

# The Shape of the Inconstruable Question

L'acqua che io prendo  
giammai non si corse

—Dante

## OF OURSELVES

I am by my self.

Here one finally has to begin.

But where do I suffer from being not enough? Where am I askew, where have I been corrupted? Where am I secure and genuine? But of course we are neither one nor the other, but rather muddy, tepid and to see us is to want to vomit.

That is little enough, and almost everything immediately follows from it. Even what is good, because man immediately languishes in weariness, and nothing achieves any color. Only this is finally clear: that we mean little to each other, can pass unsuspectingly by one another. Or when we do know—when the possibility of helping, of becoming another draws near us, while we work, even with ideas—then the nasty way we have of warming our hearts with vanity appears, and the prospect still remains empty. Moreover most people around us, particularly since they have been entangled in a money economy, are so lethargically filthy that none of them, once they are scalded and marked, comes near any more difficult inner stirrings. And the emancipated, intellectual ones decay with all their soul, however elegantly they may have put talk, sentimental experience, a moral sensibility in the place of action when the other acts, when the other needs help. They are far from feeling: I am at fault, not the others, and if they are dark, then I have not shone enough for them. Instead they split moral life off from itself, contemplate it lifelessly and easily like everything else, and so the collectively inner character of its essence is

misrecognized, squandered. It has fallen to the criminals to feel fear, remorse, guilt, the stirring of the germ of the spirit in us, and our hearts stay lethargic.

OF WHAT IS GENUINE IN US

I myself am, however, in order to work.

Then our listlessness finds itself even more deeply startled.

For who am I, that I can work? Am I worth so much, or am I so well loved? It cannot be felt everywhere; our inner chill is dropping off the scale. Where else could what I can do come from, since we find nothing in us that could live up to it? That nevertheless makes every blossom a springtime, that lets every idea spread, great, solemn, and practical. Yes, this ability even reflects back to show a direction, and who I "otherwise" am now glows much more strongly in what I know and can do. The weak ones may be as hollow and false as the words accessible to them; it only makes the artist even more solid, responsible, more overwhelmed by a love he can never deserve, at whatever remove he stands to himself, to his knowledge, to his works that are not so hollow and false. He can take to heart James' words: "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."<sup>1</sup> Haydn may have felt something similar as he fell to his knees upon first hearing the "chord of light" in the *Creation* and thanked God that he had created this work. That is not necessarily humility and certainly not pride, or need not be. It is the moral, initially apparent experience of grief for the artist who breaks down when measured by these standards, and would like to surrender his overwhelming skill to God.

Now of course this still presupposes that I myself believe in the work. But if an individual is not very strong, certain in his color, then this age all around us will certainly not make it easy for him. It is not only easier for this age to believe in the visible than the invisible, amazingly, but even within the visible, what is discrete, subdivided seems even more real than the whole. The trend now, long supported by technology, is to locate the more easily movable, easily variable elements in order to move the whole from there; in other words in order to effect a cure at the lowest possible point. That has an effect; it leads to that total dismantling of anything original, that recognizes only the mundane, the calculable, and even then only the simplest impulses, contents as variable, and thus acknowledges these alone as real. As practically beneficial as this approach in terms of

subcomponents, this technique of minute variations has proven, it is decisively and perhaps incompatibly opposed to the power and conscience of "Behold, I make all things new."<sup>2</sup> Unbelief weakens the soul, which no longer finds any clues to the blossoming, the phototropism and the fullness elemental in itself.

In this way human beings collapse into themselves, without a path or a goal beyond the quotidian. They lose their properly human wakefulness, substantiveness, existence; they forfeit their polarity, their comprehensive teleological awareness; and finally everything grand, powerfully massive, atomizes under the "knowing" gaze into false, disenchanted details; every blossoming becomes a whitewash, or ultimately mendacious superstructure. Certainly those who are actually satisfied with this state do not even come into consideration here; they do not think and they shall not be thought of. Higher stands the one who is at least desperate, just for being desperate; but the artists above all, out of the deepest awareness of their constructive powers, battle against the all too technical or even resentful dismantling. Nevertheless: not even the artist can always be present everywhere, can always easily believe in that which lets his thought light the way in him, above him. This ultimately still exposed doubt, desperation, this shortage of the deadly seriousness of the unconditional Yes to the vision, is a second experience of grief, the worry of the productive human being that even as such, he is not completely true and genuine.<sup>3</sup>

#### OF FOG, ALEXANDER'S CAMPAIGN, AND THE MAGNITUDE OF THE YES

We are not even free to be so true.

But perhaps it is only so difficult because secretly we could already be this genuine.

Now of course we are still inadequate to what we create, and it often seems as if it were just the house which is unhoused. Not only analytical nihilism destroys; rather, more deeply, in the very center: we are presently wavering in the greatest blackout, one of the interior as well as, above all, of the exterior and the superior, that has ever occurred in history. It absolutely still remains to be felt how, to all of us, everything solid has gradually become not a matter of experience, but just a base habit. Perhaps Nietzsche believed sufficiently in what he said, perhaps Schopenhauer, who experienced so powerfully, perhaps Spinoza, *more geometrico*, but all of them lack the deepest sense of also being dragged along into it, and

there is no substitute for the road to Damascus. Kierkegaard as well only believed in being able to believe, and Dostoevsky by no means overcame the Grand Inquisitor's poison, and just as Luther had to confess in only twice having believed in God, Pascal's *Apology* includes the sincere thesis that it is still more advantageous to place one's hope in God's existence and judgment—a logic of the wager that could never have turned to reason so persuasively, appraisingly, assuredly, so utterly differently than the medieval proofs of God's existence, if unconditional fervor had not also died out in Pascal. Matter in this our modern age is burdensome, and souls have become increasingly un pitying and un genuine, so that Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost seem like one long Good Friday, like merely the insubstantial knowledge that the Redeemer has died, but as if he had been murdered in the crib, and the presentiment of glory floats emptily overhead. So unconnected with life, and then again so irritatingly concurrent with the void, as if coarseness and baptism, the most secular Renaissance and the most ecstatic Baroque, the lowliness of the most wretched Philistinism and the waking dream of music and speculation found themselves next to one another, or even alternated repeatedly, in this astonishing modern age. But it is just this, on the other hand again, which lets us feel that in our strangely weary and obscure life something important were not right. At least despair remains: that we do not believe, that the inward human being stands half still, motivated and attracted only cognitively, but what remains or is even reinforced is the presentiment of our hidden power, our latent ascent, our genuine possession, finally unhusked, finally drawn perfectly near.



So we at least long to voyage into color. The settled life is over, and what juice is still in it has become increasingly sluggish. But deep within us something else wants to ferment, and we seek the grain that would not grow here.

And so we go East; resisting it has already repeatedly been shown to be pointless. The Greeks warred against the Persians, and triumphed at Marathon and Salamis, but Alexander married Roxane, dismissed his Macedonian bodyguard and died in Babylon. Scipio destroyed Carthage, but the Semite Peter destroyed Rome, and the Emperor Theodosius' confession to the Bishop of Milan was the late and definitive revenge for the Battle of Zama. The Franks again warred against the Arabs, winning at Tours and Poitiers, but the Pope proclaimed the Crusades, and with the

champions of the Holy Sepulchre, the chivalry and the *minnesang* of the Song of Songs, the Gothic as well as the scholastic arts, wander from the Orient back over to Europe. So the way—at the beginning and certainly at the end, with the collapse of the evil, hard, narrow, frigidly faithless life of the European world—to find help has always gone East. How many times already, how very plausibly even, has Europe in the face of the Orient, of the arable chaos of every great religion—become a circumscribed peninsula whose destiny remains to seek contacts in order not to grow cold in its smallness and purely intellectual attitude, its religious anemia. Nevertheless, to the Greek-European arrogance of complacently normal eras, the world, the history of the Orient—which certainly once formed a whole, and which in Isfahan possessed a center as it were, a medieval Olympia to which Tangiers, Tunis, Cairo, Istanbul, Baghdad, Delhi, indeed even Peking sent representatives—has tended not to become known even in outline. But at twenty Alexander, the youthful man, the boy of the fairy tale, purposely turned to Persia, following his dreams, only not so vain and insubstantially young as Alcibiades before him, and after him, in a much purer way, Otto III, but with visions and aspirations of guiding Greece over to Asia and bringing great logos into history, and powerfully enough to compel the indifferent coincidence of a nominal world empire into its own logos. He certainly did not set out to curse and then, against his will, to bless, in spite of the order given in advance to the Lacedaemonians and Athenians, to exact from the archenemy; he went to Troy a second time, but not to destroy it, for at home there was no longer a Tiryns or a Maecenae; rather, Alexander, the chosen commander of the Hellenic alliance, left Greece in order to descend to his “preliminary stage,” tired of all the artificial occidentalism, no differently than Heraclitus, Pythagoras abandoned the all too human statues, the *euphrosyne* without depth, and the world’s perfect *sphaira*, in order to unharness longing, neo-Platonic transcendence, the construction of domes within this world. As even the ground echoed the tread of the barbarians: it had become dark, pagan splendor long gone and only still shining like a distantly receding sunset, but in the Church a light still burned, another light and not only below, but the stars burned anew from the beyond over to us, as the fiery glow of a faith that no longer believed in this world and was no longer of it—now the magical mythos truly drew across Europe again, high above all the aftereffects of antiquity, an angular, Gothic, transcendently overarching reality, defeating even the onset

of the Renaissance, outlasting it. What Alexander, the truest Greek, gave up, Michelangelo, Schelling and Schopenhauer gave up no less, in order by means of Europe to bring something mysterious to the deed and the incisiveness of the concept.

But we also, we most of all, late Western men and women, search further; like a dream the East rises again. Our souls also, sick and empty, move according to an *ex oriente lux*. Since the turn of the century, since a certain decline of the smugly cultured Philistine, it has twice come close. In Russian warmth and expectancy: the rivers, the steppes, an India covered in fog, is how the whole of measureless Russia seems to us. And above all, once again, pertinent, thinking mysticism and metaphysics themselves, the spirit of the North, is probably joined to a supplicant Asia through a related inner turbulence, through a properly theurgic piety: for Zion's sake refusing to be silent and for Jerusalem's sake refusing to stop. From just this point onward, consequently, transformative but empty Western man can finally advance into the greater depth beyond. Indeed, just that expanding anamnesis that imagines the world, which came over Europe after Augustine, would not have existed in the world without the highest Orient, that of the Bible, nor would the re-interpretation of the properties of God as archetypes for human beings exist in the world above. Foremost, however, there would be no final prospect radically related to an Absolute [*Überhaupt*] of life and striving; apocalyptic awareness must be ascribed completely to tiny, also primordially possible Attica. Ascribed to the Bible, with its altar, standing in the East itself even after a final East and Orient. And: "Next year in Jerusalem!"—even this post-biblical prayer, in this case pertaining to the Europe of the diaspora, likewise stood symbolically within the profundity of a truer Christ-shapedness than Europe had had, or, on its own, without the voice from Patmos, could ever have had. Whereas: an anamnesis arose from the not only maternal Orient, which is more human than even the Greek Adam, and which showed a however Attic mundane fullness, whereof the world is absolutely still not full, quite the contrary.

So we are not only unhoused, but within it something else truly advances ahead of our dismal lives. Otherwise we could not even recall, in such seeming digressiveness, perhaps not even historically, how it was and how it wants to come back to us. So in this elective affinity, this productive understanding and perhaps even "misunderstanding," we nevertheless feel like that Persian king in the Book of Esther who in sleepless

nights would have someone read to him from his kingdom's chronicles, and so learned of the Jew Mordecai. More than one forgotten, unpaid debt burns within *Geistesgeschichte*, more than one deed that went unrewarded, more than one bold dream still awaiting fulfillment. Through our century it can come to be, the awareness of the Unconditional and the concept of the Absolute can find a new, an unsuspected strength. All the more does that fog descend, and that acute loss of certainty, which sets a limit on our conversion and would again like to confuse the energies, obscure the goal. All around us also rules the devil of the cold again, who desires precisely that one not believe in him, nor see his cloven hoof, and who can best rule undisturbed as pure nothingness, as complete demystification, barring the mystery from us. But out of this simultaneously arises the paradoxical courage to prophesy the light precisely out of the fog, or in other words: *the No could not be so strong if there were not among us, at the same time, a dangerous and battle-worthy Yes*; if at the same time, below this veiled life, below the nihilism of this modern age, a power unknown in morality or fantasy were not therefore at the same time stirring, whose path is just for this reason blocked by terrors and obstacles without number. Nearly everything has thus fled to us, from inhospitable life, to us as the gardeners of the most mysterious tree, which must grow. In us alone burns the light, in the middle of the collapse of earth and heaven, and the creative, the philosophical hour *kat exochen* is here; what helps to fulfill it is the constant concentration of our waking dream on a purer, higher life, on a release from malice, emptiness, death and enigma, on communion with the saints, on all things turning into paradise. Only this thinking wishful dream brings about something real, harkening deeply into itself until the gaze succeeds: into the soul, into the third kingdom after the stars and the heaven of the gods—waiting for *the word*, turned toward the enlightenment of a great maturity. The urge to correspond with oneself draws soul into this dreadful world, into its unknowing, its error and its guilty conscience of its finality; everything that is has a utopian star in its blood, and philosophy would be nothing if it did not form the ideational solution for this crystalline heaven of renewed reality. Life goes on around us and knows not where it goes; we alone are still the lever and the motor; external and certainly revealed meaning falter: but the new idea finally burst forth into the complete quest, into the open, uncompleted, dreaming world, into the landslides and eclipses of Satan, of the very principle that bars us. In order that,

girded with despair, with our defiant presentiment, with the enormous power of our human voice, we may also designate God, and not rest until the innermost shadows have been chased out, until the world is bathed in that fire that is beyond the world or shall be lit there.



And yet first: shall be lit, for we do not yet burn freely, and, precisely, nothing is already fully authentic even in itself. What has remained, then, even beyond the fog, is the desperation of not really believing in anything, of first needing a presentiment and then already seeing the end, and closing the path. In the end, however, it is not totally as if the tender shoot of authenticity and genuineness had already been completely discovered in us and only concealed again by the simultaneous excess of consummate sinfulness and immanence as negative transcendence: as if therefore music, and the anamnesis of the modern age, ever more closely circling the Unconditional, had already rescued forth what is most authentic, most genuine of all from the world's unknowing and error. Rather, in spite of all our significant trust in the existence of continuous, particular Orients in the modern age, as testimony to the unstified process of salvation in the soul: what is *most inward* in us itself simply lies in deep shadow even past the insubstantial fog, incognito to itself, *in a moral-metaphysical incognito*, as it not only socially causes every attention or inattention to be expressed only as ultimately revocable, under consideration, reflexively, but especially, in the ethically productive elucidation of the I and the We, never lets the deepest authenticity totally succeed: the union of our intensity with itself, their reencounter and congruence beyond the vision. In this way, in other words, even if the situation did not immediately become apparent without a nameless, mysterious ascent, a kind of forbearance re-enters: that all we can do for the moment is prepare, provide words and concepts, until an identification takes them up and grants equivalence. What speaks here, cognition's prayer: May it truly be thus! May this be truly the right gaze, the gaze pertaining completely to us, into the overpowering enigma of existence!—what in this way again retreats from every brilliance of already accomplished vision, is again the flaw of only partial concern, of the playful, the often only intellectually artistic element in so much production, still drifting on an intermediate level, uneaten in its all too objective evidence and all too abstract even in its obscure optimism and the latter's transcendent jubilation. Which certainly holds, indeed especially holds for every traditional, certifiably objective

ecclesiastical splendor and—with *aliter sed eadem*—for every perfectly detached panlogism. There is consequently not only the shadow that the enemy hurls against our strength and against the light that shall be lit beyond the world. But precisely also: human strength even *in hoc statu nascendi* still has its particular spiritual shadow, its unknowing of the deepest depth as such, and the *center in itself* is still night, incognito, ferment, around which everyone, everything, and every work is still built. Nevertheless the world at hand can not overpower the potential light from the end of the Bible: with *l'ordre du coeur*, finally, with the new Jerusalem instead of the old Rome.

KANT AND HEGEL, OR, INWARDNESS OVERTAKING  
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

I.

Who is nothing, however, will no longer encounter anything outside, either.

Without ourselves, we can certainly never see what shall be.

At least this much was anticipated by Kierkegaard, and especially by *Kant*: he gives “subjective” spontaneity, our only salvation and declaration of color, now that nothing else can still provide color or substance, its due.

Certainly, in the way Kant lives and speaks, he is not immediately rich. His themes, all of them, are played out within a very fortuitous frame. We see English skepticism, a Prussian sense of duty, a desire to believe but an inability to, crippled presentiments, and a miserable life into the bargain, apparent in the majority of his examples and in certain unspeakable definitions, as for example of marriage.

This is what Kant has to work with, and where his thought begins is restricted enough. He asks how the formula for gravity could be possible, in order to circumscribe the rational faculty with this possibility. One can justifiably doubt whether these boundaries and these theories of the spirit's transcendental composition, faithfully oriented to Newton and nothing else, really have any more significance within the greater phenomenological expanse of consciousness. For one can clearly just as well ask about the conditions of possibility for Javanese dance, Hindu mysteries, Chinese ancestor worship, or, if one wants to be Western European, and insofar as one can substitute scholasticism for Newton, scientific as well, how Christ's sacrificial death, the Apocalypse and certain

other similar synthetic judgments are possible, in particular if one does not want to survey just a single nook—eighteenth-century Europe—but rather the entire spirit apportioned to us human beings. That is why Kant's mockery of the world of the shades, of the aerial architects of speculation, signifies so little. What difference should it make to the other that a procedure is posited as a model and is in fact valid for every gray duck, when for the other, which because of its rarity or height cannot be posited as a model, it is therefore not valid, for it is a swan and obeys other rules. From such a starting point nothing can critically be proven, and so, as in a certain form Max Scheler already saw, and quite differently before him Eduard von Hartmann, the transcendental dialectic with all its prohibitions—to the extent that one perceives other contexts than the ones available to the phenomenology of Kant's time—is nothing more than prejudice and tautology. So from this point, and of course only from this point, it remains insignificant if the procedures that make possible pure mathematics and Newtonian science as the only accepted cognition cannot be applied to God, freedom, immortality, hence to the objects of morality and religion, and thus denying these epistemological complexes the character of empirical reality.

But there is another Kant, and this one is inexhaustible. It is deeply moving to watch how this power in him, alien and indifferent, conflicts with the frailty of his constitution no less than with the limits of his individual cross-section of experience. He may defend himself against his own genius, but it testifies to the power of this genius, which could bring anyone to his knees, that it once again destroys any explanation or evaluation on the basis of the contingencies, presuppositions, relativisms of the phenomenology of his time. That is why the question, how may something universally be valid, remains great only in Kant. Otherwise the question remains incidental, academic, a history of the sciences that becomes a theory of the sciences, structurally eternalizing everything limited and accidental in the state of those works selected as canonical. The same holds for the universally valid judgments of an *a priori* moral and aesthetic nature, where a Kant is needed so that above the restricted contentual material a supercontentuality of the formal production, pertinent to the most extensive content as well, can nonetheless emerge. How something might *a priori* be possible—this simply cannot be limited to the function of judgment, to the “logic” of nature, morality, beauty; however much a progressive transcendental-realistic correlation to the therein operative,

persistently operative things, acts of will and ideas might deepen the purely *formal* exclusivity of the *a priori* in favor of a *real* determinative character of all "experience," better yet: in favor of an *a priori* as the metaphysical deductive cause of what should be, what is "logical," canonical in the world. But Kant, as we noted, possesses the momentous ability to make his own meager contents translucent, and to subordinate them transcendently along with—insofar as that certain motion in the depths allows it, that is, the philosophy of history that is about the metaphysical—the Hindu mysteries as well as the Apocalypse, to the one who needs them. Hence English astronomy is merely his opportunity to find all the additional and scientifically pregnant connections within empirical logic, and the ban on applying these categories to Prussian moralism or to Kant's enfeebled metaphysical intuitions, in other words through the "unhappy" infatuation in what has been understood as metaphysics until now, opens the way to postulative logic on the one hand, and to the honest, great, subjective-ethical metaphysics of the age of a remote God on the other.

For precisely, we are simply no longer so fortunate that just anything can be received through the senses, or simply instinctively. Instead, Kant seeks to prove that the process which necessitates synthetic judgments from experience takes place independently, beyond perception. Neither the particulars nor the whole of this most esteemed part of Kant's investigations, insofar as it relates to the coherence of the natural world, is tenable. Apart from the remarkable fact that something "is," the naturally given phenomena: dampness, or the sound of shears cutting through silk, or even just the gait of a German shepherd dog, or whatever else, which are themselves experienced completely beyond mere perception, can not be reconstructed with Kantian categories, absolutely not by anthropomorphizing them, synthetically, nor theoretically, in terms of their inner relations. Especially the self that here wants to free and prescribe to itself and instead only "produces" the objects of nature, the epistemological self, is therefore, according less to function than to level, completely different from the ethical self. It can be illuminated by reflected light from the ethical self, the first properly productive self, but it can not itself take over the portfolio of production, of artistic responsibility, of prescriptive supervision, for the experiential world of the critique of pure *theoretical* reason, of the not only value-free but value-hostile world of physics. The laws and numerical constants of the natural world are not, as Kant thought, like-

wise situated within a system of "reason"; they are absolutely just "found," unevidently given, but not "assigned" to us in the more deeply home-ward—intellectually revealing—sense of this concept. Meanwhile, of course, the real issue in Kant is ultimately not even Kepler or Newton and the objectively valid connections between the phenomena of external nature, but rather that unconditional totality of determinations, those basic limit concepts that can only be willed or thought, but not recognized, insofar as they can perhaps be "experienced" in an immediately practical way, but can not be "intuited," insofar as their object is no empirical reality, in other words, and which are finally unfolded in a metaphysics of *assignments*, as the Unconditional's regulative ideas of reason.

Here we first, finally become free, and the outer encirclement breaks; the genuine self steps forward. No matter how the things that still exist respond: hope makes one partial to precisely the well-fabricated [*erdichten*] but otherwise unverifiable idea. For we are able to escape ourselves, and our quasiphenomenal form of existence, insofar as we form intelligible characters. Here the world's labyrinth and the heart's paradise become visible discretely; the world in the *focus imaginarius*, in the more hidden, intelligible part of our subjectivity, begins to appear as hope for the future. Precisely because theoretical knowledge finds itself restricted, as the knowledge of mere phenomena, belief, practical knowledge, the practical expansion of pure reason becomes free, and the postulates appear, theoretically not provable, but in practice valid *a priori* unconditionally. Here, by leading the same function that at first restricted us mechanically *back onto itself*, onto precisely *the ethical self*, we are moving toward another rationalism than the thinking, theoretical Cartesian subject's, destroyed by the natural world. We are moving, precisely through this rationalism of the heart and its postulate, so from away the producing and the being-produced of a merely reflexive mechanics that respect for the law can be defined as the effect on us of the moral thing-in-itself, and our citizenship in a realm of higher and also contentually more productive intelligences secured. Meanwhile this effect on us obviously represents no application of the category of causality, which is after all forbidden here, but rather—as something rationally incomprehensible and paradoxical, the purely axiological inclusion of ideas of an Unconditional as well, indeed the productive emergence, shared involvement, the adequation to this very effect—as the morally archetypal function and its inventory.

Here we are left alone with ourselves, then: indeed, no longer protected by anything outside or above, in fact. We must be good, although we know nothing of the real or, seen more exactly, even of the contentually ideal legitimation of value. We are lonesome, and stand in the dark of an infinite, merely asymptotic convergence toward the goal; even the remote star shines only a very uncertain light, illuminating nothing else in the sky; it can hardly be grasped as constitutive, and yet everything that does not completely go under in the general forms of a critique of pure theoretical reason—the particular, the specification of nature, as well as the decision by individuals for culture—must be subordinated to and organized within the moral law's primacy. But what appears as faith here is precisely only able to express freedom, immortality and the universal moral order in God as particular, plausible *postulates* of a second truth, relating only to a sphere of validity, to a not yet manifest, supersensory element of citizenship in intelligible worlds, and so does no damage to the obvious heroic "atheism" of this theory. In other words, there is no need for the customary complaint that in this way Kant tacitly maintains validity in the form of content. What is more important is that although Kant will certainly not further commit himself to any earthly particulars, his incredibly honest and grand sensibility is reaching firmly for the objects of its hope. Every hypothetical or relativistic quality has been eliminated from them, and if the most certain values and ideas nevertheless receive a regulative accentuation, this relates predominantly only to whether the idea *exists* and not to whether the *idea* exists. Here moral nominalism has pushed its point of unity extraordinarily far above any earthly reinforcement, without absolutely losing this point of unity, defined moral-mystically. Certainly, amid the clearest recollection and disclosure of the final given, the great Christian pathos of danger dominates, taking the field against the methodologically closed systems of physics or jurisprudence as well as against every assurance that God is already in his heaven, that is, against every duplication of the Platonic panlogism impermissible in modernity, but the constant problem of the *real* determinant of even the most unhypothetical imperative has not gone away, and the moral As If really appears here essentially as a theological Not Yet. Perhaps Kant even offers too much rather than not enough of a good thing here, as Hegel rightly sensed, insofar as within the Good one catches sight of that contentual and real indeterminacy of the postulate which, out of the fear of "sensual," empirical, hypothetical dependency, determines our behavior only regula-

tively and with such cautious diffuseness, as if our determination extended infinitely far above experience, in other words above this life. As important as it is, however, that the will be relieved of every particular purpose and turned toward the Absolute, this equally urgent obligation still finally arises within this inner norm, this Absolute of the moral will: to let a sun rise, a goal applicable at least as an objective moment of purpose, and thus to vault a heaven over ourselves that is no longer endlessly elusive but rather, as in Eckhart, again fundamentally attainable, utopianly real. The complaint should far more be the reverse—against the objectives of a continuous, unpenetrating methodization—that Kant here makes validation infinite, that he is precisely too little, too tacitly contentual, insofar as he defers validation into an *infinite process* with a *result posited* only from *the prospect of the spirit*, as only a *formal-a priori idea*; and Hegel's aversion to this sort of criticism, against this perseverance in method as such, be it undertaken with modesty, sobriety, or enthusiasm, as the case may be, had justified grounds, even beyond his utterly reprehensible Hegelian "realism." Hegel's theory that everything rational is already real concludes a premature and total truce with the world, but Kant's only approximative infinity of reason, practical reason in particular, makes of the world an ocean without a shore: what comfort is there for the shipwrecked, indeed for travelers, if no arrival is possible? Against "Kant's deduction of practical reason, and the latter's absolute blindness," Baader thus observes, with indisputable religious justification, and certainly not out of infatuation with either this world or some already arrived afterworld: that here Kant had not gone deep enough; the analysis of the phenomenon of "practical reason could more immediately and easily have resulted in spontaneity, its artistic unfolding; that in our conscience we become aware, with immediate certainty, of being perceived in our inmost life activity, as engendering the will; our reality, as abundant life and as divine reality, announcing itself to us as it unfolds outward within us." Indeed one can discern the deliverance of Kant's utopian spirit from method and from its bad infinity into the religious sphere itself, when Baader continues: it is completely contradictory and somewhat ironic to presume that one should give up a real-life one knows without having the least hope in the *reality* of the other life whose affirmation is demanded; "only religion bases its demand for the negation of a contrary, false life completely on affirming and fortifying a different and better life, whose evolution keeps pace with the involution of the worse life."<sup>4</sup> In other words: nothing is valid without a being,

however threatened; rather the Ought or the Valid relate only to the abstract distance, to the mere, still unrealized essence of a law or value perhaps striven for but not yet implanted, however dark even for its part the reality-degree of this logical surplus may appear. Indeed there exists, considered logically, from the standpoint of a utopian-absolute subject surpassing time, absolutely no discrete sphere of validity, but rather only an supramundane sphere still to be evangelized, still valid over the distance, *a utopian reality*. One which, insofar as it brings fulfillment, is certainly not guaranteed, but which does not therefore involve a mere infinite striving after it, but rather involves Kant's postulates themselves—even as postulates of actualization.

## II.

Now there is certainly no better gravedigger than the completely contentual concept. The essence of *Hegel* is to have brought all inwardness outside, and to have closed off everything that remains open in Kant, in favor of a certainly accessible but also regrettable achievement of an explicitly concluded system.



Someone who has it good finds it easy to be good. Hegel does the same thing, but at the wrong place; rather than being good, he finds everything good, in order not to have to be good himself.

Thus one ceases to suffer and to will here, to be human. This shows itself in Hegel's annoyance with every demand. He wants to balance himself out, without there remaining the least sting in anything that seems to him essential about the world, anything that the cold, lucid, dispassionate concept might discover on the side of the objectively existent. Thinking oneself too good for the world, says Hegel in a characteristic phrase, only means understanding the world better than others.

But Hegel is too rich as well as too poor to still be able to demand anything. His true inner attitude varies from one case to the next, and as a whole, too, can be determined only with difficulty. In any case it remains obscure who is speaking here so continuously and conservatively, but also so absolutistically, whether it is the unfeeling Privy Councilor in him, or else the passionate friend of Hölderlin and exuberant, Gothic phenomenologist of Spirit, who no longer thinks an earthly present alongside the perfect Now.

At first, of course, we lose ourselves completely here; nothing about us

is answered or resolved. Whether we suffer, whether we can be blessed, whether we are immortal as individual, existing human beings—the concept does not care. For the philosopher is on the way toward no longer being human; he leaves the worst to us and proudly departs an existence that so little affects the interests of abstraction. But the trouble with existing, as Kierkegaard says, is just that those who exist find existence endlessly interesting. It is easy to discern thereby whether a man tested by life is speaking, or a M $\ddot{u}$ nchhausen. Who only tells a story—say, “We left Peking and got to Canton; on the fourteenth we were in Canton”—is simply changing locations, not himself, and so the continuous form of narrative is in order. But here in the spiritual element, changing location means changing oneself, and thus every direct assurance that one has been here or there is only an experiment à la M $\ddot{u}$ nchhausen. Against it Kierkegaard posits the task for *subjective*, un-Hegelian thought: to apprehend oneself as existent and to understand oneself in existence. We and always we alone are addressed by Christian parables, and individually illuminated, strangely. It is Man, the first, last and freest being, or, seen even more nakedly, the We that grants itself the Messiah and then labors in the anticipation of him. But Hegel, the detached, objective philosopher, supposedly gives in to the temptation to take this all into consciousness as a mere occasion, in order to remain otherwise untouched, indeed even by taking the easy way of embellishing it, talking and speculating about it on better days, to hasten toward honor and fame, the more urgently the cause of finding oneself and of interiority demands a confession of faith. Thus it is far preferable, as Kierkegaard says, to be angry with Jesus, yet constantly in relationship to him, than to be a speculator who has understood Him, who makes theoretical material out of the sufferings of the glorious ones, and who finds Christianity true “to a certain extent.” It became obvious how little we possessed after we allowed our effort of comprehension to be diverted in a way which was not even demanded, but which burdens man, as question, with the world as answer, and lets every other problem deteriorate into one determined *ad hoc* by the potential for its solution by the *Encyclopaedia*. The detached, objective philosopher, in contrast, should be able to deal with even Christianity’s most terrible demands at a remove, by his rootless cleverness, and to make every leap or obscurity into merely a momentary paradox at which the movement of speculation does not pause. To this unconcerned and worthless academic plenitude, then, the abstract thinker

Hegel, with objectivism's clear conscience, doubtless contributed his share, with an enchantment of construction all too remote from the self and all too freed of subjective participation [*Dabei*].

On the other hand, Hegel is also ultimately complete, and precisely therefore accustomed to comprehending from above. For philosophy then appears within time only as long as it has not grasped its own pure concept. It is, as Hegel expressly says, not just the higher level but the highest where the spirit resumes its education, impelled by the sublimity of the end. For Hegel, therefore, the movement from the uncultivated standpoint, past all its enfolded memories, to absolute knowledge, is only propaedeutically of importance. Everything has already been authorized by Providence; secular history is already transformed into sacred history; thus the philosopher who is required to notate the orders of the world spirit transforms and translates reason into nothing but mandates from on high, with a certain trump. The way it works in Hegel, in other words, according to his unadmitted principle, is that heavenly cards are shuffled into the earthly deck as though they belonged there and had always been part of it, that—putting it differently—the last remaining, the latest human being reassembles already solid formations out of the already completed process, whereas the whole, even what is empirically useful and certainly what is spiritual in these prehistories, is selected from the end of the *a priori*, or inserted from the object of thought into the object. Whereby in other words every kind of wishing or should-have-been, every laying-bare of the heart's convolutions, every insistence on subjective ideals and their antihistorical rationale, is traced downward from the highest level, and all this out of the same *panlogical pathos of perfection* with its eternally completed final word pushed back undifferentiatedly into the empirical. Characteristically, formal logic only appears at the end of Hegel's formal-metaphysical logic, and likewise the truth of this formal-metaphysical logic as a whole is only revealed in the sequence of religions and philosophemes at the end of the system. As the thought which knows what it is, then, it exists in Hegel no earlier and nowhere else than after the completion of the work. It is entirely a correlation to itself, historically and certainly metaphysically complete, and as a true infinity or as absolutely present depth of all factors, a circle looped into itself, indeed a closed circle of circles. The soul disappears, but the concept now itself become substance, like the activity of comprehension, the secretary of the world-spirit, triumphs in an unsubjective, panlogical objectivity.

Thus everything becomes so necessary and so clear that one should only have to mature enough to understand it. How else could Hegel dispute virtue, that it refuses the earthly course of things, which knows nothing of virtue? Hegel does not sneak up on the facts, as one used to say; rather he improves them, as if everything rational were real, and life itself wore the seven-league boots of that human feeling of being better. Meanwhile he improves things only intellectually, but nevertheless presents these merely intellectual clarifications as real, as so real that to the dissatisfied claim against so much freedom, so much Lutheran abdication of conscience to the state, to existence, there remains not even an intelligible, not even a consolatory beyond. In Kant the Ought was still defined as a something that occurs nowhere in nature, for which the guiding idea of history resides not in the fact, but absolutely and *a priori* only in the *problem* of an empire of moral ends. Now Friedrich Brunstäd has observed, with the utmost acuteness, that the *Phenomenology of Spirit* tried retroactively to do the same for practical reason that Newtonian natural philosophy, as something already at hand, had done for theoretical reason: in other words, that Hegel's philosophy of history would like to provide the fulfillment system for the primacy of practical reason. Only in Hegel one precisely does not notice where the empirical ends and the logical begins: he wants to find everything which is, proper; he still senses an idealism in the blue Hussars, a necessary estate in the feudal lords, a profound meaning in original sin, but then the so to speak messianic subject which after all establishes this utopian peace is not named, nor, above all, is the mixture (particularly active in Hegel's history) of the semifinished logical products of sound experiential knowledge with the closure and axiological deduction of the system ever raised to an object of investigation, in the sense of the epistemological problem of reality. Thus a peculiar situation appears in Hegel, where one time too little world is acknowledged, that is, too little movement, resistance and individual difference, and another time too much world, that is, too much that simply accumulated and is now presented as real, the falsest satisfaction and fulfillment of the Ought, too much of the already manifest truth of the matter, too much of the logically already perfected state of the world, and where all genuine experiential knowledge, all Hegelian empiricism, can therefore be understood as such only on the approximative scale of a Scholastic "realism" (this initial secular-ecclesiastical overthrow within philosophy), as empiricism. Out of which, finally, developed the further dubious element, a *final ef-*

fect of the premature, all too ratiocinative final word: that Hegel destroyed the soul and the freedom of his God outside, inside and above, in favor of a merely intellectual process, overly mediated, bringing nothing new, having purely a restorative, calculable outcome. What is the assurance supposed to mean here, then, that in human consciousness, which is recapitulated history, God comes to himself? Of course this sounds majestic, like the mightiest subject-magical audacity of the old German mystics, but if one looks more closely, and above all observes this weak, intellectualistic God, then clearly the self who thinks, as well as the God who is thought, proves to be dethroned and banished to the perimeter of an all too mundane and encyclopedic consciousness. Here one needs to recall Baader's profound words: that only the devil needs material, psychological and mundane mediations in order to exist completely. For as the fallen souls sank inexorably downward, God arrested the earth in its plunge into Hell, created matter out of pity, and rescued errant human beings from hopeless destruction when he, by means of his Creation of all of inorganic, organic and psychological nature, made a perceptible material of duty, and on the other hand, through Mt. Etna's eruption of all matter and nature onto the devil, let the devil approach us only through them, thus keeping Tartarus from harming us directly.<sup>5</sup> It makes no difference here how correct these volcanic metaphors are; all that is important is that God's highest state cannot be connected to this merely academically successful, only mundanely mediated consciousness, that if the truth is to be seen there must be another kind of inwardness and "subjectivity" than merely the intellectual world historian and absolutist's, and that only dissatisfaction, moral dedication against the *Encyclopedia's* seemingly exhaustive realism about God, can be called to the Absolute and its reality, a reality not pantheistically mediated.

Certainly suffering does not already need to be invoked everywhere, or from below. Many simple things already show themselves to be complete and, so to speak, capable of analysis, without it concerning them. The situation is quite different, however, when suffering, as the danger of frustration even in every higher real context, is denied. In Hegel the deed is lacking, the sorrow or despair that even within the totality of history and culture calls a person to action. That is why, where the concept overestimates its reality, suffering adds savor, and the squalor, the adversity of life becomes a harmless ceremony. Hence Hegel, considered exactly, acknowledges real historical progress only insofar as nations let Spirit enter

their consciousness, though it is quite complete without them, too, and their sequence then represents a particular way to comprehend, in time, the idea's timeless, in itself completely immobile, perhaps emptier and less fugal, but nonetheless already concluded mobility. Nowhere is the concept of development defined any differently: it is already based on an inner determination, an assumption existing in itself, which then simply brings about its representation. Just as a teacher at the blackboard "develops" essentially already completed mathematical theorems or philosophical schemata, so in Hegel is only the concept, the didactic disassembly and reassembly of completed cubes into a completed pyramid, and not the substance, allowed any "development" or metamorphosis. One can recognize here how the unceasing struggle of individuals against that alien, dark, wavering, merciless current that signifies life and world reduces merely to a difficulty within human and at best God's own receptivity. One can thus imagine no more innocuous reduction of every danger and every kind of fruitfulness than the manner in which Hegel on one side lets realization consist entirely of intellectual material, indeed lets it come out as merely the dialectical reversal of abstract thought, yet on the other hand transforms it into a function completely in the service of the concrete idea. And if the universal's particularization of itself is already defeated by inferior reality, by the inferior, purely existential bounds of the logical, and only possessed a certain methodological significance during the constructive phase, one can appreciate how much more violently the self-disclosure of the abstract, and its only apparently negative concretization into the concretely and really total, had to fail before cases of higher reality, in other words before the upper, *existential-moral* limit of the abstractly logical. Here the immoral belief in an already completed framework of the world and an omega, already completely disclosed in the alpha, of the absolute Idea, the regression principle of Hegel's dialectical method as such, takes us no further. One searches in vain in Hegel for that sensibility which alone directs us upward and is aware of the danger, which manifests itself in Kant, in Fichte's words: that there must be, beyond the mere repetition of what is or was, a knowledge grounding the deed, or a vision of that world that is not but which shall be, which drives us to act; that in other words one is not supposed to endure the world by the will of God, but make it different by the will of God, which, defined existentially-morally, in complete opposition to the dialectical kind of anamnesis, is certainly not the will to restitute some

already past and precisely known cultural alpha.<sup>6</sup> In Kant, in other words, philosophy was a solitary light meant to burn up the night of this world. In Hegel philosophy becomes a headmaster, or indiscriminate lawyer for the Being that hired him, and the night of the world retreats into the merely ignorant subject. Here spreads the beautiful warmth of the classroom, so that everything painful, unendurable and unjust about life, the constant necessity of its refutation, the self-immolation of nature and the entire Herculean passion of the idea, can be developed as something safe, always occurring, never occurring, whose proper exposition is either just written on the blackboard, or else, in accordance with the eternally resolved, eternally completed logical silence of actual reality, is a mere ceremony: whose process, in other words, proves grounded only in transcendental-pedagogical and not transcendental-productive deduction. That is truly a restoration directed against Kant, but Hegel has no more refuted the Kantian Ought than the lying Schnaps of Goethe's *Citizen General* is a Jacobin, than content at any price could preserve the true form-character of Kantian philosophy, of philosophy as such. As a practical-transcendental, transcendental-real method on behalf of a *logos* that has not appeared, realized in the world at best by means of more or less preliminary, more or less indirect signs and symbols. So if here the tension between what was attained and what ought to have been has vanished by their being variously combined or imperceptibly played off against each other, then—notwithstanding how often, more or less without acknowledgment, the real is posited as the utopian, the utopian as the real—the Ought and the Valid have paid the greater price for the Spirit's regrettable worldliness, its world-reality. Hence it was certainly not only the murmurings of a benign spirit that induced this feverish desire merely to comprehend, this dialectic of the conclusive posited as real, this coastal navigation of mere systematization, all the way around the known continents, in order finally—so completely contrary to the true, deliberately constitutive method of Kant's philosophy that reaches far into the darkness—to let the inner God appear extrinsic, and his utopian *a priori* as an already real rationality.



Nevertheless, in the end: two types conflict here between which one may not simply choose. For the reason alone that here, far from any agreed alternatives, Kant cannot be done if Hegel is left out. Kant remains inward and infinite; his demand just fades away in eternity, con-

tentially weak; certainly in contrast Hegel seems the more brilliant, magnificent, powerful manifestation, reminiscent of Handel and Wagner, as a philosopher of expanse and of a whole that would like already to be the true, with the objects, subjugated and thought through, following in the system's train.

But not everything inward need be slight and weak. For one thing, one cannot tell from a merely external circumspection if any of this is still moving or even wants to move. On the other hand, of course, one can see further in Hegel further than in Kant, in the Hegel we mean here, because Hegel has built well and thus can stand on the battlements; because he understands intensification, and above all, instead of unarticulated, unmediated feeling, understands the mediated thought that secures against every kind of avoidance or Don Quixote, against a false, disengaged, unreal radicalism. Meanwhile, and here Kant nevertheless triumphs in the end, the concepts, the forms, the spheric orders—even if, unlike in Hegel, they are correlated to an accelerated, motorically-mystically restructured world—are nothing final; rather, what is inward, its understanding-itself-within-existence, what is intensive finally appears above them, these mere directives and certificates, as the only equivalence [*Deckung*]. The spheric order is perhaps constitutive, but at the same time it has its limit within this constitutive function, as is already shown by the “crossview” Hegel maintains of all the spheric orders of law, tradition, art, religion, say those of Greece, or of the Gothic, a crossview by means of concepts that correspond interspherically almost everywhere, and break through the spheric perimeter. And the *final thing*, selfhood and its countenance [*Gesicht*], that immediate evidence, inaugurated by Kant's rationalism of the *postulate*, of properly understanding oneself, of the deepest utopian part of the conscience, can certainly be outlined only metacategorially and metaspherically, in the Kantian spirit of being affected by the thing-in-itself alone. “It does not seem to me,” says Kant in the “Dreams of a Spirit Seer” that ironically betray his deepest principle three times over—“It does not seem to me that some kind of affection or unexamined inclination has deprived me of deference to any grounds for or against, save one. The scales of the understanding are not entirely impartial, after all, and the arm that bears the inscription *Hope for the Future* has a mechanical advantage causing even slight reasons falling into the corresponding pan to far outweigh speculations that in themselves have greater weight.”<sup>7</sup> This is however the only “inaccuracy” that even

Kant “most likely cannot correct, indeed would never want to correct”; and the time has come to install, purely and exhaustively, such pious deception, such primacy and pragmatism of practical reason with regard to the actual, to the moral-mystical evidence of truth, such a metaphysics of thought conscience and thought hope. Certainly, who speaks in tongues, improves himself, but who prophecies, improves the congregation: yet more important is that the self that improves itself not be lost in the world. So it seems necessary at this point to let Kant burn through Hegel: the self must remain in everything; though it may at first exteriorize itself everywhere, move reverberantly through everything in order to break the world open, in order above all to pass through a thousand doorways, but precisely the self that desires and demands, the not yet implanted postulative world of its *a priori* is the system’s finest fruit and sole purpose, and therefore Kant ultimately stands above Hegel as surely as *psyche* above *pneuma*, Self above Pan, ethics above the *Encyclopedia*, and the moral nominalism of the End above the still half cosmological realism of Hegel’s world-idea. The goal would then have been attained if what had never entirely come together—glossolalia and prophecy, the spiritual and the cosmically total—were successfully unified, so that the soul could overtake and outshine the expansive world, but then did not remain narrow, and merely a subjective or humane idealism. Rather, after the end of glossolalia, of the Self- and We-encounter, the movement out into the world, into the world-encyclopedia, must really begin, for whose sake alone the Self-Encounter takes place; but precisely not in order to be lost in the world, but to destroy the false, dark expanse in it, to make it into the *world* of the soul, with the *omnia ubique* of the We-Problem at the beginning as at the end.

## On the Metaphysics of Our Darkness, of the No-Longer-Conscious, the Not-Yet-Conscious, and the Inconstruable We-Problem

### THE DARKNESS

But then I cannot even experience and occupy myself. Not even just this: that I am smoking, writing, and do not want precisely this, as too near, standing before me.

Only immediately afterward can I easily hold it, turn it before me, so to speak. So only my immediate past is present to me, agrees with what

we experience as apparently existent. So this is what it means to live? This is how it looks from inside when one has become what one saw before one as a child or a youth? This is how it looks as myself; this is the love, the life that I read about; this is how it is subjectively, how it feels to me when one turns twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, as old as my mother was then, my parents' guests, all the adults, objectively observed? Never to be there: so this is the "real" life of this woman, this man; they were still twenty and that was their entire fulfillment? When does one really live, when is one consciously present oneself in the vicinity of one's moments? As urgently as this can be felt, however, it always slips away again, the fluidity, darkness of the respective moment, just like this other thing that it means.

#### THE NO-LONGER-CONSCIOUS

Only then, in other words, can I see what I just wanted and experienced: when it has already gone by in something else. But the wanting, observing gaze incessantly changes, too; the contents it observes sink from view, and soon I no longer possess as experience even what just passed.

Nevertheless, past desire, past experience does not cease to exist or to influence, even when it is not immediately conscious. In dreams above all returns the desire that had subsided during waking hours, and takes control, excited yet no longer exciting anything, of the hallucinated contents of memory. As Freud showed, they stand for forgotten or unresolved wishes, or wishes that our moral vigilance, moral adulthood cannot consciously permit. The unconscious, breaking through, becoming accessible to consciousness in dreams and in certain psychoses, has for its main-spring and motive force sexual desire, or the will to power, or whichever continuity one orders the different kinds of motor behavior into—in themselves already inherited, remembered, still creaturely. As such it is well known that mostly infantile wishes fill the abyss of what we dream. This shows that nothing lives in this space, volitionally or intuitively, that was not once present to consciousness, during childhood or prehistory, and then sank, was repressed and buried. Such deep-seated kinds of drive or experience can persist here that not only can the sexual impulse carry on its radically debilitating work, not only does the will to death of Freud's radical derivation persist within the organism and its unconscious, a tendency to reestablish inorganicity, but an environment, indeed an entire, defunct magical world can again be dreamt or atavistically divined that longer exists, whose forces and contents no longer determine

our lives. Only now and then do features of the so to speak higher, human volition appear within this kind of remembering; only now and then does the darkness of the dream achieve an enfolding affinity to the mystery of the presentiment that speaks out of it, protected from the all too insolent light; certainly transmutations of what was appear now and then in memory, pointing to something expansive, utopian, essential, dispersed in the past, and so rescuing it. Otherwise, however, all that can be gained by immersing oneself in the chthonic, the defunct, in one's own sleep or any other unconscious blossoming, in the torpid condition of nature, is only recuperation, relaxation, or some initial protection, but no power right for us, for the soul has its own inception far from any creatureliness, where there is after all not only the flame that blossoms and burns upward, but the stone that drops, and precisely the flame of the *sursum corda* glows in the originary heat of the intention upward more purely than in the impure nature of the autochthonous, of prehistory, of heathenism as well as of the protective chthonic husk. The sleeping dream itself, then, usually derives in every sense from the past, decomposes what was just present into a past, holding on to the past in its lifeless fragments, its stereotypy, in mere "nature's" tendency to repetition. Indeed, finally: even a natural science that only wants to grasp what is, without us, and how it was, which observes only what was, only matter, and breaks down every phototropism without remainder into a creaturely "before," loses every vitally utopian current and finally encloses itself within an empty mechanics: even such a slack science, a science directed toward what has slackened, is finally trapped in the no-longer-conscious, in a past so stabilized that only stones still tumble there.

So the drives that appear again here, and what they impose, remain far behind us, are no longer right for us. In no way can the grasping of color, the upsurge of joy be derived from it, and certainly not what is better, higher, purer, the drive upwards, the individual conscience. Rather the reverse: the sexual drive, the instinct for self-preservation, the will to power, form mere enclaves, mere dismal, covert, involuntary, automatic prologues of our "genuine," "right," "human," "spiritual" will and instinct. Certainly the animal drives, however ravenous, contaminated by egocentrism, enclosed in craving, already contain the will to return home, the completely alert drive, just as in the ordinary wishful dream an aprioristic wishful dream, a waking dream, can take effect. A legend of happiness or of the will to be happy is just as trivial a matter as it is potentially the

most sublime; it is the same thing that the tailor of Seldwyla and the knight Zendelwald sought in Keller's *Seven Legends*, what moved Martin Salander's daughter the second time again, and then more deeply in the legend about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—and it cannot be gutted even somewhat by means of some reduction to or rabulistics of sexual imagery.<sup>8</sup> Similarly an artist can certainly give himself over quite completely to the free influx of ideas, repressions, and associations, the happily obscure ancestry, the wondrous sons of chaos, the chthonic “half-nonsense” out of which Goethe, just like someone who had just awakened, wrote down his *Harzreise*, though, precisely, instructively, a fantasizing still obstructed by animality, drowsing fitfully, will really only follow streets that are shorter than any halfway exorbitant reality's, let alone the truly productive waking dream's.<sup>9</sup> As a whole, then, in spite of various prologues and various enclaves dispersed within animality: everything that fulfills these creaturely drives, all the contents of their world, their unreal, bygone world, as well as the ancient parallel world that can perhaps still become recent to our atavistic clairvoyance—all this is at best a cipher for the true, authentic volition and for the contents of its truly intended fulfillment-world. The scientific given itself, however: discovered by the slackened I in itself, rotated under us and revolving under us in its God-forsaken automatism, independent of the experiencing, comprehending, present subject—is not even a cipher, but rather just the schematism into which the dead bury what is dead, prescribing to its structures and laws.

A related fact is that even these structures and laws, that even this secularized myth of destiny, that is, the entire factual logic of the scientifically given world is beginning to lose all functional regularity, and not just substance; that thought independent of the experiencing and comprehending subject, as the natural sciences require, increasingly loses even a recognizable, a cognitively functional objective correlate. For scientific thought might want to grasp what exists without us, and how it was, but it goes no more deeply into it, and holds on to just the beginnings, the fragments. Scientific reason has always been imagination that had learned from its mistakes: with an approximation, an ideal type at the beginning that was practical when the real world demanded some reduction, correction, damage to and dismantling of the spirit. Meanwhile the damage has increased so greatly that scientific reason must wither into a bare schematism, a reflexivity that lays out its now fully allogical *vis-à-vis* only

through computational approaches, through more or less economic models, without the energy or the ambition to find the reality within this allogical horror, within the totality of this consummate desolation. If science could mirror its world, the whole of the obstruction, the immobility, the lack of flow, the "regular" stereotypy, the mechanical freedom from value: it would reflect—apart from a few ciphers, which of course on the other hand science could not register, since the apperception of them presupposes a presently living subject and a utopian elective affinity—it would reflect the realm of the buried "past and gone," a suffocating immanence, a mechanically absolute "in vain."

NOT-YET-CONSCIOUS KNOWLEDGE AND THE  
DEEPEST AMAZEMENT

And then we ourselves simply do not occur merely as something remembered. Precisely: we live [*leben*] ourselves, but we do not "experience" [*erleben*] ourselves; what meanwhile never became conscious can also not become unconscious. Insofar as we have never and nowhere become present through *ourselves*, neither within the just lived moment nor immediately afterward, we cannot appear as "such" in any area of any memory. Matters stand differently, nevertheless, with the *hoping* that turns what was experienced forward, above all with the hope that lives in us as the "quietest," "deepest" longing, that accompanies us as the "waking dream" of some demystification, some nameless, uniquely right fulfillment.

Already as children we are constantly impatient, waiting, finally making sure of ourselves in it. It stays with a person, so fervent and enigmatic, making us jump on Sunday evenings every time the doorbell rings; will the right thing finally be delivered? Thus that *open* questioning, effervescing, covert uncovering opens up everywhere new life begins, as the expectancy of emergence as such. Precisely because the words here merely intimate us, distantly and yet quite closely, hardly still played about by images and yet at the same time as though we had also been taken so far away, so near, a kind of remembering is at work that has almost nothing in common anymore with the creaturely drives from which it is apparently supposed to derive, or with its defunct world. What could the art of revealing beginnings still mean here? Does not in truth an *originary* point lie here, which begins to glow by itself within human love, artistic genius? What life promised us, we want to keep it here above, for life: and never can this "unconscious" of an entirely different kind, this living, hoping,

intuiting directed forward, this striving out of the darkness into the light, this in truth not yet conscious essence, as the "unconscious" of the completely other side, high above, be reduced to the moonlit landscape of what was. Of the normal or chthonic dream and its contents, forming a dead circle of creatureliness, past, myths of destiny or mechanism around us. Rather, the demonism of genius commences with itself; love is already no organic but rather a theological state, located on a different level than our creaturely drives, and especially everything else intensively spiritual in us has its own energy source. Very far from the mere dreams of the animal spirit or the earth spirit, very far from the chthonic incubations of what was, what was buried: and belonging to whom else but the elevated, re-born, revolutionary serpent; whom else but the true prophetic god Apollo; whom else but the originary spirit of the Messiah in our ownmost depths, who precisely first enables every *eros* to be divested (not "masked") in colors, wayfaring, festivity, homesickness, homecoming, mysticism? Above all in days of expectancy, when the imminent itself intrudes into the Now, in the power of happiness, most strongly in music, which from beginning to end has our spiritual existence as its goal, and wants to deliver to it the word (that word whispered into our ear every night; it always seems to be the same, and yet we can never understand it), above all within artistic labor itself, is that imposing boundary *with the not-yet-conscious* clearly overstepped. A dawning, an inner brightening, trouble, darkness, creaking ice, an awakening, a hearing nearing itself, a condition and concept, ready, against the darkness of the lived moment, the nameless *a priori* brewing in us, near us, before us, in all of being-in-existence in itself, finally to kindle the sharp, identical light, to open the gate of looking in one's own direction. As Leibniz showed the spiritual *roots*, and thus demonstrated to the *Sturm und Drang*, to nature's dark sides as well, the *fundus animalis* of the *petites perceptions*, so does the utopian philosophy of a way of thinking that shines further upward, of the soul shrouded in incompleteness, mystical careers and an expanding glow from the future, begin to explore the higher-order unconscious, the *fundus intimus*, the *latency of the primordial secret in itself moving within the Now*, in short the creative unconscious of our spiritual *coronation*.<sup>10</sup>



Hence there is still a stirring in us that lately reaches inward and upward. It is evening, there a genuine dreaming might most easily find itself, and yet there we are the most deeply brightened and touched. Of

course this hoping and, making it clearer, this *amazement* often ignites completely arbitrarily, even inappropriately; indeed, there is perhaps not even a rule here by which the same causes of it within the same person could be found.

It is questioning in itself, an inmost, deepest amazement, which often moves toward nothing, and yet quiets the flux of what was just lived; lets one reflect oneself into oneself such that what is most deeply meant for us appears there, regards itself strangely. A drop falls and there it is; a hut, the child cries, an old woman in the hut, outside wind, heath, an evening in autumn, and there it is again, exactly, the same; or we read how the dreaming Dmitri Karamazov is astonished that the peasant always says "a wee one,"<sup>11</sup> and we suspect that it could be found here; "Little rat, rustle as long as you like; / Oh, if there were only a crumb!" and upon hearing this small, harsh, strange line from Goethe's *Wedding Song* we sense that in this direction lies the unsayable, what the boy left lying there as he came out of the mountain, "Don't forget the best thing of all!" the old man had told him, but no one could ever have come across something so inconspicuous, deeply hidden, uncanny within the concept.<sup>12</sup> No horror, image or feeling fully includes or concludes here; one can see that it is not only the great discoveries, the sails of great ships still below the horizon to the average eye, that the genius of the not-yet-conscious foresees, that populate his utopian space. More deeply, rather, it is the *values of amazement* that are carried by the state of presentiment, and ultimately reflected: something small, the kernel within so much impressive empty emballage, a Messiah who appears not in a flash but warm and nearby, as our guest, the discarded cornerstone within a metaphysical perspective, the wafting, comprehensible-incomprehensible symbol-intentions of the *tua res agitur* as a whole. The simplest word is already much too much for it, the most sublime word much too little again, and yet perhaps what is true of these small, penetrating, and yet, followed through to the end, always the most authentic of all emblems, was true till now only of the greatest things: of the Delphic Sybil, of the miracle of the "Holy Night" in the *Missa Solemnis*, of the reverberations of ourselves in all great music, of the primordial experiences of great, dark poetry, of Faust and his always rationally incommensurable production, as Goethe writes, of all these constructs just before dawn, which one namelessly understands from somewhere, which, in their question-as-answer, their answer-as-question, already fulfilling themselves almost completely. What is felt,

meant here is the same every time: our life, our future, the just lived moment and the lighting of its darkness, its all-containing latency, in the most immediate amazement of all. Our moral-mystical concern and our self-ascertainment in itself is meant; some surplus based on nothing extrinsic, the surplus of the *moral-mystical existence-meaning in itself*, is proper to every such experience and especially to every artistic concentration of symbol-intentional profundity. That gives them their tremendous promiscuity with respect to time, space, and terminus; that marvels on through these constructs in a philosophical lyricism of the final border standing above every discipline, spiritually *kat exochen*, arch-immanent and thus metareligiously superior, exterior, even to the formations of faith, to the other world.

If one nonetheless would like to designate here somewhat, one should consider that what has just been said must be crossed out each time, so that nothing can solidify. Nevertheless, precisely, the darkness lightens toward evening and its own morning, in the amazement of all these vague-precise symbol-intentions. To them applies what William Butler Yeats wrote of Shelley and his symbolism, and how inevitably the boat, the vision of the boat that drifts down a broad stream between high mountains with caves and peaks, toward the light of a star, ceaselessly accompanied him: "I think too . . . that voices would have told him how there is for every man some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture that is the image of his secret life, for wisdom first speaks in images, and that this one image, if he would but brood over it his life long, would lead his soul, disentangled from unmeaning circumstance and the ebb and flow of the world, into that far household where the undying gods await all whose souls have become as simple as flame, whose bodies have become quiet as an agate lamp."<sup>13</sup> Of course not just differently for everyone and thus oscillating only psychologically, so to speak; rather, symbols also flow functionally; one must remember the rule that they more or less circle only the one primordial word, which in turn more closely surrounds the still unarticulated primordial secret: in other words, symbols do not at all solidly attach or assemble themselves into a plastically self-completing inventory of moral-mystical symbol-intentions and their concepts, their types. Rather, again and again, diagonally through every meaning, there appears the one, the unnamed, unnamable, *spiritualistically* confounding the order, just as the true Gnostic Basilides said about precisely the "concept" and the "order" of the primordial word itself, quite destructively:

“What is called inexpressible, is not inexpressible, but is only called so; but that of which we speak is not even inexpressible”<sup>14</sup>; which denies, then, already in principle, that the ontic symbol-contents ultimately are shaped like a representation, a world, or that they are fit for hierarchy. Above all, however, instead of the still mundane fixation on mere images of the outside (leading outside, even if perhaps into a higher outside), that consciousness of *mystical soul-intensity in itself* must dominate that addresses us, means us only through symbols, and itself would like to brighten our lived incognito; there appears, in other words, that powerful, primordially symbolic intention, so close and yet deep inside, the *visio vespertina* and at the same time the brightest chapel of the heart, which Eckhart means in his sermon on the eternal birth and the one hidden word that came in the middle of the night, where all things were silent in the deepest stillness: “See, just because it is hidden one must and should always pursue it. It shone forth and yet was hidden: we are meant to yearn and sigh for it. St. Paul exhorts us to pursue this until we espy it, and not to stop until we grasp it. After he had been caught up into the third heaven where God was made known to him and he beheld all things, when he returned he had forgotten nothing, but it was so deep down in his ground that his intellect could not reach it; it was veiled from him. He therefore had to pursue it and search for it in himself and not outside. . . . There is a fine saying of one pagan master to another about this. He said: ‘I am aware of something in me which shines in my understanding; I can clearly perceive that it is something, but what it may be I cannot grasp. Yet I think if I could only grasp it I should know all truth.’ To which the other master replied: ‘Follow it boldly! For if you could seize it you would possess the sum total of all good and would have eternal life.’ St. Augustine spoke in the same sense: ‘I am aware of something within me that gleams and flashes before my soul; were this perfected and fully established in me, that would surely be eternal life.’”<sup>15</sup> Of course on the other hand in Eckhart, as forcefully as he immediately asks, “Where is he that was born King of the Jews?” the light-substance is still very high, very remote in space, shifted away from the subject and the We to the supradivine God, into the highest depths, into vertiginous depths of angelic light, which truly can least of all contain, resolve, the only secret, the secret of our nearness.<sup>16</sup> Rather it must be the moment just lived; it alone, its darkness, is the only darkness, its light is the only light, its word is the primordial concept that resolves everything. Nothing sublime lives

whose sublimity is not such that it conveys a presentiment of our future freedom, an initial interference by the "Kingdom"; indeed Messiah himself (in Collossians 3:4), the bringer of absolute adequation, is nothing but the finally uncovered face of our unceasingly nearest depth.<sup>17</sup>

*More on the Adequation of Amazement, and the Pure Question*

As sublimely as the condition of amazement, presentiment may point outward, then, underway it still finds every kind of deceptive solution—and not only in its "unconscious" intention, which can be dragged down to the merely no-longer-conscious, but rather precisely in its adequation as well, on its objective side—that stops, that repeatedly develops static forms dissipating and equalizing the utopian surplus in this our existence.<sup>18</sup>

But one should finally refuse to let oneself, what one meant, be so quickly put off. Hunger must not be cheated; it only knows that this cannot satisfy it, nor can that, but of what will finally allay it can have only a presentiment, as it is not yet here. Certainly the question how one imagines bliss is so far from forbidden that it is basically the only one permitted. Meanwhile even this question, trying to brighten the twilight, already aims frivolously at something named, accustomed, already commits us to a weak, restrictive word.

This is not what one wanted, or even asked for; one could drown trying to understand all this, which ultimately remains alien. We stand there no wiser than before, perhaps less, for our longing did not enter with us, and yet the wrong kind of abundance came. Everything was so totally different before; there were sighs, restlessness, moonlight, wind, the clock's ticking, the old man's stories around us as around Heinrich von Ofterdingen; but whatever is given to us: we remain always still outside before what we create, the painter does not enter the painting, the poet is not in the book, in the utopian land beyond the lettering, and even the girl, the blue flower, as clearly different as she is from any other treasure, finally falls into the adept's arms from outside, remaining outside. The question that we are lies so near, whose one word resonates secretly within every moment, brighter than bright in this dark chamber, in the self-mountains of amazement rising steeply by us: but if one just seeks to ask it in outline, then on the way it also becomes curved, folded, bent over, *construed into shape*, disassembled into the manifold pseudo-enigmas of the outside, until like a buyer who had wanted something entirely different one is finally loaded down with what was most easily available; the uncertain wish it-

self is forgotten. One sought the essence of the world, and as one had it, it turned to water or later something lofty and unmusically ceremonious that could not be too remote to provide a clear conscience and the highest concept. Indeed, the higher the category lay, the more joyfully the Now was given up, the more perfectly the sign of distance seemed to rise over the tepid old nearness: all things that do not concern us, all self-presentative ideals, and God in particular a thing, the "highest" thing, the nature "of the highest object [*Objekt*]," as in the Byzantine state. The needy human being wants to have only one thing, flowing, dark, sorrowful, primordially luminous, resolved quietly inside him; and then ensued those countless distracting "problems" and answers defined only by mundane objects, pure cosmology, the potential for solution: action and reaction, spontaneous generation, the origin of the species, the Catiline conspiracy, the filiality of Jesus, such that man, in other words, if he finds himself just once on the stages of this extrasubjectively illuminated, extrasubjectively ascending science or pyramid of ideas, forgets the question originally motivated by self-amazement, indeed unthinkingly allows the *Encyclopedia*, the plaintiff having disappeared, to present itself as the day of absolute maturity and the comprehensive answer. Just so does that senseless game also persist of "the universal enigma" and especially its "answer," which honest philosophers are only supposed to suggest, but which every philosopher till now, reducing the primordial question to a more convenient scholastic problem, the *ad hoc* problem of a system's beginning, affects to have located in some monumental term. But one should understand here and remember: by its very nature, the solution, at least, will never be expressed in a book, and as little in a mundane church as in any academic philosophy, once one finally constitutes the correctly understood question differently as the absolute *crisis*, which, once come to pass, *means nothing less than the unavoidable end of this world, along with all its books, churches, and systems*. No secular reader could still rise from the study of this metaphysics, this metaphysics reserved solely to the Messiah; he would at once discover himself in the world beyond existence, in the Jerusalem of shattered time, transformed suddenly in a moment and *as this moment*: as the revealed Kingdom of heaven that had been his dark, deep Gothic *sanctum*, existentiality and latency. For this reason only one thing is ultimately left for precise, ontic discussion: to grasp the question about us, purely as question and not as the construed indication of an available solution, *the stated but unconstrued question existing in itself*, in

order to grasp its pure statement in itself as the first answer to oneself, as the most faithful, undiverted fixation of the We-problem.

One man above all here left behind the merely external, thinks his way into what concerns us. *Kierkegaard* alone left what is ultimately alien behind, is the Hume born to us, who awakens far differently, more significantly, from dogmatic slumber. We are: that alone is the concern where what is truly fundamental is involved; one looks out the window onto the street, but in the silvered glass, in the mirror alone does one see oneself. Only in the cloudy, shimmering aspect of being-there [*da-Sein*], which feels and wants to become aware [*innewerden*] of itself, is one together with the truly infinite, the immediate, out of which alone the truth looks toward us: it is moral, is character, "but the sea," says *Kierkegaard*, "has no character and the sand has none and abstract intelligence has none either, for character is precisely interiority."<sup>19</sup> And: one should not make something objective even of God; rather just this would be pagan, and a pure diversion toward a will o' the wisp and a false expanse; everything depends on the discarded cornerstone and on *Eckhart's* insight, slight in the most utterly Christian way: "What the heaven of heavens could not contain, that now lies in the Virgin's womb."<sup>20</sup> Only that cognition, *Kierkegaard* teaches, which relates essentially to our existence, is essential cognition, existential pathos, in contrast to which all alienated, dispassionately systematic procedure represents nothing but a cheap, mendacious way to process oneself out of the immediacy from which the truth regards us utterly; or as *Kant* similarly formulates this purely existential pathos: "God and the other world are the single goal of our philosophical investigations, and *if the concepts of God and the other world did not relate to morality, they would be useless.*"<sup>21</sup> *Kierkegaard*, like *Kant*, means the force in the direction of the kernel, which of course need not lie firm and round under the husks, with a sweet taste, but is itself at first full of confused utopia interwoven with the darkness of the lived moment itself. And this force should finally prove itself in this respect, that it also intensifies the grasp of the inconstruable question as subject-magic by the subject on itself, on the phenomenal of its freedom: with a new, inner conception of evidence, that takes absolute care to want to be edifying, that possesses the finally awakened will to the human-spirit instead of to the world and its world-spirit, that confirms the primacy of practical-mystical reason even, and particularly, on the highest heights of metaphysics.

*Again the Darkness (of the Lived Moment) and Its  
Mutual Application to Amazement*

We have seen, we have nothing at first, whether outside or inside, that would let one hold on to oneself. That is why it remains so shadowy, never immediately to experience anything lived, while the Now by which we alone "are" still always thumps and haunts.

It is not easy, say, to attentively observe a point from which one must intentionally look away. Similar, but far more difficult, is retrieving the always momentary out of the melancholy shadowiness of its being-there, and possessing it in the present, without veils. There is certainly not just one simple weakness: certainly, completely unmetaphysically, there are enough people who simply cannot live, only watch the others or avail themselves of the pictures, the reports of experiences which they themselves could never have, and so they must have substitutes. But here the issue is *the darkness of experiencing in itself*, and of precisely the intense and completely potent kind of experiencing that can only be grasped with such difficulty, whose curtain with its thousand folds breaks over consciousness and enfolds it. The operative complaint here is being able to experience nothing but what is already past or only just appearing, whereby what approaches at least stands closer to the dark self, while "life" itself, grasped as the sum of its moments, dissolves into the unreality of these moments.

We do not even really know what absolutely just "is" or even who we "are"; if anything is ghostly, it is someone who wants to present to himself the one who presents. Here everything converges at first, and combines in precisely the Now that is being experienced. We have seen that only just after it passes can what was experienced be held up in front of oneself, and it is organized spatially, in the intuited form of its simultaneity, which diverges from the flow, so to speak: half still just experientially real, and half already a juxtaposition of inactive contents. When the past is regarded as such on a larger scale, as a world of the no-longer-conscious, as a world independent of the experiencing, apprehending subject, this world, as has already become clear, becomes the object of science. Within partly organized experiential reality, space as merely the intuitive form of *simultaneity* was still an enclave of time, surrounded front and back by the latter as the intuitive form of *vitality*: history still maintains this somewhat, it understands a succession of effective units, albeit merely lining them up; in

physics, on the other hand, the model of scientific conceptualization, objects are organized into such a typically ahistorical field that here time itself figures only as a sort of spatial dimension. Only the philosophy of history, also reviving what was, utopically overhauling it, places time, the intuitive form, the operative sphere of active life, at the center; and as for the concept of hope, of the philosophy of value, when it recognizes a stiller kind of simultaneity, a "spatiality" of ensembles, shapes, categories, spheres, these are all finally centered around the *true simultaneity*, around the far-near "inner space" of absolute life and existential disclosure, where the Now first brightens. Because however the Is, the Now, or—the actualization is already so difficult to see experientially or inspect scientifically: that is why a prophet is without honor in his own land, that is why every age appears corrupt to itself, mere civilization, that is also why the historian is so painfully subject to the course of history's becoming the present again, the decrescendo into "currency" within the system of history, without his political judgment necessarily learning anything from his historical judgment. What thus lies midway between memory and prophecy—we ourselves, the midpoint moving, floating through the ages, at which we find ourselves in every lived moment—is a shadow, the hidden seed, the flowing, partial correlation of consciousness to itself as experiential reality, a sheer, blind, self-absorbed, indirect being-affected, a dark island where nonetheless not only the entire impetus of the movement of the world, but, after movement stops, arrests itself, in other words after its conciliation, the true condition of being, the true reality and logicity of the world seems to be hidden. The self's intuition of itself, however, is only a problem at all because until the hour of the process, the "world-process," the rotational and objectivational process *kat exochen*, no placing-oneself-before-oneself, no revolving-oneself-beyond oneself, encountering-oneself, no more total reflecting of any lived moment had succeeded: no concentration of mere partial consciousness into being-identical-to-oneself, achieved being as such.

So it goes without saying that even this: that we humans are, represents only an untrue form, to be considered only provisionally. We have no organ for the I or the We; rather, we are located in our own blind spot, in the darkness of the lived moment, whose darkness is ultimately *our own darkness*, being-unfamiliar-to-ourselves, being-enfolded, being-missing. Just as all the indistinctness there derives from the subject's present condition as the still dispersed, unassembled, decentralizing although never

disconnected function of consciousness as such. However, this function operates only indirectly, either punctually, as actual momentariness, or, when it wants to get nearer to participation, then spatially or spherically, so that the dispersed subject's consciousness arrives at basically only the past and its laws, without ever being able to advance into the flowing future, let alone the great presentness, to be realized as well as to meet up with one realizing himself. Yet—and *this is of decisive importance*—the future, the *topos of the unknown within the future*, where alone we occur, where alone, novel and profound, the function of hope also flashes, without the bleak reprise of some anamnesis—is itself nothing but *our expanded darkness, than our darkness in the issue of its own womb, in the expansion of its latency*. Just as in all the objects of this world, in the “nothing” around which they are made, that twilight, that latency, that essential amazement predominates where merge the reserve and yet the strange “presence” of seeds of gold blended into, hidden in leaves, animals, pieces of basalt; *whereby precisely the very thing-in-itself everywhere is this, which is not yet, which actually stirs in the darkness, the blueness, at the heart of objects*. And God within must not just become visible to us in order to be, so that the entire world-process is eleatically reduced to the coordination between two “separate” realities; rather even God—as the problem of the radically new, absolutely redemptive, as the phenomenal of our freedom, of our true meaning—possesses himself within us only as a shadowy occurrence, something objectively not yet occurred, only as the coincidence of the darkness of the lived moment with the uncompleted self-symbol of the absolute question. That means: the final, true, unknown, superdivine God, the disclosure of us all, already “lives” now, too, although he has not been “crowned” or “objectivated”; he “weeps,” as certain rabbis said of the Messiah, at the question, what is he doing, since he cannot “appear” and redeem us; he “acts” in the deepest part of all of us as the “I am that I shall be,” as “darkness: of the lived God,” as darkness before his self-possession, before his face that will finally be uncovered, before the departure from the exile of true essence itself.<sup>22</sup>

So it seems, indeed it becomes certain, that this precisely is hope, where the darkness brightens. Hope is in the darkness itself, partakes of its imperceptibility, just as darkness and mystery are always related; it threatens to disappear if it looms up too nearly, too abruptly in this darkness. We tremble in hope, in amazement; something comes over us, and people like to say that at such a moment someone is passing over where

we will be buried; but in reality, insofar as we thereby experience the genuine question, a word is approaching the inmost focus of our and thus all being-there, is passing over our final self. The darkness of the nearness thus perhaps still intensifies the darkness of the secret, which of course would precisely not seem so dark if it were not in the deepest way the darkness of the nearness itself; thus the "dreaming" Epimetheus in Goethe's *Pandora* sees little more, does not recognize hope, Elpore, the unconditional Yes, when she comes too near, and only at some remove does she who cannot be grasped become audible as the flashing of the *in aeternam non confundar*.<sup>23</sup> But the secret quite precisely never stands in the dark, but rather is called to dissolve it; *thus does the darkness of the lived moment awaken in the resonance of the amazement that comes over us*, and thus does its latency arrive at an initial "visibility," the enjoyment and the superabundance of being affected by the We. Much therefore indicates the reciprocal connection between the darkness and the amazement of the question: at first negatively, insofar as neither can ever be seen as such, thus remaining ultimately unobjective, and then more positively, insofar as both not only formally represent the *novum* in itself in the world, but also materially intend the same We, maintain the same objective correlation to the subjectivity which is to be excavated, and to our moral-mystical incognito. So closely do the darkness of the lived moment and the essence of the inconstruable question touch, that exactly the symbol-intentions of the central kind remain partly invisible, sharing in the abruptness of the current angle of vision, as well as able to mark out the path for those who yearn, who are amazed at the very nearest latency in us, the direction toward, the direction of the centrally applicable "existence-word," the password to the We-disclosure as a whole. Here a crossing into the final answering is making ready, into the eating-ourselves, the being-resurrected-into-ourselves, the reciting-to-oneself of the only theme: a crossing into a completely experienced anamnesis adequate to its kernel, into an intensively and thus operatively objectivated presence of personhood and the incipiently brightened question.<sup>24</sup>

Here, then, is where thoughtful hope resolutely holds on, lifts itself precisely out of the Now and its darkness, into itself. Thus does the heart's thought first cast its light forward into the land where lightning flashes, that land that we all are, in which we all move, which we finally enter decisively, harkening toward our arrival, our absolution [*Lösewort*]. Here is not merely a new path into the old, certain reality; rather reality itself

proves to be broken open toward where the *fundus intimus* finally appears in all its centrality, and just as in legends and the ancient epopoeia, man, infinitely stronger than himself, travels again into the unknown world, into the adventures of a soul-space extending to an unknown limit. However, the philosophical insight that is especially intended here is the lamp that transmutes into gems, the arrival of the minister in the prisons of the demiurgic Don Pizarro.<sup>25</sup> Is the activity of the great work, of the water of life, of absolution; magical idealism on the basis of the prophetic dream waiting in the head of every thing, of the inconstruable question, of its thing-in-itself: that this is, in other words, which is not yet, which the final future, finally genuine present is, the self-problem finding itself in existence, still unknown, incomplete utopia. Then again philosophical thought also proves to be turned toward myth, a different one than before, toward the final myth before the great turn, toward that myth of utopia that has immemorially motivated the Jews like the philosophers by their nature; which to them both, these anxious worshippers of an unseen God, the ultimative absoluteness, makes every theology of a definitive, pictorial factuality seem suspicious. Whoever wants to pursue the truth must enter this monarchy: but not as if the secret compartment in every object contained still more grandiose scrolls and documents, as in earlier eras, when a gigantic emballage came with every profundity—gods, heavens, dominions, glories, thrones—and were considered essential to it. Rather Odysseus returned to Ithaca soundlessly, sleeping, that Odysseus who is called No-One, and to that Ithaca that can be just the way this pipe lies there as it does, or the way this otherwise so inconspicuous thing suddenly acts so that one's heart skips, and what was always meant seems finally to regard itself. So secure, so very immediately evident, that a leap into the not-yet-conscious, into the more deeply identical, into the truth and the absolution of things has been made that can not go back; that with the suddenly final intention of meaning by the object toward the observer, the countenance of something still nameless, the element of the final state, embedded everywhere, emerges at the same time within the world, and will never leave it.

#### THE POSSIBLE SITES OF ABSOLUTION

But exactly here, totally inside, nothing can happen just by itself. The impulse, as it collects and appears on a higher level, must be unselfish and communal. It must transfer into commonality, moving outward from

here to understand what is urgent, brightening. The egoistic I remains imprisoned within itself, but for the spark in us, once we bring ourselves to it, the purer, higher life will certainly become urgent and bright.

There is so much outside that would never occur to someone; it has to be given through the senses. If we want to comprehend what kindness is, or love, or any other archetypal figure of the *human* landscape, our determination of everything that just happens to be there becomes suddenly independent, nourished in itself, by itself, clear, comprehensible, a determination within a concept of value. Goethe similarly says that knowing how to hold court is not innate, nor how to behave in parliament or at an imperial coronation, and in order not to offend against the truth of such matters the poet must learn them from experience or tradition; the region of love, however, of hatred, of hope, of despair, and what the conditions and passions of the soul are called, is in the most precise sense innate in the poet; he possesses their contents through his power of anticipation, beyond any observation of the natural world. In every single powerful experience of a spiritual kind there is thus an ontic surplus value intended toward the symbol, and no less so in the *ontos-on* concept; Christ's statement: "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God"<sup>26</sup>—thus uses the quintessence of goodness in a singularly ontic way: as a judgment, all the worse for the facts that do not agree with it, far from needing any inductive proof, valid without world, all the more valid without world, valid in its own self-presence. As soon as one articulates and defines just the *concept* of humility or kindness or love or soulfulness or spirit, the result is immediately valid in all its unavoidably moving profundity calling for realization. Every object of moral-metaphysical expression is thus simultaneously the reality that has not yet been fully achieved, that nonetheless already compelling, essential, utopian, ultimately sole "real" reality. Here—related to *the conclusive significance of the ornament*, of the *philosophy of music*—here the conceptual needle drops that had otherwise always pointed the concept into the distance, toward something else; for the pole itself is close by. Here in these deeply moving symbol-intentions the facial features of absolutism take shape, as the upward flash of the We-problem, the ground-problem most closely concealed in the darkness of the respective lived moment.

This chart of the incipient evidences thus—deciphering the palimpsest of hope and the deepest amazement somewhat in respect of its ground—has its site in an ethics and a metaphysics of inward commu-

nity; there can be no *Enzyklopädie* of the truths of love and of spirit *outside* of great metaphysics. But certainly one can already now point to these signs, which have once again become intelligible in themselves. They are finally like the same moon over two distant lands, at whose sight betrothed lovers think of one another. The insights that bind us all, turned toward Jesus and the already rising presentiment, can be provisionally registered even if the final concepts are still totally pending. Nevertheless the office of transcribing such elucidations must be taken up anew, and drafting a new *Dictionnaire* of properly understanding oneself has become a metaphysical duty. No longer with the obsession of elucidating the contents by the light of one's own time instead of the final, utopically intended light; and this tireless anamnesis hardly devotes itself to the eidetics of each and every established fact, but rather just to implanting what is given as us: to those simply evident things, in other words, where thinking-oneself becomes equivalent to becoming-oneself, attaining-oneself, being-oneself. Just as far, however, be that method, in the wake of Bergson or Nietzsche, of indiscriminately denying the *spirit*, where precisely such evidence becomes most thoroughly apparent, and putting in the place of mystically pure spirituality either a loose emotionality or an intoxication to provide an enthusiastic immediacy against the concept and against reason. Certainly any shallow, unmysterious understanding is evil when it is nothing, has nothing, encounters nothing; certainly, too, every deeper knowing, if it is to know only what is worthy of knowing, indeed what is alone knowable, must begin emotionally. But the labor that follows is certainly of a new "rationalism": in its diagrams and typologies, in its rethinking of the world in respect of soul, in its expulsion of unknowing as the ground of the manifestation of this world, in its generation of concepts in the direction of knowledge; it is a rationalism of the heart and precisely not just of the heart, but rather grounded ultimately in the postulates of a *brightened emotionality*, of the spirit which brightens. Similarly, Kant still did not entirely eradicate the self of reason after Cartesian rationalism's destruction by the *empirical* world, but rather narrowed reason's domain "theoretically," in order "practically," that is, with respect to the *moral-mystical* world, to let it more adequately be rebuilt to give primacy to practical reason. Not Dionysos, then, but the spark, the thought of the soul, the spirit of the soul, the *illuminated* ground of the soul, is the highest mystical concretion, is equally the very last seal, like the very deepest inwardness and

content of the very last adequation; *wisdom alone keeps watch over the constitutive stretch of the homecoming*. But finally also within the spirit: as far as the latter stands from Dionysian-creaturely rapture, just as far does the integrally and paradoxically eruptive absolution of the We-encounter stand from the reverse constructions of the kabbalistic alphabet, which is disparate, falls back on just the formative principle in this world of formal development, on the regency of creature and world, in other words only follows the emanationist path *backward* to the universal principles, instead of teaching the battle-cry of *secessio plebis in montem sacrum* itself, the logical lineament of the *postulate* and the *paradox*. The quintessence of the highest, evident objects also does not obey any of the world-spirit's pyramids of ideas, but is purely part of the inventory of the exodus-spirit, and only from such explosively understood, antimundane knowledge, directed toward the outcome and not the origin of the world, will the *verbum mirificum* sound, will the features of the identical substance of every moral-mystical symbol-intention take shape.

Here, in other words, in the wake of the comprehension of amazement, that new, primordial, inmost evidence-concept finally reappears, which simply does not take care not to edify, which confirms the primacy of practical-mystical reason even and precisely on the highest heights of metaphysics. The soul's thinking simply will not learn from its mistakes, but strikes out past every external and upper void. The existing world is the world of the past, and the despiritualized object of science, but human longing in both forms—as impatience and as waking dream—is the mainsail into the other world. This intending toward a star, a joy, a truth to set against the empirical, beyond its satanic night and especially beyond its night of *incognito*, is the only way still to find truth; the question about us is the only problem, the resultant of every world-problem, *and to formulate this Self- and We-Problem in everything, the opening, reverberating through the world, of the gates of homecoming, is the ultimate basic principle of utopian philosophy.*<sup>27</sup> Only then should the intention toward the secret, still not existent joy above our Head, the disclosure of the all-redeeming existence-word fail, when that within us which has not yet shone will also have shone; in this way, however, philosophy finally begins not only to be conscientious, but to suspect what for, and to have a conscience; its *anamnesis*, its synthetically expanding messianism *a priori* finally creates the Kingdom of the second, the alone truthful truth: to find, to accelerate, to consummate, in the world,

against the world and its mere, factual truth, the traces, the concentric promiscuities of utopia.

A slight systematization of that stirring within us, evenings, reaching inward and upward, has already been attempted. First *spiritually*, by the impression rising as over a void, already by the mere droplet, falling, by the image of the hut, the wind, the heath, the night in autumn. Here already, however, in the hut and the evening, a *direction* to the hoping and wondering was shown; mostly, however, it is the falling of the shadows outside, the lighted window, the warm, deep Gothic sanctum, the direction in which the world runs out, and Christ enters. Finally the self-evident *concepts* of a moral-mystical type—kindness, hope, the heliotropism of the wondrous—came into view, and there is no doubt that precisely here, above even the most extraordinary metaphors, our deepest concern with ourselves takes place. All these contents, however, wherever they turn up, are more than just arbitrary causes for amazement, more than just the arbitrary dissolution of the darkness of the lived<sup>4</sup> moment by such amazement; they also cannot be conceived as their opposite, say as something that appears different to everybody, appearing to the ship as the coast and to the coast as the ship, but they bear absolutely the stamp of unambiguity and necessity. At the same time, however, it was also emphasized that utopian conscience must dominate here, that we can not already set up an inventory of securely connected symbol-intentions and their types, a regular *Summa Ontologiae contra immanentes*; rather, every moral-mystical symbol, in other words every ontic symbol, only circles the one primordial word, the highest symbol-type of our developing absorption, in a wide network, which in turn more closely surrounds the still unarticulated primordial secret, the kernel of lived intensity, of mystical soul-intensity in itself. A corresponding, parallel sequence is of course unmistakable, precisely the one that moves through this entire work up till now—from the first slight in-itself, through ornament and music, and ultimately toward the discarded cornerstone, the mystery of the Kingdom—by means of ever more deeply excavating, ever more closely sounding self-expressions, We-definitions, adequated only by the illuminated ground of the soul, by the unveiling of the inner image at Sais. Language here becomes increasingly pictorial by itself; indeed, it does not hesitate at finally preserving symbol-intentions within concepts. This may appear strange to the kind of thought that is all too easily “factually” fulfilled, or remains totally abstract and disengaged, though just

the converse, that we humans now see only the backs of things instead of the faces of the gods, remains the real anomaly. However tightly our inner eyes may be closed, the soul nevertheless keeps its strangeness to this world and its draw toward that world; accordingly it should become an easy matter by means of certain indications to sense precisely that which is too available as something strange, remote, and that other being-concerned-by-evidence, in contrast, as a conversation, in the loneliness of a foreign land, about friends back home. By such means, by simple as well as dense symbol-intentions, the thinking of the soul sees into its ownmost, wondrously illuminated depth; consequently, then, it is just the existential idea—far from being thereby diverted from itself—which in the end necessarily encounters the religious archetypes as part of its uppermost region. With the dawning of the evidence, the evidences of the dawning, which can reach from the love between man and woman up to the great difficulty of the image at Sais.

#### THUS WOMAN, AND THE GROUND IN LOVE

We do not want to be lonely there where we finally live. Even the weak are not allowed to be restrained; only in love do they flower. It begins with the vivid women, in eagerly mixed dreams that demand of the body at the very least something which can humanly not yet be given otherwise. We ripen to love at variable tempos, and the air between girl and boy is charged with the sudden, connecting flash well before the soul can comprehend such a confusing charge: meanwhile feelings are aroused, raptures and chivalry. Moreover, since one never completely forgets a first love, since one's memories of her are framed as enduring images, and indestructible places within them, this apprenticeship in love has for the better man a constantly flowing, wistfully fruitful beauty which nothing can replace, let alone dismiss. The true path of love, once followed in earnest, can absolutely no longer be concluded anecdotally. Unless it is through that adventure of fidelity still to be undergone, which is called marriage.

There, too, the desperately lifeless man could save himself, by being more than just complemented. And not only because his base depletion, exhaustion, and the question as to what should happen with these two people after the sexual act are most elegantly resolved by marriage, or could be, by its festive routine, full sexual partnership: by the aristocratic aging of the erotic relationship within marriage, love's only possible late

style. Rather precisely because here the average, socially all too divided man can or could also fundamentally partake in the warmth of a woman and of the evening hearth, in the fragrance, the abundance, the melody of her being, and thus recover from the *bürgerlich* death of his nature. At any rate in the home, part shelter, part corrective to an otherwise so bloodless general altruism. Indeed, even the busily fulfilled, productive man, after marriage has risen around him, and the beloved: the bright, lovely soul, quickly and powerfully impassioned, with a quiet, devout, perfectly inward vitality in her steel-blue gaze—only then finds a way from his adventures to a deeper, erotic complex that needs expanse and time in order to develop; and only past this expanse, past his disconnected land adventures, do the high seas swell, does an enormous steamer carry him to the more total journey into the undiscovered, broadly rounding cosmos of his life.

Now this remains quite remarkable: that woman and man should not have to combine in order for the child to be born. Even bees are familiar with the virgin birth, and in the unfertilized ovum of an echinoderm, which otherwise reacts only to fertilization, chemical stimulation has brought about division and segmentation; in short, neither organically, nor, especially, psychologically, does a mingling of the sexes, the sometimes nonetheless available spiritual surplus, really seem necessary so that new life will originate. If one nevertheless wants to insist on the necessity of fertilization, which certainly represents no rejuvenation or renewal of the genetic material, but still perhaps an arrangement enabling the combination of two different hereditary tendencies, then it still remains difficult to understand exactly why flies, toads, turtles, whales and similar species, interchangeable among themselves and in no respect variable, still need to combine the father's stature and the mother's vivacity. It is completely conceivable that an organic-psychological parthenogenesis could continue along this entire stretch, so that finally even humans, all of one gender, would be propagated purely as cuttings from the same stem, and perhaps only every 500 years would lovers, loving couples be "born," the ardor of a completely erotic rut, the true recomposition, from which the resulting generations would then have to live for half a millennium. That is conceivable, but it is conceivable precisely just among animals, and here alone could a birth occur without the sexual act that in fact seems to drag us down into animal drives again. In *human beings*, on the other hand (and in every higher organism, as a pre-

lude), fertilization, the counterpart to every parthenogenesis, begins with the highest possible necessity: originary, and leaving behind the methods of mere zoology. That means: a child and a pair of lovers shall be born among us that have become *one* body, *one* soul, a prototype of the mystical circle of the love of all; here operates an originary beginning, which is love, as we have already grasped, not an organic but a theological state. Precisely as the beginning of a function really only attained in the human being: correlated to the birth of a human child, but foremost *to the accomplishment of the bisexual archetype of the lovers themselves*. Purely for our sake is there love; purely for our sake, for purely superanimal causes do the two vials pour out; purely through us does the copula as the necessary act of love begin, does sexuality first blossom completely into the *erotic* as its complete fruit, sought, intended in itself alone: far removed from being merely an artificial breeding, a superfluous detour, an inessential superstructure, or an ultimately extraspiritual gloss over simple animality. We mingle, then, and begin to glow through one another, so that the child will already be doubly animated, so that the beloved will be complete receptive in the embrace, augmented to herself by the man, if a soul is even to be born. And furthermore: Julia, Isolde, do not even need this child, this cry of unborn generations, in order to be completed in, beyond the man's cry, with gaze averted, turned toward their own superabundance, giving birth to themselves as women, granting the lover, in the fire of a higher fertilization, the deepest dream. Love thus radiates high above all friendship and the always just penultimate mysticism of male societies, a mysticism of the state and not of the Kingdom; indeed, the Faustian, which as something purely masculine one has always tried to set above eros, is after all as surely allocated and subordinated to the erotic as the experimental method is to the result that it first records and adequates. In Faust, consequently, the process pending between the sexes has its locus and its outcome: that woman needs man like a dream its interpretation, and man takes hold of woman like an interpretation the meaning—both on love's path toward androgyne unity, in the interiority, the human form, of love.

For ultimately it is only I who am to be conceived, and not woman alone, but a significant man also conceives, and brings forth in great sorrow.<sup>28</sup> He, being more childlike, is here already closer to woman than to the average creature of work; he grows old and then young ten times over; he is as fertile as the young soil, and woman far more thoroughly

comes toward him at the end of his work in a constant vision. The work holds her dear hand out to us, she beckons everywhere. "My hair was wet with his tears," sings the girl in a Lithuanian folk song. But perhaps this is still too weakly felt, not so virile, rather with a small child's smile, and merely creeping immaturely back into the old incubatory warmth. So this may lead deeper: "God has abandoned me," lamented the lover, but the girl said: "I will not leave you," thus already disclosing to this isolated, magically destitute man the sources of the more unbroken existence that in our dreams is superior to world and gods. So exactly this, this great, perfect, redemptive, profundity for which woman longs when she is awakened rightly, is for the artist the most colorful embodiment of his categorical imperative of production: that he, that his work be worthy of her; that he carry her colors and do battle for her as the measure of all soul and of the absolute *a priori* given to the work. Nothing can be completely false or lead off the path where a woman has gone along, looked in, nothing which she garlanded, which she clearly foresaw, which aroused her deeper fantasy, nothing wherein she found herself adequately echoed; and if that French ambassador undersigned the Treaty of Utrecht "on the radiant loins of my mistress," a complete parallel to this frivolous allegory nonetheless recurs in every higher situation, of the protective, sigillary, and symbolic power of feminine sensuality, of the devotional evidence counterposed to every decision generally. There are three things, says Mohammed, which constantly fill me with reverence: sweet fragrances, women, and my eyes' solace in prayer—whereby he embraces, in such a completely different, mystically near region what Kant ceded to the starry heavens and the moral law. But this is not only so because woman, once inseminated, is the sooner consummated. Gretchen vanishes and is freed from all motion, in order nevertheless to appear in heaven earlier than Faust. But she rises at the behest of the *madonna gloriosa*, for in woman operates the purest amazement, presentient and fulfilling, most deeply flowing, at once virgin and mother. Thus she utopically holds the garland: at once muse, sibyl, mystery, and inscrutable guardian of its depths. In this way she is the dreaming womb, and in the vault of the inconstruable question echoing so consolingly through the land of the loved she is at the same time the hanging lamp, the symbol of the hearth as it will be on arrival. What man is, he sees drawing ahead of him; but when it reenters him, returns, and with him who was answered, achieved, productively attained, ultimately becomes adequate again, then

it is of a feminine nature. He has not only conceived the ideal in feminine form, in Goethe's mysterious words, but the final thing that absolutely awaits man *is woman in form and essence.*

May it also happen thus by our method of dissolving into and keeping watch within the other. Certainly this does not mean that ultimately one could truly arrive in us when we have not arrived in the other, but the self neither vanishes along this path, nor is it merely the other self where it then appears. Love indeed transforms a human being into what he loves, but because the lover does not seek within the other only the natural, fellow human being, something Jesuan now appears, unerotically, within the so much rarer charity: helping from below in order to do for the humblest of our brothers, and for precisely the most obscure principle, what one would do for Jesus; in this way, in charity toward oneself and toward the other, enduring the labor of the transformative, collective self-encounter. Christian eros is *caritas*; it looks downward and moves it higher; it will not let a particular I fade heathenishly into some All-One, not even within the *tat twam asi* of a nameless universal flux; rather, precisely, the I like the Thou are preserved in a third term, in the future omnipresence of everyone in everyone, in the mystical figure of the Servants, whose being and whose leading light is Christ.<sup>29</sup> Here operate, ultimately above all, the three great regional categories of hope, love, and the faith that one day will transport even the mountains, nature into God, with a *fraternitas* even without a father. So the basic metaphysical phenomenon of true Christian charity remains this: that it lets one who loves live completely within his fellow, without sublating his soul or the soul of him whom he loves but into the We, into the salvation of all these souls, the preserved And and About Us no longer marked by anything alien to us.

#### CHRIST, OR, THE UNVEILED FACE

Here the lamb must perhaps first bleed. Certainly, the door posts were already painted with it once before.

Even now the Jews commemorate the children saved by this substitution. And the other, different element occurs everywhere, seemingly related: breaking someone on the wheel; nailing him to the cross, which is the wheel with the rim left off, as a legal but also a solar symbol; the mourning for Baldur; and all the sacrificial features of the very profound Hercules legend. All this seems convergent, at any rate, and one might

think that since Siegfried, the founder of the ancient Germanic initiation, could be wounded only in the place that Kriemhild's cross-stitch indicated, and in fact Jesus later bore his cross on the same place, the same redemption, the same magic of the solar disc is being sought everywhere here, a Christianity that is also druidic-Germanic, so to speak, albeit by astral paths. But if one continues to look, then very little still comes together, and precisely the sun itself, which would seem to connect it all, which would seem to connect even Christianity with mere *astral myth*, wavers. So for Fiji Islanders the sun and moon were once man and wife; they separated, and now the sun wants to devour the moon, but the stars give her red furs where she can at least rest nights. On the other hand there are Native American solar legends about two brothers who with their arrows shoot a ladder up to heaven, in order to climb up and kill the sun, which their father, the resin, has stuck fast to the tree for him, and then the older brother ascends to the throne of the sun, the younger brother becomes the moon, and the original sun finally no longer even exists. Solar mythos of a higher type, such as Mani's late system, diverges completely again: the sun and moon are two water buckets, and indeed such that the moon receives the departed souls and the light of their good works into his barque, in other words becomes "full," in order to hand over these materials for the construction of the kingdom of Ormuzd to the sun, who then delivers them to the supreme god by "columns of praise," until finally all the light imprisoned in the world reaches the top through the two intermediary vessels. Thus we can see, across quite a geographical expanse, how nothing actually agrees here, how everything in these astral myths has to waver back and forth, as an area where the mystery of the Son of Man has not yet occurred, and which therefore will hardly allow a reduction of Christianity to astral myth: the myths themselves diverge too greatly. Only in one respect do the old views go hand in hand: there, namely, where it is a matter of the holy one landing on the sun, instead of the sun landing in the being of the Savior, as in Christianity. Even when Osiris rises from the dead, the great sparrow hawk of the morning, his eternally seasonal divinity always returns just to the spring-time, when the sun waxes and grows brighter, returns to the history of the natural year; indeed in the cult of Mithras the sun appears less as the companion than as the god himself, and even if from a distance such great figures as mother, Typhon, and son come close, they are still only earth, night and sun, so that the human realm stands for the astral, conversely,

in the ponderously mysterious tendency of all these nature deities and their concept enclosed in false sanctity. If the sun itself still accompanies even the life of Jesus, beginning with his birth on the winter solstice, if it far more encompasses his ascent to heaven as a reborn vegetal and annual god: closer inspection nevertheless reveals what is redemptive, what is most important, that all that is only the legacy of heathenism and of Near Eastern miscegenation, sharply distinct and distinguishable from the prophets, from the Gospels, which proclaim not the sun but the Son of Man, not the world but the *exodus* from the world.

Certainly, then, it is manifestly the lamb above all who bleeds here. And likewise, who in the peril of the exodus paints his door posts with lamb's blood, his firstborn will death pass by. Doubtlessly the other Passover could easily be connected to it, but is not this passage already contaminated by heathenism? Even in the story of Esther and Mordecai, an astral saga intrudes, and as for this latter Passover: there are still suggestions of lamb's blood, the slaughtered kid or Joseph in the pit, the one sold off to Egypt, the white steer or the boy Horus of later memory. If one wants to invoke the Scriptures elsewhere, above all Deutero-Isaiah, then the passage on the sacrifice of a lamb in Isaiah 53,<sup>30</sup> where salvation is moreover derived from the way the lamb dies than objectively from the act of killing, is contradicted by the later passage from Deutero-Isaiah or Trito-Isaiah, and in any case by other passages from the same prophetic complex: "He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood; he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol."<sup>31</sup> What contradicts it above all is that its God, not sleeping, but in the times of Moloch and a flourishing polytheistic stellar worship even among the Jews, has already refused the sacrifice of Isaac, on Mt. Moriah, on the mountain where "The LORD Will See," as the text expressly says, and on the memorial to the three shofar tones blown on the Day of Atonement.<sup>32</sup> The unhesitating submission, the moral conscience, if necessary sealed by death as well, suffering as a means to destroy the old Adam, this true principle of suffering: all this comes from the life of Jesus, can absolutely not be eliminated from the revolutionary morality he directed absolutely against every creatureliness, but: the dogma of the vicarious, once and for all accomplished sacrificial death, *as an chthonic-cosmic magic*, was clearly added by St. Paul from Near Eastern cults of seasonal gods.<sup>33</sup> Hence there is more than enough of an astral-mythical,

"Babylonian" element in the Old Testament as in the New, but at best as a shell, usually as a contrast.

Everything thus confused with the passage of the year is a thing of the past, and a Dance of Death. The other element can no longer be delineated by it, nor does more guidance stare out at us from what is inanimate than from what is our own, which has gradually revealed itself. One might expect a bonus after traversing the entire silence of the stars, in contrast to which the Thou of the human encounter might contain depths, but not the deepest. Then precisely the most perfected self would again have to rebound back toward the stars, and the Makarie of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* would stand high above Myshkin in the spheric series of mystical intuition, as a Prince Myshkin of the most impenetrable outer soul, of the mass of physical and solar nature, silent like God. Then the turn would be inevitable that man, and the Son of Man as well, should form only a key, only a method into the most difficult lock, the one hidden treasure and mystery, the not only heuristic but contentual Bethlehem of physics, and the key itself need have no substance. Nonetheless, in spite of all that: the outside can no longer close the circle of this problem astral-mythically; only the end can still close it, soteriologically, and this conclusion is based without any doubt purely on the homogeneous problems of the subject and the philosophy of history, on the *parousiai* of music and ethics. The Son of Man's torch has also burned through the crystalline vault along with its calendrical enclosure, and this had occupied a place where it did not belong. In accordance with apocalypticist's words about the new Jerusalem: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."<sup>34</sup> That is why, then, however necessary it might also be *to retrieve all the correspondence of a deeper sort from nature*, which the Christian mysteries inadvertently also seem to celebrate—that is why, then, that Mithras, and the entire myth of the solar god's *decline* and his *ascent* that also rescues us, that is guaranteed to us, are to be kept away from Jesus, on purely metaphysical grounds as well. If the death of Jesus is supposed to presage anything for us, it is simply that two members of the story of Jesus, namely humans and God, were deaf, failed, and gave the prophet who could have been the Messiah over to his death through Satan, and indeed in such a way that the latter was hardly defeated, the innocent blood was hardly spilled into the world's hatred, that human beings were hardly ransomed from Satan by

this payment, in other words absolutely not as pleasantly as a Scholastic thought: "And what did our Redeemer do to him who held us captive? For our ransom he held out His Cross as a trap; he placed in It as a bait His Blood"; hardly as contentedly panlogical as Gregory of Nyssa's explanation: that Satan, since he saw in the God-man only the man, swallowed the barb of divinity along with the lure of humanity.<sup>35</sup> Rather, nothing in this world was ever more futile and, *qua* heathenish analogy to the dying and reborn annual god, at the same time more apologetic for the practices of this kind of world-order than a vicarious restitution by means of crucificial or sacrificial magic.

More important and more fruitful, therefore, is what the life, the words of Jesus himself convey. And indeed not only morally, but precisely also, without Paul, as the promise of the deepest logological contents. Thus the partly astral text about the sacrificial death, which instead of the gospel of Christ posited a second gospel, a gospel above Christ, can logologically be disregarded in a pure, not yet elevated Christianity of not only morality but cognition. Obviously it is always doubtful whether that can ever succeed without "accessories," but there is here too something like a non-construing ontology.<sup>36</sup> That is: the eternal, utterly incomparable rank of the human soul; the power of goodness and of prayer, the most deeply grounded morally good as the seed corn, as the vital principle of the spirit; the tidings of the salvation possible through service toward one another, through submission, becoming the other, filling oneself with love as the spirit of the convocation and of the most universal self-encounter; above all the tidings of the new eon of a godhead unknown until now. As the heretic Marcion with his gospel of the stranger God, and especially the heretic Joachim of Fiore later understood better than the hierarchical Church with its God the Father, its Lord God who is just like Ammon, or Marduk, or Jupiter, too. Only thus will this day, our wounded, hot day conclude; it collects itself to accept every longing for God-likeness and fulfill it in the omega, as the alpha finally made good—without domination, with congregation, without this world, with the Kingdom.

But it must happen in us; only here will people become free, can they encounter themselves. ". . . and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is," writes John in his first Epistle.<sup>37</sup> Only in us do the fruitful, historical hours advance; in the deepest soul itself the primrose must bloom. "Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we