

## Life, Art, and Mysticism

LUITZEN EGBERTUS JAN BROUWER

Translation by  
 WALTER P. VAN STIGT

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**Chapter One: The Sad World** 7|| Holland was created and was kept in existence by the sedimentation of the great rivers. There was a natural balance of dunes and deltas, of tides and drainage. Temporary flooding of certain areas of the delta was a part of that balance. And in this land could live and thrive a strong branch of the human race.

But people were not satisfied; in order to regulate or prevent flooding they built dykes along the rivers; they changed the course of rivers to improve drainage or to facilitate travel by water, and they cut down forests. No wonder the subtle balance of Holland became disturbed; the Zuyder Zee was eaten away and the dunes slowly but relentlessly destroyed. No wonder that nowadays even stronger measures and ever more work are needed to save the country from total destruction. What is more surprising: this self-imposed burden is not only accepted as inevitable but has been elevated to a task laid on our shoulders by God or inescapable Fate.

Originally man lived in isolation. Supported by nature, every individual sought to maintain his equilibrium between sinful temptations. That filled the whole of his life; there was no involvement with others, nor was there any worry about the future. As a result hard work did not exist, nor did sorrow, hatred, fear, or lust. But man was not content; he started to assert control over his fellow men and to search for certainty about the future. And so the balance was lost: labor forced onto the oppressed became ever more distressing and the conspiracy of those in power ever more wicked. We have now reached the point where everyone has power but at the same time suffers oppression; the old instinct of separation and isolation now only lives on as pale envy and jealousy.

8|| Animals and human beings originally did not interfere with one another. This happy state ended when these discontented humans started to sponge on the animals which they found useful and tried to exterminate the others. The order of nature was torn apart and turned into misery: the burden and toil of looking after domestic animals, all sorts of disease caused by parasitic eating practices, a long and hard battle against the wild animals that had not been exterminated, and an even harder battle against vermin in man's own home and the bacteria infesting his body. Science takes

pride in this battle and even expresses its resignation in God's will, while it is all the result of rebellion against his will!

It is part of the balance of the eternal and omnipresent life that everyone is called away from this earthly existence when one's time has come. Until then man suffers in mind and body as befits his evil mood of thrift, his lust for power, his vanity, and fear. In his resentment he starts tampering with his body through medicines and diets and with his mind through hypnosis and make-belief; he disturbs the melting pot of his lusts and destroys the balance of psychical responsibility and physical well-being. There is a bodily and moral degeneration, such that in the end man can no longer be held responsible for his crimes, for what he has done during his time on this earth. Science has recently claimed credit for extending the span of human life, which certainly is much too short. But what is that worth? It is equally sad to leave this life after one's time as before one's time; and as to death, "Nature never destroys anything without putting something better in its place."

Meanwhile, truth is still around and about. There is for example the nursery rhyme of the little fish in the sea, and such sayings as "Honesty is the best policy," "Better is the enemy 9|| of good," and "Truth will be out." Educators teach little children "always to tell the truth"; they drum it into them that little lies never pay, that one thing leads to another and that in the end one becomes entangled and gets caught. And of course, there are all these novels, illustrating how in the end the chickens will come home to roost. One truth therefore definitely comes through:

If reason presents certain actions as likely to improve your condition but your conscience does not approve, then leave them undone. Reason never grasps the world in its entirety and the means it dictates to achieving its limited aim will ultimately and in some inscrutable way only cause damage.

If in this life we always had a mirror in front of us in which we could see things at a glance, grasp everything in one image, acting and knowing would not cause us any problem. But since in our viewing we must turn from one thing to another, we cannot concentrate on one without obstructing the other. (Meister Eckhart)

Truth may be around, but life of each human being and of people as a whole is nothing but a long string of sins against truth. Aspirations are frustrated all the time and new ones take their place; all these *castles in the air* collapse and new ones are built in their place.

Life of the individual is an illusion, an anxious and laborious pursuit of ends—disillusionment. At the time of death, which he has awaited unprepared and in complete ignorance, he is either startled by the realization that he has wasted his life or his reason is dulled by the comforting thought that without illusions life would have been nothing at all, or that on balance at least he will take with him into his grave a large measure of experience.

10|| Oh yes, these "wise" old people, who kid themselves that experience, old age, a long life of sin which has left its mark on their faces, rigid and long deprived of all naiveté, and which stares out of their lifeless eyes, that all this and this alone leads to wisdom! And then, when things come to a head, they challenge the younger generation to tell them what human life is all about.

Life of mankind as a whole is an arrogant tearing up and devouring of its nest on this pure earth, messing up its mothering growth, gnawing and mutilating her and

making her rich creative power sterile, until all life has been swallowed up and the human cancer has withered on the barren planet.

The sickness of mind which has caused this, and which has turned men into madmen, they call “understanding the world.”

**Chapter Two: Turning into Oneself 13**|| Having contemplated the sadness of this world, look into yourself. Within you there is a consciousness, a consciousness which continually changes its content. Are you master of these changes? You will probably say no, for you find yourself placed in a world which you have not created yourself, and you are bewildered by the unforeseen change and adversity you meet there. But isn't the content of your consciousness in part determined by your own moods and aren't these within your power? Or is the motto “Control your passions” only an empty phrase? No doubt you sometimes have this religious sensation, when you feel as if you have withdrawn from your passions, from fear and desire, from time and space, and from the whole of this perceptual world. And finally, you do know that very meaningful phrase turning-into-oneself. You therefore seem to be capable of some kind of attention which centers round yourself and which to some extent is within your power. What this self is, you cannot further say, nor can you reason about it, for you know full well that all speaking and reasoning is an attention at a great distance from the self; that you cannot get closer to the self by means of words or reasoning, but only by this turning-into-yourself as it is given to you.

This turning-into-oneself requires an effort; it seems that some inertia must be overcome, that your attention is strongly inclined to linger where it is, and that the resistance felt in the move toward the self is much greater than in the move away from it.

**14**|| If, however, you succeed in overcoming all inertia and proceed, you will find that passions will be silenced, you will feel dead to the old world of perception, of time and space, and all other forms of plurality; and your eyes, no longer blindfolded, will be opened to a scene of joyful quiescence.

When all images have been removed from the soul, and she beholds the Only One, then the naked essence of the soul finds the naked formless Essence of Divine Unity, the presence of the Superior Being waiting in the self. (Meister Eckhart)

If only for one moment you abandon yourself there where no creatures live you will hear God speak.

It is within you. If only you can be silent for one hour and forget all your desires and feelings, you will hear the unspeakable words of God.

When you keep still and let go of the feelings and desires of your self, then eternal hearing, seeing, and speaking will be revealed and God will hear and see in you. Your own hearing, willing, and seeing is a hindrance, stopping you from seeing and hearing God.

When you are silent you are like God before He formed nature and creatures, including yours; you will then hear and see with what God saw and heard in you before your own willing, seeing, and hearing had begun. (Jakob Boehme)

Then you will understand the content of all your previous awareness, and you will also understand that until then it had to remain incomprehensible to you, understand

in the sense of being reconciled with it, accept it as self-evident. It will make you feel as if you live through it all at once, and yet at the same time that you do not live through it in the sense that you do not feel at all bound by it. At the same time you are also aware of an infinite wealth of phantasies, a mixture of all kinds of worlds, which now claim as much and also as little right to existence as those you previously considered to be real. And in this confluent sea of colors, without separation, without firmness and yet without movement, this chaos without disorder, you see a direction, which you follow automatically, yet not of necessity.

**15||** You will recognize your *free will*, free insofar that it can withdraw from the world of causality and remain free; it is only then that your will finds a definite direction, which it follows freely and reversibly. Indeed, the self follows its direction steadily and reversibly, and all the phantasies emanating from it have a direction in parallel and they follow it, steadily and reversibly. You will feel free to return when you so wish to the shackles of plurality, separation, time, space, and bodily consciousness. But you do not, or rather, you do and you do not at the same time. Freely staying outside, you live at the same time your imprisoned bodily life in this human world, live with your shackles but you are fully aware that you have accepted them in freedom and that they bind you only as long as you wish.

The phenomena succeed each other in time, bound by causality because your colored view wills this regularity; but through the walls of causality “miracles” continue to glide and flow, visible only to the free, the enlightened. You will see how in this imprisoned world miracles continually break through and how an invisible, avenging hand manifestly administers eternal justice. You will also find that over and above physical causality you can see a clear direction in your own life’s course, determined by the self and parallel with the direction of the self;

how this so-called chance is in fact ruled by a firm, wise, and wonderful hand;  
how through your greater wisdom you will live your life in this *sad world* in lasting joyfulness, knowing that “There is no evil, and no danger, nothing can happen to me, I am a child, loved of God, and born to happiness.”

**16||** Your journey through this sad world will be a steady passage in a light and colorful cloud, full of love for all that is clear in it, love even for your erring and covetous fellow men, for in your eyes it is no longer a reality separated from the self, but directed from within the self and with the self. You will feel all-powerful, for you desire only that which follows the direction, and mountains will give way to you. You will feel endowed with an all-embracing knowledge; as in all emanations you feel the timeless direction, a unison of past, present, and future within yourself. You will no longer ask what to do, you will do the right thing without any prompting; therefore you will no longer ask for understanding: all will be clear of its own.

Behind everything you shall feel a painless dissatisfaction with yourself, a conviction that all past misery was self-inflicted: see how you abandoned the self, and how your shackled consciousness lost its direction; that it had acquired mass and inertia, and that wandering it followed an irreversible path, driven hither and thither by desire and fear. You will then see how fear and an obsession with saving, born from the illusion of time, and how desire and lust for power, born from the illusion of space, made you attach intrinsic importance to what should only be a fleeting emanation of the self without any reality of its own. And you will see how the false trails of desire

and fear led the wanderer to labor, sweat, and toil, to ever new, irreversible changes and to ever greater misery.

With a smile you will look back on the reality of the sad world, a past illusion, and within it your own fear and desire, your labor and pain. But your happiness is no longer disturbed, that too is a phantasy without reality, a phantasy of sadness and remembrance.

**Chapter Three: Man's Downfall, Caused by the Intellect** 19|| Without pain you now see mankind, cast down by fear and desire, by avarice and lust for power, by time and space, wandering without wings, incapable of lifting itself in self-reflection, chained to the intellect, the spawn of time and space and fossilized in the form of the human head, the symbol of man's fall. Primitive tribes consider headhunting to be a process of cleansing, and take the greatest pleasure in practicing it on the most developed people. This is based on the deep philosophical insight that in nature greater differentiation goes hand in hand with graver damnation; this insight resides in their hearts, not in their heads.

This highly valued intellect has enabled man and forced him to go on living in desire and fear, rather than from a salutary sense of bewilderment take refuge in self-reflection. Intellect has made him forfeit the amazing independence and directness of his rambling images by connecting them with each other rather than with the self. In this way the intellect made him persist with apparent security in the conviction of a 'reality', which man in his arrogance has made himself and had tied to causality, but in which in the end he must feel totally powerless.

In this life of lust and desire the intellect renders man the devilish service of linking two images of the imagination as means and end. Once in the grip of desire for one thing he is made to strive after another as a means to that end; for example, in order to change the course of rivers he builds dams; indulging his jealousy of his neighbor he sets fire to his house; 20|| to protect himself against wild animals he builds his house on stilts; to let the sun shine on his house he cuts down trees. Switching attention from end to means is accompanied by a change in bodily feelings; there is apparently a noticeable change in the bloodstream, which starts in the head. Here too one feels the close connection between head and intellect.

The act aimed at the means, however, always overshoots the mark to some extent; the means has a direction of its own, diverted at an angle however small from that of the end. It acts, therefore, not only in the direction of the end, but also in other dimensions. Man's blinkered view prevents him from recognizing the sometimes very detrimental effects of such action, but worse, gradually the end is lost sight of and only the means remains. In this sad world where a clear view of all human activity is no longer possible, a world dominated by drill and imitation—the other offspring of fear and desire—many recognize as an end what was originally only a means. They seek what we might call an *end of second order*, perhaps again discover a means to this end and again out of line with that end. If this deceptive jump from end to means is repeated several times, it may happen that a direction is pursued which not only deviates into other dimensions but opposes the direction of the original end and therefore counteracts it.

Industry originally supplied its products in order to create in nature the most fa-

avorable conditions for human life. But one ignored the fact that in manufacturing these products from nature's resources one interfered with and upset the balance of nature and the human condition, thereby causing damage greater than the advantages these products could ever bring. For example, to meet the demand for timber man has razed or ruined so many forests that in the temperate climates hardly any edible plants grow in the wild.

**21||** And worse: manufacturing these goods became an end in itself; new industries were called into existence merely to supply the tools to facilitate production, another blow to the balance of nature. Raw materials were recklessly seized from far-away lands, spawning commercial and naval enterprises, which in turn led to moral and physical misery and to oppression of one people by another.

As the self was left abandoned, the self that knows all about the past and the future, man grew more and more anxious about the future and began to crave for the power to predict its course: science came into being.

Science, which in its original form was wholly subservient to industry, has made up all kinds of general assertions in and about the world of perception. These come true as long as it pleases God; but one day they will suddenly be contradicted by facts and then our scientists will claim, "O yes, of course, we always made this or that tacit assumption." In their incompetence they then set about complicating the issue even further and making so-called corrections and improvements.

But science does not confine itself to serving industry: again the means becomes an end in itself, and science is practised for its own sake. Bodily awareness has strayed so far away that it is all concentrated in the human head, ignoring and excluding the rest of the body. At the same time man becomes convinced of his own existence as an individual and that of a separate and independent world of perception. At this stage there are radical changes in the direction of man's attention, and these constitute scientific thinking. For scientific thinking is nothing but a fixation of the direction of will within the confines of the head, and a scientific truth no more than an infatuation of desire living exclusively in the human head.

**22||** Every branch of science will therefore run into ever deeper trouble; when it climbs too high it is almost completely shrouded in even greater isolation, where the remembered results of that science take on an independent existence. The "foundations" of this branch of science are investigated, and that soon becomes a new branch of science. One then begins to search for the foundations of science in general and knocks up some "theory of knowledge." As they climb higher and higher confusion grows until they are all completely deranged. Some in the end quietly give up; having thought for a long time about the elusive link between the intuiting consciousness (which develops from the perceptual world) and the perceptual world itself (which in turn only exists through and in the forms of the intuiting consciousness)—a confusion which arose from their own sin of constructing a perceptual world—they then plug the hole with the concept of the *ego*, which was self-created with and at the same time as their perceptual world; and they say, "Yes, of course, something must remain incomprehensible, and that something is the ego that comprehends."

But there are others who do not know when to stop, who keep on and on until they go mad: they grow bald, shortsighted, and fat; their stomachs stop working properly; and moaning with asthma and indigestion they fancy that equilibrium is within

reach—and almost reached. So much for science, the last flower and ossification of culture.

The standard of living which human civilization has brought lies far below that of the original human condition; worse, what has been achieved has not done anyone any good. Everyone has been left to drag out his life in the environment of one of the service industries. What an environment compared with the original, virginal state which nature offered man in his unspoiled and naked condition! People have dragged each other down with them in the misery of their culture, which offered victory and power. But we all **23**|| know that pettiness and cowardly calculation always triumph over heroism and that heroism is nothing but the determination to defy that infernal phrase “The end justifies the means” and the infernal act of the intellect: the jump from end to means. On the other hand the intellectual complication generates a counteractive force against the original aim, which is so great that anyone in a state of naiveté who is suddenly faced with a task, be it physical or mental, and who undertakes the task with the full vigor of an uncorrupted body and an uncorrupted mind will always prove to be better at it than the one with long training and experience. The Boers and the Japanese, who started a war from nothing, did better than the English and the Russians, and Pastor Felke cured more people with common sense and self-confidence than professors of medicine.

These “cultured” people do not see the wood for the trees, worse they have forgotten that there is a wood. Anyone who raises the question of the real purpose of life is declared insane by our modern, practical society. It is in fact the only place where this question makes sense. But of course, there is no room for such a profound question in this confined world of desire and fear with its mass-suggestion of a system which deems certain things to be desirable for their own sake, such as wine, wealth, love, and even wisdom, and others to be evil in themselves, things like drought, cold, hunger, poverty as well as murder and adultery. It is a system which society shores up with great difficulty but without success; it flaunts all kinds of needs which each for its satisfaction requires hard work and pain, and so frustrates other needs, so that in the end all satisfaction remains illusory. Everyone’s earthly life ends in great dissatisfaction; death is the collapse and final ruin of the system. Death repudiates the whole of life, it is the violent manifestation of the self in this limited and self-created world, the unavoidable collapse of the Tower of Babel which man in his vanity had built for himself.

**24**|| This manifestation of the self, however, also occurs before death, during this restricted life, in the various aspects of this system of desire and in the world of perception, which the intellect has created as the carrier of its infatulations, its independent desires and fears. Here it manifests itself in the voice of conscience, in a nostalgic memory of a *paradise lost*, a faint awareness of quiet happiness which was man’s original destiny, in a hankering after bliss, religious certainty, and a life of freedom and dedication. All through this sad world this faint hankering becomes a longing and a yearning for the higher, the transcendental.

Conscience, however, when speaking in this restricted world, is silenced. When it penetrates into the enclaved categories, either man’s attention is diverted away by strongly felt stimulation and satisfaction of other needs, or it is assimilated by this attention, that is, it is recognized as a need within the closed system and capable of

satisfaction in the system.

Both are a sop to man's conscience and are used by industry; what should have been a cause for heart-searching and penance is turned into an incentive to new endeavors and new pleasures.

Salving man's conscience by diverting his attention is the sole purpose of the pleasure industries and of public entertainment from card games and wine to prose and poetry. Salving man's conscience by recognizing appetites and satisfying them within the closed system is the main purpose of both the arts and religion industries. The self lives in art, poetry, and religion, but it is betrayed by its own offspring and put in chains. Music is turned into crude sensual beat and sing-song; poetry must rely on language and rhythm, which are equally base. What should have led him away from desire, pleasure, and fear has become a source of new pleasures and does not cure his addiction to pleasure; just like the beautiful flowers of nature and the beautiful flower of womanhood: they are only admired and desired in order to be plucked and possessed. One marvels at the virgin forests, but only with a view to *cultivating* them.

The Bible condemns the Tower of Babel and with it, all building and human creation. Yet religion glories in its wonderful temples, a crystalization of man's creativeness and his high aspirations. Instead of banning fear, it offers a faith which appeals to the intellect, a faith which plays on man's fears, a faith which soothes his conscience and also frightens him. Art, which should have been a liberation from the fixed form, has taken on fixed forms everywhere; its main purpose is to make man unlearn everything, but now there are special "art schools," where art can be learned.

Art and religion in this world are only grand morphine industries; the yearning for a better life is lulled into sleep and reduced to a state of torpidity. All who play a part in the mechanism of society and so help to maintain its evil mass production are kept quiet and happy. In book and drama they are told about reformers, revolutionaries, and recluses, about contempt for law and order, self-denial, freely chosen poverty and hunger, the free life, rejection of the world of perception, indifference to the misfortunes of life, the kingdom of God. Such people and their teachings are greatly admired, at least when presented in writing or on the stage; but when they appear in real life everyone is outraged and frightened, and they are locked up in prison or a lunatic asylum. A life full of hardship, danger, and magical forces, under constant threat of death but a life in which justice and clear conscience conquer all, such a life—which we all deserve and should endure but from which we frightened run away—is banished to the land of fiction and melodrama; there it is admired, but in everyday reality it is shunned as something gruesome.

**26||** Real life demands that we cover up our bodies, our conversation, and social intercourse. It is not decent to show more of oneself than what belongs to the *restricted life*: one's head, one's intellect, and the actions that have a place in society; neither is it considered decent to want to see more of other people. Intimacy when discovered by a third party arouses feelings of shame.

But self-reflection sees all these dressed-up bodies, lives, and ideas as ugly and abhorrent, as self-contradictory and as caricatures. Everyone, except the Redeemer, is a caricature.

Nakedness in the widest sense is only admired in the closed intellect; it is not turned into practice, the long, difficult, and painful road of the soul and of earthly life,

full of sorrow and illness, the abandonment first of the intellect and then of all passions, one by one, when every step brings new sorrow and leads to a next step; when only slowly one feels oneself rise again, covered in scars, and when in the end one's nakedness breaks through. On this road there is no standing still, those who start and then stop suffer an imbalance worse than those who did not set off. For example, a vegetarian who continues as a member of the established society is nonsense; such persistence shows an extraordinarily crude instinct, proving that one abstains from meat not out of inner conviction but from some stupid desire or in foolish imitation of others. The fruits of our civilization and power over other human races are closely related to our carnivorous habits; such a vegetarian is therefore a parasite. This half-hearted, parasitic attitude is typical of most vegetarians and of those who practice free love and anarchism. But this kind of social democracy does not arouse the public feelings of loathing that other minor religious teachings suffer.

These immoral and degenerate lives, reflected in the ugliness and sickness of their bodies, these dressed-up, posturing men, these rigid masks of robots, they give the 27|| unspoilt instinct a strange feeling of terror. And here too the yearning for a better life is being suppressed. The medical industry tries to maintain a quasi-normal balance in the banished human body: the urge to fight and live in the wild is distracted by diets and medicine, in particular man's craving for the open air is sated by overfeeding; gymnastics and sport soothe the bodily conscience with some sham satisfaction; in spas and sanatoria the *vis medicatrix naturae*, which should have been the archenemy of "culture," has humbly donned the robe of lackey in the service of her enslaver and master. The medical industry was with barbers and quacks in good hands; practiced within the confines of the intellect, as a medical science, it is far less effective.

Within the closed system of science the manifestation of the self creates needs, and within that system these needs will be satisfied. In science too there is a yearning for something higher, but a yearning which is appeased with religious doctrines of revelation, with metaphysics, ethics, philosophy of art, spiritualism, and theosophy; they all leave man in the sinful bonds of science, of belief in 'reality' and of logical thinking. Here too, instead of escape from earthly shackles, there is a growing insensitivity and a sham equilibrium, bought with ever greater complication of human needs, ever deteriorating living conditions, ever more backbreaking work, going ever further adrift.

Every now and then conscience breaks away from the bonds of the sad world. For example, around the age of eighteen many people discover in themselves a pure, central, not merely aesthetic admiration for dreamers, monks, and hermits. Some can do nothing but refuse to bow to what middle-of-the-road sages describe as "life"; they must express their heartfelt (i.e., felt in the heart not in the head) contempt for all the fruits of culture, for all collaborators in the social chaos, for all those involved in the 28|| building of the Tower of Babel, for all those talented tightrope dancers and magicians who are proud of what should be a source of shame, for the social do-gooders and reformers of all hues, who seem to think that God has created us in order to improve his work.

But sadly this free conscience is short-lived: education appears on the horizon and throttles it in its web. At first they learn that there is no work to be done, that there

is nothing beautiful or important; they then begin to search for what is more beautiful or more important than the human condition demands, and finally they bow down even further: they become lackeys in the palace of evil, lackeys with their crawling servility toward their master and cruelty toward outsiders, doing ignoble, degrading work, brazenly scrounging and at the same time fearing for their own dear lives.

**Chapter Four: Atonement 31**|| This corrupt world, as you now recognize, only exists because of its very corruption, its deviation from the paths of rectitude. A world of righteousness now seems to you as contradictory as your own mortality. Folly and misfortune, equally balanced, they govern the world! Any struggle for a better order is just one drop more in the ocean of folly. In a world which you know to be ‘real’, strife and conflict of irreconcilable interests are essential, and so is the search for an external balance which is incompatible with external existence. Any attempt to eliminate this imbalance can only shift the imbalance to somewhere else. An external, visible world necessarily lives on the illusion of a free will; that is where it tries to find happiness, even if this free will remains firmly locked up in causality. Therefore any emanation of power, any strong manifestation of life, and any flowering and growth which are willed shall come about, but only to fade away in spite of strenuous efforts, and the growth of one time will be stemmed. All that is achieved on this earth can be summed up in the two acts of the short tragedy called *Grandeur et Decadence*, and in the words of the mystic:

In God’s wisdom it has been ordained  
that man must part from what is dearest to him.

Knowing this, you become reconciled with the erring world and accept its disconsolateness as natural; moreover, you feel it to be your inescapable karma, to which you have reconciled yourself and which you must fulfill, to see yourself driven away from the self, placed in life where pain and labor, desire and fear are your share and where all truth is veiled.

**32**|| You look on this life as the direction of your duty, and you live it as directed from within the self; in other words: you recognize that all these earthly bonds remain your inevitable karma until God releases you. No new desires will be able to deflect you from your path and you will not wantonly increase the burden of your karma. On the other hand you will not try to be better than you are because that too would be surrender to evil desire, neither will you wish the world to be better than it is because that would be evil lust for power. Instead you will say, “What is a God who does not become flesh in a sad world?”

The zest for natural life of divine power from which spring nature and free will makes one yearn for release from one’s own natural [i.e., worldly] will. This same zest is implanted in your will together with the imprint of nature, so that with it God be given a place therein. At the end of time it will be freed from the vanity of nature and be reborn in a crystal clear, pure nature. It will then become clear why God had locked it in time and subjected it to pain and suffering, so that through natural pain one would come to know his eternal power through forms, shape, and mortality, and so that in this time life would be revealed, although in a created form, a countermove in the game of his divine wisdom. Wisdom will be revealed through folly. Although folly will lay claim to it, it has its origin

and beginning elsewhere. In this way eternal life is demonstrated through folly, so that folly contributes to the glory of God and the eternal and permanent are known through what is passing and mortal.

In order that the eternally happy may know their real selves, the pain of their earthly suffering, the possibility—though not the reality of a different existence and of **33**|| downfall—must be the source of their joy, and darkness be a manifestation of light so that light be revealed in experience, which would not be possible in the *One* [i.e., the closed self which one had never left]. By contrariety one will learn what love and suffering are. (Jacob Boehme)

Then you will be reconciled with your world and not try to change it. You will work, eat, sleep, and travel in your world, knowing it to be your inevitable karma. It is precisely this awareness, your humility, which will help you grow in the fullness of the Lord, who will protect you from desires and fears which are not part of the task given to you.

**Chapter Five: Language** **37**|| The immediate companion of the intellect is language. From life in the intellect follows the impossibility of any form of direct communication with others—instinctively by gesture or looks, or even more spiritually through all separation of distance. People therefore start training themselves and their offspring in some crude sign language, painfully and with little success, for never has anyone been able to communicate with others, soul to soul. Language can only be the accompaniment of an already existing mutual understanding. Even when two people share the same needs and aspirations, they will be in constant danger of being led by their uncontrolled desires into different side roads and of drifting apart; they will suffer pain and anxiety in their struggle to keep together. Only in the very narrowly restricted domains of the imagination such as in the exclusively intellectual sciences—which are completely separated from the world of perception and therefore touch the least upon the essentially human—only there can mutual understanding be maintained for some time. There is little scope for misunderstanding notions such as “equal” and “triangle,” but even then two different people will never feel them in exactly the same way. Even in the case of the most restricted sciences, logic and mathematics—a sharp distinction between these two is hardly possible—no two different people will have the same conception of the fundamental concepts on which these two sciences are constructed; and yet their wills are parallel, and in both there is a small, unimportant part of the brain which forces their attention in the same way. This also happens when people together fight a common enemy, together build a house or bridge, go into business or strike a deal. Then too language will serve its purpose: that is, to **38**|| keep the wills of separate people on one path.

But ridiculous is the use of language when one tries to express subtle nuances of will which are not part of the living reality of those concerned, when for example so-called philosophers or metaphysicians discuss among themselves morality, God, consciousness, immortality, or the free will. These people do not even love each other, let alone share the same subtle movements of the soul; sometimes they even do not know each other personally. They either talk at cross-purposes or each builds his own little logical system which lacks any connection with reality. For logic is life in the human brain; it may accompany life outside the brain but it can never guide it by virtue of

its own power. Indeed, if there is a harmony of will, logic may well fall by the way-side; for example, the simultaneous pronouncements “There is no evil” and “There is nothing but evil” may well express ‘unity of meaning’.

Ridiculous too is the use of language when there is an argument and people try to come to an agreement by means of reasoning. Both parties are so much under the influence of mass suggestion of society that they feel ashamed of appearing to be “unreasonable,” that is, to admit that they search for something different from “the good” and “the right,” that mirage of human society. In this case language, which presumes a harmony of will, may well be used to accompany strife and combat. But they might just as well keep silent; they only play off their wills against each other and work on each other’s desires and fears, and the strongest man wins.

Ridiculous also is the language of conversation. Everyone waffles, but it is considered an art to waffle without nonsense showing through the restraints of convention which hold society together; to score off others, expose their stupidity while keeping oneself covered and within the bounds, and yet daring to touch upon the most subtle topics, that is considered really great talent, demanding the greatest respect—especially in France—and entitling one to be known as *spirituel*! **39**|| Admittedly, such mock battles are to be preferred to the quasi-serious debates on art and politics.

Comical is the language of conversation between boys and girls. In their case there is already a harmony of will, and language is completely superfluous; indeed its only purpose is to hide this harmony of will, serving modesty and shame which dare not face it openly, to mask seriousness behind jokes. Seriousness in such conversation is only then acceptable if forced togetherness makes a dutiful exchange of a few words unavoidable; otherwise, if one allows any seriousness to creep in between the sexes, all noble modesty is lost. Once you have given away seriousness, you no longer have all to give, although often mock seriousness, a kind of playful coquetry, is the only means of defending one’s purity against uncivilized intruders. The worst and most disgusting case of such uncivilized intrusion is that of associations—one of them of students at Amsterdam University—where members male and female together “study the problem of sexuality.” The association in question calls itself *Ethos*, it represents the greatest obscenity that one has dared to show in public! That such is possible in our modern society just shows how deep the human sense of criticism has been buried in the intellect, far removed from all central instincts.

In everyday life language only makes sense as a means of holding the already harmonious wills of two people together on one path. The belief in a reality, the same for all—existing outside and independent of them—made society foolishly attach great importance to “speaking the truth.” Yet “telling the truth” is often far less effective than what is known as “telling a lie.” Once someone is imprisoned in the belief in a logically coherent (i.e., conceived without pain in a certain region of the brain) complex of externalities, which he calls ‘reality’, **40**|| it becomes rather difficult to follow him in his folly, and even more difficult to try to evoke in him a particular emotion or state of mind by means of words which he can only interpret in accordance with his reality. One would at least have to resort to some gross exaggeration. For example, the subtle teasing and the fun a man pokes at his wife would not mean much to an outsider; they may become a little clearer, if he is told that certain events took place, which did not actually happen but which could well have been the

visible result of the relation in question. It is hard for the attention to break away from the intellect so much so that only the most extraordinary events make an impression and get through to the central human emotions. By means of language as the slave of an illusion of reality one cannot reveal truth.

Does not in a similar way the *comédie de caractère*—and also naturalism—try to pass off a vision of the world as reality by exaggeration or by pure invention? And do not paintings differ from photographs of nature in the same way?

Language can accompany man's will to dominate the will of others or his will to keep the movements of wills together; for example, the war cry of Red Indians accompanies the will to break the will of others.

Language by itself has no meaning; any philosophy which searched for a firm foundation based on that presumption has come to grief; lulled into sleep by the assurance of such firm foundation, one was rudely awakened by the appearance later of deficiencies and contradictions. A language which does not derive its certainty from the human will but which claims to live on in the 'pure concept' is an absurdity. It is indeed a great skill to be able to go on speaking without being caught in contradiction or without making silent presumptions rooted in the will—sophistical reasoning which requires the brainpower of a man like Bolland—but a kind of skill one admires in an acrobat. Mr. Bolland has shown that it is possible to speak within the confinement of **41**|| reason, to remove language from the sovereignty of passion and emotion—where it originated like all other expressions of life—and that without going mad or being sick. Physiologists have shown that a frog's heart can be kept alive even when cut off from other organisms; but the heart of that frog keeps going for a relatively short time, like the philosophy of Mr. Bolland, who maintains it is only his Sunday suit. But when reasoning touches on live issues such as love, nature, and politics then it makes pronouncements which are lifeless, that is, have no meaning for life.

Language only lives in and through human culture, which on the one hand needs mutual understanding but on the other hand makes direct communication impossible. The use of language also consolidates that culture since it operates in the same sphere. People who use language lose their primitive desires which, however sinful, remain close to the self. Frightened by solitude, their only home, they become automata, slaves of the monster-machine of public relations. Their attention becomes shut off from all other influences and from any communication soul to soul. If these influences manage to break through the constraints of their world of intellectual perception with its man-made natural laws, they then try first to ignore them and, if that does not work, to study and categorize them, bring them within the categories of their highly acclaimed "science." They do not seem to realize that the purest reaction to such influences is simply to keep a completely open mind, without any prejudice. Even the simplest, everyday jobs were often best done as part of a thoughtless grind of daily routine rather than from some studied conviction. Influences which do not necessarily relate to this everyday life should in any case be considered as concealed from our understanding in accordance with God's will. Only in this way can we trust our actions and our knowledge. Tiresias and Cassandra were not members of an association for psychological research; they saw the future when this was necessary, they did not **42**|| desire this insight nor did they make any particular effort to achieve it.

Modern science, however, does not consider anything sacred. Once a particular influence is observed it must be researched and be relegated to the index of old intellectual categories; answers must be given to the questions how old, how far, how big, how strong, and how much does it cost. But he who can still free his feelings from the straitjacket of public convention and who has developed a more delicate sense of perception, nurtures and reveres it rather than dismiss it as “beside the point”; he will place his trust in dreams and premonitions without wanting to understand them. He will understand the signs given to him without using the power of his “head”; he can tell the character of his fellow men from their faces, or perhaps more easily and directly from their hands, which do not wear the mask of comedy and coquetry. He will see the most famous and learned men, their self-satisfaction written all over their faces, hailed, admired, and carried high by fools; he will see them naked and stripped of all their glory by just glancing at their hands. Even the most clever orators and philosophers, whose words may seem irrefutable, are given away by their hands.

Such insight, however, is not given to those who have made a study of Lavater’s *Physiognomy* or whose intuitive perception has been impaired by intellectual considerations. Only he who humbly opens his free senses, only he will always be guided through life by timely premonitions and apparitions, not those who do scientific research into telepathy or spiritism or take part in that sort of séance or show. Theosophists and their ilk, who are so keen to find out more about life after death, will receive a nasty shock once they get there.

People who try to force these matters into some kind of science will probably succeed because they will this interpretation. They have cast aside all meekness and innocence 43|| and they think to have found refuge in some balance: it is a sham balance which again and again will be destroyed by the discovery of new phenomena. Bodily work on this earth will become ever harder and more complex, and so will the search and reasoning of the intellect. Faith, however, will spite gravity and mass and always literally “move mountains” and walk across the sea. Retiring into the self we will playfully break all “laws of nature.”

**Chapter Six: Immanent Truth** 47|| The manifestations of the self within the restrictions and in the forms of this life are irruptions of truth. Always and everywhere truth is in the air, and wherever it breaks through, truth is always the same to those who understand.

When it does break through, truth points to a life where the self, never abandoned, has been found again; where man accepts his earthly shackles in all humility, fully conscious of the inevitable karma of this sad world and his own individual place in it.

And yet truth itself cannot help find the self again; that can only be done by what transcends the forms of this world and what mystics refer to as ‘divine grace’.

Truth which in this world points to the inevitability of the karma of that world, which through all the restless move of human desire reveals eternal justice, which points to the obvious collision of conflicting and irreconcilable interests and guides man away from appearances, that is, creations of his own imprisoned desire, such truth is *immanent truth*.

Truth which guides man in this world toward a personal life, free from the shack-

les of fear and desire, a life where the wisdom and bliss and the quiet jubilation of self-reflection are the fruit of humility, poverty, quiet devotion to earthly duties—his own inevitable karma—this truth is *transcendent truth*.

Immanent truth enlightens, transcendent truth makes man devout. Immanent truth **48**|| sees the “idea” of the world. From the viewpoint of the so-called reality it may appear to be a lie or at least an exaggeration because of the false forms in which it must dress itself, especially in literature and the “visual” arts. It conflicts with current opinions which have all grown out of a world view based on outward appearance, that is, appeal to human desire. And yet it is tolerated only if it can be made to fit into the confined life without upsetting its structure. It is found in music, which appeals to the senses still unaffected by the intellect; to a lesser extent in the visual arts as was shown by Heinze, and least of all in literature which addresses itself directly to the intellect, life itself. The latter is duty-bound to act as the obedient servant of the lie that is human culture, to be enjoyed as a kind of uplifting, ennobling, or edifying experience, but not to be taken seriously in its claim to change the view of the world. Dead authors do not seem to address themselves so directly to the living will of the reader as do contemporary writers. The latter become literary figures only if they become workers in the industry of conscience-salving mock edification or titillation; their working material may even be truth, but only truth dressed up in the fashionable clothing of the prevailing cultural system. Later, however, when the cultural system changes, their clothing is no longer fashionable and they do not even survive as dead authors. A contemporary author is never forgiven for telling the naked truth; the work of the dead is covered with the conciliatory veil of unreality, their naked truths are swallowed as some vague sacred doctrine.

One puts up with truth in verse more readily than with truth in prose, because poetry is the garb of the courtesan, appealing to the lowest sensibility of the time-bound intellect, its sense of rhythm; when she gives her all, carried on the beat of **49**|| “rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub” (“tommy-rot, tommy-rot”), she gives the impression not to believe a word she says. When you hear a poem such as

La vie est vaine  
Un peu d’amour, un peu de haine,  
Et puis bonjour

you get the feeling of a whim or a mood which seems to thrive in our culture like so many others, but not a deeply felt truth which challenges that culture.

And again, speaking the truth in serious conversation is more dangerous than in books or on the stage, as is well appreciated by all who value their lives. As to the truth preached from the pulpit, people listen quietly because it sounds so unreal: the parson preaches that it is sinful to worry about tomorrow and yet he takes out an insurance policy on his house against fire and burglary. Perhaps nowhere else can one hear more truth spoken than in our churches, but nowhere else is it more reduced to something to be heard but not to be practised.

Art, which is real truth, belies common sense, causality, and science everywhere; it kills the optimism which props up the folly of this earthly show; it sees the avenging of fate in everyone’s life, how the illusion, the hope, and trust in the stability of this world is turned into misery, spiting the illusion of causality; it recognizes the plurality of this world, attaching to every part a separate and engaged will which never

finds rest and is always frustrated by the opposing will of other parts from which it remains separated. At a time when one only believes in knowledge of the intellect and in natural laws of practical everyday life, immanent truth will continue unperturbed to speak in art of magic, premonition, murder-by-thought, resurrection, healing-by-love, apparitions, and heavenly messengers; it shows men dying, not because of blood poisoning, tuberculosis, or gout but simply because their time has come, and it does 50|| not consider dying crushed under a falling tree less worthy than dying of a stroke.

The naturalist conception of art therefore is not concerned with real truth. Art according to Zola is a description of nature as seen by *individual temperament*; but temperament is no more than a titillation of the imagination into some crude frenzy, not to be rated higher than the sentiments of a Sunday night audience of a melodrama. What then remains of nature is nothing but a piece of the outer shell of this world, mainly of its human society, seen as an aseic physical phenomenon under the influence of causality. What remains as the only alternative is some more or less regulated *historic materialism*, a folly of science, but not truth.

Molière's satirical portrayal of human desires, weaknesses, stupidity, and impotence is only the negative side of truth; it disturbs the customary view of society which looks at fellow creatures with optimism, appreciation, and perhaps with fear. But what is positively put in its place remains a senseless, petty, and incomprehensible game of appearances, a "comedy" in the worst possible sense, no better than the astronomers' views of the great cosmic events.

The naked immanent truth bears no relation to the present situation, the prevailing cultural system. Art, which is truth, is of all times.

Distinctions can be made as to the extent to which the self-destruction of the illusion of time or of space is revealed. The former is clearly shown in music, but also and more fully—though less forcefully—in literature, in particular when it considers time from the viewpoint of a frozen *now*, as it does in drama. Epics are narratives, they leave in the reader an awareness of the separation of time and therefore stop and dwell on *externalities*. Comedy, even when it freezes the present, does not step out of time but continues to live in parallel with time; it stays within a fading flow time; 51|| its denials are not convincing; they center on externalities and arouse nothing but feelings of excitement. Tragedy on the other hand enters a static present and withdraws from life; it recognizes life to be a continuing creation from illusion and a decomposition, an illusion and a cruel disenchantment of fate, whose clouding wings spread over this earth and quash any rise above man's immutable karma and sling him back into the mud. Fate's cruel humiliation is accepted as justified and inevitable, as is man's thwarted attempt to raise himself. A world contended and resigned would serve no purpose; karma wants to rise above itself and will always be forced back into itself.

In the tragedies of Sophocles and Shakespeare, the protagonists Oedipus, King Lear, and Julius Caesar follow the paths of their fate wandering in darkness, but one can sense the outcomes right from the start. In Hamlet illusion and disillusionment are so closely allied that they always appear together. In the course of the play the hero dies many deaths; whenever he reaches for a firm hold it is snatched from him, and again and again he is forced back into the flow of his karma. Death finally comes; its tragic justice as the disavowal of life is an indispensable part of all good tragedy. At the end of the play Hamlet must die, every single illusion has been shattered: hap-

piness, trust, and love, then why not the sum total of all illusions, life itself? That is also why in *King Lear*, Cordelia, who had never done any wrong, must pay with her life just as her evil sisters had. Everything positive in this life, every act, every personal quality good or bad, will punish itself in cruel death, cruel because it is felt as an affliction, whether or not it is feared in advance and suffered in pain during one's last hour. In this sad world **52**|| everyone commits certain acts and has certain qualities and therefore lives in the original sin of his birth and in the expectation of painful atonement.

The visual arts lack the flowing element of time and therefore cannot reveal the self-destruction of the illusion of time but they do reveal deeper, and more directly than drama, the self-destruction of the illusion of space, the illusion of plurality which already now receives its punishment, the pain of gazing at this plurality, baffled and helpless, a pain which one tries to escape in never satisfied desire for possession, that is, joining it to the individual self, hopelessly forsaken and helpless. Straying further and further away, attention centers on the world outside and so adds to the burden of karma: it becomes lust for power, for money, for glory and for—the illusion which is woman. The latter indeed is a burdening of karma, for in the full karma of man there is no room for woman: she is a Siren luring him away from his path.

There is a balance between man's burden of guilt and the burden of labor and toil imposed on him. A similar balance is found between woman's wantonness, her inborn capacity for karma burdening, and the measure of femininity which this world offers in temptation. In a world of humble acceptance of given karma there would be no women. But again such a world would serve no purpose, the wantonness of this world is inseparably bound up with its continued existence and its sufferance of womanhood and, amazingly, the latter are also empirically found to be inseparable. It is a particularly strong case of the different, ever conflicting, and irreconcilable interests in this world of plurality: man must shun and ignore woman in order to avoid increasing the burden of his karma and his own ultimate downfall—listen to Shakespeare's Anthony under the spell of Cleopatra, crying out in desperation, "I must from this enchanting queen break off"—and woman cannot exist without man, her whole karma is nothing but her sex, so much so that between a woman and a lioness there is less difference than between twin brothers.

**53**|| Woman must live in a world where she feels everything but cannot be anything. In her body she experiences the feelings of humanity, of race and family, but she may not indulge in them. Only one thing is left to her: one who is her ideal, one whom she may follow with her eyes without asking of him anything for herself, no love in return, not even being noticed by him. She is to be an instrument, sent from heaven to loosen the bonds of his karma and help him keep away from disturbing temptation. But in doing so she does not notice that her entrance into his life becomes his greatest temptation, when he begins to feel an all-giving love toward her. In her consciousness, in her attention she helps him live his life purely in himself, but underneath, from the dark depths of her sex she will lure him onto paths which lead him to ruin.

She shall be humble, and humbly she shall want to take from his hands all ignoble work, all work other than the pure enjoyment of the faculties of the body in which he walks this earth. Without flinching she shall give her life to save his equilibrium.

Her look shall be serene and calming; she shall live her life doing anything for her beloved with dogged persistence and patience, her body unwrinkled and unmoved, without desire to seduce and unaware of its seductive power, and yet a body so irresistibly tempting in its tormenting repose that no man can resist.

The Venus of Milo symbolizes the karma of woman, the still, passionless woman, so unaware and yet so devilishly seductive. Pure female love, however, love without temptation can be wonderful, such serene untroubled love as can be found between brother and sister.

In the meantime woman will sin and burden her karma, as indeed man does; she will do this through her female passion for her beloved and also by engaging in male activity. **54**|| An example of the first is Gretchen's monologue in *Faust*.

My peace is gone,  
 My heart is sore:  
 I never shall find it,  
 A nevermore.  
 Save I have him near,  
 The grave is here,  
 The world is gall  
 And bitterness all.  
 My poor weak head  
 is racked and crazed.  
 My thought is lost,  
 My senses mazed.  
 My peace is gone,  
 My heart is sore:  
 I never shall find it,  
 A nevermore.  
 To see him, him only,  
 At the pane I sit  
 To meet him, him only  
 The house I quit.  
 His lofty gait,  
 His noble size,  
 The smile of his mouth,  
 The power of his eyes.  
 And the magic flow  
 Of his talk, the bliss  
 In the clasp of his hand,  
 And ah! his kiss.  
 My peace is gone,  
 My heart is sore:  
 I never shall find it,  
 A nevermore.  
 My bosom yearns  
 For him alone;  
 Ah! dared I clasp him,  
 And hold, and own!  
 And kiss his mouth  
 To heart's desire,

And on his kisses  
At last expire.

*Faust* (translation by B. Taylor, OUP)

Female passion is totally different from male passion: it is free from the illusion of space and therefore does not seek satisfaction in the owning of property. It is a blind phantasy within her, often punished by turning eventually into a loathing of the man she once desired and yet without the power to stop her desires for him.

The sin of engaging in male activity—living the ideas expressed in her body and ignoring her femininity, which does not approve—is now sanctioned by the perverse doctrines of modern critics. One can nowadays even mutter with impunity a slogan such as “Man and woman are equal.” And whatever human folly wants will happen; perhaps all work that is considered man’s prerogative will in the future also be done by women, maybe even exclusively by women.

**55**|| Yet human folly will be unable to alter the general karma of this world; this will always be the same: work that in the prevailing creed of race and culture is deemed to be noble will remain the prerogative of man, and the ignoble, mundane tasks will as much as possible be done by women. The gradual usurping by women of certain work will inevitably lead to the degradation of that work. People’s views as to what is “noble” work change with the times; in the age of chivalry it was fighting and hunting, later it became politics, in modern times it is science, especially the kind of science as is practiced in universities. Such noble work has always been reserved for men, women were excluded. Two recent examples of change or so-called development have been: the debasement of universities into places where wage earners are trained in disagreeable, wretchedly necessary but degrading social work, and the admission of women to these establishments. Until recently the state, public life, was considered to be an honorable institution, even something metaphysical. Work in the public sector ranked high, it was a noble task in contrast with domestic work, which is necessary but wretched and inferior. During the last century socialist movements have swept away that noble and honorable status; at the same time women started to take up positions in public life, first only in a subordinate administrative role. The management of great enterprises still relies on male passion and male folly; but when at the end of this socialist process of decay the state is no more than a well-oiled robot, then perhaps the whole of its administration will be left to women. That money for one’s livelihood is usually earned by the man is of as little importance as money itself. This happens to be so at present, when earning money goes hand in hand with doing noble work. The old Germanic tribes regarded tilling the land as ignoble, inferior work and it was, therefore, done exclusively by women. When all productive labor has been made dull by socialism it will be done exclusively by women.

**56**|| In the meantime men will occupy their time according to their abilities and aptitudes in sport, gymnastics, fighting, studying philosophy, gardening, woodcarving, traveling, training animals, and anything which at the time is considered to be noble work, even gambling away what their wives have earned; for even that is much nobler than building bridges or digging mines.

In this way the sin of male activity becomes a hopeless struggle of woman against fate, which had allotted her nothing but menial, ignoble tasks. This carries with it its own punishment in the uncomfortable feeling of never experiencing within

herself the strength-giving drive to do this male work and never understanding the work she is doing, however good she may be at it. No matter what male activity she engages in, the simple realization and expression of the male idea or its more frivolous aberrations, her sin remains the same: amazons, female writers, and painters are no better than female butchers. A philanthropic woman is a caricature just as much as a cruel or ambitious woman.

If a woman can keep herself free from passion and activity, she will still experience and feel the shackles that imprison her nature as atonement of past guilt, failing to know or find her ideal. Groping in the dark and childlike, she will at first admire and share the minor male talents and phantasies, unable to do more than share in and agree with the peripheral sentiments of a man. Only few will go on to see the whole of individual man, including his fate, and only this can be called 'love.' She may then understand his fate and his life even better than he does himself, and in his aberrations she must suffer the pain of not being able to hold him in as high a regard as she would wish. If his fall away from his karma is permanent and not toward her (a fall toward her would be the only one she would not recognize), then his fall away from himself would also be a fall away from her. She then must surrender all that had any meaning in her life, and in doing so she acts in accordance with her duty. Clinging to him in desperation would be typically male tenacity. **57**|| Real love does not survive contempt. She shall bear her loneliness with patience until one day a new and higher male sphere is opened to her, a less burdensome male karma. There will be lovers, one after another, and every time she will let her beloved go when he falls away from his karma permanently or when another love, one of a higher sphere, is revealed to her. Only in her life and by living will her ideal become clear to her: the highest male principle, which surpasses fear and desire, which cannot fall away from karma because it is above karma, which is not concerned with power or talent nor with good looks or character, but which is nothing but humble courage and clear vision. To know this ideal and yet not be able to find it in this world, that is her ultimate torment during the whole of her life.

But this is not the life pattern of most women, because woman too strays away from her karma. First it is her female passion which makes her want to draw her beloved to her, it is felt as an emptiness to be filled by him. Then it is male activity which burdens her body, creates an ideal which is not the highest male principle but some talent or other, usually a talent which accords with her own nature; the latter in contrast with man, who wants to possess what in his ignorance he feels to be different, outside himself and who is most easily tempted by and drawn to the opposite of his own nature, another example of the conflict of interests in this world. Gretchen in *Faust* expresses her admiration of such talent of male activity.

Dear God! Such a man,  
 Who can do all and everything!  
 I stand before him in shame  
 and say yes to all he says and does.  
 I am only a poor and ignorant child  
 who does not understand what he sees in me.

**58**|| But woman strays further and further away; overcome by ambition, fear, and

jealousy she is drawn away from her ideal to other men. If she has taken on the male characteristics of self-consciousness and ambition she will become a temptress of men and so trade in her womanly ideal for the lowest in the make-up of man.

Such is the inevitable, sad state of love in this world; the pure forms of love will only come to life as the world and she herself are destroyed.

But truth in art shows in never fading lines that man should shun and ignore woman but that woman should live in man, consider herself to be nothing, powerless and worthless, and should sacrifice all for her beloved. A true woman is pale, smooth, and without expression, her eyes are dull and dreamy; she has no physical strength and yet she shrinks from nothing. But any man who turns to a woman loses his life. It is the old story, briefly described in a vision of Marie Madeleine.

I had a dream and saw a tree,  
 Youthful and full of the strength of spring;  
 And in this dream I saw a tropical flower,  
 Winding itself around his bark and drinking his sap.  
 She was very white, and she never weakened  
 Taking the sunlight from the other's face.  
 She drank his blood and sapped his strength.  
 The tree withered.—It was only a dream.

No work of art portraying love is hailed as great and true unless the woman, and she alone, is a most splendid figure, the man is usually described as a poor duffer, completely thrown off-balance. In *Hamlet*, the truest of all drama, the hero also represents this aspect of male karma; in spite of all the love he feels for Cordelia, the seductive temptation in which he feels trapped, his conscience does not allow him to let himself go! But in her case all attention is centered on his Fate, his sadness and confusion, the fateful course on which his life is set.

**59**|| Male love is always portrayed as frivolous and as a sad, blind passion, while womanly love is raised to heights of sublime fate. This idea of human love is the subject of Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*. She shares life in the highest form of which she is capable and as she finds it expressed in her beloved; but he—for this very reason—is lured away from his right path and he squanders all that is noble in him for her sake. His life is ruined, and after his death she too parts from her life that now has lost all meaning. The burning of widows was once a sacred rite, but it was banned by western barbarian governments as barbaric.

Adelbert von Chamisso gave a pure rendering of womanly love. In his *Song of the Three Sisters* two of the sisters tell of the suffering their loves have brought; but the greatest pain is that of the third sister, who sighs, "...only a few words: 'I have never been loved...'" She should have said, "I have never loved." Only through love does she become woman, but in doing so she loses her own identity, as she admits when she says,

Startled and ravished by my Friend,  
 I am lost to myself.

See how little desire she has to draw him toward her and to bind her life to his:

Wander and go your way,  
 I shall only see your shadow,

Watch your image in all humility,  
And be happy and yet, sad.

Also:

Don't listen to my quiet prayer,  
Only devoted to your happiness...

This, because sublime love goes hand in hand with a deep sense of shame, an instinctive shunning in his presence of the temptation which emanates from her; and no matter whether he falls under her spell or not, even knowing her is a distraction to him. **60**|| Important to her happiness is not what she does or what happens to her, only his life matters and what happens to him. The health of the ideal woman is not affected by her own diet but only by that of her beloved. Physically too she literally only lives on love. She is cured of every illness by the mere touch of his hand, by his breath, but she does not have a similar power over him.

Since she lives in nothing but love she does not have any desire for, nor does she feel herself capable of leading a life of her own. She does not know human, that is, male desires; moderation and abstemiousness are typically female qualities. As to worldly aspirations and political convictions, she will simply and naively follow in the footsteps of her beloved, adopt his opinions without question and defend them against others as if they were objective and unassailable axioms. Disputes with women clearly show the ridiculousness of language as a means of reaching agreement and the notorious phenomenon of *female logic*. Goethe speaks of

...these women, who after hours of reasoning,  
keep going back to their first sentence.

Immanent truth breaks through even in science. Science places whatever is perceived, outside the self, in a world of perception independent of the self; the bond with the self, its only source and guide, is lost. It then constructs a mathematical-logical substratum which is completely alien to life, an illusion, one which acts in life as a Tower of Babel with its confusion of tongues.

But in self-reflection man sees the world surrounding him as his karma bearing his own guilt and the confusion in this world, caused by his activity and reasoning, **61**|| as a reckless and self-inflicted aggravation of that karma. He will withdraw from it all and no longer collude in this arrogant interference with nature, the willful evocation of phenomena which seems to be the main preoccupation of the physical sciences. Whatever is perceived as independent of his own action, will be felt and seen in a kind of polarization as an image of his own fate; the true self will accept it and live with it as something free and yet something obviously necessary. Living in what he so beholds as the one pole of this polarization, he will not lose the bond with the other, the source of permanent tranquility and wisdom. The blue, firm sky will be felt as the exact antipole of his own mood of humility and contemplation, the firm course of the stars as the antipole of his own freedom, the colors and branches of plants as the antipole of yet other colors and of the passions in his own blood.

These insights break through as immanent truth in the science of culture. Once alchemy and astrology were cases of such a disturbing breakthrough; modern chemistry and astronomy are just slaves of culture like any other branch of natural science. In any of these cases, however, the breakthrough of truth always moves the center of

gravity back again from the observed to the observer: Copernicus moved the rotation of heavenly bodies down to earth, one day it may well be placed in man's own body. Kant replaced the study of the properties of things by that of the human head, man becoming aware of categories. Positive, quantitative properties are again and again replaced by polar ones; for example, in the new theories of electricity and light: Newton's theory of color analyzed light rays in their medium, but Goethe and Schopenhauer, more sensitive to truth, considered color to be the polar splitting by the human eye.

Of course, none of this really matters, it leaves the world as stupid as before; it is not **62**|| what we described as turning-into-the-self, turning toward free truth, but the appearance of truth in the forms of folly.

In this world the most acutely felt breakthrough of immanent truth is the appearance of disaster and misery in man's pursuit of happiness. Misfortune is the denial of luck and happiness, appearing as the frustration of happiness in all its forms. The houses of cards, in which people so cowardly lock themselves, will one day all collapse. At the point of death they will all wake up to the awful truth that their lives have been empty, that in spite of all their hard work and meddlesome interference, fate will always keep the world on the course it had mapped for it from the start.

**Chapter Seven: Transcendent Truth** **65**|| Anyone convinced of the immanent truth of the world of perception, who has understood the inescapable disillusionment of all human endeavor and the inevitability of his karma, will be guided by that conviction in the direction of the reunion of the world with the self, the direction of transcendent truth.

Transcendent truth represents the Kingdom of God in this sad world, self-reflection, forever emanating and resorbing itself, the confluence of all phantasies, the *πάντα ρεῖ* of Heraclite. It denies the existence of *phantasies in themselves*, it abolishes desires and fears and also intellectual opinion concerning things which either are desirable or to be feared—as is the case if the intellect is still the servant of a hardened will—or which may be 'objectively true', that is, when the intellect, living all by itself, has got stuck. In this restricted life it may appear as something unreal, a welcome pretext, satisfying man's need to salve his conscience; it may also effectively undermine the systems of the restricted life, in this form it is hated by the world and is stubbornly banished and yet it always returns.

In music and the visual arts, which are understood and felt to stand above life, transcendent truth is accepted, but only in small doses, that is, in accordance with social needs. Therefore the images which these arts produce usually do not represent immanent **66**|| truth nor moral truth. Almost everything here is either crude titillation, diverting the attention of conscience, or an endorsement of society's ideals, temporarily shoring up the flimsy walls of the structure of society's conventions, portraying passions and phantasies which have official approval, so that people can indulge in them with greater confidence, or picturing other passions which might erupt in their culture, just to make people continue to believe that their culture is not too bad after all.

Transcendent truth is not found in art except in the work of a very few such as Bach and Leonardo. Titillating and anarchical in the worst sense is practically all

that is currently considered to be great music or art: the work of Beethoven, Wagner, Rubens, Raphael, and Rembrandt. Examples of *ideal endorsement* are the work of Greig, Michelangelo, and Palestrina, all good church music, as well as the work of Giotto and Memling and all other religious paintings.

Of course, it is impossible to draw the line with absolute precision, in almost any work of art that has stood the test of time there is always some spark of truth, however small; that is the way people like to have truth dished up. However, what one mainly wants from a work of art is: *titillation* in times of prosperity, or *ideal endorsement* in times of strife and hardship.

In language transcendent truth cannot be revealed—even less than immanent truth—without causing an outrage. A clear statement of truth, seriously and emphatically pronounced, is no more acceptable than the manifest performance of miracles. Everyone feels such pronouncements of transcendent truth to be aimed directly at him, that he is more or less told to give up this life of wickedness and folly on pain of hellfire. One cannot gild the pill with stimulating beat and rhyme or melodious sounds, not even if—to avoid bad feeling—one adds that it should not be taken too seriously. Most people have come to think of the Church as something which is not part of real life; **67**|| its role is confined to the pulpit where the preacher beats about the bush and does not say too precisely what is wrong. Even the work of dead authors—usually taken for a phantasy of times long past and always smugly considered to be somewhat pathological—requires some considerable dilution. Spinoza is a case in point, in his work truth has been watered down so much that it is unrecognizable and everyone can interpret it the way it suits him; even socialists understand the book to be wholly in support of their practices. For contemporary authors dilution has become obligatory to such an extent that those who really feel truth within themselves will not succeed. Moreover, their personality is a live, clear commentary, an open declaration of the hard truth, and leaves no room for misunderstanding; they show it even if they keep their mouths shut. They will therefore be bitterly resented by most people and be attacked even by the best among them, their admirers, in dutiful defense of mediocrity. Meanwhile they become less vulnerable because of the truth which they uphold; all the suffering inflicted on our Savior failed to make any impact, even crucifixion did not touch him.

Transcendent truth in language, therefore, has only managed to break through in the work of imitators, those who vaguely understood the word of the prophet and recognized its truth and whose personality has done the necessary watering down. They are the ones who in their circles are honored as wise men or as men of great genius; their appearance gives the message that what they say—in flagrant contradiction with the nature of truth—must not be taken too seriously. People find them pleasant and interesting, the more so because of a certain mystique that surrounds them, because they do not quite understand where such a person gets these ideas, so much at variance with his outer appearance and behavior. Of course, the main concern of these imitators is to keep the prophet away from the circle where they are the stars, anxious to preserve the aura of mystery. They will first try to deny the existence of their spiritual father and then disclaim any connection with him. **68**|| They need not bother, the relation between the real thing and the watered down version is rather difficult to see anyway.

Writings of transcendent truth which have been preserved are usually the work of an imitator; their real spiritual father never had the inclination to write, he radiated truth throughout his life, infinitely stronger than he could ever express in words or in writing. He was never able to water down the truth as society demands; neither did he feel inclined to allow the truth, rising so high above the world, to go begging here on earth, allow truth, which transcends language, to go begging in words.

He will also scorn any attempt to make just bits of truth acceptable to his fellow men by appealing to their limitations, their fears and desires, by confronting them with the awful consequences of their thoughts and their actions, or by showing them how their various desires counteract one another and how their fixed ideas contradict one another. He does not want to disturb the self-revenging power of evil, he knows that removing one desire or error will only make room for another, that man's will is naturally drawn toward passion and folly, and that deprived of one he will soon rush toward others.

But imitators seize upon this tactic with great gusto. They claim to be the great liberators who will rid the world of all evil, folly, and injustice, they will be hailed as the benefactors of mankind, but they will leave mankind as miserable as ever it was. They expose the folly of popularly held beliefs but replace them by others, equally stupid and leave mankind as stupid as it was before.

Knowing that nearly everyone craves the respect of others, wants to be thought **69**|| of as superior, better than everybody else, able to say, "Thank thee, Oh Lord, that I am not like any of these people!" and feels important because of the faith which they—and others do not—profess to, they start up associations of vegetarians and theosophists, indeed even a socialist society of property owners, seemingly unaware of the absurdity of calling oneself a socialist while hanging on to one's capital. They managed to make people less jealous and less greedy—a rather trivial exercise—in the past by maintaining that all their good deeds would be rewarded a thousandfold in life hereafter, nowadays by pointing out that a life of love and brotherhood is the ideal state of man and that all who aspire to this ideal, do good and are better than others. Sometimes they even maintain that acts of charity and love somehow have the effect of making one's face more beautiful and serene and so will be visible to all with eyes to see.

The respective cosmic systems were depicted, in the past as one of heaven, angels, the last judgment, the elected, and either eternal happiness or eternal damnation, nowadays as one of cosmic rays, magnetism, somnambulism, re-incarnation, and the seven heavens, always on the understanding that such faith is the exclusive reserve of only the best, those who are ready for it.

Every truth, to be more palatable, is adjusted to suit the audience and "clarifications" are added. When they say, "Do not seek glory by trying to be what you are not," they add that keeping up appearances leads to worry and illness, and that in the end all appearance and pretense will be shown up.

They do not simply say, "Security is mortal's greatest enemy, every penny of your capital is a black mark against you, and saving is a sin, forbidden by the voice within you," but they must add an explanation and say, "Look at the trees, the flowers, and the wild animals; they too live from day to day and yet they do not look any the worse for it." Instead of spurning human fear, the passion for saving, they play it

down and even seem to accept it when they say, **70**|| “Capital and property are a barrier on the road to happiness, because hard necessity—hunger and cold—is the only source of pure growth and strength of character, without which there can be no physical health either.” The people will nod and agree, hail them as great and wise men, and then go on saving and living their lives of abuse and exploitation.

They do not simply say, “You should not wear any clothes, because they are a cover of fear, pride and vanity,” but in their explanatory comment they refer to the important role that skin-breathing plays in the human metabolism and to the salutary effect of exposing one’s skin to the fresh air; they turn themselves into experts and reformers of hygiene. The idiots listening to them then take to airbaths and, when somebody discovers the beneficial effect of sunrays, they take to lightbaths and sunbaths, and finally to duskbaths, nightbaths, moonbaths, starbaths, forestbaths and meadowbaths as soon as somebody proclaims them to be healthy. But it all leaves the people just as unhealthy as before because their evil nature makes them sin against their health in yet another way.

They do not just say, “Pray and work!” but must add that praying is a kind of recapitulation, a concentration of mind which gives a better view of life’s path and helps one to follow that path refreshed and steadfast, a guard against illusion and error. They do not simply say, “You should live naked in the world of nature, leave nature undisturbed, and you should not work,” but they add, “You are worried about losing body heat, but you should know that our ancestors were naked and they lived at a time when our climate was certainly not warmer than it is now, that some of the ancient tribes walked around practically naked and that at a temperature of forty degrees below zero. You are worried that nature is not rich enough to feed you and that you will starve unless you work the soil, but remember that whatever nature has brought forth will be maintained by her as long as needed; remember also that Catharina of Siena did not eat at all. Finally you are worried that you might be torn apart by wild beasts and be deprived of your precious life, **71**|| but you should know that no wild animal will attack a truly good human being because in his looks there is something that the glazed eyes of those who have not got it cannot see, but something that wild animals will recognize. Only when people began to live a life of greed did the need arise for so-called heroes, to fight wild animals.”

They do not simply say, “All forms of transport are evil,” but they point to the ill effect of the smoke of trains on one’s health, to the damage to the nervous system caused by the electromagnetic field of electric trams and the inevitable disharmony in the human body which must follow displacement of the field of force without the appropriate use of muscular power. And when they say, “All cultivation is evil, the abuse of nature and its forces is just as immoral as the abuse of human beings and animals,” they must point in addition to all the degeneration, the illness and misery that the cultivation by man has brought. Indeed, they sometimes even express their willingness to enter into a debate with the fools, their fellow human beings! Contrary to their own expressed beliefs, which reject the will of others, they accept this will by the very act of entering into debate, and make it equal to their own will.

In order to make a truth more palatable they will not hesitate to base it on a definite endorsement and proclamation of some fashionable piece of folly. For example, economic reformers base the fact of social injustice and the need for a better, higher

form of life on the foolish arguments of fear and ambition, as if the “higher” can only live on a full stomach—*primum vivere deinde philosophare*, they cry—as if evil in all cases can be avoided by rational argument and by action. Often, while explaining their moral disapproval and trying to console their audiences, they tacitly retract their original stands. They do not simply say, **72**|| “Abandon the illusion of the constancy of matter, the self is sufficient and can create all without any limitation,” but they must add explanations and hypotheses on the nature of matter and so, equally foolishly, introduce the constancy of other things like electrons.

Their advice “Rid yourself of your intellect, that gift of the devil” is qualified by some added remark which in fact endorses the view of the intellect they had just condemned, for example, “The structure of nature is so infinitely subtle and complex that your intellect will never fully grasp it and therefore will never give you the stability you are seeking.” For those, however, who manage to relinquish the intellect, the world is anything but subtle or complex, it appears to be subtle only to an intellect which struggles laboriously and sees no end to its struggle.

The role of preachers therefore is no more than that of a guide, helping along without any power the self-correction, the self-development of the life of desire on this earth, where each form of folly is only a temporary craze which soon exhausts itself and is then discarded by the preachers to make room for other follies. Yet people still behave as if the end justifies the means; they foolishly see something desirable and go after it, using means which are themselves felt to be rather unpleasant. For example, they find the whole business of breeding, feeding, and milking cows rather revolting, and yet they expect nothing but benefit from it; they go on consuming meat and milk until they discover that it damages their health. They dislike the planting and pruning, and the use of manure in horticulture, and yet they expect nothing but benefit from it; they go on eating fruit and vegetables grown that way, until again one day they discover the harmful effects. They dislike spinning and weaving, and yet they go on using curtains and clothes until that too is shown to be harmful. They resent all hard work and the rat race, and yet they expect all kinds of benefits to flow from this “culture”; even those who become disillusioned and give it all up, they still go on, elsewhere, pursuing goals and working hard, because ambition and hard work are part of their nature. **73**|| History shows that the form and shape of the human prison may change, its walls are never demolished.

Lyrical poetry is a form of *wordcraft* and has therefore nothing to do with transcendental truth. It dreams of all kinds of states of mind which flourish in the madness of our culture, according to whether it is more or less intellectual it either supports the ideals of the reader or simply titillates.

It sings of love and sadness, of passion and despair, moons and daisies as they all appear in this imprisoned life. The reader hears the echo of his own phantasies and has the pleasant feeling of being supported, of greater self-confidence and contentedness, which he all badly needs. Most to his taste is the added infusion of a little *weltschmerz*. This mixture seems to give him comfort and a promise of *balance*, grown from *weltschmerz* with the help of some overdeveloped emotions; it helps him escape from his own feelings of dissatisfaction in endless dreaming and gives a temporary release of pain.

Truth and poetry, like any other merchandise, are falsified: indeed they are

hardly ever found in a pure, unadulterated form. Most philosophers and moralists believe as little in what they write as the manufacturers of baby foods and meat extracts believe in their own products; neither do they act with more good faith than those who lead spiritualist séances; and very few poets have themselves experienced the happiness they describe. The critical sense of our corrupted instincts is somewhat warped, it does not detect fakes: *Mundus vult decipi*. Priests do not believe in what they preach to the masses; the leaders of political parties deceive the people deliberately, they use words they don't really understand. Most poets, painters, and other artists have arrogated this role to themselves out of weakness or 74|| laziness, knowing themselves to be poorly placed for any other role in the social industries, and the uncritical public has come to accept their place and their fake products simply because they cannot do it themselves.

Sometimes only the accompaniment of transcendent truth may be heard in life, truth itself is absent, remains outside this limited life and therefore outside the domain of communication and mutual understanding, its expression seems to be completely removed from life of which it is a part. Returning to his humble, earthly duties the "seer" will steadfastly believe in the sudden flashes of imagination received in self-reflection as the accompaniment of higher wisdom, recalling the echo of the guiding voice of self-reflection.

These images are the harmonious results of an attention to the self and of work in this world. They are not an expression of an attention to this world. He who lives in self-reflection, in freedom from fear, desire, and knowledge, who does not see nor follow any direction in this world, who only does what he is made to do and in this way guards himself against irreversible actions which only aggravate his karma, who is not affected by outside influences and stands aloof from what happens outside, who does not grow but quietly maintains his position and at the same time feels free to remain motionless outside the world where he has escaped from his karma, from misery, from growing old, from decay and death. Such a man will see even the flashes of imagination of others as accompanying the truth in his own life, moving high above the world and detached from the forms of this world.

Those imprisoned in life call it mysticism, they think it obscure; but in truth it is light, it is only darkness to those who are in darkness themselves. The phantasies of mysticism are locked in forms which come closest to the humble but sacred task it must fulfill in this world; they therefore do not so readily appear in music or in the visual arts 75|| and are usually expressed in words, which are closest to the human curse, the intellect. Mysticism simply denies that there is anything positive to be found in this limited life, it reflects the infinite emanation and re-absorption of the self in strange imagery and sounds. Only those who know the melody can understand the accompaniment, and they will recognize it, even if it is a strange accompaniment on a strange instrument. Such are, for example, the images of ancient and medieval mystics; they were taken from the perceptual world but seem strange to the modern reader who has not learned to see such a pantheistic world in the surroundings where his duties lie. But that is no reason why he should not understand them.

Sometimes the sounds of truth and of mysticism do not follow the rules of the intellect, but they can be understood by the intellect. Such were the words of those who had been able to turn into themselves. Living their imprisoned lives, they treated

this experience as something independent, something outside themselves; they used it to strengthen themselves through words expressing insight and moral sense within the system of this limited life to which their attention had reverted. These writers may be called semi-mystics. Their work is a source of irritation to those who understand because it brings supernatural truth too far down to earth. For those who do not understand, their work is extremely dangerous because it leads the wanderers searching for security and certainty to all kinds of extremes. At the bottom of almost all forms of religious extremism and sectarianism there is always some semi-mystical pronouncement of truth.

The Church was therefore quite right in condemning the heresies of Eckhart, Huss, Luther, and Calvin, who brought down to earth what should really have been left high above the earth. These men could not remain steadfast, unaffected by the instability of this earth and accept it as God's will; they were moved by their own instability, allowed it to affect their own wills and tried to bring greater stability through their own wills. **76**|| A much purer form of mysticism is found in the writings of the ancient Indians and Chinese and of some of the church fathers, also in the work of Jakob Boehme; their writing is kept well above the level of practical everyday life and is beyond practical understanding. Great intellects may sometimes manage to make a photographic copy of these works within their limited brains and that copy may then seem to hold great truths; however, the essence of the original is completely lost. Since it is all beyond the wits of the hoi polloi, the poor souls suffer no harm from this little game—for it is no more than a little game when so-called philosophers start giving rational explanations of God, Trinity, Immaculate Conception, the Brahma-Vishnu-Shiva; and neither is biblical exegesis more than a little game.

To the intellect and in the context of this limited life pure mysticism is totally meaningless; it does not stir the conscience of evildoers and leaves the great and powerful in peace, and they in turn do not bother themselves much with this “harmless curiosity.”

And since mysticism remains outside the sphere of reason there is not much that can be said of it in rational terms except perhaps in the negative.

Mysticism cannot be learned, it can only be recognized. Anyone with talent can write the truth, and talent can be found even in imprisoned minds; and anyone of sound mind and body can understand the truth. But writing and recognizing pure mysticism requires a freedom of soul, which cannot be acquired by earthly means but can only be granted by divine grace.

Mysticism is quite different from occultism, or rather it is its complete opposite: mysticism denies all knowledge whereas occultism follows the human thirst for knowledge to its extreme; occultism is not concerned with morality, while mystical wisdom and high moral sense are inseparable companions. Nowhere in mysticism is there a thread or a correct sequence, every sentence stands on its own, it does not require another sentence to proceed or to follow it, as suits the accompaniment of what is timeless. **77**|| It treats the questions posed by metaphysics, such as immortality, free will, the meaning of art and religion, and the foundations of morality, as riddles hatched by the intellect; in doing so it removes all mystery and yet shows the impossibility of solving such questions by reasoning.

To the intellect mysticism sounds incoherent, oracular, and sometimes even

bombastic, something that cannot stand the test of criticism, all-bristling with contradictions. Here are some mystical sounds which illustrate and transcend what was said in the previous chapters.

The first property of nature is desire; it is like a magnet, a drawing power of the will, which wants to be something but has nothing of its own to build on; it therefore acts through an attractive force and fastens itself onto a *something*, and yet it is nothing but an acutely felt magnetic hunger, a bitterness, hardness, and cold.

The second property originates in the first, it is the act of drawing, movement in this acute state. The magnet (the attraction) makes hard, and hardness is again broken by movement, and therefore there is an everlasting battle within the self; this causes bitter pain, stinging its sensitivity, which could not exist without acuteness and movement.

The third property is fear or anxiety, a form of will induced by the attraction toward nature and the ego. This movement is like a turning wheel, because desire pulls toward itself while movement repels. In such a state of anxiety the will can neither move inward nor outward, and yet it is pulled inward and outward. This state of fear is the real foundation of hell in as much as it is not—unlike God's being through eternity—absorbed and raised in the freedom of light. (Boehme, II, p. 57)

**78||** Creatures should remain humble and obedient to God and not try to raise themselves higher. They are not God's equals: God wants the company of children, not of masters; He is the Lord and no one else. (ibid. p. 65)

Ever since God spoke the word of creation, the wheel of eternal *essences without being* turned in wonder. However, when he moved will into fiat, it turned into being. And then time began, time which in eternity did not exist before. (ibid. p. 66)

As the revelation of the eternal conflicts with that of the external, earthly, and fallen natural world so do the spirits of the dark world conflict with those of the holy world—in particular in the case of human beings—manifest in a battle of good and evil. In this way God has set one against the other, so that his majesty will be revealed both in his love and his wrath. (ibid. p. 78)

The angels are our servants and our guardians that we may be Christians and not animals. (ibid. p. 79)

There must be struggle until the dark, hard, and closed kernel cracks open and the heavenly spark sets it alight, so that from it—as Christ says—will grow a noble lily as from a divine mustard seed. One must pray seriously and in great humility, sometimes even spite one's intellect and be a clown, appear to be foolish, before Christ will take form in this new incarnation. (ibid. I, p. 83)

It is quite possible that a poor dead sinner mends his ways, when he stops and moves away from visual images and listens to the Lord's voice within him.

But the impenitent, the embittered will not listen to the Lord's voice within, he only says: I want words! printed words! To him only the written word matters, he plays with these words and abuses them and he prides himself in doing so, but he ignores the living Word that has spoken them and he does not want to listen. If, however, he sees the light and repents, he will be dead to the old printed words and be made alive by the Spirit behind them. (ibid. III, p. 215)

79|| For even though a wise man strive, O son of Kunti, the forward senses carry away perforce his mind.

Holding all these in check let him sit, controlled, intent on me: for he whose senses are restrained possesses steadfast wisdom.

When a man ponders on the things of sense, springs up attachment to them; of attachment is born desire, of desire is born wrath.

From wrath there comes delusion, and from delusion a wandering of memory, from memory wrecked the ruin of reason; with reason's ruin the man is lost.

But he who approaches the things of sense with sense from love and hate disjoined and under self's control, with governed self, comes to serenity.

For him serenity begets the loss of every pain; for soon his reason becomes steadfast whose mind is serene.

There is no judgment in the uncontrolled, and in the uncontrolled is no reflection, the unreflecting man can know no peace; he that has no peace—whence has he pleasure? (Bhagavad Gita II, 60–66)

A man should not rejoice at gaining what he loves, nor grieve at gaining what he does not love, steadfast in judgment, undeluded, knowing Brahman, in Brahman abiding.

He who, with self detached from contacts without, finds happiness in self, enjoys imperishable happiness, his self controlled by contemplating Brahman.

For the joys that are born of contact are surely wombs of pain; they have beginning and end, O son of Kunti; not in these does the wise man rejoice.

He who can bear even here, before he finds deliverance from the body, the impulse that desire and wrath beget—he is controlled, he is the happy man.

He who has joy within, pleasure within, and light within, the ascetic, becomes Brahman, and reaches the calm of Brahman. (Bhagavad Gita V, 20–24)

When thought is curbed by practice of control, and comes to quiet, when he sees self by self and is with self content.

When he knows that utmost pleasure which can be grasped by reason but is not reached by sense, and when he stands and swerved not from the truth;

Than which, when gained, he holds no other gain more excellent; wherein he stands, and is not shaken even by grievous pain;

This disunion from union with pain, he should know, is called union by control; this control must he practice with firm resolve and undespairing heart. (Bhagavad Gita VI, 20–23)

**Chapter Eight: The Freed Life** In this world the self and transcendent truth are also reflected in the everyday life of those who are free, those who expiate their old inevitable karma without creating a new one, those who humbly accept their incarceration and never try to break out violently but who on the other hand never hesitate to leave as soon as the gate of liberation is opened, those who feel and accept their bodies as straitjackets until the day when it pleases God to free them and take them to Him. In the eyes of their fellow men their influence in this world is insignificant, and yet they are the ones who carry out the ordinances of fate, the appearance of chance or accident which spites the laws of causality, turns the course of life and takes its revenge. Their well-intended action, however, will not turn the course of events; they cannot disturb the self-revenge of evil and therefore they refrain from preaching the truth.

And yet, in spite of their humility and reticence the truth will show in their personalities, it will cause uneasiness and resentment and sting others into acts of violence against them. From the evil and suffering inflicted on them will spring the various religious movements all over the world, apparently as something positive and new, but in fact no more than a negative revenge on the old.

Their lives show a disregard for pleasure, property, and honor and even of work—except the tasks immediately before them. They have not set themselves any targets either for the immediate future or for the whole of their lives; neither do they seek contact with their fellow human beings. Societies are for them the lowest dregs in the thick fluid of mankind.

For a man therefore life will move toward absolute solitude. **84**|| Not so for a woman: her life will always be a searching and a giving of herself in human, that is, male company. His unchangeable karma, through which and from which his life is directed, is the environment in which he has been placed as well as his reaction to this environment in accordance with his fateful intellect. Hers is a hankering after that which is male as it lives in her beloved; this yearning for what is human outside herself and absolutely separated from herself causes her life slowly to move toward purity. She will ignore her surroundings, life's conditions, and even her own human faculties. Her life will remain directed toward her beloved and therefore stay in this world; she feels she cannot escape as long as she is not man herself. But his path leads away from this world, as soon as he becomes aware of his manhood he moves along this path toward atonement and ultimate elimination.

To start with, he will make his intellect adapt and conform meekly and zealously to the habits and ideals of society, and he listens carefully and waits patiently for the revelation of inner contradictions of that intellect. This revelation is not forced by him and therefore it will only appear when he reaches the ultimate consequences of philosophy and gets stuck as in the vertex of a cone. At that moment the illusion of the world evaporates and the self is revealed. From then onward science and reasoning will disappear from his life, recognized as the mere products of arbitrary limitation. He now only lives in the present moment, happily accepting his condition and his environment, reacting to it with equanimity and carefully waiting for any opportunity to escape from its oppressive force. After his first little escape he feels no longer at home in the company of his fellow men, and they get irritated by his eccentricity which follows from his newfound freedom. He in turn begins to resent all his links with society; he is forced to exercise extreme care in human company and faces the difficult task of reacting to circumstances without being susceptible to the suggestions implied by these circumstances.

**85**|| The temptation to give up his new freedom and fall back into the old routine would indeed be great were it not for the all-embracing power and wisdom which flow to him from his self and which together with mysticism guides him securely on his path, and through immanent and transcendent truth keep life's blood warm and flowing when there is danger of curdling and freezing and therefore of its ultimate death.

These disturbing influences will only help his patient move away from human society. His needs, the burden of his body, will steadily grow fewer and those that do remain will more and more be met by his own hard work rather than by sponging

on others; in the end his dislike of labor will lead him to eliminate all needs. In this way there will be a steady cleansing of his environment without any interference on his part, the intellectual mists—another burden he had suffered with equanimity—will vanish. To his intellect life will be like a forest path: from afar the end will seem dark, but as he walks it will gradually become clearer and clearer.

He will go on and reach a state of ever greater solitude, poverty, and immobility; the last that society will see of him is when he disappears, a hermit seeking the barren heath over lush but dull vegetation, seeking the night rather than the insipid light of day. Often he will bathe in the ocean. He knows that he is destined for even greater poverty, and lives in the belief that

Poor are those who are not satisfied with all that God has ever created. Poor are those who do not want anything, do not know anything, and do not have anything.

If man is at the stage that there is still some place for God to work, we say: as long as there is such a place in man, he is not poor in the deepest sense, for God is not at one with his work. Man should have a place where God can still work: it is poverty of spirit when man is so empty of God and his work that God when he wants to work in man's soul is himself the place where he works and that he does willingly.

**86||** There man is what he was, and there he does not grow nor decline because there he is an immovable origin which moves all things.

Here God does not find in him any place since man because of his poverty achieves what he has always been and will forever be. And here God is one in spirit; this is the deepest poverty we can find. (Meister Eckhart)

What little he does is done reversibly, that is, it can be undone; he does not care whether his work succeeds or not. Since all his actions are reversible he can let himself go in good as well as in evil. Sometimes he will do evil, sometimes he may seem to tighten his earthly shackles: the ways of the self are inscrutable. Maybe he will return to the old life and stay there without regret, appear to be driven by passion, beyond hope and heading for hell. But it does not disturb him; he stands outside the world where he has no obligation, he cannot sin anymore; he cannot do anything there anymore, he has been dead for a long time, his attention moves in higher spheres and "Apostasy is permitted as long as the heart is pure" (Flaubert).

Only the death of aversion from God leads to true tranquility. He who has forsaken his self and surrenders himself wholly to God in mind, taste, desire and will, he is dead to this earthly world; there is a split within him: the aversion, self-centered, keeps stirring in the self unto death, but the surrender of will lives on in the death of Christ and will remain in his resurrection in God. And even if his inborn passions lead to sin—and they can do nothing but lead to sin—the surrendered will does not share in sin, because it is dead to passion and sin and lives through Christ in God. It lives in the land of the living, while the self-centered will lives in the land of the dead, an ever-dying. (Boehme, III, p. 263)

Now that man whose delight is but in self, whose pleasure is in self, whose satisfaction is in self alone, has no work that he must do;

**87||** For him there is no purpose here in work done or left undone, and he has no reliance on any being for any end.

Therefore without attachment ever perform the work that thou must do; for if without attachment a man works, he gains the highest.

Entirely by the strands of nature are works done; he whose self is deluded by the I thinks "I am the doer."

But he who knows the truth about the distribution of strands and works, O thou strong of arm, thinks "Strands abide in strands" and so escapes attachment. (Bhagavad Gita, III, 17–19, 27–28)

Following the path of practice, his self refined, his self subdued, his senses conquered, the pure self becomes the self of every being, although he works, yet he is not defiled.

"I do not work at all" thinks he whose way is practice, who knows the truth, although he see, hear, touch, smell, eat, walk, sleep, or breathe.

Speak, let fall, lay hold, open or close his eyes; remembering ever that the senses abide in the things of sense.

He who lays works on Brahman, abandoning attachment, and so works, is not smeared by sin, as a lotus leaf is not smeared by water.

With body, mind, and intellect, and sense alone, ascetics do work, abandoning attachment, to purify their selves.

He whose way is practice abandons fruit of work, and wins to final peace; he who shuns practice, and is attached to fruit by the prompting of desire, is bound. (Bhagavad Gita, V, 7–12)

But the free man—whether he continues his escape through every possible opening or returns to the old life—he does not touch the walls of life nor does he feel trapped in them.

**88**|| That is why his beauty shows through these walls. Only visible to his equals, his beauty shines through all that binds him: his house, his clothes, his country, and his body as his 'idea', the karma which burdened him from birth but above which he has raised himself. This beauty is free from the world, free from decay and it is imperishable; it is the beauty of freedom, visible through chains since freedom at a time of tribulation is always enchained.

As long as he has not moved out of society there will always be women whose lives flow toward his. If they are driven by passion or seek support in his weak manliness, their lives will not penetrate into his life because they do not see him. But if they live pure lives, that is, live in him without lives of their own, then they will see him and their lives will merge and flow with his. The lack of any life of their own does not allow them to break themselves loose from society; it is therefore through his women that he will maintain his last links with society and through some very fine threads remain rooted in society. The temptation that radiates from them unconsciously will appear to him as the strange and tempting radiance of the flowers of his dreams, which vanishes when touched and which kills the guilty, a radiance which respects the lives of those who pass it by with reverence and admiration, a radiance which is immaterial and therefore out of reach of any attention imprisoned in plurality and materiality, but a radiance which without any resistance will penetrate into the soul which is pure and does not need the support of matter.

The women who swarm around him, driven by passion, are like vampires but like the predators of his solitude they can cause him no harm.

In the end he is no longer seen among his fellow men because “None of all that God has created satisfies him anymore.” If he is dead, he has escaped from his karma and **89**|| therefore from existence and limitation. However, escape from his karma alone does not necessarily mean that he must die nor that he must live in a country with unknown horizons and strange fellow creatures. He will therefore live alone and naked on a desert island, not too big, not too small, one that he can easily oversee. Is it to be found in this world? No, because there is no longer any need for an earth and therefore earth no longer exists.

The sea is calm, the horizon sharply set. The needs of his body, which he already knows to be nonexistent, have now also vanished physically. There is therefore no longer any reason why his body should die. He does not eat anymore, he surveys his island all around him: a fox, a few rabbits rustle away and some birds perch quietly in the branches. He sits down on the beach and watches the horizon. There is a soft fall of rain; in the sky behind him the moon, and over the sea a pale shimmer. The birds, also behind him, watch him silently, wondering but paralyzed. It all is frozen in time: so it has always been and will forever be.

That was mysticism. It is Flaubert’s immanent truth in the cloak of phantasy of his *Gymnosophiste*:

At the edge of the forest there stands something that looks like a woodpile, something rather strange: it is a man, completely naked and covered in cow dung, more emaciated than a mummy; his joints are like knots at the end of bones, which look like sticks. There are shells over his ears, his face is thin and long, his nose like the beak of a vulture. His left arm points in the air, paralyzed, stiff like a wooden stake; he has stood there so long that birds have nested in his hair. On the four corners of the woodpile there are four fires burning. The sun shines right in his face, he watches it with open eyes.

[And while the flames surround him he says:] “I am like a rhinoceros, I have buried myself in solitude, I lived in the tree behind me and fed myself on flowers and fruit, so carefully observing the rules that even a dog could not see me eat.

**90**|| Since existence arises from corruption, corruption from desire, desire from sensation, and sensation from contact, I shunned all action, all contact, not making any more movement than the stone figure in the graveyard, breathing through my nostrils, my gaze fixed upon my nose. Seeing the universal ether in my mind, the world in my limbs, the moon in my heart, I became aware of the essence of the Great Spirit from which keep bursting forth the beginnings of life, like the sparks from a fire.

At last I found the Supreme Spirit in all beings, and all beings in the Supreme Spirit; and I was able to make my soul enter into it, my soul into which I had brought all my senses.

I gain my knowledge directly from heaven, like the tchataka bird which only uses the rain to quench its thirst. Only in this way do I know things, things themselves do no longer exist.

For me there is now no hope, no anguish, no happiness, no virtue, neither day nor night, neither you nor me: absolutely nothing.

This awful deprivation has made me stronger than any power; one movement of thought can kill a hundred princes, dethrone gods, turn the whole world upside down.

...I have taken a dislike to form, to perception, and even to knowledge itself because thoughts do not survive the transitory facts which brought them into being; like everything else, mind is an illusion.

All that has been created will perish and all that is dead will revive; beings that have actually disappeared will dwell in a womb not yet formed and they will return to this world to share the suffering of other creatures.

But having turned through an infinite multitude of existences in the form of gods, of men and animals, I now give up all travel; I do not want any more tiredness! I abandon the squalid tavern of my body, built of flesh, colored by blood, covered in a hideous skin, full of dirt. Instead I shall finally go to sleep in the deepest sleep of the absolute: in annihilation.”

**91**|| You may think it strange that the way of life chosen by the greatest, the wisest of men requires so few special skills and powers, that such total surrender, such laziness is too easy. But remember: they have broken right from the start with the habit of aspiring to the difficult and the artful, of making the best of one’s talents; for a long time there has not been anything in this world that they admire and worship, they know that there is nothing here worthy of worship or admiration. They look upon their talents as temptations, luring them toward action in this world (which again promotes itself as the real movement of the world), temptations which remain powerless, frustrated by their insight of the “grandeur and decadence” of all worldly greatness and worldly show of strength. From the moment that the inner contradiction of the intellect was revealed to them they shunned and ignored their own talents. They do not wish to know the truths of the world nor learn the art of prediction, knowing full well—even if they can see and feel through past and present—that this has nothing to do with the world of outer appearances nor with language, and certainly cannot be expressed in language.

They can do anything that comes their way, but rather than perform tricks they work miracles.

As to the free woman, her life’s path moves through the densest growth of society and there it will end, even if her real self remains outside, existing as it does outside time and space. She will not seek nor recognize stability, she trusts no one nor will she be faithful to anybody or anything. But the barrier wall built around her by her karma, her fate, is to worship the highest in man that she is capable of grasping, and to adapt her own external life to the service of his free and full development. In doing so she will not be bound by any law or convention of society.

**92**|| Uninhibited she will spread crime and cruelty along her path, she will show the same lack of restraint in guarding herself and her own life—itsself of little importance—in the service of her beloved, not afraid to sacrifice human lives in the process and not ashamed to lose her honor. He is the only one she tries to care for, but he does not know her; and if his life would touch hers, she would choose to serve him in the most menial and degrading of tasks, knowing full well that nothing in this world is unworthy of woman, who has no soul and bears the guilt of man’s fall.

The barrier round her will open up when her beloved falls away from his karma for good, revealing the contradictions of the karma that abandons itself, revealing also the illusoriness of her ideal. It may also happen that a higher male karma is revealed to her, that a great light will shine through the old barrier walls, which will appear to be nothing, the back wall eliminating the front. A new deeper and lighter wall then

becomes visible behind the old one and demands her full attention. Her heart now belongs to her new beloved, the old one deceived by her fake loyalty—maybe to his salvation.

For the free man life is a full but humble employment of his intellect reacting to his environment; for woman it is love, that is her inexorable karma... until the last, the faintest and lightest of walls has come down and she falls into an empty space: the mirage of male stability outside herself, the only basis of her femininity, has faded away; her life no longer has any purpose and after this last revelation it has crumbled into nothing.

Having served many, one after another and with greater purity at every stage, she meets her last friend, in whom manliness has raised itself and as the highest male principle returned to his father, the last friend whom she can only serve by leaving. And she goes away and lies down awaiting death.

**Chapter Nine: Economics 95**|| There is one more evil which the free life will carefully avoid as long as its links with society remain, and that is “economics.” It is governed by the absolute conviction that folly and injustice are an essential part of society; indeed, if society were better, if it were governed by love and brotherhood, there would be no ground for its existence, it simply would not exist. There is no temptation to look at it more intelligently, examine the manner and the rules by which misery and injustice operate. To the free man the world is no more than the brute force and restraint which it uses against him, the guilt with which it burdens him and which haunts him. This doom is all he thinks about: he thinks of nothing but escape, of freeing himself slowly, avoiding falling down the ravine of temptation, not pursuing what is desirable and not trying to make up for what is regrettable. For if one considers something to be desirable or regrettable, one sees it as something outside oneself, as part of a world which is independent and permanent, as part of an inalienable property which can be nurtured, cared for, improved, and made to grow like flowers or chickens. Trying to exert outside influence for the sake of a better world or one’s own power is vanity, blind folly, and lust for power.

The free man rather looks on his fellow men as burdensome hallucinations, luring him away from the right path and trying to make him join their ways because they cannot tolerate his freedom. The free man will carefully avoid them.

**96**|| Messing about with society, trying to change it, is something he will leave to “idiots with ambition,” knowing full well that there will always be such idiots and not worried about the lack of any such people. For if there were no people chasing the mirage of a world to be governed by them the world would be perfect, there would be no need for government and no need for social work. If the world were perfect, it simply would not exist.

The self-correction of the social lie is guided by the hand of truth, but truth dressed in the robes of lies, and therefore it does not stop at cleansing and breaking old injustice, old folly: from man’s penchant for folly and greed will grow new folly and new injustice.

Look and see how the theories which help to undermine one worn-out social structure of injustice always carry in their own positive concepts the germ of yet another evil, just as deadly as the old one.

They talk about “the rights of man,” as if human beings bring with them into the world, rights, and worse, duties as a punishment for being born.

They talk about “work,” the necessity of it, and the happiness it brings, as if human labor were more than a blind convulsion of fear for what in fact is not evil at all, and of desire for what can only bring misery: this wretched “work,” through which the human swarm of insects has pushed back and eaten away Mother Nature, who gave them life and who kept them in balance! They will all end up lonely, in utter misery, without balance and support! In order to extend their miserable lives they use the services of such hellish forces as fire and cohesion. Work, which uses its hellish powers to create wealth, which turns into sensuality, which makes the human species expand even more, makes it more miserable and more dependent on the services of hell; work, which man’s sin has turned the world into a necessary instrument of fear and greed, and made it a place of sorrow, folly, and misery!

They talk about “the poor and repressed” and about “the repressed classes,” as if anybody in this world were born into a state of repression without deserving it! As if 97|| anybody could suffer social deprivation without having bowed down out of fear! Is not the world a garden of misery, kept alive by inner contradiction, a place where everyone, after a helpless struggle and total defeat of his ambitions, receives his reward according to his work and his guilt! And will this not remain so forever, and will people not fight their punishment only to protract it even further?

They talk of human talent and the joy of life, which the poor repressed classes have no chance of developing or enjoying. But there is no joy of life, it is only an object of desire, life is joyless! And as to talents, they only tempt and divert attention away from life’s path; by ignoring one’s talents one usually saves oneself a lot of folly and misery. In the rare case that the deployment of talent helps a man to keep to the free path of life, toward atonement and redemption from his karma, one will find that he has maintained the bond with the self, and that in this case he would have succeeded even if he had been born in the most depressed of classes.

They also talk of “justice” and in their childish and arrogant expectation of the future they cry that one day justice at last will rule this world. But is not justice merely a way of keeping human society in a kind of frozen state, expressing their separation without independence? Has not mankind united itself in justice out of a common fear of the uncertain and fear of one another, not realizing that in doing so they have done nothing but shift the area of uncertainty, move the battleground from where they openly murdered one another by every means available? Having justice on their side, the battle now becomes fiercer and more ugly than at the time when there was no “justice.” It started already with the duel, which lacked spontaneity both in the opening of the fight and in the choice of weapon. Nowadays not only have fistfights and duels been abolished, but we even must pay our bills and we are not even allowed to falsify signatures! And that all in order to protect the devious power of money and 98|| those parasitic state institutions. The venue of permissible fight has now moved to a most unpleasant backyard; that is where now the center of gravity lies, where people now murder and swindle one another. Mind you, those who do not like fighting there and simply choose to ignore justice and the law do so anyway: fighting against justice is much more provoking and also more dignified than with justice on one’s side. Those who know no fear will also find justice to be quite an easy match. Don’t worry, ninety

percent of all murders are never solved; moreover, it is probably the best solution for those who are murdered, and in any case they deserve it.

Economists and political leaders love to speak of some “future state of all people working consciously together.” Such a state would only be possible for people without fear and greed; but people like that would never work and therefore such a world is an impossibility. Among all the people crowding together in common greed, swallowing all this wonderful drivel there is not a single person who does not know full well that he himself would never satisfy the demands this future state would make of its citizens.

The masses are so blinded by greed that they do not even notice that their own leaders live in ill-gained luxury, in cozy isolation and at their expense. Indeed, they do not see that in their political party there is an even more degrading regime and greater repression of personal fulfillment than that suffered by the most repressed subjects of the state which it opposes. Socialist workers are the slaves of their leaders more than of their industrial masters. In the past people fought their lords, fooled by the promise of liberation of the nation, national freedom; nowadays it is the promise of freedom for the working classes. But the people themselves will never be liberated, they will continue to be oppressed and exploited out of greed and for the sake of the mad phantasies and ideals of some individuals. Oppression and exploitation are only shifted elsewhere by the apostles of the new truth; injustice will live on, generously fed by fear, greed, and folly, and in its prevailing form supported by some new aspect of “justice.”

**99**|| No, the world can never be reformed so as to bring good to man. Social conditions will remain wretched and life for every individual will remain a misery, only aggravated by hope for advancement and a better future. Only complete surrender and total resignation would end this misery.

Look at this world, full of wretched people who imagine that they have possessions, worried that they might lose them and ever toiling in the hope of acquiring more. Look at all these people, striving after luxury and wealth, those whose riches are secured, whose stocks and shares are safely deposited and who now nurture an insatiable appetite for knowledge, power, health, glory, and pleasure.

Only he who recognizes that he has nothing, that he cannot possess anything, that security is unattainable, only he who completely resigns himself and sacrifices all, who gives everything, who does not know anything, who does not want anything and does not want to know anything, who abandons and neglects all, he will receive all: the world of freedom is opened to him, the world of painless contemplation and—of nothing.