

## Letter 62 - February 24, 2006

Dear Carl, "Once more unto the breach, dear friend, once more," not so much in order to cross the finish as approach the starting line, all questions answered by the certainty that God is not present beyond us but present beyond us only insofar as we're not present to ourselves, that is to say, our Self. And how do we become present to our Self if not by cancelling the third person's lease and restoring to the first its rightful ownership? According to Altizer - and he's certainly not original in this - we have to recognize and acknowledge that, given our place in the time-line, there's only one way open to the likes of us, only one way that every evil can be eventually converted to the good even if that good masquerades as damnation, especially if it masquerades as damnation, and that's the doctrine of hitting bottom which I, for one, would have found impossible to accept and did had it not been for the turn-around, the supreme con-version provided by the experiments. For which sanction - and it's what makes him interesting to us - he turns, as we do, to the testimony of history and, parodic as ever (at least on the surface), to its prime and latest witness, modernity itself with its concentration camps and gas chambers and atomic bombs and germ warfare, first manifestations ever, at least on a universal scale, of a total and worldwide horror story thus inviting its countervailing balancing-act, indeed, insisting on it. What endears him to us and certainly qualifies him as a companion to Headlessness - why else bother? - is - and it's the mark of his own spiritual gifts - how close he comes to the template of all existence even without benefit of the experiments. To which end the following pertinent, if somewhat lengthy excerpt bears witness:

" Blake, even as Hegel, ultimately came to see the whole of history as a *redemptive totality*. For even though the actuality of history is a world of violence and horror, and is so for both Hegel and Blake, nonetheless that horror is finally a *redemptive horror*." (as usual, the italics are mine)." It is a redemptive horror because it is a total horror drawing 'all Eternity' into itself. Not only do 'The ruins of Time build Mansions in Eternity...' (cf. the experiments) ...'But Jesus, breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell, Opens Eternity in Time & Space, triumphant in Mercy' ...Luvah, who is the *Violence and horror of history, is also the atoning Lamb of God because he has entered the State of Satan and Death*, a state which is universal to our fallen history, but which must be *passed through* if Spirit or 'The Eternal Great Humanity Divine' is to be and become itself."

Given what we know now, I find this analysis quite extraordinary, in fact am more impressed than ever that, absent the requisite tools and solely dependent on intuition and a genius for observation, Blake and others as well as their interpreters like Altizer are able to re-present what, as we're now in a position to *see*, only the anonymous, name-free experiments are in a position to pin-point with absolute certainty and in detail because they *render* it unambiguously in silence. Yet at the same time, though filled with admiration, I'm nevertheless forced to admit that though I may have saluted their findings with a dutiful if somewhat skeptical, even, on occasion, incomprehensible respect, without the witness of this, our silent partner, neither I nor anybody else could ever have been quite sure we weren't still circling the round-about of truth in the guise of words, words, words, even *the Word*, instead of having arrived in one fell swoop, indeed, in one fallen swoop, at a destination and

destiny beyond impersonation. To be as blunt about it as possible, could we in all our wildest dreams have imagined a better bet - win, place and show, the perfect *trifecta* - than that the sickness unto death would, in the person of the experiments, provide us with the winning ticket, not only the diagnosis and the prescription but - all hell and healing breaking loose at the same time - the cure as well?

From which seeming anomalies virtually everything else comes clear, not only the end of symbolism, for instance, but the end of the need for it. Unless, of course, like me your hobbies - and quite legitimate they are too as a way of passing the time - run to island-hopping, collecting butterflies like philosophy or religion or exploring old haunts for remains of the fountain of youth or the land of heart's desire or even, as we're doing now, mining, digging deep for the meaning of it all. Take Altizer with his seemingly endless pages and interesting ones, too, dedicated and committed child of Calvin that he is, to the hot pursuit of predestination: its significance, its location, its life, death and rebirth when, talking about parodies and the total end of transcendence, it all comes down to nothing *but* and nothing *and* a finger pointing, not at the moon as the Zen people note, but in precisely the opposite direction: to the visible fact that we're built for loving and there, literally - everything else embroidery - is not only the beginning but the end of it.

Which, speaking of embroidery, reminds me I recall reading somewhere that in his consulting room Freud had hanging, sewn in what used to be referred to as fancywork and framed, a favorite quote from the *Aeneid*, one that read: "If heaven prove intractable, I will move all hell." And so he did. And so do we all now and, surprise, surprise, look what or, if you prefer, who we come up with at the bottom of the pile.

### **Letter 63 - March 2, 2006**

Dear Carl,            Though we've covered a lot of ground and though I may have "miles to go before I sleep" (though not as many as I'd like and certainly not sufficient to exhaust our explorations), looking over my notes I see we still have some unfinished business with Altizer. I trust this doesn't alarm you too much or in some way indicate I want to get through with him. On the contrary, for our purposes and from a certain perspective he's as good as they come and capable of startling and quite unexpected insights but there are others out there whom we've talked about - Nishitani, for instance, and Abe from the Buddhist tradition, Gebser from ours - whose work also warrants measuring by the, literally, incomparable gauge of the experiments. Which prospect, assuming, of course, I have the strength and stamina to get through it, I hope doesn't fill you with too much alarm. In any case, in observance of the law of the conservation of energy I'm going to try to limit my remarks to the strictly relevant. But then, considering the universality, the absolute blanket-covering of Headlessness, what isn't relevant to it?

Here, for instance, and in direct contravention of the guide-lines I've just set down is a mere passing remark of Altizer's I came across only a minute ago while looking for an altogether different reference and which, on the surface, at least, would seem to indicate I'm still all over the place but, nevertheless, given our context I find irresistible:

"Writing or scripture finally ends in *Finnegans Wake*, for this is a text in which a written or writable language has wholly disappeared as such and disappeared to make way for or to awake that *primal and immediate speech* which is *on the other side* of writing or text, and on the infinitely other side of that writing which is scripture or sacred text."

Could there be a better if unwitting or even unconscious yet premonitory description of what the experiments -that "primal and immediate speech ...on the other side of writing" - will be all about and how and why they're conveyed in the way they are than this? Or this?:

Not only is "Scripture more fully and universally present in *Finnegans Wake* than it is in any other text...but the Koran is likewise present...and so also are the Eddas, the Bhagavad Gita, the Egyptian and Tibetan Books of the Dead, and even Confucian and Buddhist scriptures...But always these texts are present only by way of their emptiness or absence as sacred or mythical texts, their original sacrality now invariably passing into ribaldry, banality, and blasphemy, as all the grace of an *archaic* and sacred Heaven is now present and actual only by way of what Scripture could only name as Satan and Hell...Even the four evangelists are present once again as witnesses and narrators, but not only are they now false witnesses, they are reverse witnesses or narrators, who become yet another source of dissonance and disorder. *Yet this is just the chaos that makes possible an apocalyptic epiphany of total grace, a grace realizing and enacting itself by way of the revelatory and sacrificial presences of H.C.E...*" The same H.C.E., Joyce's hero, whose initials as well as "sacrificial presence" are soon to be revealed in the flesh and under his real name as simply Here Comes Everybody.

Am I reaching too far, derailed rather than detoured, in claiming that the universal chaos the prophetic component indigenous to the Western tradition from Homer and the Bible through Dante and Milton and Blake and now Joyce has prefigured and we're now living through on a scale unimaginable before in the history of the race, is precisely the condition that has made possible, indeed, if God's in his heaven, made mandatory this "apocalyptic epiphany of total grace" we call the experiments? And, to return to my original intention, hasn't this condition been brought about, at least in part, by, as Altizer so presciently intuits, that Christian theology that can and will only be reborn by way of an immersion in Buddhism, a hypothesis that, unbeknownst to him, was actually being prepared for its apotheosis at the very scene of the crime by the seemingly hellish breakdown of all barriers that led to Douglas' breakthrough in India? Other than what the experiments themselves actually render without interference or intrusion or even interpretation, can anything be plainer than the correlation between the Buddhist notion of Nirvana and Emptiness, of inner exodus, with its actual counterpart, the exterior exodus in the Judeo-Christian tradition, first from Egypt and then from history itself, thus relating, from Alpha to Omega, its fulfillment, available to any one any time any where, to its completion, its opposite number, so to speak, now available for the first time ever to every one every where every when? Can there be any doubt that this is the meaning underlying the apparent meaninglessness of our time on its way to ultimate liberation in the meaning-free?

## Letter 64 - March 12, 2006

Dear Carl, Although I hope to go into it in greater detail later when we consider, if only briefly, the work of D.G. Leahy (a younger associate of Altizer's and even more difficult and convoluted), I think it's about time we turn to this whole question (or should it be answer?) of sacrifice and see - and I do mean "see" - how and what the experiments can contribute to our understanding of a practice which is and justifiably has been central to any serious theological or religious or philosophical consideration of any kind and, indeed, as, appropriately enough, they themselves demonstrate in the flesh, has to be the absolute basis for any discussion, not to speak of manifestation, of life itself. In fact, from the Polynesian custom of potlatch to the holy practice of African and West Indian cannibalism to the Aztec-like holocausts still operative today, alas, in their debased versions of racial and/or political purity, right up to, at the other end of the spectrum, the self-immolation of a Prajapati, for instance, in the Hindu pantheon or, closer to home, our own voluntary offerings such as the crucifixion or, in Headlessness the card experiment, I can't think of a single activity, even the comparable give-and-take of breathing, more revelatory of what this mystery of existence is all about.

With an effect, then, so all pervasive as to preclude deviation and confirm that it's no accident that, by definition, to begin anywhere and anywhen is to begin somewhere in the middle, we might as well start with our own vanishing tradition and the notion (and I say "notion" advisedly) of the Eucharist, the transubstantiation of the body and blood of Christ into the bread and wine served up at the Mass. I hasten to point out that whether this act is (or at least was) interpreted as mere symbolic commemoration (as with the Protestants) or, Catholic-wise, is presumed to constitute the real presence, the very real body and blood of the Savior, is, for our purposes quite irrelevant since, in light of the experiments the origin of both practices, however conceived, is still revealed finally as merely a reflection of its source, rather than a manifestation of the Source itself. Rather than claim, as we might have only yesterday, that the experiments mirror in one form or another, and are, in effect, simply re-enactments of a consciousness born some two thousand years ago, what we see now is precisely the opposite. Despite its seeming precedence in the order of time, it is the mass, however interpreted, symbolic or no, that *reflects* the basic, the absolutely sacrificial ground of all existence, not the other way round. As the experiments not only demonstrate but render, rather than a re-iteration of what, presumably, took place once on a cross, the passion represents, as far as we know, the first historically *conscious* attempt to act out a process that, as Meister Eckhart noted, is applicable to, even as it's indelibly inscribed in, the lowliest fly on the wall and, indeed, to the repetition and supreme sacrifice indigenous to every living thing in its least breath. In effect - and the claim damn near got Eckhart burnt for it - Jesus did not so much die *for* us as to show us *how* to die. No accident, then, or wonder either that, however innocent of this precise rationale, a fleeing Aristotle could instinctively claim that one man put to death for the truth (Socrates) was enough or after the Fact a Kierkegaard actually argue the sinfulness of further voluntary crucifixions, the first having settled once and for all the sacrificial nature of all existence. I know I've cited it before but, as with so many of these gems that bear repeating, though they merely *say* what we're now finally in a position to *see*, can we come up with a coming attraction more enticing than Blake's "Such are the Laws of Eternity that each shall mutually Annihilate himself for others good?" Though we may continue kicking and screaming against such traces and killing too, aside from

*how* we pay for such knowledge, do we really have a choice, then, one way or another, as to *whether* we will pay for it?

The ramifications of all this are, of course, if doctrinally simple, virtually endless as through the process of history itself we gradually become educated to and sometimes even forced to give up what was never ours in the first place. A case in point would be the much ado about predestination to which Altizer devotes, I won't say endless pages since whatever he sets down turns out to be both provocative and interesting, but now appear, as does its development, of merely historical interest. As the experiments irrevocably demonstrate and Douglas recognized, the proof of the matter is that, rather than merely born for loving - an appellation vaguely redolent of Hollywood or Tin Pan Alley - we're actually built for it, a much more precise and, indeed, demanding designation. And the same analysis can be applied to the various trial-runs that, as the case may be, either disfigure or enhance that landscape. I think of the basic encounter between Abraham and Isaac, for instance, a marvelous case in point and absolutely central to an understanding of how this business of sacrifice works or, at least, has worked since we can now trace its evolution, or the awareness of it, from beginning to end, from Alpha to Omega, from the progress of body and blood - another's - to its supreme substitute - his - (the ram in the thicket, the bread and the wine), only to see it revert back on itself and, negating the negation in good Hegelian fashion, end up where it not only belongs but began - with mine. No longer is it *his* body and blood, whoever he may be and however consecrated, that speaks *to* us or even has to, but *ours* that speaks *for* us and must. And so ends that Chapter if not its Verse.

### **Letter 65 - March 19, 2006**

Dear Carl, A propos of nothing - and I do mean no-thing - here are two disparate quotes I recently came across which turn out to be not so disparate after all and as a result worth mentioning. The first is by Berdyaev, Nicolas Berdyaev, a refugee from the Russian Revolution who spent the greater part of his working life in Paris and whom I first discovered there at the end of the War where he enjoyed quite a reputation as a kind of free-lance, if Orthodox, theologian-thinker. Suffice it that his work - and both in weight and volume it was considerable - had a big and early influence on me. Anyway, here it is:

"With the ultimate fruits of the progress of his creative activity modern man arrives at the negation of his own image."

The second is from Goethe:

"No central point is any longer given to which we may look."

I can only assume that the rationale for my juxtaposing these two seemingly disparate observations at this time and at this place yet both arriving at related conclusions is obvious: they're both right for the wrong reasons, or if Goethe is simply wrong for the wrong ones, it's merely because, absent the experiments, he hadn't yet learned (nor would he) to look in the *right* direction. So true it is that God, no longer quite the unknown as once believed, is no respecter of persons, not even of the

revered and wisely resigned, and now we have the instruments to prove it. Given these parlous times, wise resignation is just not good enough any more, assuming it ever was. And why? Because no longer fit to foot the bill, it's simply in no position, literally, to pay for it. As for Berdyaev, although he flirts with his better possibilities, again, absent the experiments, he still doesn't get the significance of the "negation of his *own* image," which, rather than a call to pessimism (which I certainly shared with him at the time), turns out to be an invitation, not only to the one thing necessary and possible, but the one thing desirable as well.

All this by way of returning, if in something of a round-about way, to this question of sacrifice since one of the items we're also called upon to forego is our previous notion of what constitutes not only the great but the good, whether applicable to the human or the divine realm. Such being the case, we see now that according to Altizer's daring if hypothetical thesis, a thesis now absolutely confirmed by the experiments, both a Milton, for instance, and after him a Blake were justified in claiming that it's precisely Satan, that is to say, evil (or, if you prefer, the horrors of our third person and peculiarly modern history), that constitutes the "primary portal" to a genuinely new world and this by means of a word no longer audible but visible. But let me quote him in detail since, by summing up his own position, to some degree he anticipates ours (again, as usual the italics are mine):

"...the work and role of the Son is inseparable from the role and work of Satan, a Satan embodying the 'high permission of all-ruling Heaven' (Paradise Lost, I, 212), and a *Satan whose pure evil finally realizes infinite grace. Therefore the role of Satan is ultimately a redemptive role.* While truly the dark opposite of the Son, it is only through an actual embodiment of that dark and total opposition that a redemption can become manifest which is both total and apocalyptic. But it can be so realized only by and through a new form and mode of self-consciousness...an autonomous and individual self-consciousness whose freedom is newly and only its own. This is that freedom which is the fierce and driving energy of modern revolution, a revolution which is...integrally and finally directed to an apocalyptic goal, a goal ultimately directed to realizing that 'one kingdom' which is Heaven and earth at once. *Only the final loss of an ancient and original Heaven...* can make possible this *new interior and apocalyptic* resolution, for only the final loss of an original paradise can free all life and energy from an attachment and bondage to the sacrality and ultimacy of the primordial and the past. The very loss of that ultimacy is the grounding center of a new and revolutionary freedom that for the first time can finally and totally embrace a future and apocalyptic goal."

Could there be, however unwitting, a better or clearer exposition of what the experiments, that "new form and mode of self-consciousness," are all about in their drive towards a "new and interior apocalyptic," that is to say, towards a new and interior *revelation* minus all the hocus-pocus? Indeed, rather than having to refer to the "Son and Satan," those already dispossessed heirs of a worn-out, if not totally discredited, symbolism or mourn "a final loss of an ancient and original Heaven" as a frame of reference, could anything strike closer to home - indeed, as close to home as we're going to get - than just a plain finger, a true magic wand pointing in the right direction and so not only distinguishing by a mere wave of the hand between a 1st and 3rd Person but bidding bye-bye forever to the bugbear of transcendence? Could anything be more conducive to the realization of our legitimate, because ingrained,

longing for a happy ending than this recognition which, for all his insight, Altizer, absent the experiments, still has to consign to the day after tomorrow? As Peanuts might have said had he concerned himself with such things as distinguishing Shadow from Substance, "we have seen the 'future and apocalyptic goal' - and it is us." It is here and now and it works.

### **Letter 66 - March 19, 2006**

Dear Carl, Years ago - and I do mean years, maybe it's fifty now - I used to spend part of my summers in a small unheated hut on an island about ten or twelve miles off the coast of Maine. Except for a few vacationers like me, it was mainly (no pun intended) inhabited by a handful of lobstermen who, when lobsters were off-limits during the breeding season, just plain went fishing and I do mean fishing or trawling as they called it. They'd start off at about three in the morning and not return until late in the afternoon after they'd sold their catch on the main-land. As I can testify, having, on occasion, accompanied a tenant of mine who used part of my shack, a former fish-house, for his gear and tackle, it was hard work. Anyway, the point of the story is that, though like the rest of them I was a smoker (in fact, until I gave it up a few years ago under duress, I never met a cigar, cigarette or pipe I didn't like - like? love!), what with the wind and the waves it was virtually impossible to light up or, if you did succeed, to keep the damn thing going with any kind of consistency, not to speak of satisfaction. So like the rest of them, I learned to chew and, even more importantly since, for obvious reasons, it was at my peril (and everyone else's, too, I might add) to spit, not into but, with the wind. I also learned - and surprisingly enough, it took some doing - when to get rid of the "chaw" altogether and start on a new one. Quite simply when, like a piece of gum, all the "goodness" washed out, it had lost its flavor or, even more to the point, like the proverbial salt, its savor.

Now I don't mean to compare Altizer to a hunk of used-up chewing-tobacco or to salt that's lost its savor, far from it since, from our standpoint - the view from Omega - he comes about as close as we're going to get absent the experiments, at least as I've been able to find, certainly among the moderns. Why else would we bother with him? It's simply that, though we may have cleared a good part of the essential ground with, if not exactly his help, certainly at his provocation, there are still a few more points I want to make - pro and con - before moving on briefly to - and this surprises even me - his side-kick and younger buddy, D.G. Leahy. I know I've mentioned Leahy before if only to note that he may be or at least two of his most important works, *Foundation: Matter the Body Itself* and *Novitas Mundi*, may be among the most dense and difficult books I've ever come across and, if you're looking for comparisons, that would even include Joyce's *Wake*. In fact, with its seemingly endless miles and miles of mathematical equations leading, as far as I can see, precisely nowhere (which is where we end up without even trying), *Foundation* seems to me so inaccessible as to be, like a road-map of Jupiter or Mars, virtually useless for our purposes. Not so the *Novitas*, however, providing as it does a nice demonstration of where both Leahy and Altizer agree with each other yet - and God knows they're not alone - differ from us in that along with just about everyone else they're still stuck - dare I say it? - in faith. I don't mean to be rude but as far as I can see - and I do mean "see" - "stuck" is the only word for it.

That said, before going on to where we differ from Altizer, in the interest of fairness, I'd like to touch on a few points where we agree - and I trust that, speaking in the name of the experiments, I've earned the right to say "we"- always keeping in mind, of course, that neither this nor anything I might have to say about him or anyone else or even *anything* else, is intended as a personal *critique* or, indeed, a critique of any kind. To be perfectly blunt about it, I'm so convinced that it's we who possess the *Open Sesame* as we go from truth, the language of certainty, to certainty itSelf, the language of silence, that whatever others may or may not contribute, even by means of their *lacunae*, especially by means of their *lacunae*, merely serves as a counter or, if you will, a goad which, like absence itself, simply encourages further exploration. But, without getting too fancy about it, isn't that what Blake suggests when he insists on coupling the Son and Satan, that same Satan whose portal, he insists, leads to the meaning of history and we see, carrying it a step further, indeed, carrying it to the end of the line, achieves apotheosis in the experiments? Isn't that what we suggest and more than suggest when, to avoid embarrassment and the charge of fuddy-duddyism (the Son! Satan!), we distinguish cosmos from chaos or, even more specifically down to earth and to the point, 1st from 3rd Persons, both necessary "partners" in this joint venture we refer to as the great unveiling which turns out to be nothing less than apocalypse itself?

In any case, since I've almost used up our limit of one page, a propos of Nothing let me as a postscript wind up (or down) with a couple of choice tid-bits I've come across recently. Here's one from Husserl: "We must not make assertions about that which we do not ourselves *see*." Which, if past is prologue, should exclude just about any-and-everyone we might come across and, at the same time - a double whammy here - save not only time but - the name of the game - *the* time as well. Who knows? It might even save us from Husserl himself, not the worst offender by any means. Or how about this from Cardinal Newman? (As usual, the italics are mine). "The *visible* world still remains without its divine interpretation." (Which, of course, B.E. - Before the Experiments - it did). "Holy Church in her sacraments and... appointments will remain, *even to the end of the world*, only a *symbol* of those heavenly *facts* which fill eternity. Her mysteries are but the expressions in human language of truths to which the *human* mind is unequal." Indeed, it is. Aren't we entitled to claim, then, in light of the experiments and their *non-symbolic* if "*divine* interpretation of the *visible* world," that we've come, if not to the end of *the* world, at the very least to the end of *a* world?

### **Letter 67 –April 9, 2006**

Dear Carl, To follow up on Cardinal Newman's observation I noted at the end of my last letter, "that the visible world still remains without its divine interpretation," which, absent the experiments, it certainly did at the time of his writing. In any case, wouldn't we be within our rights to include him along with such worthies as Hegel and Blake as an early candidate, however unwitting, for beatification in our new dispensation? And yes, as you also remark at the end of your recent note, "Douglas' is the only hierarchy that I know of that explicitly takes as its starting point and building block the experience of the first person." Which, of course, as I keep insisting, is precisely what distinguishes the all-encompassing, definitive conclusions of Headlessness from anything that's ever been seen before - its difference in *kind*. And if you don't believe me, compare what the experiments say in silence to anything Altizer or anyone else (including me) has to say out loud: "It is precisely a final



dissolution of all human presence," he remarks referring to the destiny of the Third Person, "which is a decisive sign of an apocalyptic presence," he rightly concludes, immediately suggesting, as we're now equipped to see, that the one and only source of the full meaning of reality is, literally, the First, that is, the I AM who, though he or she may prefer to go incognito and stoop even to the point, God help us, of trying to pass itSelf off as an it, is, as Douglas likes to point out, who you really really are and me too. And, of course, like everyone else who's come up with this *idea* or something like it, he - Altizer, that is - is quite right as far as he goes: that, as prophesied, the full disclosure of apocalypse, and God knows as well as we that we're living through it, demands a prior condition of damnation so that in the mathematics of salvation evil itself can be disclosed as an instrument of good, it may be, as in crucifixion, the instrument of good. But as I noted in an earlier letter, quoting the poet Roy Campbell - and forgive me for repeating myself: "He's got the snaffle and the curb alright, but where's the bloody horse," the one and only on which we can saddle up and, when all's said and done, ride off happily into the ever after?

Well, as we fixers and carnival barkers fresh from the big tent of eternity might tell him, "It's stabled right here on the premises and in the promises too. Which is not to suggest - and this comprises the pathos of his situation - that like so many others - dare we say almost all? - his head's not in the right place, only that it's screwed on at all. How else could he write (and quite correctly, too) that "only in the apocalyptic situation of the end of the world" or, as we might say, the end of a world, "does either the possibility or the necessity of our continual transformation and transfiguration into our *direct contrary* become manifest and real," yet virtually take it back or at least a good part of it, by almost immediately claiming that "the power of ritual language is inseparable from its own enactment," which, in light of the silence that in-forms us, almost sounds like a carry, if not a hang, over from the old days, a throw-back on the order of faith itself, now seen for what it is, a helpful but, nevertheless, redundant because no longer necessary superstition, something on the order of crossing our fingers for luck? How else could he follow this up by referring to "the original divine sacrifice which is the *mythical* origin of the world" when, as we see now, there's nothing mythical about it, that, in effect, as Ramana Maharshi would have it ("plain as a gooseberry in the palm of your hand"), our conclusion - and I do mean conclusion - does not derive its sanction from the myth but, precisely the other way round, the myth is already determined by, beginning with "God," the sacrificial nature of all existence which, via the experiments, we're now in a position to confirm: that, in reality, the only myth comparable to the myth that "the proper study of mankind is man," is the myth that myth stands at the origin of reality rather than merely reflects it? As Hegel insisted who, if the first to confirm it can now no longer be considered the last, there's nothing that cannot be known, only that which - *mystes*, closed lips - cannot be spoken. Enter the experiments, those ministers of grace and silence, expressly sent to reclaim duality from itself for itSelf.

All of which, not incidentally, lies at the origin of so many of our other "myths": that history has *essentially* to do with the past rather than to offer itself, as we see now, as the door to Presence, at once, fittingly enough, the gateway out of Alpha into Omega and, at the same time, the unwitting record of the last best hope on earth; that, failing that, rather than participate, our primary purpose is, at best, to witness as observers and "see" God rather than close that book once and for all and so, in this "reciprocal interchange of absolute inequality" (Nishitani), see *as* God, or as,

following Eckhart ("Let us pray to God that we may be free of 'God'"), Douglas refers to as "not-god"; that the so-called malevolent breakdown for the first time ever of the barriers between sacred and profane at the hands of an unholy science, rather than confound history as commonly, even fashionably supposed has, in effect, delivered it, released it, freed us from it to the point where we're now in a position to recognize that the most important event in it is the evolution or, if you prefer, the development of the differentiating consciousness that constitutes it and so provides the means to bridge or, if you prefer, leap the gap from faith into certainty. And therein lies the miracle, indeed, the greatest miracle of all: that either we no longer require one or recognize that because nothing is miraculous and only no-thing, everything is.

### **Letter 68 - April 12, 2006**

Dear Carl, Recognizing that, despite all he's provided us ("for the sake of vision") or should I say pre-vided us (as anticipating it), you may be getting as impatient as I am to move on, I'll try to be as brief as possible in finishing up with Altizer.

"Writing or scripture finally ends in Finnegans Wake," he observes suitably enough, "for this is a text in which a written or writable language has wholly disappeared as such, and disappeared to make way for or to awake that primal and immediate speech which is on the other side of writing or text..."

But as the experiments confirm, that "that primal and immediate speech ...on the other side" consists precisely of silence, the conscious silence that will one day possess the "in-sight" capable of finding the equivalent to "sermons in stones," indeed, the source of it, he hasn't the foggiest. Nor beyond a suspicion or two - and I dare say it (and it really is daring) - did anybody else till you-know-who came along? When even a St. Paul, despite his admonition that "we set free rather than be set free from our bodies," could nevertheless do no better than claim that "we walk by faith and not by sight," is it surprising that it took a while (two millennia to be exact) for the doubting Thomases of this world (and our names are certainly legion now assuming they haven't been before) to have our innings and then only at the "end" of it? Yes, of course Altizer's quite right - and it's a salute to his own brilliant insight - in claiming Joyce as "the epic poet who gave us that ending," but as with all endings in this world, it was merely the inversion that heralded its own reversal and a new beginning. As I remarked in an earlier letter - and it's certainly not original with me - God never closes one door without opening another. Can it be an accident that, given this assurance, Finnegan , whose author predicted that after him would come, not the deluge, but the appearance of a hitherto unseen simplicity (though what that simplicity was to look like lay hidden beyond even his wild imagining), and The Hierarchy , the end and the beginning, appeared only a dozen or so years apart and not that far from each other geographically either? Nor, obviously, were even these insights the first but merely the last to be first, from that early Church Father whose name escapes me at the moment but who insisted that "there is nothing that is not body, everything that is is body," right through to, of all people, David Hume who, along with his seemingly strange bedfellow, Aquinas, insisted that it's the sensible, Blake's "minute particulars," that must replace the rational, thus paving the way for the notion that, since truth is not arrived at through thought alone, metaphysics will again be subordinate to revelation. And so, as they say or at least used to, it's come to

pass that the absence of a head, by guarding against the dangers of its habitual, indeed congenital, swelling, may hopefully spare us this time from the perils of any subsequent miscalculation.

For the rest, as I've already touched on, if Altizer is sure along with Hegel that the absolute actualizes itself in history and with Kierkegaard that, since the union cannot "be brought about by an elevation, it must be attempted by a descent," and though he's more than willing to celebrate the replacement of the traditional Eucharist, the symbolic "thank you" gone into abeyance and desuetude anyway, by the full disclosure of the real one wherein the true order and meaning of sacrifice is revealed for the first time, he's, nevertheless, not so much uncertain as to where the guide-lines come from as to where they're going, where they lead: that the certainty of Apocalypse - the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things now seen - requires, not the body and blood of the other or even its reasonable facsimile in the form of bread and wine, but our own. Indeed, if the truth be known and it can be now, it's faith in the middle, the penultimate term - the bread and wine - that represents, however well intentioned, the ultimate cop-out for which we've paid these many years. Can it be that if history's taught us anything it's that the lion that can't or won't learn to lie down with the lamb does so at its own peril? Certainly the lesson of modernity as embodied in the experiments, not to speak of the African veldt, would seem to indicate as much.

#### **Letter 69 – May 1, 2006**

Dear Carl, Just to give you some idea of what I've been sparing you, not to speak of what I've been up against myself, following is a brief excerpt from what is itself a brief excerpt from an article by D.G. Leahy I picked up by chance on the Internet and which justifiably qualified for one of the prizes in the Bad Writing Contest of 1998, an annual free-for-all conducted, I gather, by one Prof. Denis Dutton of the University of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. (Of such is the ubiquity if not the kingdom of our heaven these days). In any case, word for word - and I kid you not - here goes:

"Total presence breaks on the univocal predication of the exterior absolute the absolute existent (of that of which it is not possible to univocally predicate an outside, while the equivocal predication of the outside of the absolute of the absolute exterior is possible of that of which the reality so predicated is not the reality, viz., of the dark/of the self, the identity of which is not outside the absolute identity of the outside, which is to say that the equivocal predication of identity is possible of the self-identity which is not identity, while identity is univocally predicated of the limit to the darkness, of the limit of the reality of the self)..."

Will you believe me when I tell you that that's only a foretaste, only the first sentence of a lengthy disquisition, in fact a book by Leahy called *Foundation: Matter the Body itself* which I believe I mentioned in a previous letter and which I found virtually unreadable? Virtually? Hell - since we're in the business of truth-telling and telling the absolute truth at that - absolutely unreadable. Well, you might ask and, of course, you'd be justified, "Why bother with him?" To which I can only reply, "Because Altizer whom, as I've already indicated, I do respect, keeps insisting that he's worth looking into and more than worth looking into - worth taking seriously." And surprise! surprise! shall I tell you something else (since such are the mysteries of this world, not to speak of the "next")? Judging from one of Leahy's earlier works, *Novitas Mundi* which, with my rusty Latin I first translated *News of the World* but

which some kind soul in the Classics Department in the University here informed me should more precisely (and more fittingly too) read *The Newness of the World*, as you'll see too when we deal with him presently, Altizer's quite right.

But before I get into the details - and, believe it or not, some of his details are worth looking into - I think I should clarify one point - a re-statement of aims as it were - if only for the record. Though in looking over the list of names I've almost inadvertently managed to accumulate in these letters, an interested or even a disinterested reader might be tempted to conclude my concerns are essentially scholarly, as I'm sure any genuine scholar would be glad to testify - and I'd be happy to agree - they're anything but. To be as plain about it as possible and however impertinent it may sound, from the Buddha and Jesus on down (or, if you prefer, on up), my essential concern is not how my remarks and observations measure up on some hypothetical scholarly scale or related score-card but only as they pertain to the experiments. Because, as it must be clear by now, I'm convinced that it's not what this or that one said or even did that constitutes the last word and beyond so to speak but these simple instruments that, as far as I can see, are the only medium equipped to qualify as the final arbiter and ultimate gauge in what passes for modernity but has, appropriately enough, turned out to be the court of last resort for all time. And again, as I've also remarked but it's worth repeating, if this means relegating the world's ordinary medium of exchange, its hit-and-miss and now superseded a priori assumptions as opposed to our a posteriori certainties to, if not the dust-bin, at least the storied store-house of history where, along with their proponents, they belong, then so be it. As Leahy never tires of pointing out in his, at best, somewhat overloaded prose, "The proof of the possibility of the transparency of the eucharistic essence of existence itself (is) now occurring for the first time in history. No proof of the actuality of what now occurs is possible other than the perception in essence of the fact itself." Or as we're in the enviable position of now being able to translate, to literally zero in on and confirm, "The FACT itSelf." That, thought-full man that he is, he tends to mistake con- for per-ception, in fact - again absent the experiments - is necessarily trapped in it, we can leave, for the moment, to our upcoming analysis. Suffice it for the moment that if, as he suspects, "the form of an essentially new universe" - his *Novitas Mundi* - "now exists for the first time in thought," we're in a position to go him one better and assure him that, thanks to the experiments, not only the new but the original is also in plain view and this, not just in "thought" but in the flesh as well, as, indeed, it has been all along had we only been aware of it and been able to recognize it for what it is or, if you prefer, is not. But the time was not ripe nor - and it comes down to the same thing really - neither were we.

#### **Letter 70 – May 11, 2006**

Dear Carl, Again, not to beat a dead dog but merely remind us that it's the truth we're after and not some mere assessment of what this or that one said, following is a brief analysis, an appreciation really, of the best that Leahy has to contribute to what can only be considered *our* proprietary interest - the experiments. And I must admit, grudgingly perhaps, that despite the bug-bear of his faith vis-à-vis our certainty and his excruciatingly dense presentation - as a leading proponent of the fallacy of imitative form, he's more than willing to torture language into finally confessing what it might have admitted all along - it's not inconsiderable. In fact, speaking of miracles, it almost appears that despite his later gobbledegook, a sample of which I included in my last letter, he's nevertheless been able to arrive intuitively, almost unconsciously,

as close to our position, at least from one perspective, as anyone I've come across and that would include such worthies as an Altizer or a Tillich or a Gebser on this side of the pond as well as a Nishitani or Abe from across the water. Indeed, since he's convinced *that* it is though he can't quite point his finger *where* it is (hence the still-lingering necessity for faith rather than certainty), if we didn't know better it would almost appear as if, age difference apart - after all, they are separated by more than a generation - in order for Douglas to have put his money where his mouth was he would have had first to take the Word right out of Leahy's.

But enough with overtures, hypothetical or otherwise. What Leahy has come up with - and though how he "intuits" through faith what we "see" with certainty doesn't concern us here - is the distinction, and as he insists, the historically based distinction, between what he characterizes as the now out-dated *Missa Solemnis*, the age of the solemn or, if you prefer, the sorrow-full Mass *exclusively* reserved for Christians and what he calls, brilliantly I think, the *Missa Jubilaea*, the all-*inclusive* joyful or jubilant Mass, which advent like some John the Baptist heralding the new dispensation, if it isn't already upon us (as we know it is in the form of the experiments) is, as he announces, waiting, if not *on* wings, at least *in* the wings to make its appearance. As must be almost immediately apparent, this correspondence, indeed coincidence between the First Coming - between the original Crucifixion culminating at point Alpha and its supposed Resurrection heading towards Omega - and what we see initiated almost automatically in virtually any experiment is just too great to be ignored any more than the final breakdown and actual cut-off date as it were of that original belief (generally assigned to the onset, indeed onslaught, of the French Revolution or thereabouts) can be separated from the subsequent breakthrough we're now in a position to characterize as the long-anticipated Second Coming in the *person*, the anonymous, that is to say, name-free 1st Person of the experiments.

How, beginning with the necessary collapse of a Christianity that, according to him (and we can agree) began no later than four or five hours after the descent from the cross at the hands of a nascent imperial Christendom that, failing to heed Phillip's warning not to become a Christian but a Christ, was already hell-bent on the purifying self-immolation essential for its eventual resurrection (though in a most unlooked-for way), we can leave for some other time. Suffice it that the parallelism between his, Leahy's, position and ours as regards the end of transcendence and the subsequent conversion, the switch to immanence and the primacy of the senses - the "intelligibility of appearance" as he elegantly puts it, "things not being other than what they are" - if too apparent to be overlooked, is, at the same time, too obvious to have to be repeated. Not so, however, our differences which, as it turns out (and they always do) make all the difference. Because what we now know because we now *see* is that what for all the world was once purely speculative and for him still is, is now as visible as a "gooseberry in the palm of your hand," to quote Ramana though he, too, as with his predecessors - the saints and sages and saviors - was only able to pass it on verbally, to tell it rather than, as with the experiments, translate it back so to speak into its unmistakable and native medium of silence, a silence that, talking about miracles, can now speak for itSelf for the first time in history. No surprise then that the "Word" was and in virtually all quarters still is the only way to go or that despite his, Leahy's, recognition that, putting a "a forcible stop to all this evolution" (Ruskin) we've cleared the way for a form of an essentially new universe. Because for the first time ever "the nullification of possibility" at the hands of "the realization of actuality"

in "the perfect transparency of *thought* " (which for him is, of course, the "knowledge" of faith) has come to pass. And, indeed, it has - and then some. Then some? Then all. What's been missing up to now and what the experiments have literally pro-vided (from *pro-videre*, for the sake of seeing) is the certainty, freed from reflected glory, that arrives with vision. "If you want to, why not ask, turn round and come back?" the ever faith-full Isaiah demanded, to which we're finally in a position to reply: "If you want to, why not *answer*, turn round and go forth?" and so speaking not only with the "tongues of men and angels" but in the language of you-know-Who (who will not be mocked), tell one and all that what once appeared the most terrible of losses, the annulment of a blind-sided faith, absolutely coincides with the advent of its co-relative, the one that speaks louder and clearer and more persuasively than any Word ever did because for the first time ever it *enunciates* down to its very last syllable the certainty of its *own* annunciation.

#### **Letter 74 - June 29, 2006**

Dear Carl, Many thanks for your reminding me of Gebser whom I've been hoping to bring into the conversation anyway along with his seminal notion of "concretion" which, of course, linked though it may be to its derivative, "abstraction", is, as you pointed out, the absolute distinction we've been looking for that separates the experiments from anything ever seen before on the face of the earth (and on its no-face too). The only other notion I can think of that even remotely corresponds to it is one I mentioned in one of my earlier letters where, following Huxley in his *Perennial Philosophy*, who, in turn cited Shankara, I brought up the distinction they'd both made between the two classes of scripture: what orthodox Hindus recognized as the *Shruti*, the inspired writings which, the product of immediate insight into ultimate Reality, are based on their own authority, and the *Smirti* which derive their authority from an authority other than themselves, what we would characterize as commentary and/or interpretation - for what it's worth God bless it, precisely what we're doing now. What's not so obvious, however, and only serves to emphasize the absolutely radical nature of what Douglas has unearthed and will, no doubt, raise howls of protest, at least in certain quarters, is that a good part and maybe all of what up to now has passed for scripture East and West, for *Shruti*, has, in the blink of an eye, literally been, if not knocked into a cocked hat, at least on the evidence, demoted a notch to *Smirti*. With all due apologies that, at least in English, this almost sounds like a comedy routine but is, nevertheless, the truth of the matter, we've only to note that in light of the visible and palpable proof inherent in a pointing finger or a paper-bag, both the Bible and the Koran, for instance, as well as their opposite numbers, the Gita or Tao (not to *speak* of the distinction itself between *Shruti* and *Smirti*), totally rely on the word whether spoken or written and to that degree can be defined as abstract. And not to confuse the ridiculous with the sublime however "near allied" they may be and recognizing that comparisons may be odorous, if it be argued that in Zen at least, there's no talk of talk at all but only a slap and a tickle and, except for one last cry of despair, even less on a cross, they too, in some degree, are either related to or dependent on or directed towards the action or re-action of others, however intimate or close those others may appear to be at the time. Only the experiments by their very nature have the "capacitie" (to use Traherne's term and Alan Mann's favorite), to express and so clarify, rather than merely reproduce, the original one-to-none equation at the very heart of all existence.

As for the distinctions Gebser draws between the various stations on the way, if you haven't checked them out lately just take a look at his absolutely brilliant, unsurpassable and, as a result, almost completely-ignored-by-the- intellectual-establishment tables he's drawn up as an appendage to *The Ever-Present Origin* and see if you aren't as flabbergasted for the umpteenth-time as I am as to how on target they are. In fact, if I didn't know better, I'd almost be tempted to claim along with the rest of the world the possibility that, as with others, in his case too there may be such an aberration as genius which, thanks to the very presence of the experiments I can't admit for one minute, at least in this regard, they being precisely the one instance in which genius is not only not required but, by reason of their absolutely unexceptional nature, out of the question because unnecessary. And out of the question, too, as regards its role in illuminating all things great and small, the birds and bees and - who knows? - the whispering trees as well. Nevertheless, how else account for his arriving at virtually the same conclusions we do without the aid and imprimatur of these built-in yet anonymous instruments? Until we realize, of course, that, very much like John the Baptist who, like the horse that's been led to water but alas, won't (or can't) drink, he, too, offers yet one more testimony to the absolute uniqueness of the experiments. Just to give one for-instance: take, under the rubric he designates "forms of realization," the categories he so brilliantly distinguishes in their ever-increasing differentiation as Imagination, Abstraction and Concretion, to which first, for example, we can consign a Dante or a Milton or a Blake or a Rilke, to which second, beginning with Plato, we can add among others a Hegel or a Nietzsche and to which third - who? Jesus? The Buddha? The legions of spiritual masters and mystics and magicians, both named and unnamed? Maybe as a concession even a Nishitani or Gebser himself? Yet can any of them be said to provide a word-free differentiation at once so simple and so obvious and so absolute that all it requires is an immediate and conscious about-face where even the answer, the very *tertium quid* itSelf - that third something or somewhat capable of escaping a dichotomy supposedly exhaustive (the right being right for the wrong reasons, the wrong being wrong for the right ones) - can, indeed, must be delivered in silence?

At which suggestion, leaving myself wide open to the obvious hint that I, too, could use a little, I'm tempted to stop right here and practice what I preach. I mean when dealing, as we have been, with that one degree which beyond degree is no degree at all how much further can we take it within the limits of language? Which, of course, even to ask is to answer. Frankly, if it didn't sound so damn pretentious and leave me even more wide-open than I am to the obvious charge of having, not so much no head at all as a swelled one, I might almost be tempted to follow Aquinas who, when granted the vision, put down his pen forever with the now famous "All I have written up to now seems to me no better than straw." But not being an Aquinas and somehow having to get through the day (and night too) as best I can, forgive me if I just take a rain-check.

### **Letter 75 – July 7, 2006**

Dear Carl, As must be obvious by now I'm continually being struck by the implications of Headlessness, its reverberations on every level however inconsequential, even extraneous, they may seem on the surface. For instance, `a propos of nothing - and I do mean no-thing - I was lying in bed this morning when came into my head and quite unbidden a phrase from Paul Valery, the great French poet, which when I first came across it (and him) in Paris during the war I simply

assumed was, if not the last word, pretty close to it. And though I haven't thought of it (and him) for years I suppose I still would or at least might have were it not for the experiments. In any case, as an example of the effect these seemingly unobtrusive instruments can have on one's casual notions here's an exclamation - as I pointed out it's not even a line - taken from what many consider his masterpiece, a meditative poem called *La Cimitiere Marine* (sp?), which quite simply reads, "Homage aux hommes, saint langage." Sorry if I've set you up for what must now seem an awful let-down, but of such was the kingdom of heaven in those heady days or at least appeared to be. And, indeed, could anything have sounded shorter or sweeter in its sonorous intonation yet (as I see now) tell in its received and supposedly inarguable wisdom only half the story? And even to say "half" is to make a generous concession to what, as I see now, should and must read "Homage`a dieu, sainte silence," and this not only to complete the story but to begin it. Am I being too insufferably priggish to insist that this recognition - that we're now finally in a position not only to hear but see the silence - is what, *essentially*, it's all been about for not only my eighty-odd (very odd) years or civilization's five or six thousand or - what the hell? I might as well go for broke - the universe's thirteen billion or so: to let the air, mostly hot, out of this inflated balloon we call a head, that it may arrive at the ultimate realization that not only is it not a surrogate for God, but as Blake (and others) suspected but we now know, neither is God? And that therein, in this abysmal recognition - what Douglas refers to as the not-god - lies the absolute tie that binds us and makes us one.

Or take that other favorite of mine, Hegel's "the owl of Minerva flies only at dusk," intimating among its myriad interpretations, that, *properly seen* history is something more than a pit-stop in hell and, quite superior to stained-glass that captures more light than it transmits, only reveals its true meaning when, the last to be first, it simultaneously comes to its end by coming to a "head". And if pronouncements like these seem to fall short of a skepticism that is both appropriate and required reading elsewhere, all I can say is "precisely." I know that at this late date it must sound sophomoric and I'm almost embarrassed to bring it up but I'm reminded of an exchange I had years ago at a cocktail party where a woman I knew, instead of flashing her admittedly beautiful face and even more eye-catching *et-ceteras*, kept insisting on flaunting her badge of professed atheism under the guise that all things are relative. To which, though myself somewhat the worse for wear, I tried to point out that far from being a profession of godlessness *relative* is precisely what *things* are and thank God for it. Who'd have thought, however, it would take me some forty years to come up with the wherewithal, courtesy of Douglas, to confirm that claim, not only the only one we have a right to but the only one we need: the demonstration that, no amount of thought or talk but only a paper-bag or a finger pointing in the right direction and delivered, as we are, in silence, can guarantee the *absolute* truth of that fact? And that it's as simple as that?

Which brings us back to the Nishitani of a few letters ago and his observation that "this original face (or "countenance" as it's translated) is most plainly and unmistakably seen in Zen," a claim that I myself was more than willing to accept till I came upon the experiments. And I suspect the early Douglas was too as witness the subtitle of his first manual, *Zen and the Re-discovery of the Obvious*. But, though I've already touched on it many times and certainly don't mean to belabor the point, it's now my conviction that the experiments - *prescription*, not *description* - represent



a difference in kind, the difference between persuasion on the one hand and demonstration *by means of* the other. A Socrates, for instance, was not just being modest or humble when he referred to philosophy as the *love* of wisdom rather than wisdom itSelf. He was simply being just, just as we are when we distinguish the latest version of a kerosene lamp or even an electric bulb from the light of the sun itSelf. Looking back from the perspective of the end (which, thanks to the experiments, is now our privilege), to be left alone with a Nishitani and deprived of the experiments (and note, I say "experiments" and not "Douglas," which, in its impersonality, its anonymity and no-nameness alone, is to suggest a difference in kind from anything ever seen before - from a *Christianity*, for instance, or a *Buddhism*) would, I see now, be to gain a possible fulfillment, of course, yet at the cost of completion, and as a result to be condemned to keep looking instead of seeing. Which, of course, was precisely my case. I seriously doubt that had it been the other way round, had I discovered the experiments before Nishitani, I would have been compelled to seek him out other than through academic interest or sheer curiosity, the frosting on the cake, as it were, rather than hunger for the thing itself. Which may very well account for the current lack of interest in what we have to say on the part of our headless colleagues. They simply feel no need for it after the Fact. And, of course, at bottom which is where we (and they) are coming from, they're quite right.

#### **Letter 76 – July 20, 2006**

Dear Carl,        Though I can't be sure until I get into them, in accordance with the old but nevertheless wise saw and I'm sure you're familiar with it - "How can I know what I think till I see what I say? - I suspect these next couple of letters are going to be difficult ones, at least for me, though hopefully not for anybody who reads them. After all, that's the name of the game, isn't it? In any case, I'm referring to that very broad group and my first loves, generally referred to as the Traditionalists, who received their original impetus, at least in modern times, from Rene Guenon and included such brilliant figures as Ananda Coomeraswamy, Frithjof Schuon, Titus Burckhardt, Marco Pallis, Martin Lings and most recently and, I believe, the only one still alive, Seyyed Hossein Nasr, still teaching and writing in your neck of the woods at George Washington University and whom on my frequent visits to D.C. I was tempted to call upon but didn't which, given my now altered perspective - literally - is probably just as well. I did, however - and this was years ago - have tea with Lings at the British Museum where I'd sought him out and where he was a curator - I'll give you one guess as to what department - and on that same visit, virtually around the corner if I remember correctly, with the scholar of all things Tibetan, Marco Pallis. As for the incredibly bizarre week I spent with Schuon and his followers at his *tarika* in Lausanne some thirty-five years ago - this is before he ended up in, of all places, Bloomington, Indiana where he made quite a name for himself but for different reasons - since that's largely anecdotal, I'll reserve it for some other time if at all. That's assuming you're interested. Right now I want to zero in on principles not personalities and I suppose the most convenient place for us to begin and possibly end is with one of Guenon's most accessible books, *The Reign of Quantity and the Signs of the Times* which I believe we've already agreed is an absolutely brilliant diagnosis as far as it goes as to not only what's been ailing us but also failing us. And I say "as far as it goes" advisedly since, much like Nishitani's work with which it can certainly be compared in importance, his analysis, though originating in a different tradition, does, like so many others' - I might almost dare say like virtually

*all* others - takes us as far as we can go in that direction. But therein, of course, lies the rub - not only as to what we see when we arrive at the end of that road but what we're supposed to do when we get there: in Guenon's case, for instance, get hold, at the very least, of a copy of the Koran and then, as a token of our surrender and to remind us of the slaves of God we reputedly are (rather than the slaves *as* God we really really are), "face", of all places, the Mecca "out there" five times a day - preferably flat out though on our knees will do - rather than, capitalizing on our God-given upright posture and, not as in a mirror but through a window, dare look in, in the opposite direction in order to draw a bead on absolutely no-thing. In any event, the easy answer which, in one form or another has been making the rounds these thousands of years, is to con-vert, that is to say, turn around or, to use Douglas' phrasing, turn our attention "elsewhere," though despite innumerable and, alas, for the most part, somewhat airy-fairy directions as to where, even when presumed to lie within us, that "elsewhere" is, has, at best, proven to be somewhat elusive. Witness not only the above but the wars fought in its name and the revulsion and compensatory neglect brought about as the result of those wars. On the other hand, the simple answer - so simple that, beyond belief, beyond even words, especially beyond words, it's literally been "overlooked" even by the best of them (and without getting into name-calling I do mean the best) - is, putting first things first, not so much the dispute as to *who* lives *where* but - and this is certainly at the very heart of Douglas' unique uncovering - *where* that elsewhere is (or is not) where no one but *Who Else could* "live". From which, as we ourselves, the last to be first, can witness, everything follows, not least the very real and definitive conclusions we're finally - and I mean that literally - in a position to make.

Incidentally, though my primary concern here is still Guenon but, nevertheless, recognizing that by the very use of language itself I do leave myself wide open to the obvious criticism of complicating matters (a charge made against me more than once), I can't help but respond as I've done so often in the past, that if Douglas hadn't beaten us to it, I'd be the first to admit you can take the three or four admittedly complex notions of the previous paragraphs and stuff them you-know-where, namely into a paper-bag with a hole at each end, and so, not only make the same point instantly on contact but, none the worse for wear, actually look a lot better. Which, enough said, is precisely the point I've been trying to make anyway. In any case, since at best I'm about to exceed our allotted space I should mention before I forget that though familiar by name with all the above-cited (and sighted) stars in that apparent firmament and even, if I remember correctly, having had a singularly unrewarding meeting with Lings who, presumably deafened by the clash of his beloved symbols, was (as one Zen master cautioned), if not dumb, certainly blind to the ultimate direction in which they were "heading", Douglas, though, despite his protests, exceedingly well-read, had never and, so far as I know, has still not ever read a single line of any of the above-named. Which only goes to show you why, when you put last things first, one thing and one thing alone - that is to say, all one - ends up necessary.

#### **Letter 77 – July 30, 2006**

Dear Carl, Since Guenon has packed so much of what specifically concerns us into two of the forty chapters of *The Reign* - the one entitled *Time Changed into Space* and the other *The End of a World* (and I'm almost tempted to ask, "Need I say more as to why I chose those two?") - inviting as it may be to examine his complete

case, in the interest of my own limits as well as the limits of our subject which is nothing less than the unlimited, I'm going to confine my remarks to just these, always keeping in mind that as with all the other approaches we've reviewed- and "approaches" is the exact word - none of this is intended as a *critique* with all that that suggests of the negative. Though I know I've said it before as regards the various stations on the way we've looked into - and alongside the experiments so are they all, all stations on the way - why should we require a *critique* when, better than argument or even conversation, a mere flick of the wrist can, like magic itself, transport us to headquarters and so, avoiding all those ambiguities that not only flesh but language and even thought is heir to, deliver us into our native element in silence. With this in mind, then, but recognizing that, at least as regards doctrine, Guenon, first in Paris and then in Cairo, stands very much in relation to Douglas, relatively a few miles away in Nacton, as Philo Judaeus in Alexandria did to his virtually unknown co-religionist in Bethlehem (and, you may recall, I suggested this in Letter #37 which Alan has been kind enough to reprint in Nowletter #114 ) or perhaps even closer to home, as John the Baptist did to the long hoped-for but as yet anonymous figure still waiting in the wings; - recognizing this then, do we have any less reason to look back than Guenon did to look forward, not to *an* end of *the* world as is commonly and mistakenly feared but, as he was careful to point out, to the end of *a* world? Which in the person, the first person of the experiments, is precisely what's come about, not as expected by virtually everyone but, as we *see* now, in the only way possible. The one exception I can think of offhand, at least among believing Christians, is Emanuel Swedenborg who, to his everlasting credit adamantly insisted that the "End of the World" was an egregious mistranslation of the Greek for "Consummation of the Age." And quite right he was to recognize that what appeared at best an unlikely story was about to come true, though in what shape or form, he, too, like everyone else, could only "envision" it as a hope. Other than we who see and therefore no longer have to anticipate it, could anyone have predicted, no less prophesied before its beginning, that the world once it had achieved its end, would look - and this, perhaps, may represent the greatest miracle of all - not different but the same?

In any case, I think the best way to proceed from here in on is, wherever possible, to appeal to Guenon himself, not only because, in light of our own uncoveries, his diagnoses appear at once so impeccably perceptive as to demand assent yet at the same time his fundamentalist prescriptions, not to speak of some of his conclusions, so - what shall I call them? - so fundamentally wrong-headed as to give even belief a bad name. Here in what follows, however, he's at his absolute best, as, distinguishing between *chronos*, what time it is, and *kairos* what time is for, he points out - and certainly this has to be central to our case - that, given the nature of reality, it's no accident that in all languages words used to describe time originally derive and, must derive from their counterparts used to describe space. We speak, for instance, of the *by and by* or of *maintenant* (holding a hand) or of *annus* (a ring) or of *kairos* itself (the right time for striking an enemy). We refer to a *long* night or a *distant* day and so acknowledge, however unconsciously, the priority we award space over time, not in the order of value, of course, but in the order of cause. By extension, then - and this lies at the very heart of what distinguishes his *inferences* from our *demonstrations* - rather than merely surmise, we can actually see and not only see but participate in the realization that even as "time compresses space" - and could anything be more descriptive of the speed with which our modernity operates right down to its space ships and instant communication? - it will in turn be "subject to its own progressive contraction," until, of course, at the "end of a world, that is to say at the extreme limit

of cyclical manifestation, 'there will be no more time.'" Which, of course, the prophecy now fulfilled, is precisely what takes place in the least experiment. "Succession... transformed into simultaneity... time changed into space, a reversal takes place at the last, to the disadvantage of time and to the advantage of space: at the very moment when time seemed on the point of finally devouring space, space in its turn absorbs time; and this in terms of the cosmological meaning of the Biblical symbolism, can be said to be the final revenge of Abel on Cain." I wonder how many of us put that in our pipes and smoke it while, sitting before our television sets, we meditate on the premonitory parody being played out before our eyes by a man on the moon. Or recognize the earth-moving consequences of a finger pointing, not only at that same moon that seems so near and is yet so far, but at its source now seen to be, as Mohammed insisted, even nearer to us than our own jugular. Which, of course, it now *demonstrably* because *visibly* is.

### **Letter 78 – August 16, 2006**

Dear Carl, At the risk of repeating myself - and why not if to repeat our thanks for a good thing is the very best we can do with what we've been so generously given? - I'd like to clarify some of the material we touched on in our last letter as regards Guenon's premonitory contribution and the joyous resolution the experiments make of it. In short, where he *speaks* of the coming "transmutation of time into space...only realisable at the 'end of a world" and compares "this return to the 'centre of the world,' as the necessarily "*symbolic* relation of the 'Heavenly Jerusalem' to the 'Earthly Paradise,'" we're finally in a position, in *the* position thanks to the experiments, to recognize that this expected and, in some quarters, hoped-for "transmutation" has already taken place and, for the first time ever, no longer in a merely symbolic way, which, in virtually every instance, every past con-version, has been the case up to now, but in a very real way, the way, as we *see* now that lies between Omega, the truth at the end of history, and Alpha, the truth that begins it. How else can we describe, no less account for the experiments if not as that form of time in which eternity manifests as space and so, absent an extraneous if understandable symbolism or metaphor or analogy, reveals the nature of reality in its purest form, in effect itSelf, or that correspondingly at its end we see, because it is at its end, that it's not only what happens *in* history that contains its ultimate revelation but what happens *to* history? By the same token, can it be an accident, as we've already pointed out, that time can only be measured in terms of space and never the other way round, if for no other reason than that, in face of that reality - and certainly the experiments testify to it - we simply don't have the words, no less the Word for it, Mantalk being no substitute for the teleologically effective silence of God'speak? Is it merely an oversight in this connection that, as Guenon points out, we can picture the end of the world as the end of time but never as the end of space or that, considering whose "medium" it is, we instinctively see that, presumably mastering space through the miracle of technology, time nevertheless finds itself hoist by its own petard and literally *handed over*, delivered back to where it came from by means of a compensatory techknowledge which, appropriately enough, moving with the speed of light, we now know as the experiments? Can it be merely by chance that even in language, of *our* medium *par excellence*, we refer to "our season in hell," our prison, as "serving time," whereas freedom in whatever shape or form it takes, is habitually characterized by precisely its opposite, as either a "heavenly" absence *of* time (Alpha), that is to say, of history personal or otherwise, or as its "heavenly" fulfillment *in* time (Omega) thanks to that same history?

What constitutes its pathos, of course, the tug between its well-publicized horror on the one hand and, on the other, its long heralded magnanimous mercy now Self-evident if only by virtue of the experiments, can best be exhibited by that which lies somewhere in-between, namely the various nostrums that good, bad or indifferent have come down to us over the millennia. One in particular, from Novalis, comes to mind which I must have jotted down over fifty years ago and, looking over my notes, just happened to come across the other day. "I equals not-I equals Thou," he writes. "This is the highest principle of all science and all art." Can you beat that, that "riddle wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma" as Churchill might have described it? Not verbally I can't though at least I had the wit even then to suspect that if I didn't quite get it, in fact didn't get it at all, ostensibly somebody did or claimed to. Now, of course, I can absolutely swear by right of evidence manifest in virtually any experiment - in effect, by all that's holy - that, riddle and mystery and enigma no longer, Novalis was absolutely on the mark, that, everything grist for its mill, it's not just the profane third person but, as Milton recognized and after him Blake, the sacred first as well that's incorporate in each of us under the sign of Satan & Son.

And though this was recognized in various degrees not only by a Milton and a Blake but a Guenon, too, as well as the Mohammed of "Allah is closer to you than your jugular" or the Ramana of "it's as plain as a gooseberry in the palm of your hand," and this is not to speak of all those others, the saints, sages and saviors, all with their personal assurances, certainly of the *that* of it and the *what* and *who* and even, in some cases however inaccurate, the *when* of it, nevertheless, other than the somewhat vague indication that the kingdom is somewhere "within you" never until now has it been indicated with the pin-point accuracy that defines the *where* of it, the one area still left relatively unexplored in a shrinking universe more and more reduced to revealing, at the very least, its outward secrets. How fitting that like the supposedly hidden note in Poe's sibylline *Purloined Letter* we now see that the last to be first has been in plain view all along and, no longer merely implicit in prophecy or tales told by returned time-travellers, has been sitting there on the mantle just waiting for the new science to make itSelf perfectly explicit for all to see. So what shall we call it - this new science? Theography? Deometry?

### **Letter 79 –September 6, 2006**

Dear Carl, I want to finish up with Guenon, not that, like everyone else we've looked into, he doesn't warrant a good deal more attention - my God, we could spend a life-time trying to satisfy the appetite that grows by what he and his colleagues feed us on - but merely because, like everyone else we've mentioned - and I do mean everyone - though they may appear so, neither his nor their arguments, however close they come, are *absolutely* central to the one and only answer no longer in question, in reality the answer the whole world, consciously or not, has been looking for since the beginning of time. Which, of course, is precisely the point. Totalitarian as it may sound (and in this case and this case only it's meant to), as with the one and only bull's eye, there's no room for discussion here, however expedient a concession, Socratic or otherwise, we're required to make regarding multiplicity and the things of this world. And this for the simple reason that, our god-given and native tongue being what it is, that is to say, silence, and there being, literally, no place like home, everything else, including what we're doing now, can, at best, only assume the posture of a mirror-

image where, right is taken for left and, more often than not, for wrong as well. Inside-out, wrongside-up, upside-down, call it what you will - I call it totalitarianism - it's still a perversion, at best the good the enemy of the best, at worst its *mortal* enemy.

That said we can flip through as many names as we like and still come up heads or, if you prefer, tails (as in history), and never so plentiful and suggestive as in the Western progress - and, vouched for by the experiments, it is a progress - from the medieval monk, Joachim de Flore (whose seminal and premonitory work I hope to examine next) right up to and including the great Germans of the Idealist persuasion beginning with Lessing and running through to their magnificent swan-song in Nietzsche or, as a concession, Wittgenstein, before come to the end of the road and forced by its own inner logic if nothing else to an ultimate about-face, it completes a pilgrimage that beginning in faith and then, passing through the crucible of reason (Schelling, Hegel) ends, not in some mystical vision, first pioneered by the medieval contemplatives (many of them also German) but in Vision itSelf, in the absolute certainty of the experiments. Incidentally, you may have noticed my deliberate omission of Heidegger who, though in more ways than one he may qualify as the end of the line or at least that line, is, nevertheless, from our perspective beyond the pale and this for one reason only. Setting aside anything he may have had to say (all superseded now anyway by the experiments - "Only a god can save us now" being almost his last words - Well, do tell, and we have) have you ever seen photographs of him taken in 1934 and 1935 when, having dumped his Jewish mistress and former student, Hannah Arendt, as well as betrayed his teacher and mentor, Husserl, also a Jew, and now promoted to chief mucky-muck at the university in Freiberg, he poses, arm raised in the Nazi Heil and virtually indistinguishable from his hero right down to the flabby and flapping jowls and ridiculous Chaplinesque moustache? Really uncanny how the two meld into the spitting image of one another, making in all three, counting Chaplin that is. (Incidentally, if you haven't seen it I recommend this last's marvelous Aristophanic spoof of *The Great Dictator*). And maybe that, too, says something about the demise of a once noble and aspiring philosophy now come to its end with both a bang *and* a whimper.

In any case, following, for instance, is a shining example at its best of one big gun among all those many which can serve as well as any as a case in point to encapsulate how close all of them come descriptively but fail us (and themselves) prescriptively. This one is from Fichte, suggesting that the present age, being one of "complete sinfulness" as he puts it, "merely precedes a final regeneration in a new age of the spirit corresponding to the millennial kingdom of St. John's revelation." As Karl Lowith, from whom I got the quote, comments, "Fichte rejects the living generation and his age as only the Jewish prophets have done, expecting from this *zero-point of history* (italics mine) an ascending millennium and from death, resurrection." Other than subscribing to an "ascending" rather than the actual "descending" movement that drove us to "let go hell that our fall might be broken by the roof of heaven" (Djuna Barnes), could anything be more uncannily suggestive of the goal to be reached and yet more maddeningly vague as how to get there? And so it goes with virtually the whole panoply of good will, good intentions and good advice prompting someone - I forget who, it may have been Gogol - to question why "there's so little good in goodness." Could it be to so abandon us as to force us to accept no substitutes but only uncover the thing itSelf? Which, of course, in our desperation - the one thing

necessary - it has. What I find so extraordinary, in fact I never cease to wonder at to the point of pinching myself, is that Fichte's presumably inflated, almost laughable, *prediction* - jaded as we are, I'd hardly dignify it as a prophecy - of "a final regeneration in a new age of the spirit corresponding to the millennial kingdom of St. John's revelation" has actually come to pass. Not in the way expected, of course, least of all by him (nor, I suspect, by his forward-looking colleagues), but in the only way possible, by way of the "foolish things of the world confounding even the wise," or, as we might add, especially the wise.

Dear Alan, I hope I get this right. There are 15 sets of "oofs" on the two pages. Also there should be - but it made it much too unwieldy - 14 additional sets in that first paragraph quotation from Heidegger. Every time you see a capitalized "Z" or "W" beginning a German word it should be italicized. But as I say, to indicate it made it almost impossible. If it does in your printing too, the hell with it. In any case, this'll be the last communication for a while but I'll get to the earlier letters

### **Letter 80 –September 10, 2006**

Dear Carl, Since, as I may have mentioned, what with our planned move within a few days this place as well as my head will be, in fact is, a mess, it occurs to me I might take the occasion to tie up some loose ends and append some material I might not otherwise have included as being not quite central to our task yet as providing, nevertheless, an *entr'acte* an *intermezzo* as it were, before returning to our main theme. What comes to mind immediately is a short excerpt from Heidegger - unintentionally humorous if it weren't so self-condemnatory - that Voegelin includes in his devastating analysis and that I simply can't resist repeating, reinforcing as it does far better than I ever could the case I've been more or less making from the beginning: that philosophy and/or theology and even some so-called spirituality, at least in its quasi-official form, having served its purpose has come to the end of the line. In any case, here, word for word as emitted, not so much from the horse's mouth as rather from that complementary aperture at the other end of his anatomy, stands Herr Heidegger, gracing us with what we can only politely call, at best, hot air:

"As an example of a *Zeichen* (sign) we will choose one that will be used in another manner in a later analysis. Automobiles have recently been equipped with moveable red arrows whose position, such as at an intersection (*Wegkreuzung*), shows which way (*Weg*) the automobile (*Wagen*) will go. The direction of the arrow is controlled by the driver of the automobile... This *Zeichen* (sign) is ready-to-hand within-the-world, within the whole *Zeugzusammenhang* (implement context) of vehicle and traffic regulation. As a *Zeug* (implement) this *ZeigZeug* (pointing implement) is constituted by reference. It has the character of in-order-to, that is, its own particular usefulness, which is to *Zeigen* (point). This *Zeigen des Zeichens* (pointing of the sign) can be grasped as "referring." But one here should take note of the fact that this "referring" as *Zeigen* (pointing) is not the ontological structure of the *Zeichen* (sign) as *Zeug* (implement)... The *Zeigzeug* (pointing implement) has in our concerned activities a preeminent use." And so on.

I kid you not. Laugh or cry, is it any wonder that, we being prepared for or, if you prefer, finally reduced to a total and appropriate disenchantment by this gobbledegook from supposedly one of the great "thinkers" of the twentieth century,

the ultimate in revelation should finally be sought and then even discerned, in, of all places, its native habitat, silence? I mean enough is enough or as Voegelin remarks: "The text concerning the sign (*Zeichen*).transposing factual relationships or our everyday world into a linguistic medium that begins to take on alliterative life of its own" - and could anything be more "factual" than the experiments? - "thus loses contact with the thing itself. Language and fact" - not to speak of language *and* Fact - "have somehow separated from one another, and thought has correspondingly become estranged from reality." Is it any wonder, then, that, self-effacing as ever, the Subject in question has agreed, indeed welcomed with open arms the panorama of name-changes, not only from the Big Daddy of the good old days to the more modest small "god" of the Enlightenment and even more lowly g-d of the Kabbalists, right down to answering to the no god-at-all of those god-awful atheists, these last being especially dear if only as recognizing the charade as virtually over, though where their penultimate in negations was to lead, no less end, they too, close as they came to the final revelation of "god" as a not-god, were also at the requisite loss?

Quite another example, however, arrives from the other end of the spectrum. You may recall that in my last letter I made a passing reference to Husserl which reminded me that because I hadn't thought much about him since my college days, given his reputation and influence I really ought to take another look. But before doing so - after all my time as well as energy is running in short supply - I did what I always do. I checked him out in my ever-present and always-reliable *Encyclopedia of Philosophy*. And here, predictably, at least according to the writer of the article, is what I came up with:

"Husserl held some rather extreme views of the transcendental ego." (What we refer to as the 1st Person). "He said more than once that this ego would remain in existence even if the entire world were destroyed and that this ego is an individual entity, distinct from the self" - (that is to say, distinct from the 3rd Person) - "which is the object of my empirical self-observations or the observations of the psychologist. It sounds very much as if I had two selves" - indeed it does - "one of them the familiar empirical one, the other a transcendental and generally unknown one which would remain in existence even if my empirical self were destroyed together with the destruction of the world. One may well doubt that such a claim is supported by the description of the phenomena."

Though I'm afraid I'm going to run over our self-imposed limitation of one page (originally agreed upon to keep my garrulousness in check), I have as my excuse that not only is a good part of the above devoted to direct quotation (hence not mine) but the nature, the unity yet pathos of Husserl's position demands it. Because how else can we account for his perspective that on the one hand rightly and justifiably suspects, even calls for, an "Archimedian point," as he puts it so sympathetically, yet myopically continues to limit it to the "unshakable foundation of all human" as distinct from what we're now in a position to specifically attribute to "divine" knowledge? Which deadly limitation, accounts for the confusion his readers - the writer of this passage, for instance, who, fittingly enough shall remain name-less if not name-free - ascribes to our 3rd Person, our "familiar empirical self" as he calls it, even as he denies that designation to our supposedly "transcendental and generally unknown" self, the 1st Person, when, as we see now thanks to the experiments, if anything the equation, should read just the other way round. Like virtually everyone else since the beginning of time, by, like a blind man, feeling rather than seeing his



way clear (though, to his credit, like most pioneers to the Promised Land he comes a lot closer than most), Husserl still doesn't quite "get" it. He's still only able to suggest by word of mouth the seemingly symbiotic relation between the two "persons" rather than demonstrate and so verify in kind that this transcendental self, this 1st Person, not only will, as he claims, but does "remain in existence" even when its so-called empirical self is destroyed together with the world; in fact is the only "entity" that *can* survive if only, as Zen adepts perceptively insist and the experiments now confirm, because, like the God of old, it's never been born. It is they and only they - these same experiments - that, for the first time in history, are able to confirm the existence of the one and only Archimedean point there is and ever will be, the possession of which "no-point-at-all" we can now acknowledge with absolute certainty because, "plain as a gooseberry in the palm of your hand" (Ramana Maharshi), we can now see it and experience it as at once the very ruler of the world and, at the same time, the master, because servant, of all creation.

As for the commentator's concluding remark, is it any wonder that, given Husserl's inability to point to the Fact by direct perception instead of just talking about it or hoping for it, though he rightly suspects it's really really there he still falls short of providing evidence to those who, like the above critic, are still condemned like virtually everyone else on earth to "doubt such a claim is supported by the description of the phenomena?" Nevertheless, as I've tried to show and as the experiments certainly demonstrate like nothing else ever has before, though we may, in our myopia, be entitled to doubt the "description" of it till we're blue in the no-face, we can no longer doubt the evidence of its confirmed Presence. Belying by its ease and simplicity in practice however hard the doctrine may at first appear in theory, no longer will even the gallant Husserls of this world, however well-meaning their verbal "ayes," have to concern their selves with this or that fine point, directed home as they'll be by our only witness, our single eye and silent partner doing double duty for every one of us as both observer and participant. Best, George

P.S. Incidentally, or maybe not so incidentally, just as I was finishing the above I came across, in a book review, this interesting observation which could also be thrown into the mix, Wittgenstein, whom I mentioned in my last letter, having been, along with Husserl, arguably one of the two most important thinkers of the early twentieth-century:

"In his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, Wittgenstein pushed the logical-empirical method as far as it could go, reached a wall, and, beyond empiricism, concluded that there is more, calling the more *das Mystische*. He had no language for it."

Indeed he didn't, nor could he have until Douglas, leaping the wall, deciphered, as no one ever had before what the Zen people hear as the sound of "one hand clapping" but we, going them one better, can now see as the sound of silence. As the commentator concludes:

"Long ago, the ancient rabbis who wrote the theological poem beginning Genesis looked over the edge: 'In the beginning...' Beyond time and space, science - that is, empiricism - cannot go, and must become speechless."

Or as, having been through the mill and been ground exceeding fine, we can now proclaim more fittingly, "speech-free." In any case, could we be given a more literal demonstration of *what* the experiments are all about and, speaking of teleology, *why* they've come about at this particular time if not to counter the totalitarian claims of a so-called and sometimes even despairing "empirical" third-person science and by so doing make way for a true, because all-inclusive, empiricism in the "name" of a presumably "non-existent" first-person? Could we have a more graphic demonstration of *how* and *when* extremes like Alpha and Omega meet, one of the most decisive factors of our totalitarian age, if not the most decisive, has turned out to be ("God being in his heaven") the occasion for the ultimate revelation of our *semblable*, our *frere* (Baudelaire), a.k.a. that anonymous non-entity the conscious appearance of which (or, if you prefer, of whom) constitutes not only the result but the only conceivable and now, for the first time ever, *perceivable* counter-weight and altar-peace to the gulags and concentration-camps and decimated peoples and cities of this one world, also, appropriately enough, unseen, at least in their full force, up to now you're going to send when they arrive.