical that the native Argentines of the campo dance their wild dances exclusively with their feet, whilst body and face remain impassive, thus marking the true relationship between movement and monotony.

But the most affecting music South America has created, to my mind, is that of Peru. This music, too, is monotonous and polyphonous. But everywhere it is resonant with the memory of a great past. Now it is as though one heard echoing through its melodies the march of the vast Inca-armies which created one of the grandest empires of history; anon as though the resigned chant of the serf sounded in its refrain. And at the same time, each song has something of the hymn in it: it is the remembrance of that Divine Order of the past which gave to all earthly functions a hieratic significance.

Spain is the gateway through which understanding of pure Gana-life can be reached. In his book *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards** Salvador de Madariaga has very profoundly described the Spaniard as the *man of passion.* He is characterized by the fact that he does not primarily think, nor primarily act, but that primarily he lets himself live. Accordingly, his existence is one of essential wholeness; he never lives from out of parts of his Self, but from out of their integral connexion. Hence his normal and enduring state of being is one of passivity; disorder and inconsistency the frame of his external life; his character is spontaneous, simple, sincere; he is an intrinsic individualist; intuition in contradistinction to reflection is his ruling disposition, faith the strongest form of his dynamism; he manifests

* 1929, Oxford University Press, Humphrey Milford, London.

activity merely in the form of an occasional explosion. Then indeed he achieves prodigies, because integral man is drawn into action. Now Spanish life whose well-spring is passion is no pure Gana-life, for it is co-determined by Spirit; hence the significance of faith, intuition and imagination, whereas Gana is blind. Yet in Spain, too, the recognized nerve of all life is Gana which is irrational and incapable of rationalization. This is why in South America Gana could become the sole life-form: spiritual tradition perished in the long run, as do all spiritual traditions on foreign soil; whereas Gana survived, because its primordial character is at home everywhere. This explains what seems a pre-established harmony existing between the colonists and the coloured natives.

By comparison Spain and South America one learns to understand how much of what is generally considered spirit-born is *not* of spiritual origin. All customs and usages belong here. Even if their origin be spiritual — what lives on as custom is a definite organic melody fixed in feelings and emotions, which takes its course automatically without the co-operation of any understanding of its meaning and without option of will. Thus, in South America more ancient Spanish traditions survive, than in modern Spain. They are absolutely binding for all who belong to the ancient stock, and their force makes them so infectious that they are quick to draw even the immigrants from modern countries into their magic circle. This is possible for the sole reason that here it is *not* a question of spiritual ties. Customs have their roots in the tenacious world of the Third Day of Creation. One does not take them over on the strength of understanding, one becomes their slave. And if such thraldom rules the entire existence, one can indeed speak of a 'pathic attitude'; only it is not the pathic attitude, about which modern German romanticists become so enthusiastic; for the attitude they mean simply does not exist in primordial

states of being. There is no idea of a world 'of vast and grand experience' nor 'of floating primary images'; neither is there 'wealth of soul' nor 'conscious connexion with the continuous flow of life': it is a form of existence bound in like manner as is that of physical organs. And the consciousness which is dimly aware of the existence of Spirit does not reflect primeval bliss, but the suffering and pain of bondage. Thus, in the beginning, there could only be that sadness one finds in the expression of the eyes of so many animals, not joy. The dream of the Golden Age is the first-born child of a consciousness which mirrors images upside down.

Previous to my voyage I had been told by admirers of South America that the beauty of the particular modality of its life lies in its vegetative quality. On South American soil it became conclusively clear to me that Hans Much is right when he maintains that the plant is not the root of all organic life, but that from some unknown root two diverging trees grow up; one of which has man for its crown, the other, on an even higher plane (according to Much), the plant.* It is true that man, too, to a considerable extent is plant-like; his vegetative system accordingly is more perfect in its functions than the animal within him. Nevertheless the animal, and more especially man is *not* at bottom a plant. The animal lives on spoliation, not on production; its entire existence rests on the exploitation of the plant which alone is capable of transmuting the unorganic into the organic. On the plane of physical organic life the plant certainly is the more perfect and successful formation. It is complete in itself; there is no reason why it should strive beyond itself. Moreover, the plant really is innocent, since it produces everything by itself and does not live at the expense of other live creatures. It is more creative; and, on the whole, in its existence the beautiful outweighs the ugly. But once one has realized this, one also understands why within the depths

* Cf. his pamphlet *Körper-Seele-Geist*, Leipzig, Curt Kabitzsch Verlag.

of man must live desolation, and not bliss; ugliness, not beauty; evil, and not goodness. Murder and rapine are the foundations of animal life, or in its passive aspect, suffering and torture. Here, liberation and beauty can only come from Spirit, which uses the tensions of Nature as a material for the creation of melodies all its own.

Gana-life, therefore, is essentially animal and not vegetative. This is why, to awakening spiritual consciousness, it must needs appear evil in its nethermost depths. How profound was the insight of Buddha when he identified the desire to live with greed! Once one recognizes no primacy of the spiritual which grows from other roots than earth within man, then — if one would still cling to ethical demands — there is indeed no solution truer to Sense than the desire of extinction. But precisely here lies the error: to cling to ethical demands when the independence of Spirit is denied. In this connection Bolshevism is clearer and more consistent than Buddhism. If there is no Beyond of Nature, then Life is not sacred; then Evil is equivalent to Good, where the latter is not more expedient, and preferable where it is of better service to Life. Then the group, as the more longlived of the two, is right to make a slave of the individual The Buddhistic attempt to vindicate an ascetic humane ethos on the grounds that it is difficult to end life, unless one acts according to the moral law, has its *raison d'être* in metaphysical prejudice which continues working in the Unconscious even of the Hindu Buddhist. This prejudice is undoubtedly right; therefore Buddhism is a potentially eternal world-religion, which Bolshevism is not. Nevertheless, the latter is not only more consistent: it shows with greater frankness what human life *qua* animal life in its nethermost depths actually is. Thus it is true to significance that criminals should govern Russia. It is also true to sense that they do not think themselves criminals; for in the netherworld their ethos is in harmony with the place.

This trend of thought has led me to a true understanding of the coldblood quality of the South American, which at first seemed so strange to me. Nethermost animal life is cold; it is inert, re-acting, not acting; it is absolutely tied from within. Blind urge rules it. Of progress it knows nothing. From here one can understand why it is that the born criminal always shows primitive traits. Not only does he lack checks of mind and soul: in external appearance he often bears a surprising resemblance to the under-man of the nethermost strata from which humans have been dug up. He is almost always a coward. Original Fear rules the whole of his nature. Original Hunger is the hall-mark of his greed. He lacks all sympathy, even where he himself is concerned. This corresponds to the spirit of the cold primordial snake. But foremost he is, on the one hand, a creature of routine and, on the other, he lacks all forethought. Is further proof necessary that the netherworld is evil? . . .

IN the Argentine the world of Gana manifests itself more impressively than anywhere on earth, because its intrinsic passivity is concomitant with outward progressiveness, intellectual alertness and great refinement of feeling. This nation lives a primordial life, and yet appears thoroughly modern. In order to understand this, it should be remembered that Collective Life can begin anew at every stage of civilization, just as all individual life begins as though nothing had gone before it, so that archaism and primordiality are by no means bound to historical age. The primordial character of this life manifests itself in its passive quality. Now in South America, the essential passivity and inertia is so great, that one is justified in calling life there a mere 'Being-lived'; it is not an active life. Whatever looks like activity has its roots at the surface, and this is why South Americans are generally held to be superficial. Fundamentally they are not superficial at all; but their depths are dumb. Moreover, South Americans are unwilling to show

their true character, they prefer to ape the lives of others. Woman, whose life is suffering experience is as a type profounder than man, who *ab*-reacts whatever affects him inwardly in outward activity. This explains why all earliest great world-experiences were made in ages in which passivity predominated: in the beginning was woman, not man. And one should not try to settle the question by asserting that here it is 'simply' a case of 'primitive' psychology. First of all, what I envisage here is different from what applies to the latter idea — the present-day 'primitives' or 'races in a state of nature' are specialized or untalented representatives of Gana-life, who are most likely incapable of higher development. — Secondly, the primivity in question is the foundation of *all*, even the most spiritualized existence. The ancestors of all civilized races once were akin to what the South Americans are to-day. They all began in blindness. The mythological stage is already a late stage. And any man who is at all vital, and who has not yet reached his end as the representative of this race, *must* appear primitive in some layers of his being, however considerable his spiritualization and cultural level may otherwise be. Hence the so-called child-like character of genius. Now the South Americans, in so far as they are near to earth, and the forces of Gana within them are not repressed, weakened or deteriorated, have a greater future on earth than all uprooted peoples, and all those who merely exploit the earth as raw material, however intelligent and civilized they be. Accordingly, the South Americans as opposed to the North Americans are thoroughly vital, exuberantly potent and fruitful; theirs is a wonderfully rich emotional life. The unsettled state is what corresponds to the vital beginnings of all peoples. Gana-life in its outward manifestations is discontinuous and disconnected; in each individual case, it manifests itself as a qualitatively unique and hermetically closed melody. Owing to this, all human life begins in the form not

of large, but of small communities, which refuse to have anything to do with each other; particularism was the cradle of all empires. Being, moreover, passive, Gana-life is static and accordingly firmly moored in the earth. Nothing could be easier than to defeat an empire organized and permeated by intellect like the German *Reich*; if Germany was not disrupted, this was due to the forces of Gana inherent in its various peoples which clung to Bismarck's *Reich* from the same inner urge as that which compels the France of to-day — which only two hundred years ago united by violence many incompatible races — to adhere to the idea of *la France une et indivisible*; but in all likelihood France will be as incapable of assimilating the Alsatians as the Syrians and Tonkinese. The blinder a life, the more unerring its course, like that of a man walking in his sleep; the nearer does it come to the perfection of organic processes. If Gana-life as such is strong enough, no history can shake its balance. Being blind, it is also beyond the pale of time. It may be suppressed for years, for centuries, for millennia. But then, eternally young, it will claim its rights at the first propitious moment.

And it seizes this moment more unerringly, than would any mind not gifted with genius, in whom the life of Gana and of Spirit have not been blended in a higher synthesis. For nethermost life is so accurately and all-sidedly fitted into all earth-processes, that it seldom behaves otherwise than in the way we would call fit to purpose or true to aim. Only what is essential here is this that the fact that life is being directed towards aims pre-supposes no imagination whatsoever. Judged from the angle of its achievements, the blindness of Gana is nothing more marvellous than the blindness of radium. Probably the prevailing misunderstanding of the case is due to the survival of the prejudice harboured by primitive man that death is an *un*-natural thing. But precisely the end Death represents, as opposed to the other-

wise ruling law of the preservation of energy, characterizes the animate in contradistinction to the inanimate. Within the connexion of Gana-life clearly understood, the so-called life and death-impulses can be without difficulty rightly located. At every moment, man in his heart of hearts 'wills' both life and death; for every moment something within him dies, whilst some other thing is born. What Life really 'wills', is neither life nor death, but its own particular identity; at one moment, this will posits something more akin to what we call Life, and at another something more akin to our idea of death. When a melody has come to a close, it posits the absolute end. Beyond the living-out of Gana-life itself there is no goal. *To understand* all this is impossible, because understanding is born of Spirit which demands continuity, and Gana-life is essentially discontinuous. It is possible that the understanding acceptance of the newest results of physical research according to which the universe is finite and behaves on the whole like a soap-bubble, may indirectly help to accept also what is incomprehensible in vital reality and thus help men to desist from interpretations which conform to intellectual demands, but are contrary to Nature. In the meantime the following thoughts may make resignation easier. Probably it could be proven that of all creatures the far-seeing and imaginative are those most exposed to danger; for the connexions nearest at hand on which their lives in the first place depend, escape their notice. Through centuries savage races thrive under the most miserable conditions, whereas genius typically starves.

If now we include in a single glance what we have said in the course of this meditation, the possibility of a life modern and at the same time blind, such as we find in South America, no longer strikes us as strange. No foresight, no initiative; so slight a power of imagination that chance plays the part it played in the earliest days of Greek Moira; a complete lack of connexion and consistency. And yet, on the whole,

the stream of life flows along satisfactorily. The fact is that the emphasis lies not on the inadequacies, but on the peculiar virtues of Gana. Most likely, but few South Americans take their actions quite seriously, because in their eyes all success in the last analysis is a matter of fate or accident. And for themselves they are right to resign on the plane of spiritual initiative: a compelling force acting from within holds their life together in full harmony with the nature of Gana. And regarding this compelling force, which seldom errs in its ways and aims, South American consciousness is quicker of hearing than European consciousness. The faculty of observation and of judgment the body possesses in its sphere, exceeds that of mind as it appears in its present stage of development. Its sensitiveness is akin to that of an instrument of precision. A life centred in Gana shares many of the advantages of the body. But on the other hand, this attitude of absolute surrender of consciousness to Gana makes of life not only one single suffering experience, it also tends to turn it into a chronic disease. Quite logically, disease is taken infinitely seriously in South America. In Buenos Aires, it thereby becomes a means of ascending the social ladder. Four or five influenzas duly advertized in the special column entitled '*Enfermos*' of the leading newspapers which everybody reads with the greatest attention and sympathy, suffice to make a person known and to give him access to the first ranks of society.

IMPERCEPTIBLY our considerations have flowed into the old channel of our thoughts on the world of the Third Day of Creation. Indian impassibility is the extreme expression of Gana-life which entrenches itself behind Nay-saying. The self-indulgence of Argentine woman is the original expression of her accepted susceptibility. And Original Fear and Original Hunger are the impulses which under lie all the phenomena we have considered. Original Fear is the basic reason of that timidity typical of South America; a

timidity whose roots reach down to far greater depths than that of other young nations which feel diffident before older nations simply because of their lesser racial experience and culture. But what about Original Hunger? Original Hunger finds its expression in an insatiable craving for what is new and modern, which is usually absorbed in the manner boas devour stags, and rarely retained. The Gana-quality of this thirst for knowledge is proven by the rapidity with which things are forgotten and by the lack of a ruling sense of value; for the latter always impels man not to devour what he values, but to treasure it. Hence the extreme Don Juanism of South American man. Hence, too, the unique readiness of South American women to let their mind and soul be fecundated by Spirit. But also the ancient Spanish greed of gold survives there. Its spiritual component which played the decisive part with the conquistadores, has vanished; thus Original Hunger manifests itself within the South American souls in an almost pure state; it does so in the form of a desire to eat their way through all things, as the worm eats its way through the earth. The Argentine craves the possession of inordinate wealth, but not because he has any reverence for or the wish to create values, but in order to spend it foolishly, as fast as he can. To that extent even Argentine generosity, however beautiful it may be, is as a rule devoid of all ethical motives: it is mere squandering.

This leads us to a study of the manifestations of Power. Obviously, an inert, soft, yielding Collective Life offers the born leader immense possibilities; and the same applies to a well-organized machinery of power, wherever such machinery happened to be exteriorized. To begin with the latter: only the supremacy of passive Gana-life with the overwhelming majority made possible the existence of the Inca-state, whose wonderful economic system based on a prearranged plan will for Bolshevism ever remain an unattain-

able ideal; its founders probably were a race grown out of kind; they were a highly gifted warrior tribe of strong initiative, who knew how to objectify the power they had conquered. The same applies to the amazing clock-work state of the Jesuits in Paraquay, and even to modern Brazil and the Argentine: in both these modern states the organization of the government is far in advance of national organizations. But what possession of power and its exercise on the plane of ruling Gana originally means, becomes clear when one considers the typical leader or chieftain of South America, the *caudillo*. He is as pure a creature of Gana as is the mass. To him applies, what we said of the terrible beasts of prey: they are not brave, but blind force acts through them; they are no less subjected to the overpowering supremacy of Nature than the weakest of creatures. But the caudillo's Gana is stronger than that of the others, therefore involuntarily they submit to him, once the ratio of forces has become apparent. In order to achieve this, he need do no more than the sun does to assert itself in the face of the planets. But this does not imply that he possesses *Wu-Wei*,* the original radiating power of Spirit which belonged to the great Chinese emperors: no spirit whatever emanates from him; he is just as passive, as devoid of initiative as the majority. One can best gain an understanding of the power of the caudillo when thinking of the groups in which monkeys live: they always show a carefully organized hierachy which is purely based on the specific weight of the various males. The caudillo incarnates absolutely blind will to power. To use the language of the primitives which for once provides an apt expression: he possesses more *Mana*. No South American caudillo — Bolivar was not a caudillo, he was fundamentally still a Spanish colonial — ever had a political end in view; he was simply urged from within to

* I have used and explained this Chinese term in the chapter 'World-Ascendancy' of *Creative Understanding*.

conquer power, to maintain or augment it; and *this* is what occasionally also led to what looked like far-sighted statesmanship. This was the case with the arch-tyrant of the Argentine, Rozas, who had no other object but himself; it is thanks to him, nevertheless, that the Argentine even to-day represents a state of more individual character and style, than are most of the other South American states. Irigoyen, too, who by refusing to take part in the World War and by standing on the defensive against the United States has achieved the final consolidation of the state Rozas founded, had no political aims or purposes — a fact which explains the literally antidiluvial mistakes of his old age which ultimately led to his fall (for instance, he refused for years to pay the bills of the state naturally amounting to millions, because it meant 'too much money'). Why did he with truly magnificent moral firmness prevent the Argentine from joining the Entente in the Great War? One of his countrymen gave the following explanation to Kasimir Edschmid:* 'Irigoyen did not go to war, because his predecessors in the presidency, the gentlemen of the Jockey Club wished to take up arms; then because the Yankees were joining in; thirdly, because neither Spain nor the Church were going to war.' In truth, all possible reasons can be included in one single sentence: *porqué no le daba la gana.* This, too, was the source of his radical reforms: as a creature of Gana he was *en rapport* with the masses which could follow him, and maintained himself instinctively anticipating their needs and requirements. But this he did not from wise forethought, but, as it were, demopathically, if it be permissible to invent the polar opposite of the word 'demagogically'. Similarly, he merely satisfied his own blind will to power, when he refused to answer any of the *communiqués* of the all-powerful United States. Irigoyen was the typical South American

* Cf. his book *Glanz und Elend Südamerikas* (Frankfurt, Main, Societäts-druckerei, p. 363) admirable as a description.

caudillo precisely in the extraordinary passivity and inflexibility he manifested with regard to everything to which he felt opposed. For the rest, he was true to his type in his art of shrouding himself in mystery. He was the most inaccessible and unpenetrable of all men. Argentine *parada*, the craving to show off, expressed itself in his case in a reversion to the opposite. And thereby he acquired what every Indian chief instictively aims at: the prestige of the magician. From the view-point of passive Gana, all active working of Spirit is the work of magic; for Spirit runs athwart the course of its movements. True to logic, every earliest bearer of the Spirit-principle plays the role of the magician, and actually considers himself a wizard. The ritualism of primitive races is well-known: for the success of the chase the incantation preceding it is more important than the arrow which hits its mark. But Rozas, too, a man mighty in arms, thought like this; in order to destroy his opponent Urquizas (who ultimately defeated him) he had a sentence spoken in a particular cadence for years before every assembly, on the composition of which sentence he had spent long nights: *Muera el loco traidor selvaje unitario Urquizas.* And it was this consciousness of the magician which came into play when the last of the great caudillos, Irigoyen and the Peruvian Leguia, honestly thought themselves something like a Messiah. Aztec and Inca emperors in the same way thought themselves gods. Hence the secret torturing and assassinating which Leguia, in particular, is alleged to have practised on a large scale with a perfectly clear conscience. He had more of the Indian character than Irigoyen and was accordingly more *taimado** in the sense of the coldblood. I quote part of the reflections of Kasimir Edschmid on the fall of Leguia (with whom I was not personally acquainted; I knew Irigoyen well), because he presents his personality very plastically: 'Göhrs remembered

* Cf. the definition of this idea on p. 47.

how, the day after he had seen the severed head which had been reduced to the size of an egg, he had been to interview Leguia. On the other side of the garden lay the room in which Pizarro was stabbed. It was the same line, the same fate, the same medieval force which had stirred both men, and to which accordingly to a myterious inherent law the country had succumbed. Göhrs recalled the moment when he had seen the old man standing between the Chilean and the Peruvian queens of beauty, well-groomed, with white hair and small feet. In his mind's eye he saw him attending the bullfights without fear, dauntless, exposing himself to every kind of danger. He thought of his son, whom he had disowned because he was guilty of corruption. He thought of another of his sons who, because of a business transaction in which he had been robbed of £30,000 by somebody, was chasing this person all over Europe. He remembered how an Argentine had told him that a son of Leguia had offered him the monopoly of the shooting of furred animals in Peru — fifty-fifty — a gigantic subornation to the detriment to the country. And then again he saw Leguia, gentle of appearance, on the very day he had signed the order that thirty people were to be taken to San Lorenzo and tortured for an attempt upon his life . . . How Leguia had said with a smile: 'Ten years — and not flagged for an hour. Yes — Lima must become a great city within ten years; but my programme for the irrigation of the desert sea-line and its settling with poor people and Indios is more important. I am determined to raise the status of the Indios . . . It was the terrible tragedy of this country that the strongest man Peru had had since the days of Pizarro, the first who cared for the Indios, was forced to govern as a tyrant and a dictator. And it was part of the tragedy of South America that this strong man who desired to do his best for Peru and had indeed done wonders, was morally implicated in a corruption which made him half a chief of the

Renaissance and half a criminal . . . What hope was there for a country where all things neutralized each other, ran athwart or were corrupt; where good always elicited evil, where evil was expected to serve as a screen for the good, and where, on the whole, things remained just what they were?'

The answer is: *every hope*; for as yet blind Gana still holds the sovereign rule, and the Up and Down without progress represents its specific law and order. Leguia surely had as little primary will either to Good or Evil as Irigoyen; through him merely worked blind will to power in an adaptation corresponding to the existing state of things. *And at bottom all great statesmen have been what Irigoyen and Leguia were.* They were more to the extent that they were not blind, but seeing, and had spiritual ends in view. But had not blind will to power lived within them, they would not have been leaders by true inner vocation; they would have found no followers. They would not in every crisis instinctively have done the right thing nearest at hand. Above all, they would not with the necessary unscrupulousness have used the means most effectual at the given moment. If now we take in at a glance these last trends of thought and what was said in 'Fate', it seems to me that it should be conclusively clear what politics are. The political decadence of Europe set in with the supremacy (beginning in the French Revolution) of political theories which were guided by and towards purely intellectual principles. That is to say: since then ever less genuine leaders have come to power; genuine in the sense that their Gana should involuntarily create a powerful field of gravitation. Only England, hostile to theory and abstract thought, still knows how to recognize and breed leaders as zoological types. Aristotle meant what he said when he defined man as the political *animal*; only there are also political animals of other descriptions. But no successful political activity is possible, unless it move on the plane of Gana, on the plane of inner bondage as opposed to liberty

of choice. Wise policy never aims at achieving what is best from the view-point of reason by means of rational measures; for whatever reason has built up, it can the very next moment destroy again: its aim must be to bring the individual and the social instincts, the instincts of power and subordination, in short, all the various Gana-melodies into such a connection, that the resulting external order impresss the Unconscious as obviously right and is thus compulsorily maintained and supported by it. But this can only be effected by means corresponding to the nature of Gana. Philip II of Spain still knew, that in order to avoid jeopardizing important innovations from the very outset, he must in the time-honoured medieval way guarantee the continuance of the customs traditional to the various regions of his empire. The chaotic state of the modern world is to a great extent due to the fact that, on grounds of reason or unreason they are not respected, or else that fixed historical Gana-ties have ceased to exist.

Good policy is indeed possible exclusively with regard to Gana-life. Hence all leaders must be men possessed by the will to power. Public opinion, even in the most civilized nations, recognizes this truth to the extent that it takes it as a matter of course that a man should manœuvre for the consolidation of his own power, mostly at the expense of the people — and that it does not resent such manœuvring. And all men I know, whether or not they acknowledge it, succumb to the prestige of the leader who has the courage to be hard. A considerable number of the most humane Europeans must guard against the temptation to worship Lenin as a 'Saint'. The whole of Mussolini's prestige rests upon what is elementary within him; and there are many democrats in all countries who, in their heart of hearts, are filled with an unholy joy and admiration for the gross abuse Pilsudski hurls at his parliament. Certainly such obtrusively saurian-like methods are not indispensable. The fact that the dictators

of modern Europe can, and very likely must, say things which, for considerations of good style and prudence, no *condottiere* of the Renaissance would ever have dared to utter, is a reaction against the period in which theory ruled supreme. But if the emperor Shun of China had but to sit on his throne, his face turned towards the South, in order that perfect harmony prevail throughout his empire, this was so not because of his transparency for the spiritual — otherwise every saint might have been an emperor — but because this transparency rested upon the foundation of true-born will to power. Thus, weakness even to-day is the one thing no nation forgives its leader. How completely all politics belong to the plane of Gana, is proven by the grotesque fact that in international intercourse, wherever statesmen do not directly mean war, they must above all things be regardful of the 'susceptibility' of the states — far more so even than is necessary in the case of South American women. But I will not insist. A glance at history, at political success and political failure, proves to him who is willing to see that the entire domain of possible political achievement belongs to the plane of Gana. Hence the compelling plausibility of those forms of political life which have proved successful, such as monarchy, parliamentarism, the Soviet-system, forms of government which have passed from one nation to another like infectious diseases. Here it is a case not of constitutions, but of organic habits. 'What are laws?' a Bolivian once said to me when I pointed out the strange discrepancy between the official rights and the actual status of the Indians of the High Tablelands. 'Laws are imposed and subsequently repealed. People *act* according to traditional custom.' Certainly, the great statesman must also be a great mind. But what distinguishes him from other great spirits and explains why not every great spirit should be qualified to be a statesman, is that peculiar inner adjustment of the born statesman thanks to which Spirit originally acts

conformably to Gana. All the significance of good slogans, of carefully weighed rewards and executions lies here. There can be no doubt that, viewed from Spirit, all means employed to establish and maintain power are essentially evil. Compulsion as such is evil, and so are the inevitable lie called diplomacy and tactics, and the extortion called 'bringing a certain pressure to bear upon others', and without which a policy of power is impossible. The picture is completed by the necessity that in the soul of a leader the will to power should reign supreme.

Now the South American caudillos with their coldblood qualities, their will to power and their lack of conscious aims, no longer stand out as exceptional phenomena, but as arch-types. They represent arch-types in a far purer form than the chieftains of primitive races, because with the latter group-consciousness predominates; accordingly, the leader, however blessed with Mana he may be, never appears in so pure a form, nor possesses so great an individual significance as the caudillo. But primitives do not make politics proper. The latter begin when individualization has progressed so far that the group is not merely 'existent' like a plant, but represents a dynamic field of forces; a thing which presupposes a focus. On the other hand, the most brutal of the great conquerors, such as the Mongols, cannot be regarded as arch-types, because unconsciously they were already ruled by Spirit which disciplines Gana and sets aims and goals to it. No one will reproach Dschenghis Khan with self-indulgence. If now we survey all first beginnings of history we know of, we realize that *all* bear a resemblance to South American conditions. The first molecular order was the result of mere specific weight. There was no set purpose apart from the striving for the maintenance and increase of power as such; there was no synthetic vision. Early ages are as full of autonomous kings as the forest is full of trees. Hence the extreme particularism of all first beginnings,

such as one may witness to-day in the mutual hostilities and contempt of the diverse nations of South America. But these blind and exclusive units are the sole possible foundations of every later civilization. *La France une et indivisible* would be a very frail thing indeed without the Gana-ties created by more than a thousand years of particularistic structure and a subsequent unifying style of Life. And to that extent all wars between neighbouring states are eruptions of the primordial, which appears in the form of a grotesque exaggeration in the World War; where each Gana-melody is a thing particular and exclusive which lives according to its own individual rhythm, they must inevitably cross-interfere. And since the evil Gana-world is the foundation of all Life, there is but one way of creating a state of things true to Logos and Ethos: to orchestrate the Gana-melodies in such a manner, that involuntarily they fall in and play *tout-ensemble* or *unisono*. In so far it is a propitious sign that wars are growing ever more universal. To that extent a linking of interests is the only way to reach a general peaceful order of human life. Man of the 'Geological Epoch of Man' who is actually the Lord of Creation, is far less conscious of Original Weakness than any man of earlier ages. This is why religious or any other kinds of super-terrestrial motives find a particularly slight response in his netherworld. All the more strongly and constantly do the undertones of Original Hunger and Original Fear sound the accompaniment of all happenings in the upper world. The majority of people are in fear of starvation; they are crying for security. This inevitably makes for an economic, not a political age; for it is only recognized ownership, not armament which safeguards. To what depths these motives may work creatively is shown by Bolshevist Russia. The young people of this nation which by natural disposition is averse to work cannot even imagine a state of things in which one does *not* work. This is so precisely for the same reason that nobody is too

lazy to breathe: without work there really is nothing to eat in the Russia of to-day.

THE problem of Gana has made it very clear to me, once again, how important it is to find the right 'designations', as the term was used in ancient China.* Confucius taught that the first act of a king who assumed the government of a kingdom in a state of disorder must be to 'set right the designations'; for every word which is employed inevitably works itself out conformably to its own particular meaning. The World War and the chaotic conditions succeeding it have given us ample experience of the truth of this teaching: every lie told for purposes of propaganda, every one-sided exaggeration for tactical reasons brought their own punishment with them, for events subsequently took them at their word. Thus the pacification of Europe is being prevented ever since by realities actually born of words; and such realities are far more difficult to eliminate that would have been the conflicting tendencies in which the World Conflagration originated. But 'right designations' are no less important when understanding is the aim. It is impossible to see primordial Life in its true light, when one proceeds from the idea of primitiveness. For therewith one starts from the prejudice of a striving toward higher states; the case is judged from this idea and what is unique is either overlooked or misinterpreted. This is the origin of the mistaken theory of 'primary images'. There certainly are primary images; but they come into existence as reflections in a mirror, as it were, at the in-break of Spirit. Primordial Life is blind, essentially blind; and only when proceeding from this blindness can one gain a correct idea of this life and give it the right definition. Thus also we can arrive at the right understanding of the original connection of Life on earth only when starting from original blindness.

* Cf. the explanation in the chapter 'World-Ascendancy' of *Creative Understanding*.

This connection lies at greater depths than all *Mneme*, all memory; in particular it lies at profounder depths than all feelings and emotions permeated by soul or capable of such permeation. We saw that thraldom is not love. The tie its idea denotes is an abysmal bond. It is a thing analogous to the forces of gravity or of cohesion, or to the magnetic field, or chemical affinity, as the case may be. Since the analogy is incomplete, it is of no use insisting on the image we have employed, if only it succeeds in making obvious which recognition it is meant to convey. This recognition condensed as far as possible is the following. The original character of Life can no more easily be grasped when we proceed from its earliest manifestations of sensitiveness and irritability, than when we start from its most spiritualized forms of expression. Behaviourism shows clearer judgment than other schools, when it holds that *habit* is the ultimately given fact; for this idea actually is true to the quality of Primordial Life which is exclusive, tied and closed like a melody. But Behaviourism is mistaken when it lays the stress on external causation. However much primordial life was dependent on externals, however much it was forced to adapt itself in order to exist — the original phenomenon precisely is this case is its autonomy. And the laws ruling this autonomy are the laws of Gana. Their differentiated manifestations can be reduced in each case without risk of error to ideas such as Original Hunger and Original Fear, ecstasy of blood-shedding and desire to overpower, seduction and thraldom, instincts of self-preservation and self-destruction; they can also be intepreted in terms of the two principles of Lust and Reality, as does the School of Freud. But everywhere the irreducible last resort is and remains undifferentiated massive Gana. Gana, not sex, nor the instinct of power and retaliation, and most emphatically no prospective tendency is the original phenomenon. Foresight is possible only where Spirit rules.

Judged from Spirit, these primordial manifestations of Life impress one as weirdly strange. But they are as weirdly akin to those dark forces which hold together what is connected in the universe we are wont to call dead — a fact Spirit will for ever fail to understand. Here all intelligible concepts prove inefficient. But if one applies comprehensible ideas which correspond to reality such as observation and inference show it to be, they strike one as even more weird. The universe is not empty, but somehow of a viscous quality. There is no continuous transition from one process to another, but discontinuity is apparent everywhere. And yet everywhere uniting equations are applicable which must somehow be expressive of a real connexion. Thus, Primordial Life, too, is discontinuous and at the same time connected. And foremost it is viscous and inwardly heavy. The human correspondence to its earliest expression is what we call thraldom in the case of love. Its normal state corresponds to habit fixed so rigidly that no understanding and no will can break through it.

Before I set foot on South America's primordial soil I thought that Life was originally without weight. And whatever was heavy or made life heavy seemed to me degenerate. I know now that inner heaviness, absolute lack of freedom, and bondage represent its primeval expression. And I know, too, that this primordial quality survives immutable in all live creatures, at whatever depths, however unfathomable, as long as life remains vital. For this primordial quality alone is in harmony with the Spirit of the Earth. Thus it is not contrary to Sense, when the irrational quality of overwhelming power is worshipped as a gift of God like the Divine Right of Kings; it has nothing to do with God; but it is an expression of a reality as profound in the direction of the earth, as is the law of gravity. Thus, it is true to significance when Love as Thraldom Absolute is extolled in song and poetry as something superhuman: such love is not

indeed superhuman in the direction of Spirit, but with this love the inscrutable law of Earth reaches out into human life permeated by Spirit. And thus, all the meaning and the significance of Death has its roots in Gana. On hearing of the decease of a great spirit who had not reached a very old age, Goethe said: 'I cannot understand why he consented to die.' For truly great men, that is, men almost exclusively ruled by Spirit, the end indeed rarely comes, before it is in accord with Spiritual Significance. Otherwise Death has nothing to do with Spirit. Death itself is no spiritual problem. But Death is no stranger to Life. Primordial man who dies a natural death and generally dies with so light a heart, would give truest expression to his actual experience, if he said: *me da la gana de morir.*

EIGHTH MEDITATION

DELICADEZA

THE man who would write the history of Creation not from the point of view of Spirit, but of Earth, and begin with the moment when Life commenced its autonomous development, would not say: in the beginning was the Word, or in the beginning was Action (as Goethe's *Faust* would have it). He would have to say: in the beginning was Susceptibility. Thanks only to those qualities (differing from the sensitiveness of inanimate matter, the highest expression of which is the instrument of precision of the physicist) which zoology calls sensibility or irritability, can the living monad maintain its identity in the face of an overpowering surrounding world. And with first man, sensibility and irritability must needs have been of extraordinary acuteness, for he was naked and without arms, and could not defend himself either by means of unlimited physical adaptability and capacity of metamorphosis, such as belongs to the lower animals, nor like the snake by means of tenacity and inertia: the peculiar law of his nature posited openness to the world of a being isolated as a body. Thus, psychical sensitiveness had continually to create, regulate and maintain the needed equilibrium between the inner and outer worlds. Adult intellect first created anything comparable to animal armour; that is, rigid formations which were not of a nature to endanger, but to sustain and protect.

But ages went by before intellect grew out of the root of primary sensitiveness.* And primary sensitiveness was

* There is no English equivalent for the German word 'Empfindung' *as opposed* to 'Gefühl' (emotion). Technically, 'Empfindung' is 'sensation'. But this word is hardly used in common language. The most usual word 'feeling' which very often corresponds to the German 'Empfindung' (f.i. hurt one's feelings) is too indefinite for the subtler distinctions of this chapter. Therefore, I have no choice but to use *different* words for 'Empfindung' and 'Empfindlichkeit' according to the context: susceptibility, sensitiveness, sensibility, impressionability, feeling etc. Similarly, in the following chapter I shall sometimes have to use 'feeling' instead of 'emotion'.– *Translator's note.*

the womb of all differentiated psychism. First, man was sensitive, vulnerable and excitable generally; and then only could the question arise to what, and to what in the first place he was sensitive; whether to hunger, honour or guilt. The first distinction between Good and Evil coincided with the discrimination between things that wound or do not wound; the first differentiation between things beautiful and ugly coincides with the distinction between things attractive or repulsive. For Gana-life is passive; it lacks all initiative, it re-acts only.

Hence follows the opposite of what people generally think: that nearness to nature and delicacy of feeling normally co-exist. The healthy body reacts with greater accuracy, precision and promptitude than the most subtle mind. The more consciousness has it focus in the sphere of feeling, the sharper its perceptive power for all shades of difference between impressions which wound or do not wound. Intentionally I speak of the latter impression in its negative instead of its positive aspect, because on all planes sensitiveness to pain originally outweighs the susceptibility to joy, just as there is no acute bodily joy which can balance acute bodily pain. And the reason is the same on all planes: sensitiveness to pain is a safeguard, whereas surrender to enjoyment endangers. True, there are crude and callous primitives. But with these it is not a case of a primordial state, but of differentiated products of adaptation, be it to inordinate heat or inordinate cold or any other kind of hardship, which on the one had make insensibility, on the other, a surplus of primary energy a condition of survival. Exclusively determinant masculinity also means a differentiated product of adaptation; it always conditions barbarization; here Sparta remains the universally human prototype. Crudeness and obtuseness are furthermore characteristic for certain end-states of dead-lock or degeneration. Thus, according to Schramme, most varieties of animals and plants died out

after having reached a maximum of ossification or other kind of induration, which made them lose their sensibility and capacity of metamorphosis. On the other hand, races formed by unfavourable conditions of life which, for that reason, were first crude and obtuse, have almost without exception emerged as the most progressive. They had to create by means of mental activity that equilibrium between themselves and nature which races born in more propitious environments possess from the outset. Hence the cultural importance of the northern or mountain races, such as the founders of the Inca and the Aztek estates; northern latitude and altitude have a similar biological significance. Hence also the importance of the desert races; and hence that of the Jews. This last example is particularly instructive in this connection. The reason why most other races do not like the Jews lies in their lack of delicacy; to put it roughly, their thick skin. This defect is a result of the circumstance that they have had to live too long under too adverse conditions, both physical and moral. But this very fact is the root of their creative moralism and their intelligence. Nevertheless, even if all nations of high spirituality be the descendants of barbarians — the barbarian is not the primitive as such but the man, who is more like the bear than the humming bird — the primary characteristic of the primitive is not barbarianism, but susceptibility ; assuredly the human race did not grow up in unfavourable, but in peculiarly propitious environments. The more primordial the conditions in correlation to which the type of a man was formed, the more exclusively does he live with and from out of sensibility.

Let us at once consider the extremest exemplar of this state of things. All primitives, who are not crude and callous, shun clear expression. This is by no means due to mental deficiency: they have a quicker and better understanding for *sousentendus*, hints and allusions than intellectualized persons, and indeed the reading of all early writing and the com-

prehension of every inarticulate language make higher demands upon the powers of combination, than does a way of expression which is clear in the European sense. The primitives' dread of the latter form of expression is simply due to the fear of being wounded. If now we remember that all that has been said about primitive susceptibility also applies to genuine women of whatever cultural status, we realize once more that in the beginning was woman, and not man. All true women are creatures of sensibility. All have more delicacy of feeling than men, and are in so far cleverer. All lack an original sense of spiritual connexions, whether intellectual or moral. With by far the greater number, 'Evil' is a secondary phenomenon. Supremely adaptable, they turn into that which corresponds to the situation, in which they find themselves. Women tied to men, who are incompatible with them, almost invariably change for the worse, a fact which has nothing whatever to do with morality, for the most brutal, violent and evil man, who is congenial to them, can make them good. The most refractory young fury can, in principle, be tamed by the right kind of man — which unfortunately no longer holds true of old ones, in whom the attitude has taken root.

South American humanity provides the very best example of the co-existence of primitivity and refinement. It has its centre of experience in Gana; it reacts in all things in conformity with its laws. Accordingly, susceptibility is its basic motive. This results in an order of 'Good' and 'Evil' entirely devoid of all moral qualification. Whatever wounds, is *ipso facto* evil; whoever wounds, is guilty in the absolute sense. Resentment is the last resort, not only *de facto*, but *de jure*, and its instant ab-reaction belongs to the natural rights of man. South American resentment is by no means an expression of weakness, as Nietzsche understood it, nor of repression in the sense accepted by psycho-analysis; both forms of resentment presuppose determination by spiritual motives;

what is operative here is comparison with a mental image. Nor is the South American feeling of being wounded a case of outraged honour or outraged sense of justice or the consciousness of actual injury; it is an immediate reaction of wounded susceptibility as such, just as the *mimosa pudica* reacts to touch. But since man is more keenly aware of what is disagreeable than of what is agreeable, the general impression made by the soul-state of South America is one of constant guarding against danger, distrust and readiness to take offence, if not to retaliate. One may say that the general atmosphere is one of original fear refined to the subtlety of touch of a supreme artist.

ALL fear demands a safeguard. Hence, in the relationship of man to man, the primacy of metaphor over straightforwardness, of etiquette over simple intercourse, of courtesy over frankness. Clear expression strikes primitive women as brutal. But this holds true of speech in the first instance, and not of actions. In the Argentine, a witty daughter of the land told me: you may do anything, as long as you say nothing. In principle, this is so wherever modern culture of frankness has not conquered the tradition of millennia. For since all immediate experience of man is of a psychological nature, and all intercourse between humans is, in the first instance, a communication from one soul to another, words cannot but mean more than actions. They are more wounding, they are more pleasing and gladdening. Kind words may compensate for the worst of injuries, because they overlay negative impressions with positive ones, a thing no payment of damages succeeds in doing. This, incidentally, shows up the monstrous coarseness of the modern spirit of the age, which considers an insult as repaired by adequate payment; whereas dignity can only demand either life (duel or vendetta) or a word of excuse, if the soul has been wounded; whoever can even dream of money as a compensation, manifests such obtuse-

ness of feeling, that he deserves to be judged and treated as the Greeks dealt with their slaves. But even with men who are not bereft of all delicacy it is at bottom the same as with refined women, whether or not they are aware of the fact. Gravest provocations are borne without sense of injury, if only the outward forms are observed. The courteous nations, i.e. the nations who consider the feelings of others independently of prevailing conviction and judgment of value, have without an exception, under otherwise equal conditions, shown the greater power of attraction. Every man, first and foremost, is so strongly a creature of sensibility and irritability — intentionally, I use again and again the *terminus technicus* of zoology — that the right consideration for the sphere of sensation is the A and Ω of the art of dealing with human beings. The English, who are so unscrupulous in their actions, on principle never use wounding words; personal remarks they avoid in every case, and they couch every assertion in terms as indefinite, and every demand in words as entreating as possible.

The extreme expression of possible consideration for the susceptibility of others is incarnated in the unwritten law of Brazilian *Delicadeza*. In connexion with what has been said before, we shall arrive at the quickest understanding of its essence by a short appreciation of the Brazilian State machinery. There is no more exquisitely subtle machinery in the world than that of the Brazilian State; and not in the sense of being overripe, but of being genuinely progressive under archaic conditions. At first sight, Brazil bears a striking resemblance to Tzarist Russia — which does *not* imply a negative judgment; backward and culturally non-homogenous peoples cannot be ruled according to the ideas of modern democracy. In both cases there is a country of immense vastness governed by a small minority; the latter culminates in one individual who is omnipotent as long as the term of his office lasts. The State machinery is, as it

were, an independent Being; the Brazilian high official and that of Tzarist Russia resemble each other like two brothers. But Brazil appears perfect and secure on the same plane, on which Russia was imperfect and so highly vulnerable; so much so, that after a few days spent in Brazil I said to myself: had Russia been governed like Brazil, the people would never have risen in revolt. Where Russia was brutal, the most subtle and delicate considerateness prevails in Brazil. Whatever might breed and nourish discontent, remains invisible one way or another; this applies foremost to the extremely efficient police. Public opinion is allowed to vent its feelings in words; many simple Brazilians think that there is no government at all. Only in ancient China's greatest days was government ever so imperceptible. The laws concerning women and children are exemplary, and so much active goodwill is extended to all who serve the State, that the poor feel under an obligation down to the third and fourth generation — not only the children, even the grandchildren of faithful civil servants receive a state pension. More than any other, Brazilian government uses similar ways and means as does the diplomacy of the female. It relates everything within its sphere to primordial impulses — and precisely this is the secret of its success. Primitive man resents unpleasant *impressions* only; accordingly, care is taken that he should never meet with such. If a humane conduct is observed in such cases, where even the cannibal practises humanity — foremost with regard to women and children — everybody is willing to blink facts. From here it does not seem difficult to understand the *rationale* even of the most strange and unusual expressions of Delicadeza. In Brazil everybody will understand a man who draws his pistol because of a single unfriendly glance. But on the other hand, if wounded feeling leaves room for reflexion, it is considered bad form to shoot a person from the front, since that might cause a

disagreeable impression. To assassinate a man is considered nobler conduct than to fight a duel. The following story (which is authentic, although I cannot exactly remember whether it happened in Brazil or a neighbouring state) contains the most striking illustration of what *Delicadeza* means. A man had reason to be jealous of another man, who was his rival in the affections of his wife, and accordingly made up his mind to shoot him; an act which there falls under the head of the preservation of established rights (*intérêt bien entendu*). The threatened man suspected this, and from that time on never went out unless accompanied by his wife and daughter. Delicadeza actually forbade his opponent, who was daily on the watch for him, to make a painful impression on the ladies by killing their husband and father before their very eyes. Thus months elapsed. Finally, the pursued man for once went out unattended. He was shot on the instant. The court brought in the perpetrator not guilty, instead of pronouncing him guilty of murder with malice prepense proven in several instances, and the public acclaimed him for his wondrous delicacy.

The same attitude prevails throughout the community life of the entire continent, with the one exception of Chile, where a more or less 'Nordic' outlook predominates. It is in its own way a world which shuns the light, in so far as every *sousentendu* is instantly understood and rightly valued, whereas clarity is *not* misinterpreted only in exceptional cases. In subtle and refined Brazil, accordingly, 'showing off', the *fita*, plays the determinant rôle. Here also lies the psychological root of the sharp discrimination made between what means personal dishonour and what does not, in the case of offences and crimes. Everything may happen, with the one exception of a scandal. The man who has been the object of a scandal is for ever done for. In the more primitive and simpler Argentine the hushing up of everything that is in any way loud leads to the verge of

permanent silence, or the mask of arrogance or of *Macana* (the kind of *je-'men-fichisme* peculiar to the Argentine) or ultimately the choicest attire to equivalent effect. A witty Spaniard once said that in Buenos Aires with its wealth of monuments the most important of all was lacking: the monument of the Unknown Tailor. But thanks to the extreme development of susceptibility, which is a natural safeguard against tactlessness, and to the general wish not to wound, social life does not represent, even for the foreigner, a difficult task. In fact, for my part, I think, there is no society life better suited to the purpose of providing relaxation and repose than intercourse with people, to whom pleasant impressions and feelings mean everything. Ancient Chinese courtesy bordered too nearly on court etiquette. This is an objectified machinery for the purpose of maintaining a state of security. The king is supposed to be so vulnerable that every breach of the expected form might destroy his self-assurance; and this apprehension is justified, for the exalted height of the prince's position nourishes within his Unconscious a compensating urge to self-abasement.* Therefore, he is kept aloof by such rigid rules that nothing unforeseen can imperil his bearing. But therewith falls what is most enchanting in all courtesy: that spontaneity which adapts itself ever anew to every situation. French *courtoisie* is guided by and conforms to ideas and values, and is therefore as much determined by spirit as by sentiment; for this reason it essentially both demands and is attention, or rather attentiveness; but attention wearies. South American Delicadeza is practised in a state of complete relaxation, and yet reacts with such precision, that one moves — unless some disconcerting moment interferes — as though within frictionless space. Here, a natural way of letting oneself go, without spiritual

* Cf. the explanations given of this fact in the chapter 'The Problem of Happiness' in *'The Recovery of Truth'*.

motives, judgments of value nor moral postulates leads to similar harmony as does, in other civilizations, the most spiritual discipline become flesh. This is obviously due to the influence of the continent. Neither the Spaniards nor the Portuguese have this kind of Delicadeza. The Spaniards ever were and still are humanly warm and kind, but they are far too individualistic and far too isolated in their inward life to be primarily considerate. Whereas the Portuguese, from whom the word *Delicadeza* as the Brazilians understand it, is derived, are complicated, torn and explosive, a fact which renders impossible all delicate attentiveness and the light play on the instrument of the impressions and feelings. But the same Delicadeza which belongs to the present day South Americans of European extraction always was one of the virtues of the Indians. All their tribes, apart from the Sibirian-like Araucans and ungifted or degenerate races, were and are characterized by a peculiar refinement and sweetness. They are never uncourteous, never coarse. It speaks volumes that in many Indian tongues there is but one word for Beauty and Happiness. And an equal refinement of feeling is proven by the legendary explanation the Brazilian Indians give for the White Man's victory: God had tendered two swords, one made of iron and the other of wood, for choice to the White and the Red man: the Red man chose the wooden sword, *because it was the more beautiful* . . . The high cultures of the Indians were of a peculiar humanity for which, as far as I know, there are no parallels. In the territory of what is to-day the desert of Santiago del Estero in the Argentine, there flourished in days of old a wondrous civilization. There, the archæologist during his excavations most frequently comes upon the Divine Hand which *healeth and sootheth*, as the symbol of the Divine. It is the hand of a goddess who, as a complete figure, is represented as weeping for the woes of mankind, her tears dropping upon

her breasts and, turning into milk, trickling down to fertilize the earth. The compassion thus portrayed obviously is neither the virtue that delights in giving of the Greeks, nor Christian nor Buddhistic love — she simply would soften painful sensations and impressions. Even so, the social order of the Incas, which otherwise surpassed the regime of the Bolsheviks in its coerciveness, inflexibility, consistency and complete exploitation of the individual for the benefit of the whole, was characterized by a considerateness of unique delicacy. When the fields were tilled according to the collective compulsory system, the part belonging to the Sun was begun upon, then followed the portion allotted to those who were helpless, sick and far away from home; for instance, fighting in the army for their country; last of all the field of the ruler was prepared for the crops. Nobody was ever overtasked. None was allowed to have cares. If a man stole, and it was ascertained that he did so from want, not he was punished, but the state official who through neglect of duty had occasioned the misdemeanour. Laziness and sloth, considered as sin and vice, were not tolerated. But on the other hand, every possible means was used to enhance the joy of work. And now to mention the most delicately refined trait: after the death of every Inca the greatest of the land sat in judgment on him and decided the question, as to whether he had been a good and a worthy prince. If the decision was unfavourable, he was — 'killed by silence'. He was struck from the annals. No harsh word was uttered. Just so, the South Americans cease to speak, wherever Europeans would raise their voices or scold. They would rather kill than use offensive language. The other South Americans hold that the Argentines are quarrelsome, noisy and coarse; yet even their visible life is essentially subdued, *una vida a la sordina*. There is no lack of elementary force in them, and this would readily explode. At bottom, many of them are savages. But their aversion to

disagreeable impressions, for themselves and for others, is so extreme that, but for rare exceptions, they restrain themselves in their own country, and only let themselves go abroad.

All this delicacy rests on the primacy of susceptibility. And the fact that it is indeed possible to rise, from out of this root, to heights is proven by the views and thoughts of many a great spirit. San Francisco de Assissi once said: '*Sappi, frate carissimo, que la cortesia é una delle proprietá de Dio, il quale da il sole suo e la piova ai giusti ed agli ingiusti — per cortesia. Ed é la cortesia sirochia della caritá, la quale spegne l'odio e conserva l'amore.*' *Confucius recognized only him as profound, whose wisdom was sublimated to charm, and none attached greater importance to rites than the great sage of China. Last not least, Goethe's appreciation of reverence as the sublimest virtue is well-known — but reverence cannot be imagined without an immediate *feeling* for quality. But I do not intend to follow up here this trend of thought. Here is the right psychological moment to turn our attention to the negative correlation of South American refinement. Since it is devoid of spirit-born motives, every feeling can unrestrainedly turn into its direct opposite. If South American susceptibility is wounded, a counter-reaction as differentiated and sensitive is the result; owing to the passivity and tenacity of Gana-life, it more often takes on the form of resentment than of swift retaliation. And since in this life pain predominates, it remains true that South America is the continent of susceptibility, and not of considerateness. A *culture* of considerateness like in Japan does not exist there, because the power of imagination and spiritual initiative which might create it, are underdeveloped; there is nought but subtly

* 'Know then, beloved brother, that courtesy is one of the qualities of God, who giveth His sun and His rain unto the just and the unjust — all for courtesy. And courtesy is verily the sister of Charity which leaveth out Hate and preserveth Love.'

refined nature. But culture is absolutely dependent on discipline. Thus, to South American sweetness corresponds, in accordance with the law of polarity, a cruelty equally delicate and refined. Cruelty is delicacy in the manner, in which human beings are made to suffer; accordingly, it is originally characteristic of woman, and not of man. The Indians were exquisitely cruel. The husband of that sweet goddess of the desert of Santiago del Estero, which we have described above, was a vampire-like creature; it belongs to the most horrible incarnations of Evil I have ever seen. Thus, many gods of South American antiquity resemble those fearful dream-figures, the interpretation of which is the daily task of the psycho-analyst — they are incarnations of various psychological states: the feeling of being persecuted produces such images; so does the dread of things repulsive, and impotent desire for revenge. It is this which makes South Americans with ugly souls — remember the *compadritos* — so particularly abhorrent: the contrast image of the absolutely pleasing is the absolutely repulsive.

If sensitiveness turns into its direct opposite, it becomes absolute lack of all feeling. This results in complete imperviousness to the sufferings of others, absolute want of sympathy, unparalleled imporosity. It has no parallel, because the man or woman exclusively determined by Gana is devoid of all power of imagination. This explains the strange co-existence of apathy and refined and subtle cruelty among highly cultured Indians. When looking at the problem from South America, I learnt to understand the peculiar expression of the Chinese and Japanese. As soon as a flash of negative emotion kindles their generally so perfectly controlled features, they appear repulsively ugly and evil. The reason is that they are men of susceptibility,*

* This may be due to racial causes. The South American Indians impress one as being almost pure Mongols.

and in so far incarnate the basic polarity of sweetness-cruelty. Only in the case of the Far-Eastern nations, this nature is governed and permeated by spirit; hence they have virtues the Continent of the Third Day of Creation does not yet know. But the Far East too is devoid of sympathy, which is the imagination of the heart. There, too, the basic motive is Delicadeza. Methinks: from here we can also understand that strange mixture of hardness and subtlety belonging to most of the figures of myth and fairy-tale, who are so far more comprehensible to children than grown-ups. The hardness and coldness is a result of lack of imagination, of the spirit as well as the heart. To them, the death of others means very much the same as being forgotten. Vindictiveness, however, is an expression not of imaginative power, but of memory, that quality inherent in all matter. Memory is the better, the more tenacious and impassive the stamp of man. Hence Indian revengefulness. South Americans of European blood and equal sensibility are less vindictive in proportion to their greater mobility; they can forget. The Chinese and Japanese incarnate a life centred in Delicadeza within the framework of supreme culture. The Japanese culture is one of almost pure susceptibility. Hence its delicate bloom, but hence also its coldness; the Japanese, too, have something of the snake. In China, the commands of Delicadeza have become the pillars of a grand philosophy. Hence the command that one should save one's face at any cost, that one should not re-act; hence the theory that the soft is stronger than the hard. All susceptibility is passive. Thus, it is only logical that the philosophy of a race of susceptibility and sensitive feeling should state that a beggar, ill-treated by a king, will presently as a matter of natural evolution advance to the position of the king, if only he betrays none of his feelings and suffers in a manner true to significance. Thus it is profoundly significant that the solution of most of the

problems of life in China is sought and found in the neutralizing of susceptibility: the problem is transposed on to some plane of unreality, and so dismissed. The one course absolutely barred and forbidden is direct reaction. For this is impossible without wounding susceptibility.

The normal form of corruption of all delicacy of feeling is perversion. The Indians of the tropic zone, in particular, were initiate in every sexual perversion, every depravity, when the European came to his shores. It is also of symbolic significance that what was then called the 'Spanish plague' came from the New World to encroach upon the Old. Accordingly, the present day South American is supremely subtle as a sexual being; of no other kind of man have I ever heard women 'used to love of man' (Goethe) talk with so much enthusiasm as of the Brazilian; and again it is symptomatic fact that the Chinese too is said to be irresistible for those who know him . . . But this so wondrously sensitive world is, on the other hand, cold. The sphere of sensibility is not the sphere of the heart. Detached sensuality is cold. Revenge is sweet, but cold. Cruelty, too, is cold. All pure susceptibility is cold. Thus, the South American sweetness and considerateness does not mean warmth. What seems to be warmth, is in reality the need of warmth; thus, the lizard seeks the sun. Hence the typical coldness of those women, who most excite and disturb men.

WE are now in a position to gain a better understanding of a recognition we have several times already touched upon: that in the beginning was not Truth, but the Lie. In the beginning, indeed, was not Courage, but Fear; and therewith accepted and emphasized susceptibility. And if the first question which presents itself is whether an impression wounds or not, then truthfulness can be neither Law nor Ideal. Thus, primitive tribes begin by teaching their children to tell the untruth, for an open explanation

may entail danger. Not the man, who finds out the truth, is primarily held to be intelligent, but he who is the most skilled in playing on the instrument of other peoples' feelings and emotions. Frobenius recently found a new and instructive illustration of this fact in the standard of intelligence accepted by the negroes:* with one tribe, the ideal of cleverness was incarnated by the man who was the most successful in cheating his father-in-law. The same point of view is echoed in the Hebrew myth of the patriarch Jacob, and in the Greek tale of the versatile Ulysses. We started, in this meditation, not from a study of the Lie, but of Courtesy. And this led us to stress the positive aspect of a world of determinant Delicadeza, whatever its reverse. But, from here, we can also penetrate more deeply into the positive meaning of original 'Evil'. Women are not only the deceitful, but also the beautiful sex. Dissimulation is not only the root of cunning reserve and treachery, but also of considerateness. The roots of revenge and cruelty are equally those of compassion. *Therefore, Beauty must needs bloom forth directly out of the netherworld, and from another root than Truth.* Plato, that great understander of Beauty, divined this; he recognized that the Socratic equation stating that whatever is beautiful must perforce also be good and true, is not correct. Accordingly, in his later days of fanatical truth-seeking he meditated banishing art and its servants from his state. Christianity, too, dimly perceived the true connexion. Hence it was hostile, in its radical early period, to Woman and Beauty. And perplexed by the fact that Love and selfless Service and Suffering are at the root precisely of woman's nature, it introduced the element of ascetic hardness wherever it was expected to recognize values. And it was the right instinct which prompted it so to do, for with the demand of hardness it tacitly eliminated the sensitive sphere from its

* Cf. his book *Erythraea.*

accepted world of values. Only spiritual as opposed to natural love should exist, only discipline as opposed to self-indulgence, only confession of sins or mutual exhortation in the place of consideration for that which pleases.

In the long run, this depreciation of all beauty could not be maintained, and thus the Fathers of the Eastern Church, as the sons of an original race of beauty-lovers, re-asserted the Socratic equation, though not as a determination of what is, but as supreme Command and Ideal; Beauty, Truth and Love *should* be one. Soon the Christian ideal became so sensualized, that for Saints the odour of sanctity was demanded; nay, it was even expected that perfume instead of stench should pervade their corrupting bodies. But Christianity never gained an understanding true to significance or fact. Nor has any such understanding been reached hitherto by any philosophy of Christian lineage. The truth we have to accept, whether we like it or not, is this: the most exquisite perfumes are made out of the elements of putrefaction. The earth, from which the loveliest flowers are to bloom forth, must be dunged. Dissimulation is the root of all that is pleasing to the senses and feelings in human intercourse. In so far Beauty is the daughter of Falsehood and Ugliness, and in so far of Evil. In order that Beauty arise on earth, the first question to ask must be, not what is good and true, but what is wounding or not to the sensations and feelings. The fear of being hurt primarily leads to dissimulation, and the fear to hurt to politeness, which veils and conceals. Hence the glittering beauty, which means Falsehood, of the products of the Third Day of Creation, wherever they are not frankly ugly. The most beautiful flowers and reptiles are venomous, the most seductive women treacherous.

And yet all this in no wise tells against the purely and absolutely positive aspect of the world of Beauty. Recent psychological research has ascertained that in the life of

dream beauty means the fact of 'being attracted'. Originally the beautiful is indeed that which causes pleasing sensations. This then compels us to assume the existence of a fundamental contrast between Truth and Beauty. A world is, at its roots, determined *either* by Truth *or* by Beauty. Thus, the Greek was as great a liar by nature as is the South American. Thus, in the most cultivated circles of the old Orient it is considered reprehensible, in the presence of one's guest, even to think what might not be pleasing to him. This is the real and positive significance of what the European calls Oriental deceitfulness. In the case of the Chinese he ought long since to have known better, for as a trader the former is more honest and dependable than the Occidental; the same holds true in the case of the so essentially noble and generous Turc. It is highly significant that the first re-birth of the spirit of Antiquity, which came to pass in Provence, should have taken place in the sign of Beauty in avowed opposition to all Christian metaphysics, and concomitantly, to Truth as it was understood then. Provence held *cortezia* to be the supreme value. And actually all culture of the Nordic barbarians originates from the supremacy of this quality. In what measure Beauty may be a primary value is also proven by the Greek formula καλὸς κἀγαθός, the adjective 'beautiful' taking precedence. Once, in the Plaza Hotel in Buenos Aires, when, as so often happened, I was asked by strangers with that spontaneous cordiality so characteristic of the Argentine to dine at their table, a lady told me how she had never hitherto consciously seen an American, and inquired whether I could show her one. I pointed out a good representative specimen seated near by. '*Que feo!*' (how ugly) exclaimed the lady. Masculine beauty actually means almost as much to the women of South America as feminine beauty to all men.

FROM here we can understand the significance and limitations of a world of determinant Truthfulness

better than when proceeding from the assumption we all unconsciously incarnate and do not, therefore, discuss. The race of beauty of the Greeks always designed the barbarians as ugly in their works of art. And it was no mere accident that the first fanatic of Truth in their midst, Socrates, should have been ugly; all the records of his friends echo the feeling that he could not possibly be otherwise. It is, again, when starting from the facts of South America that we most easily understand the general connexion. In South America, the Chilians have the reputation of being *gente ruda*, that is brutal and coarse. The men there (with the sole exception of those belonging to the very highest ranks of society) actually are devoid of the Delicadeza typical of the continent (which the women, it is true, stress all the more). That popular cry of *Viva Chile . . . mierda!* seems strange and repulsive to all other South Americans. The men have an ugly look about the mouth similar to the expression of most of the Ugro-Finnish races. And among the lower classes, the *rotos*, with their strong admixture of Araucan blood, a real cult of the Ugly is practised. The *rotos* have no *wish* to be *caballeros*. Nonetheless, Chile too belongs to the soul-space of South America. This is proven by the existence of a kind of culture of ugliness which bears a likeness to that of the ancient Netherlands. Few things have remained imprinted on my memory with such plasticity as the spectacle of the Chilian *fiesta nacional*, because I naturally visualized it as standing out against the background of the general South American cult of beauty. No kermess ever painted by Teniers of Breughel bears so markedly the stamp of stylized ugliness as the reality of this feast. Most of the *rotos* live in abject poverty; they rarely have enough to eat. But for the national festival they save up whole basket loads of food which they take along to Santiago. And these, assisted by their wives and children, they empty within less than twenty-four hours, washing down the food they gorge with a sour, red wine,

which they pour down their throats from immense glasses — and the children always take active part. But the Cueca, which they one and all dance with orgiastic frenzy, surely is the ugliest of all national dances. The more grotesque the whirl, the more revolting-looking the dancers, in particular the more haggish and shrivelled the women, the truer to style its effect. The finale of the revel is of such wildness and savagery that troops of soldiery have to clear up a regular battlefield. Incredible numbers of wounded with ripped-up bellies and bowels hanging out are carried into the hospitals the succeeding night, so a Chilian doctor, who was my companion, told me, and incredible numbers of these recover.

Yet what I have here described in its extreme expression characterizes but *one* aspect of the Chilian soul. On the other hand, the Chilians are of all South Americans endowed with by far the strongest character. They are also *gente ruda* in the sense that they are less untruthful, less dissembling and deceptive, less inclined to promise what they have no intention to keep. They are as straightforward and frank as the Spirit of the Continent admits of their being. They are first rate soldiers. The contrast between them and the other South Americans gave me a final understanding of the reason why women think clear and direct expression brutal. Every world of determinant truthfulness, viewed from a world of determinant Delicadeza, is brutal. For its root lies in lack of consideration for all impressions and feelings, in open agressiveness. This is why the founders of all civilizations based on truth were either renegades of beauty, or else originally brutal characters, or finally devoid of sensitiveness for other reasons. The root of the Greek search for Truth is doubtless to be found in the decomposition of their world of beauty. Socrates probably owed his inner adjustment and his character to his Thracian (Russian?) mother. Plato was a true renegade; as a fanatic of Truth he was the gravedigger of Greek culture in a similar sense as Leo Tolstoy

has been the father of Bolshevism. The fact that the Greeks are primarily significant to us as thinkers is a result of the circumstance that the Nordic races, who since then have taken the lead, have been able to perpetuate and increase only their heritage of thought and knowledge. Now, these Nordics, whose characteristic qualities are the roots of Europeanism, were originally genuine barbarians; they were bears as opposed to the humming bird. They stood to the Greeks in very much the same relationship as the Chilians to the Brazilians. Their robustness and brutality and thence resulting agressiveness made it physiologically possible for them to lay the stress on truthfulness and straightforwardness. In so far and only in so far, has Nordic blood been operative within most of the high cultures on earth; thus, at all events, in the case of the Hindus and Chinese (a clear distinction should be made between Nordic and Aryan blood: there is a Nordic type also among the Mongols, whatever this may mean from the standpoint of race). The third case is best illustrated by the Jews. Already thousands of years ago, they were singularly insensitive and ugly. This enabled them to lay the stress on Logos and Ethos with unique singleness of mind and purpose. The monstrous one-sidedness of their moralism was possible only on the basis of an absolute lack of Delicadeza.

Yet, with the distinction between worlds of Truth and worlds of Beauty, even from the viewpoint of and with regards to the earth, the last word has not been spoken. If woman thinks the direct and clear ways of man on the one hand brutal, on the other, she desires him to be aggressive; she admires his warriorship; indeed, her masculine ideal is the hero of the open fight; she does not really want man to understand every *sousentendu*. Clear expression has upon her an erotically stimulating effect. If, on the one hand, she loathes brutality, on the other, she desires to be violated. Thus, ultimately, the roots of Beauty and Truth in all pro-

bability represent a case of polar correspondences, which are not indeed identical with 'masculine' and 'feminine', but reflect this correspondence in a modified and transmuted form. And if Susceptibility is there prior to Truthfulness, this is but one more proof of the fact that in the beginning was woman, and not man. From here we can reach, it would seem to me, a final and conclusive insight into the earthly foundations of the different possible cultures. If the cultures based on Truth arise from original Brutality, those of Beauty are rooted in the Lie. And if the former have their roots on the same plane in Courage, and the latter in Fear, no moral judgment of values should be passed: Original Fear is the root of as many positive results as Courage. It is a fact demanding no proofs that the courageous have made the most havoc on earth. One may indeed pass absolute judgments of value — but not on the plane and level we are here considering, nor from the point of vantage on which we have taken up our position. Worlds of pure and exclusive Truth are crude and brutal from the viewpoint of sensitive feeling, worlds of beauty seldom stand the test of moral and spiritual demands. A world of Brazilian *Delicadeza* is no more ideal than one of Chilian *Rudeza*. There is no direct road leading from delicacy of feeling to truthfulness and to morality, and none from these to beauty. Yet the roots of these virtues and values are organically connected. Therefore, there are original links between all; no nation is one-sided in the literal sense of the word; each at some point draws from a source which is not its primary wellspring, and spirit-born blendings are possible always and everywhere. Thus, the most perfect humans have been those, who were rooted profoundly in the deeps both of Beauty and Truth, and incarnated in their highest expressions a synthesis of the ideals of both. During one of his exploring expeditions in the east of Asia Sir Aurel Stein chanced upon a tribe of the steppes which for thousands of years had led so

isolated an existence that it had not become aware of the fact that in the meanwhile anything worthy of note had occurred. It had not yet heard of the fall of ancient Rome. It was of the opinion that there were two great Empires: Rome, which stood for law and order, and China, which stood for Beauty. The Roman world was essentially one of Truth and Courage; to the Greeks it could not but appear thoroughly barbaric, until it had been hellenized. Nonetheless, it created purely out of itself an instrument, which has its physiological foundations in Delicadeza: Law. Formal law is the child of the Lie, not of Truth. It proceeds from fictions, it endeavours to catch reality in a net of fictions, and to stretch it finally into a framework of such fictions. It is not true that there exists a necessary equation between justice and law. This is why the twister is the prototype of the lawyer in the same sense that the impostor is the model of the diplomat. Like him, the man of law is inconceivable without the gifts of the actor. If he indentifies himself completely with his role, it is profitable to his professional activities, but surely tells against his understanding; the judge, who, from out of ethical pathos, inflicts penalties based on legal paragraphs, is really the counter-ape of the seducer. Thus, it is not to be wondered at that Brazil is becoming ever more 'legal-minded' and in so far Roman, whereas Germany feels increasingly conscience-stricken in the application of all merely formal law. Ancient China in its zenith really was, in accordance with the tradition of that race of the steppes, a nation of almost pure beauty-lovers. Its entire culture was rooted in delicacy of feeling. Beautiful form, as opposed to reality was its soul. To control one's features was thought more important than all fact. The warrior had no prestige; he was regarded merely as tactless and brutal. But a profound sense of cosmic connexions from out of spirit, although æsthetically founded and qualified, led to a synthesis, thanks to which the culture of ancient China stands forth as probably the most

complete and integral culture hitherto created. Æsthetic perfection was postulated as common denominator also for Goodness and Truth. And this is indeed possible, notwithstanding the difference of their roots, because perfection of expression is the last word of every earthly perfection. Thus, in China the will to Truth and moral striving could live themselves out in a manner true to their own meaning within the unified frame of an æsthetic life-style.

In South America tendencies towards a native and original world philosophy are already to be found. It rests on the primacy of Delicadeza. The Argentine Leopoldo Lugones postulates for his country a culture of beauty 'verging on the antique style' (Goethe); he was the first, as far as I know, to differentiate between cultures of Truth and of Beauty. But the most representative of South American thinkers is the Mexican José Vasconcelos. He would build up the integral civilization of the future, which he hopes for, on *placer*, on *antojo*: on what is pleasing, what one would like to do. *El gusto*, taste, according to him, will one day lead even to true eugenics. Ugly people will, in times to come, refuse to procreate. Vasconcelos distinguishes three periods: the first, which is the materialistic or militant era; this is followed by the intellectual or juridic age (*sic*); but the goal is the spiritual or æsthetic period. 'The third period corresponds to the emotional conception of life . . . it is ruled by the æsthetic sense, ineffable feeling . . . Within this age action and behaviour will no longer be guided by poor reason which explains, but does not discover, but by creative emotion and convincing joy . . . Then will people do what they like, not what they ought to do; then will they follow the lead of taste, not of the desires or of syllogisms.' I do not deny that a civilization founded on the emotional is possible, and that it would be a better thing than the mechanical civilization of our days. But whether or not he is aware of the fact, Vasconcelos

endeavours to shirk Spirit; he hopes to reach the ultimate heights by way of pure sensitiveness. Like a typical South American, he repudiates every idea of discipline and all criticism, all *esprit de suite*, all consistency and all pure sense of value. But on such premises even a purely æsthetic culture cannot be based, to say nothing of an integral one. In order that culture should emerge, Spirit must rule supreme. Vasconcelos' philosophy is, in the last analysis, one of blind Gana. And that means a self-contradiction.

AND yet, and yet: has not South America, for the very reason of its limitations and weaknesses, a mission to fulfil in the world of man? While staying there, I often asked myself, whether a European cavalier of the ancien regime would have felt this world of determinant Delicadeza equally foreign as I did. The answer which first presented itself to my mind was: No. The man, to whom honour is of paramount importance, and who would therefore sacrifice all other interests to it, must needs lay vital stress on susceptibility. And as a matter of fact, in its noblest aspects the chivalrous culture is Delicadeza-born; its chief roots were the exclusive sense of beauty of Provence and the natural delicacy of feeling of the Arab. Into these natural qualities was in-built the spiritual principle of honour which represents the extreme stressing of the value of the unique personality, as the body suited to them; for without the stressing of susceptibility a ruling sense of honour cannot exist. But then I was assailed by doubts. In the field of history, the sentence holds abolutely true: 'Ye shall know them by their fruits'. It is no accident which has made the European world of chivalry, in the course of progress, result in probably the most honourless civilization of all ages. Nor, in the same connexion, are the brutality and unparalleled ugliness of the modern world in all its historically determinant phenomena accidental. The reason, on the one hand, lies in the centredness of our world in Truth, which is

working itself out with ever increasing exclusiveness and onesidedness. Whoever desires truth and all the truth and nothing but the truth, must perforce become ever more brutal; he cannot help desiring, more and more, what is ugly, the deeper his insight penetrates; for the abysmal depths of all phenomena are ugly. He must ultimately consent to Lies and Cruelty as positive values, as do the Bolsheviks; for all policy of power is evil, and cannot but be evil; and the more truthful a politician, the more — if he inwardly consents to what he has to do — must he perforce also accept the technique of his profession. But first and foremost, the reason why Europe is evolving from Beauty in the direction of Ugliness lies in the onesided activism of our world. Every culture of Beauty presupposes the primacy of sensitiveness and therefore of a passive attitude; hence the fact that the world of Woman is physiologically ruled by the Spirit of Beauty. If a being is of an extreme activism, however sensitive it may be otherwise, the final result of its self-formation and representation must needs be ugly. Here, the conquering races of the East offer the best exemplars; a few centuries ago I should have cited the Mongols and the Turcs: to-day the Caucasians provide the best of illustrations, for the very reason that they are originally beautiful, and honour is paramount in their tradition. If they come to power, they prove the most brutal of all rulers; what was true for centuries of Turkish Generals and satraps, in whose veins Circassian blood was predominant, applies in the highest degree to Stalin. His directness of aim and action is even more brutal than that of the Timurs and Dschinghis-Khans, because he has at his disposal all the means of power which have been created by modern intellect. Very likely, Asiatics of Stalin-like character will be held by posterity to be the completers of the scientific era, for a civilization of Truth demands lack of consideration, and only men hard, cold and strong, full of will-power and

active energy, such as are to be found among Asiatics alone, are capable of perfect and utter lack of considerateness. For it implies a complete misconception of the facts to think of Western civilization of straightforwardness and truthfulness as founded on the abstract significance of striving for knowledge. If the West has invented striving for Truth for its own sake; if the West has raised it to the eminence of a power in history, on the other hand it is only a very small number of its sons which has created this work; disinterestedness is far more frequent in the more contemplative East. Not pure, but *applied* science, knowledge as a tool of the will to power is a general characteristic of the West. Accordingly the root of Occidentalism is its activism and its wordly might. In so far the conquering Asiatics are its predestined executors, which means no more nor less than that the original fact is ultimately brought to the fore, namely that Europe is a peninsula on the edge of Asia. Compared with modern Russia growing Asiatized, North America makes a fragile impression, for its stength lies not at all in its human beings, but in its machinery; Germany appears weak, because it understands all things, and therefore sees all things in their mutual relations, England wavering and unstable, because it is too ready to compromise, and France too much tied by facts and tradition as to be capable of the percussive force, which lies in the momentum of modern activism. If we consider the state of things from this angle, there can be no doubt that Soviet-Russia represents the completion and perfection of that evolution which began in Europe in the eighteenth century. The stress it lays on what is lowest and basest is the extreme expression of intellectually determined culture of Truth: if the standards of analytical science alone, not those of presupposed spiritual values, are considered as valid, then the lowest is indeed that which ultimately counts and decides. And this the Freudian school of psycho-analysis, a child of the same spirit, asserts to be true. Then also mass is more

than personality, because only that which can be compared, not the incomparable, counts in this court; and the concepts of 'more' and 'less' may only be interpreted in terms of quantity.

But it is clear, nevertheless, that neither the materialism of Bolshevism, nor its collectivism, nor above all its Satanism are true to our profoundest and most essential aspirations. And this single consideration suffices to refute the assertion of the absolute value of a one-sided culture of Truth and Activity. More than this: the same is true of all onesided mental culture. However contrary to sense it is to represent mind as such as the 'enemy of the soul' — if its initiative holds the absolute mastery of things, it does not turn earth into heaven, as precisely Bolshevism had hoped it would, it changes it into hell; the Russian Revolution is a more magnificent confirmation of the truth of the myth of Lucifer than any event of ancient history. Precisely then does the spirit of the netherworld gain supreme predominance. The possibility of this *enantiodromia* (turn into the opposite) provides conclusive proof of the fact that the upper- and the nether-worlds are organically connected. And hence it seems to follow that *precisely the lack of intellectuality and the passivity of South America, at this turning point, may have a mission for all mankind.*

Only from out of the willing acceptance of sensitiveness and its high culture is an *apokastasis* of the forces of the soul possible in this age of an exaggerated active energy, and thence a new culture of Beauty. Neither a religious revival nor any other kind of spirituality can effect this change, to say nothing of intellectual criticism, which is the only thing the present-day champions of the soul in Europe are practising with any show of success. For it is not a question of refuting spirit, nor of changing the hitherto existing forms of spirituality, nor of finding a new definition of the other forces of the soul, it is a question of the latter's real re-incar-

nation into life from out of their real roots, which are others than those of spirit and subject to other laws, and which follow other laws and norms of order. South America has, above all, taught me one thing which I should never have expected to be a possible result of my philosophic reflections: to doubt the absolute and exclusive value of the search for Truth. Even the highest and purest spirituality of former ages was not essentially, and at any rate, not exclusively the will to Truth. In Europe, down to the eighteenth century the Ultimate Truth was held to be 'given in advance': on the one hand, it was to be forced on people, on the other to be believed, just as the teaching of Marx in Soviet-Russia, and the idea that supreme insight must needs confirm belief, can also be found in both cases. A determinate state of *being* was the goal of the will to Truth in India, a state of being certainly supremely spiritualized, but which had little or nothing to do with what we call knowledge of truth. Most of the highest spirituality of all ages has been operative on the plane of what I have defined as 'magic' in *Figures Symboliques* (*Menschen als Sinnbilder*)* and *Creative Understanding*, and in the domain of art in the second place, almost without an exception the goal was 'to add a new world to this world', as Goethe has it; not to comprehend the world of experience as it is. The ages of high religion, magic and art have indeed more often than not been activistic enough. But since their creative deeps were not exclusively the penetrating urge to Truth and the violating impulse to rule, but also sensitiveness which is essentially passive and Gana-like, they could bring forth the most perfect flowers of integral humanity that have so far blossomed on earth. These blossoms have all withered away, and the plants on which they grew, have, if not already perished, at least lost most of their vitality. Therefore, what we need is something radically

* There is no English edition of this book. The French has been published by the Librairie Stock, 7 rue du Vieux Colombièr, Paris VI.

new. Only, all historical progress proceeds counterpoint-wise; the road from one kind of onesidedness to wholeness ever goes by way of another compensating onesidedness, or at least by way of the polarization with such. It is here that I visualize a possible great mission for South America. The Argentine Ernesto Quesada has recently pointed out the possibility of the Indians and not the Russians being the successors of the West-Europeans as protagonists of history. The question is incorrectly put, for Russia's historical moment has already come. And it is highly improbable that it should not effect even greater metamorphoses by contact, than it has already produced. How are the masses to rise, unless they do so by virtue of extreme active energy, extreme brutality, religiously believed materialism, stressed hostility to quality and complete relinquishment of all beauty? Few things have impressed me more during the great Russian Revolution than the clear-sightedness of hate against all Beauty, which was active there. Even the coarsest and blindest Russian peasants desired truth and nothing but the truth, only in the sense of dogmatism on the one hand and naturalism on the other. And the North American man in the street differs but little from this. It is essentially the same whether the idea of Truth be understood in terms of abstract intellectualism as it is in Russia, or of pragmatism as it is in the United States. The latter differs from the former merely in this, that it recognizes only such truth as is tested by experience and useful; the vital standard is the same, for the same primordial forces nourish both urges.

Wherever sensitiveness plays the determinant part, there can not only be no question of absolute truth nor of determinate truth as an absolute value: there can be none either of utility. Susceptibility *can*, among other things, serve as a means to security: but if it is determinant beyond the confines of the natural connexions as is originally the case with man, then it is more endangering than useful But suscepti-

bility alone leads to the satisfaction and bliss of that within man, which in its highest expression desires pure Beauty. Plato stood for culture of Beauty, not of Truth, when he taught that man must first love one beautiful body and then another and so on, until finally he is vouchsafed the Idea of Beauty. Moreover, within the body of determinant Delicadeza alone can the spiritual principle of honour become materialized without distortion: for the natural premise of the sense of honour also is vulnerability, and its ideal is perfection in the æsthetic, not in the moral sense; he who fights for his honour, fights for the integral wholeness of his soul, and therewith for its beauty.

Here then lies the great possible significance of the particular race of man which peoples the South American continent. Precisely thanks to its lack of intellectuality and its primitiveness, which nevertheless is originally subtle, it may for the first time after long, long ages create an exclusive culture of Beauty which, acting as a polarisator for the rest of the world irresistibly growing ever more intellectual, might point out new possibilities and paths to *all*. South America is safe from the Russo-Asiatic onslaught. Towards the North American it stands in a natural attitude of defence; necessarily it will increasingly deny that within itself, wherein North America is its superior, and will stress and cultivate that in which it feels unique. South America will surely no more become Americanized than Greece was ever Romanized. True, South American man appears weak, in so far as he is of a passive disposition. But not only is the weak and yielding stronger in the long run than the strong, in accordance with the Chinese doctrine, and, also, all masculine experience with women — despite his activism, the North American is actually weaker than the former, for he has tied off the most vital part of his nature.* Therefore, South America's cultural future seems to me to be externally secure. First,

* Cf. the chapter 'Morality' in the author's book *America Set Free*.

it is true, Spirit must descend upon this continent. It cannot produce an original culture true to its own style before. But all the conditions for its growth are there. It is possible, even probable, that the next rebirth of that spirit which once made possible the wonders of Greece, which rose again, first in Provence, then in the Italian Renaissance, and ultimately in the French culture of form which, alas, has already grown rigid — that the next rebirth of that spirit will take place on South American soil; for the salvation of all men, for the redemption of all from brutality.

NINTH MEDITATION

THE EMOTIONAL ORDER

IT is perhaps the most marvellous of all marvels to intellect, that outside itself and its own sphere of power there should be order and, above all, a belonging together. This is no doubt the deepest meaning of the myth, that there was chaos, until God interfered. Hence the mystical idea of gravitation. Hence the tendency in all who proceed from reflection to rule as despots. All masculine bent to use forceful means originates here. To carry a point by force is a strictly logical process. To that extent the most primitive man, as opposed to woman, incarnates the principle of reason. Now the tendency to employ forceful measures grows, instead of diminishing, in proportion to a man's spirituality; for the purer the spirit which rules, the less does it acknowledge the existence of intermediate stages between significance and its realization. This is why extreme idealists as a rule are terrorists: they find it impossible to believe that there can be order from out of itself, as an expression of natural existence. Moreover, recognition and understanding have a compelling influence over them which they cannot escape; from this they draw the thoroughly logical conclusion that, where insight is lacking, pure compulsion alone can be of any avail. This applies even to the opponents of all force and violence: for what they desire is *to force* a state of peace and mutual tolerance upon the world. There is something touching in the fact that Gandhi and his like in all sincerity think themselves enemies of all compulsory measures, merely because they use passive, instead of active compulsion. Now a series of amusing paradoxes shows that the prejudice held by intellectual men is harmful also to knowledge; it prevents their seeing reality as it is. The first of these paradoxes lies in the fact that rational man who thinks he can

generalize and deduce everywhere and judge separate things by proceeding from the whole, in his heart of hearts does not believe in the possible existence of a permanent order — otherwise he would not by nature be a terrorist — and yet demands such a permanent order and deems it the only thing true to Sense; here, he only does not contradict himself, who believes in the existence of a Beyond of Nature which he proposes to stamp upon the latter. The second of the paradoxes I wish to mention is this, that man who is so much in favour of order originally represents the wild and undisciplined, or at least the 'riotous' part of humanity; this state of things again is exaggerated in the intellectual or artistic type who, if he possibly can, by preference lives in the midst of external disorder, who leads the life of a Bohemian and, where his principles forbid his living thus, safeguards himself against his own inclinations by taking refuge in some kind of monastery. For the absorption of the whole man in his profession also means a safeguard of this kind. As opposed to this, irrational woman always lives in the frame of some kind of order; as soon as she breaks away from it, she loses herself or else deteriorates. For her, to whom the laws imposed by reason mean so little, order and belonging together are matters of course; and in her own circle she realizes both without using compulsion or violence.

To me, in my youth, all belonging together and all order meant complete mysteries. Again and again, I expected to see all separate things break asunder, unless prevented by compulsion from without. This no doubt also explains that sense of relief which I felt even in my later and more philosophical days in the many revolutions I lived to witness. In the long run, I learnt to accept the fact that order does not necessarily mean order according to the laws of reason and intellect. But it was only in South America that I *understood* in what respect this is so. For there, the principle of

reason plays no part worth mentioning even in the masculine world. Just a few examples to illustrate this. In South America the principle 'business is business' does not hold. People do not buy from the man who offers the best and cheapest goods, they buy from their friend. Friendship is so decisive there, that the representative of an important European firm told me he had a claim to a large sum of money, on the strength of which he would be sure to win a lawsuit — but that he would not dream of insisting on his claims, for this would mean his losing all his friends; a result which in the long run would cost him dearer than the greatest loss he might suffer. To formulate this state of things in a way Europeans can understand: a mere contract in South America has a binding effect only 'without engagement'; that is, if at the expiration of the contract the friendship has ceased to exist, it is felt as a lack of tact, if the partner continues to make demands on the grounds of existing arrangements. And in the long run, in however indirect ways, such lack of tact inevitably brings its punishment with it.

What has been shown here first in its objective aspect, applies all the more to the personal sphere. People will do everything for a friend's sake; not only the enemy, but also the man for whom they feel nothing but indifference, is, as it were, outlawed. Only few observers notice that this is the real attitude of by far the greater number of South Americans, because of the prevailing friendliness and readiness to show sympathy, wherever sentiment suggests it. The *boutade* of a clever Brazilian may serve to illustrate the latter phenomenon. 'I wish,' he said, 'that Bolshevism were established in Rio; and Bolshevism with expropriation ruthlessly carried through. For I bet that the day after a wave of sympathy for the expropriated would flood the whole of Brazil, and the Bolshevists would be the first to raise a collection for the benefit of their victims.' Neither consciousness of duty nor value, nor under-

standing of general needs and requirements decide on this continent. But as opposed to this *real* friendship, as long as it lasts, represents a perfectly reliable tie. However, but few friendly relationships last for ever. Emotions are subject to sudden changes; the friend of to-day may turn into a mortal enemy to-morrow, and a subsequent reconciliation can again annul all dispositions made on the basis of yesterday's hostility. Moreover, emotions and feelings are not forces which work at long distances; they only bind the neighbour to his neighbour. Nor can anybody love or hate many people. If to this is added want of foresight and consistency, the logical result should be an entire lack of order. But, as a matter of fact, the order which holds together South American life is firmer than that of the United States. Only this order is not rational, it is *emotional.*

I might, of course, have realized even in Europe that there exists an order of this kind; for with us, too, it can be found in intimate circles. But the important thing is that in South America great and modern nations live almost exclusively in accordance with its law. It was only thanks to this experience that I could understand. And when chance at the same time acquainted me with the latest discoveries of physical science, I saw that the emotional order, however contrary to the norms of intellect it may be, is more in accord with the general structure of the universe than the intellectual order. There is no placing absolute reliance on the laws of Nature either. Permanent states do not exist; nor is there everywhere that continuity which intellect postulates. Every now and again, one state, skipping intermediate stages, abruptly turns to another. There are no forces working at long ranges: what suggests the idea of their existence are the resultants of a practically infinite number of single events, all of which come to pass, as it were, in an intimate circle. Finally, the structure of the Universe is as a whole entirely different from what corresponds to the de-

mands of intellect. And yet it has always been extolled for its exemplary order! — No wonder, under these circumstances, that the existence of an entirely irrational, but all the firmer emotional order should be possible. The fact is that the over-intellectualized and all too moralistic first chroniclers of Creation have sowed almost more prejudice regarding the Order of Man into the minds of later generations, than they did with regard to the Order of Nature. In the beginning was not Chaos, which had to be set in order from without; nor was there any kind of 'Should': everywhere there existed a natural coherence of the *Nearest*, whatever name one may give the laws ruling in each separate case. Thus, with man natural ties between those nearest each other precede all that we call 'order'. These ties endure even through states which for Reason would mean disorder absolute. Marriage, not a State ruled by police-regulations is the prototype. This is the sole reason why there are recoveries after wars and revolutions and economic crises. This explains why the ways in which these recoveries take place, always differ widely from those prophecied by scientists.

IN order to gain an understanding of the Emotional Order which intellect finds so difficult to realize, I had best begin not with its foundations, but with such of its manifestations as we Europeans, or more exactly, we European men, involuntarily interpret in function of spiritual ideals. And again I shall first mention a concrete example. In Buenos Aires, there are an amazing number of existences which, at first sight, bear a resemblance to the *Prishiwaltshiki* of old Russia, whose prototype Gogol has drawn in so classic a manner in the figures of Bobdschinsky and Dobschinsky; that is, lifelong guests or 'spongers'. They are actually kept by their friends. But they are kept from out of so genuine and beautiful a feeling of friendship such as the commercialized northern world no longer knows; the relationship is based on so obvious an affection that even the

foreigner who is at all understanding no more thinks of parasitism than he does in the case of the wife who is provided for by her husband. If in Europe one meets with anything outwardly akin to this, it is an expression not of sympathy, but of spirit of caste; at all events, of ties posited by Spirit. English loyalty, for instance, is as Spirit-born a thing as any metaphysical conviction or the rule of a game; it belongs to the essence of these ties that they hold good independently of momentary feeling. Nothing of this kind is to be found in South America. Loyalty, reliability and faithfulness as they are understood in Europe, are exceptional phenomena. But in their stead, feelings and emotions as such play so prominent a part in all relationships of life, that they create a general atmosphere in which the specific laws of sentiment and emotion work themselves out as a matter of course, whereas moral, intellectual and utilitarian considerations cannot thrive at all.

On the basis of what we have shown, everyone will easily find for himself the way which leads from the parasite who is no parasite, and the genuine friend to the sublimest expression of the same fundamental relationship. Now it was precisely the oddness of the particular case which helped me to gain an understanding of the fundamentals. There exists an entirely irrational order which, wherever it rules life, works itself out with the necessity of a natural law, but which as such cannot be related to spiritual values, although it may serve as their vehicle. If, however, one relates the facts of this order to values, the only possible connecting link which presents itself to the mind is the idea of a 'Should'. All higher ethics teach: man *should* give without desire of return. The formulation true to Sense of the same precept, as far as it is true, is different: wherever genuine friendship or love decide, it is absurd to ask a return. *This* is the way to express it; for in the sphere of what is not the domain of Reason a 'Should' cannot exist. And no 'Should' of this

kind ever binds as does a law of Nature: for on this earth there is no power capable of punishing contraventions to support it. The error of judgment Christianity makes regarding this point is one of its chief deficiencies. A thing which does not depend on understanding and will, cannot possibly be a sin or a punishable crime. And to ordain eternal torment as a penalty for transgressions precisely here, is the worst possible expression of legal formalism; it can only be excused on the grounds that the Unconscious endeavours to compensate the impossibility of accomplishing what 'should' be done, by the threat of terrific punishment. The real fact is that emotions according *to their nature* are radiating; their existence is inseparable from the act of giving; all their significance lies in giving, even where, viewed from without, they mean enjoyment or suffering. To think of requiting love means the most wounding of all possible offences. Here, there is no idea of a moral code; it *is* so, from the very first awakening of genuine emotion. A beautiful, though exaggerated example may serve as an illustration: a Brazilian woman had fallen in love with a man with that lightning rapidity, that excessive headlong boundless passion forgetful of all caution which is so characteristic of South America. When the day after this man brought her flowers — she shot him: in this offering she already sensed the intention of paying her; that is, of treating her as a prostitute. But it is not only an offence, it is impossible to 'requite' feelings and emotions; they can only be reciprocated; the form in which that natural law of compensation, or of the equality of effect and counter-effect which holds good everywhere, expresses itself in the sphere of feeling and emotion is this, that everyone claims sympathy; that is, the sharing of joy and pain, a consonance as of chords attuned to each other. Hence the deadly hate into which spurned love is so apt to turn. But the question of self-interest as it is usually understood cannot arise

at all. Therefore, emotional life has its one entirely unmistakable exponent in disinterestedness, alias in generosity (the Spaniard would say *desprendimiento*). Here again it is impossible to apply the category of 'should': one 'should' not be disinterested, because there is no commanding disinterestedness; but he who feels, *is* disinterested: if a person does not feel, he is not, as a mater of course: and feelings and emotions cannot be commanded. Goethe sang: 'If I love thee, this is no concern of thine.' This is what everyone feels who loves in the same way and with equal intensity. And equally as a matter of course, a man may kill himself for hate of another man, or ruin himself and his family in order to revenge himself on a person. In all these cases, there is an original absence of all self-interest. However much a lover may desire and wish to possess his beloved: as a creature of feeling he is nevertheless disinterested. Hence the typical phenomenon that he who delights in love for the first time knows no desire. Now if Spirit inbuilds itself into emotion in its positive aspect, the supreme result of the process can be so sublime a thing that it impresses man as something sacred, nay supernatural. It is 'supernatural', since it is irrational and to that extent inexplicable. However, what is characteristic of the saint, belongs to the essence of all genuine emotion. In this sense, the French, for instance, are essentially generous, despite all the coldness and hardness they manifest in the pursuit of their aims and interests: they are an intellectual nation only on the surface; in their depths they are emotional. However narrow and hard they may seem where they give themselves up to their logic which, with regard to their soul is, in reality, an external and inferior thing: wherever they act from out of feelings and emotions, they are truly disinterested. In this generosity also lie the roots of Christian love. As soon as genuine love comes into play, man desires but to give, on no account to sell; he desires to receive as a pure gift, on no account to

earn; hence, in a spiritual transposition, the primacy of Grace over Justice. Man would fain give away everything he has and is, and feels misunderstood and wounded to the core, if the beloved sees the slightest merit therein. For the same reason, in the context of our present considerations, the idea of sacrifice is a mistake. The Greeks still knew what patriotism really meant: they crowned the fallen hero with flowers and rejoiced for him, even though they themselves might weep. The prejudice that everying must needs follow the laws of reason and intellect has obscured the true meaning of their own inner experience for most moderns.

Reason finds it easiest to understand this disinterestedness by considering that emotion is essentially blind. It is blind like the Sun, not like Night; it radiates, but, as a fact of inner experience, its mere existence is sufficient unto itself; it does not look beyond itself, nor can it possibly do so. It means a fundamental misunderstanding to connect emotion with any kind of imagination or image; it belongs to the essence of emotion that in itself it is independent of imagination; imagination merely causes its birth, be it as a means to call it out or as the corresponding object. The typical idealization of the beloved results from the fact that idealization alone represents that correspondence. To that extent it is thoroughly logical, although the process is completely irrational, that a love may die, because its object fails to correspond to the ideal image. This has nothing whatever to do with genuine sense of value. Here the logic of the verse of Chamisso's *Frauenliebe und -leben* obtains:

Dass du mich liebst,
Macht mich mir wert.

(Thy love makes me most precious to myself.)

or the logic of the thought: I could not possibly love him or her, if he or she were not perfect. That this is so, is best made clear by the consideration that every beloved person, be it man or woman, quite naively starts from the truly pre-

posterous premise that he or she incarnates an immeasurable value, for which no devotion and no sacrifice can be too great. When feeling makes a choice — as for instance, the female chooses the strongest male, the male prefers the most beautiful female, and both are attracted by certain moral qualities and repelled by others — this is not based on judgment, but on immediate correspondence. If this were not so, the strong male and the beautiful female would not have to woo for a time, before the emotional tie sets in: in both cases, it is a question of bringing about a state of thraldom. Absolutely irrational laws apply here : this is why man who can only think in accordance with the laws of reason and intellect, is led to construe the most absurd associations. Thus, for instance, a man thinks he can prove the strength of his feelings for a woman by heaping jewels upon her — where at best a stressing of the unimportance of material value would be a true translation into the sphere of intellect of what is emotionally meant. No necessary connexion ever exists between emotion and imagination, because emotion in itself is blind. Here material aim and interests of which all true feeling is innocent only means a particular case of a general phenomenon: in its essence material interest too is nothing but an image.

IF from here we think back to 'Gana', it should be obvious without further comment, that the world of emotions grows up directly from and has its foundations in the world of Gana. It stands in a similar relationship to the sphere of Gana as in the domain of mathematics a manifoldness of a higher order stands to a manifoldness of a lower order. All the elements of the world of emotion are born of Gana; the latter's basic laws hold good in both spheres; many manifestations are identical on both planes. Thus, all emotions, like all Gana-melodies, are things qualitatively distinct, exclusive and unique; thus, emotions, too, are blind; thus, in the emotional sphere, too, there is no free-

dom. Misled by the impressive fact of the progressive development of the cerebrum, man has hitherto failed to realize that intellectual superiority is not the only and certainly not the essential difference distinguishing man from the animal. He has failed to realize that intelligence of however high an order, as a purposeful means of adaptation *among others*, by no means lifts man out of the frame of animal life in general. Finally, the fact has been overlooked that the ultimately autonomous quality of Life finds its typical expression in what is essentially independent of the outer world; that is, that it manifests itself in what fundamentally does *not* mean adaptation. Therefore, blind Gana is Life's original expression. Seeing, understood as an external phenomenon, is already a faculty conditioned by the Sun. Now, proceeding from Gana, 'progress', so far as the idea has any meaning in this connexion, must lead upward independently of all cerebral development and all intellectual refinement. One stage of this road is outlined by the idea of Delicadeza. But the supreme expression hitherto attained of what has arisen from Primordial Life in a different direction then intellectual progress, is represented by the Emotional Order. And that this is something higher not only in the relative, but in the absolute sense, as judged from the standpoint of man, in shown by the following trend of thought. Gana is not only blind: as such it cannot be experienced directly; its realm lies in the unconscious nethermost deeps; it can hardly be called psychical, although psychical elements too belong to it. As opposed to this, emotions are pure formations of the soul. Moreover, the idea of unconscious emotions is as unsubstantial as that of unconscious thoughts, albeit the fact of their becoming conscious does not belong to their essence. The reason is that the particular quality of emotional reality depends entirely on its being personally experienced. The world of emotions is essentially that

of personal experience; indeed, it is the world of experience par excellence; for it is only when feelings decide that the term 'inner experience' becomes endowed with the meaning everyone involuntarily attributes to it. From this follows what is of essential importance: *the realm of the Emotional Order is one throughout and in all respects with what is called Soul.* If one frees oneself of metaphysical and religious prejudice, one does not discover one single attribute of the soul — unless one keeps to arbitrary definitions — which does not refer to the realm of emotions in contradistinction to those of both Gana and ratio. And everyone involuntarily understands 'soul' to mean an entity not only different from, but higher than reason.

That this is so, will best be realized by modern man, when he proceeds from what he judges, involuntarily and naively, to be devoid of soul; the completely mechanized American and the Bolshevist. Both are characterized by a dwindling or the unimportance of the emotional sphere. In religious and accordingly dogmatic Russia, no feelings and emotions are allowed to exist; man 'should' be nothing but an atom of the community, which can be completely understood from without. Therewith the individual is denied all autonomy, both as a fact and as a value. He 'should' only exist for others; he is no longer to be, nor to have a life for himself. Logically, Soviet-Russia fights every spiritual religion as being crude prejudice; for every spiritual religion must start from the ultimate importance of inwardness. Logically, it declares European individualism to be a 'zoological state'. In intellectualistic America, Behaviourism which is more and more becoming the world view nationally typical for the United States, teaches that life, both as a fact and as significance, can be entirely comprehended from the standpoint of the *observer;* that is, the existence of an ultimately deciding inner world of personal experience is denied, and its elimination, where

such a world exists, is held to be a progressive ideal. Reflective thought here takes the most incredible paths, in order to give their due somehow to the demands of the inner world, which cannot be completely overheard. Thus, Walter Lippmann whom statistics had convinced of the fact that unselfishness, on the whole, stands the pragmatic test better than egoism, proposes to let experts ascertain in each separate case, when and to what extent the making of a sacrifice should be advised. The fact that all the value of sacrifice lies precisely in the personal decision to overcome Self, in the *sacrifice consenti*, completely escapes his notice. To-day, reflecting America denies the autonomy of the soul almost as decidedly as does Soviet-Russia. The result is the de-souling of America. But this leads to nothing less than de-humanization, and therewith to the very opposite of what the ideal of progress really intends. It is to feeling, not to reason that the idea of humanity, as everybody involuntarily understands it, applies. Not the stupid man, but the man devoid of feeling has always been called 'inhuman'. And as a matter of fact: all progress in the sphere of humanity, such as the abolishment of torture, of slavery, the recognition of fundamental rights belonging to all men, laws more accordant with justice etc., has its origin in growing sympathy. Even modern humaneness, which is ruled by the spirit of the machine and the cipher, has its roots in the generous hearts of the champions of the eighteenth century. From this follows, to repeat, that man, however unconsciously, experiences and defines himself in the first place not as the reflecting, but as the emotional animal. Even in the fairy-tale, he feels superior as an *emotional being* to other creatures who are often described as more intelligent, but, with rare exceptions, as heartless. And the spirits of Nature and the lower gods are represented as being equally cold.

Of course, to a certain degree, higher animals, too, have

feelings and emotions. But what is characteristic of man alone among all the beings we know of, is the fact that he is originally and essentially *centred* in the emotional sphere. From here we understand why man alone is held to possess a soul, and what was originally meant by this statement. Spirit, even in the profoundest interpretation Christianity and Hinduism gave to it, is not what everybody means when speaking of man's soul; and most emphatically not, where he hopes for this soul's immortality. Spirit is originally experienced as a reality in contradistinction and opposition to Earth and Nature. Accordingly, it lacks all personal qualities; from the point of view of human emotions it is cold. As opposed to this, 'soul' is originally thought of as personal and warm; there is no race on earth believing in the immortality precisely of the soul, which does not imagine it as something personal and private. This, then, leads us back to the difference between the soul (as the emotional sphere) and Gana. Gana as the primordial manifestation of Life exists independently of personal inner experience. But 'soul' stands and falls with the latter. To that extent the idea of soul, too, depends on the existence of personal consciousness; hence it follows that the ancient philosophers were not so wide of the mark, when they denied the existence of a soul in animals. Nor is soul what psychology calls sensation; for the latter exists in its own right and supposes no experiencing and centralizing subject as a premise of its existence. 'In itself', moreover, it is cold. As opposed to this, what everybody involuntarily understands by soul, is inextricably bound up with the attribute of warmth. This is why, for the first and hitherto only time in history, the soul was hypostasized into a metaphysical substance when, with Christianity, Personal Love was raised to the height of the foremost attribute of Godhead. And if love has been held by all poets of all ages to be the prototype of the activity and suffering of the soul, this seems to me to prove con-

clusively that 'soul' is essentially what dry science calls the organism of the emotions.

This recognition robs the soul of none of its depth. A demarcation of the sphere of emotion against that of sensation will make this clear at once. All sensation, as the inner correspondence of impression, can be called superficial, for its domain is the surface of body and soul, and its existence depends on external influences. Such dependence does not exist in the case of emotions: emotion lives in its own right. It is never superficial, it is always profound, for it lives in the deeps and only in the deeps. It can be strong or weak; he only who misunderstands its real character can call emotion a superficial thing. The frequency of this misunderstanding is due to the fact that emotion is fed from without through the medium of sensation; therefore, at a certain point, both merge into each other, as impression and expression. Thus it is possible to experience as sensation what actually is emotion, and vice versa. Moreover, it is possible to safeguard oneself against personal emotion by means of cultivated sensitiveness. Finally: cultivation of the latter can lead to the development of emotion. Think of the rôle susceptibility plays in the relations of lovers, or during the stage of wooing; as soon as firmly rooted emotion has become determinant, it loses all significance; then the emotional order comes into force and governs in accordance with its own laws.

Accordingly, emotional life, and therewith the soul, is ultimately autonomous. And since all original primary experience is an experience through the medium of feeling — for feelings and emotions alone seize man as a whole — man must needs identify himself in his depths with his soul: for his soul really is his personal last resort. Now we can give that exact definition which solves the religious and metaphysical dilemma. *It is a mistake to understand soul to be deep in the direction of Spirit, that is, as a meta-*

physical substance. Its depth lies entirely and throughout in the direction of Earth. There is no reason whatsoever to refer personal emotions to any other root than the root of psychical organic life. This is already apparent in the fact that everywhere there are correspondences between the emotional order and that of Gana. The soul, too, is essentially blind; the soul, too, has none of the qualities of the image or imagination. The following trend of thought explains best why even many profound spirits are apt to fall into the error of deeming soul a metaphysical substance: since all experience is originally located in the realm of the emotions, naturally, the soul, too, can become the body of metaphysical Spirit. Accordingly, the ancient Hindu teaching was true that Spirit could be attained *also* on the path of Love. If Christianity later on asserted that love was the *only* way to reach this goal, it merely put an undue limitation on what was essentially correct. Indeed, many of the most beautiful incarnations of Spirit on earth are possible only in the body of the emotions, just as others presuppose the natural basis of sensitiveness. The magnificent ethos of friendship which ennobled the antique world meant nothing else but the spiritualization of South American *amistad;* the principles of duty to oneself, of sense of value and continuity (understood as *esprit de suite*) had there become in-built into the emotional order of Nature. The same applies to the ideal of modern marriage. Similarly, genuine Christian love, so-called Heavenly Love, which demanded the inclusion of the enemy and the overcoming of all motives of Gana and Delicadeza, and stressed the radiating quality, the desire to give, the virtue of generosity as opposed to the wish to have and to take — this genuine Christian Love meant a thing purely spiritual *in the body* of the possibilities inherent in natural emotions. Medieval loyalty — to give one more instance — had a similar meaning: a feeling of perpetual tiedness was to

endure and to decide despite the normal rhythm of attachment and treachery.

The profoundest reason of the usual essentialization of the soul to a metaphysical reality, however, is this: that emotion alone makes possible the existence of *faith* as an earthly phenomenon. Sensation depends on impressions received; to intellect, all things appear relative to other things, that is, they lack the quality of absoluteness; it is impossible, on the basis of either function, to affirm the reality of anything, or to decree from within the existence of a 'meaning'. Again, Reason decides from out of insight; a fact which implies a two-fold limitation: first, the limits of possible intellectual insight, which exclude whatever is incapable of being rationalized; secondly, the limit implied in the fact that, from the standpoint of Life, reason works from without and can never be, nor create inner experience. Now faith is affirmation absolute; faith depends on no external reality; faith proceeds entirely from within.* Faith originates in the profoundest nucleus of experience within the individual; and where there is faith it has the power of binding the individual absolutely. Its prototype is the belief of woman in the man she loves. Now such belief is emotion's first and normal reflexion on the plane of understanding; if one puts the question of reality from the standpoint of a man who feels, the answer is that emotion either believes in its object according to its own specific character — be it love or hate — or else it does not exist. Here, it is neither on a question of infatuation nor of rose-coloured or black spectacles, but simply of the fact that emotion is a primary phenomenon and creates from within its own reality. Now religious faith belongs to the realm of Spirit; in our next meditation we shall give it an exact definition. But all things spiritual are realized on earth

* Cf. my detailed explanation of the problem of faith in the chapter 'Faith' of my book *Unsterblichkeit* ('Immortality', written in 1906).

through empiric means, and in the case of faith these means are the emotions. Hence, again, the essentialization of the soul — that is, that part of man which is capable of believing — to a metaphysical substance.

But man is originally capable of acquiring a true understanding of the connexion. This is proven by the fact that in all ages such an understanding has been attained by peoples capable of unbiased reflection, or else devoid of metaphysical gifts. India even in its earliest Holy Writs gave a correct definition of the soul when calling it the body of the emotions and desires. The ancient Greeks never even dreamt of essentializing the psyche; and their true understanding still survives in the early Christian distinctions of psyche, pneuma and nous. Now as to the races devoid of metaphysical gifts, it is characteristic that Turanians, as for instance Turcs and Magyars, involuntarily understand as 'heart' and 'temperament' what Western races call soul. But the best proof of our thesis is provided by the nations belonging to the Iberian sphere of culture. They are the Gana-races proper, which means that they are the nearest to Earth. Moreover, since they are exclusively earth-bent, they can have no direct relationship to a Beyond: they experience the Word as Flesh. For this very reason, with them the emotional order rules supreme in the purest form existing to-day. Since they whole-heartedly accept and consent to Earth, Flesh and Blood, all earth-born things can develop in incomparable richness. This manifests itself in the domains of vitality, of sexual potency, as also of delicacy of sentiment. But its most impressive manifestations lie in the emotional sphere. Emotionally, the Iberian world is by far the deepest and richest of this age. This is so, precisely because the Iberians are earth-bent. It is owing to this quality and not to metaphysical depth, that even to the most modern Iberian, things human mean more than all objective facts.

The Emotional Order stands in the same relationship to the order of Gana — to resume in a few words what has been explained above — as the ensouled to what is devoid of soul; or as a life which has its ruling centre in the inner experience of a personal subject, to an existence which unconsciously obeys a driving force. But the particular order it represents can best be understood when we call to mind the order of the Universe, such as the most modern physicists describe it. In the Cosmos, too, things do not happen in the way intellect would think ideal. The firmament, in particular, so much extolled because of its rational order, should be an abomination to intellect. Infinite voids, unbridged by any ether which can be considered a material substance, nor by any kind of forces working at long ranges. Here and there, semi-choatic nebulae and clusters of stars, at rarer intervals, articulate solar systems, none of which, however, are stable; occasional twin-stars, indeed, real *ménages à trois et à quarte* among the heavenly bodies; finally, changing stars, thoroughly unreliable customers. All these statements, moreover, can only be made with the reservation that stable and distinct bodies do not, in reality, exist at all. Under these circumstances, the possible existence of an emotional order, after all, should appear more plausible than that of a cosmic order; for we ourselves incarnate the former, it is no 'outside' whose existence is doubtful. Emotions, too, do not work at long distances; but they are connected by infection, as it were; and their influence, which works from nearness to nearness in a gradual transference, goes so far, that despite all internal strife, groups can a priori be imagined as both possible and necessary. Furthermore, the Emotional Order is more comprehensible than that entity which somehow connects and holds together the innumerable exclusive Gana-melodies from the centre of a whole, which remains for ever undefinable. For emotions are essentially set in one

direction. Where any kind of direction exists, and where it is not a question of an atom in the void, there coherence necessarily exists; which coherence in the long run inevitably leads to a state we call cosmos in contradistinction to chaos. Thus, the solar systems, in the long run, developed out of movements originally not correlated. Similarly, once a connexion between humans exists, it remains determinant through affection and dislike. No unreliability, no revulsion of feelings destroys it; if love turns to hate, still the tie endures. As opposed to the void of the indifferent, hate and treachery and unreliability create a stable connexion no less than love and faith. Only indifference destroys an emotional tie: for with the victory of indifference all emotions die.

Now the wealth and manifoldness of possible emotions imply the possibility of a firmer or, more exactly, of a more intensive connexion than stars can incarnate. There, the gamut stretches from dimly-felt Gana-thraldom and clear-sighted personal love to sublimest faith which triumphs in spite of all proven facts. And, again and again, new emotions can be born and come to rule, so that, as compared with the possibilities of the emotional sphere, those of the astro-physical universe, in which stars are born and die with great uniformity, appear insignificant. Antique friendship in-built a new cosmos into Nature; the same was true of Christian Love. When in the Middle Ages personal loyalty from man to man, for the first time in history, became a decisive power, this was little short of a cosmic event. And certainly no less can be said of the denial of all significance of emotional bonds and of the soul by Soviet-Russia. There, of a sudden, a world of hatred has become decisive, the possibility of which we could hitherto only dimly imagine on the strength of mythical tradition. In Russia, hate of the so-called bourgeoisie has created nothing more nor less than a new empire ruled by new laws; indeed,

within less than a generation it has created a new type of man. But to set aside history: how wonderfully rich are the possibilities of psycho-chemical combination within the sphere of emotion and sentiment! Feeling can give a soul to the senses; it can reject or exclude all that belongs to them. The profoundest love of the man generally has a touch of asceticism. Hate can be naively consented to: then a beautiful world of warriors comes into existence. Hate may be overcome: it then turns into love of the enemy. If hate is repressed from prejudice, this leads in the long run to abominations such as World War and World Revolution. I have no intention of writing a catalogue here; however undifferentiated most men may be as emotional beings — almost every genuine woman on her own account will discover innumerable possibilities of new combinations. Only one more word to illustrate conclusively the thesis that the Emotional Order stands in the same relationship to the world of Gana, as the ensouled to what is devoid of soul. Sex itself belongs to the sphere of Gana. But how much its significance can vary, according to the whole of which it forms a part! Sexual intercourse within the frame-work of normal animal desire, of vicious lust, of wild passion, and of deep love of the soul means something intrinsically different in each separate case. If the soul decides, its laws bestow on all that belongs to the body a specific and, in each case, a unique significance. Yet the essential connexion with Gana is proven by the fact that the more a love has its centre in the soul, the more, not the less, does the physical act mean.

Intellectual man best realizes the particular laws which rule the Emotional Order and the rhythm of its development in time, by remembering his own experiences when he was in love. The amorous state in its lowest form — where man is a slave to his love — belongs to the realm of Gana: deepest affinities which are inaccessible to consciousness

decide the question whether two humans belong together and whether — if the tie can develop all its force — they become slaves to it. It derives its external motives from the sphere of susceptibility; even the brutal man when in love recognizes as a matter of course that a delicate or indelicate word, a declaration at the right or the wrong moment actually changes a situation in defiance of all laws of reason. For the rest, the course of love in time represents a real melody. The rhythmic alternation of 'elate with joy, sad unto death' (Goethe) — like all the rhythms of love in their Up and Down and Back and Forth, in their beginnings and endings — conforms to laws. Here it is this very alternation, this very lack of continuity in the sense of Planck's theory of quanta, this possible complete transmutation of one quality into another, that creates the connexion. The specific order of the emotions in time is even more generally illustrated by their normal change from childhood to old age; a change which passes through the various attachments corresponding to each age. Here, moreover, the objective validity of a particular order can be proven by the fact that freedom can disturb it, and that such disturbance brings its own punishment with it in the shape of pathological deformations. To the state of childhood corresponds a particular emotional attachment to the parents. But if this lasts beyond a certain stage, it leads to pathological infantilism. Similarly, the repetition of first loves is morbid; the abnormal character of the Don Juan, which has already been pointed out in 'Gana,' is due to the fact — to express it in another way — that he never progresses; that again and again, he makes one and the same experience; that he has no memory and no goal. The most tragic phenomenon of this kind is incarnated by parents who fail to change in unison with the growth of their children. The true meaning of the Emotional Order has never been more profoundly grasped than by ancient Hindu

wisdom: boys and girls should be chaste; then should follow family-life. But man should end his days as a Sanyassin, a homeless man. To equivalent instinctive understanding is due the happiness of Anglo-Saxon mothers: when their children have made homes of their own, they are glad to be able to live their own life. A terrible retribution always falls on that unfortunately all too frequent type of woman who desires to perpetuate the relationship of the young mother and the baby. Here, as in the case of the amorous state, it is a question of a tie inaccessible to freedom which has a normal rhythm of its own.

But just as it is possible to disturb this normal rhythm, a thing which must be paid for with loss of health — true wages of sin — even so it can also be induced or called out by freedom. Were it otherwise, seduction would be possible only on the plane of pure sensuality. Were it otherwise, wooing would not be a genuine art. Were it otherwise, woman would not be so skilled in playing on the instrument of the emotions — not only that of Gana and the feelings. Were it otherwise, emotion would not, finally, be a specific organ of discrimination and to that extent of understanding.

HEREWITH I have reached a problem which first attracted my attention in South America. And I also believe that I have found a solution which, in the main, can stand the test of criticism. *The idea of recognition as it is generally understood is no longer tenable.* Not only feelings and intuitions whose laws are not the laws of logic, can convey knowledge; the same is true of emotion. And this fact cannot be interpreted in the way it is explained by C. G. Jung who calls emotion a rational function; emotion is essentially irrational. What is important is this: that recognition is not necessarily and not essentially a rational process. *Every* reaction which is vitally correct is a process identical in essence with what we call recognition. One might even go the length of saying that scientific knowledge

means so far less perfect a form of recognition than many another vital reaction, that Life would not have continued for an hour, had there been nothing better. Every organic process of adaptation and assimilation comprises the elements of accurate ascertainment of facts, right discrimination between things essential and unessential, the position of the problem in a particular manner and its solution in a way which is correct from the standpoint of the questioner. Through this new definition, intellectual insight, definition and demonstration lose none of the value which has stood the pragmatic test of the ages; but on the basis of our definition it becomes clear that they are the norms only of a *particular* kind of knowledge, not of recognition as such. If any particular phenomenon is to provide the ideal norm, it would be better to elect instinct instead of intellect for this purpose; for no reflection has ever equalled the absolutely sure understanding of a situation which is characteristic of the most vitally important instinctive reactions of animals. The only general definition of knowledge which is not wrong seems to me to be the following: *it is the right equation between an experiencing subject and an object;* recognition must be subordinated to inner experience in general. Life holds its own in the face of the thousands of stimuli which force themselves upon it and to which it responds with sensibility, either by making a firm stand or by assimilation. For either reaction to succeed 'understanding', however unconscious, however unspiritual, is the necessary premise; and understanding is the ultimate and supreme resort of all recognition. One should say 'understanding' here, not adaptation; for adaptation cannot be imagined without the auxiliary construction of postulates which are far more improbable still than those of an organic and unconscious understanding. If the equation between the subject and the object is correct, it is true to the specific meaning of Life and at the same time to the world of

objects as far as this is at all possible; then it is a case of 'understanding', no matter whether bodies, souls, spirits, feelings, emotions or ideas come into play. What is called the Personal Equation can never be eliminated; let ever so many subjective elements be eliminated from the impressions — the theory of relativity has achieved this to a hitherto unparalleled degree — there always remains 'the human as such'. But it is only with regard to man that our idea of understanding has any meaning at all. Thus, the 'personal equation' in the last analysis, is less an impediment than the condition of all understanding. From the standpoint of any live creature 'the' world is its particular 'way of being affected'; and in the case of each type it is a question of a particular unique world, which cannot possibly be related back nor reduced any further.

From here, the solution of the spiritual and emotional and other vital problems can without difficulty be grasped from the same point of view. From here we can realize in what respect 'understanding' means the solution everywhere, and at the same time define existing differences correctly in accordance with their respective significance. Only, for this purpose we shall substitute the one word 'correspondence' for the lengthy definition of 'the right equation between subject and object', since the term 'correspondence' can now hardly give rise to misunderstandings. The solution of a problem never is a logical process in the first place. The reverse is true: the laws of logical truth are a particular case of possible correspondence in general. Now intellect can relate back all correspondences to a principle. Where abstract recognition, as science understands it, is the goal, the basic premise of possible understanding is the general validity of an equation, which necessitates correct formation. Now if it is a question of emotional 'understanding', 'correspondence' likewise is the necessary premise, and here, too, it is requisite to form

the equation in the right way. Only the basic principle of emotional understanding is not general validity, but something entirely different: it is *specific compatibility*. And in accordance with the nature of the connexion, the basic principle here is not merely a *ratio cognoscendi*, but a *ratio essendi*. I should like to express what I have to say here in the form of a paraphrase of the myth of Creation which sounds amusing, but which is seriously meant. Was it really the snake through whose whisperings Evil came into the world? It was quite sufficient that Adam and Eve should have been incompatible. If my supposition is correct, then the snake was superfluous. For on the plane of emotion compatibility, with its polar opposite: incompatibility, is in itself the original cause of all phenomena. This is apparent in the original type of humanity, Woman, even in her most differentiated states, as clearly as on the first day that Man came into existence. A woman's character is seldom originally fixed. Women change, they even are re-born again and again, as it were, through polarization. First, they are formed through polarization with their parents and the home; later through polarization with the husband — there is profound meaning in the fact that they change their name from one husband to another. In particular, they are reborn, again and again, through polarization with the surrounding world at large; hence the significance of fashion. If they belong to the type of the *amoureuse*, a particular law of change often rules them. The same woman who first found fulfilment in a warrior may immediately afterwards, without transition, become enthralled by an artist, or a thinker, and again immediately after by a boxer, for thus does she experience constant rejuvenation. Now according to the degree of compatibility, the character born of polarization takes on a positive or negative, a good or evil aspect, as the case may be. Women tied to men incompatible with them almost invariably grow bad, and

really bad at that (unless the spiritual element within them plays so prominent a part that a principle to which they cling can save them and self-conquest turns evil into good). To Kant's assertion that there is nothing really good in the world except Good Will may be added that Good Will, too, may turn into its contrary; thus, what is left as the original phenomenon is the ambivalence of all emotional energies, all of which can always manifest themselves either in a positive or a negative form, or work themselves out in either sense. In 'Delicadeza' we explained that, more often than not, Evil is the natural consequence of wounded susceptibility. And in an earlier meditation we found that an objective Evil, the brood of the Night of Creation, is the original womb of all things on earth. The degree of fixation does indeed diminish with every stage in the progressive and higher development of the psyche. Thus, it is possible, quite seriously, that all Evil in the world of Man originally was born of the fact that Adam and Eve were incompatible; this is made the more probable by the obvious circumstance that Cain was burdened with psychoanalytic complexes. And on this very capacity of change of the emotions rest all possibilities of improvement and salvation. At the beginning of this meditation, we dwelt upon the fact that it is irrational to speak of a 'Should', where feelings and emotions are concerned; for they cannot be commanded. There is indeed no commanding them; but thanks to their capacity of change they can be influenced; and if they live long enough in one particular form, they become fixed in it. This is the sole reason why education is at all possible, and at the same time necessary. To that extent Virtue can actually be taught in the sense Socrates meant it. This is why home-education is so much more important than the school — the home-atmosphere in the first place fixes the feelings and emotions. Here, too, lie h e roots of what is true in Behaviourism. Only, not 'habit',

but the feelings which are to be awakened, should be its last conceptual resort. Everywhere the problem is identical with that of woman who becomes good, when tied to a man who is compatible with her, and evil in the reverse case. From this recognition we can give greater depth to what we explained in 'Blood' regarding the desire for warmth and 'home'. The uniting of individuals in any kind of group or community results from an urge towards what is compatible with them; for thus alone is it possible to attain to a fullness of individual life of a positive aspect, where spiritual motives and ties have little weight.

But, above all, we can now lay on more colour on our picture of the Emotional Order. On the planes of permanent feelings and emotions, compatibility and incompatibility create a connexion actually (not merely metaphorically) comparable to a field of forces of electric attraction and repulsion. This explains these feuds spreading from clan to clan, from tribe to tribe, of which all primeval history is full. The more primitive a man, the less he does what is transferable and in so far what is common to all mean to him; in the first place, he looks upon every stranger as an enemy or a contemptible barbarian. When a Gaucho was told of the World War and in answer to his questions was informed that the Entente (with which the speaker sided) consisted of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians, he shook his head despondingly: 'And these most miserable (this is the best translation of *los mas desgraciados*) of all the *Gringos* (that is, foreigners) hope to defeat the Germans?' He derived his conception of them from the incompetent horsemanship of the representatives of these nations whom he had met; and this one characteristic for him was decisive. The fields of forces which rest on the existence of a stronger or slighter degree of compatibility and of more or less sympathy resulting from the former, and which attract or repel each other, create in the domain of human social

life the very phenomenon, whose cosmic manifestations science endeavours to explain in terms of the classic idea of gravitation. So-called 'hereditary enmity' is based upon actually existing feelings and emotions. And Evil *is born* of it. That most singular double standard held by all primitives, according to which it is permissible to persecute and kill one's enemy, whereas one should love and help one's friend, can only be understood if we accept the fact that compatibility, the basic principle of the Emotional Order, is primarily creative.

Now this Emotional Order rules the whole of the Iberian sphere of culture. If in Spain and Portugal it is overlaid with spirit-born formations, it manifests itself with almost perfect purity in South America. The surface of life there is ruled by Delicadeza. Whatever is not wounding to the feelings is good; what hurts them is evil. Its deeps are ruled by equally elementary emotions. Now the peculiar charm and bloom of this world is due to the fact that the coldness of the Spirit of the Third Day of Creation endows the Emotional Order over there with a gentleness it has nowhere else. From the background of Spain this peculiar quality stands forth with particular clarity. South American *amistad* stands in a similar relationship to that of ancient Spain, as do the colours of the South American landscape to those of Africa. They impress one as being silvery as compared to the deep Spanish gold; their radiance is like that of the moon, not of the sun. But precisely because of the cold foundations the warmth which, ever and anon, awakes in echo-like reactions, calls out a particular sense of well-being. I for my part have never enjoyed any other kind of warmth so much; maybe because I prefer the gentle light of the moon to the glow of the scorching sun.

WE have now gained sufficient insight into the nethermost depths to be able to turn with deeper

understanding to the well-known phenomena of social life. The original form of man's existence is the *group*. No single existence, such as that of most animals whom even sex only binds for short moments or periods; not the pair, for since the connexion between parents and children is not severed, as it is with the monogamous animals, there are in principle more than two individuals. Nor is the original form of human existence a collectivity like that of the ants and bees, which presupposes their having something like a collective subject; to say nothing of gregarious animals. Now the group from the outset manifests itself as subdivided into kinships and friendships. The kinship, too, does not represent a tie of blood; for blood as such does not feel. What really manifests itself here, is compatibility of soul based on physical compatibility; and this double foundation explains the strength of genuine family-feeling. But friendship which is not based on ties of blood forms no less original a bond. Long ago, ethnological science has found that units of relationship and of friendship co-exist independently of each other. If the latter generally appear founded more on generic than on personal affinities as, for instance, groups of contemporaries, men's associations or unions in the frame of a particular exclusive, but impersonal *esprit de corps*, the reason is that the individual is undifferentiated, and accordingly the most general at the same time means the most personal. But even in the earliest stages we meet with personal friendships; indeed, if they exist, they mean most precisely where on the whole group-feelings are decisive. For if all attention is focused in emotional ties, the eye gains a keener perception for every nuance. I grasped the meaning of the fraternal bond sealed with blood, which plays so prominent a part in archaic ages, through the example of an Argentine counterpart: within a unified and outwardly united family there existed friendships and enmities. It meant a reversal of the same meaning, if early ages

sought to base their friendships also on a tie of Blood.

Now the fundamental difference between the Emotional Order and any order rooted in reason lies in its exclusiveness. The causes already analysed can now be expressed in the formula, that for the feelings and emotions there is a difference in kind between the person one loves and feels as belonging to one, and the stranger; a difference in kind as marked as that between chemical elements. With primitives, exclusiveness goes so far that the individual belonging to one particular Emotional Order is unwilling to recognize as a human being anyone who does not belong to the same order. We can witness the same thing in ages of a return to primitiveness through war or class-wars, where the man who does not belong to one is likewise, as it were, outlawed. But originally this was and is so everywhere. When Alexander von Humboldt tried to explain to certain Indians of the Amazonas that their habit of eating human beings was not nice, they first answered with true South American delicadeza: 'His lordship is quite right'; but then they continued with a puzzled air: 'But we cannot quite understand; the people we eat are not relatives. . .' The attitude of the Greeks towards the 'barbarians' was very much the same. In primordial states, man feels under as few moral obligations towards strangers as are felt to exist with regard to animals one eats and exploits. In the Old World, this attitude can still be found among the Caucasian tribes. The same attitude is expressed in another form in the original phenomenon of corruption. Its primary foundation is neither rational, nor moral, nor utilitarian; it is emotional. The original stress does not lie on venality and embezzlement, but on love of one's neighbour. For this, and nothing else is the original meaning of nepotism. For the emotionally centred being, the human world is limited to those who belong to him. All the more freely does he do kindnesses to his friends, and among these to himself. State, govern-

ment, office, etc., are intellect-born ideas and institutions which naive feeling recognizes only to the extent that they can be exploited for the benefit of those one loves. This is why every South American revolution, which flares up because of the corruption of the existing government, debouches into a state of things identical with the preceding state, only that now other circles and individuals decide. And probably the greater part of all South Americans thinks this is as it should be. As a matter of fact, the Emotional Order is entirely and essentially amoral, although on the other hand, it is the womb of all morality. This explains, among other things, why early ages could not see that it is cruel to enslave others; on the contrary, they thought it humane. The Greeks and Romans felt genuinely 'good' when they led the vanquished into slavery; for the normal thing to do would have been to kill them all. Aristotle gave this idea a philosophical foundation by explaining that the state of slavery was an order ordained by Nature — just as most rulers and businessmen before the World War and World Revolution with a perfectly clear conscience thought the meagre standard of life of the workman a thing ordained by God — and hence it probably follows that his master Plato, who was himself once sold into slavery, was of the same opinion. In the modern and intellectualized state of humanity, this primordial attitude manifests itself most frequently in the type of mother called *la mère-tigresse*: no sacrifice is too great where her children are concerned, whereas with regard to outsiders everything *ought* to be permitted.

But from what has been said follows something else: when Empedocles taught that War of all against all is the father of all things, he was right to a certain extent, though not in the way he meant it to be understood. The fact that a state of tiedness can come to an end is, indeed, the premise of all historical change. Originally, all imagination

which sets its own goals is lacking; but what is blind changes its modality of being only when driven from within. From this follows, moreover, that external motives play a very slight part in primordial states; the part they play is all the slighter, as primitives rarely step out of the life-space into which they were born. Thus, 'history' could really only begin — to use the language of the myth — after Cain had slain Abel and therewith strife had become a permanent motive power. Now in the paradise of the primordial state the most different humans normally co-exist, not indeed altogether peacefully, but in such a rhythm of war and peace, that the general impression produced corresponds to the adage: 'cads fight, and when the fight is o'er, they're greater friends than e'er before.' For this very reason, wars among primitives almost never are wars of extermination, nor are they intended to be. There, the humans who love each other and those who do not co-exist in an ultimate harmony similar to that of the carnivorous and herbivorous animals. This explains, among other things, the immense intricacy precisely of primitive social orders, as it is most impressively incarnated in the rules regarding the permitted and the prohibited selection of a mate among the Australian savages. This intricacy is not the result of a higher state of intelligence, but of the primacy of the Emotional Order. The latter can create from out of itself formations no less differentiated and admirable to intellect, than does the body on its own plane.

Everywhere the cell of the Emotional Order is the small circle. Hence the course of development proceeds from families and friendships to tribes and small peoples and ultimately to great nations. But the smaller the circle, the stronger its coherence. Hence the firm connexion between the inhabitants of South America. What actually decides on this continent, are not the official States, but unions bound each to each by emotional ties. In the States as such, things

are mostly in absolute disorder. But the units of kinship and friendship are hardly affected by these troubles; on the contrary, they live and thrive on them. But the centre of the State always is a live man. South American personalism is intimately bound up with the primacy of the Emotional Order. A world centred in emotion can have its centre and focus only in personalities. Abstract considerations mean nothing to such a world; for thoughts to it are not primary, but secondary things. Nor do ideas, such as republicanism or monarchism in the abstract, mean anything to such people; if they stand for one or the other of these ideas, as the case may be, they really mean this or that leader; in the case of great mass-movements this or that social stratum; whatever is thought or done by those who are recognized and approved of, is without criticism accepted as right.

What has been described here, is in general held to be characteristic of woman. With her, the rational sphere is so entirely subservient to the emotional, that where she loves, she sees nought but good into the beloved and cannot understand that others should see him in a different light. In reality, the same is true of every emotionally centred individual, however virile he be. And since the Emotional Order is the original order, all records and statements of early humanity must be judged like the picture a woman paints of friend and foe. But in the nethermost deeps of all, even of the most intellectualized nations, the original Emotional Order survives. It is highly significant that precisely in the case of demonstrably impersonal relationships, the emotional tie is felt to be ultimately decisive. Once the particular order which works itself out in war has called out in its participants the corresponding inner adjustment, every commander is quite irrationally supposed to love even the unknown soldier like a father. Napoleon who was truly inhuman, was adored by his soldiers like a beloved woman; and this is why they died for him. In a

peacefully permanent and softened form the original Emotional Order lives on in the ancient monarchies of Europe. Everyone should love the king; on his side, he loves each one of his subjects like his own child. In particular: his moods, his *bon plaisir*, that is, the irrational side of his nature *should* ultimately decide, just as the clear-headed financier who keeps an actress *desires* her to be capricious. In modern constitutional monarchies kings have hardly any real power at all. But the irrational side of their mode of being is the more intensely cultivated. They are expected to live as though personal things were ultimately decisive. Thus, princes believe even to-day, and to a certain extent their subjects share this belief, that blood relationships among princes create a bond of friendship between the nations. Thus, the last among modern humans, they live in the original form of closest family relations and seem to be physiologically incapable of looking beyond them. One may almost say: if a prince of an ancient dynasty is not revolted by the mere thought of marrying a woman not his equal by birth, he is in all likelihood degenerate. This does not mean arrogance: it is nothing but the ultimate expression of a primeval state; thus does one clan of negritoes shut itself off hermetically against all others. And this primordial bond alone means a really inseverable tie. Where the corresponding idea is still at all vital in a nation, every hereditary king has more prestige and influence than the most deserving of presidents. And thus the original Emotional Order has also tinged the Christian idea of Heaven with its specific colour. The Father rules; the Son is the mediator; the Mother of God creates the bond of tenderness. And the Blessed are none other than the friends, understood in the Argentine sense, who live together in harmony of heart from eternity to eternity.

Now if wars and revolutions of sufficient duration cause

the netherworld to break forth, its power is also restored in the upper world. What belongs to the depths of Hell soon withdraws; it has given full vent to its fury, and all mere Gana-melodies are not only finite, but also short-lived. With emotions it is different. The rational counter-sense and pseudo-sense of war from the outset causes the emphasis to be laid on the emotions; otherwise war could not be carried through to the end. But if the emotions are awakened in the form adapted to war, they remain active long after the cause from which they originated has passed. Before the World War many people smiled at the idea that friendships between nations should be necessary; such friendships, according to them, were quite out of date; interest alone decided. Since the World War and Versailles all might know better. The war propanganda with its abuses and libels and defamations was an honest translation, on the whole, of genuine feelings and emotions into the language of intellect. And the dictated peace of Versailles is a product true to Sense of the pure spirit of hatred. What the foe held to be true and believed of the foe, and accordingly felt justified in doing unto him, was identical in meaning with woman's idealization of the beloved man. *All* objective and rational assertions and all judgments passed towards the end of the war and during the first years of peace, were conditioned by emotion. And this was not the result of 'prejudice': there was no idea of any kind of 'judgment'; it was a case of the transference of emotional reality. Now whatever has changed for the better since the end of the War up to the time I write, is entirely due to the fact that the emotions which swayed humanity during the World War are dying away. If true peace ever comes to Europe, it will be because these emotions have come to a natural end. Thus, the ancient theory that friendships between the nations are necessary remains true for all ages; for it asserts nothing but the primacy of the Emotional

Order. At any moment the forces of the deeps can break forth afresh, unchanged in their primordial violence.

BUT the Emotional Order is essentially blind and inert. Therefore, sooner or later, it is inevitably — since man is a reflecting creature — if not conquered, at least covered with the superstructure of a rational order. This is the profoundest and ultimate reason of the predominance of the world of man over that of woman: the mere idea that force can and should ultimately decide, presupposes rationality. And as a matter of fact, physical force is outwardly superior to inward ties. In this connexion, I know of nothing more instructive than the extreme logic incarnated in all those systems which have successfully ruled South America. As compared with the State of the Incas, that of the Bolshevists is a thing almost irrational. In the State of the Incas every emergency was anticipated, everything preordained. Nothing could escape the network of this State-machinery and State-reason — nothing indeed but the absolutely unforeseeable from the basis of its own premises, such as the mode of being and the course of action of Pizarro. The logic ruling the Jesuit State of Paraguay was even more fantastic. The State-machinery of modern Brazil is wonderfully subtle. And thus South America in these latter days is being caught in the meshes of North American finance. To stern logic which possesses the material power the Emotional Order is originally inferior. Since it is essentially passive and pathic, it can only follow, it cannot take the lead, when movement sets in. Essentially blind, it is unable to parry forethought. In its essential inconsistency it cannot hold out against logic. This is why its overcoming or overlaying began at an earlier date in supremely logical Europe than it did in Asia; and to-day with the completion of the process of intellectualization, the Emotional Order is in immediate peril of its life. The binding power of marriage, love and friendship is dwindling

with every year. Genuine 'community' is becoming ever rarer. In the social and political picture of the United States of America, the Emotional Order practically plays no part at all, whilst in Russia it is persecuted as hostile to the State almost in the same way as the Roman Empire persecuted the Christian community. In Soviet-Russia love is not allowed to mean more than the stark sexual act. Marriages can be made and unmade in a few minutes — thus indeed all possibility of deepening sensations into feelings and emotions is most surely precluded. And it is imposed upon relations and friends as a moral duty to denounce each other to the Political Police.

These last trends of thought transfer the general and historical inquiry to the plane of actuality; and I will conclude this meditation with a consideration of these actual problems. While staying in South America I had, again and again, to think of its counter-phenomena, Russia and North America. And the acuteness of the problem also with regard to Europe was proven to me by my own reactions: I could not possibly have experienced such a sense of well-being in a world so essentially different from mine, were it not that its example pointed out a road to salvation also for Europe by evoking or restoring what was repressed or buried. Indeed: the Emotional Order, just as the order of the body and as Gana, is a thing primordial understood not only in the sense of something early in time, but of what is eternally original. People talk far too glibly about 'primitivity' nowadays. Even subtle psychologists by preference dismiss phenomena which do not fit into the frame of rationalized consciousness as 'primitive'; and in our present state this amounts to the 'anathema' of the Middle Ages. And just as the Middle Ages thought Christians alone qualified for salvation, and accordingly considered them only human beings, even so the Nordic modality of life is believed to be the only modality worthy

of Man. The so-called lower functions should indeed be stimulated, but they should be drawn into the connexion of the rational order. Now, beyond a certain point, this is as impossible as to change roots into blossoms, or to let both thrive together in the upper world. The truth is, that many forces can only thrive in the form of primitiveness, as the above-mentioned psychologists understand it; and among these forces are some of the profoundest and most vital. Thus, the greater tenacity and morality (in the sense of the French *le moral*) shown by the Latin races, in particular by the otherwise so intellectualized French as opposed to the Germans, is due to the survival of many functions in a primitive form. If I was justified, in *Europe*, in describing the English as animal-like, this is due to something similar. It should at last be understood, that the Emotional Order is a thing primordial not only in the sense of something early in time, but foremost of what is rooted. If the root withers, the crown or the blossom inevitably perish. And if this perishing is due to a hypertrophy of the rational element, then the result is an assimilation, almost without transition, of the animate to the inanimate. It is strange, but it is so, that the laws of intellect, logic and mathematics can be transferred directly to what according to our ideas is dead; whereas it is only with the utmost difficulty that they enable reflection to trace the ways of Life; remember the irrational, even unreasonable quality of Gana. To that extent exaggerated rationalization is no doubt hostile to Original Life. And rationalization is exaggerated wherever the manifestations and workings of Gana, of Delicadeza and the Emotional Order are inhibited or pressed into a frame which does not fit them. It may be true enough that there is nothing dead in the absolute sense. From the standpoint of what is undoubtedly animate, one can nevertheless affirm that the inanimate is ruled by mechanical laws; within the sphere

of the inanimate there is nothing in principle which cannot be foreseen; in the domain of the inanimate alone it is possible to make unlimited generalizations, whereas the animate on all planes consists of uniquenesses. An atomistic structure belongs exclusively to the inanimate, whereas the animate is built up of monads. It is only in the domain of the inanimate that quantity creates superiority, whereas all vital superiority rests on higher quality. Therefore, one may assert with but slight exaggeration: whatever is truly vital is primitive to the extent that it is vital. And since the orders of Gana, of sensibility and emotion phylogenetically precede the order of intellect, the animate proper is never intellectual.

This trend of thought alone suffices to explain what we have already pointed out: that the words 'humanity' and 'humane feeling' have always been understood to apply to the emotional, and not the intellectual sphere. Instinctively, everyone imagines the prototype of humane behaviour to be the lover who accepts the beloved as he is, as an absolute value. Under these circumstances it is clear even without our earlier fundamental considerations, why Americanization and Bolshevization must needs have a de-souling influence; and why all intentions to make the world a better and more beautiful place than it is to-day, on the basis of intellectual premise, must *de facto* lead to a withering of the soul and, as soon as passions come into play, to an inhumanity and cruelty unknown to any tyrant, however barbaric, who belonged to the Emotional Order. In his most illuminating book *Wir Zuchthäusler* ('We convicts'; München 1932, Albert Langen) Georg Fuchs has shown that modern prison life humanized to the extreme is almost more intolerable and almost more disastrous in its effects on the soul than barbaric and arbitrary treatment; because the latter is *human*, whereas 'objective' perfection which does not enter into the individual's personality means putting

the soul permanently to the rack. Of course, for all that, humanity born of understanding is a better thing than an institution based solely on feelings and emotions; first, because emotions never are consistent; secondly, because they are not forces working at long distances; finally, because nothing general can be created out of mere feelings and emotions. Nevertheless, a world of completely institutionalized intellect from which all feelings and emotions are eliminated — such as the world of modern mechanical civilization and, to a high degree, that of juridical Rome in the past — is more inhuman than any world ruled by soul, however evil it may otherwise appear. Every human being is both good *and* bad. Personal joy and personal sorrow both belong to the positive aspect of life. An Argentine woman once said to me: 'What would be left, if my sorrow were taken from me? I should have no life at all.' Thus, everyone feels the alternation of kindness and hardness, favour and disfavour, objectivity and subjectivity as something ultimately positive; just as such alternation in surprise means the fulfilment of the game of love. We have shown that man experiences another's hardness as something ultimately positive; hardness does not call out hate, but admiration. Where emotions decide, new love as the outcome of hate, and reconciliation as the conclusion of war are always possible. But where emotions play no part at all, dead logic or the logic of what is dead holds the sole and sovereign rule. Then, war must needs be war of extermination; then, financial self-interest must pursue its own ends ruthlessly; then, the individual must be unconditionally sacrificed to common welfare. To what a damming-up of overpowering quantities of hate a state of this kind can lead, is proven by the World War which was intrinsically a phenomenon of explosion. The inhumanity of such a world even in days of peace is shown by the business methods employed by Americans outside

their own country, to say nothing of Bolshevist administration. Sooner or later, this must call out terrible reactions in those who at first were compelled to submit to superior force.

And here, the women all over the world are likely to become the leaders, wherewith the feminist movement – which, in its beginnings, led to a masculinization of woman and which to that extent is chiefly to blame for the de-souling of Western humanity – would complete the circle of its own development. The women who are by instinct bent upon, and skilled in the art of divining and meeting future wishes of the men and who thus gain their greatest victories — the women and not the men had pushed the mechanization of the world to extremes. The result in the United States — for the present the country typical of mankind at large — is the pardoxical phenomenon that woman does indeed rule; but not the feminine, but the de-feminized woman, and in a world made masculine to the point of caricature at that. It was she who declared love to be old-fashioned; she who depreciated what is specifically feminine and held only the one-sidedly masculine way of thinking and acting to be valuable.* But woman cannot change her nature. And there are limits to her histrionic powers, if only in exhaustion. Thus, more and more women are beginning to admit to themselves that the worlds of sport, of 'greater efficiency', and of professional competence do not really fill their lives in a satisfactory manner, because at bottom and despite all pretence to the contrary, they mean nothing to them. They are beginning to admit this truth the more generally as an increasing number of men is becoming aware of the fact that the mechanical world is a purely masculine world, in which there is no room for woman, and that thereby the part played by woman in their lives is irresistibly diminishing

* I have explained all this at length in the chapter 'Predominant Woman' of *America Set Free*.

in importance. In America things have already come to the pass they were in in Europe about the beginning of this century: after every meal the men withdraw as quickly as possible from the society of women, because they find them boring. Thus, evolution *must* with the women lead to a *réveil du lion* of the consciousness that only a life within the Emotional Order is truly in harmony with their nature, and that they can only mean much to man as emotionally developed and centred beings. If now woman, in her self-presentation again and again guesses and anticipates the wishes of man, the latter, of necessity, in the long run becomes what she desires him to be. Therefore, I do not doubt that there will be a real revolution against the mechanical order. And this time the salvation of mankind can only come from Woman. The assertion that a form of life based on susceptibility and emotion is exclusively characteristic of the feminine sex is fundamentally wrong. But *to-day* indeed the women alone incarnate this form of life in the Western world, because the natural order in which they live is the Emotional Order; because they react chiefly with sensitiveness and are never affected in their depths, nor formed by things intellectual. Therefore, many reflecting people are looking out for a new phase of matriarchy in history.* But this is not the real issue. Even the state of things in France is so much more stable and harmonious than it is in Germany because the women independently of all rights and without visible activity play the part suited to their nature; and this is the case least of all with German women. What is essential is that the values of Gana, of Delicadeza and the

* In his book *Erkenntnisgeist und Muttergeist* (Breslau 1932, Ferd. Hirt) Ernst Bergmann has gone the greatest length in this respect. The (evidently unconscious) hostility to man apparent in his fundamental explanations is not without a certain comic aspect. But Ernst Bergmann is right — and to that extent his trends of thought are extremely worth reading — when he shows that only a feminist movement in a spirit contrary to what feminism has been up till now, can bring salvation to mankind.

Emotional Order should be recognized according to their specific weight; and that — since to-day women alone guide and direct their lives in accordance with these values — women should be recognized as authorities where they are superior to men. Now if this happens, truly feminine woman will experience an immense increase of her prestige. And if all goes well, it will be owing to this that the most burning problems of this age may not indeed be solved — this will ever be impossible — but dismissed.* There are only intellectual problems, for intellect alone posits them. Wherever a particular state of things represents an optimum, without its elements being of a rational nature, *self-evidence* belongs to its essence. Thus, national cohesion is not a problem, but a matter of course; the same applies to the right relationship between man and woman, and between parents and children; if here problems arise at all, things are in a bad state. Now woman is essentially unproblematic. Therefore, if her spirit gains a new prestige, it can do more for the solution of the modern crisis than the best emergency decree thought out by man. I am convinced that to-day things are in a similar state to what they were when the great ladies of Provence laid the foundations of modern civilization. The men of those days were thoroughly wild, raw and dissolute. The women taught them to acknowledge the claims of Gana, of Delicadeza and the Emotional Order. And therewith the world grew beautiful. And from this root in the long run sprang what can be called culture in Western civilization.

The mechanical order is the essentially inhuman order. Accordingly, wherever it penetrates, it provokes resentment and hatred in all those who do not happen to be its masters. How the capitalists are hated to-day! As opposed to this, the hardness and cruelty of the Spanish conquerors has

* Cf. the development of this sentence in the chapter 'Tension and Rhythm' of *Recovery of Truth*.

left no trace of resentment. For they were ruled by Gana and Delicadeza. They were by no means humane in the sense of the European ideal of humanity, that sorry concoction of the eighteenth century which to-day is at last exposed in its true character, that ideal which started from the fictitious premise that man is essentially good, and that inadequate progresssive institutions alone are the cause of all evil and suffering: the Spaniards were human in the sense of what the Spanish language calls *hombría*: humanity understood in the sense of fullness of life and soul, of fully developed, integral humanity which manifests itself in the form of both good and evil. In this sense the Spaniard probably is the most human of all humans. It is impossible not to love him when one comes to know him for any length of time, since an object never means more to him than the live individual, and human ties are more essential in his eyes than all formal and abstract bonds. Thus, even the viceroys always did what they *personally* thought right — and according to their nature this was either better or worse, as the case might be, than the instructions they received from Spain; with regard to the latter, the classic formula was this: *se obedece, pero no se cumple* (one obeys, but one does not carry out). Whereas the colonizing Anglo-Saxon in principle kept aloof from the natives, the Spaniard always dealt with other races as from man to man, and to that extent as between equals. And he did so from out of that idea of equality which alone is true to Sense: the idea which affirms the equality of all men *qua* men — what in the Middle Ages was called equality before God — but which does not exclude the recognition of differences in other respects. And original feeling DEMANDS the existence of such differences. To these also belong differences of property and power and position which progressive democracy, blind to the claims of the soul, would do away with as inhuman. The man whose emotional nature is fully developed does

not wish to be only *frère et cochon* with the man in the street, to know *only* comradeship; he would *also* love personally, more or less, and in different ways; he would *also* be an exclusive friend, *also* reverence, *also* worship, *also* despise. Never was there so great an inhumanity in the true sense of the word than during the era of the exclusive rule of the ideal of humanity.

What can be said, under these circumstances, about progress beyond the present state of the West? There is no doubt that the problem of the West lies in a different direction than every current ideology of progress will have it. Everywhere this ideology starts from rational, if not demands, at least premises and therewith objects and ends. But precisely these have no place in the rebirth of the soul which is demanded everywhere as the solution and salvation. The problem is outwardly obscured, because all, or almost all who posit it, think or at least talk in the frame of Christian categories, and unconsciously assume that the modern crisis still lies in the sphere of the Christian cosmos. Thus they deem it possible to solve the problem of community — wherever it arises — from the basis of Christian love of one's neighbour. *But precisely this neighbour no longer exists.* The idea of the Christian's neighbour was a wonderfully clear expression of a purely emotional attitude and valuation. This is why Jesus never spoke of the 'most distant'; for emotions do not work at long distances; this is why He never meant 'humanity', but His disciples, His own circle, hence His 'friends'. This is why He was anything but a philanthropist and as hard as He was gentle, as cold as He was warm. What to-day is understood as the 'nearest', as one's 'neighbour' is a very different thing: it is what may be called the '*unavoidable contemporary*'; that is, the *surrounding world of humans*, which thanks to the conquest of space and time by means of technique surrounds and inescapably oppresses everyone — an overpowering mass of millions of unknown

persons who interfere with the most intimate privacy of life. A positive emotional behaviour towards these is impossible. Nay, anybody who is not obtuse, must needs regard them with disgust and hatred, since everyone represents not a 'neighbour', but an 'unavoidable contemporary' in relation to as many as oppressively surround him; a fact which creates a sense of friction and mutual interference and disturbance on all sides. This one consideration suffices to explain why the atmosphere all over the world seems envenomed as it has never been before.

Nothing easier to understand than that under these circumstances the cry for a new kind of community is raised with a fervour equally unknown hitherto. But this cannot be attained by any kind of rationalization, or collectivism, or social care, or a State providing for the welfare of all; and most emphatically not by means of the extermination of individualism through Communism; nor will it succeed by means of a revival of the Christian cosmos; for there are no restorations on a large scale in a world whose motto is: 'Once and never again.' A new community can only be attained by *a restoration of the emotional sphere as such, of the Emotional Order, whose roots lie in Gana and which is fed by the sensations and feelings.* And the problems belonging to this sphere arise independently of all technique, of all quantity; in short independently of all that the age of progress has created.

Of course, there is still much to do on the road humanity has taken; thus the economic crisis can only be overcome from out of intellectual understanding by means of wiser organization and better institutions. Indeed, reason and efficiency can create an entirely new *basis* for the problem of human life — the foundation which corresponds to the 'Geological Epoch of Man.'* But the human problem

* I have explained this trend of thought in detail in the chapter 'The Animal Ideal' of *America Set Free*, and will therefore only refer to it here.

proper arises more purely than ever in its original, primordial and at the same time eternal form; for never before was humanity even approximately so de-humanized. What must be done is this: a new world, ruled by soul, must be built up *on* the basis and *within* the frame of the new higher state founded by reason. This will not be a world of so-called love of humanity, but one of genuine love of one's neighbour. Intimate relationships, smallest circles will henceforth ultimately decide. There is in the past one example of what is our future task: it was incarnated by ancient China. In China, thousands of years ago, there were already far too many people. Already in those early days the idea naturally suggested itself of basing all social structure on the 'unavoidable contemporary', and not on the neighbour in the Christian sense. But the integral nature of the Chinese who was originally a creature of sensitiveness and feeling, found out a happy middle course. Precisely within the frame of an amassment and organization unparalleled in those early days, all stress was laid on the feelings for the neighbour. The life-philosophy of Confucius has its roots entirely in the bonds which link man to man, in love, friendship, loyalty; in supreme cases, in reverence. This is why China has never perished. This is why it will survive this crisis, eternally young, however long it may last. For the Fountain of Youth for man is the sphere of his feelings and emotions, the kingdom of his Soul.

TENTH MEDITATION

SORROW

AMONG women, endowed with remarkable gifts of mind, I have met with few strong personalities who were not self-centred, authoritative and greedy of power to a degree rarely found even among South American caudillos. It is true that as a mother every woman suffers from a kind of God-Almighty-complex; and no wonder, for out of apparently nothing she creates live beings; and the necessity of bearing the responsibility for them creates out of itself, as a kind of re-insurance, the consciousness that she is capable of bearing unlimited responsibility. Nor is it to be wondered at that the possessive instinct, predominant in woman, should manifest itself in exaggerated forms, where she has particular force and power. Women have convictions almost in the same way that they possess dresses and men. Hence their desire to be always in the right; hence the feeling which cannot easily be shaken, that the right is on their side, even if they have committed murder. Now, if such exaggerations remain an organic part within the structure of woman's normal nature and her normal frame of life, they engender no pathological deformations; they only make things difficult at times. It is different, if there is a real hypertrophy of the Ego. For with woman it does not raise personality to a higher power, it has a warping effect. It warps woman's personality in a similar sense, as the self-consciousness which suddenly and overpoweringly awakes with the years of puberty begins by warping the youth and makes him a churl. Only the years of indiscretion with man are the normal preparation for the personal responsibility he takes upon himself in his maturity. Woman's nature is incapable of thus transferring for the good the centre of her personality. Her Ego spreads like a cancer, as soon as it is overstressed; the right adjustment within the cosmic connexion

gives way to a distorted adjustment; her sense of the vital coherence of things — according to Goethe, woman's most essential gift — is lost. It is not that woman is incapable of being an individuality and a personality; it is that she attains her own perfection only within the frame of the Emotional Order. Within this order there is no isolation; since all emotions are set in one direction, the only life true to Sense here is a life lived with relation to others and for others, based upon others and directed towards others. Accordingly, a personality centred in the emotions grows and thrives best in such an adjustment. In direct contrast to man centred in the sphere of reason, who sinks to the level of a collective being if his adjustment to others goes beyond a certain point, woman, in whom the Ego is over-stressed, becomes de-personalized. All women of this kind I have known, however gifted they were, bore a greater resemblance to each other, and to that extent appeared more standardized, than is ever the case with fully developed genuinely feminine women.

Obviously, such women always are unhappy, unless the accidental possession of royal power or inordinate wealth enables them to hide from themselves their real state, by satisfying certain of their impulses and concentrating all active attention on these. And since they have stepped out of the order true to their nature, such women cannot understand that something is amiss with them. But this ignorance, again and again, leads to conflicts, confronted with which they grow ever more helpless as they grow older. They feel it to be a particular unkindness of the Universe that lover after lover should leave them; that their children become estranged from them; that they never succeed in forming a permanent centre, and that in the course of time they grow more and more lonely. That most important break in life (of both man and woman, by the way) which belongs to the thirties and draws the line between the

youthful person for whom all *wish* to care, and the adult who has himself to care for others, that the right to live for himself be further granted to him — that break for such women marks the beginning of a tragedy, which in reality is no tragedy at all, but which they feel as such. Then comes into their eyes that expression of dumb, wondering fear which belongs to many animals' eyes. And in the end, there emanates from their whole personality an ultimate sadness; now more in the sense of mourning for a lost paradise; now more in that of disappointment that life should be so meaningless. In all latitudes I have met individuals of the kind described. But among the many important experiences I owe to South America, none has so profoundly affected me as the experience of how many women there emanate that ultimate sadness. For the corresponding modality of life there belongs, not only to the strong and powerful, but even to the weak; so much so that it determines the whole psychical atmosphere. And to this South America owes its most intimate charm. The atmosphere is dominated by that mood of deep melancholy which early Christianity called the sadness of the creatures. Only there this mood is of a wondrous sweetness. One evening in the Argentine, I listened to popular bards who with immovable faces sang monotonous lays. My ear caught the words *miel de pesares* — 'honey of suffering'. I could think of no better expression for the peculiar bloom and charm of South American grief.

THE ancient animals' fables, and among these the myths recording the Creation of the World, give truer information about early states than do records which expressly refer to humanity. The reason is that the primitive soul lives itself out almost completely in projections. C. G. Jung, who hitherto has made the deepest investigations in this domain, actually admits the possibility that the so-called 'bush-soul' was a reality pre-existent to the individual soul

which dwells in man.* Thus, the ancient ideas of the sadness of the creatures and the longing of Creation for its Maker probably throw little light on the state of animals and plants and also of the first humans. They are all the more significant for the Dawn of spiritual consciousness. Fear is the original experience of all live creatures; it is blind and therefore devoid of problems; it simply exists. It belongs to the plane of Gana, and accordingly it is as lacking in continuity as is pain, which is dismissed when it ceases. Now sadness is an emotion, and for this very reason more evanescent, more suspended and therewith more enduring. But it is not an emotion which exists from out of itself; it cannot be imagined without a spiritual component. Its existence presupposes remembrance and foresight, and therewith experience in the form of images, however obscure; at the same time the dim presentiment that things might be different than they are. In order to gain an exhaustive definition of the content of the idea of sadness we need at least four co-ordinates which are not fully distinct in the English language, but which the French words *douleur*, *regret*, *appréhension* and *nostalgie* render with tolerable accuracy. This sadness is the basic mood of all humans, whose soul is richly gifted, but whose intellect is primitive.

That this is so, is most easily made manifest by the eternally primordial state of Love. Plato called Eros the Son of Wealth and Poverty. For our purposes, the following interpretation of the idea implied by the beautiful image suffices, however much it may coarsen and reduce it: there is none but unhappy love. For longing is its element; longing endures through all fulfilment. Therefore, a real fulfilment of love's desire is impossible. Complete fulfilment is indeed possible on the plane of Gana; it is attained,

* Cf. his lecture 'Der archaische Mensch' (Archaic Man) he held in 1930 at the Jubilee Session of the School of Wisdom in Darmstadt. Printed in 'Seelenprobleme der Gegenwart' 1932, Rascher and Co., Zürich.

whenever a Gana-melody was allowed to develop and die away unimpeded; when experienced from Gana, even natural death means not only peace attained, but satisfaction. However, as soon as 'soul' decides, no exclusive Gana-melody any longer means a last resort; for even the simplest emotion has a multiplicity of such melodies for its material. And as soon as consciousness of Spirit, however dim, comes into play, the contradiction which exists between Spirit's demand of continuity and the finiteness and mortality of all that belongs to the world of Gana becomes the basic experience. This contradiction is overcome by a spirituality which has risen to such supreme heights, that motives of value and Significance decide and the growth and decay of earth-born things no longer mean last resorts. Accordingly, the mood of those exclusively ruled of Spirit is one of pure joy, even though their lives be torment. Judged from all earthly experience, there is a most cruel irony underlying that Hindu teaching that in the supreme state Being, Knowledge and Bliss (*sat*, *chit*, *ananda*) are one; for existence is suffering, and knowledge destroys all illusion. And yet it is true, for Spirit in itself is neither affected by earthly sorrow, nor can it know of disillusion, since it *is* 'the truth'. But as a basic mood, joy is a state spiritualized man alone can know. To whomsoever things non-spiritual are last resorts, and who yet is conscious of Spirit — he must experience, every time he takes a synthetic view of life, that it is one long chain of deaths. And from this arises, as the original mood of every primeval man, whose soul is yet sufficiently devloped to experience profoundly, the mood of sorrow in the eternally true and original sense of sorrow for the beloved dead. And this sorrow grows in proportion to the growing illumination of consciousness. Even most primitive reflection demands that there be coherence, synthetic vision, duration and Meaning; and to this demand the reality of Gana-life is one single contradiction. Its absolutely binding quality

is contradictory to the dimly divined consciousness of possible freedom. Life could and should be different from what it is. As it is, it is suffering.

What Buddha first defined sharply and clearly, is the basic mood which rules all primordial tradition. What other motif was there in all early cosmogonies, all earliest love-songs and laments for the dead, than the antagonism between the demands of Spirit and Gana? What other origin is there for that myth of Paradise lost which is found all the world over? Precisely earliest records are most distinctly expressive of the mood of sadness, because the consciousness that all things are doomed to perish is the stronger and profounder, the less the vital significance of reflection which explains and promises. Hence the sombre character of the earliest gods. They too were perishable, were 'born on the near side of Creation', as the Hindu myth significantly puts it; and since theirs was otherwise a consciousness of freedom, Fate to them meant a double burden. This same conflict between Spirit and Gana is the reason why youth is the age of melancholy. Dimly the young feel that the present state is devoid of sense; for Spirit within them lacks that power which their idealism demands. And, again, the idealism of youth has no real object; it has no aims of an ultimate validity. Youth feels its impulses not as supporting, but as overpowering forces. Hence its urge to live a riotous life; far more frequently it means the will to deaden feeling than wanton pleasure. It is this same original sadness that makes youth go so easily to its death. For youth to be happy, consciousness must be filled with animal impulses; but this state is intermittent; fullness alternates with the sense of void, and therefore euphoria with depression. Thus, the basic mood of youth in the most progressive nations is sad in a similar sense as is the basic mood of all primitives. The original key in which humanity experiences life is not the major, but the minor key.

In-built into a consciousness of images which transfigures all things, this mood survives in the earliest poetry of the Greeks. But the transfiguration falsifies original experience. This experience stands on the boundary between Day and Night, and its vision is indistinct like that of one half-awake, half-blinded by radiance of light. On the Gana-continent South America, original sadness rules in a completely unadulterated form. And thanks to the constellation which probably is unique in space and time, that its inhabitants are both primitive and individualized, both susceptible and blind, both receptive for Spirit and primordially passive, both emotional and intellectually alert, Original Sadness there manifests itself with an uncanny distinctness. Argentine *tristeza*, in particular, is of so elementary, nay massive a powerfulness, that it at once conquers any sensitive new-comer; I know of many who at first harboured thoughts of suicide for whole weeks. The passivity and lack of imagination characteristic of the Argentines unite to keep deeply felt Original Sadness in a perpetual state of suspension. These people are not blessed with the gift of finding salvation in collective experience, in rites and ceremony, as do primitives endowed with plastic talents. Nor can they ab-react fear and sorrow in images, as did the Greeks in their tragedies, and the Christians of the Middle Ages by experiencing in imagination the Passion of Christ. They lack that spiritual initiative which is necessary in order to reach the heights of a plane above sadness. This creates that basic mood which is characteristic in European and North American life of the woman with a hypertrophical consciousness of Self; and this is why I began this meditation with a study of her state. It is from her state of desolation that the shortest way can be gained which leads to an understanding of Original Sadness.

Only the situation which is fundamentally the same appears inordinately intensified in South America. *All*

life and experience of any importance is passive there; and the fact that life there is centred in Delicadeza, in its turn tends to intensify and exaggerate the experience of sorrow. Man is organized in such a way that attention vitalizes and stimulates the growth of that on which it becomes fixed. Thus, if the stress is laid on vulnerability, this fosters its growth. And since there is nothing that, viewed in a certain way, may not be wounding to the feelings, the entire universe for the man adjusted in the South American manner turns into one single tangle of things which would and are fraught with danger. In proportion to the readiness to suffer, the Ego is increasingly expanded. In the extreme case, it ends in a real inflation. And this hypertrophical Ego is inward-bent and exclusively self-observing. The surrounding world of man which is originally turned outward to such an Ego, appears drawn inward like the suckers of a polyp. When I was contemplating South American humanity, there arose before my inner eye the primary image of the Mother of Vanity. One day, Original Fear and Original Susceptibility wedded, and when the hour was come, as the fruit of their union, Woman of absolute beauty was born. But this woman could not surrender to the rhythm of the world. From the very first, she exacted that the Universe bend to her desires. And when the Universe refused, the woman rebelled. She could not form a shell to be her shield; nor could she find safety in permeability. Thus, she invented as an armour the device of reflecting herself in a mirror.

No armour closes in so hermetically. Within its isolation the secluded Ego first grew up. This Ego was not the Self, that ultimate personal and subjective reality, that last resort of self-consciousness which, when in-built into the whole of the psyche, leads to the integration of the whole man. Nor was it the Ego of the modern egoist. In early stages the latter does not exist; only when instincts of power and lust

are activated by Spirit, can the egoist's specific Ego develop. Accordingly, among the most self-immersed of South Americans there are hardly any egoists. In the place of egoism South America has *ensimismamiento*; it is a characteristic fact that among modern languages Spanish alone provides the equivalent; *ensimismamiento* means literally: 'immersion in the Self'. The primary isolated Ego is a specific formation, in which the Unspiritual absolute, what is exclusively Gana-like, is intensified to an extreme. This Ego lacks all freedom; its essence is inertia understood in the sense of physical gravitation. It is isolated, without horizon; it is undisciplinable, immutable; on closer inspection it proves to be no subject at all in the real sense of the word: it is an Ego in which the subject becomes enmeshed. It is most strange, but is is so, that spiritual consciousness at the very first leads to a new fettering, which consciousness feels to be even stronger than the shackles forged by the orders of Gana and of the emotions, however firmly mortized they be. The active Ego which has come into existence as a germ, begins by encysting itself within an organ for the formation of which the most passive qualities of Gana provide the material. Born of isolation, it is incapable of opening itself up. Thus, there is no way out of this Ego, so long as it remains what it is. We called it the child of Vanity. With wonderful depth, language reflects the original meaning of this quality, since 'vain' means both 'reflecting oneself in a mirror' and 'futile'. But the same is implied by the myth of the First Fall. Where Spirit permeates the Ego and subjects it to its own laws, the latter becomes the organ of world-openness, like unto the eye which as a body is also an isolated thing. But at first the light of Spirit could achieve no more than to reflect Self in a mirror, and therewith to intensify the specific modality of what is not Spirit. Thus, the innocent Evil of the Netherworld turned into guilty Evil. Thus, at first, egotization led to a narrowing of Ori-

ginal Nature. For Original Nature vibrates in harmony with the general rhythm of the Universe, and accordingly it is never isolated.

If egotized man awakes to the consciousness of this state of his, unspeakable sadness must flood him. For now he feels fettered and imprisoned in the most helpless of all imaginable ways: the fetters and prison which hold him are parts of his own self. Thus, he cannot even desire liberty with his whole being. The Greek description of the torments of Tantalus was inaccurate, since he was not only incapable of reaching what he desired, but could not even desire wholeheartedly what he saw before him as the goal of his longing. This passive and hermetically closed Ego, in which man becomes inextricably enmeshed, is the prototype of Hell. Hell existed long before there was any egotism. Hell represents a particular organ which must perish in order that man become capable of self-determination. Everyone can best realize what Hell means when thinking of a life which has jealousy for its pivot. Everybody knows and feels jealousy. For himself, everyone, like Jahveh, is a 'jealous God', who claims absolute and undivided recognition; and every netherworld harbours demons who would destroy whatever does not belong to them; never yet have I met a good and kindly man who, when touched at that intimate and secret point of his being, where he takes himself ultimately seriously, was not a moloch. But he who, over and above this, consciously affirms and stresses his jealousy; he who experiences all things in the mood of jealousy and judges them from jealousy's point of view, must needs at every moment suffer horrible torment. For there is nothing that can quench jealousy, nor is there ought that may not nourish it; for nothing on earth belongs to one man alone in the absolute sense. What is true of jealousy applies in principle to all life within the soul-space of the passive Ego; for every life of this kind is isolated and unable

to experience bliss and salvation by opening itself up. Such a life is a circling within circles without issue. It was thus that Dante truthfully described Hell. It is ultimately binding bondage. It is solitary confinement without hope of grace. In her book *De Francesca à Beatrice*,* the Argentine poetess Victoria Ocampo has shown what enmeshment in blind passion in the sphere of Hell means by describing Francesca and Paolo as follows: 'Francesca and Paolo move along together; but whither are they going? Nowhere! They move in a circle. Francesca and Paolo are united, but how are they united? Wrapped around in tempest and darkness. Blinded by the darkness of the air, deafened by the howling of the wind, they cannot see each other, nor speak to each other. They move onward, close-prest, yet blind and deaf to one another. Solitary prisoners of night and tempest. Prisoners of their own night and their own tempest. And the very force which presses them close, each to each, is what keeps them apart. They are the errant wanderers of their love, they do not dwell in their love. Slaves of the whirl which rushes them along, ever driven within a circle whence there is no escape, they turn within the space of their passion without ever being able to stay their movement, without ever being able to enjoy each other . . . If, at first, we think that, exiled in Hell together, they should not suffer very terrible torment, this only proves that meditation has not yet matured our thoughts. We do not realize that beings who suffer such a fate, wherever they go, are never united, but crucified each to each.' This is the description truest to life of serfdom to blind Gana which I know of. If such thraldom, judged from spiritually conscious man, means Hell even when it is Love, complete serfdom to that part of one's personal being which knows no freedom, whence there is

* The French original was published in Paris, éditions Bossard, 140 Boulevard St. Germain, 1926; the Spanish edition in the Revistade Occidente Press, with an epilogue by José Ortega y Gasset.

no issue — unless an emotion which itself brings bliss fill the soul — is Hell's nethermost sphere. When this became clear to me, I realized all the sublimity and at the same time the profound truth of that image of the most beautiful and free of the angels who was precipitated into Hell: he fell, he *had* to fall, because of his own free will he became enmeshed in what is without freedom. That is man's own netherworld. The man stirred by the faintest touch of spiritual consciousness, who comes to such a fate, must needs be desolate as the damned are desolate. And then, too, I understood why Christ preached that to kill the Ego was the condition of salvation. Never did He, of all men the most conscious of the uniqueness of each soul, never did He think of fighting personality. But evidently He was surrounded by men of a nature similar to that of the South Americans of to-day. Obviously, in the Western colonial world of those days the Ego in its passive modality was inflated to a similar degree. And this rudimentary organ must indeed cease to be, it must merge into something higher, before man can set his foot on the path which leads to freedom.

Ever since I have seen Original Sadness in South America, it sounds also within me, whenever I plunge my consciousness into the nethermost deeps of my nature. As soon as man becomes but dimly aware of the possible existence of coherence and significance and freedom, he must yearn for liberation from the Hell of the incoherent, the unmeaning and the fettering. And the nearer the dawn of Spirit draws to the light of Day — while yet Day cannot really break — the more desolate must he feel. But if, moreover, the presentiment that self-determination is possible awakes within him, he must feel laden with guilt: he ought to have done better, however ignorant he be of how he should have acted. This sense of guilt is the reflection of Original Fear in the twilight of dawning Spirit. And out of this sense of guilt and the longing for liberation from ultimate impotency grows

the image of a possible Redeemer. That sadness which first was suspended becomes set in one direction as the cry of the creatures for their Maker. From the consciousness that Life, which is suffering experience, cannot of itself break its bonds ascends the prayer: *veni creator spiritus.* And thus man first feels urged to strive not after self-determination, but after a determination by something that is outside himself. Hence the original urge to be allowed to obey. For him who is not yet capable of self-determination, there is but one solution of Life's equation: to let himself be ruled by Spirit from without. Thus, children would obey. Thus, women near to Nature would receive their laws at the hands of man. Thus, minors for their own happiness must be disciplined by superiors. Thus, to be able to believe blindly in a given dogma means bliss for all whose personal Self is not ruled by Spirit so profoundly rooted that, by following their personal laws, they can fulfil their spiritual longing too. The possibility of self-determination begins with Good Will which man feels to be his last resort. True self-determination begins with responsibility consciously borne. Hence its decisive importance. We have dealt with the objective Evil of the netherworld and with Evil as the natural consequence of wounded susceptibility, or of incompatibility: all this is not evil in the spiritual sense. Spiritual Evil is born solely of personal and spiritual decision for the spiritual meaning of Evil. It is right that for the law the question of guilt is inseparable from the question of responsibility.

HARDLY had I breathed the atmosphere of South America than I gave it the name of the Continent of Sorrow. In the communion with its inhabitants all that creates this mood became conscious and determinant within me. For some time I myself lost all sense of freedom. What is blind gained predominance over that which sees; passivity became predominant over initiative. And since

this state was previously unknown to me, I probably suffered more torment of Hell than ever South Americans suffer. But when amid the shadows of darkness I began to gain inward ascendancy, I realized what I could never have foreseen and what before I should have rejected as absurd: that *South American sadness is worth more than all North American optimism and all Neo-European idealism.*

Both indeed stand for superficial Spirit. Both live out or exploit, more or less mechanically and without being touched to their inward depths, the logical possibilities of creative understanding; they do not proceed from the spiritual deeps of man, nor do they lead there. Now South American *tristeza* is profoundest experience of earthly depth. It is experience of deepest reality, and this is the only thing that matters. Nobody experiences the whole of reality. But he who really experiences profoundly one reality, has potentially gained access to all reality; for everywhere the deeps correspond to the deeps, and surface to surface; never and nowhere is there a correspondence between depth and surface. Thus, he who profoundly experiences his earthly roots, even though he know nothing of vital Spirit, is better prepared to receive and conceive Spirit than any intellectualist or moralist; thus, his ignorance of Spirit is of greater value than all European science of Spirit, in the same sense that Socrates's ignorance was more valuable than the 'omniscience' of the sophists. The South American is the areligious and antimetaphysical man *par excellence.* How should it be otherwise, since his consciousness almost exclusively means consciousness of Earth? To him, scepticism with regard to what belongs to Spirit *must* mean the last word. His doubt is something profounder than his faith. For in his case, faith can only be blind belief in dogmas — blind belief in dogmas not as a primitive acceptance of incomprehended though dimly realized metaphysical reality, but as an absolute safeguard against all metaphyscial problema-

tism. Faith of this kind is the purest of all expressions of Original Fear. Accordingly, the Catholic Church in South America is no more than an institution of sorcery, such as are most of the objectivations of Indian religious feeling. What in Europe is faith, has turned to pure superstition in South America.

But as opposed to this, everything that refers to earth in South America is profound. This was true in Indian days of the forms of life in Peru and Mexico. Ancient Peruvian cult was consciously not cult of Spirit, but of Earth. The Sun was worshipped not as a symbol, but as a material fact. And thus, virtue, justice and law were understood and practised in the sense of what they mean with regard to the rhythm of Earth; the common denominator of all ideals was Health. Thus the State of the Incas on the surface bore a great resemblance to the modern socialist State of general welfare. For the social-minded Jew and his scion, the modern Christian, who is assimilating himself more and more to him, material well-being means a demand of Spirit. Now such an idea proves complete superficiality; for spiritual goals have no exponent in material advantage, nor does happiness correspond to the Significance of an earthly life, whose essence is suffering. The philosophy of the Incas did not conceal from itself any of these truths. It faced Death, in particular, with an ultimate realism. But from the basis of Delicadeza it beautified and sweetened whatever was capable of being filled or covered with beauty and sweetness. — Now ancient Mexico stood in the same relationship to Soviet-Russia, as Peru stood to the modern State of general welfare. In both States, the most tremendous tension; superlative social-mindedness and human sacrifice conditioned each other. Nevertheless, the holocausts of the Tsheka mean something totally different from Mexico's ecstasy of blood-shedding. In Soviet-Russia, vital Spirit has sold itself to the laws of non-Spirit. Thus, it denies

Spirit as well as all earthly pathos; killing for Russia means nothing but substraction for the sake of profit. Whereas the Mexican cult of Blood was a manifestation of the ecstasy of the Flesh, the stepping forth out of the Flesh, the exact polar opposite of the stepping forth into Spirit, which is ecstasy as it is usually understood. Where experience of metaphyscial spiritual reality is physiologically impossible, enthusiasm must needs find its supreme expression in the ecstasy of blood-shedding. The basic mood even of modern Mexico—as D. H. Lawrence rightly says—can best be rendered by the cry of *Viva la Muerte*! But ancient Mexico was, at the same time, the country of the most exquisite cult of flowers, where Soviet-Russia proscribes all beauty. This alone is proof positive of Mexico's depth, as opposed to neo-Russia's superficiality.

The idea that virtue is health, the peculiar relationship to Blood and Death which was characteristic of the ancient Indian cults proves the existence of an essential soul-communion with the reality of Earth. And thus the modern South American's sceptical attitude towards Spirit does not mean superficiality, but sincerity born of profundity. When meditating on the souls of the gauchos and the Indians of the High Tablelands, when trying to fathom the deeps of remarkable natives of European extraction, I realized what a sorry thing the profession of faith in Spirit is with most of the modern Europeans. When Leo Tolstoy declared that a single pair of boots is more valuable than the whole of Shakespeare, he stood revealed in a singularly drastic form as what he essentially was: the father of Bolshevism. And yet he was more honest and to that extent profounder than nine hundred and ninety-nine among a thousand modern apostles of intellectual and artistic culture. For at bottom they too are Bolshevists. What do cultural values mean to him who does not live in the same sense from out of understanding and creative Spirit, as the genuine Christian lives

out of his faith? Above all: in what respect can culture be a goal? Why should cultural life be more valuable than brute existence? What is the good of all progress, since life is born and perishes as it did on the First Day? Why should one deepen knowledge and understanding? The mere possibility of the sudden transformation of the idealistic European into the Russo-American materialist alone suffices to prove that modern spirituality is no longer fed from any deep well-spring. If one of the most gifted among the youth of France could recently assert that the Meaning of Life possibly lies in the fact that occasionally a really good book is published, this is proof positive of down-right despiritualization. Spiritual man merely takes pleasure, as he does in a park full of trimmed trees and hedges, in a life amid spirit-born phenomena. Now these spiritual phenomena are not profounder, they are very much more superficial and unsubstantial than the dullest creations of Nature. Looked at from this vantage, the barbarization which has set in since the end of the World War in Europe acquires a positive aspect: surely Blood, Earth, Death, Love and Hate are more essential and important things than all possible cultural acquisitions.

The idealism of the European intellectual is indeed rarely anything better than cowardice which dreads facing reality. The high-brow stands in the same relationship to however blind a young fanatic who stakes his life for the ideal of building up a new and better world, as a night-porter stands to Icarus. Every æsthete is a good-for-nothing as compared with a Bolshevist who is an atheist from conviction. A philosophy which thinks the correct definition of the *Umheit des Raums* (the round-aboutness of space) important, is far more superficial than an indifferent art of cooking. And a religion which, as a relationship to Spirit, is not as personal as the relationship between mother and child, is either a poor joke or blasphemy.

How profound, as compared with the overwhelming majority of European intellectuals, is the gaucho who makes the sign of the cross to express this doubts! How far more honest also with regard to the true experience of the larger number of Europeans is the Bolivian formula that the deceased 'remained indifferent', as compared with the one in general use: that he died in the Lord! And, to repeat, this is so precisely in so far as the South American is areligious and antimetaphysical; depth *as such* is what matters first and last. Hence the Christian doctrine that the sinner is nearer to salvation than the righteous who adheres to the letter of his faith; to believe in the letter is in itself a proof of superficiality. But all South American depth is indeed depth in the direction of earth. Nothing could be more misleading than the frequent asssertion of the Argentines that their *tristeza* is identical in meaning with the melancholy of the Arabs and the Russians. The heroic Bedouin who looks with grim scepticism on the joys of this life, on the other hand feels secure within the shelter of his God; therefore, ultimately, his mood is one of joy, however much he suffer. Whereas the core of the religious Russian is his faith in the mystery of Eastertide. He believes that through Christ's sacrifice Death is conquered 'even now', this very moment, to-day, to-morrow, evermore, for each and all, however terribly the creatures may suffer. Thus, the religious Russian is in the same sense essentially blessed, as was the early Christian martyr. And the Hindu is the very polar opposite of the South American. Buddha has understood the meaning of Gana as none has ever fathomed it since. The clinging to Life, according to him, is life's origin. Greed keeps it going, eating and being eaten is on all planes its way, and suffering, true *tristeza*, its basic character. But the 'fully awakened' showed a way to annul suffering. As opposed to this, South American *tristeza* is a Hell without issue. But Hell lies at greater depths than

earth's surface. And he only who has realized the Hell within himself is ripe for Heaven. Hence the myth of Christ who had to descend to Hell ere He could enter into the Glory of the Father.

MY pilgrimage to South America meant for me a descent into the netherworld. But since I came from Spirit, the darkness in which I was enmeshed served to clarify what was not clear before. One of the first results I observed was that all fear of death ceased to be. For years it had weighed upon me more than on most mortals. As I became conscious of my nethermost depths, it ceased: since the earthly part of my nature was recognized and accepted, it no longer needed to struggle for its existence; and Spirit knows nought of death. But then I could experience within myself and finally trace in thought the primary road which led man from the bondage of Nature to spiritual freedom; and thus to-day I believe I know how it all came about. With the first dawn of the Day of Spirit, sadness flooded man's whole being. When Spirit in-built itself into the subject, wherewith the latter became personally determinant, sadness changed into tragic sense of life. The ultimate goal that beckons is Joy.

In South American sadness there is nothing tragic. It is a suspended suffering, as it were, in accordance with the pure passivity of earliest life. The problem of conquest of suffering does not arise. The dim perception that there is a reality not of this earth, or superior to this earth, can only manifest itself on this stage in the form of an undefined suffering from what one does not know and of which one yet feels, or divines obscurely, that it ought to exist. The remedy typical of this stage is art; in particular, art in the form of the dance, poetry and music; this is why art is to be found in the earliest stages of humanity, and why it means most in those primeval days. Art lifts man out of his suffering isolation by objectifying his inner being, and by letting the en-

tirely personal vibrate in harmony with the beat and measure of the grander rhythms of earth and universe; or else it robs it of its personal quality by making a mask of it. It is not correct to say that such early art is or manifests religion: it *replaces* religion. And since it does not replace religion with something superficial, but with something profound, that is, spiritual depth with earthly depth, there is indeed every reason to call earliest art profound. The artist is the sublimated Man of the Earth. He is the anti-ascetic; for he surrenders entirely to his emotions, feelings and moods. Accordingly, very few of his kind ever were religious. For this very reason, the artist in early states means more than the priest. The priest in primitive states is the magician; he is no liberator, no redeemer, no mediator of Grace, but the man who knows how to bind in a different and more uncanny way than does Nature. In earliest stages, the artist alone liberates. And this will ever remain so. What once was true of the singers of Greece and the Nordic skalds applies to-day to the Argentine payador.

When Spirit in the form of spiritual initiative first breaks into consciousness, so that ab-reaction in poetry no longer means the ultimate possible solution, the feeling of desolation without issue turns into consciousness of the *tragedy of Life*, which demands heroic action. The attitude which then decides is not the attitude of the sufferer, but that of the fighter. But the fight of the first tragic fighter is fought with the conscious sense of its hopelessness. For Life's equation has no solution. The nature of Gana and Spirit's demands clash. To the demand of continuity is opposed irrevocable finiteness and isolation. No fulfilment is that which longing longed for. What Original Hunger posits as a matter of course, such as murder, rapine, violation, and life at the expense of alien life, means to consciousness of Spirit a problem or an abomination. Therewith, innocence and clear conscience are lost. On all sides, henceforth, arises

the menacing problem of guilt. Satisfaction can no longer be the goal; ever and ever anew, man is faced by the stern alternative of greatness or happiness. The claims of Original Fear are felt to be ignominious, and yet they are Life's first guarantee. Everywhere Significance is felt to be ultimately decisive, and yet again and again non-Sense carries the day, yet does it ever and ever again win the final victory on earth: for the destruction of what is valuable, which Death as such posits as an unavoidable fate, means the very essence of counter-sense. To the consciousness of freedom, Nature's reality sets an insuperable limit. Thus, the state of sadness without issue is followed by the state of tragedy without issue.

With the consciousness of the latter began the emancipation of man; when he came to rule, his modality of being began to overlay that of original life which woman incarnates. Man's essential warriordom is not due to the fact that in man Original Hunger predominates in the stead of Original Fear; were it so, the males of the animal world, too, would be warlike, which is not true even of the beasts of prey. Man's warriordom means acceptance of, and consent to, the tragedy of Life. It was because man is determined by Spirit, not because he is physically the stronger, that man henceforth played so prominent a part, that we know only of history of man (as opposed to woman); indeed, there can only be history of man, for only man's modality of life demands dynamism, progress, and ascent. What theory demands is corroborated by all history. With the consciousness that Life's equation has no solution, both the patriarchalism and the spiritual career of the Greeks set in. Deeply embedded in, and bound to earth, they wrested themselves free in a heroic urge from the laws of Earth; but with them the navel-string riveting them to earth was not severed down to the times of the sophist philosophers; even for the Greeks of later ages, Hercules remained the original sym-

bol of man's destiny. The sombre undertone of Moira which was stronger even than the gods, still echoed in their dithyrambs. Sense of tragedy dominated the Aryans of the days of the Rigveda, however much, even with these earliest Hindus, the light of Spirit already dimmed the conscious realization of all problems of the earth. Zarathustra's teaching was tragic through and through. Tragic sense of life is the basic meaning of the primary religion of the Nordic Teuton, which was completely amoral and unintellectual. It drove man to consent to the Unknown, to self-immolation without clearly realized aims or objects; even to-day, this primary feeling again and again breaks through in the German and then finds its expression in absolutely irrational and senseless heroism. But the prototype of the tragic sense of life is incarnated by the Spaniards. Their whole being is earth-bent. They lacked and still lack that gift of plastic creation which enables man to find salvation in art. They lacked and still lack the gift of creating theories which rob life's facts of their reality. Accordingly, their experience of Spirit had to express itself blindly and naively, without any sparing of their feelings, without concealment of unresolvable contradictions and without consolatory promises of a Beyond of any kind. Out of this most tragic of all tragic senses of life arose the grand figure of Don Quixote. The exemplar of the man who lives from within with absolute single-mindedness, true only to the laws of his own being. Of the man, who solitary and alone, fights the Universe and to that extent has the courage to ultimate ridicule. Who dies declared mad, and is at bottom and ultimately right.

With the tragic sense of Life all spirituality set in which wrested itself from the fetters of earth, and did not descend upon man as a revelation and a grace from Heaven. If but few mortals still know of this tragic sense of life, the reason is that we know nought but late or rudimentary states, and that primary feelings cannot be understood from modern

premises. For after a certain degree of determination by Spirit has been attained — a degree soon reached — genuine tragic sense of life ceases to exist as a matter of natural necessity; be it that it becomes actually impossible, be it that superstructures and protective measures render it inaccessible to consciousness. Where pure Spirit decides, there can be no tragedy; for Spirit-determination turns all conflicts into means of Sense-realization, just as it is the tightened strings of an instrument that make music possible. Thus, the character of man's life grows ever less tragic as it becomes increasingly permeated by Spirit. It is ridiculous to call Socrates' fate tragic: freely and with a smile he accepted death, once he had recognized that to die at that moment was true to the meaning of his life. The fate of Jesus was tragic only during those brief moments when, in Gethsemane and on the Cross, He doubted his own mission. Tragedy stands and falls with primary and determinant consciousness of the unresolvable tension between the law of Earth and Spirit's demands. Accordingly, no objectified spiritual religion knows ought of the tragedy of life. To the Hindus of later ages Nature was Maya — therewith all earthly tension was bereft of its reality. For early Christianity, which is still vital in Russia, death and pain were overcome 'even now', since every Christian could realize Christ's resurrection for himself. On the basis of another kind of constellation of circumstances, the Chinese of the great days, too, knew of no tragedy; thanks to a peculiar adjustment to the mean between Nature and Spirit, the Chinese experienced both as a unified connection and made himself at home there with supreme art of living; every urge beyond it he cut off by asking no questions to which there are no answers and by taking no unresolvable conflict seriously.* But wherever Spirit in its creative aspect in later

* The best exposition I know of this decisively important aspect of Chinese life is contained in the lecture 'Chinesische Heiterkeit' held by

ages became determinant, it was preceded by a time of dominant tragic sense of life. Therefore, the records of all earliest states tell of the history of heroes; and every world of heroes is a tragic world *par définition*. But, again, this period was preceded everywhere by a period dominated by a sadness such as rules modern South America.

From here we understand why spirituality has nowhere set in with striving for knowledge. Intelligence is an instrument of earthly life like any other function which serves to maintain and foster it. The skins of Brazilian frogs and toads own faculties which surpass the inventions the brain of the greatest genius can make. The organs of the fish of the deep seas represent in the form of vital organs something indentical with the most ingenious and subtle instruments invented by technical science. It is a fundamental mistake to judge earth-bent intellect as something different in kind from all the other means life has invented for the purpose of holding its own. And understanding originally means vital correspondence as such; this, too, is nothing spiritual. Understanding can indeed become the supreme expression of Spirit-determination; but it can be none of its early expressions for the one reason alone that it is of a passive quality and therefore does not practically lead beyond the plane of determinant Nature. The man who seeks Truth for its own sake does indeed live from out of Spirit. But this problem could not arise, before a high stage of spiritualization had been reached. As long as recognition is a servant to Life, instead of Life's being a servant to Truth, all knowledge and desire for knowledge are purely biological functions.

After I had recognized as a prejudice the idea that Spirit is originally spirit of recognition, the problem presented

Baroness Leonie von Ungern Sternberg at the session of the School of Wisdom in Darmstadt, April 1930. Printed in the *Neue Schweizer Rundschau*, July 1931.

itself to my mind how the current equation could possibly have originated. Against the background of the command to lie implied in Brazilian Delicadeza, this too became clear to me. Socrates grew to be the father of science, because he made intellect responsible, wherewith he established the primacy of Logos over Life. But the culture of truth which to-day rules Europe and North America, and which should more aptly be called culture of sincerity, would never have sprung from the spirit of Socrates. This culture is the child of the knightly vow which prescribed to everyone who aspired to be called a true man to keep his promise and to answer with all his life for every utterance. Therewith the lie was depreciated. If later science dared to strive beyond all limits, the physiological *raison d'être* was that all motives of Delicadeza were thrown into the background by the command to be true to one's own convictions under all circumstances, even at the risk of life. When this idea struck me, I saw through the entire connexion of things. It would not indeed be correct to affirm that the problem of Spirit in the first place arose as a practical, and not as a theoretical problem. But not because practice did not precede theory, but because Spirit was there and worked first just as unproblematically as do all other realities. The original expression of Spirit was pure, simple and initiatory self-assertion of that within man, which does *not* belong to the sphere of Gana. *And this is courage.*

The original expression of a state in which the personal decides, as opposed to the state of bondage to Gana, may indeed be called Original Courage. Courage is the original conqueror of Original Fear. It is the conqueror of Original Hunger. Courage is the first to lift life from the plane of passivity onto that of personal initiative. Courage is something absolutely un-natural. Courage is absolute non-Sense from the standpoint of Original Fear; for the latter demands that life be safeguarded at all costs, not that it be exposed to

danger. Nor is courage ever one with Original Hunger; for all its meaning lies in the mastering of instincts and impulses. Self-mastery, as opposed to self-indulgence, is its essence. For the rest, Courage is something substantially real and positive; nothing has so immediate an influence on all creatures as Courage. Wherever it inserts itself, it transposes all existing connexions, it gives all happenings a new significance and a new direction. To that extent, Courage is the magic force *par excellence*. And since it works only through a personal subject, and is inseparable from the latter's existence, Courage is the prototype of all spiritual force. Here, too, language shows a profounder understanding than all later philosophy. The Latin word *animus*, for instance, means both 'Spirit' and 'Courage'. That millennial misunderstanding under which we are labouring to-day — so much so that many expect salvation to come from a discarding of Spirit — is chiefly due to the fact that 'thinkers' first posited the problem of Spirit; when they, the cool and sober, observed the men who incarnated courage, the interpretation naturally suggested itself to them that the latter were men possessed by passion. The Hindus alone of all the peoples whose tradition is still vital — the Hindus to whom knowledge means not perception, but inward realization,* did not fall a prey to the prejudice of intellect. Spirit to them was a state of *being*, and they felt it to be man's task to help it acquire the predominant position within the organism as a whole. Now this, according to them, was possible only by means of Yoga, of the mastery of all the forces of the soul. Yoga presupposes initiative and consistency; indeed it is this and nothing else. Hence in the country of the Yogis *par excellence*, in Thibet, ascetic discipline with

* German 'Inne-Werden'. I take over this distinction from Heinrich Zimmer's *Ewiges Indien* (Potsdam 1931, Müller & Kiepenheuer Verlag). I recommend this booklet as being the most concise and understanding exposition of the peculiar premises of Hindu wisdom I know.

the object of gaining higher psychical powers is consciously practiced as the noblest and most dangerous of sports.* For the rest it is not to be wondered at that but few peoples have truly grasped the essence of Spirit: for the very reason that its original essence is Courage, the most spiritual humans as a rule were no thinkers. They were men of action and candidly *realized* Spirit, without troubling about theory. But Courage is what decides even with men who are most spiritualized in the intellectual sense: to the exact extent that a man takes inward risk upon himself, and succeeds in overcoming the natural momentum of the psyche, to that extent do original ideas come to him. Even so did Christianity correctly interpret the relationship of merit and grace. And Spirit on the other hand can already manifest itself in the form of courage, where there is hardly any power of imagination and where the setting of goals is physiologically impossible. This is why Courage was the earliest virtue extolled by all men on earth. This also is the meaning of the particular cult of courage among the Argentines who are originally passive and reserved from sensitiveness. The outpouring quality of Courage, the 'in-spite-of-all' which it opposes to Nature's superior power, is the original affirmation of a reality which is not of the world of inertia. When this became clear to me, history acquired for me a new meaning. It was not brute ferocity which made war the father of all things; on the contrary, it was the will to tame the brute. Courage out of itself creates the technique of discipline. And since the conquerors of nations and of Self were of one and the same ascetic nature, earliest memory of man everywhere bears record of kings and saints who acted side by side. These incarnations of Spirit existed even

* The supremely interesting books of Alexandra David-Neel *Initiations lamaiques* (Paris 1930 éd. Adyar) and *Mystiques et Magiciens du Thibet* (Paris 1929, Plon) should be read. Of all the books I know they are the most illuminating books on practical Yoga.

in those early days when all knowledge and understanding still was the speciality of the cowardly and deceitful dwarf. COURAGE as such is blind. Now if a consciousness of images, however dim, is added, *religion* is born; religion which is the feeling of tiedness to something which belongs neither to Gana nor to the surrounding world, and which therefore is fraught with mystery and dread; what Rudolph Otto calls *numinosum* and *tremendum* is really the primary expression of religious experience. Only, fear of the uncanny is not the primary phenomenon, but the courage which dares look it in the face; it is only the indistinct mirrored reflection of the unknown entity, from which the miracle of courage could arise, that engenders fear. However much every devloped religion be permeated by motives of fear — to the true meaning of religion these motives are thoroughly antagonistic. This meaning lies in the correlation between assertion of the existence of God and self-assertion, both of which are independent in the same sense of all empiric truth. Such courage to assert and affirm what is empirically uncertain or unproven, is what one calls *faith.*

This one short trend of thought makes it evident, why religion from the very first was a realm of faith and not of knowledge, and why all shifting of the stress onto its contents of knowledge must needs destroy it. Faith like courage is purely outpouring; it is *actus purus* in contradistinction to every form of re-action. Faith like courage rests on consent to uncertainty. This is what Miguel de Unamuno means when he writes that truly vital faith lives upon doubt and does not conquer it. Doubt belongs to an altogether different plane than faith, and the mere understanding of this fact dismisses the idea as contrary to Sense that there can be an equation between knowledge and faith. Now if Courage overcomes elementary Original Fear, Faith overcomes that fear which is born of imagination. And faith conquers this fear with the help of means which are the

direct opposite to those natural to Original Fear: it conquers not by creating security, but by emphasizing the autonomous power of Spirit which, since it does not belong to Gana, is affected by none of the motives of Gana. One may indeed condense the contradiction between knowledge and faith by saying: religion is the realm of faith not by virtue of the truth which is believed, but by virtue of the act of faith. The meaning and value of faith always and everywhere lie in the quality of the believer. To that extent primordial and completely blind faith, for which the question of knowledge does not even arise, is far profounder in the connexion of religion, than any faith which adheres to the letter, however vital it be; for with the latter the motive of security already plays so prominent a part, that real 'merit' is lost. This primordial blind faith always was and still is the faith peculiar to Spain, and on this rests Spain's peculiar spiritual depth. In its essence Spain's faith, even in its most Christian days, was a faith in 'Nought', a 'nadism' as Miguel de Unumuno calls it. But it was a faith all the stronger in the sense of the act of faith. The truly religious Spaniard always was and even to-day is ruled by the pure inward urge of Spirit with such power and purity, and at the same time so independently of all aims and objects, that one might call his life a pure out-pouring of imagination unconscious of itself. The religious Spaniard incarnates the prototype of the metaphysical adventurer. The most vital spirit works through him, but its bearer is so devoid of all desire for security, that he hardly asks the question of truth at all. For even his profession of the most definite dogma lacks every scientific motive. Even the most believing Spaniard has always been a sceptic. He simply asserted, and this assertion of his he forced upon the world.

If later ages have thought essential the object of faith, it is because they misunderstood that mechanism of reflection, thanks to which man proposes as a thing seemingly set before

him what in reality drives him from within. All early nations endowed with religious gifts knew better. How easily did gods in India come and go! How freely were the poets of Greece allowed to invent myths! True, in the last analysis it is not indifferent what a man believes in, provided he believes at all. This, however, is so, not because mental image and external truth should be in accord with each other, but because Spirit *is* Significance in its essence. Even where man is conscious only of his courage, he is driven from within by something which in its external projection manifests itself as a symbolic image. To that extent the external image is representative of inward reality; to that extent the spiritual value of the former allows one to draw conclusions with reference to the latter. But for this very reason, the standard of scientific critique can never be applied here, but solely that of true correspondence. Where primary and blind Original Courage is the only possible means of manifestation, the inner meaning expresses itself, true to Significance, as blind adventurousness. Where seeing consciousness of Spirit first wrests itself from Gana, the images are crosses between Gana and Spirit; hence the terrific aspect they frequently present; in all cases they are contrary to all the norms of the upper world; think of the many-armed, many-breasted divinities of India, or better still of the terrific gods of Mexico. Even the symbol of the dying god still belongs to this hybrid sphere. No wonder that precisely this incomprehensible and terrifying quality should stimulate intellect, as its illumination increases, to interpret, and that thus religion more and more becomes theology, and finally science.

Hence faith, and not knowledge and not understanding is the primary expression of autonomous spirituality, as soon as the stages of pure courage and blind tragic sense of life are passed. Faith precedes all that we are wont to call spiritual to-day for this reason alone that its body belongs to the

emotional and not to the rational order; and the development of the former precedes the formation of the latter. But spiritual life in all stages remains essentially faith; therefore religion is not only the first but the last word of spirituality. If Gana-life means being lived, being driven by the netherworld, spiritual life means an affirmation of the autonomous and outpouring quality of a subject. Hence, spiritual life never is interpretation, that is, something secondary: it is primary sense-bestowal. The fact that science can only re-trace things in thought and interpret, where religion affirms, proves the former's lack of spirituality. All spiritual life is, in the last resort, assertion of a specific spiritual being. Thus all spirituality ultimately rests upon the overcoming of nature's truth by a Truth inward and spiritual; an alien world is drawn into the spiritual sphere, or else the laws of the latter are imposed on the former. This is the meaning of all culture. This is the sole tenable and generally valid meaning of all life ruled by Spirit. To that extent, spiritual life is always dogmatic and not critical. And if from here one asks the question of truth, the answer is: Truth manifests itself in the fact that what was not true before, *becomes* true. The man who confides in others, creates confidence. He who believes, changes Reality. Never will knowledge conquer faith. What the growing illumination of understanding consciousness conditions and makes possible is solely this, that blind faith changes slowly into seeing faith. With Faith as such Spirit stands and falls.

LET us revert from here to the original theme of our meditation. First was Sorrow in a state of suspension, as it were. From this grew tragic sense of life. We can now understand why the last and supreme stage is Joy. In this world as it is, and seen and realized as it is, man can be joyous only when Spirit has become ultimately decisive within him, and when he is at one with Spirit's laws and aims. But

this presupposes that the passive Ego be exploded or dissolved. The man whose Ego is overstressed in the passive attitude is the desolate man. But this explosion or dissolution of the passive Ego, on the other hand, succeeds only from Spirit which has gained supremacy. From Spirit which is pure initiative and which therefore cannot be bound by inert Gana. He who is truly permeated by Spirit has gained salvation. Indeed, he who has overcome Original Fear within himself and the striving for security; he who has disciplined his Original Hunger, who clings to no thing; he in whom inner freedom has gained victory over and thus annihilated thraldom — what Hell is there to hold him? He is indeed beyond all Hell; what outwardly still looks like Hell, is Purgatory. And the more the fires of purgatory chasten him, the more does pain of its own accord turn into joy. At the end beckons perfect Bliss.

It may be that I have seen more sadness and sorrow into South America than actually abides there. But what are all the facts of the world as compared with one symbolic image which quickens what is most intimate and individual? In South America it became clear to me that much of my previous joy had been due to overlaying, or to the fact that I had refused to see reality as it is. Had I not gone and been drawn to those remote lattiudes, I might never have entered upon the path to ultimate joy which ever since I am walking. And had I not been severed from my own world, so that I was compelled to face the problems of that world, totally alien to my Conscious, which assailed me, I should hardly have realized that surrender is necessary precisely for the gaining of ultimate self-determination. The road which leads beyond original pain and sorrow does not carry directly to ascendency over pain. The first stage on the road leading from the Sadness in Creation to the bliss of the union with creative Spirit, is the transformation of the fear of suffering to the courage to suffer. Every path to joy

leads through pain which man consents to and takes upon himself.

The religious tradition of all ages is right. The results of our last meditation give a meaning also to all history, such as its course has actually been. Courage and Faith are the first spirit-born forces. If spiritual reality gains supremacy, then the world of Gana is disciplined, the nether-world is kept in roads in which it serves what is spiritually good, and therewith Hell is vanquished or destroyed. This is the meaning of the symbol of Apollo who kills the python. This is the meaning of the symbol of Christ who crushes the head of the serpent. In South America, genuine metaphysical consciousness has become co-determinant in one place only: in Mexico. Accordingly, Mexican *tristeza* is the only kind of South American sadness of which tragic sense of life forms an integral part. But true to the character of the continent, the symbol of the *religio* to a Beyond is entirely different than anywhere else on earth. It is the Plumed Serpent. The animal which goes on its belly and eats the dust would take wing. But it can only rise for a short flight. Thus, South American spirituality to this day resembles the lasso which, when it is thrown out, falls back flat upon the earth; or the anaconda which throws itself out with lightning rapidity, but instantly drops back into brooding apathy.

ELEVENTH MEDITATION

THE IN-BREAK OF SPIRIT

ONE evening during the slow passage along the coast of Chile, whose stony desert is the most desolate on earth, there sounded within me once again that scriptural motif of the first beginnings, when 'earth was without form and void'. And then I realized of a sudden the meaning of the myth of Creation. It is impossible to remember the first beginnings. The myth of the Creation of the World bears upon the beginning of *remembrance*. This is why it rightly records that the first commandment was: 'Let there be Light'. Before this, many things had been existent for a long time; perhaps they had existed always. Only they were dark and blind, and of the dark and the blind there is no remembrance. Long before, too, there was Life. But no questions arose. The question of the origins, of a First Cause could arise for the first time in that instant when Light flashed forth.

That is, Light *within* man. It was not the light of the sun. True to sense, the Bible relates that the Lord created the sun and the moon after He had created Light. It was that inward light, which out of itself, out of its own strength and in its own right creates images. And the first of all images were those of remembrance. The history of Creation did not begin with the awakening of consciousness. At an early date already, consciousness existed in the rudimentary form of a vague affection of a subject's sensibility. But consciousness is not originally and not necessarily associated with the idea of Light. Sensations, feelings and emotions are blind, pain is dull, and the most intense or exciting delight of the senses of itself is touched by no ray of light. What, in primordial experience, looks like continuity and naturally suggests the conclusion that there is coherence and comprehensive vision, means no more than that a

subject is directly affected by happenings which extend beyond a mathematical point; the whole life of Gana, of Delicadeza and all emotional order may thus find an echo in subjective experience and yet remain veiled in darkness. And what, in primordial experience, seems to be remembrance is merely what science calls 'mneme' and what already pertains to what is dead: that is, memory as a mechanism of repetition in the sense of a gramophone record, or in the sense of habit which results from practice. But it is a well-known fact that humans whose lives mean constant repetition have the least memory. Between every two Gana-melodies lies oblivion. It is only the coherence in the mental image which is endowed with light. On the other hand, only the light which is shed on things creates what we call coherence. But unless coherence is pre-existent, no questions arise. This is why the Creation of the World began not with consciousness, but with remembrance. It is deeply significant that the Greek root-word for Truth is a-letheia, the Unforgettable.

No cosmogony ever was born of the question 'Why'. Only mature intellect asks this question. Curiosity which awakes with the first light shed upon the desires, is satisfied with the explanation nearest at hand; it is little more than a slightly lengthened sense of touch. Beyond this first curiosity, the first 'Why' was nothing else but the Why of children: children ask for the pleasure of asking, and if no answer gives them satisfaction, it is because they wish to go on for ever with the game of asking questions. But long before all questions which curiosity asks, there was the myth understood as Original Remembrance. As far as my knowledge goes, the myth truest to earth which records First Beginnings is the myth of the Pueblo-Indians, inasmuch as it answers no questions at all. First, men lived in a dark cavern in the bowels of the earth. Above this cavern, they dimly divined the existence of Light. Since they

could not reach it, they created a tree, in order to mount above its crown and thus rise beyond the Dark. But the crown, too, remained shrouded in darkness. Then, did they create a second tree upon the crown of the first; and this they repeated several times. Then only did they see the firmament above them. The Night of Creation was there indeed before the Day of Creation, and sleep before all wake. No man can tell where and whether the animate merges into the absolutely inanimate; nor whether there is anything absolutely devoid of life. Judged from sensibility, that sole outward symptom of inward affection, the boundary line of possible inner experience is so difficult to trace, that no man will ever ascertain whether all that seems dead does not also experience sensations. If films showing the life of plants are accelerated in the same way as slow motion pictures retard movement, the course of vegetable life differs but slightly from that of the life of man's body; inversely, if the latter's processes are retarded, it can be reduced almost to the state of the plant. This may continue from being to being down to Primary Matter. But of this prehistoric time there is no remembrance, and therefore no myth of Creation knows ought of it. All myths of Creation bear upon the moment when — owing to the in-break of something which had never existed before and which was different in kind from anything previously experienced — things existent became visible. Then, *imagination* acting as a transforming force, made its appearance in the world's process. To physical sight was wedded spiritual sight. And therewith only was Life's original blindness overcome. Plato taught: it is not the eyes that see, but we see by means of the eyes: in the beginning there were nought but eyes, and no seers. Only with the advent of the power of mental representation did the world grow to be what reflecting man experiences it to be. Henceforth, questions arose. Now coherence was demanded and

pre-supposed. Now there were and there had to be causes and goals. Seen from the earth, the sudden effulgence of the inward Light meant a violent irruption of something foreign into the pre-existent order of things. It was the most prodigious of all catastrophes of Nature. For this reason alone does all remembrance go back to it, and therewith to the Creation of the World. For before the question of a Creation was asked, there was no Creation.

IN the beginning was remembrance. Since the Light of Spirit first illumined the dense tissue of Gana, it could do no more than make things existent visible. This is the true meaning of Plato's myth of Anamnesis. Thus, even to-day peoples and individuals are gifted with the more faithful memory and the greater gifts of imitation, the nearer they are to original blindness. The imitative capacity of the South Americans is as considerable as is their lack of powers of imagination. And the first independent power of mental representation does not manifest itself in such a way that man, of his own free will, can place images before himself, but that images present themselves before him as massive realities. The primitive is not possessed *of* imagination, he is possessed *by* imagination. This mechanism of projection explains why the inner Light was originally regarded as one with the sun. In the same way, primitive self-consciousness even to-day is one with the way others look upon a man. Nevertheless, the first product of inward vision was and is essentially not a reflected image, but a model-image; nevertheless, first remembrance already is imagination. Only, all earliest creative force is weak in the face of the forces and laws of matter into which it in-builds itself. At the very first, Spirit can only respond and follow. First originality was that of the emulator who identifies himself with his model and proves his own uniqueness by involuntarily doing everything in a slightly different way than his master; thus, first individual originality manifested

itself in the body of mnemic repetition. Thus, earliest remembrance *seems* to be fused with external impression. In reality, there is no transition from the one to the other. In truth, an unbridgeable chasm separates mental representation from impression, however much the former may be fed by the latter, and however often the former may act on the latter as an unconsciously co-operating prejudice. For inward and external images belong to different planes of existence and to different dimensions. Even to-day, there are two essentially different kinds of painters. The one depends entirely on its model; hardly can they turn their eyes from it, in order to paint. Others can only create purely from within. For my part, I can, without difficulty, reproduce in artistic transformation a face I saw decades ago, whereas I am not only incapable of portraying satisfactorily a person sitting to me, but my inner visions are all the more distinct, the greater the interval which separates me from the outward impression.

As a definite experience, every image is, of course, a phenomenon of reflection. And since what is without and what is within touch and fuse in the mirror of consciousness; since both taken together make primary experience, it can seldom be clearly discriminated in each separate case what belongs to the model or the reflected or the reproduced image. But this is not of essential importance. We must proceed from the proposition that in the beginning there was Darkness and Blindness and In-coherence. Into this broke the Light which came from another sphere. *Then* only could there be synthetic vision and inward images. The so-called 'primary images' which are brought to light by psycho-analysis are nothing truly primordial; they are the first effects of spiritual light thrown on the Primordial which in itself is dark and blind. Hence those qualities of these images which are contrary to Sense. They mirror Gana on which Light has fallen; in the beginning Spirit

merely sheds light on things, it does not transmute them. And since Gana-life is governed by entirely different laws than spiritual life, the anti-rational and strange, absurd and phantastic quality of the earliest images is a matter of course. What is astonishing is solely the fact that there should be interpreters of dreams and primary images, who stand the pragmatic test, not only in early, but even in late and intellectualized states. This proves how near the layer of the Third Day of Creation remains even to the most intellectualized consciousness.

From here we can understand the meaning of the myth 'In the beginning was the Word'. This was the myth of Spirit in its intellectual aspect; its creators, like all specialists, over-emphasized the significance of the particular phenomenon as opposed to general meaning. They ought to have said: 'In the beginning was the Image'; the Word is but a particular expression of the image. The primary image was not a reproduced image, but a symbolic image. There is no mental representation in contradistinction to the impression, which is not, in the first place a symbolic image. Therewith we have reached the exact definition of what separates Spirit from all Nature, and of what explains the fact that Spirit entered Nature as an invader or as a *deus ex machina* — according to the way one looks at it — and not merely as a novel quality among others. Spirit in all its aspects is primarily 'Significance'; it belongs to a different sphere than all Nature in the same sense that the meaning of a thought belongs to another plane than the letters which express it. To that extent, the fact that all things born of, or conditioned by Spirit are 'significant' offers no particular problem at all; and it is solely due to that professional prejudice of the 'thinkers' according to which Sense-bestowal can only be interpretation *a posteriori*, that they stand amazed at the symbolism of dreams and the profound meaning of language. The images of dreams, as far as

they are born from within, *cannot but* be 'significant'; for in the domain of Spirit the sentence holds: Significance creates the facts, and not vice versa. And thus language, as the primary expression of spiritual realization, must needs be of a profounder significance than all theory born of re-tracing reflection. From here it becomes quite clear, in what respect inward images and impressions can have no common measure, however often they may merge into each other in outward expression: the former primarily expresses Significance; the latter, for man, are last resorts. And from here it becomes clear, furthermore, why the 'Let there be Light' of Creation applies precisely to remembrance. The most exact word rendering the original process by which man attained an inward realization of the world would be the German root-word *Be-sinnung;* for it comprises the three components: remembrance, synthetic vision and Sense-bestowal. But since everywhere, Epimetheus was there before Prometheus — that is reflecting, which follows suit, prior to forethought — first synthetic vision was necessarily retrospective. Even to-day, most people put faith only in the historian, and not in the prophet, although the latter always knows more, and although his knowledge, being immediate inward realization, is more sure than the mere inferences of the historian.

Thus, in the beginning was the Symbolic Image, a thing which is strange, and strikes man as strange, as compared with all impressions. No wonder, therefore, that all language gives the name of 'Revelation' to first knowledge of the Universal Connexion of things: this expression implies that the connexion of images in question was not originally contained in Nature. And it is as little to be wondered at that the Word originally was an expression of mystery, and not of what had become clear; for precisely in the beginning, its symbolic quality was most apparent. Accordingly, in the beginning was the Word in the form of the

rune, of the ideogram or of the mantram, that is to say, in the form of a symbolic image; it was not the Word which is a reflected image and an instrument of orientation, and most emphatically not the Word understood as a means to help intellect to digest the world like food, which latter definition applies to all scientific concepts. Similarly, all earliest writing was pictorial writing, and merely to read it requires more mental concentration than is necessary for the understanding of scientific theories. The progress which the growing faculty of abstraction incarnates, lies solely and entirely along the line of specialization. With every century, the French language grows ever clearer, and at the same time ever poorer, than Spanish and German. The French tendency to think the general more important than the particular, makes an ever-increasing number of concrete designations appear superfluous. This means no asset: the fact that its concepts are growing ever more restricted to one meaning, makes it more and more difficult for the language to express in a way true to Significance what is essentially capable of multiple interpretations, or what consists of many parts in a similar sense as a sound of a particular tonality is composed of overtones, mediants and accessory tones. And thus the ideal limit of the process of abstraction does not lie in the perfect reflection of Reality, such as experience shows it to be, on the plane of Spirit: it lies in the entire discarding of this reality in favour of those elements which are capable of a pure mathematical treatment; but these precisely do *not* belong to the dimension of Significance; that is, to the dimension of what alone matters to Spirit which longs to understand. Thus, the most complete imaginable scientific idea of the World would exhaust the wealth of the Universe less than does the most primitive of myths; for the former would exclude precisely what is the goal of all spiritual striving for truth. That this is so, is conclusively proven by the fact that the conceptions

of the Universe grow the more incomprehensible and unsatisfactory, the more they prove 'correct'; they really lead from light to darkness, and not from darkness to light. Science was born of the need of certainty; it should be exact; its laws should be absolutely valid. Now to-day, everything that used to be certain is resolving itself more and more into approximations. The beginning was made by the most exact of all sciences, mathematics. A scholar of higher mathematics would be capable of answering a normal human who asks him how much are twice two 'In a first approximation, thirteen'. Necessity and determination absolute are no longer thought of except as characteristics of particular states; laws of Nature hold good only to the extent that they correspond to those of the large numbers and of statistics. The theory of relativity abolishes the mere possibility of a centre of relationship which should exist unequivocally and once and for all. There is no more question of Matter as a separate entity. But science can no longer affirm the existence of anything specifically psychical either; for since science discards quality, it can find transitions everywhere.*

This one trend of thought should suffice to prove that even the spiritual ideal of Truth does not lie in the direction of scientific abstraction. And let no one imagine that what has been affirmed here does not apply to the philosophical 'phenomenology' of men like Husserl and Heidegger. True, this philosophy taken merely as a tendency is set in the right direction; it aims at *concrete* Significance; its Universal is something concrete, that is, a reality which can be experienced; and to that extent it is similar to Hegel's

* For the purpose of gaining a clear idea of this fateful drift of science, I would above all and almost exclusively recommend the writings of Bertrand Russell. Russell has three advantages: first of all, he is the sharpest logician of this age; secondly, he is the thinker least biased by tradition; finally, he lacks every organ of 'inward experience', for which reason his insights are really 'pure'.

Concrete Universal — however little Hegel and Husserl may otherwise have in common. But phenomenology, too, holds the result of abstraction to be the goal; and every abstraction of this kind, however faultlessly it may be practiced, makes reality poorer. Thus, where understanding of the Universe is the aim, a doctrine of Significance such as the greatest phenomenologists (in the sense of the above-mentioned German school) might set up, would be as superfluous as is any unintelligible equation from the standpoint of vital experience. Thus, the earliest philosophies, as compared with those of later ages, are profounder and truer to Sense for the very reason that they reveal less of an advanced technique of abstraction. The concepts of ancient India which apply to things metaphysical are no products of interpreting reduction; they are symbolic images of experienced states of Being. This is true to a supreme degree of the few primary concepts of ancient China; these are essentially not exclusive, as are scientific concepts — they are comprehensive. This is so, because they are pure pictorial expressions of Significance. They do not define, they signify. But practically they convey no information about given facts — they evoke personal understanding. FAUST, for a while, hesitated whether he should not replace that sentence from St. John 'in the beginning was the Word' by 'in the beginning was Significance'. And he was right when he rejected the latter formula. There can be no theodicies of scientific validity; for no question which refers to cause and origin leads beyond a closely limited space of possible knowledge. But, above all, myths of Creation have a meaning solely from the point of view of Earth. For myths of Creation do not mean explanations, but First Remembrances; and there is remembrance only of phenomena. Only phenomena are born and pass away in that absolute sense which is necessary, if there is to be any idea of Creation and Birth.

Now 'Significance' never is a phenomenon; it stands to the phenomenon, as the meaning of a thought stands to the letters which express it. This is why the first remembrance of the in-break of Spirit could only retain its original manifestation. And this was the Image. In the form of an inward image did Spirit as a novel quality break into Creation.

There is no transition from this quality to others. But there never are transitions between qualities as such, and it is only from the recognition of this fact that an understanding of the world is possible. There is no transition from non-Spirit to Spirit. Nor is there any from the inanimate to the lowest manifestations of Life. Scientific abstraction believes more and more that it can assert the contrary. Not only in its primary elements, but also in the forms and ways of its being and development does the Universe, which is accessible to us, appear as a unified whole. Thus mathematics and language which express, or can express entirely different things have long ago been related back to a primary logic which is their common root; and of late, on the basis of the fact that, from the viewpoint of science, differences in kind in Nature are due to a different arrangement of the Same, attempts are being made to reduce all reality to principles of order or arrangement, wherewith indeed the differences between Spirit and Matter would fade. It would mean doing less violence to Nature, such as it is actually experienced, to reduce all happenings to the common denominator of a law of association. For this (indeed very indefinite) law which hitherto is recognized as valid only with regard to ideas and mental images, rules the basic forms of manifestation of what belongs to Spirit, to soul, to the animate and the inanimate. Not only remembrance, love and heredity rest on association, not only the precedent whose recognized importance is the foundation of every possible science of law, but electric tension,

gravitation and the affinity of chemical bodies. The coherence of the whole world of Gana, of the whole emotional order is based on association. And, here and there, the inanimate pre-forms organic development down to details. It should suffice to point out the single instance that glycerine has hitherto crystallized spontaneously but once, in a barrel in Moscow; but that since fecundation by means of the offsprings of these crystals makes it possible everywhere to breed crystals of glycerine *which otherwise never appear again.* However, the reality of the world stands and falls precisely with the irreducible differences *in kind;* and this reality alone is what concerns us, who experience it. It is understandable that a man like Pythagoras with the discoverer's recklessness should have been tempted to consider the cipher not merely as the quantitative aspect of external reality, but as the essence of all reality. To-day, everybody should and might know that the formal never refers to the essence; that the way a thing came into existence furnishes no clue to the meaning of what has happened; and that true understanding begins not with reduction to a general principle, but with the right definition of the unique character of the unique.

This much is true in general. But to that which belongs to the sphere of Spirit and to what does not, no common measure can be applied; therefore the mere attempt to comprehend the Spiritual as a component part of Nature is absurd. *For the world of Significance is a purely and essentially inward world.* It exists solely with regard to experiencing subjects. And this is true not only in the external sense which applies to everything which can be experienced: that for him who notices nothing, nothing exists; it is true in this sense that, judged from consciousness, the real and self-existent coherence of the spiritual world lies in the dimension of the subjective and the trans-subjective, and not in the dimension of what is objective and capable of

objectivation. Just as inward image and vision are inseparably correlated, even so are Significance and understanding, loving-kindness and Good Will, truth and truthfulness inseparable. Without a corresponding inward act, the Spiritual does not exist. If one would at all cost construe a coherent image of the world which would include Spirit and non-Spirit, there is but *one* which is not absolutely wrong: into the external cosmos of Nature is in-built a purely inward cosmos of Significance in the dimension of pure intensity, and at right angles, as it were, to that of extension. But even the most spiritual religion does not assert that this process of in-building is completed: it is merely stated to be the meaning and goal of Creation. And hitherto, at all events, there can be no idea of the world being entirely penetrated with Significance. Even man appears spiritualized but to a very slight degree. It means a *petitio principii* which no experience can justify, to make Spirit the *raison d'être* underlying all reality. If we desire to be and to remain truthful and honest, we must resign ourselves to the fact that there are phenomena which have a spiritual background, in so far as their *raison d'être* is 'Significance', and others of which this does not hold.

The days of any kind of monism should be at an end at last. As soon as it is a question of other than spiritual realities, the demand of unity can reasonably refer solely to the *ratio cognoscendi;* for there is nothing, absolutely nothing to justify our attributing more importance to what is unified in Nature, than to what is manifold. For this reason it is not permissible either to blurr the difference between Spirit and Life. I myself have shown in many places (in the form most comprehensible to all in the concluding chapter of *America Set Free*, 'Spirituality') that Life, in contradistinction to what we call inanimate, can only be grasped from the basis of 'Significance'; from the single cell which can only be understood from the part it plays

within the organism as a whole, up to the most spiritual formations of historical life. And in so far, undoubtedly, all that is vital and all that is spiritual belong to one and the same order. This is true also to the extent that all life is autonomous in the dimension of the subject, and that it is something subjectively inward which makes life vital. But our considerations on Gana, Delicadeza and the emotional order have shown that even in the case of human life profound layers and vast domains are *not* determined by Spirit, if the term 'Spirit' is to have a substantial content. Life of this kind also is 'significant', but from the standpoint of spiritual Significance it is, more often than not, contrary to Sense. Thus, we are compelled to recognize that between the Significance which governs organic life and the life of Gana, and that other Significance which is a manifestation of pure Spirit, there exists a difference in kind similar to the difference between other irreducible qualities — and this is the only thing that matters. This distinction is more important for the understanding of the world, than the statement that 'Life' and 'Significance', as compared to what, according to our ideas, is devoid of life, belong to one and the same order.

And if it is not permissible to refer back all Life to Spirit, Life should not be made the common denominator either. Neither is a mental image something live in the same sense as an organism, nor do both participate in the quality of Spirit in one and the same sense. An ideal is something different from a human, and both are no gods. The fact that it appears meaningful to man to sacrifice his life for an ideal, proves that life to him is not the last resort. What lies beyond, he can only grasp as 'Significance'. But the unifying word does not cancel the actual differences any more, than the possible reduction of all substances to electrons and protons annuls the differences of the chemical elements. I myself, when I was young and foolish, thought it a

valuable achievement to reduce all things existent to one principle and to make them integral parts of a unified system. To-day I reject every endeavour to give a unifying explanation or reduction which fails to do justice to the slightest difference in kind. How Life was born, and what Life is, we shall never know. Nor shall we ever know how Spirit was born, nor what Spirit is for itself. And if we could learn to know, we should not understand. And if we could understand, we should be none the wiser. But we can know which way of positing the problem does *not* lead to recognition. We can experience with understanding how all things which are open to experience are connected within us, and with reference to us. And if we plunge down deeply into ourselves, we can remember how it all came to pass far down in Time.

ONE day, Life which had erstwhile been blind, gained sight. There awoke the gift of inward vision, which was both remembrance and foresight. And in that instant happened what all myths of Creation relate: the World which was vaguely remembered as dark, grew luminous. Chaos formed into Cosmos; existence gained a meaning. On a grand scale it was the same that happens on a very small scale, whenever an entirely new idea 'occurs' to a man. This *may* mean that what was hitherto obscure and entangled becomes clear and perspicuous; then Meaning was materially contained or implied in the phenomenon; the grasping of this meaning is what we call understanding. But 'occurring' can also mean that a meaning which was not contained in a given fact, of a sudden in-builds itself into it and therewith turns it into a means of expression for what did not previously exist. This process is the original spiritual process. This process is pictured by the myth that God created the World out of the void, or breathed his breath into the lump of earth, or transformed chaos into cosmos; with the in-break of Spirit, something essentially

novel entered into the world. And it is thus, too, that Kant, that strangely archaic and precisely for that reason profound mind, understood the process of Creation: his Critique of Reason is correct, understood as critique of the original Sense-bestowal on Nature. When he taught 'my world is mental representation', this is originally true, for reflecting man's world of mental images comes into existence only with the 'Let there be Light'. Intuitions and concepts, that is, receptive contemplation and Spirit's own activity, really are the two primary elements of spiritual experience which cannot be related back to each other. And thus, time and space — whatever they may be otherwise — actually are, in the first place, forms of intuition inherent in a subject; and causality and other categories are forms of thought equally inherent in a subject; to that extent, intellect does indeed prescribe to Nature its own laws.

But however one may describe the primary process of inward realization: what is decisive is this, that with the in-break of Spirit something essentially novel entered into the world. This new entity gave its light to all things existent. And thereupon everything grew qualitatively different. Illumination never merely means that things become visible which without light would be exactly the same: with the quality of light a new and transforming energy is added to hitherto existent reality. Day is something different in kind from Night; colours are something qualitatively different to colourless darkness. Spiritual light transforms in the literal sense of the idea of transfiguration; for its peculiar reality bestows upon all things existent what originally belongs but to a few: Significance; and this Significance changes the character of the whole world into which it can in-build itself. First, the order of Spirit adapted itself to the analogies of the order of Nature. Just as the brightness of physical light begins by creating the original contrasts of light and darkness, even so did spiritual Light, first of all, give to

everything on which it was shed the primary qualities of positive and negative value. Our children still know of nothing but black and white on the moral plane. Thus, no sooner was there Light, than there was Good and Evil. In the course of our meditations we dealt with the objective Evil of the netherworld, with Evil as the womb of Good, and with Evil born of wounded susceptibility and of incompatibility: we were justified in using the word Evil, because names exist only from Spirit. But even then we did not doubt that all this Evil was not spiritually evil. Now we can understand the meaning of all these statements: Evil corresponds to darkness; and it is in darkness that all creation begins; it is from darkness that all creation arises. Whatever is negative, in its turn, leads to 'evil' manifestations. But it is only Sense-bestowal that turns the negative into spiritual Evil; this is the meaning true to facts of that sentence of Shakespeare 'Thus is there nothing good nor bad, but thinking makes it so'. Thus, Spirit first transfers to darkness which is innocent in itself, what is negative from Spirit's point of view. But then there is spiritual Significance of a positive and a negative quality which manifests itself in a corresponding manner in the world of phenomena, and this Significance works itself out with increasing autonomy. Thus there is original Good Will and original Ill Will; there is the lie as an expression of craft, as opposed to natural dissimulation; sincerity as an expression of courage, not of brutality; murder as an expression of Justice, and not of boundless selfishness; love not as the will to possess, but as the virtue of generosity; and beauty, which at its lowest is the natural expression of what is attractive or pleasing, as the supreme expression of spiritual perfection. And then there are spiritual realities for which there are no direct correspondences in Nature, such as inward freedom and duty and ideals and values and disinterested goals. If, unbiased by traditional prejudice,

one judges from Earth's standpoint the 'world of Significance' which descended upon earth with the in-break of Spirit, it means a similar enrichment of the fauna as was the appearance of Life on our planet. Only, the former means a far greater miracle. It is true that there is absolutely no explaining the origins of Life. The driest manual of palæontology records nothing but miraculous events. But the earthly side of man's nature is not quite sincere in its wonder at these events, because in his own body everyone experiences, and as an individual body everyone achieves no less miraculous things than are the metamorphoses of the creatures in the course of the geological epochs. Whereas realities which are not born of earth are absolute miracles.

That the world of Spirit, at the very first, was really thought a 'new fauna', is proven by the intricacy and confusion of all early ideas which men formed of Nature and Spirit. This original complication still survives in the orders of life of many primitives of to-day, as opposed to our order. Motifs of Gana, of Delicadeza and of emotional origin crossed and became involved with each other and with spirit-born motifs, as do lianas in the jungle; a clear discrimination between the various planes of reality was altogether lacking. There was a confusion like that which, in a transfigured image, is recorded in the myth of Paradise, where the lion and the lamb lay side by side, where occasionally the Lord strolled, and the serpent lived in harmony beside the other creatures; it was only when the serpent had succeeded in awakening within man the power of discrimination, that it could destroy the prevailing peace. But moreover, the more primordial a state, the more did all reality, one way or another, manifest itself in disguise. The purest formations of Spirit took the most corporeal shape. And the first distinctions made were particularly strange, according to our ideas, because man awakened to Spirit visualized precisely his innermost reality as a thing outside himself. Thus, all

Spirit was attributed to the gods. To them alone, at first, were accorded the basic faculties of imagination, such as the power to let things appear and disappear at will, to retain and to transform. And thus human existence was cleft in twain. For himself, man lived a Gana-life, but his gods he acknowledged to be of a spiritual nature. Passive for himself, he let himself be ruled by the gods. All initiative, according to his belief, set in from without. And thus the first conscious relations of man to Spirit were obedience and prayer. The earliest relation to vital Spirit 'Seen' by man could be no other than a religious relation for the very reason that, at first, Spirit was experienced as something outside self. If now from here we think once more of the primary concept of religious 'Revelation', it becomes conclusively clear that with the in-break of Spirit a distinct and new cosmos began to in-build itself into Nature. Judged from Gana, Spirit was essentially the magician; all the effects of Spirit were miraculous and mysterious. And its uncanny quality was constantly over-emphasized in the Conscious, because the true recognition that Spirit is originally the Image found expression in this form: that supreme magic powers were attributed precisely to images. Here lie the original foundations of all totemism and fetishism.

Nevertheless, it became apparent at an early date that Spirit belongs to man's *essence*, and that his nature is not merely a medium for the influences of Spirit, such as there may be many. As soon as there were humans, as distinct from animals, there appeared real solderings or welding-points between the worlds of Spirit and Gana. The most important among these is what we may call the centre of morality. With man, Nature does not of itself create and maintain that form and order, without which Life cannot exist. What in the case of animals takes place of itself through a 'Must', is completed, with man, only by freedom

which is guided by, and directed towards, the mental image of a 'Should'.* But in order to make this possible within the frame of Nature, man as a product of Nature remained stationary in an embryonic stage. If the embryos of higher animals bear a greater likeness to man than do their developed bodies, it is because these animals have progressed farther in development and differentiation than man. Accordingly they are more fixed. Thus, also the man born into this world matures the later, the greater his possibilities of development and change; genius ever remains a child. From here we can realize *how* Spirit in-builds itself into Gana. It breaks into a structure which is still loose, and by keeping it as loose as possible it turns it into a means of expressing its own freedom. Thus, for the man ruled by Spirit, his own features become mere means of expression: the *expression* of his features, not their actual form is to him the last resort; out of the same features may, in principle, speak a thousand different spirits. The one fact that, with man, expression means more than form proves that man's essence has its roots in Spirit, and not in Gana. And thus the indeterminate quality of possible expression is the visible exponent of what distinguishes man from all earth-sprung creatures: that no organic state as such for him means personal perfection.

But in view of millennial prejudice it is more essential to realize that Spirit may lack all importance in the total structure of man, without his life being visibly impaired, than to dwell upon his spiritual possibilities. What it really means, when the principle of Spirit is not co-determinant, was for the last time rightly grasped by the original idea of god-lessness; according to this idea, the consequence of

* The elaboration of this idea is contained in the chapter 'Morality' of *America Set Free*. I refer to this for all elucidations. Similarly, I refer once and for all to the more detailed explanations of my thoughts on Spirit to the chapters 'Culture' and 'Spirituality' of the same book.

godlessness is spiritual death, but without its becoming apparent on earth. The contemplation of South American humanity made it clear to me that such godlessness need in no wise mean a Fall. There is nothing to justify the belief that man was born as a child of God and then became a creature of earth through the Fall; such as he is, he is the child of both Spirit and Earth, and by far the greater part of his being belongs exclusively to earth. The worlds of Gana, of Delicadeza, even of the emotional order — however rich in soul the latter be — are devoid of Spirit, to say nothing of the cold primordial slime, of Earth and Blood. What Spirit means in man's nature is still best shown by the image of the myth of Creation: it is the breath which was breathed into the earth-born creature. Spirit *inspires*. But this being so, it can animate all layers and orders of man's being. We Europeans tend to think only intellect or reason a possible vessel for Spirit: in truth it is no more nor less a vessel than are all the other components of man's nature. Intellect is the best vessel solely with regard to possible Sense-realization in the form of *understanding*. But here, too, lies its limit. Not for nothing does humanity, again and again, present the satanic principle in the form of the intellectual. Indeed, neither the ideal of love, nor that of loving-kindness, nor that of beauty, nay, not even that of Truth as a state of being, can be realized from Ratio. Whosoever stands in the attitude of understanding towards these ideals, places himself outside them. But on the basis of the insights we have gained in the course of our meditations, we can replace all negative definitions by positive ones — and this seems to me to be of decisive importance, if we wish to grasp the meaning of the problem of Spirit. Only by means of the vital functions of recognition can Spirit be 'seen' — I choose this consecrated term here to express all assimilating perception. And since, with man — thanks to an extraordinary development of the

brain — his intellectual capacities are his chief means of self-preservation, a relationship of understanding towards Spirit is indeed, for him, of foremost vital importance. This explains, why the ideal of truth means so disproportionately much to man that, again and again, he succumbs to the temptation of raising it to the height of the cardinal ideal. But our considerations on Delicadeza and on the emotional order already made it clear that there are no cardinal ideals, for every ideal presupposes for its realization a different vital basis. In order that love and loving-kindness manifest themselves as spiritual qualities, Spirit must directly animate the emotional sphere. Beauty is realized on earth only by means of sensibility. Everywhere Spirit-bestowal depends upon the 'breath of God'; that is, upon an inspiring principle. Unless this supervenes, there is no spirituality. Uninspired intellect is no more spiritual than the belly. Inversely, the natural sentiment of maternal love, which of itself is doting affection, can be inspired by the most sublime spirit of progress towards the Light.

But in spite of all that has been said, there is one common denominator for all ideals: it is that of perfection. All Significance is realized on earth only where it appears expressed in a perfect form. Now perfection of expression is in itself an æsthetic ideal. This seems to claim a primacy for *Beauty*. And, indeed, everywhere on earth Beauty, understood and interpreted one way or another, is the supreme ideal. How can this be explained? The explanation lies in the fundamental insight we have gained in this meditation, that the original expression of Spirit is the *Image*. Every image, of itself, demands an æsthetic standard.

FROM the fact that spiritual life is a series of inner 'occurrences', similar to the occurring of new ideas, follows that different illuminations succeed each other abruptly; and their correlation is revealed only subsequently

by reflection. Thus my idea of Spirit as the Image came to me without any direct relationship to those other ideas, that its original expressions are Faith and Courage — except that both had been suggested to me by the contemplation of the original blindness of Life which I owed to South America. Indeed, I myself for a time felt that what has now found expression in the preceding and in the present meditation was a contradiction. Since then the contradiction has resolved itself for me: it was the natural consequence of the interference of different horizons. The sun does not itself see, it shines. From without, live creatures can only realize its light by vision. The image of the sun corresponds to the essence of Spirit also in this, that Spirit is light and image only for vision. Otherwise it is radiation, and there are many kinds of rays which are sent forth by it and work different effects in different mediums. As soon as one proceeds from radiating and not from contemplating Spirit, all problems are transposed. And then the results appear incompatible to the reflecting mind. Accordingly, ever since there has been conscious spirituality, a distinction has been made between contemplative life and active life, which exclude each other *in actu*. What we said about the problem of Spirit in our meditation on 'Sorrow' referred exclusively to the active aspect of Spirit; that is, to its radiating quality, not to Spirit as it appears to vision. But if we keep to the word 'radiating' and plunge down to the depths of its meaning, we shall find, precisely on the basis of our trends of thought on the image-like character of Spirit, that Courage and Faith must needs be its primary expressions. If anything can be metaphorically defined as radiating from within, it is the qualities of Courage and Faith. Courage and Faith out of themselves 'posit' reality, they do not accept, nor do they adapt themselves. And this 'positing' lies on the near side of all differentiation and qualification. Blind Courage can be compared to the pressure of the rays.

With Faith, an individual world overlays the given world exactly in the same sense as light transforms darkness. The fact that light has been shed on it, never means merely that the world becomes visible: it grows different from what it was before. Thus Goethe rightly called the colours the 'deeds of light'. Thus the different parts which Day and Night play in the processes of regeneration, growth, and recovery prove that in each case it is a question of something qualitatively distinct. At its simplest, Faith colours reality in accordance with itself. At its highest, it so completely projects its own reality on pre-existent reality that, for its own experience, solely its own world is left. But we can draw even nearer to the inward connexion between contemplation and action. In *one* particular case both fuse: in that of the spiritual creator who has an inspiration. He, too, stands in a receptive relationship towards Spirit; his ideas come to him, he has no power over them. But, on the other hand, they work through his most personal self. Thus, he 'does' personally what on the other hand he 'sees'. Now for creative man it is characteristic that he never knows, nor ever can know, what he does before he has done it. Every creator is surprised by the ideas which 'occur' to him. Until they stand before him in their completed form, he only divines that they are preparing, and he can do no more than create such conditions, and expose himself to such influences as foster their advent. Now what else can be said of the quality of the man of courage? He exposes himself to situations whose outcome he cannot foresee with the conviction that he will rise to emergencies. And always the Roman adage has proved true: *Fortes fortuna adjuvat.* It is his very blindness which shows the man of action the right way. Thus Oliver Cromwell once said: 'Man never advances so surely as when he knows not whither he is going.' In exactly the same sense, the idea which 'occurs' to a man is a child of blindness. Under these circumstances

the genetic connexion obviously is what our last meditations have shown it to be. Long before Spirit in its aspect of the image became determinant, it already worked from within as *actus purus*.

And now we can reveal the ultimate correlations: this working was, from the outset, identical in meaning with all that since we call working of the Spirit. Radiation, too, however blind it be in itself, is nought else but Sense-realization. We considered the primary 'significant' quality of dreams, the primary profound significance of language: the self-positing of man in the form of action is no less originally symbolic. One can always know the spirit of a man by his actions; and better even by the actions he did not consciously will, and which therefore he achieved blindly, than by his intentional acts; what one knows of one's action is not essential for the judgment of the act itself. And thus the continuity of what belongs to the sphere of image and vision also has its correspondence in the domain of active life. Our meditations again and again led to the result that all continuity of inner experience comes from Spirit. Gana-life is essentially discontinuous — it is a structure and a tissue of exclusive and finite melodies which for themselves are not connected; judged from Spirit, such life lacks meaning, goal and loyalty. Now just as contemplative Spirit experiences everything it presents and represents as a coherent unity, even so does active Spirit of itself posit coherence and Significance. It was the contemplation of the South American modality of life, such as it is described chiefly in Gana, which made it clear to me which are the nethermost limits of determinant Spirit. The nethermost limit in the direction of the netherworld is incarnated by the *esprit de suite* in the most comprehensive acceptation of the term: only where coherence of itself is determinant, does Gana not mean the last resort. Then only is there synthetic vision; then only consistency; then only possible foresight,

possible goals and plans; then only is there the possibility of promises, of inward obligation and fidelity in another sense than that of inertia; then only is there possible self-conquest and therewith possible progress. But in the direction towards the heights, the lowest limit of life ruled by Spirit is marked by the supremacy of recognized values. All unity, all homogeneity in psychical life presuppose determinant Spirit for their possibility.

From here, then, the meaning of all demands of unity becomes clear. Independently of Spirit it is off the point or devoid of Sense. But in the dimension of inwardness which is Spirit's own dimension, everything is connected by intensive (as opposed to extensive) coherence. First of all, the whole exists prior to all parts. But this whole is not something comprehensive, it is a creative and ruling centre. In so far spiritualization means concentration. And this applies to all directions and on all planes of possible spiritualization. If reflection reduces millions of individual cases to *one* formula, so that the knowledge of this formula henceforth enables man to foresee, to anticipate and master everything, this means a concentration of extensive multiplicity in one intensive unity. But exactly in the same way, the formation of personality means integration of the multiple separate impulses and aspirations; this one sentence proves that there is and can be only spiritual personality. Similarly, all determination by values is inseparable from the rule of intensive unity over multiplicity. Spirit always is unified. Hence the prejudice of an originally unified Ego: it is only as a unity that Spirit is able to understand the cohesion of the individual. Now if one makes of Spirit a substance, one necessarily arrives at some kind of monistic image of the Universe. If personality is born of concentration of original multiplicity, further concentration may make man a god. This was what the Hindus inferred. To debate about the theories whether the profoundest Self is one with

the Soul of the World or God, is idle; for both theories transcend both possible information and possible understanding. But one thing India has indeed proven to be true: that by progressive concentration an integration and therewith a spiritualization can be achieved, which transforms man to a prodigious degree and makes of him — measured by the standard of his most intimate sense of value — a higher being.

TWELFTH MEDITATION

DIVINA COMMEDIA

AMONG the many experiences which the Iberian sphere of culture offers the intellectual from Central or Western Europe, few make so strange an impression on him as, again and again, to hear native intellectuals talked of as alienated; this or that man is certainly a notable personality, but '*loco*', at least '*alocado*' (which latter word stands to the former in a similar relation as 'tipsy' to 'intoxicated'). This judgment is passed in the friendliest of spirits, almost in the same spirit that women judge those impersonal conflicts of men which to them seem so superfluous. Nor is the actual importance of the man in question doubted. But when one meditates the meaning of this singularity, it becomes clear that here, too, it is a question of the survival of something primordial. Many peoples held the madman sacred. In their eyes, the possessed really were somehow superior to Nature, for exorcism alone could cure them. Already for the ancient Greeks, long before Lombroso, the boundary between genius and madness was indistinct. Russia has always reverenced the *Jurodiwyi*, that type of a mental defective who is known to Europe through Dostoevski's *Idiot*, as a higher being. But if these peoples judged from the point of views of Spirit, the Spaniard passes the identical judgment from that of earth. Hence the possibility of the figure of Don Quixote; here, it remains undecided to the last, whether he was a perfect sage or a perfect fool, and yet in his native country he is considered a national exemplar, nay the very prototype of man.

However unfamiliar this outlook may be to the intellectual of Central and Western Europe: it presents the eternal problem of the relationship between determination by Spirit and determination by Nature more clearly in all

respects than any other. Therefore I know of no better point of departure for the conclusion of our meditations on the problem of Spirit than the one which is typical of the Spaniard. From the point of view of the earth, spiritual man does indeed, in the first place, appear alienated in the sense of the German word *ver-rückt* (trans-posed, dis-located, dis-placed) which implies, among other things, a rupture between two planes. If a man uses his natural existence merely as a medium for the realization of Significance, this existence to him means little more than language means to the poet. How should Sancho Pansa understand this? How should not Beatrice and Laura have been indignant, how should they not have felt almost prostituted, when they divined that Dante's and Petrarca's love was not addressed to their persons, but to the image of their soul, and that for both poets the ultimate and essential goal was not return of love, but their own creative work? To declare alienated the man who lives from out of Spirit suggests itself all the more readily, as spiritual man essentially is not what the man in the street calls normal. He is always morbid, to however mild a degree. At best, he is abnormally unstable; but generally his inward equilibrium is permanently disturbed.* Between body and Spirit there is no original harmony, but an original state of tension. That celebrated *mens sana in corpore sano* applies only to a ratio of importance in which Spirit does not preponderate; but even in this case, there exists a relation of tension between Nature and Spirit, and spiritual fecundity depends solely and entirely upon a degree of tension above the normal. This is proven by this fact among others, that inward or external experience which destroys the prevailing equilibrium can create a

* This problem has been conclusively set right in the same sense as I state it, but from the medical standpoint, by Ernst Kretschmer (in *Geniale Menschen*, Berlin, Julius Springer) and by Wilhelm Lange-Eichbaum (in *Genie, Irrsinn und Ruhm*, München, Ernst Reinhardt).

higher state of tension, where it does not exist of itself, and can therewith call out creativeness; thus the crisis of puberty for a short time makes poets of most youths; thus, many spirits have owed a more intense creativeness to an infectious disease. Inversely, the cessation of inward tension, as a rule, leads to the neutralization of the mental energies. This has sometimes been interpreted in the sense that the Spiritual is the *product* of physical tension. However, this interpretation is contradictory both to the facts and to their obvious significance. It is as impossible to trace back spiritual reality directly to bodily reality, as it is to deduce the content of thoughts from the peculiarities of the language which expresses them. The best image of the true correlation is and remains that of the relationship between a melody and the tightened strings of an instrument which enable one to play it. Without tightened strings, no playing on the violin. But no music 'results' from the strings; music is pure invention of the Muse. And the necessity to tighten the strings which, again and again, makes them break, proves that a high degree of Sense-realization and a state which, could they feel, would best satisfy the strings, cannot exist at one and the same time.

This antagonism between the laws of Spirit and those of the body, or more generally the vital norm, is to be found throughout and on all planes. Even the mere rhythm of spiritual development is not one with the rhythm of bodily growth. With the former it is not youth, but old age which normally marks the summit; in the supreme case, one may even go so far as to affirm: Spirit grows ever younger, as man draws nearer the grave. There is no harmony whatever between the two laws of growth. On all planes and in all directions, spiritualization presupposes concentration and discipline of the existent energies. Now the muscle, too, grows with exercise, and this has occasionally misled man to interpret both processes as belonging to one and the same order.

But this is not so. Concentration and discipline with the aim of intensifying spirituality beyond that point which can still be considered the higher norm of the animal *homo sapiens Linné* — for a certain degree of Spirit-determination belongs to man's nature — is practised at the expense of the earthly part of his being. Hence the rapid degeneration and the premature extinction of over-spiritualized races; a fate which the monk anticipates when taking the vow of chastity. Monastic asceticism, that is, self-formation which repudiates what accords with earth, is indeed the original form of life from out of Spirit. However, let us set aside all supreme expressions of possible spiritualization: in all cases, the latter is inseparable from the overcoming and mastering of Gana. Now the essence of Gana is inertia — but to overcome inertia is the first command which Spirit issues out of itself. If the immense paradox contained therein from the point of view of earth is less manifest in the commands to be courageous, believing, faithful, consistent and enduring — all of which are particular expressions of the one command to overcome natural sloth — it is strikingly apparent in its lowest form, which is the command that man 'should' work; in particular, in its moral intensification that man must 'earn' his bread; here eating (the natural basis of all earthly life) is made dependent on the fulfilment of a spiritual demand! If one includes in a glance this paradox with that other, that demonstrably he alone attains to perfection of spirit, and in the spirit, who lets himself be guided by ideals thoroughly unpractical, and, in the extreme case, hostile to life, which correspond to the so-called eternal values, one cannot but admit that there is no original correspondence between the norms of Spirit and those of Earth. The true relationship between the two is perhaps best made clear by a comparison carried to the point of caricature between the modalities of Spirit and of Gana. In which respect can one call Spirit free?

Whether Spirit be free in the absolute sense, is a question of verbal definition, and not of insight into reality. But as measured by the norms of Gana, Spirit doubtless is free, *in so far as it cannot be bound.* 'Significance' cannot be fettered as Gana fetters. Accordingly, the primary characteristic of all gods and spirits is that they are unreliable. They are not unreliable in the manner of Gana, whose viscous cohesion endures through all changes and vicissitudes and revulsions. They are absolutely unreliable. Spirits come and go; they disappear and are re-born and change into any shapes they please, and all this apparently at their own will and pleasure. And even so do ideas 'occur' or fail to 'occur', as they please. Thus, with the in-break of Spirit, self-evidence which is Gana's native element had to cease and problems had to arise, the mere existence of which is an abomination to the obstinate conservatism of Gana. Now Gana might even agree to face problems, if at least there were final solutions which would restore the pristine security on another plane. But so long as Spirit is vital, there are no final solutions. Therewith, consent to Spirit, as seen from Gana, means acceptance of insecurity, that is, of the one thing against which it has fought from the moment of the birth of First Life. This insecurity reaches its climax with the experience that no determinate 'meaning' attaches inseparably to any particular fact. All phenomena form parts of Sense-connexions and have their well-spring of Life there. But, on the whole, and in all important respects, vital connexions are fixed melodies; thus, everybody begins life as a child and ends, if he live long enough, as an old man; and in every case these phases have the same vital 'Meaning'. Now if Spirit decides in the last resort, there is an end to all 'Meanings' which hold good once and for all. In every particular case, everything, absolutely everything, can have a specific meaning of its own which, for the time being, is the only valid meaning. Thus the

same facts may have the most various meanings; the meaning may change from one moment to another, or else it may cease to be. Spiritual connexions exist in their own right and without caring a fig for facts. If the facts are not such as Spirit would have them, they 'should' become what they are expected to be. Under all circumstances, determination by Spirit displaces all previous order. Then a sinner may be nearer salvation than the righteous; then the Ugly may be expressive of Beauty and vice versa; then the lie may be proof of a higher kind of morality than truthfulness. Moreover, from pure Significance are born, again and again, new realities to which poor Gana has, again and again, to adapt itself anew. But with all these realities it is never sure once and for all on what it can rely. And to this is added the final aggravation that Spirit exists and works only where it is recognized and acknowledged and received. If it is not, or no longer noticed and believed in, then it is shut out from earth's process. . . .

Thus, obviously, the norms of Spirit and Earth are not on good terms. Our last doubts are dispelled, if from here we reverse the problem and look once more on earth-life from the standpoint of Spirit as we did in 'Gana', 'Delicadeza' and the 'Emotional Order'. Then, all non-spiritual reality appears absolutely devoid of, or contrary to Sense. The discontinuity and finiteness and exclusiveness of Gana-life is contrary to the elementary spiritual demands of coherence and continuity; the growth and decay of the feelings and sensations baffles all logic and foresight; the injustice, the ignoring of all values characteristic of the emotional order defies all ethical standards; physical growth and decay contradict all demands of Beauty; and the possibility that Evil may play a positive part shocks all moral sense.

We can sum up these considerations by saying that spiritual man and man of the earth must needs appear

alienated one to the other; alienated precisely in the sense of the German word *ver-rückt*, as explained on the second page of this meditation (that is: displaced, transposed). The more so, as adjustment to the laws of the one pole blinds the eye to the laws of the other. If a man thinks that profit or success are supreme goals, then all demands of self-conquest and self-denial, from the realization of which spiritualization is inseparable, must appear bereft of sense to him. But men exclusively determined by Spirit are no less blind to the norms of earth. Here Don Quixote incarnates the prototype. All the great men who have shaped history were one-thought men, monomaniacs and hallucinated creatures, who lived out their own ideas with complete single-mindedness and without consideration for anything. This led to two opposite attitudes towards the forces of the earth which, nevertheless, are identical in meaning. Either the men in question were entirely devoid of practical intelligence; then they triumphed over craft and cunning by virtue of heroic courage like Parseval as *reine Toren* (pure-minded fools). Or else they were altogether unscrupulous regarding the means they employed; the significance inherent in the means themselves meant nothing to them. The complete amorality of a man like Lenin ultimately also means alienation in the sense we gave to the term.

I have here brought out as sharply as possible the contrast between the norms of Spirit and of Earth, because this way of positing the problem opens that path to an understanding of the facts which is the least obstructed by prejudice. Jesus proclaimed that his message brought not peace, but the sword: this was true not only of His message, but of the in-break of Spirit in general. For since then man was originally divided in himself. And this conflict grew ever more painful, the more his consciousness became illuminated; for more and more did the certainty grow

within him that his ultimate reality lies not in his corporeal existence, but in incomprehensible Spirit with its demands which can be realized only with difficulty, if at all. Thus there sounded ever more distinctly within his soul the voice of that demand, which is absolutely incomprehensible from earthly life: *Become what thou art!* Ever since, the paradoxical longing for self-realization has been the basic note of all human life conscious of Spirit.

WHEREVER the sound of this basic note penetrated distinctly into consciousness, there grew up a profoundly religious relationship to Spirit; hence the unequalled depth of meaning of all earliest myths. And everywhere the very first relationship to Spirit was prayer, because, at first, Spirit was experienced as something outside self. And if withal there awoke the presentiment that Spirit nevertheless represents the deepest Self, then the meaning of all prayer corresponded to that of the ancient orison of the Hindus:

> From the Unreal lead me to the Real,
> From Darkness lead me to Light,
> From Death lead me to Immortality.

With his first deep experience of Spirit, man, blinded by its light, could not but deem the blindness of Gana-life darkness absolute; and he could not help thinking unreal the nature of earth which is fundamentally different from Spirit. Since Spirit for itself knows nought of the exclusiveness and finiteness of the melodies of Gana-life, it had to claim immortality as its rightful heritage. Since Spirit is 'Significance', it could not resign itself to sense-lessness. Being essentially unbindable, it could not recognize in bondage to Nature a last resort. Let us here revert to our trends of thought on the sadness of the creatures. Man is desolate, a captive within the closed sphere of Hell, until he finds the path which leads to Light. When Light has

descended upon him, then the circle unfolds and becomes a spiral. Man frets, pines and despairs in the coils of Gana, of serfdom, of blind fate; for even though he may not know, yet he divines that these chains do not fetter him beyond hope of escape. Something drives him to step forth and out of his captivity, and to rise beyond it. The ideal goal he places before himself is a world completely permeated with Sense; a world of perfect coherence, in which even Evil and calamity would have a place. This is the meaning of all religious aspiration: its goal is the ultimate union with Light alone, after all bondage to Darkness has been overcome. But every other kind of progress which can be imagined moves in the same direction. The whole idea of progress has but one general meaning and substance: the possible and necessary growth of illumination; a meaning which the eighteenth century in Germany still understood perfectly well, when it called progress *Aufklärung* (Enlightenment). Here we grasp the spiritual significance of understanding. Spirit's freedom, even in the supreme case, remains an infinitesimal wheel within the mechanism of the Universe. As long as the latter works without being understood, man has no influence over it; then, for him too, in his personal life, the last resort is what happens to him, Fate, and not freedom of decision. But if he understands this mechanism, then that part of his being before which at every moment several paths open up, and which is capable of initiative, is superior to all happenings which are bound to follow a fixed course; then he himself can give the latter a direction. In the supreme case, the facts of Nature no longer mean last resorts to him anywhere: they have for him become means of expression.

But, at first, their obedience to Spirit is more than imperfect. This is why every humanity which had become conscious of its determination by Spirit, first inclined to issue quite naively commands which are antagonistic to the momentum of Nature. Man 'should' be different from what he

is. And since he *was* not different, and since he was unable to change reality according to his desires, there grew out of this not only the demand: Become what thou art! but also the tendency to project a falsifying image of his self which should deceive him regarding his own inadequacy. And still more did man represent the surrounding world as something different from what it is. Hence it follows that simultaneously with the striving for truth, consent to the lie was born; nay, that the lie could not but be the original expression of co-determination by Spirit. For at an early date mental images were capable of infinite metamorphoses. Thus, man began to create poetry, long before he examined and noted accurately. Hence the primacy of the myth. Man of the early ages clings to taboos most absurd according to scientific standards, he clings to superstitions most alien to reality with far greater fanaticism than ever man of later ages adheres to proven truths. And even when man began to make accurate observations, his longing remained what it had been: to in-build the facts into an image of the world of his own creation. Hence the primacy of the hypothesis in science. I know of few ideas so contrary to Sense as the belief that originally man strives to recognize things as they are: he fights for his *own* world. If he strives after 'objective' Significance, he does so originally only in order to save the subjective meaning of his personality and life in a universe which appears devoid of Sense.

That the road to Spirit should have begun with both the striving for Truth and the Lie, is due to the double nature of man, which has its roots in two realms—in the realm of earth and in one which is not of this earth. In our considerations on Original Fear we wrote: First, Life knew of Fate, not of Will. Now the first possibility of escaping Fate which was offered to it, thanks to the awakening of a first faint initiative, consisted in disguise and deceit. Hence the original Lie. Spirit first appeared on earth in the guise of the

actor. The batrachian played being mud, the serpent acted the foliage or the branch, the butterfly played the hornet. Everywhere, the first impulse of the savage is to conceal and veil the truth. Thus one may generalize and assert: in the beginning was not Man, but Woman; not Truth, but the Lie. When we came to this conclusion, there was no reason to discriminate so sharply between the principles of Earth and those of Spirit, as we have done since. But apart from this, it is impossible to make sharp distinctions in early stages. The man would posit the problem of Spirit proceeding from the human embryo, nay, even from the little child, would gain but little information: fully developed forms of existence alone show clear and distinct outlines. Moreover, there is nothing to justify the assumption that man alone can participate in Spirit. On the contrary, if we look at reality, such as it is, without prejudice, and if we employ concepts only in accordance with their obvious original meaning, we are compelled to admit: even in the earliest stages of Life, Spirit somehow co-operates. In the general connection of beings and things, all decisive differences are due to variations of the way in which the stress is laid. Thus, within man the stress may rest upon his minerality, his reptility, upon Gana, Delicadeza or the emotional order. Never can it be affirmed, without prejudice, that what is not emphasized and what is not working, for that reason is not existent. Thus, already when Original Fear begins to rise into consciousness as an experience, there enters into it a spiritual component however rudimentary and weak. With the original Lie understood as original dissimulation, this component becomes distinct for the first time. There it is undoubtedly a case of imagination, however unconscious it be; for the live creature represents something different from what it is by nature. But from this follows as a general result, *that the first expression of spiritual co-determination is play-acting.*

Hence that histrionic quality, that actor's nature, which belongs to the essence of Woman, humanity's prototype. The element natural to Original Woman is, first of all, involuntary dissimulation, such as it is practised in some form by most animals for the purpose of securing security. On a higher level of intellectuality, it is the conscious lie. But Original Woman attains to her completion only where the independent mode of being of the actor manifests itself in her. This primordial histrionism is something different from what is usually meant by histrionism. The genuine comedian in the current acceptation of the term is most truly himself not in his private life but on the stage, albeit on the stage he never 'is' what he 'seems'. Only for his rôle does he feel that responsibility, which others feel for their personal behaviour. Thus the mental part of his nature lives an autonomous life. But in principle he lives two lives; a thing which applies also, in another sense, to the poet and the official, and it is only that of the 'human' which he feels to be his personal individual life. With original woman such a demarcation is impracticable; with primordially feminine woman the following equation literally holds true: she *is* an actress. With complete sincerity, she undergoes an actual transformation from one man to another, in accordance with what he asks of, or loves in her. But, above all, she must play some kind of rôle, if she is to be quite herself. Woman is a priestess, a courtesan, an amazon, a bourgeoisie; she is prudish, cynical, indifferent to, or interested in things intellectual, exclusively a mother or exclusively a lover, according to the part imposed upon her by the situation in which she finds herself. Hence the profound significance of fashion. But, on the other hand, she becomes de-formed, or else she deteriorates, when she is given no part to play. This is genuine acting on the plane of Life. It is not mimicry, disimulation in the sense in which it applies to the animal; nor is it dissimulation in the

sense of conscious craft and cunning; but neither is it real life out of Spirit, as it is with the poet who lives himself out in persons of his own invention, nor the representation of autonomous Spirit, independent of personal life, as in the case of the professional comedian: it is original life in the form of a comedy.*

Now this is the primordial original form of all Spirit-determined life. A different 'Significance' than that which belongs to the physical and psychical organism makes use of the latter's organs, functions and means of expression.

SPIRITUALITY begins with the moment in which the influence of a Significance different from that of the organism becomes possible. It dawns already in the earliest stages of Life; but only in man, of all the creatures we know of, does it manifest itself in clear outline as a completed life-form. Let us now revert to the results gained in our last meditation and thence advance farther. The specific form in which Spirit manifests itself is the Image. Not the image conditioned from without, the impression, but the inward image. The more Spirit expresses itself in accordance with its own character, the more is the image not a reflected image, but a model-image. But even with what seems to be pure copy, that only which belongs to Spirit's own order of being, matters essentially: for here, too, another 'Significance' than that of man as a product of Nature makes use of the latter's organs, functions and means of expression. And no spirit incarnated on earth is capable of 'pure' invention; even the most sovereign genius is obliged to use earthly material. Now on the level of spiritual creativeness, too, the actor incarnates the basic and original form. This is the meaning of the exercises and imitations practised by all youth. To none do original ideas occur at the very outset;

* In this context I would recommend the best study I know of Woman as an actress: *Sylvia* in Richard Müller-Freienfels' *Tagebuch eines Psychologen* (Leipzig 1931, Seemann).

he begins by representing what others knew or expressed before him. He adheres to a model which to him is an ideal; he swears by the words of a master, echoes their substance, finds happiness in blind belief in his teaching or his mode of being. What thus he represents, has the same psychological meaning as all play-acting. But at this point we can discriminate between acting within the frame of Nature and spirit-born acting. If Original Woman is Nature's actress, who instinctively and to that extent impersonally plays the vitally necessary part which the external situation imposes upon her, Spirit's actor assumes by means of imagination a rôle which differs from his personal life and makes his vital being subservient to this rôle.

The next step on the path towards personal spirituality leads to the play of the children. We simplify facts slightly, but we do not falsify them, when we affirm that the course of development from determination by Gana to Spirit-determination leads through two solutions of continuity: first, from blindness devoid of all problems to pure Spirit-determination, and thence to the comprehension of reality. How little the transition to the latter succeeds as a matter of course, is illustrated by the feeling of strangeness and wonder a child experiences when it is expected to pass from play to Life's Earnest. From a determinate very early moment onward, the human child is more spiritual than the adult. It lives in a purely inward world of images; external reality to it means mere material for its fictions. This state continues as long as the impulses of the netherworld slumber. When these impulses awake, darkness breaks in. Then the child feels flooded with strangeness; then it loses itself and feels afraid. For children in the state here described live out pure imagination. They lack all conscious relationship either to their own physiological reality, or to the reality of the world; every fairy-tale to them appears more real and more plausible than the happenings of daily life. Here,

it is obviously not a case of play-acting, that is, of the representation of what is external with reference to personal life: it is a naive living-out of spiritual reality without regard for or to any external world. Thus, the child is genuine in another sense than play-acting original woman. With the latter, Nature herself is a comedian; with the former, Spirit manifests itself heedless of all Nature, but without Spirit's being one with the personal Ego; a child knows very well that its activity is play, and not earnest, although, on the other hand, it takes only its play quite seriously. But just as there are intermediate states between the chameleon and the actress, solutions of continuity do not in all respects separate the playing child from the animal. Animals also play. And animals, too, participate to some extent in Spirit. However, with the latter this means, in most cases, that a fixed Gana-melody which is from the outset adapted to reality is practised and rehearsed. To this kind of play human children, too, are no strangers. But the real playing of the human child, which is a living out of an inner world, is not a phenomenon belonging to Gana. This is why Jesus who acknowledged only the spirit in man, held up the child as a model to the adult.

From here we can perceive in general outline, how the Earthly and the Spiritual are connected in the particular respect which concerns us here. There are the most diverse possible relations and ratios of importance. Everywhere, the means of expression are fundamentally the same. But they can express different things: their own meaning, the meaning of the body as a whole; that of man's earth-bound psyche, a mental representation of something alien, finally, Spirit which is foreign to life. But one should beware of interpretations which simplify and unify. The facts of experience allow us to affirm this much only: between real life and represented life, between the exercise of organic functions and play, between mimicry and comedy,

between Life and Spirit, there exist transitions, and yet again there are none. Under all circumstances, every transference of the stress leads to an actual solution of continuity. For this correlation, Love provides the most instructive and exhaustive illustration. Its roots reach down to the layer not only of the Third Day of Creation, but to the darkest Night of Creation. It is fed entirely by primordial impulses; even in its sublimest forms the netherworld plays a decisive part. And yet the significance of Love, with man, is not exhausted with procreation and that which is immediately bound up with it. There is Love which is essentially of the soul. There is purely spiritual Love. And according to what ultimately determines love, the act of procreation which, up to the highest levels, remains Love's most perfect expression, acquires a different meaning. Carnal delight becomes dissociated from procreation even with many animals; with man, this dissociation is the original phenomenon. And the same act may have the most different meanings, and always it is a case not of subsequent interpretation, but of original essence: pure urge to lust, the expression of conscious longing for children, intentional violation of Nature in perversion, supreme concord of body, soul and spirit, and pure art. The bodily union of those who love deeply, independently of all motives of procreation, is play in its profoundest and most beautiful sense. And yet, one way or another, the whole gamut of Significance sounds in the melody. More and more does the wonder of procreation perplex me. If procreation were a purely physical thing and 'soul' flowed into the body quite from without, a complete understanding would even then be impossible, but some degree of plausibility would be attained nevertheless. However, somehow children are undoubtedly also the spiritual descendants of their parents. And to understand this, I confess is beyond my power.

AT the conclusion of our considerations on the problem of the in-break of Spirit we succeeded in bringing into an intelligible connexion two recognitions which at first sight were incompatible: namely, that on the one hand the image is the original expression of Spirit, but that on the other hand the same is true of Courage and Faith. It is now our task to gain a third view of the spiritual process and to render it accordant with those we have gained before. At first, we considered the Image only as something static, and with Courage and Faith we disregarded all forms of manifestation. But on the other hand, the Image moves and changes from within, and Courage and Faith, on the other hand, have outward manifestations. Now how shall we define from the standpoint of earth the specific activity of Spirit? *Its essence is play.*

Indeed: what, in the first place, is characteristic of Spirit, as viewed from earth, is that it cannot be bound, that it is unreliable; it lacks all weight, all heaviness, all inertia. To that extent, and always judged from earth, the sentence holds: Spirit lacks all gravity and in so far seriousness. Seen from Spirit, nothing is heavy; it takes all things lightly. Not only the concept of toil, even that of suffering finds no object in it. There is toil only from the point of view of Gana; and man knows pain and sorrow only as a creature of feeling and emotion; we recognized that the soul is not of a spiritual nature. Thus, in the first place, spiritual man must needs impress man of the earth as wanting in seriousness. This is true already of the man of courage, for he puts his life to the stake; that is to say: he plays with his life, which is indeed the current French and German way of expressing the same. But the believer, above all, must appear most sadly deficient in seriousness to the man of heavy earthliness. Consciously, he stakes on what is uncertain. He trusts most rashly despite the opinions of the sententious and the objections of the grave. The Christian, in particular, who puts his faith in

Divine Grace, is perpetually playing *va-banque*. If he disguises his consent to uncertainty in a theory, according to which uncertainty, on the other hand, is pre-ordained; or if he veils it by asserting *credo quia absurdum*, or by faith absolute in the Love of God, such 'stratagem of reason' (Kant) is led *ad absurdum* even by the female insect's provident care of its brood. From the standpoint of earthly heaviness, all belief in things unproven and all faith in uncertainty, first and last, are proofs of a lack of gravity. To this is added a further aggravation: Spirit in itself cannot be bound, so that the believer lacks every firm foundation for his security. The fact that demonstrably there are formulae which fix Spirit in an objective form, seems to be a contradiction to this. But appearances are deceiftul; this is most clearly illustrated precisely by the extreme expression of possible binding of Spirit, namely the conjuring of a real 'spirit' by means of a magic word. I defy anybody to name one single fairy-tale in which the mere existence of the right formula kept the spirit spell-bound: it had to be conjured, that is, it had to be seduced to surrender to bondage, and this lies solely in the power of the magician, who himself is Spirit which may depart or die. From here we can gain a more exact understanding of the myth 'In the beginning was the Word' than was hitherto possible: the myth in the first place implies that God mastered the technique of the magician; the world became what it was, only because God pronounced certain definite words; had He used different expressions, the world would have become different. But furthermore, the myth expresses that God was God indeed. Let anybody else repeat, however conscientiously, the original words of Creation — nothing remarkable will happen. Thus, only the magician can conjure by means of magic formulae. Thus, equations and formulae help him alone to master the forces of Nature, who knows how to handle them. Thus, juridical laws are valid only to the extent that they are recog-

nized. Thus, the most perfect imaginable expression helps him alone to gain insights, who himself can see. Stupidity and obtuseness are an impenetrable armour against all Spirit. That this is so, is made conclusively clear by the following trend of thought. Wherever it is a question of binding Spirit, an objectivation is possible only by means of the concept of a 'Should'. Now, what one 'should' do, one 'need' not do. Hence the grotesque fact that realization of Spirit on earth can be achieved on a grand scale only with the help of what is most unspiritual, by brute force; ever since there has been Spirit, there has also existed the idea of the police.

Spirit as such has as little power to bind as it is capable of being bound. Gana alone can bind. Spirit can wield power only where it is recognized, believed in, realized, represented; that is, where the forces of the earth which are capable of binding enter into its service. Unless the latter are ready to meet it half-way, Spirit has no power on earth. Hence the commands to believe in God and to love God and to do God's will, *that* He manifest Himself. Not for nothing did all magicians of all ages storm against the doubters. It is not for nothing that even to-day, as in the first days after the casting out of Paradise, all Good should stand under the sign of a 'Should'. Not for nothing must all self-conquest, the premise of all rule of Spirit, even to-day be 'commanded'. All these 'Shoulds' refer to the *forces of the earth.* Unless these are tamed, Spirit cannot work. At this point it becomes particularly clear that the in-break of Spirit means the attempt to in-build itself into a firm order which *was already existent.* Here, moreover, it becomes apparent that the earthly part of man cannot be ignored as inessential: if man must open himself up to God, if He is to work within him, the decision obviously rests with the earthly element of man. Let us now sum up the recognitions we have so far gained. The Image is the original form in which Spirit

manifests itself; it is nothing palpable, nothing weighty, nothing resistant. Neither is it possible to bind it, nor can itself bind. The self-activity of Spirit is absolutely wanting in seriousness, as earth understands it; from earth's standpoint, it is essentially play. But this play has its origin in 'vision' and 'show' and is itself intrinsically a 'show'. Under these circumstances, not only is it true that play-acting is the primary expression of Life co-determined by Spirit: *the primordial form or the prototype of all spiritual life is the 'show-play'.**

The conclusion to which reflection led us is confirmed by all experience. The human child begins its active existence with play; in so doing, it knows that it plays, but it experiences the world of play as its very own, whereas it feels the external world to be alien and irksome. In the same sense do childlike races gifted with imagination experience their life. By childlike races I do not mean the primitives of to-day, most of whom represent great age in the form of primitive states of being, but those who invent the things we find as petrefactions as spontaneously as children invent their games, even where they follow rules they have learnt. Their life is one single myth. It is a myth as the ancient Greeks understood it, for whom mythologizing meant poetic creation, only in this case, poetic creation proceeding from an archaic state; it is well known that the Greeks clearly discriminated the fictions of their tragic poets from what we call myths. Early races live purely from within. Judged from earth, they all appear alienated in the sense of our definition. It is not a matter of accident — on the contrary, there is meaning and purpose in the fact, that such races hardly ever give a 'correct' explanation of any natural

* This passage and the following plays upon the German word Schau-Spiel, which in the current language means a 'play on the stage'. 'Spiel' is 'play'; 'Schau' includes the ideas of 'vision', 'contemplation' and 'representation' in the subjective and objective sense. In order to render the German meaning as nearly as possible, we choose the word 'show-play', because the English 'show' has the same root as German 'Schau'. *Translator's note.*

phenomenon which often they observe with great accuracy; be it that they fail to recognize the connection between birth and procreation, or that they think the death of the slain game dependent on the exact performance of a ceremonial, and not on the weapon which struck it down, or whatever other association there may be, so many of which survive even to-day in the superstitions of nations whose intellect has otherwise gained the clearness of maturity: it means resistance of free Spirit to the fetters of Nature. And this is also the meaning of those 'unreal' orders they impose upon themselves and out of which they live. Modern naturalism is right from its own point of view, when it includes also the premises of the Christian Church in the idea of 'superstitition', for doubtless from Nature's standpoint no particular life-form is holy or sacred. As long as they possibly can, men endowed with Spirit play. Thus, the two profoundest among the social-minded peoples living to-day, on principle deal with what is most serious as though it were a game. Among Englishmen it is considered bad form to insist in the German manner on the serious aspect of a problem: humour should raise it to a plane on which it loses the heaviness of reality. Similarly, war is thought of as sport, and above all, politics as a game; British parliamentarism is inseparable from the fiction that reality can be handled and directed conformably to Sense according to the rules of a game. And thus, up to a very short time ago, the social life of the Chinese was one single fulfilment of rituals; thanks to this, the perpetual friction existing *de facto* among too many humans who lived side by side in poor conditions, became an objectified game, in whose inherent meaning a man took pleasure, however life might ill-treat him. It is in accordance with their recognition that facts have to be freed of the weight of reality, that the Chinese has no concept for happiness: where the European would say: 'I am happy', he says: 'I feel joy'.

The instance of the Englishman and the Chinese leads us from the naive play of children, for whom their play means real life, to the insight into that state in which the reality of earth is experienced together with subjective facts, and play means liberation. This is so, wherever Original Fear and Original Hunger have penetrated into consciousness which re-presents; where inescapable bondage is experienced as fate, and therewith the sadness of the creatures floods the soul. There, life itself is not experienced as play, but play is thought a supreme value because it liberates from the heaviness of life. Thus, none feel a greater need of play than captives in durance. On the 'Continent of Sorrow' whose imagination is so poor, the same impulse results in a life out of images of desire; that is, a life which is not poetic creation and play, but pretence and mirage, accordingly a life which actually is a lie. These peoples in their present state make no attempt whatever to live up to their models and ideals, be it in life or in the form of play: with the gravity of despair they pretend to be what they know they are not, and above all things they wish that others should see them in accordance with the image of their own desire. Thus they push verbal exaggeration to extremes, instead of actually growing and shaping their lives as works of art; titles and other ornaments replace achievement; idealism and romanticism in words, feelings and emotions stand instead of realization of values. Debts are interpreted as capital — if I owe a bank a million, obviously I am worth that much! — outward show takes the place of solid property, promises stand instead of fulfilment. This is what the beginnings of all determination by Spirit were like among earth-bent and earth-bound peoples. There, imagination could rarely do more than create a subjective world founded on images of desire, and thus by illusive appearance give a deceptive idea of the reality of things. The primordial relationship between man of the earth, who already has some

part in Spirit, and the world of facts is essentially a relation of deceit.

However, cases of so great a bondage to earth are rare. Normally, the state which has risen beyond that of the child is represented by an inward attitude in which play is felt to mean liberation; hence the primacy and the incomparable importance of art in early states. But here the meaning of what is essentially one and the same varies in proportion to the depth of spiritual experience. If the basic state is that of the sadness in creation, then art means compensation in general; in a world of lightness and evanescence and ultimate unreality, hard and heavy reality is sought to be forgotten. The incomparable depth of the Greek tragedy is due to the fact that in it, in a classical and exemplary perfection, a real tragic sense of Life found liberation. This tragic sense of life marks man's first awakening to his own integral reality which is both of Earth and of Spirit. And in the same way, the Christian miracle play when witnessed in the spirit of fervent belief could convey to imagination the experience of a superterrestrial reality. Nevertheless, the profoundest experience of reality acted on the stage still means an ab-reaction. To the extent that it divests what is earthly of its reality, it also makes Spirit unreal; for the latter must step out of itself in order to live itself out in a world of images proposed from without. Real life in the Spirit begins where vital Spirit lives out its life through the medium of the person, the actor in the play. That is, in Christian terms, where the Kingdom of Heaven begins to be realized on earth. Therewith all experience is transposed. It is no longer imagination as such, without connection with the Self, which lives out its life in play. Nor is it a transference of earthly experience into the sphere of reflected images. Nor is it any longer a question of model-images which work as something alien through consciousness: *the person itself becomes the means of expression of Spirit.* There-

with Life appears dis-located or transposed into a new dimension.

THE earliest expression of personal life out of Spirit is the complete indentification of the personal with something supra-personal; in this state, man's life is a realized play. Among innumerable instances — I could name similar examples from India and Sumer — I will single out an image from Rhodesia's prehistoric days as it is presented to us by Leo Frobenius.* Many thousand years ago, the whole existence of the kings of this country was one single representation of a myth through the medium of actual life. The moon was thought a god and a king, and the king had to fulfil the moon's destiny. The moon had the sun and the evening star for his wives. The jealous sun poisons him; the moon wanes and dies. But the evening star follows him down to the netherworld and sets her husband free. Then the moon rises again. The king on earth was wedded to his sister. He was allowed to show himself only when the moon was on high; when it was on the wane he had to hide himself. In the periods when there was no moon, he had to remain completely concealed; none was permitted to speak to him. But when at the end of two years the evening star changed into the morning star, then the mighty king was led away into the depths of the mountain and there strangled with all his wives and his whole court. And then the play began anew. Even as the moon renewed itself, did the king renew himself with the ascension to the throne of a new sovereign.

The life of these primeval days *was* a show-play. But it

* I sum it up on the basis of a lecture on this theme held by Leo Frobenius in 1930 in the School of Wisdom. A detailed narration of the myth in question is to be found in *Erythraea, Länder und Zeiten des heiligen Königsmordes*, Berlin 1931, Atlantis Verlag. I am glad of this occasion to acknowledge that I owe to my gifted friend not only the beautiful example I have mentioned, but also the suggestion of some of the following general formulations concerning the significance of the 'rôle' in life.

was neither play in the child's sense, nor a play in that of the theatre; no more was it transposition of the real on to the imaginary; and less still flight into fantasy for salvation's sake. It was most terrible reality, but lived by an 'I' which stood in identity with cosmic forces. The intellectualized sons of the twentieth century imagine that they have finally outgrown this sort of play-acting. As a matter of fact, there is one most important plane precisely of their lives on which everybody, even the most modern and enlightened, feels and thinks no differently than did the kings of ancient Rhodesia. *This is the plane of historic and social happening.* And even the range of the presupposed correspondence between the course of nature and the show-play has changed only quite recently. Down to the very end of the ancient Celestial Empire and, accordingly, only a few decades ago, it was supposed that the accurate performance of prescribed ceremonies by the Chinese Emperor was the pledge of a favourable course of Nature's processes. And it is not very much longer since the Pope in Rome could declare himself infalliable if he decides *ex cathedra*: in that instant fallible man is held to be identical with the superhuman rôle he plays. But however much the range of this correspondence may contract, historical existence is inseparable from the recognition of the fact that the significance of a man matters more than his biology; that the meaning of life is more important than life itself, and that this meaning expresses itself entirely and completely in the rôle. This one consideration proves that all historical life proper, as judged from earth, is a show-play.

Down to the end of Teutonic kinghood which occurred in 1918, every Christian monarch, who believed in the Divine Right of Kings, as a monarch was not a human, and therefore he was not allowed to live according to the rules of private life. I choose this example by preference because the peculiar character of the original relationship of awak-

ened Spirit to Nature can best be recognized from the meditation of court etiquette. This is a *relationship of distance*. Whosoever would mark ascendancy over Nature, must keep it inwardly at a distance. The easiest way to achieve this, is to exteriorize the distance by means of strictly observed etiquette. Thus, every man, however unconsciously, observes a certain etiquette *as a* father, *as a* husband, *as a* son, in contradistinction to what he is for himself. The strictness of this etiquette grows with the distance which is to be marked. Thus, a king who was so purely and completely a king as was Louis XIV of France never let himself go as a man. On the other hand: the greater the number of people who come into play, the greater the necessity of an objectivation and materialization of the established distance. If Spirit is to rule Nature, it must of itself mark the limits and establish the distances it needs for its own manifestation. This is why we meet with a general hierarchic order, wherever Spirit determines social life. All hierarchy is of spiritual origin. What seems to be hierarchy in Nature is never anything else but the natural equilibrium which results from the specific weight of the forces of Gana which come into play. On this alone is based all leadership among animals. Whereas in the case of every genuine hierarchy, it is the office as such which creates the position; this is why among humans there are so often unqualified leaders, a thing impossible among animals. And thus among humans, blood is thought of as qualifying for an office only, where determinate blood is held to possess a spiritual Charisma. In these cases alone do we meet with hereditary rulership; there alone are there caste systems; not for nothing does one speak of the *spirit* of caste, for no caste has a foundation in Nature. Inversely, an articulation of life according to significance and value is possible only on the basis of a presupposed hierarchy. For if Spirit is to determine in the world of Gana, which of

itself knows ought of Spirit, the latter must be materialized as such. To these materialization belong the titles which most humans take to be real zoological definititions. This is the more true the less a man experiences his spirit as a thing natural to himself. The hairdressers of Brazil, for instance, have founded an *académie dermo-capillaire* to the pattern of the Académie française with corresponding costumes, etc., in order to be able in the frame of this hierarchy to respect themselves as men. Thus, on the other hand, it is logical that every naturalistic movement—that is, every movement hostile to hierarchy—should instinctively be at war with Spirit. That generally it should value intellect and proficiency all the more highly, is no contradiction to this: both belong to the animal sphere.

The decisive point in all this is, that whosoever plays a historical or social rôle, sees in his 'show playing' the most real part of his life. His career is his true life. A man who is inwardly called to this vocation feels his life *as a* king, *as a* statesman, *as a* judge to be more intrinsically his than his private life. For his calling gives his life a meaning. And in the meaning of his existence he sees the core of its essence. Now this last sentence grasps what is decisive with the necessary precision. If a man feels that the meaning of his existence, which obviously is not one with his life, matters most to him, then his rôle for him is his most vital reality. And since this is true of every man awakened to Spirit-consciousness, and since recognition has no resort beyond experience, it follows that the core of man determined by Spirit actually lies in Significance. It does not lie there with 'man in general'; it was only as a later event that Spirit broke into the structure of Gana, of Delicadeza and the emotional order. It is also possible to rob Spirit of its ultimate decisive quality of a subject through a voluntary 'Fall' and to degrade it to a mere instrument of Gana. This has been achieved by modern materialism, and most thoroughly by its American

variety called pragmatism. But then the penalty is that positive Spirit turns into negative Spirit; hence modern satanism. On the present level of evolution, Spirit *is* the core of earth-abiding man. Now from this follows as a purely logical result, which is corroborated by all experience, that everybody, without a single exception, must in principle think of himself as does the king, the statesman and the judge who holds his office by inner vocation. There is absolutely no spirit-conscious man to whom the meaning of his life does not mean its vital essence; at worst, if he deny Spirit, he may misunderstand this meaning and make an idol of success or profit. But even he plays a part. He who places the proletarian at the head of his scale of values, merely reverses the normal order. Without a role, there is no spirit-determined life. The only difference between 'office' and other rôles is that the former represents a typical and not an individual form of materialization of Spirit, and that its origin lies in collectivity, and not in the individual. But even the most solitary life determined by Spirit is a 'show play'; for himself, every human plays a part. And as soon as a man means something to the many, his life automatically becomes a public show play. The poet feels himself as the representative of the spirit of his nation; the scholar 'represents' science; the soul-healer stands for the conscience of those who come to him for aid. The private man in some respect or other becomes an 'authority', which is nothing fictitious, but his own spiritual significance become autonomous; thus, in all essential respects, humans who fulfil their vocation deal with each other only as rôles. And everybody, as a matter of course, presupposes that his rôle corresponds to the man. The man who has not succeeded in identifying his rôle and his life, always feels that something is amiss, which is all the more the way others judge of his state.

This feeling that life and rôle must be one is so primary

and so universal a feeling, that the interpretation given from case to case hardly matters. It is in principle all the same whether the demanded congruence is understood as a necessary correspondence between cosmic order and human order, or in the sense of a vocation from above, or simply as the necessary consequence of right judgment passed by public opinion. It is true that, since in all domains of spiritual origin Significance creates the facts, the interpretation in its turn conditions a particular reality and that, inversely, every particular reality suggests an interpretation which corresponds to it. Thus, an age of mechanistic thought, which believes in no inward correspondence between calling and Being (as opposed to proficiency) finds no leaders of inner vocation; and if accidentally a genuine leader arises, he cannot have the influence and the effect he might have, if he were seen in his true light; for a spirit which passes unnoticed and unrecognized, wields no power on earth. But even the most mechanical of ages believes in 'position' in contradistinction to natural existence. And it is precisely the mechanical age which invented the science of sociology, according to whose results the specific character of man is due even more to social than to biological circumstances. Now, the mere possibility of sociology presupposes implicity that the 'role' conditions nature. It is therefore impossible to doubt that the drama of historical existence, *although it essentially is a show-play*, has its roots in reality. It has its roots in the *spiritual nature* of man. Viewed from earth, this spiritual nature can only develop in play-acting. And hence follows something more which has always been a particular offence to Earth: the more spiritual a man, the more is he a play-actor. It is this which generally, and in so misleading a manner, is attributed to a striving for prestige in the sense of earth, and therewith to Original Hunger and Original Fear. Why does every man, who has the slightest inner reason for this, desire to become famous? He does so,

in order to found his existence entirely in Spirit; for fame refers exclusively to the rôle, so that it draws whatever is earthly into the realm of Spirit. And what fame completes, ambition begins. All ambition asks for a career in contradistinction to the course of biological life; and career is nothing else than a 'show-play'. The German word *Ehrgeiz* which means 'greed for honour' is more profound here than its Latin equivalent 'ambition'. Honour is the most spiritual of all spiritual values, for it refers exclusively to the uniqueness of the unique. In this sense the German language is right when it speaks of the 'honour of God' (*die Ehre Gottes*). On the other hand, the Latin equivalent grasps more profoundly the meaning of fame, when it calls it 'glory'; life in Heaven is life in glory. The problem of fame provides a particularly clear illustration of the way in which Ganamotives enter the service of Spirit. Doubtless the desire of fame and ambition have their netherworldly correspondences in the striving for power and prestige and in the possessive instinct. But these motives are mere servants here, they do not rule. The man who is ambitious in the profoundest sense, ever desires the impossible. But on the way there, he renounces happiness for the sake of greatness, the present with a view to posterity; he renounces possession and power to become a saint, and so forth.

But every way to the goal means 'career'. That is, it means movement from one stage to another within the frame of an implied hierarchy, so that the life of striving man always presents itself to the observer as a 'show-play' of an artistic build.

WE can now generalize. To the extent that a man is Spirit or spiritual, precisely his real life is essentially comedy. It is comedy in the very sense in which Dante first coined the word. Facts in truly human life count exactly to the extent that they are 'significant'. Many people believe the contrary to be true; they condemn the comedy of social and historical life as falsehood and imposture. Indeed, in

very many cases this comedy is nothing better. Let us not forget that the earliest expression of Spirit on earth was dissimulation. Thus many people lie to others and themselves when they play their part. But this is not because hierarchy and rank in themselves mean falsehood and imposture, but because the persons in question are spiritually too superficial to be themselves when living out of Spirit, too incapable of plastic creation to fuse rôle and life, or else too cowardly to fight until they have conquered the rôle which is appropriate to them. At any rate, most people are too cowardly to resign a rôle in which they do not believe, but which brings grist to their mill. Thus, a considerable part of all historical life is indeed falsehood and imposture. The leader is not consecrated to his vocation; every equation between calling and profession is lacking, nor does an equation exist between Being and position, between power and the inner claim to power. But this does not alter the fact that all great historical destiny has led through states in which the rôle and life were one. Nor does it alter the truth of the recognition that facts in human life count only to the extent that they are 'significant'. On the plane of history this strikes one most forcibly, because history stands and falls with the primacy of Significance over biological reality, because nobody doubts that historical standards can be applied to the events of human life, and because here all facts provide proofs of the reality of Spirit. Peoples have a historical life only when, and exactly so long only as they live for a mission and thus pursue spiritual aims and objects. Every nation which lost its gods, or had fulfilled its possible mission, began to degenerate, or to relapse into a purely biological state, unless new spirit, after an intermediate state of destruction, assigned to it a new rôle. To that extent — to revert once more in this context to our trends of thought on politics and war, and to bring them to a conclusion — it is not merely a question of Gana-motives, when a

nation fights for power and prestige: although Original Hunger and Original Fear are the ultimate motive forces of all political activity, politics, on the other hand, can enter into the service of spiritual will. And thus War, too, however horrible all its nethermost foundations be, can be a path to spiritual self-realization. The man who lives entirely out of courage, whose whole life is consent to self-sacrifice, who values honour more highly than life — to him war 'means' something different from what it 'is'; and where Spirit rules and decides, Meaning is the ultimate reality. But what manifests itself most clearly in the case of historical existence, is no less true of all individual life determined by Spirit; and there is no human life without some degree of spirit-determination. The most elementary and in so far most striking proof of this fact is provided by Alfred Adler's *Individual Psychology*. This school of thought has proven that the line of life of a man is the primary phenomenon with regard to the particular facts of his life; either 'significance' rightly recognized as an unconscious guiding image, leads to full development and healthy expansion of life by creating facts corresponding to the true being of man; or else a vital lie 'arranges' facts which are in accord with itself; a thing which ends in disease and calamity. If a spiritual image can arrange and guide the real course of life, then obviously the latter is *essentially* a show-play.

Thus, the facts of Gana undergo a transubstantiation in individual life, too; a transubstantiation which is the profounder, the greater the part Spirit plays in a life. This becomes apparent with transfiguring distinctness in the case of Fate. At its lowest, Fate is what we found it to be in our fifth meditation; on that plane, there is no essential difference between the fate of man and that of the eel. All life is formally a melody. In the case of Gana it has but one dimension. The melody of Fate has several dimensions, for it can be defined and fixed only by four co-ordinates: neces-

sity, compulsion, freedom and accident. However, the *personal* fate of man is more than the fate we had hitherto considered. It lies in the dimension of the significance which all facts have for this one man only. He realizes this Significance by laying a determinate emphasis on the facts from the particular spiritual Significance of his particular life; this Significance is not contained in the external line of destiny. And the particular plane of personal destiny always is the result of self-conquest or, to be more exact, of the overcoming of natural momentum. Thus, the greater number of great human destinies was realized in opposition to personal liking; and if, in exceptional cases, personal liking did decide, it was because Spirit consented to it. In so far personal liking and accident for Spirit lie on one and the same plane: just as a spirit-determined man consents to *one* accident among a thousand, even so he may consent to his love for one particular woman, whom chance brought his way, because he recognizes at first sight that she belongs essentially to him and is, to that extent, his fate.

But what for Spirit is of decisive importance, is and remains play from the standpoint of Earth. Spirit is without weight; Spirit never is palpable fact. It is impossible to demonstrate its importance to him who has no sense of it. What can honour be to a man, for whom honour means nothing? What is the use of Beauty to him who fails to perceive its value? Of what good can disinterested love be to him, who understands only material advantage? How should he appreciate Courage and Faith, to whom security means everything? For telluric man, the world of Spirit cannot but appear devoid of seriousness. And it is precisely with this nuance that all races near to earth represented Spirit at the first dawn of their spirituality. I remember that magnificent tomb of a prince of the Church which adorns the Cathedral of Tarragona: laughing angels stand there around the stern and austere corpse. If Spirit is man's ulti-

mate reality, then indeed death should not be taken seriously. And thus all life in Heaven, such as the early Christians represented it, corresponds to what on earth one calls play. Eternal Bliss is the bliss of children at play. All happening is play upon a stage, for the Blessed know of no other relationship towards it than that of contemplation, or else they join in it without inward participation in the sense of Life's Earnest. And on the stage of this theatre only comedies are played, for there is tragedy solely in the tension between the laws of Spirit and those of Earth, and in Heaven Earth's law is abolished. Most exclusively spiritual men of an originally naive character have sought to cancel Earth's law even on earth. When Jesus set up the children as models for the adult, He can hardly have meant anything else. Nor did the grimmest ascetics mean anything else. To telluric man, indeed, all asceticism seems a terrible thing; this is so, because he takes earth seriously above all things. But this is precisely what genuine ascetics never do. The particular sensations of the mortified flesh do not trouble them. And the farther they progress in their spiritualization, the more they are filled with joy. I know of no sour nor bitter Saint. Western tradition is too moralistic as to be able to create images which would not give rise to misunderstanding. Whosoever approaches Spirit burdened with moral prejudice must, one way or another, misunderstand it; for since its essence is creative Significance, it can know of no once-and-for-all nor of anything final. The only doctrine of the Church which, however vaguely, expresses the truth is the doctrine of the infinite Grace and Mercy of God: if the God of the Christians is so much inclined to Mercy and Grace, He cannot take moral questions ultimately seriously. But India has given us a truly grand representation of the lack of seriousness and the amoral quality of Spirit. Playfully, and as though for play, did God create the World. And it will end, when one day

the frenzy for dancing overcomes Him. Then He will dance Creation to pieces.

But only few humans have ever been able to understand and, above all, to stand these images which are true to cosmic reality. I have yet to meet the Christian who could realize the essential lack of seriousness in the life of the Blessed as seen from earth. But instead all humans dimly divine the Truth. And, to them, it is an abomination. Thus, they overcompensate their apprehension of an unpleasing truth by extreme stressing of the alleged Earnest of what belongs to Spirit. The case of the gods is well known to each and all: they are supposed to lack irony and humour to a degree which, were they humans, would for ever discredit them. The king must take himself so infinitely seriously that he can honestly consider as a lese-majesty any light word spoken with reference to him, however well-meant it be. A Court of Justice is hardly less susceptible than a sovereign. The most inferior state official wears a solemn and magisterial air; and this reversal of the real relation goes so far that what is truly terrible and painful in natural life is made light of, as opposed to the alleged gravity of spiritual connexions. But, obviously, most people can really bear Spirit only in such a masquerade. The earthly part in man loathes Spirit, because Spirit denies Earth as a last resort. And of spiritual man, who makes light of what that earthly part finds so terribly hard and difficult, earth has a horror. Materialistic Imperial Rome thought it an expression of shameless irreverence, when the Christian martyrs let themselves be mangled with joy by wild beasts. The Babbitt type curses the 'dissolute' nobleman, because he plays with and stakes what to him is an infinitely grave and serious matter. Woman of the earth feels denied in her very existence by the ascetic, or prostituted by the poet whose muse she is. And all insurrections of 'man of the masses' whose soul is the belly, as the Greeks would have

it, are characterized by the fact that they take the necessities of lowest life in dead earnest. Utility in the base earthly sense is all in all to them. Man should do the Good, 'that his days may be long upon the land' (Israel); or else there is truth only in the sense of proven profit (North American pragmatism); or one pair of boots is worth more than the whole of Shakespeare (Tolstoy as the father of Bolshevism); or earthly life as such is sacred. One should note that the latter doctrine is *not* the teaching of Buddha; to him, cessation of life was the ultimate goal; he warned man against killing and inflicting suffering only because, according to him, this quickened the vital forces of those impulses which enmesh and fetter. But it is indeed the fundamental conception of the European materialist. Whosoever lives out of Spirit, cannot possibly take life and death so seriously. This is why the spiritual (in contradistinction to the intellectual) man is particularly loathsome to the modern masses. Hence their hostility to religion. In its mildest form the original hostile attitude of the Earthly to Spirit survives in Woman near to Nature, who can see no sense nor meaning in a life devoted to spiritual tasks. A life bent on whatever does not directly serve earthly existence, seems folly to her. Accordingly, she never takes man with his aims and goals really seriously, whatever she may pretend. For her, he is the irresponsible adventurer, the hazarder, the gambler, the eternal child. And this he really is. But for this very reason he is the original bearer of Spirit. Earth alone is weighty and thinks things heavy and hard.

For the whole problem of suffering, in all its depth, is also a problem of earth. The misunderstanding which lies in the idea that suffering and sorrow should be connected with Spirit owes its origin to the prejudice that all depth must needs be depth in the direction of Spirit. There also is depth of earth. That in woman's life suffering plays a prominent part, whereas man instinctively refuses to take

notice of it, is due to the fact that woman is the more earthly part of humanity. For this very reason she is more soulful. Soul, too, belongs to earth. Now man is a human by virtue of the fact that he has a soul, that originally he is centred in the emotional sphere. Therefore, spirituality *without* soul is inhuman. It is a spirituality of this kind which, in the extreme case, characterizes the devil. And thus an intellectualized man, whose emotional nature has dwindled, always impresses one as inferior as a human being. Only the perfectly human man, who has reached spiritualization, is the goal of human aspiration. Hence, then, the spiritual significance of suffering. Suffering is spiritual only in an indirect sense, for only the soul which belongs to earth can suffer; but for man, it is precisely the spiritualization of the soul which matters. With all his upward striving, man who, for the greater part, is a creature of the earth, never wishes to cease being human. This truth finds a sublime symbolic illustration in the legend of Christ. The Son of God had to become completely human; He had to empty the cup of all earthly suffering; yea, He had to descend below the earth to Hell, in order that men should become capable of following Him into the Kingdom of Eternal Bliss. If one substitutes 'man's spiritual nature' for 'the Son of God', then that which is affirmed of Christ is true of every man. There can be spiritualization which does not de-form man, only where his earthly part is fully developed. And the development of this part, not that of Spirit, creates the capacity of suffering. Thus, it remains true that one can measure the depth of a man by his capacity to suffer: the depth in question is depth of earth. This depth alone can be wedded to profoundest Spirit; for everywhere depth corresponds to depth, never is there a correspondence between depth and surface. In so far depth of earth means readiness for any kind of depth. This aspect of the problem is better illustrated by the legend of Buddha

than by the legend of Christ, for Buddha did not begin his career as the Son of God. He began with the experience of overwhelming grief. Like no man before nor after him, did he understand that life on earth is suffering. But then he showed a way to make suffering cease. And therewith all weight and heaviness of earth dissolved for him.

And therewith he also lost that kind of gravity and earnest which is dear to the earth. This vanishes in proportion to the growth of spiritualization. The same evolution which leads the man devoid of soul to diabolic laughter, calls out the quality of playfulness in the man, whose soul is rich. Surely, not only the God-seeker, not only the artist but also the actor in the current sense takes his rôle 'seriously'. But this seriousness has nothing in common with the gravity of earth's heaviness. It is no other seriousness than that of the child at play. The question of difficulty and toil does not arise. Whosoever is a child of Spirit *rejoices* in his work. Aspiring man *rejoices* in difficulty, he *rejoices* in vexation, for precisely these enable him to realize Spirit; for Spirit stands in a relationship of tension to Nature. Thus it was true inner experience which found expression in the thanks which so many saints have offered up to their God for the tribulations with which He had afflicted them.

LONG since our trends of thought have carried us beyond the definition of the relationship between Spirit and Earth with which this meditation began, according to which the world of Spirit is a dis-located (*ver-rückte*) world. It is now our task to complete this turn explicitly. The Spiritual wrests itself free from Gana in the form of dissimulation, of the lie, of original play-acting. Pure play which takes no heed of reality after the fashion of childish play is its first pure expression. The earliest bonds of Spirit to earth's reality from out of the consciousness of Spirit's sovereignty are arbitrary relations: be it that earthly life 'should' be what it is not; be it that the existence of an

equation between cosmic and earthly processes is presupposed which has no foundation in reality — an equation such as the lives of the ancient kings of Rhodesia represented. From the discrepancy between Spirit and Earth, which man recognizes or divines, from the suffering this discrepancy causes him, he takes refuge again and again in pure theatrical show. But if the subject's consciousness of Spirit has consolidated, then a new relationship between this consciousness and the forces of earth becomes possible: the relation between Significance and means of expression. What before was a side-by-side, now becomes a one-within-another. And Spirit rules from within.

Let us here revert to that point in our meditations on the in-break of Spirit, where we dealt with the physiological conditions which enable Spirit to in-build itself into life. The organic or vital part of mans' being never and nowhere is that with which he feels one in his innermost depths. Not the coined form, but the expression of his features represents his 'self'. From the vital importance of the 'rôle' follows that not the facts, but the meaning of his life is the last resort of his self-consciousness. If now we plumb the depths of this last definition, we understand why it is inherent in man to strive beyond every state he has reached, however high it be: *it is impossible to conceive, or even to imagine a 'Significance' which would be ultimate and conclusive.* This is why the Hindus, those sharpest and most truthful of all self-observers, defined the supreme state as that which dwells on the far side of all name and form. It is understandable enough that most people in all ages should have sought to deceive themselves with regard to this state of things. Original Fear within them cried so loudly for security, that most humans have made a stop at some point and essentialized some kind of 'Significance' as a finally true dogma, or as the absolutely supreme state, or as the ultimate goal. But how little they felt at their ease in

these manœuverings is proven by the threats with the help of which every resort alleged to be the last sought to vindicate its right. He who refuses to believe that a certain dogma is 'the' truth, goes to Hell. The man who dares doubt in the slightest degree the 'Majesty' of the sovereign, must die. The fact is, that it is impossible even to imagine a 'Significance' as being ultimate in the absolute sense. Spirit is as essentially infinite, as all things non-spiritual are finite. Accordingly, every realized meaning opens up new horizons. In the sphere of understanding this means: every symbolic image can be seen through, and once it is seen through, its quality of a last resort vanishes. In the domain of active life the same statement means: no fulfilment fulfils longing, no achievement satisfies ambition. As a spirit, every man desires perpetual progress. Here, too, the Hindus have grasped most profoundly what is true of all spirit-determined men. From one life to another he literally follows a career which leads him to and from gods and super-gods onward to the sphere of the Nameless. Therefore, one may generalize and say: exactly to the extent that Spirit is vital within a man, exactly to that extent is he restless and dissatisfied. There is profound Sense true to reality in the fact that man puts his faith in ideals which are unattainable in their essence. It is from realization of the same Sense that man idealizes what he reverences. For the same reason he feels the need to give himself up entirely to what is superior to himself. It is from the models man chooses that we can best gauge at what positive goal spiritual man is aiming. All models which have held their ground throughout the centuries were the images of supremely spiritualized beings, however various the natural mediums through which the light shone may have been. This can have but one meaning: man recognizes himself, such as he desires to become and to be, in those only, in whom that process has reached some kind

of final stage which began with the in-break of Spirit into human nature. He recognizes himself in those alone, in whom the 'Let there be Light' has illuminated and transformed *all* the orders of Life. From this results the logical conclusion: *as seen from man, it is in spiritualization that lies the meaning of the whole world process.*

Whether this be the true and ultimate meaning of the world process, we shall never know. Still less shall we ever know whether the world process as a whole has any meaning. No solid argument can be advanced against a pessimism which affirms that man represents an unsuccessful experiment within Creation. Life, under all circumstances, is a most questionable thing: since it is suffering in its very essence, its own justification certainly does not lie in itself — provided it is at all permissible to speak of justification here. But this much can be affirmed with certainty, and with as great a certainty as has been attained in the case of the best studied processes of Nature: that in the spiritualization of the world lie the meaning and the goal of human life. The quintessence of every evolutionist religious doctrine is contained in that paradoxical sentence of Hegel's 'God is essentially a result'. There is not one single religion which teaches anything fundamentally different, whatever the wording of its dogma may be. The particular expression modern Christianity has given to this doctrine is the command to realize the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. All fight against Evil and Ugliness, against pain, suffering, disease and death has a meaning only on the basis of the premise that man desires to make life something different from what it originally is. Just as technical science subjects anorganic Nature to the law of human will, even so is Life on earth to conform to the ideals of man. And the fact that these ideals have no foundation in Nature does not tell against them — on the contrary, it is precisely in the realization of something which, judged from Nature, is novel and

unfounded, that lies the meaning and the goal of human existence on earth. And this holds true independently of the question whether their realization is possible or not. The proof is provided by the upward striving natural to man and his involuntary judgments of value. It should not be forgotten: Spirit is *essentially* infinite. Other peoples endowed with Spirit-consciousness have not restricted their aims to earth; all those who were inspired or influenced by India's spirit, assumed that man in the process of spiritualization rises from earth to ever higher world. In this case, man takes the improvement of earth less seriously than does the West; but all the more is he in earnest in his striving for spiritualization itself: Nirvana means nothing else than spiritualization absolute, in which then, naturally, all that is Earthly evanesces.

But whatever the concrete goals may be in each separate case: spiritualization as such was and is the final aim and object of all spiritually striving men. All idealism, all spiritual dynamism has this one meaning. It is striving for spiritualization which animates all will to culture. Striving for spiritualization already manifests itself in the desire to master Nature's forces. It is striving for spiritualization which is expressed in every attempt to overlay the orders of Gana and of emotional life with an order determined by ethos. Striving for spiritualization is, above all, the meaning of every endeavour to stamp upon earthly life the impress of Beauty. But whatever may be true of the world at large — the real object of spiritualization is man's inner being. The Spiritual result of a century of rationalization, technization and institutionalism is proof positive of the fact that it is impossible to improve the world from without, while disregarding the inner state of man. In the course of this one short century, Spirit has become so superficial and so external a thing, it has so completely lost its transforming power, that to-day we are face to face, horror-stricken, with

a supremacy of the dead and the laws of the dead, such as there never has existed since human life awoke on earth. Thus, the problem of the World's spiritualization is inseparable from the spiritualization of man. Here, then, Spirit's demand of *unity* sets in, the meaning of which we analysed at the end of the preceding meditation. The path which leads Spirit to itself is the road of concentration and integration; these concepts define the way in which all things non-spiritual are drawn into the Kingdom of Spirit. Spiritualization's first demand naturally is that man unify himself. Originally, he lives multiple forms of existence. His minerality, his reptility, Blood within him, the layers of Gana, of Delicadeza and of the Emotional Order, at first, are all autonomous entities. And thus also the Spiritual in man first lives itself out in the form of a detached show-play. Accordingly, its earliest expression was the lie. Spirit demands that all this multiplicity be unified. It demands a general integration. However, where Spirit determines, this integration can take place only upon its own plane of existence. This is the plane of the 'show-play'. Thus man demands that all life, without one single exception, should become an integral component of a meaningful whole which Spirit governs. It is this all-embracing Show Play which includes Hell and Earth and Heaven as integral components, which Dante called *Divina Commedia.*

SINCE Spirit is an inspiring Sense-principle which of itself can in-build itself into everything, the goal can be attained. But which is the road that leads there? Let us revert to another trend of thought in our preceding meditation. Spirit's primary expression is the Image. And the primary Image was not a reflected, but a symbolic image. In the book of Genesis it is said: God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him. This means: the spiritual image was there before man, the bearer of Spirit. This was originally true. But this is no

less true even to-day. From the Image as a model-image arose all Spirit-born reality. To all inadequacy the Russian people react with the exclamation *Besobrasie!* Besobrasie means literally 'imagelessness'. This exclamation arises from the divination of the truth that, were there a model, the facts of life would of their own accord adapt themselves to it. Thus, all historical realities are originally born of images. Everywhere, images of the gods existed prior to deeds of man. All historical happenings have their actual well-spring in the myth. Every myth is a model-image. It is in the myth that every possibility which lies in a people first takes shape; and wherever a people attained to perfection, this means that reality assimilated itself to the pre-existent myth. With peoples one should not say: Ye shall know them by their fruit; but: Ye shall know them by their myths: for all harvests depend on the year and the seasons, whereas the myth holds true and works as long as a people lives. In the Argentine is happening even now, before our very eyes, what occurred in Europe in legendary days. It is hardly fifty years ago since José Hernandez wrote his *Martin Fierro*. To-day this tale of the life of the gaucho is the national epopee of the Argentine. Every immigrant gives himself up to the atmosphere which pervades this book; from this poem he takes over the root-values of his new home-country. It is irrelevant that the gaucho this poem glorifies no longer exists; nor is the figure of the gaucho as such of any importance. The gaucho incarnates as a model, in an archaic form, the image of the soul of Argentine man in the making, and at the same time he incarnates the same man's ideal of his own future perfection. Thus this man, in whose veins any blood may flow, creates and shapes himself in accordance with the model-image of the hero he reverences, even as the Lord created man in His own image.

And the model thus acts creatively, without its being

necessary that man as a product of Nature should do anything else than give himself up to it. Spirit, which, from earth's standpoint, is an unreal image; Spirit, which cannot be bound nor itself bind, whose plane of existence is the comedy — Spirit is able, without using violence nor coercion, to penetrate and to master the viscous reality of Gana. This is true on all planes; I first mentioned that of history, only because it can best be surveyed. On all planes, a clear model-image which is attentively and perseveringly fixed by inner vision, of itself and without further will or action on man's part, makes Nature automatically develop in a manner true to the image, and tread paths different from those it would of itself have taken. This is the Great Arcanum of Spirit-realization. Coué has mechanized it for modern consciousness and therewith turned it into something banal, superficial and petty. But if one forgets all stupid Couéism, one can without damage make use of Coué's formulae. It is true: mental representation *as such* creates reality. On the supreme level, this applies to religious absorption and to Yoga. Here, too, not straining of will and exercise transform, but passive surrender does so. The former is necessary only as a preliminary stage, in order to discipline Gana and the nerves. Once this discipline is attained, spiritual aims and objects no longer necessitate straining, but on the contrary only relaxation.

Now what is true of Yoga, applies to every possible goal man sets himself. From the imagination of the goal as such follows that it is attained. From clear decision as such results success. The man who lacks clarity and decision, achieves nothing, because he mistakes the laws of Spirit. Effort and work never mean more than a road which inspired man in the supreme case can entirely dispense with. Then, when he has realized a goal, it is true to Sense that he should speak of Revelation or Grace. The nature of this mysterious process is best grasped not by the contem-

plation of those of its manifestations, which in man's eyes involuntarily seem to be one with achievements burdened with earth's heaviness, but by such manifestations, where a misunderstanding of this kind cannot arise. Since the World War everyone ought to know that a well-chosen slogan can produce greater effects than all correctness, all efficiency and all proofs. This is so, because the 'right designation' (as ancient China called it) as an image automatically calls out determinate processes of the soul. Napoleon's armies conquered the world, because Napoleon like no other man mastered the art of composing orders. Bolshevism became possible, because Lenin's decrees were couched in such a form that they literally amounted to a de-creation of the world. And thus all progress and all change on a grand scale are due purely to the creative effect of images. Always the legend of a great man has been a million times more important than his actual achievements. The greatest influence has perhaps been produced by the hermits who did nothing save that occasionally they uttered a word or performed a symbolic action. All Christianity goes back to a few words and a few symbols. On things similarly imponderable and incommensurate rest all profound influences wrought by all creative minds. The masterpieces as such are of the least importance. Those of the very greatest are forgotten — so far as the great ever created any. The supreme spirits produced by mankind simply existed and influenced the world as model-images. The truly great man involuntarily in-builds into any kind of situations his own meaning, and thereby turns them into symbols of what he alone is and knows and wills; and then these symbols, of themselves, transform the world. More important things on earth are due to a smile, a light gesture, a brief conversation among a very few, than owe their existence to the expeditions of hosts of armed men. In our first meditation we pondered the possibility of

continuing the creation of the world: this continuance is achieved precisely in this imperceptible way. If now we include in a glance all the trends of thought we have followed in the course of this meditation, we may finally accept the following general sentence: *Nothing else than a 'show-play' is necessary, in order to create reality.*

Technically, the ascetic and the actor belong to the same plane of existence. Whosoever gives himself up to an image, identifies himself with it, and in the reaction upon him the image transforms him. Whether this happens on the plane of the representation of a role, or in the sense of a real transformation: in form and in principle the process is the same. It is the same also with regard to the discipline and the concentration required; until an actor masters his gestures and movements, he has hardly to practise less Yoga, than does the man who strives for religious perfection. Finally and above all, the road of practice in itself already is play-acting. The Yogi 'plays' his part, until he 'becomes'. All technique of meditation is rite and ceremony. All begin with keeping at a distance from original Nature. Here the exercises of Saint Ignatius of Loyola provide the prototype: they proceed from the premise that to experience in imagination determinate successions of images, creates a corresponding reality. But the way of keeping images before the inner eye is not only the way of the ascetic and the comedian — it is also the traditional way of the magician. If this has become clear to us — then we realize, first of all, that a straight line leads from primordial sorcery to modern world-mastery. As a deus ex machina did Spirit first enter into Nature as a creative and transforming force; it outwitted Nature and held it spell-bound by means against which Nature has no weapons. And it is thus that Spirit's working was understood for thousands of years. But the scientific formula, too, is at bottom a magic formula: a mere 'spoken spell' compels Nature to change its course.

But then we perceive that all self-perfection and spiritualization is even more truly the result of magic. From here then, first of all, the light of understanding is shed on that road, so strange at first sight, which leads from the Original Lie to striving for Truth. There is no such thing as an original urge to truth, such as animates the scientific investigator. Earth-life knows of science only as a means of self-preservation. But Spirit, too, originally knows only of self-assertion. As an autonomous entity it lives in its own right. Far from desiring to adapt itself to facts, it begins its working on earth, where it takes any heed of earth at all, by deception and delusive pretence. Later, it does indeed aim at truth. But never does it aim at external truth understood as a correspondence between mental image and objects: its goal is inward truth as the expression proper of its own personal reality; for this reason alone could every new religion proclaim as 'the Truth' its own revelation, however alien to the earth. Now the *ideal* of truth even to-day has nothing in common with those of scientific exactness and empiric truthfulness: it refers solely to the fulfilment of the commandment 'Become what thou art!' Therewith the idea of truth becomes one with the idea of Sense-realization. This is why man strives for truth as for the light: not because he would see, but because he would be. He would *become* Light. He would become light, because light for him means Spirit; because he feels the profoundest essence of his being to be spiritual, and because he would completely realize himself. He desires to become light, because in itself Spirit understood as 'vision seen' is one with Spirit in the form of *actus purus*, of Courage and Faith, and because he cannot be himself, unless meaning and expression also are one in the sense of truth. Hence the command to be truthful. This command is contrary to Sense on the plane of Delicadeza; it is of no interest nor importance with regard to external Nature, for fundament-

ally things external do not matter. On the plane of social life it is, above all, a command of expediency from the standpoint of administration and law. But dissimulation and transposition of the planes is always detrimental with reference to man's own spirit. There, untruthfulness in the extreme case leads to spiritual death. There, truthfulness is the one path to Life.

From here we can attain to the ultimate understanding of how the show-play and self-realization are correlated. All comedy is fulfilment of meaning. But everything depends upon which kind of Significance is determinant: whether it be Significance taken over from without, Significance born of imagination, or finally the vital and true creative Significance of man's own Spirit. If this last is true, then play-acting as such is self-realization. For then this play-acting does not represent what is existent, but what will and should come into existence. Just as the eye can only look to the outside, even so can only the projection to the outside of inward reality lead to the latter's realization, for itself as well as for others. No man has ever by introspection learnt to know, even in theory, what he is; for at best introspection reveals the connexion of present and past; never does it reveal the connexion between present and future, which alone matters practically, since it is life's foremost characteristic to strive onward in one direction only. Realization of the future is possible only by means of a representation of what is still beyond one's knowledge. This unknown reality becomes real precisely by means of its representation. Here, too, the command is: 'Let there be Light'. Representation transposes a given state from the virtual to the actual, thus fixing it in the world of phenomena, and thereby only does it reveal itself as what it is. But this at the same time creates the possibility of passing beyond the state in question. C. G. Jung has shown that one of the typical ways of psychological development is to

elevate things from the level of the object to the level of the subject: according to him, man begins by experiencing his inward reality as something outside himself, and he draws this reality back into himself in the course of integration. It is precisely this mechanism which enables man to progress beyond what he was. On the other hand, thus only can he do so; once he has exteriorized an inner state, the latter for him becomes a new point of departure. Thus, man must again and again represent his inner reality in external form in order to progress. The young writer must write, not merely think, in order to become what he is; he must not only write, he must publish: for solely by fixing himself first in imperfect form can he pass beyond it and one day attain perfection. Such fixation creates all the stages and levels on the plane of realized Spirit. Here we find the nethermost significance which attaches to resolutions and promises. Spirit cannot be bound from without; but, on the other hand, it may bind itself of its own free will. And once it is bound in a determinate way, it is capable of a new form of self-representation, which before was beyond its reach. Spirit now *sees* itself such as it is, and now its hidden deeps are ready to generate anew. But what has taken external shape instantly turns into a model, be it in the positive or the negative sense. Under all circumstances, the mere fact that an inner reality has been exteriorized, means that growth has passed beyond it. Thus Spirit must create world upon world, in order to realize itself. All inner states which have taken outward shape, by virtue of this very fact become new beginnings. They become new model-images for their creators and react upon them. In this sense the peoples are the sons, and not the fathers, of their deeds. In this sense, all mature spirits are the fruit of their own imperfections. In this sense, all saints are the children of their sins. In this sense, every man has need of his own work if he would progress: after he has created his

work, he *is* another and a different man from what he was before. And the same work can create a new point of departure for all who accept it as a model. . . .

. . . Jesus of Nazareth has said: I came not to send peace, but a sword. And again He has said: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. These two sentences trace with that ultimate distinctness which first vision alone makes possible, the general outlines of the whole problem of Spirit. As an invader did Spirit penetrate into an age-old order. Ever since there has been unrest in man, and this unrest must last until Spirit has gained the final victory. For henceforth *Spirit* is the core of man's being. But Spirit cannot gain the mastery by violence. Wheresoever it has made the attempt, it has lost itself. If Spirit thought to subject the world to a moral law by violence, the world grew more evil than it had been before. If by its decree the world was to become more beautiful, it merely grew more deceitful. If the world, tamed by intellect, was to be the slave of man, man became de-humanized and finally was subjected to the servitude of dead matter. Only when Spirit in-builds itself gently into existent reality; only when it 'fills and fulfils' as Jesus of Nazareth meant it, can it hope to triumph. It must understand the whole of reality, such as it is. It must recognize and acknowledge it, such as it is. *Then* only is it on an equality with that which it would change. But in its most secret depth, Spirit cannot acknowledge earth, such as it is. Too much does it contradict all Spirit's ideals. Thus if Spirit broke into the kingdom of Earth of its own free will, it can only have meant what is not of earth, and what passes the comprehension of earth. . . .