American University of Central Asia

First Year Seminar Reader

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The Examined Life

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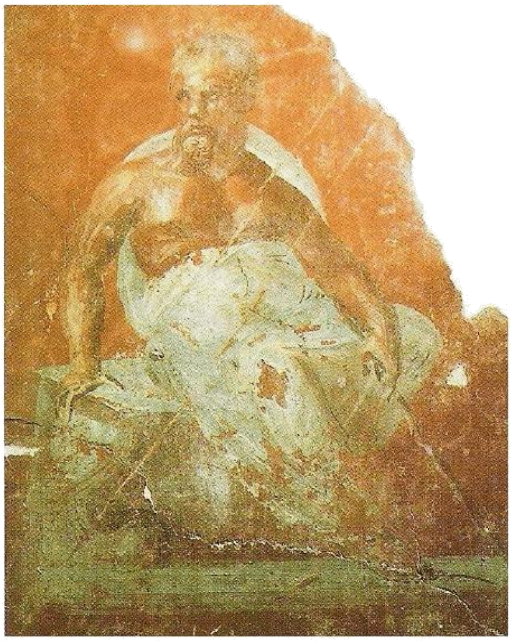

Socrates, Roman mural 1st century

The Apology

Plato

I do not know, men of Athens, how my accusers affected you; as for me, I was almost carried away in spite of myself, so persuasively did they speak. And yet, hardly anything of what they said is true. Of the many lies they told, one in particular surprised me, namely that you should be careful not to be deceived by an accomplished speaker like me. That they were not ashamed to be immediately proved wrong by the facts, when I show myself not to be an accomplished speaker at all, that I thought was most shameless on their part - unless indeed they call an accomplished speaker the man who speaks the truth. If they mean that, I would agree that I am an orator, but not after their manner, for indeed, as I say, practically nothing they said was true. From me you will hear the whole truth, though not, by Zeus, gentlemen, expressed in embroidered and stylized phrases like theirs, but things spoken at random and expressed in the first words that come to mind, for I put my trust in the justice of what I say, and let none of you expect anything else. It would not be fitting at my age, as it might be for a young man, to toy with words when I appear before you. *17* *b* *c*

One thing I do ask and beg of you, gentlemen: if you hear me making my defence in the same kind of language as I am accustomed to use in the market place by the bankers' tables, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere, do not be surprised or create a disturbance on that account. The position is this: this is my first appearance in a lawcourt, at the age of seventy; I am therefore simply a stranger to the manner of speaking here. Just as if I were really a stranger, you would certainly excuse me if I spoke in that dialect and manner in which I had been brought up, so too my present request seems a just one, for you to pay no attention to my manner of speech - be it better or worse - but to concentrate your attention on whether what I say is just or not, for the excellence of a judge lies in this, as that of a speaker lies in telling the truth. *d* *18*

It is right for me, gentlemen, to defend myself first against the first lying accusations made against me and my first accusers, and then against the later accusations and the later accusers. There have been many who have accused me to you for many years now, and none of their accusations are true. These I fear much more than I fear Anytus and his friends, though they too are formidable. These earlier ones, however, are more so, gentlemen; they got hold of most of you from childhood, persuaded you and accused me quite falsely, saying that there is a man called Socrates, a wise man, a student of all things in the sky and below the earth, who makes the worse argument the stronger. Those who spread that rumour, gentlemen, are my dangerous accusers, for their hearers believe that those who study these things do not even believe in the gods. Moreover, these accusers are numerous, and have been at it a long time; also, they spoke to you at an age when you would most readily believe them, some of you being children and adolescents, and they won their case by default, as there was no defence. *b* *c*

What is most absurd in all this is that one cannot even know or mention their names unless one of them is a writer of comedies. Those who maliciously and slanderously persuaded you - who also, *d*
when persuaded themselves then persuaded others - all those are most difficult to deal with: one cannot bring one of them into court or refute him; one must simply fight with shadows, as it were, in making one's defence, and cross-examine when no one answers. I want you to realize too that my accusers are of two kinds: those who have accused me recently, and the old ones I mention; and to think that I must first defend myself against the latter, for you have also heard their accusations first, and to a much greater extent than the more recent. *e*

Very well then. I must surely defend myself and attempt to uproot from your minds in so short a time the slander that has resided there so long. I wish this may happen, if it is in any way better for you *19*
and me, and that my defence may be successful, but I think this is very difficult and I am fully aware of how difficult it is. Even so, let the matter proceed as the god may wish, but I must obey the law and make my defence.

Let us then take up the case from its beginning. What is the accusation from which arose the slander in which Meletus trusted when he wrote out the charge against me? What did they say when *b*
they slandered me? I must, as if they were my actual prosecutors, read the affidavit they would have sworn. It goes something like this: Socrates is guilty of wrongdoing in that he busies himself studying things in the sky and below the earth; he makes the worse into the stronger argument, and he teaches these same things to others. You have seen this yourselves in the comedy of Aristophanes, a Socrates swinging about there, saying he was walking on air and talking a lot of other nonsense about things of *c*
which I know nothing at all. I do not speak in contempt of such knowledge, if someone is wise in these things - lest Meletus bring more cases against me—but, gentlemen, I have no part in it, and on this point I call upon the majority of you as witnesses. I think it right that all those of you who have heard me conversing, and many of you have, should tell each other if anyone of you has ever heard me discussing such subjects to any extent at all. From this you will learn that the other things said *d*
about me by the majority are of the same kind.

Not one of them is true. And if you have heard from anyone that I undertake to teach people and charge a fee for it, that is not true either. Yet I think it a fine thing to be able to teach people as *e*
Gorgias of Leontini does, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis.[1] Each of these men can go to any city and persuade the young, who can keep company with anyone of their own fellow- citizens they want without paying, to leave the company of these, to join with themselves, pay them a fee, *20*
and be grateful to them besides. Indeed, I learned that there is another wise man from Paros who is visiting us, for I met a man who has spent more money on Sophists than everybody else put together, Callias, the son of Hipponicus. So I asked him - he has two sons - "Callias," I said, "if your sons were colts or calves, we could find and engage a supervisor for them who would make them excel in their proper qualities, some horse breeder or farmer. Now since they are men, whom do you have in mind to *b*
supervise them? Who is an expert in this kind of excellence, the human and social kind? I think you must have given thought to this since you have sons. Is there such a person," I asked, "or is there not?" "Certainly there is," he said. "Who is he?" I asked, "What is his name, where is he from? and what is his fee?" "His name, Socrates, is Evenus, he comes from Paras, and his fee is five minas." I thought Evenus a happy man, if he really possesses this art, and teaches for so moderate a fee. Certainly *c*
I would pride and preen myself if I had this knowledge, but I do not have it, gentlemen.

One of you might perhaps interrupt me and say: "But Socrates, what is your occupation? From where have these slanders come? For surely if you did not busy yourself with something out of the common, all these rumours and talk would not have arisen unless you did something other than

1. These were all well-known Sophists

most people. Tell us what it is, that we may not speak inadvisedly about you." Anyone who says that *d*
seems to be right, and I will try to show you what has caused this reputation and slander. Listen then.
Perhaps some of you will think I am jesting, but be sure that all that I shall say is true. What has caused
my reputation is none other than a certain kind of wisdom. What kind of wisdom? Human wisdom,
perhaps. It may be that I really possess this, while those whom I mentioned just now are wise with a
wisdom more than human; else I cannot explain it, for I certainly do not possess it, and whoever says *e*
I do is lying and speaks to slander me. Do not create a disturbance, gentlemen, even if you think I am
boasting, for the story I shall tell does not originate with me, but I will refer you to a trustworthy
source. I shall call upon the god at Delphi as witness to the existence and nature of my wisdom, if it be
such. You know Chairephon. He was my friend from youth, and the friend of most of you, as he
shared your exile and your return. You surely know the kind of man he was, how impulsive in any *21*
course of action. He went to Delphi at one time and ventured to ask the oracle—as I say, gentlemen,
do not create a disturbance - he asked if any man was wiser than I, and the Pythian replied that no
one was wiser. Chairephon is dead, but his brother will testify to you about this.

Consider that I tell you this because I would inform you about the origin of the slander. When I
heard of this reply I asked myself: "Whatever does the god mean? What is his riddle? I am very
conscious that I am not wise at all; what then does he mean by saying that I am the wisest? For surely *b*
he does not lie; it is not legitimate for him to do so." For a long time I was at a loss as to his meaning;
then I very reluctantly turned to some such investigation as this: I went to one of those reputed wise,
thinking that there, if anywhere, I could refute the oracle and say to it: "This man is wiser than I, but you
said I was." Then, when I examined this man - there is no need for me to tell you his name, he was one
of our public men - my experience was something like this: I thought that he appeared wise
to many people and especially to himself, but he was not. I then tried to show him that he thought *c*
himself wise, but that he was not. As a result he came to dislike me, and so did many of the bystanders.
So I withdrew and thought to myself: "I am wiser than this man; it is likely that neither of us knows
anything worthwhile, but he thinks he knows something when he does not, whereas when I do not *d*
know, neither do I think I know; so I am likely to be wiser than he to this small extent, that I do not
think I know what I do not know." After this I approached another man, one of those thought to be
wiser than he, and I thought the same thing, and so I came to be disliked both by him and by many
others.

After that I proceeded systematically. I realized, to my sorrow and alarm, that I was getting *e*
unpopular, but I thought that I must attach the greatest importance to the god's oracle, so I must go to all
those who had any reputation for knowledge to examine its meaning. And by the dog, gentlemen of the
jury—for I must tell you the truth—I experienced something like this: in my investigation in the service
of the god I found that those who had the highest reputation were nearly the most
deficient, while those who were thought to be inferior were more knowledgeable. I must give you an *22*
account of my journeyings as if they were labours I had undertaken to prove the oracle irrefutable.
After the politicians, I went to the poets, the writers of tragedies and dithyrambs and the others,
intending in their case to catch myself being more ignorant then they. So I took up those poems with
which they seemed to have taken most trouble and asked them what they meant, in order that I might
at the same time learn something from them. I am ashamed to tell you the truth, gentlemen, but I must.
Almost all the bystanders might have explained the poems better than their authors could. I soon *b*
realized that poets do not compose their poems with knowledge, but by some inborn talent and by
inspiration, like seers and prophets who also say many fine things without any understanding of what
they say. The poets seemed to me to have had a similar experience. At the same time I saw that, because
of their poetry, they thought themselves very wise men in other respects, which they were not. So there *c*
again I withdrew, thinking that I had the same advantage over them as I had over the politicians.

Finally I went to the craftsmen, for I was conscious of knowing practically nothing, and I knew that I would find that they had knowledge of many fine things. In this I was not mistaken; they knew things I did not know, and to that extent they were wiser than I. But, gentlemen of the jury, the good craftsmen seemed to me to have the same fault as the poets: each of them, because of his success at his craft, thought himself very wise in other most important pursuits, and this error of theirs overshadowed the wisdom they had, so that I asked myself, on behalf of the oracle, whether I should prefer to be as I am, with neither their wisdom nor their ignorance, or to have both. The answer I gave myself and the oracle was that it was to my advantage to be as I am. *d* *e*

As a result of this investigation, gentlemen of the jury, I acquired much unpopularity, of a kind that is hard to deal with and is a heavy burden; many slanders came from these people and a reputation for wisdom, for in each case the bystanders thought that I myself possessed the wisdom that I proved that my interlocutor did not have. What is probable, gentlemen, is that in fact the god is wise and that his oracular response meant that human wisdom is worth little or nothing, and that when he says this man, Socrates, he is using my name as an example, as if he said: "This man among you, mortals, is wisest who, like Socrates, understands that his wisdom is worthless." So even now I continue this investigation as the god bade me - and I go around seeking out anyone, citizen or stranger, whom I think wise. Then if I do not think he is, I come to the assistance of the god and show him that he is not wise. Because of this occupation, I do not have the leisure to engage in public affairs to any extent, nor indeed to look after my own, but I live in great poverty because of my service to the god. *23* *b*

Furthermore, the young men who follow me around of their own free will, those who have most leisure, the sons of the very rich, take pleasure in hearing people questioned; they themselves often imitate me and try to question others. I think they find an abundance of men who believe they have some knowledge but know little or nothing. The result is that those whom they question are angry, not with themselves but with me. They say: "That man Socrates is a pestilential fellow who corrupts the young." If one asks them what he does and what he teaches to corrupt them, they are silent, as they do not know, but, so as not to appear at a loss, they mention those accusations that are available against all philosophers, about "things in the sky and things below the earth," about "not believing in the gods" and "making the worse the stronger argument;" they would not want to tell the truth, I'm sure, that they have been proved to lay claim to knowledge when they know nothing. These people are ambitious, violent and numerous; they are continually and convincingly talking about me; they have been filling your ears for a long time with vehement slanders against me. From them Meletus attacked me, and Anytus and Lycon, Meletus being vexed on behalf of the poets, Anytus on behalf of the craftsmen and the politicians, Lycon on behalf of the orators, so that, as I started out by saying, I should be surprised if I could rid you of so much slander in so short a time. That, gentlemen of the jury, is the truth for you. I have hidden or disguised nothing. I know well enough that this very conduct makes me unpopular, and this is proof that what I say is true, that such is the slander against me, and that such are its causes. If you look into this either now or later, this is what you will find. *c* *d* *e* *24*

Let this suffice as a defence against the charges of my earlier accusers. After this I shall try to defend myself against Meletus, that good and patriotic man, as he says he is, and my later accusers. As these are a different lot of accusers, let us again take up their sworn deposition. It goes something like this: Socrates is guilty of corrupting the young and of not believing in the gods in whom the city believes, but in other new spiritual things. Such is their charge. Let us examine it point by point. *b*

He says that I am guilty of corrupting the young, but I say that Meletus is guilty of dealing frivolously with serious matters, of irresponsibly bringing people into court, and of professing to be seriously concerned with things about none of which he has ever cared, and I shall try to prove *c*

that this is so. Come here and tell me, Meletus. Surely you consider it of the greatest importance that *d*
our young men be as good as possible? - Indeed I do.

Come then, tell the jury who improves them. You obviously know, in view of your concern. You say you have discovered the one who corrupts them, namely me, and you bring me here and accuse me to the jury. Come, inform the jury and tell them who it is. You see, Meletus, that you are silent and know not what to say. Does this not seem shameful to you and a sufficient proof of what I say, that you have not been concerned with any of this? Tell me, my good sir, who improves our young men? - The laws. *e*

That is not what I am asking, but what person who has knowledge of the laws to begin with?—These jurymen, Socrates.

How do you mean, Meletus? Are these able to educate the young and improve them? - Certainly.

All of them, or some but not others? - All of them.

Very good, by Hera. You mention a great abundance of benefactors. But what about the audience? Do they improve the young or not? - They do, too. *25*

What about the members of Council? - The Councillors, also.

But, Meletus, what about the assembly? Do members of the assembly corrupt the young, or do they all improve them? - They improve them.

All the Athenians, it seems, make the young into fine good men, except me, and I alone corrupt them.

Is that what you mean? - That is most definitely what I mean. *b*

You condemn me to a great misfortune. Tell me: does this also apply to horses do you think? That all men improve them and one individual corrupts them? Or is quite the contrary true, one individual is able to improve them, or very few, namely the horse breeders, whereas the majority, if they have horses and use them, corrupt them? Is that not the case, Meletus, both with horses and all other animals? Of course it is, whether you and Anytus say so or not. It would be a very happy state of affairs if only one person corrupted our youth, while the others improved them. *c*

You have made it sufficiently obvious, Meletus, that you have never had any concern for our youth; you show your indifference clearly; that you have given no thought to the subjects about which you bring me to trial.

And by Zeus, Meletus, tell us also whether it is better for a man to live among good or wicked fellow-citizens. Answer, my good man, for I am not asking a difficult question. Do not the wicked do some harm to those who are ever closest to them, whereas good people benefit them?—Certainly.

And does the man exist who would rather be harmed than benefited by his associates? Answer, my *d*
good sir, for the law orders you to answer. Is there any man who wants to be harmed? —Of course not.

Come now, do you accuse me here of corrupting the young and making them worse deliberately or unwillingly? - Deliberately.

What follows, Meletus? Are you so much wiser at your age than I am at mine that you understand that wicked people always do some harm to their closest neighbors while good people do them good, but I have reached such a pitch of ignorance that I do not realize this, namely that if I make *e*
one of my associates wicked I run the risk of being harmed by him so that I do such a great evil deliberately, as you say? I do not believe you, Meletus, and I do not think anyone else will. Either I do not corrupt the young or, if I do, it is unwillingly, and you are lying in either case. Now if I corrupt *26*
them unwillingly, the law does not require you to bring people to court for such unwilling wrongdoings, but to get hold of them privately, to instruct them and exhort them; for clearly, if I learn better, I shall cease to do what I am doing unwillingly. You, however, have avoided my company and were unwilling to instruct me, but you bring me here, where the law requires one to bring those who are in need of punishment, not of instruction.

And so, gentlemen of the jury, what I said is clearly true: Meletus has never been at all *b*
concerned with these matters. Nonetheless tell us, Meletus, how you say that I corrupt the young; or is it obvious from your deposition that it is by teaching them not to believe in the gods in whom the city believes but in other new spiritual things? Is this not what you say I teach and so corrupt them? - That is most certainly what I do say.

Then by those very gods about whom we are talking, Meletus, make this clearer to me and to the jury: I cannot be sure whether you mean that I teach the belief that there are some gods - and therefore I myself believe that there are gods and am not altogether an atheist, nor am I guilty of that - not, *c*
however, the gods in whom the city believes, but others, and that this is the charge against me, that they are others. Or whether you mean that I do not believe in gods at all, and that this is what I teach to others. - This is what I mean, that you do not believe in gods at all.

You are a strange fellow, Meletus. Why do you say this? Do I not believe, as other men do, that the sun and the moon are gods? - No, by Zeus, jurymen, for he says that the sun is stone, and the moon *d*
earth.

My dear Meletus, do you think you are prosecuting Anaxagoras? Are you so contemptuous of the jury and think them so ignorant of letters as not to know that the books of Anaxagoras of Clazomenae are full of those theories, and further, that the young men learn from me what they can buy from time to time for a drachma, at most, in the bookshops, and ridicule Socrates if he pretends that these theories are his own, especially as they are so absurd? Is that, by Zeus, what you think of *e*
me, Meletus, that I do not believe that there are any gods? - That is what I say, that you do not believe in the gods at all.

You cannot be believed, Meletus, even, I think, by yourself. The man appears to me, gentlemen of the jury, highly insolent and uncontrolled. He seems to have made this deposition out of insolence, violence and youthful zeal. He is like one who composed a riddle and is trying it out: "Will the wise Socrates realize that I am jesting and contradicting myself, or shall I deceive him and others?" I think he contradicts himself in the affidavit, as if he said: "Socrates is guilty of *27*
not believing in gods but believing in gods," and surely that is the part of a jester!

Examine with me, gentlemen, how he appears to contradict himself, and you, Meletus, answer us. Remember, gentlemen, what I asked you when I began, not to create a disturbance if I proceed in my usual manner. *b*

Does any man, Meletus, believe in human activities who does not believe in humans? Make him answer, and not again and again create a disturbance. Does any man who does not believe in horses believe in horsemen's activities? Or in flute-playing activities but not in flute-players? No, my good sir, no man could. If you are not willing to answer, I will tell you and the jury. Answer the next question, however. Does any man believe in spiritual activities who does not believe in spirits? - No one.

Thank you for answering, if reluctantly, when the jury made you. Now you say that I believe in *c*
spiritual things and teach about them, whether new or old, but at any rate spiritual things according to what you say, and to this you have sworn in your deposition. But if I believe in spiritual things I must quite inevitably believe in spirits. Is that not so? It is indeed. I shall assume that you agree, as you do not answer. Do we not believe spirits to be either gods or the children of gods? Yes or no? - Of course.

Then since I do believe in spirits, as you admit, if spirits are gods, this is what I mean when I say *d*
you speak in riddles and in jest, as you state that I do not believe in gods and then again that I do, since I do believe in spirits. If on the other hand the spirits are children of the gods, bastard children of the gods by nymphs or some other mothers, as they are said to be, what man would believe children of the gods to exist, but not gods? That would be just as absurd as to believe the young of horses and asses, namely mules, to exist, but not to believe in the existence of horses and asses. You must have made this deposition, Meletus, either to test us or because you were at a loss *e*

to find any true wrongdoing of which to accuse me. There is no way in which you could persuade anyone of even small intelligence that it is possible for one and the same man to believe in spiritual but not also in divine things, and then again for that same man to believe neither in spirits nor in gods nor in heroes. *28*

I do not think, gentlemen of the jury, that it requires a prolonged defence to prove that I am not guilty of the charges in Meletus' deposition, but this is sufficient. On the other hand, you know that what I said earlier is true, that I am very unpopular with many people. This will be my undoing, if I am undone, not Meletus or Anytus but the slanders and envy of many people. This has destroyed many other good men and will, I think, continue to do so. There is no danger that it will stop at me. *b*

Someone might say: 'Are you not ashamed, Socrates, to have followed the kind of occupation that has led to your being now in danger of death?" However, I should be right to reply to him: "You are wrong, sir, if you think that a man who is any good at all should take into account the risk of life or death; he should look to this only in his actions, whether what he does is right or wrong, whether he is acting like a good or a bad man." According to your view, all the heroes who died at Troy were inferior people, especially the son of Thetis[2] who was so contemptuous of danger compared with disgrace. When he was eager to kill Hector, his goddess mother warned him, as I believe, in some *c* such words as these: "My child, if you avenge the death of your comrade, Patroclus, and you kill Hector, you will die yourself, for your death is to follow immediately after Hector's." Hearing this, he despised death and danger and was much more afraid to live a coward who did not avenge his friends. "Let me die at once," he said, "when once I have given the wrongdoer his deserts, rather than remain here, a laughing-stock by the curved ships, a burden *d* upon the earth." Do you think he gave thought to death and danger?

This is the truth of the matter, gentlemen of the jury: wherever a man has taken a position that he believes to be best, or has been placed by his commander, there he must I think remain and face danger, without a thought for death or anything else, rather than disgrace. It would have been a dreadful way to behave, gentlemen of the jury, if, at Potidaea, Amphipolis and Delium, I had, at the risk of death, like anyone else, remained at my post where those you had elected to command had ordered me, and then, when the god ordered me, as I thought and believed, to live "the life of a philosopher, to examine *e* myself and others, I had abandoned my post for fear of death or anything else. That would have been a dreadful thing, and then I might truly have justly been brought here for not believing that there are gods, disobeying the oracle, fearing death, and thinking I was wise when I was not. To fear death, gentlemen, is no other than to think oneself wise when one is not, to think one knows what one does not *29* know. No one knows whether death may not be the greatest of all blessings for a man, yet men fear it as if they knew that it is the greatest of evils. And surely it is the most blameworthy ignorance to believe that one knows what one does not know. It is perhaps on this point and in this respect, gentlemen, that I differ from the majority of men, and if I were to claim that I am wiser than anyone in anything, it would be in this that as I have no adequate knowledge of things in the underworld, so I do not think I *b* have. I do know, however, that it is wicked and shameful to do wrong, to disobey one's superior, be he god or man. I shall never fear or avoid things of which I do not know, whether they may not be good rather than things that I know to be bad. Even if you acquitted me now and did not believe Anytus, who said to you that either I should not have been brought here in the first place, or that now I am here, you cannot avoid executing me, for if I should be acquitted, your sons would practise the teachings of Socrates and all be thoroughly corrupted; if you said to me in this regard: "Socrates, we do not *c*

2. *i.e., Achilles*

believe Anytus now; we acquit you, but only on condition that you spend no more time on this investigation and do not practise philosophy, and if you are caught doing so you will die;" if, as I say, you were to acquit me on those terms, I would say to you: "Gentlemen of the jury, I am grateful and *d*
I am your friend, but I will obey the god rather than you, and as long as I draw breath and am able, I shall not cease to practise philosophy, to exhort you and in my usual way to point out to anyone of you whom I happen to meet: Good Sir, you are an Athenian, a citizen of the greatest city with the greatest reputation for both wisdom and power; are you not ashamed of your eagerness to possess as much wealth, reputation and honours as possible, while you do not care for nor give thought to wisdom or truth or the best possible state of your soul?" Then, if one of you disputes this and says he *e*
does care, I shall not let him go at once or leave him, but I shall question him, examine him and test him, and if I do not think he has attained the goodness that he says he has, I shall reproach him because he attaches little importance to the most important things and greater importance to inferior things. I shall treat in this way anyone I happen to meet, young and old, citizen and stranger, and more so the citizens because you are more kindred to me. Be sure that this is what the god orders me to do, *30*
and I think there is no greater blessing for the city than my service to the god. For I go around doing nothing but persuading both young and old among you not to care for your body or your wealth in preference to or as strongly as for the best possible state of your soul, as I say to you: "Wealth does not bring about excellence, but excellence makes *b*
wealth and everything else good for men, both individually and collectively."

Now if by saying this I corrupt the young, this advice must be harmful, but if anyone says that I give different advice, he is talking nonsense. On this point I would say to you, gentlemen of the jury: "Whether you believe Anytus or not, whether you acquit me or not, do so on the understanding that this is my course of action, even if I am to face death many times." Do not create a disturbance, *c*
gentlemen, but abide by my request not to cry out at what I say but to listen, for I think it will be to your advantage to listen, and I am about to say other things at which you will perhaps cry out. By no means do this. Be sure that if you kill the sort of man I say I am, you will not harm me more than yourselves. Neither Meletus nor Anytus can harm me in any way; he could not harm me, for I do not think it is permitted that a better man be harmed by a worse; certainly he might kill me, or perhaps banish or disfranchise me, which he and maybe others think to be great harm, but I do not think so. I *d*
think he is doing himself much greater harm doing what he is doing now, attempting to have a man executed unjustly. Indeed, gentlemen of the jury, I am far from making it defence now on my own behalf, as might be thought, but on yours, to prevent you from wrongdoing by mistreating the god's gift to you by condemning me; for if you kill me you will not easily find another like me. I was *e*
attached to this city by the god—though it seems a ridiculous thing to say - as upon a great and noble horse which was somewhat sluggish because of its size and needed to be stirred up by a kind of gadfly. It is to fulfill some such function that I believe the god has placed me in the city. I never cease to rouse each and everyone of you, to persuade and reproach you all day long and everywhere I find myself in your company.

Another such man will not easily come to be among you, gentlemen, and if you believe me you will *31*
spare me. You might easily be annoyed with me as people are when they are aroused from a doze, and strike out at me; if convinced by Anytus you could easily kill me, and then you could sleep on for the rest of your days, unless the god, in his care for you, sent you someone else. That I am the kind of person to be a gift of the god to the city you might realize from the fact that it does not seem like human nature for me to have neglected all my own affairs and to have tolerated this neglect now for so many years while I was always concerned with you, approaching each one of you like a father or an elder *b*
brother to persuade you to care for virtue (*aretê*). Now if I profited from this by charging a fee for my advice, there would be some sense to it, but you can see for yourselves that, for all their shameless accusations, my accusers have not been able in their

impudence to bring forward a witness to say that I have ever received a fee or ever asked for one. I, on the other hand, have a convincing witness that I speak the truth, my poverty. *c*

It may seem strange that while I go around and give this advice privately and interfere in private affairs, I do not venture to go to the assembly and there advise the city. You have heard me give the reason for this in many places. I have a divine or spiritual sign which Meletus has ridiculed in his deposition. This began when I was a child. It is a voice, and whenever it speaks it turns me away from something I am about to do, but it never encourages me to do anything. This is what has prevented me *d* from taking part in public affairs, and I think it was quite right to prevent me. Be sure, gentlemen of the jury, that if I had long ago attempted to take part in politics, I should have died long ago, and benefited neither you nor myself. Do not be angry with me for speaking the truth; no man will survive who genuinely opposes you or any other crowd and prevents the occurrence of many unjust and illegal happenings in the city. A man who really fights for justice must lead a private, not a public, life if he *e* is to survive for even a short time.

I shall give you great proofs of this, not words but what you esteem, deeds. Listen to what *32* happened to me, that you may know that I will not yield to any man contrary to what is right, for fear of death, even if I should die at once for not yielding. The things I shall tell you are commonplace and smack of the lawcourts, but they are true. I have never held any other office in the city, but I served as a member of the Council, and our tribe Antiochis was presiding at the time when you wanted to try as a body the ten generals who had failed to pick up the survivors of the naval battle.[3] This was illegal, as you all recognized later. I was the only member of the presiding committee to oppose your doing *b* something contrary to the laws, and I voted against it. The orators were ready to prosecute me and take me away; and your shouts were egging them on, but I thought I should run any risk on the side of law and justice rather than join you, for fear of prison or death, when you were engaged in an unjust course.

This happened when the city was still a democracy. When the oligarchy was established, the Thirty[4] summoned me to the Hall, along with four others, and ordered us to bring Leon from Salamis, that he might be executed. They gave many such orders to many people, in order to *c* implicate as many as possible in their guilt. Then I showed again, not in words but in action, that, if it were not rather vulgar to say so, death is something I couldn't care less about, but that my whole concern is not to do anything unjust or impious. That government, powerful as it was, did not frighten me into any wrongdoing. When we left the Hall, the other four went to Salamis and brought in Leon, *d* but I went home. I might have been put to death for this, had not the government fallen shortly afterwards. There are many who will witness to these events.

Do you think I would have survived all these years if I were engaged in public affairs and, acting as a good man must, came to the help of justice and considered this the most important thing? *e* Far from it, gentlemen of the jury, nor would any other man. Throughout my life, in any public activity I may have engaged in, I am the same man as I am in private life. I have never come to an agreement with anyone to act unjustly, neither with anyone else nor with anyone of those who they slanderously say are my pupils. I have never been anyone's teacher. If anyone, young or old, desires to listen to me when I am talking and dealing with my own concerns, I have never begrudged this to *33* anyone, but I do not converse when I receive a fee and not when I do not. I am equally ready to question the rich and the poor if anyone is willing to answer my questions and

3. This was the battle of Arginusae (south of Lesbos) in 406 BC., the last Athenian victory of the war. A violent storm prevented the Athenians from rescuing the survivors. For this they were tried in Athens and sentenced to death by the assembly.

4. This was the harsh oligarchy that was set up after the final defeat of Athens in 404 BC. and that ruled Athens for some nine months in 404-3 before the democracy was restored.

listen to what I say. And I cannot justly be held responsible for the good or bad conduct of these people, as I never promised to teach them anything and have not done so. If anyone says that he has learned anything from me, or that he heard anything privately that the others did not hear, be assured that he is not telling the truth. *b*

Why then do some people enjoy spending considerable time in my company? You have heard why, gentlemen of the jury, I have told you the whole truth. They enjoy hearing those being questioned who think they are wise, but are not. And this is not unpleasant. To do this has, as I say, been enjoined upon me by the god, by means of oracles and dreams, and in every other way that a divine manifestation has ever ordered a man to do anything. This is true, gentlemen, and can easily be established. *c*

If I corrupt some young men and have corrupted others, then surely some of them who have grown older and realized that I gave them bad advice when they were young should now themselves come up here to accuse me and avenge themselves. If they were unwilling to do so themselves, then some of their kindred, their fathers or brothers or other relations should recall it now if their family had been harmed by me. I see many of these present here, first Crito, my contemporary and fellow demesman, the father of Critoboulos here; next Lysanias of Sphettus, the father of Aeschines here; also Antiphon the Cephisian, the father of Epigenes; and others whose brothers spent their time in this way; Nicostratus, the son of Theozotides, brother of Theodotus, and Theodotus has died so he could not influence him; Paralios here, son of Demodocus, whose brother was Theages; there is Adeimanttls, son of Ariston, brother of Plato here; Acantidorus, brother of Apollodorus here. *d* *e*

I could mention many others, some one of whom surely Meletus should have brought in as witness in his own speech. If he forgot to do so, then let him do it now; I will yield time if he has anything of the kind to say. You will find quite the contrary, gentlemen. These men are all ready to come to the help of the corruptor, the man who has harmed their kindred, as Meletus and Anytus say. Now those who were corrupted might well have reason to help me, but the uncorrupted, their kindred who are older men, have no reason to help me except the right and proper one, that they know that Meletus is lying and that I am telling the truth. *34*

Very well, gentlemen of the jury. This, and maybe other similar things, is what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps one of you might be angry as he recalls that when he himself stood trial on a less dangerous charge, he begged and pleaded and implored the jury with many tears, that he brought his children and many of his friends and family into court to arouse as much pity as he could, but that I do none of these things, even though I may seem to be running the ultimate risk. Thinking of this, he might feel resentful toward me and, angry about this, cast his vote in anger. If there is such a one among you—I do not deem there is, but if there is - I think it would be right to say in reply: My good sir, I too have a household and, in Homer's phrase, I am not born "from oak or rock" but from men, so that I have a family, indeed three sons, gentlemen of the jury, of whom one is an adolescent while two are children. Nevertheless, I will not beg you to acquit me by bringing them here. Why do I do none of these things? Not through arrogance, gentlemen, nor through lack of respect for you. Whether I am brave in the face of death is another matter, but with regard to my reputation and yours and that of the whole city, it does not seem right to me to do these things, especially at my age and with my reputation. For it is generally believed, whether it be true or false, that in certain respects Socrates is superior to the majority of men. Now if those of you who are considered superior, be it in wisdom or courage or whatever other virtue makes them so, are seen behaving like that, it would be a disgrace. Yet I have often seen them do this sort of thing when standing trial, men who are thought to be somebody, doing amazing things as if they thought it a terrible thing to die, and as if they were to be immortal if you did not execute them. I think these men bring shame upon the city so that a stranger, too, would assume that those who are outstanding in virtue among the Athenians, whom they themselves select from themselves to *b* *c* *d* *e* *35*

fill offices of state and receive other honours, are in no way better than women. You should not act like that, gentlemen of the jury, those of you who have any reputation at all, and if we do, you should not allow it. You should make it very clear that you will more readily convict a man who performs these pitiful dramatics in court and so makes the city a laughingstock, than a man who keeps quiet. *b*

Quite apart from the question of reputation, gentlemen, I do not think it right to supplicate the jury and to be acquitted because of this but to teach and persuade them. It is not the purpose of a juryman's office to give justice as a favour to whoever seems good to him, but to judge according to law, and this he has sworn to do. We should not accustom you to perjure yourselves, nor should you make a habit of it. This is irreverent conduct for either of us. *c*

Do not deem it right for me, gentlemen of the jury, that I should act towards you in a way that I do not consider to be good or just or pious, especially, by Zeus, as I am being prosecuted by Meletus here for impiety; clearly, if I convinced you by my supplication to do violence to your oath of office, I would be teaching you not to believe that there are gods, and my defence would convict me of hot believing in them. This is far from being the case, gentlemen, for I do believe in them as none of my accusers do. I leave it to you and the god to judge me in the way that will be best for me and for you. *d*

[The jury now gives its verdict of guilty, and Meletus asks for the penalty of death.]

There are many other reasons for my not being angry with you for convicting me, gentlemen of the jury, and what happened was not unexpected. I am much more surprised at the number of votes cast on each side, for I did not think the decision would be by so few votes but by a great many. As it is, a switch of only thirty votes would have acquitted me. I think myself that I have been cleared on Meletus' charges, and not only this, but it is clear to all that, if Anytus and Lycon had not joined him in accusing me, he would have been fined a thousand drachmas for not receiving a fifth of the votes. *e*

He assesses the penalty at death. So be it. What counter-assessment should I propose to you, gentlemen of the jury? Clearly it should be a penalty I deserve, and what do I deserve to suffer or to pay because I have deliberately not led a quiet life but have neglected what occupies most people: wealth, household affairs, the position of general or public orator or the other offices, the political clubs and factions that exist in the city? I thought myself too honest to survive if I occupied myself with those things. I did not follow that path that would have made me of no use either to you or to myself, but I went to each of you privately and conferred upon him what I say is the greatest benefit, by trying to persuade him not to care for any of his belongings before caring that he himself should be as good and as wise as possible, not to care for the city's possessions more than for the city itself, and to care for other things in the same way. What do I deserve for being such a man? Some good, gentlemen of the jury, if I must truly make an assessment according to my deserts, and something suitable. What is suitable for a poor benefactor who needs leisure to exhort you? Nothing is more suitable, gentlemen, than for such a man to be fed in the Prytaneum,[5] much more suitable for him than for anyone of you who has won a victory at Olympia with a pair or a team of horses. The Olympian victor makes you think yourself happy; I make you be happy. Besides, he does not need food, but I do. So if I must make a just assessment of what I deserve, I assess it at this: free meals in the Prytaneum. *36 b c d*

When I say this you may think, as when I spoke of appeals to pity and entreaties, that I speak arrogantly, but that is not the case, gentlemen of the jury; rather it is like this: I am convinced that I never willingly wrong anyone, but I am not convincing you of this, for we have talked together

5. The Prytaneum was the magistrates' hall or town hall of Athens. Free meals at the Prytaneum was the reward given to the victorious Olympic athletes. *e 37*

but a short time. If it were the law with us, as it is elsewhere, that a trial for life should not last one but many days, you would be convinced, but now it is not easy to dispel great slanders in a short time. Since I am convinced that I wrong no one, I am not likely to wrong myself, to say that I deserve *b* some evil and to make some such assessment against myself. What should I fear? That I should suffer the penalty Meletus has assessed against me, of which I say I do not know whether it is good or bad? Am I then to choose in preference to this something that I know very well to be an evil and assess the penalty at that? Imprisonment? Why should I live in prison, always subjected to the ruling magistrates the Eleven? A fine, and imprisonment until I pay it? That would be the same thing for me, as I have *c* no money. Exile? for perhaps you might accept that assessment.

I should have to be inordinately fond of life, gentlemen of the jury, to be so unreasonable as to suppose that other men will easily tolerate my company and conversation when you, my fellow citizens, have been unable to endure them, but found them a burden and resented them so that you are now seeking to get rid of them. Far from it, gentlemen. It would be a fine life at my age to be driven out of *d* one city after another, for I know very well that wherever I go the young men will listen to my talk as they do here. If I drive them away, they will themselves persuade their elders to drive me out; if I do not drive them away, their fathers and relations will drive me out on their behalf. *e*

Perhaps someone might say: But Socrates, if you leave us will you not be able to live quietly, without talking? Now this is the most difficult point on which to convince some of you. If I say that it is impossible for me to keep quiet because that means disobeying the god, you will not believe me and will think I am being ironical. On the other hand, if I say that it is the greatest good for a man to discuss virtue every day and those other things about which you hear me conversing and testing myself and others, for the unexamined life is not worth living for man, you will believe me even less.

What I say is true, gentlemen, but it is not easy to convince you. At the same time, I am not accustomed to think that I deserve any penalty. If I had money. I would assess the penalty at the *38* amount I could pay, for that would not hurt me, but I have none, unless you are willing to set the penalty at the amount I can pay, and perhaps I could pay you one mina of silver. So that is my assessment.

Plato here, gentlemen of the jury, and Crito and Critobulus and Apollodorus bid me put the penalty at thirty minae, and they will stand surety for the money. Well then, that is my assessment, and *b* they will be sufficient guarantee of payment.

[The jury now votes again and sentences Socrates to death.]

It is for the sake of a short time, gentlemen of the jury, that you will acquire the reputation and the guilt, in the eyes of those who want to denigrate the city, of having killed Socrates, a wise man, for they who want to revile you will say that I am wise even if I am not. If you had waited but a little while, this would have happened of its own accord. You see my age, that I am already advanced in years and close to death. I am saying this not to all of you but to those who condemned me to death, and to these same jurors I say: Perhaps you think that I was convicted for lack of such words as might *c* have convinced you, if I thought I should say or do all I could to avoid my sentence. Far from it. I was convicted because I lacked not words but boldness and shamelessness and the willingness to say to you what you would most gladly have heard from me, lamentations and tears and my saying and doing many things that I say are unworthy of me but that you are accustomed to hear from others. I did not *d* think then that the danger I ran should make me do anything mean, nor do I now regret the nature of my defence. I would much rather die after this kind of defence than live after making the other kind. Neither I nor any other man should, on trial or in war, contrive to avoid death at any cost. Indeed it is often obvious in battle that one could escape death by throwing away one's weapons and by turning to supplicate one's pursuers, and there are many ways to avoid death in every kind of danger if one will *e* venture to do or say

39

anything to avoid it. It is not difficult to avoid death, gentlemen of the jury, it is much more difficult to avoid wickedness, for it runs faster than death. Slow and elderly as I am, I have been caught by the slower pursuer, whereas my accusers, being clever and sharp, have been caught by the quicker, wickedness. I leave you now, condemned to death by you, but they are condemned by truth to *b* wickedness and injustice. So I maintain my assessment, and they maintain theirs. This perhaps had to happen, and I think it is as it should be.

Now I want to prophesy to those who convicted me, for I am at the point when men prophesy most, when they are about to die. I say gentlemen, to those who voted to kill me, that vengeance will come upon you immediately after my death, a vengeance much harder to bear than that which you took in *c* killing me. You did this in the belief that you would avoid giving an account of your life, but I maintain that quite the opposite will happen to you. There will be more people to test you, whom I now held back, but you did not notice it. They will be more difficult to deal with as they will be younger and you will resent them more. You are wrong if you believe that by killing people you will prevent anyone from reproaching you for not living in the right way. To escape such tests is neither *d* possible nor good, but it is best and easiest not to discredit others but to prepare oneself to be as good as possible. With this prophecy to you who convicted me, I part from you.

I should be glad to discuss what has happened with those who voted for my acquittal during the time that the officers of the court are busy and I do not yet have to depart to my death. So, gentlemen, stay with me awhile, for nothing prevents us from talking to each other while it is allowed. To you, as being my friends, I want to show the meaning of what has occurred. A *e* surprising thing has happened to me, judges - you I would rightly call judges. At all previous times my familiar prophetic power, my spiritual manifestation frequently opposed me, even in small matters, when I was about to do something wrong, but now that, as you can see for yourselves, I was faced with what one might think, and what is generally thought to be, the worst of evils, my divine sign has *40* not opposed me, either when I left home at dawn, or when I came into court, or at any time that I was about to say something during my speech. Yet in other talks it often held me back in the middle of my speaking, but now it has opposed no word or deed of mine. What do I think is the reason for this? I will tell you. What has happened to me may well be a good thing, and those of us who believe death to be an evil are certainly mistaken. I have convincing proof of this, for it is impossible that my familiar *b* sign did not oppose me if I was not about to do what was right.

Let us reflect in this way, too, that there is good hope that death is a blessing, for it is one of two things: either the dead are nothing and have no perception of anything, or it is, as we are told, a change and a relocating for the soul from here to another place. If it is complete lack of perception, like a *c* dreamless sleep, then death would be a great advantage. For I think that if one had to pick out that night during which a man slept soundly and did not dream, put beside it the other nights and days of his life, and then see how many days and nights had been better and more pleasant than that night, not only a private person but the great king would find them easy to count compared with the other days and *d* nights. If death is like this I say it is an advantage, for all eternity would then seem to be no more than a single night. If, on the other hand, death is a change from here to another place, and what we are told is true and all who have died are there, what greater blessing could there be, gentlemen of the jury? If anyone arriving in Hades will have escaped from those who call themselves judges here, and will find *e* those true judges who are said to sit in judgement there, Minos and Radamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus and the other demi-gods who have been upright in their own life, would that be a poor kind of change? Again, what would one of you give to keep company with Orpheus and *41* Musaeus, Hesiod and Homer? I am willing to die many times if that is true. It would be a wonderful way for me to spend my time whenever I met Palamedes and Ajax, the son of Telamon, and any other of the men of old who died through an unjust conviction, to compare my experience with theirs. I think it would be pleasant. Most

important, I could spend my time testing and examining people there, as I do here, as to who among them is wise, and who thinks he is, but is not. *b*

What would one not give, gentlemen of the jury, for the opportunity to examine the man who led the great expedition against Troy, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, and innumerable other men and women one could mention. It would be an extraordinary happiness to talk with them, to keep company with them and examine them. In any case, they would certainly not put one to death for doing so. They are happier there than we are here in other respects, and for the rest of time they are deathless, if indeed what we are told is true. *c*

You too must be of good hope as regards death, gentlemen of the jury, and keep this one truth in mind, that a good man cannot be harmed either in life or in death, and that his affairs are not neglected by the gods. What has happened to me now has not happened of itself, but it is clear to me that it was better for me to die now and to escape from trouble. That is why my divine sign did not oppose me at any point. So I am certainly not angry with those who convicted me, or with my accusers. Of course that was not their purpose when they accused and convicted me, but they thought they were hurting me, and for this they deserve blame. This much I ask from them: when my sons grow up, avenge yourselves by, causing them the same kind of grief that I caused you, if you think they care for money or anything else more than they care for virtue, or if they think they are somebody when they are nobody. Reproach them as I reproach you, that they do not care for the right things and think they are worthy when they are not worthy of anything. If you do this, I shall have been justly treated by you, and my sons also. *d* *e*

Now the hour to part has come. I go to die, you go to live. Which of us goes to the better lot is known to no one, except the god. *42*

The Bible

Edited by Zaine Ridling

[Genesis 1]

The primeval history; creation culminating in Sabbath

1 In the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth, *2* the earth was a formless void and darkness covered the face of the deep, while a wind from God swept over the face of the waters. *3* Then God said, "Let there be light"; and there was light. *4* And God saw that the light was good; and God separated the light from the darkness. *5* God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, the first day.

6 And God said, "Let there be a dome in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters." *7* So God made the dome and separated the waters that were under the dome from the waters that were above the dome. And it was so. *8* God called the dome Sky. And there was evening and there was morning, the second day.

9 And God said, "Let the waters under the sky be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear." And it was so. *10* God called the dry land Earth, and the waters that were gathered together he called Seas. And God saw that it was good. *11* Then God said, "Let the earth put forth vegetation: plants yielding seed, and fruit trees of every kind on earth that bear fruit with the seed in it." And it was so. *12* The earth brought forth vegetation: plants yielding seed of every kind, and trees of every kind bearing fruit with the seed in it. And God saw that it was good. *13* And there was evening and there was morning, the third day.

14 And God said, "Let there be lights in the dome of the sky to separate the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years, *15* and let them be lights in the dome of the sky to give light upon the earth." And it was so. *16* God made the two great lights — the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night — and the stars. *17* God set them in the dome of the sky to give light upon the earth, *18* to rule over the day and over the night, and to separate the light from the darkness. And God saw that it was good. *19* And there was evening and there was morning, the fourth day.

20 And God said, "Let the waters bring forth swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the dome of the sky." *21* So God created the great sea monsters and every living creature that moves, of every kind, with which the waters swarm, and every winged bird of every kind. And God saw that it was good. *22* God blessed them, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters in the seas, and let birds multiply on the earth." *23* And there was evening and there was morning, the fifth day.

24 And God said, "Let the earth bring forth living creatures of every kind: cattle and creeping things and wild animals of the earth of every kind." And it was so. *25* God made the wild animals of the earth of every kind, and the cattle of every kind, and everything that creeps upon

the ground of every kind. And God saw that it was good.

26 Then God said, "Let us make humankind in our image, according to our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the wild animals of the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth."

27 So God created humankind in his image,
in the image of God he created them;
male and female he created them.
28 God blessed them, and God said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth." *29* God said, "See, I have given you every plant yielding seed that is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree with seed in its fruit; you shall have them for food. *30* And to every beast of the earth, and to every bird of the air, and to everything that creeps on the earth, everything that has the breath of life, I have given every green plant for food." And it was so. *31* God saw everything that he had made, and indeed, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day.

[Genesis 2]
Creation in the garden

1 Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all their multitude. *2* And on the seventh day God finished the work that he had done, and he rested on the seventh day from all the work that he had done. *3* So God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it God rested from all the work that he had done in creation.

4 These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created. In the day that the LORD God made the earth and the heavens, *5* when no plant of the field was yet in the earth and no herb of the field had yet sprung up — for the LORD God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was no one to till the ground; *6* but a stream would rise from the earth, and water the whole face of the ground — *7* then the LORD God formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and the man became a living being. *8* And the LORD God planted a garden in Eden, in the east; and there he put the man whom he had formed. *9* Out of the ground the LORD God made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

10 A river flows out of Eden to water the garden, and from there it divides and becomes four branches. *11* The name of the first is Pishon; it is the one that flows around the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; *12* and the gold of that land is good; bdellium and onyx stone are there. *13* The name of the second river is Gihon; it is the one that flows around the whole land of Cush. *14* The name of the third river is Tigris, which flows east of Assyria. And the fourth river is the Euphrates.

15 The LORD God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to till it and keep it. *16* And the LORD God commanded the man, "You may freely eat of every tree of the garden; *17* but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall die."

18 Then the LORD God said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helper as his partner." *19* So out of the ground the LORD God formed every animal of the field and every bird of the air, and brought them to the man to see what he would call them; and whatever the man called every living creature, that was its name. *20* The man gave names to all cattle, and to the birds of the air, and to every animal of the field; but for the man there was not found a helper as his partner. *21* So the LORD God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; then he took one of his ribs and closed up its place with flesh. *22* And the rib that the LORD God had taken from the man he made into a woman and brought her to the man. *23* Then the man said,

"This at last is bone of my bones
and flesh of my flesh;
this one shall be called Woman,
for out of Man this one was taken."

24 Therefore a man leaves his father and his mother and clings to his wife, and they become one flesh. *25* And the man and his wife were both naked, and were not ashamed.

[Genesis 3]
Garden disobedience and punishment

1 Now the serpent was more crafty than any other wild animal that the LORD God had made. He said to the woman, "Did God say, 'You shall not eat from any tree in the garden'?" *2* The woman said to the serpent, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees in the garden; *3* but God said, 'You shall not eat of the fruit of the tree that is in the middle of the garden, nor shall you touch it, or you shall die.'" *4* But the serpent said to the woman, "You will not die; *5* for God knows that when you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil." *6* So when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of its fruit and ate; and she also gave some to her husband, who was with her, and he ate. *7* Then the eyes of both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made loincloths for themselves.

8 They heard the sound of the LORD God walking in the garden at the time of the evening breeze, and the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God among the trees of the garden. *9* But the LORD God called to the man, and said to him, "Where are you?" *10* He said, "I heard the sound of you in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself." *11* He said, "Who told you that you were naked? Have you eaten from the tree of which I commanded you not to eat?" *12* The man said, "The woman whom you gave to be with me, she gave me fruit from the tree, and I ate." *13* Then the LORD God

said to the woman, "What is this that you have done?" The woman said, "The serpent tricked me, and I ate." *14* The LORD God said to the serpent,

"Because you have done this,
cursed are you among all animals
and among all wild creatures;
upon your belly you shall go,
and dust you shall eat
all the days of your life.
15 I will put enmity between you and the woman,
and between your offspring and hers;
he will strike your head,
and you will strike his heel."
16 To the woman he said,
"I will greatly increase your pangs in childbearing;
in pain you shall bring forth children,
yet your desire shall be for your husband,
and he shall rule over you."
17 And to the man he said,
"Because you have listened to the voice of your wife, and have eaten of the tree
about which I commanded you,
'You shall not eat of it,'
cursed is the ground because of you;
in toil you shall eat of it all the days of your life;
18 thorns and thistles it shall bring forth for you;
and you shall eat the plants of the field.
19 By the sweat of your face
you shall eat bread
until you return to the ground,
for out of it you were taken;
you are dust,
and to dust you shall return."

20 The man named his wife Eve, because she was the mother of all living. *21* And the LORD God made garments of skins for the man and for his wife, and clothed them.

22 Then the LORD God said, "See, the man has become like one of us, knowing good and evil; and now, he might reach out his hand and take also from the tree of life, and eat, and live forever» - *23* therefore the LORD God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from which he was taken. *24* He drove out the man; and at the east of the garden of Eden he placed the cherubim, and a sword flaming and turning to guard the way to the tree of life,

Confessions

Saint Augustine

Translation by Henry Chadwick

BOOK II: Adolescence

i (1) I intend to remind myself of my past foulnesses and carnal corruptions, not because I love them but so that I may love you, my God. It is from love of your love that I make the act of recollection. The recalling of my wicked ways is bitter in my memory, but I do it so that you may be sweet to me, a sweetness touched by no deception, a sweetness serene and content. You gathered me together from the state of disintegration in which I had been fruitlessly divided. I turned from unity in you to be lost in multiplicity.[1]

At one time in adolescence I was burning to find satisfaction in hellish pleasures. I ran wild in the shadowy jungle of erotic adventures. 'My beauty wasted away and in your sight I became putrid' (Dan. 10: 8), by pleasing myself and by being ambitious to win human approval.

ii (2) The single desire that dominated my search for delight was simply to love and to be loved. But no restraint was imposed by the exchange of mind with mind, which marks the brightly lit pathway of friendship. Clouds of muddy carnal concupiscence filled the air. The bubbling impulses of puberty befogged and obscured my heart so that it could not see the difference between love's serenity and lust's darkness. Confusion of the two things boiled within me. It seized hold of my youthful weakness sweeping me through the precipitous rocks of desire to submerge me in a whirlpool of vice.[2] Your wrath was heavy upon me and I was unaware of it. I had become deafened by the clanking chain[3] of my mortal condition, the penalty of my pride. I travelled very far from you, and you did not stop me. I was tossed about and spilt, scattered and boiled dry in my fornications. And you were silent. How slow I was to find my joy! At that time, you said nothing, and I travelled much further away from you into more and more sterile things productive of unhappiness, proud in my self-pity, incapable of rest in my exhaustion.

(3) If only someone could have imposed restraint on my disorder. That would have transformed to good purpose the fleeting experiences of beauty in these lowest of things, and fixed limits to indulgence in their charms. Then the stormy waves of my youth would have finally broken on the shore of marriage.

Even so, I could not have been wholly content to confine sexual union to acts intended to procreate children, as your law prescribes, Lord. For you shape the propagation of our mortal race, imposing your gende hand to soften the brambles which were excluded from your

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[1] The language here is characteristic of Porphyry (e.g. ep. adMarcellam 10, p. 280, 25 Nauck) and Plotinus 6. 6. 1.5. See below XI. xxix (39).

[2] Echo of Virgil, Aeneid 3. 422 (Scylla and Charybdis).

[3] Virgil, Aeneid 6. 558.

paradise.[4] Your omnipotence is never far from us, even when we are far from you.[5] Alternatively, I ought to have paid more vigilant heed to the voice from your clouds: 'Nevertheless those who are married shall have trouble in the flesh, and I would spare you' (Cor. 7: 28), and 'It is good for a man not to touch a woman' (1 Cor. 7: 1), and 'He who has no wife thinks on the things of God, how he can please God. But he who is joined in marriage thinks on the affairs of the world, how he can please his wife' (1 Cor. 7: 32-3). Had I paid careful attention to these sayings and 'become a eunuch for the sake of the kingdom of heaven' (Matt. 19: 12), I would have been happier finding fulfilment in your embraces.

(4) But I in my misery seethed and followed the driving force of my impulses, abandoning you. I exceeded all the bounds set by your law, and did not escape your chastisement—indeed no mortal can do so. For you were always with me, mercifully punishing me, touching with a bitter taste all my illicit pleasures. Your intention was that I should seek delights unspoilt by disgust and that, in my quest where I could achieve this, I should discover it to be in nothing except you Lord, nothing but you. You 'fashion pain to be a lesson' (Ps. 93: 20 LXX), you 'strike to heal', you bring death upon us so that we should not die apart from you (Deut. 32: 39).[6]

Where was I in the sixteenth year of the age of my flesh? 'Far away in exile from the pleasures of your house' (Mic. 2:9). Sensual folly assumed domination over me, and I gave myself totally to it in acts allowed by shameful humanity but under your laws illicit. My family did not try to extricate me from my headlong course by means of marriage. The only concern was that I should learn to speak as effectively as possible and carry conviction by my oratory.

iii (5) During my sixteenth year there was an interruption in my studies. I was recalled from Madauros, the nearby town where I had first lived away from home to learn literature and oratory. During that time funds were gathered in preparation for a more distant absence at Carthage, for which my father had more enthusiasm than cash, since he was a citizen of Thagaste with very modest resources.[7] To whom do I tell these things? Not to you, my God. But before you 1 declare this to my race, to the human race, though only a tiny part can light on this composition of mine. And why do I include this episode? It is that I and any of my readers may reflect on the great depth from which we have to cry to you (Ps. 129: 1). Nothing is nearer to your ears than a confessing heart and a life grounded in faith (cf. Rom. 10: 9). At that time everybody was full of praise for my father because he spent money on his son beyond the means

[4] Augustine's vision of the sex-life of Adam and Eve before the Fall passed from belief that their union was wholly spiritual (below XIII. xx (28)) to a conviction that it was both spiritual and physical, but controlled by reason and will, never by unreasoning passion, and wholly free of the thorny problems that beset sexuality in common experience.

[5] The Neoplatonist Porphyry wrote: 'He who knows God has God present to him, and he who does not know him is absent from him who is everywhere present.' (Ad Gaurum 12. 3). Cf. above, II. ii (3).

[6] Cf. above 1. v. (6). The beneficence of punishment is affirmed in 2 Mace. 6: 12-16.

[7] Augustine's biographer, Possidius, records that his father Patrick sat on the town council or curia of Thagaste, a position bringing social credit and financial burdens. The estate was not large, and in relative terms the family was reckoned 'poor', i.e. it possessed only a few slaves for the housework and the land, which in one letter Augustine describes as 'a few acres'. Naturally Augustine's family was not poor in an absolute sense; they were far from being destitute. But 'pauper' is once defined by Ovid as 'a man who knows how many sheep he has'. Patrick is likely to have known how many he had.

of his estate, when that was necessary to finance an education entailing a long journey. Many citizens of far greater wealth did nothing of the kind for their children. But this same father did not care what character before you I was developing, or how chaste I was so long as I possessed a cultured tongue—though my culture really meant a desert uncultivated by you, God. You are the one true and good lord of your land, which is my heart.

(6) In my sixteenth year idleness interposed because of my family's lack of funds. I was on holiday from all schooling and lived with my parents. The thorns of lust rose above my head, and there was no hand to root them out. Indeed, when at the bathhouse my father saw that I was showing signs of virility and the stirrings of adolescence, he was overjoyed to suppose that he would now be having grand-children, and told my mother so. His delight was that of the intoxication which makes the world oblivious of you, its Creator, and to love your creation instead of you. He was drunk with the invisible wine of his perverse will directed downwards to inferior things.[8] But in my mother 's heart you had already begun your temple and the beginning of your holy habitation (Ecclus. 24: 14). My father was still a catechumen and had become that only recendy. So she shook with a pious trepidation and a holy fear (2 Cor. 7: 15). For, although I had not yet become a baptized believer, she feared the twisted paths along which walk those who turn their backs and not their face towards you (Jer. 2: 27).

(7) Wretch that I am, do I dare to say that you, my God, were silent when in reality I was travelling farther from you? Was it in this sense that you kept silence to me? Then whose words were they but yours which you were chanting in my ears through my mother, your faithful servant? But nothing of that went down into my heart to issue in action. Her concern (and in the secret of my conscience I recall the memory of her admonition delivered with vehement anxiety) was that I should not fall into fornication, and above all that I should not commit adultery with someone else's wife. These warnings seemed to me womanish advice which I would have blushed to take the least notice of. But they were your warnings and I did not realize it. I believed you were silent, and that it was only she who was speaking, when you were speaking to me through her. In her you were scorned by me, by me her son, the son of your handmaid, your servant (Ps. 115: 16). But I did not realize this and went on my way headlong with such blindness that among my peer group I was ashamed not to be equally guilty of shameful behaviour when I heard them boasting of their sexual exploits. Their pride was the more aggressive, the more debauched their acts were; they derived pleasure not merely from the lust of the act but also from the admiration it evoked. What is more worthy of censure than vice? Yet I went deeper into vice to avoid being despised, and when there was no act by admitting to which I could rival my depraved companions, I used to pretend I had done things I had not done at all, so that my innocence should not lead my companions to scorn my lack of courage, and lest my chastity be taken as a mark of inferiority.[9]

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[8] Augustine's father celebrated the signs of his son's virility by becoming inebriated. The implications of this passage on Patrick's hopes for a grandchild appear the only evidence to suggest that Augustine was the eldest of the children.

[9] The theme of this paragraph is found in Ambrose, Noah 22, 81.

(8) Such were the companions with whom I made my way through the streets of Babylon.[10] With them I rolled in its dung as if rolling in spices and precious ointments (S. of S. 5. 4: 14). To tie me down the more tenaciously to Babylon's belly, the invisible enemy trampled on me (Ps. 55: 3) and seduced me because I was in the mood to be seduced. The mother of my flesh already had fled from the centre of Babylon (Jer. 51:6), but still lingered in the outskirts of the city. Although she had warned me to guard my virginity, she did not seriously pay heed to what her husband had told her about me, and which she felt to hold danger for the future: for she did not seek to restrain my sexual drive within the limit of the marriage bond, if it could not be cut back to the quick. The reason why she showed no such concern was that she was afraid that the hope she placed in me could be impeded by a wife. This was not the hope which my mother placed in you for the life to come, but the hope which my parents entertained for my career that I might do well out of the study of literature. Both of them, as I realized, were very ambitious for me: my father because he hardly gave a thought to you at all, and his ambitions for me were concerned with mere vanities; my mother because she thought it would do no harm and would be a help to set me on the way towards you, if I studied the traditional pattern of a literary education. That at least is my conjecture as I try to recall the characters of my parents.

The reins were relaxed to allow me to amuse myself. There was no strict discipline to keep me in check, which led to an unbridled dissoluteness in many different directions. In all of this there was a thick mist shutting me off from the brightness of your face, my God, and my iniquity as it were 'burst out from my fatness' (Ps. 72: 7).

iv (9) Theft receives certain punishment by your law (Exod. 20: 15), Lord, and by the law written in the hearts of men (Rom. 2: 14) which not even iniquity itself destroys. For what thief can with equanimity endure being robbed by another thief? He cannot tolerate it even if he is rich and the other is destitute. I wanted to carry out an act of theft and did so, driven by no kind of need other than my inner lack of any sense of, or feeling for, justice. Wickedness filled me. I stole something which I had in plenty and of much better quality. My desire was to enjoy not what I sought by stealing but merely the excitement of thieving and the doing of what was wrong. There was a pear tree near our vineyard laden with fruit, though attractive in neither colour nor taste. To shake the fruit off the tree and carry off the pears, I and a gang of naughty adolescents set off late at night after (in our usual pestilential way) we had continued our game in the streets. We carried off a huge load of pears. But they were not for our feasts but merely to throw to the pigs. Even if we ate a few, nevertheless our pleasure lay in doing what was not allowed.

Such was my heart, O God, such was my heart. You had pity on it when it was at the bottom of the abyss. Now let my heart tell you what it was seeking there in that I became evil for no reason.[11] I had no motive for my wickedness except wickedness itself. It was foul, and I loved it. I loved the self- destruction, I loved my fall, not the object for which I had fallen but my fall

[10] Augustine's portrait of his wild years may be compared with the savage contemporary portrait of the riff-raff of Rome about 380 by the pagan historian Ammianus Marcellinus, who speaks of people spending their entire lives on alcohol, gambling, brothels, and public shows (28. 4. 28).

[11] Echo of Sallust's language about Catiline. Augustine presents himself as a new Catiline.

itself. My depraved soul leaped down from your firmament to ruin.[12] I was seeking not to gain anything by shameful means, but shame for its own sake.

v (10) There is beauty in lovely physical objects, as in gold and silver and all other such things. When the body touches such things, much significance attaches to the rapport of the object with the touch. Each of the other senses has its own appropriate mode of response to physical things. Temporal honour and the power of giving orders and of being in command have their own kind of dignity, though this is also the origin of the urge to self-assertion. Yet in the acquisition of all these sources of social status, one must not depart from you, Lord, nor deviate from your law. The life which we live in this world has its attractiveness because of a certain measure in its beauty and its harmony with all these inferior objects that are beautiful. Human friendship is also a nest of love and gentleness because of the unity it brings about between many souls. Yet sin is committed for the sake of all these things and others of this kind when, in consequence of an immoderate urge towards those things which are at the bottom end of the scale of good,[13] we abandon the higher and supreme goods, that is you, Lord God, and your truth and your law (Ps. 118: 142). These inferior goods have their delights, but not comparable to my God who has made them all. It is in him that the just person takes delight; he is the joy of those who are true of heart (Ps. 63: 11).

(11) When a crime is under investigation to discover the motive for which it was done, the accusation is not usually believed except in cases where the appetite to obtain (or the fear of losing) one of those goods which we have called inferior appears a plausible possibility. They are beautiful and attractive even if, in comparison with the higher goods which give true happiness, they are mean and base. A man committed murder. Why? Because he loved another 's wife or his property; or he wanted to acquire money to live on by plundering his goods; or he was afraid of losing his own property by the action of his victim; or he had suffered injury and burned with desire for revenge. No one would commit murder without a motive, merely because he took pleasure in killing. Who would believe that? It was said of one brutal and cruel man [Catiline] that he was evil and savage without reason.[14] Yet the preceding passage gave the motive: 'lest disuse might make his hand or mind slow to react' Why did he wish for that? Why so? His objective was to capture the city by violent crimes to obtain honours, government, and wealth; to live without fear of the laws and without the difficulty of attaining his ambitions because of the poverty of his family estate and his known criminal record. No, not even Catiline himself loved his crimes; something else motivated him to commit them.

vi (12) Wretch that I was, what did I love in you, my act of theft, that crime which I did at night in the sixteenth year of my life? There was nothing beautiful about you, my thieving. Indeed, do you exist at all for me to be addressing you?

[12] Like Lucifer.

[13] Throughout his writings Augustine holds to a doctrine of gradations of goodness. The good of the body is inferior to that of the soul; the will, in itself midway, may turn to higher or to lower things, and may err by preferring inferior goods to superior.

[14] Sallust, Catiline 16 (also cited by Augustine, Sermon on Ps. 108, 3).

The fruit which we stole was beautiful because it was your creation, most beautiful of all Beings, maker of all things, the good God, God the highest good and my true good. The fruit was beautiful, but was not that which my miserable soul coveted. I had a quantity of better pears. But those I picked solely with the motive of stealing. I threw away what I had picked. My feasting was only on the wickedness which I took pleasure in enjoying. If any of those pears entered my mouth, my criminality was the piquant sauce. And now, Lord my God, I inquire what was the nature of my pleasure in the theft. The act has nothing lovely about it, none of the loveliness found in equity and prudence, or in the human mind whether in the memory or in the senses or in physical vitality. Nor was it beautiful in the way the stars are, noble in their courses, or earth and sea full of newborn creatures which, as they are born, take the place of those which die;[15] not even in the way that specious vices have a flawed reflection of beauty.

(13) Pride imitates what is lofty; but you alone are God most high above all things. What does ambition seek but honour and glory? Yet you alone are worthy of honour and are glorious for eternity. The cruelty of powerful people aims to arouse fear. Who is to be feared but God alone? What can be seized or stolen from his power? When or where or how or by whom? Soft endearments are intended to arouse love. But there are no caresses tenderer than your charity, and no object of love is healthier than your truth, beautiful and luminous beyond all things. Curiosity appears to be a zeal for knowledge; yet you supremely know all. Ignorance and stupidity are given the names of simplicity and innocence; but there is no greater simplicity than in you. And what greater innocence than yours, whereas to evil men their own works are damaging? Idleness appears as desire for a quiet life; yet can rest be assured apart from the Lord? Luxury wants to be called abundance and satiety; but you are fullness and the inexhaustible treasure of incorruptible pleasure. Prodigality presents itself under the shadow of generosity; but you are the rich bestower of all good things. Avarice wishes to have large possessions; you possess everything. Envy contends about excellence; but what is more excellent than you? Anger seeks revenge; who avenges with greater justice than you? Fear quails before sudden and unexpected events attacking things which are loved, and takes precautions for their safety; to you is anything unexpected or sudden? Or who can take away from you what you love? There is no reliable security except with you. Regret wastes away for the loss of things which cupidity delighted in. Its wish would be that nothing be taken away, just as nothing can be taken from you.

(14) So the soul fornicates (Ps. 72: 27) when it is turned away from you and seeks outside you the pure and clear intentions which are not to be found except by returning to you. In their perverted way all humanity imitates you. Yet they put themselves at a distance from you and exalt themselves against you. But even by thus imitating you they acknowledge that you are the creator of all nature and so concede that there is no place where one can entirely escape from you. Therefore, in that act of theft what was the object of my love, and in what way did I viciously and perversely imitate my Lord? Was my pleasure to break your law, but by deceit since I had not the power to do that by force? Was I acting like a prisoner with restricted liberty who does without punishment what is not permitted, thereby making an assertion of possessing a dim resemblance to omnipotence? Here is a runaway slave fleeing his master and pursuing a

[15] Augustine regarded the cycle of birth and death as 'beautiful'; i.e. death is evil to the individual, not to the race.

shadow (Job 7:2). What rottenness! What a monstrous life and what an abyss of death! Was it possible to take pleasure in what was illicit for no reason other than that it was not allowed?

vii (15) 'What shall I render to the Lord?' (Ps. 115: 2) who recalls these things to my memory, but my soul feels no fear from the recollection. I will love you, Lord, and I will give thanks and confession to your name because you have forgiven me such great evils and my nefarious deeds. I attribute to your grace and mercy that you have melted my sins away like ice (Ecclus. 3: 17). I also attribute to your grace whatever evil acts I have not done. What could I not have done when I loved gratuitous crime? I confess that everything has been forgiven, both the evil things I did of my own accord, and those which I did not do because of your guidance.

No one who considers his frailty would dare to attribute to his own strength his chastity and innocence, so that he has less cause to love you - as if he had less need of your mercy by which you forgive the sins of those converted to you. If man is called by you, follows your voice, and has avoided doing those acts which I am recalling and avowing in my own life, he should not mock the healing of a sick man by the Physician, whose help has kept him from falling sick, or at least enabled him to be less gravely ill. He should love you no less, indeed even more; for he sees that the one who delivered me from the great sicknesses of my sins is also he through whom he may see that he himself has not been a victim of the same great sicknesses.

viii (16) 'What fruit had I', wretched boy, in these things (Rom. 6: 21) which I now blush to recall, above all in that theft in which I loved nothing but the theft itself? The theft itself was a nothing, and for that reason I was the more miserable. Yet had I been alone I would not have done it - I remember my state of mind to be thus at the time - alone I would never have done it. Therefore, my love in that act was to be associated with the gang in whose company I did it. Does it follow that I loved something other than the theft? No, nothing else in reality because association with the gang is also a nothing. What is it in reality? Who can teach me that, but he who 'illuminates my heart' (Ecclus. 2: 10) and disperses the shadows in it? What else has stirred my mind to ask and discuss and consider this question? If I had liked the pears which I stole and actually desired to enjoy them, I could by myself have committed that wicked act, had it been enough to attain the pleasure which I sought. I would not have needed to inflame the itch of my cupidity through the excitement generated by sharing the guilt with others. But my pleasure was not in the pears; it was in the crime itself, done in association with a sinful group.

ix (17) What was my state of mind? It is quite certain that it was utterly shameful and a disgrace to me that I had it. Yet what was it? 'Who understands his sins?' (Job 10: 15). It was all done for a giggle, as if our hearts were tickled to think we were deceiving those who would not think us capable of such behaviour and would have profoundly disapproved. Why then did I derive pleasure from an act I would not have done on my own? Is it that nobody can easily laugh when alone? Certainly no one readily laughs when alone; yet sometimes laughter overcomes individuals when no one else is present if their senses or their mind perceive something utterly absurd. But alone I would not have done it, could not conceivably have done it by myself. See, before you, my God, the living memory of my soul. Alone I would not have committed that crime, in which my pleasure lay not in what I was stealing but in the act of theft. But had I been alone, it would have given me absolutely no pleasure, nor would I have committed it. Friendship

can be a dangerous enemy, a seduction of the mind lying beyond the reach of investigation.[16] Out of a game and a jest came an avid desire to do injury and an appetite to inflict loss on someone else without any motive on my part of personal gain, and no pleasure in settling a score. As soon as the words are spoken 'Let us go and do it', one is ashamed not to be shameless.

x (18) Who can untie this extremely twisted and tangled knot? It is a foul affair; I have no wish to give attention to it; I have no desire to contemplate it. My desire is for you, justice and innocence, you are lovely and splendid to honest eyes; the satiety of your love is insatiable. With you is utter peace and a life immune from disturbance. The person who enters into you 'enters into the joy of the Lord' (Matt. 25: 21), and will not be afraid; he will find himself in the supreme Good where it is supremely good to be. As an adolescent I went astray from you (Ps. 118: 76), my God, far from your unmoved stability. I became to myself a region of destitution.[17]

BOOK III: Student at Carthage

i (1) I came to Carthage and all around me hissed a cauldron of illicit loves. As yet I had never been in love and I longed to love; and from a subconscious poverty of mind I hated the thought of being less inwardly destitute. I sought an object for my love; I was in love with love, and I hated safety and a path free of snares (Wised. 14: 11; Ps. 90: 3). My hunger was internal, deprived of inward food, that is of you yourself, my God. But that was not the kind of hunger I felt. I was without any desire for incorruptible nourishment, not because I was replete with it, but the emptier I was, the more unappetizing such food became. So my soul was in rotten health. In an ulcerous condition it thrust itself to outward things, miserably avid to be scratched by contact with the world of the senses. Yet physical things had no soul. Love lay outside their range. To me it was sweet to love and to be loved, the more so if I could also enjoy the body of the beloved. I therefore polluted the spring water of friendship with the filth of concupiscence. I muddied its clear stream by the hell of lust, and yet, though foul and immoral, in my excessive vanity, I used to carry on in the manner of an elegant man about town. I rushed headlong into love, by which I was longing to be captured. 'My God, my mercy' (Ps. 58: 18) in your goodness you mixed in much vinegar with that sweetness. My love was returned and in secret I attained the joy that enchains. I was glad to be in bondage, tied with troublesome chains, with the result that I was flogged with the red-hot iron rods of jealousy, suspicion, fear, anger, and contention.[18]

ii (2) I was captivated by theatrical shows. They were full of representations of my own miseries and fueled my fire. Why is it that a person should wish to experience suffering by watching grievous and tragic events which he himself would not wish to endure? Nevertheless,

[16] Similarly, IX. ii. (2).

[17] The Prodigal Son is fused with a Neoplatonic theme of the soul's destitution without God, which is taken up at the beginning of book III and again in VII. x (16). Destitution in the soul distant from God is a theme in Porphyry (De abslinenlia 3. 27 and Senlenliat 40), based on Plato's Symposium.

[18] Beating with red-hot rods was part of the standard arsenal of the torturer, normally employed in Roman lawcourts on naked bodies in criminal cases to secure evidence, especially from slaves.

he wants to suffer the pain given by being a spectator of these sufferings, and the pain itself is his pleasure.

What is this but amazing folly? For the more anyone is moved by these scenes, the less free he is from similar passions. Only, when he himself suffers, it is called misery; when he feels compassion for others, it is called mercy.[19] But what quality of mercy is it in fictitious and theatrical inventions? A member of the audience is not excited to offer help, but invited only to grieve. The greater his pain, the greater his approval of the actor in these representations. If the human calamities, whether in ancient histories or fictitious myths, are so presented that the theatregoer is not caused pain, he walks out of the theatre disgusted and highly critical. But if he feels pain, he stays riveted in his seat enjoying himself.[20]

(3) Tears and agonies, therefore, are objects of love. Certainly everyone wishes to enjoy himself. Is it that while no one wants to be miserable, yet it is agreeable to feel merciful? Mercy cannot exist apart from suffering. Is that the sole reason why agonies are an object of love? This feeling flows from the stream of friendship;[21] but where does it go? Where does it flow to? Why does it run down into the torrent of boiling pitch, the monstrous heats of black desires into which it is transformed? From a heavenly serenity it is altered by its own consent into something twisted and distorted. Does this mean mercy is to be rejected? Not in the least. At times, therefore, sufferings can be proper objects of love. But, my soul, be on your guard against uncleanness, under the protection of my God, 'the God of our fathers, to be praised and exalted above all for all ages' (Dan. 3: 52-5); be on your guard against uncleanness. Even today I am not unmoved to pity. But at that time at the theatres I shared the joy of lovers when they wickedly found delight in each other, even though their actions in the spectacle on the stage were imaginary; when, moreover, they lost each other, I shared their sadness by a feeling of compassion. Nevertheless, in both there was pleasure. Today I have more pity for a person who rejoices in wickedness than for a person who has the feeling of having suffered hard knocks by being deprived of a pernicious pleasure or having lost a source of miserable felicity. This is surely a more authentic compassion; for the sorrow contains no element of pleasure.

Even if we approve of a person who, from a sense of duty in charity, is sorry for a wretch, yet he who manifests fraternal compassion would prefer that there be no cause for sorrow. It is only if there could be a malicious good will (which is impossible) that someone who truly and sincerely felt compassion would wish wretches to exist so as to be objects of compassion. Therefore, some kind of suffering is commendable, but none is lovable. You, Lord God, lover of souls, show a compassion for purer and freer of mixed motives than ours; for no suffering injures you. 'And who is sufficient for these things?' (2 Cor. 2: 16).

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[19] Echo of Cicero, Pro Ligorio 38.

[20] This passage is the most extended ancient discussion of tragic pity and catharsis, a theme famous since Aristotle, whose texts on this theme were not read by Augustine and his contemporaries. Augustine is closer to Plato, Republic 10. 606-7, and Pbilebus 48ab. As bishop, Augustine knew many of his people liked going to the theatre, and deplored it (De catechizandis rudibus 11 and 48) largely because of the frequently erotic content of the shows, but also because of the fictional character of the plays, fiction being, to his mind, a form of mendacity.

[21] On tension between sex and friendship cf. IV. ix (14).

(4) But at that time, poor thing that I was, I loved to suffer and sought out occasions for such suffering. So when an actor on stage gave a fictional imitation of someone else's misfortunes, I was the more pleased; and the more vehement the attraction for me, the more the actor compelled my tears to flow. There can be no surprise that an unhappy sheep wandering from your flock[22] and impatient of your protection was infected by a disgusting sore. Hence came my love for sufferings, but not of a kind that pierced me very deeply; for my longing was not to experience myself miseries such as I saw on stage. I wanted only to hear stories and imaginary legends of sufferings which, as it were, scratched me on the surface. Yet like the scratches of fingernails, they produced inflamed spots, pus, and repulsive sores. That was my kind of life. Surely, my God, it was no real life at all?

iii (5) Your mercy faithfully hovered over me from afar. In what iniquities was I wasting myself! I pursued a sacrilegious quest for knowledge, which led me, a deserter from you, down to faithless depths and the fraudulent service of devils. The sacrifices I offered them were my evil acts. And in all this I experienced you chastise-mint. During the celebration of your solemn rites within the walls of your Church, I even dared to lust after a girl and to start an affair that would procure the fruit of death.[23] So you beat me with heavy punishments, but not the equivalent of my guilt; O my God, my great mercy, my refuge (Ps. 58: 18, 143: 2) from the terrible dangers in which I was wandering. My stiff neck took me further and further away from you. I loved my own ways, not yours. The liberty I loved was merely that of a runaway.[24]

(6) My studies which were deemed respectable had the objective of leading me to distinction as an advocate in the law courts,[25] where one's reputation is high in proportion to one's success in deceiving people. The blindness of humanity is so great that people are actually proud of their blindness. I was already top of the class in the rhetoric 's school, and was pleased with myself for my success and was inflated with conceit. Yet I was far quieter than the other students[26] (as you know, Lord), and had nothing whatever to do with the vandalism which used to be carried out by the Wreckers. This sinister and diabolical self-designation was a kind of mark of their urbane sophistication. I lived among them shamelessly ashamed of not being one of the gang. I kept company with them and sometimes delighted in their friendship, though I always held their actions in abhorrence. The Wreckers used wantonly to persecute shy and unknown freshmen. Their aim was to persecute them by mockery and so to feed their own malevolent amusement. Nothing more resembles the behaviour of devils than their manner of carrying on. So no truer name could be given them than the Wreckers. Clearly they are themselves wrecked first of all and perverted by evil spirits, who are mocking them and seducing them in the very acts by which they love to mock and deceive others.

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[22] Reminiscence of Virgil, Eclogue 3. 3; cf. Luke 15: 4 ff.

[23] That is, sin: Rom. 7: 5.

[24] Runaway slaves in antiquity were rigorously pursued. Churches provided temporary asylum in cases where inhuman maltreatment was the cause of flight. But to take in a run-away was possible only for the rich and powerful. The liberty enjoyed, therefore, was that of an escaped prisoner, hunted by the authorities.

[25] Echo of Ovid, Fasli 4.188.

[26] A contemporary student later recalled the young Augustine as being a quiet and bookish man (ep. 93. 51).

iv (7) This was the society in which at a vulnerable age I was to study the textbooks on eloquence. I wanted to distinguish myself as an orator for a damnable and conceited purpose, namely delight in human vanity. Following the usual curriculum, I had already come across a book by a certain Cicero,[27] whose language (but not his heart) almost everyone admires. That book of his contains an exhortation to study philosophy and is entitled Hortensia's.[28] The book changed my feelings. It altered my prayers, Lord, to be towards you yourself. It gave me different values and priorities. Suddenly every vain hope became empty to me, and I longed for the immortality of wisdom with an incredible ardor in my heart. I began to rise up to return to you. For I did not read the book for a sharpening of my style, which was what I was buying with my mother 's financial support now that I was 18 years old and my father had been dead for two years. I was impressed not by the book's refining effect on my style and literary expression but by the content.[29]

(8) My God, how I burned, how I burned with longing to leave earthly things and fly back to you. I did not know what you were doing with me. For 'with you is wisdom' (Job 12: 13, 16). 'Love of wisdom' is the meaning of the Greek word philosophia.[30] This book kindled my love for it. There are some people who use philosophy to lead people astray. They lend colour to their errors and paint them over by using a great and acceptable and honorable name. Almost all those who in the author 's times and earlier behaved in this way are noted in that book and refuted. That text is a clear demonstration of the salutary admonition given by your Spirit through your good and devoted servant (Paul): 'see that none deceives you by philosophy and vain seduction following human tradition; following the elements of this world and not following Christ; in him dwells all the fullness of divinity in bodily form' (Col. 2: 8-9). At that time, as you know, light of my heart, I did not yet know these words of the apostle. Nevertheless, the one thing that delighted me in Cicero's exhortation was the advice 'not to study one particular sect but to love and seek and pursue and hold fast and strongly embrace wisdom itself, wherever found'. One thing alone put a brake on my intense enthusiasm—that the name of Christ was not contained in the book. This name, by your mercy Lord (Ps. 24: 7), this name of my Saviour your Son, my infant heart had piously drunk in with my mother 's milk, and at a deep level I retained the memory. Any book which lacked this name, however well written or polished or true, could not entirely grip me.

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[27] 'A certain Cicero' might seem cold and distant were it not that the same idiom is used for the aposde Paul in XII. xv (20); i.e. it is a rhetorical convention of the time. The antithesis between Cicero's style and his heart (pectus) is genuinely negative: to a Christian, Cicero belonged to another culture.

[28] Cicero's Hortensius, composed in 45 BC near the end of his life, is lost except for quotations (many in Augustine). The work rebutted Hortensius' opinion that philosophical study has no social utility and does not contribute to human happiness. Cicero depended much on Aristotle's Protreptikos (also extant only in fragments), notably for the argument that only a philosopher can judge the truth of Hortensius' opinion, which is itself a philosophical statement. As book X of Confessions shows, Augustine was influenced by Cicero's analysis of the sources of happiness.

[29] Among Augustine's sharp criticisms of contemporary culture of his time is the proposition that it valued form far higher than content.

[30] This sentence comes from Cicero's Hortensius.

v (9) I therefore decided to give attention to the holy scriptures and to find out what they were like. And this is what met me: something neither open to the proud nor laid bare to mere children; a text lowly to the beginner but, on further reading, of mountainous difficulty and enveloped in mysteries. I was not in any state to be able to enter into that, or to bow my head to climb its steps. What I am now saying did not then enter my mind when I gave my attention to the scripture. It seemed to me unworthy in comparison with the dignity of Cicero.[31] My inflated conceit shunned the Bible's restraint, and my gaze never penetrated to its inwardness. Yet the Bible was composed in such a way that as beginners mature, its meaning grows with them. I disdained to be a little beginner. Puffed up with pride, I considered myself a mature adult.

vi (10) That explains why I fell in with men proud of their slick talk, very earthly-minded and loquacious. In their mouths were the devil's traps and a birdlime compounded of a mixture of the syllables of your name, and that of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that of the Paraclete, the Comforter, the Holy Spirit.[32] These names were never absent from their lips; but it was no more than sound and noise with their tongue. Otherwise their heart was empty of truth. They used to say 'Truth, truth', and they had a lot to tell me about it; but there was never any truth in them. They uttered false statements not only about you who really are the Truth, but also about the elements of the world, your creation. On that subject the philosophers have said things which are true, but even them I would think to be no final authority for love of you, my supremely good Father, beauty of all things beautiful. Truth, truth: how in my inmost being the very marrow of my mind sighed for you! Those people used to sound off about you to me frequently and repeatedly with mere assertions and with the support of many huge tomes.[33] To meet my hunger, instead of you they brought me a diet of the sun and moon, your beautiful works—but they are your works, not you yourself, nor indeed the first of your works. For priority goes to your spiritual creation rather than the physical order, however heavenly and full of light.[34] But for myself, my hunger and thirst were not even for the spiritual creation but for you yourself, the truth 'in whom there is no changing nor shadow caused by any revolving' (Jas. 1: 17). The dishes they placed before me contained splendid hallucinations. Indeed, one would do better to love this visible sun, which at least is truly evident to the eyes, than those false mythologies which use the eyes to deceive the mind. Nevertheless, because I took them to be you, I ate—not indeed with much of an appetite, for the taste in my mouth was not that of yourself. You were not those empty fictions, and I derived no nourishment from them but was left more exhausted than before.

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[31] The humble style of the Bible, together with a concern for maintaining the family property, is mentioned by Augustine as a major deterrent to conversion for the educated and well-to-do classes (De catechizandis rudibtts 13). The second-century Old Latin (i.e. pre- Jerome) version was painfully close to translationese for large parts of the Old Testament. On the other hand, the sublimity of Genesis 1 and the prologue of St John's Gospel moved some non-Christian readers to deep admiration.

[32] The Manichecs claimed to be authentic Christians, orthodox church members having in their view only half the truth, and taught a version of the doctrine of the Trinity, a Christology which excluded the reality of the humanity of Christ but spoke of Jesus as redeemer, and a doctrine that the Paraclete is the other self of Mani.

[33] Manichees had exquisitely decorated liturgical books, finely bound, as orthodox Churches outside great cities, had not. Sun and moon they venerated as divine, or at least as residences for divine beings in transit in the celestial realm.

[34] That God first created a spiritual creation called 'heaven' in Gen. I: 1, and unformed matter called 'earth' which was then given form, is a theme of book XII and of the contemporary De Genesi contra Manichaeos I. 7. 11.

Food pictured in dreams[35] is extremely like food received in the waking state; yet sleepers receive no nourishment, they are simply sleeping. But those fantasies had not the least resemblance to you as you have now told me, because they were physical images, fictional bodily shapes. But more certain objects of knowledge are the actually existing bodies which we see with our physical sight, whether they are celestial or earthly. We see them just as beasts and birds do, and they are more certain than the images we form of them. And yet again the pictures of these realities which our imagination forms are more reliable than the mythological pictures of vast and unlimited entities whose being, by an extension of our image-making of real objects, we may postulate, but which do not exist at all. Such were the empty phantoms with which I was fed or rather was not fed.

But you, my love, for whom I faint that I may receive strength (2 Cor. 11: 10), you are not the bodies which we see, though they be up in heaven, nor even any object up there lying beyond our sight. For you have made these bodies, and you do not even hold them to be among the greatest of your creatures. How far removed you are from those fantasies of mine, fantasies of physical entities which have no existence! We have more reliable knowledge in our images of bodies which really exist, and the bodies are more certain than the images. But you are no body. Nor are you soul, which is the life of bodies; for the life of bodies is superior to bodies themselves, and a more certain object of knowledge.[36] But you are the life of souls, the life of lives. You live in dependence only on yourself, and you never change, life of my soul.

(11) At that time where were you in relation to me? Far distant. Indeed, I wandered far away, separated from you, not even granted to share in the husks of the pigs, whom I was feeding with husks.[37] How superior are the fables of the masters of literature and poets to these deceptive traps! For verses, poems, and 'the flight of Medea'[38] are certainly more useful than the Five Elements which take on different colours, each in accordance with one of the Five Caverns of Darkness—[39] things which have no reality whatever and kill anyone who believes they have. Verses and poetry I can transform into real nourishment. 'Medea flying through the air ' I might recite, but would not assert to be fact. Even if I heard someone reciting the passage, I would not believe it. Yet the other [Manichee] myths I did believe. Wretched man that I was, by what steps was I brought down to the depths of hell, there to toil and sweat from lack of truth! For I sought for you, my God (I confess to you who took pity on me even when I did not yet confess). In seeking for you I followed not the intelligence of the mind, by which you willed that I should

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[35] Dreams were a lifelong interest for Augustine; see X. xxx (41) below. The vividness of dreams, indistinguishable from actuality, he regarded as deceptive. On the other hand, he knew of many converted to God through dreams, or guided in decisions. The subject was associated with the ancient discussions of the nature of inspiration.

[36] It is axiomatic for Augustine that what the mind knows by discernment of eternal, metaphysical truth is more certain than its judgement of the perceptions of the five senses, which are unreliable.

[37] The husks of Luke 15: 16 are for Jerome (ep.21.13.4) pagan literature. Apparently Augustine had become bored by the texts he had to teach his pupils (the pigs!).

[38] Medea's flight (cf. Ovid, Metamorphoses 7. 219-36), also mentioned elsewhere in Augustine's early writings (Solil. 2. 29; ep. 7. 4; De moribus eccksiae 2. 14), was probably a standard subject for rhetorical exercises.

[39] In Manichee myth the Five Elements dwell in caverns of darkness, water, wind, fire, and smoke, productive respectively of reptiles, fish, birds, quadrupeds, and bipeds (Augustine, De moribus 2. 9. 14; Simplicius, Commentary on Epictetus 34).

surpass the beasts, but the mind of the flesh. But you were more inward than my most inward part and higher than the highest element within me.

I had stumbled on that bold-faced woman, lacking in prudence, who in Solomon's allegory sits on a chair outside her door and says 'Enjoy a meal of secret bread and drink sweet stolen water ' (Prov. 9: 17). She seduced me; for she found me living outside myself, seeing only with the eye of the flesh, and chewing over in myself such food as I had devoured by means of that eye.

vii (12) I was unaware of the existence of another reality, that which truly is,[40] ‘and it was as if some sharp intelligence were persuading me to consent to the stupid deceivers when they asked me: 'Where does evil come from? and is God confined within a corporeal form? has he hair and nails? and can those be considered righteous who had several wives at the same time and killed people and offered animals in sacrifice?'[41] In my ignorance I was disturbed by these questions, and while travelling away from the truth I thought I was going towards it. I did not know that evil has no existence except as a privation of good, down to that level which is altogether without being. How could I see this when for me 'to see' meant a physical act of looking with the eyes and of forming an image in the mind? I had not realized God is a Spirit (John 4: 24), not a figure whose limbs have length and breadth and who has a mass. For mass is less in a part than in its whole, and if it is unlimited, it is less in a part defined within a given space than in its unlimited extension.[42] It is not everywhere entire as a Spirit and as God. Moreover, I was wholly ignorant of what it is in ourselves which gives us being, and how scripture is correct in saying that we are 'in God's image' (Gen. 1: 27).

(13) I also did not know that true inward justice which judges not by custom but by the most righteous law of almighty God. By this law the moral customs of different regions and periods were adapted to their places and times, while that law itself remains unaltered everywhere and always.[43] It is not one thing at one place or time, another thing at another. Accordingly, Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and David, and all those praised by the mouth of God were righteous. When untrained minds judge them wicked, they judge 'by man's day' (1 Cor. 4: 3) and assess the customs of the entire race by the criterion of their own moral code. It is as if a man, ignorant of which piece of armour is designed for which part of the body, should want to cover the head with a greave or put on his leg a helmet, and then complain that it is not a good fit. Or it is as if on a public holiday when trading is prohibited after noon, someone is furious not to be allowed to sell in the afternoon something which he was at liberty to sell in the morning. Or as if in a house one sees something being touched with the hands by a particular slave, which the

[40] The Platonic notion of degrees of being-and-goodness, a hierarchy in which every existent is good in its own order, made possible the relativization of evil central to Plato's vindication of divine power and goodness. Cf. II. v. (10) above.

[41] Manichees strongly attacked the book of Genesis (that 'man is made in God's image' assumes God to have human physicalcharacteristics?), the polygamy of the patriarchs, and the character of Moses for his murder of the Egyptian (Exod. 2: 12). They thought the Old Testament animal sacrifices indistinguishable from paganism.

[42] Plotinus (6; 4-5) has two intricate tracts arguing (in commentary on Plato, Parmenides 131B) that omnipresence is a distinct concept from that of a universal physical diffusion of something with material magnitude. Augustine's language here (and in VII. i. (1)) is close to Plotinus 6. 5. 4. 5 ff.

[43] The argument here about the relativity of positive laws is akin to that in Cicero's Republic III xi, 18-19; xxii 33.

waiter who serves the wine cups is not allowed to do; or as if something is allowed to happen behind the stables which is not permitted in the dining- room, and a man is indignant on the ground that, though it is one house and one family, the same liberties are not given to all members to do what they please anywhere they like.

This is the style of those who are irate when they hear that something was allowed to the just in that age which is not granted to the just now, and that God gave one command to the former and another to the latter for reasons of a change in historical circumstances, though both ancient and modern people are bound to submit to the same justice. Yet in one and the same person on a single day and in the same house they may see one action fitting for one member to perform, another action fitting for another. What has been allowed during a long period is not permitted one hour later. An act allowed or commanded in one corner is forbidden and subject to punishment if done in an adjacent corner. Does that mean that justice is 'liable to variation and change'?[44] No. The times which it rules over are not identical, for the simple reason that they are times. But the grasp of human beings, 'whose life on earth is short' (Wised. 15: 9), is not competent to harmonize cause and effect valid in earlier ages and among other nations of which they have no experience, in relation to the times and peoples of whom they have direct knowledge. Yet they can easily observe in a single body or at one time or in one house what is fitting for one member, at what moments, and for which parts or persons. By the one variation they are outraged, with the other they see no difficulty.

(14) At that time I did not know these things or give any thought to them. On all sides they hit me in the eye, and I failed to see them. When I wrote poetry,[45] I was not allowed to place a foot where I wished, but had to use different kinds of feet at different points in different metres. Even in the same verse one could not put the same foot in any and every place. The art of poetic composition did not have different rules in different places, but had all the same rules at all times. I had not the insight to see how the justice, to which good and holy people were obliged to submit, embraces within its principles all that it prescribes for all times in a far more excellent and sublime way, and, although it is in no respect subject to variation, yet it is not given all at once, but at various times it prescribed in differing contexts what is proper for the circumstances.[46] In my blindness I reprehended the holy fathers not only for acting at the time as God commanded and inspired them, but also for predicting the future as God revealed it to them.[47]

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[44] Echo of Virgil, Aeneid 4. 569 (of woman).

[45] Augustine was soon to win a public poetry competition (IV. iii (5)). The first five books of his work On Music are devoted to metre. The only surviving verse from his pen is three lines of an evening hymn sung at the lighting of the candle (City of God 15. 22).

[46] Augustine's ethic regards the Golden Rule as absolute, its application being relative to the situation and to the motive or intention of the doer. The criterion of every moral precept is love (Enchiridion 121). Nakedness is right in the baths, wrong at a dinner-party or lawcourt (Dc nalura boni 23; Dc doctrina Christiana 3. 12. 18). Nevertheless, no circumstances or intentions could make unnatural sexual acts acceptable. (Rom. 1: 24-8).

[47] The Manichees entirely rejected the orthodox belief that the Hebrew prophets predicted gospel events and the mission of the Church. Augustine answered at length in Contra Faustum 12-13, written at the same time as the Confessions.

viii (15) Can it be wrong at any time or place to love God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and to love your neighbour as yourself (Matt. 22: 37, 39)? Therefore, shameful acts[48] which are contrary to nature, such as the acts of the Sodomites (Gen. 19: 5 ff.), are everywhere and always to be detested and punished. Even if all peoples should do them, they would be liable to the same condemnation by divine law; for it has not made men to use one another in this way. Indeed, the social bond which should exist between God and us is violated when the nature of which he is the author is polluted by a perversion of sexual desire.

In saying that vicious acts contrary to human customs are to be avoided, we take account of variations in custom, so that the mutually agreed convention of a city or nation, confirmed by custom or law, is not to be violated by the lust of a citizen or foreigner. Any element that does not fit into the pattern of the whole is unacceptable to society.

But when God commands something contrary to the customs or laws of a people, even if that has never been previously done, it has to be done. If it has fallen into disuse, it must be restored. If it has not been established, it must be established. If it is lawful for a king in a city within his realm to give an order which none before him nor he himself had previously issued, and if it is not contrary to the social contract of his city to obey, or indeed if it would be contrary to the social agreement not to obey (for there is a general consent in human society that kings should be obeyed), then how much more must God, the governor of all his creation, be unhesitatingly obeyed in whatever he commands! Just as among the authorities in human society a superior authority has a greater power to command obedience than an inferior officer, so God is supreme over all.

(16) We may next consider the case of injurious acts where there is a lust to do harm either by verbal insult or by physical violence. In either case the impulse may be caused by the motive of revenge, as in the case of enemy against enemy; or with that of gaining possession of someone else's property, as in the case of a bandit attacking a traveler;[49] or with the intention of averting evil, as when people attack someone they fear; or out of envy, as when the less fortunate may attack someone better off, or when a man who has met with success in some undertaking turns against someone who, he fears, may become his equal or who he is pained to see is already his equal; or merely by the pleasure of watching other people's pain, like spectators of gladiators[50] or those who mock and ridicule others.

These are the chief kinds of wickedness. They spring from the lust for domination or from the lust of the eyes or from sensuality—either one or two of these, or all three at once (1 John 2: 16).[51] Thus an evil-living person transgresses your Decalogue of three commands with our duty to you and seven with our duty to our fellow human beings, a psaltery of ten strings (Ps. 91: 2),

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[48] Here and in the next section Augustine repeats a distinction made in his De doctrina Christiana (3. 10. 14) between flagilium, a shameful act of transgression against God's law, and facinus, injury to a fellow human being. Cf. below IV. xv (25).

[49] In Augustine's time, while main highways were populated and safe, bandits (usually army deserters and runaway slaves) commonly mugged travellers on side-roads (contra Academicos 1. 5. 13; below, VII. xxi. (27)).

[50] See below vi. viii (13).

[51] On this text Augustine based a developed, often repeated doctrine of three lusts of pleasure, pride, and 'curiosity'. Some Neoplatonic texts offer analogous ideas but no precise anticipation.

God most high and most gentle. But what vicious acts can hurt you? You are not capable of being damaged. Or what injuries can be inflicted on you who cannot be harmed? Your punishment is that which human beings do to their own injury because, even when they are sinning against you, their wicked actions are against their own souls. 'Iniquity lies to itself' (Ps. 26: 9), when men either corrupt or pervert their own nature which you made and ordered, or when people immoderately use what is allowed, or when, turning to what is forbidden, they indulge a burning lust for 'that use which is contrary to nature' (Rom. 1: 26). Or they may be held guilty of bitter hostility against you in mind and words and in 'kicking against the goad' (Acts 9: 5; 26: 14). Or they brazenly delight in the collapse of the restraints of human society, and in private caucuses and splits, indulging their personal likes and dislikes.

That is the outcome when you are abandoned, fount of life and the one true Creator and Ruler of the entire universe, when from a self-concerned pride, a false unity is loved in the part.[52] Return to you is along the path of devout humility. You purify us of evil habit, and you are merciful to the sins we confess. You hear the groans of prisoners (Ps. 101: 21) and release us from the chains we have made for ourselves, on condition that we do not erect against you the horns (Ps. 74: 5 f.) of a false liberty by avaricious desire to possess more and, at the risk of losing everything, through loving our private interest more than you,[53] the good of all that is.

ix (17) Besides vicious and injurious acts and many iniquities there are also the sins of those who are making progress. By the criterion of perfection good judges have to condemn them, but they are to be encouraged with praise in hope of fruit, like the blade announcing the grain harvest. There are also acts which resemble a vicious or injurious act but are not sins, because they do not offend you, Lord our God, nor the consensus of the community. People accumulate resources for use as may be appropriate for the situation and the time; and it is uncertain whether or not the accumulating is done from mere lust for possession.[54] Or with a zealous intention for improvement, proper authority may inflict punishment, and it is uncertain whether the motive was a mere desire to hurt people. Accordingly, there are many actions which people do not approve but which are attested by you to be right; and there are many actions praised by mankind which on your testimony are to be censured. Frequently the overt act has one face, the intention of the person doing it has quite another, and the critical circumstances of the moment cannot be known to us. But when you suddenly issue a command which departs from customary expectation, even though at one time you forbade the doing of any such act, though for a time you conceal the reason for your authoritative verdict,[55] and though it may go against the agreed customs of a given human society, who would hesitate to say that your command is to be kept? A just human society is one which submits to you. But happy are those who know that you are

[52] The language is that of Plotinus on the One (6. 9).

[53] Similar is X. xxix (40) below.

[54] Perhaps referring to Joseph's monopolistic dealings (Gen. 47: 13-20), to which Manichees may have taken exception.

[55] Characteristically Augustine regards divine authority as always capable of giving reasons, never merely arbitrary and inscrutable.

the source of moral precepts. All the acts of your servants are done either to show what present need requires or to prefigure the future.[56]

x (18) I was ignorant of these principles and laughed at your holy servants and prophets. By my mockery I only achieved the result that I became ridiculous to you. Gradually and unconsciously I was led to the absurd trivialities of believing that a fig weeps when it is picked, and that the fig trees its mother sheds milky tears. Yet if some [Manichee] saint ate it, provided that the sin of picking it was done not by his own hand but by another 's, then he would digest it in his stomach and as a result would breathe out angels, or rather as he groaned in prayer and retched he would bring up bits of God.[57] These bits of the highest and true God would have remained chained in that fruit, if they had not been liberated by the tooth and belly of that elect saint. And I in my pathetic state believed that more mercy should be shown to the fruits of the earth than to human beings for whose sake the fruits came to be. Indeed, if some hungry person, not being a Manichee, had asked for this food, and if one gave him a piece, that morsel would have been considered to be condemned to capital punishment.

xi (19) 'You put forth your hand from on high' (Ps. 143: 7), and from this deep darkness 'you delivered my soul' (Ps. 85: 13). For my mother, your faithful servant, wept for me before you more than mothers weep when lamenting their dead children. By the 'faith and spiritual discernment' (Gal. 5: 5) which she had from you, she perceived the death which held me, and you heard her, Lord. You heard her and did not despise her tears which poured forth to wet the ground under her eyes in every place where she prayed. You heard her. Hence she was granted the dream by which you encouraged her to allow me to live with her and to have me at the same table in the house. She had begun by refusing me, in her revulsion from and detestation of the blasphemies of my error.[58] Her vision was of herself standing on a rule made of wood. A young man came to her, handsome, cheerful, and smiling to her at a time when she was sad and 'crushed with grief (Lam. 1: 13). He asked her the reasons why she was downcast and daily in floods of tears—the question being intended, as is usual in such visions, to teach her rather than to learn the answer. She had replied that she mourned my perdition. He then told her to have no anxiety and exhorted her to direct her attention and to see that where she was, there was I also. When she looked, she saw me standing beside her on the same rule. How could this vision come to her unless 'your ears were close to her heart' (Ps. 9B: 38/10A: 17)? You are good and all-powerful, caring for each one of us as though the only one in your care, and yet for all as for each individual.

(20) Moreover, what was the source of the fact that when she had recounted the vision to me, I tried to twist its meaning to signify that she should not despair of becoming what I was? But she

[56] Augustine's defence of (e.g.) Samson's suicide or the sacrifice of Isaac or the fate of Jephthah's daughter (all favourite targets for Manichee attacks on Old Testament morality) is that seemingly unethical acts contain prophecy; see, for example, City of God I. 26.

[57] The diet of the Manichee Elect, gathered and cooked for them by the Hearers (or catechumens), included certain fruits, the digestion of which was believed to assist in liberating from the body imprisoned particles of divinity. Permitted fruits did not include apples, because of Adam's Fall. Below IV. i (1).

[58] During the time when Augustine was dismissed as a heretic, he lived with his wealthy neighbour Romanianus, also a Manichee, who had helped with the cost of his education.

instantly replied without a moment's hesitation: 'The word spoken to me was not "Where he is, there will you be also", but "Where you are, there will he be also".'[59] I confess to you Lord that to the best of my memory (and it is a matter which I have frequently discussed) I was more moved by your answer through my vigilant mother than by the dream itself. My misinterpretation seemed very plausible. She was not disturbed and quickly saw what was there to be seen, and what I certainly had not seen before she spoke. By the dream the joy of this devout woman, to be fulfilled much later, was predicted many years in advance to give consolation at this time in her anxiety. For almost nine years then followed during which I was 'in the deep mire' (Ps. 68: 3) and darkness of falsehood. Despite my frequent efforts to climb out of it, I was the more heavily plunged back into the filth and wallowed in it. During this time this chaste, devout, and sober widow, one of the kind you love, already cheered by hope but no less constant in prayer and weeping, never ceased her hours of prayer to lament about me to you. Her 'prayer entered into your presence' (Ps. 87: 3). Nevertheless, you still let me go on turning over and over again in that darkness.

xii (21) Meanwhile you gave her another answer that sticks in my memory. For I pass over much because I am hurrying on to those things which especially urge me to make confession to you, and there is much that I do not remember. You gave her another answer through one of your priests, a bishop brought up in the Church and well trained in your books. When that woman asked him to make time to talk to me and refute my errors and correct my evil doctrines and teach me good ones—for he used to do this for those whom perhaps he found suitably disposed—he declined, wisely indeed as I later perceived. For he answered that I was still unready to learn, because I was conceited about the novel excitements of that heresy, and because, as she had informed him, I had already disturbed many untrained minds with many trivial questions. 'Let him be where he is', he said; 'only pray the Lord for him. By his reading he will discover what an error and how vast an impiety it all is.'

At the same time, he told her how he himself as a small boy had been handed over to the Manicheism by his mother, whom they had led astray. He had not only read nearly all their books but had even copied them. Although he had no one disputing with him and providing a refutation, it had become clear to him that that sect ought to be avoided, and therefore he had left it. When he had said this to her, she was still unwilling to take No for an answer. She pressed him with more begging and with floods of tears, asking him to see me and debate with me. He was now irritated and a little vexed and said: 'Go away from me: as you live, it cannot be that the son of these tears should perish.' In her conversations with me she often used to recall that she had taken these words as if they had sounded from heaven.

[59] The ancient Roman marriage rite included the statement by the bride: 'Where you are, there will I be' (Quintilian 1. 7. 28; Plutarch, Roman Questions 30).

HAYY IBN YAQZĀN
A Philosophical Tale by IBN TUFAYL

In [*3*] the name of God, the Merciful and Compassionate. God bless our master Muhammad, his house and companions and grant them peace.

Noble brother, my dear, kind friend, God grant you eternal life and everlasting happiness. You have asked me to unfold [*4*] for you, as well as I am able, the secrets of the oriental philosophy[1]* mentioned by the prince of philosophers, Avicenna.[2] Then you must know from the start that if you want the truth without flummery you must seek it and seek it diligently.[3]

Your request set off a stream of ideas in me—praise God—which lifted me to a state of sublimity I had never known before, a state so wonderful "the tongue cannot describe" or explain it, for it belongs to another order of being, a different world. But the joy, delight and bliss of this ecstasy[4] are such that no one who has reached it or even come near it can keep the secret or conceal the mystery.[5] The lightheadedness, expansiveness,[6] and joy which seize him force him to blurt it out in some sweeping generality, for to capture it precisely is impossible. If he be the sort whose mind has not been sharpened by intellectual pursuits, he may speak unwisely.[7] Thus in this state one said "Praise be to me, great am I!"[8] Another said "I am the Truth";[9] another, "There is within this robe nothing but God!"[10] It was his own attainment of this ecstasy that Ghazālī[11] attempted to portray when he wrote:

It *was*—what it was is harder to say.

Think the best, but don't make me describe it away.[12]
But [*5*] his was a mind refined by learning and education.[13]

Look at the words Ibn Bājja appended to his discussion of communion with the divine:[14] "Once these ideas are understood it will be clear that nothing learned in ordinary studies can reach this level. For once this concept is grasped the mind can see itself as cut off from all that went before, with new convictions that cannot have arisen from the world of matter, too splendid to have sprung from the material since they are cleansed of all the compositeness characteristic of the physical world. Surely it would be more appropriate to call them divine ecstasies granted by God to those He will."

The level to which Ibn Bājja refers is reached by use of reason, and no doubt he reached it—but he did not surpass it. The level of which I spoke at the outset is something quite different,[15] although the two are alike in that nothing revealed here contradicts what is revealed by reason.[16] The difference [*6*] is in an increase in what is seen and in the fact that this is experienced through what I must, only figuratively, call a faculty:[17] For neither in popular language nor in specialized terminology[18] can I find any expression for it.

This ecstasy, to the taste of which[19] I was brought by your request, is one of a number of stages in the progress of the devotee,[20] as reported by Avicenna: "Then, when his training and willpower reach a certain point, glimmerings of the light of Truth[21] will flicker before him,

thrilling him like lightning, flashing and going out. If he is diligent in his ascetic practice, these spells grow more and more frequent, until they come unasked, en-trancing him without the use of exercises.

No matter what he sees, he will turn from it to the Sacred Presence, reminded of some aspect of the Divine, and again he will be overwhelmed. Thus he begins [*7*] to see the Truth in everything.[22] Finally his efforts bring him to a stage where his moment of recognition turns to tranquil contemplation; his stolen glimpses, familiarity; his spark, a limpid flame. He has gained an understanding[23] as unshakable as that of an old friendship."[24]

Avicenna goes on to describe the gradual progress[25] of the devotee, culminating as "his inmost being becomes a polished mirror facing toward the truth. Sublime delight pours over him and he rejoices in his soul at all the marks it bears of Truth.[26] At this level he sees both himself and the Truth. He still hesitates between them; but then, becoming oblivious to self, he is aware only of the Sacred Presence—or if he is at all aware of himself, it is only as one who gazes on the Truth. At this point communion is achieved."

Now these states, as Avicenna describes them, are reached not by theorizing, syllogistic deductions, postulating premisses and drawing inferences, but solely by intuition.[27] If you wish an analogy to make clear the difference between this sort of apprehension and all others, imagine a child, growing up in a certain city, born blind, but otherwise intelligent and well endowed,[28] with a sound memory and an [*8*] apt mind. Through his remaining channels of perception he will get to know the people as well as all sorts of animals and objects, and the streets and alleys, houses and markets —eventually well enough to walk through the city without a guide, recognizing at once everyone he meets. But colors, and colors alone, he will know only by descriptive explanations and ostensive definitions.[29] Suppose after he had come this far, his eyesight were restored and he could see. He would walk all through the town finding nothing in contradiction to what he had believed, nor would anything look wrong to him. The colors he encountered would conform to the guidelines that had been sketched out for him. Still there would be two great changes, the second dependent on the first: first the daybreak on a new visual world, and second, his great joy.[30]

Those [*9*] who merely think and have not reached the level of love[31] are like the blind. The colors, at that stage known only by accounts of their names, are those experiences which Ibn Bājja said are "too splendid to arise in the physical world", which "God grants to those of his worshippers whom He chooses." But to those who reach love, God grants what I purely metaphorically call another faculty. This corresponds to the restoration of sight. And sometimes, rarely, there comes a man whose eyes, as it were, are always open, whose glance is always piercing, who does not need to search.[32]

When I speak of the rationalists' method—God raise you to the level of love!—I do not confine myself to their knowledge of the physical world, any more than I confine myself to the metaphysical when I speak of intuition. The two modes of apprehension are quite distinct and are not to be confused, but what I mean by the rationalist's apprehension includes his understanding of the metaphysical—for example, that of Ibn Bājja. It is a necessary condition of what is reached by pure reason that it be true and valid. Thus the difference between the rationalist and

those who enjoy intimacy is that while both are concerned with the self-same things, the latter enjoy a clearer view and far greater delight.

Ibn [*10*] Bājja censured them for the pursuit of this joy. He claimed it was a product of their imagination and even promised a clear and distinct description of just how ecstasy ought to be enjoyed. Here is the answer he deserves: 'Do not declare too sweet fruits you have not tasted, and do not trample on the necks of the saintly.'[33] The man did not, in fact, keep his promise or any such thing. What prevented him, perhaps, was that, as he himself says, he was pressed for time with the trouble of getting down to Oran. Or perhaps he felt that describing

this state would force him to say something derogatory to his own way of life or at odds with his encouragement of amassing wealth and of the use of various artful dodges to acquire it. But I digress.

It seems clear now that your request must fall within either one or the other of these two objectives: You may be asking what is actually seen by those who undergo the experience and reach intimacy. If so, this is something which cannot [*11*] be put into a book.[34] Whenever anyone tries to entrust it to words or to the written page its essence is distorted and it slips into that other, purely theoretical branch of discourse. For, clothed in letters and sounds and brought into the perceptible world, it cannot remain, in any way, what it was. Accounts of it, thus, differ widely. Many stray into error by trying to describe it, yet presume others to have strayed who never left the path. All this is because it is something vast, infinite—encompassing, but unencompassed.[35]

But on the other hand you may desire a discursive, intellectualized introduction to this experience. And this—God honor you with His intimacy—is something that can be put into words and set down in books. But it is rarer than red sulfur,[36] especially in our part of the world.[37] For the experience is so arcane that only one lone individual and then another[38] can master the most trifling part of it. And even those who do win some bit of it, speak of it publicly only in riddles, because our true, orthodox and established faith guards against a hasty plunge into such things.

Do not suppose the philosophy which has reached us in the [*12*] books of Aristotle and Fārābī or in Avicenna's *Healing*[39] will satisfy you if this is what you need, or that any Andalusian has written anything adequate on this subject. The reason is that before the spread of philosophy and formal logic to the West all native Andalusians of any ability devoted their lives to mathematics. They achieved a high level in that field but could do no more. The next generation surpassed them in that they knew a little logic. But study logic as they may, they could not find in it the way to fulfillment. It was one of them who wrote:

How can it be that life's so small.

Two sciences we have—that's all.

One is truth beyond attaining;
The other vain and not worth gaining.[40]

This generation was succeeded by a third, better thinker sand closer to the truth. Of these none had a sharper mind, a sounder method, or truer views than Ibn Bājja. But he was so preoccupied with material success that death carried him off before his intellectual storehouses could be cleared and [*13*] all his hidden wisdom made known. Most of his extant books are unfinished and break off abruptly before the end like his *De Anima*, his *Discipline of the Solitary*, and his writings on logic and natural science. His only completed works, in fact, are outlines and hasty essays. He himself admits this when he says that the argument for the idea he was trying to convey in his *Essay on Communion with the Divine* was put into clear language only with painful difficulty, that in places the organization is weak, and that if he'd had more time, he'd have liked to have rewritten it. This is as much as I can find out about the man, since I never knew him personally.[41]

As for those of his contemporaries allegedly on a par with him, I have seen none of their works. Their successors, however, our own contemporaries, are as yet at a developmental stage, or else their development has halted prematurely—unless there are some of whom I don't yet have a full report.[42]

Those of Fārābī's books that have reached us are for the most part on logic, and those on philosophy are full of doubts.[43] In *The Ideal Religion* he affirms that the souls of the wicked live on forever in infinite torments after death. But in his *Civil Politics* he says plainly that they dissolve into [*14*] nothing and that only the perfected souls of the good achieve immortality. Finally in his commentary on Aristotle's *Ethics*, discussing human happiness, he says that it exists only in this life, and on the heels of that has words to the effect that all other claims are senseless ravings and old wives' tales.[44] This makes mankind at large despair of God's mercy. It puts the wicked on the same level with the good, for it makes nothingness the ultimate destiny of us all. This is an unspeakable lapse, an unforgivable fall. This on top of his mis-belief, openly avowed, that prophecy belongs properly to the imagination,[45] and his preference of philosophy to revelation—and many more failings which I pass over.

As for the works of Aristotle, Avicenna undertook an exposition of their contents, in accordance with Aristotelian thinking, and he followed Aristotle's philosophical approach in his own *Healing*. But at the start of the book he admits that the truth for him is something quite different; this book was written in the manner of the Peripatetics, but if you want the truth without obfuscation you must study his writings [*15*] on oriental philosophy. If you take the trouble to plough through the *Healing* and the Aristotelian corpus, you will find that on most subjects they agree, although there are some things in the *Healing* that don't come down to us in Aristotle. But if you take everything in Aristotle and the literal reading of the *Healing* (without grasping its subtle, inner meaning) you will end up, as Avicenna warns, far from perfection.

Even Ghazālīʾs works, because he preached to the masses, bind in one place and loose in another. First he says a thing is rank faithlessness, then he says it's permissible.[46] One ground on which he charges the philosophers with unbelief in *The Incoherence of the Philosophers*[47] is their denial of the resurrection of the flesh and their assertion that only souls are meted out rewards and punishment. But at the beginning of *A Scale of Actions*[48] he definitely attributes this belief to the Sūfī masters, while in the *Rescue from Wrong [16] and Discovery of Ecstasy*[49] he says that he accepts the Sūfī teaching although he came to it only after long searching.[50] Much of

this sort of inconsistency will be found in his books by anyone who spends long studying them. He even offers some apology for this practice at the end of the *Scale of Actions*, in his tripartite division of ideas into those held in common with the masses, those exhorting all who seek the truth, and those a man keeps to himself and divulges only to people who share his beliefs.[51] Finally he writes "If my words have done no more than to shake you in the faith of your fathers, that would have been reason enough to write them. For he who does not doubt does not look; and he who does not look will not see, but must remain in blindness and confusion." He illustrates the point with this couplet:

Forget all you've heard and clutch what you see—

At sunrise what use is Saturn to thee?[52]

Such apothegms were characteristic of his teaching. Most of what he said was in the form of hints and intimations, of value to those who hear them only after they have found the truth by their own insight or to someone innately gifted and primed to understand. Such men need only the subtlest hints.[53]

In [*17*] his *Gems of the Qurʾān* Ghazālī said that he had written certain esoteric books which contain the unvarnished truth. So far as I know no such book has reached Spain, although some claim that certain books we have received are in fact this hidden corpus. Nothing could be further from the truth. The books in question are *Modes of Awareness* and

The Smoothing, the Breath of Life, and Related Problems. Granted that these books contain many hints, they still add little to what is disclosed in his better known works. His *Perfect Understanding of the Lovely Names of God*, in fact, has matter far more recondite than these, and Ghazālī himself tells us that this is not an esoteric book—which means that these which we have could not be among them.[54]

One of our contemporaries, basing himself on Ghazālīʾs statements at the end of *A Lamp for the Lights*, charges him with a crime monstrous enough to cast him into an inescapable pit. After discussing those "veiled by light," Ghazālī [*18*] goes on to speak of those who achieve communion with the divine. He says they know this Being as characterized by an attribute which would tend to negate His utter unity. This critic wishes to impute that Ghazālī believed God, the First and the Truth—praised be He and far exalted above the aspersions of the wicked—has some plurality in His being.[55] I have no doubt that our teacher Ghazālī was among those who reached this sublime goal and enjoyed the ultimate bliss. Nonetheless, his esoteric books on mysticism have not reached us.

I myself would not have garnered what truth I have attained, the culmination of my intellectual efforts, without pursuing the arguments of Ghazālī and Avicenna, checking them one against the other, and comparing the result with the views that have sprung up in our era, so fervently admired by self-appointed philosophers, until finally I was able to see the truth for myself, first by thought and theory, and now in my first brief taste of the actual experience. I feel able now to set down a view to be preserved in my name; and because of our close friendship, I want you to be the first to whom I express myself.

Nonetheless, if I tell you of the highest levels I reached without first going over the preliminary steps that lead there, it would do you no more good than blind faith[56]—as if [*19*] you approved not because my arguments warrant acceptance, but because we are friends. I expect better of you than that. I won't be satisfied unless you go higher, for this much can't guarantee salvation, let alone conquering the highest peaks. I want only to bring you along the paths in which I have preceded you and let you swim in the sea I have just crossed, so that it may bear you where it did me and you may undergo the same experience and see with the eyes of your soul all that I have seen. Then you will not need to confine yourself within the limits of my knowledge.[57]

This will demand no small amount of time, free of all other concerns, for devotion to this endeavor. But if you work hard, you'll be glad in the morning of the ground you gained at night.[58] Your efforts will be blessed; you will please your Lord, and He will please you.[59] I shall be at your [*20*] side as long as you need me, to lead you where you wish to go by the shortest, safest, and most unobstructed route.

To give you a brief glimpse of the road that lies ahead,[60] let me tell you the story of Hayy Ibn Yaqzān, Absāl, and Salāmān, who were given their names by Avicenna himself. For the tale points a moral for all with heart to understand, "a reminder for anyone with a heart or ears to listen and to hear".[61]

. . .

Our forefathers, of blessed memory,[62] tell of a certain equatorial island, lying off the coast of India, where human beings come into being without father or mother.[63] This is possible, they say, because, of all places on earth, that island has the most tempered climate. And because a supernal light streams down on it, it is the most perfectly adapted to accept the human form.[64] This runs counter to the views of most ordinary philosophers and even the

greatest [*21*] natural scientists. They believe the most temperate region of the inhabited world to be the fourth zone,[65] and if they say this because they reason that some inadequacy due to the earth prevents settlement on the equatorial belt, then there is some color of truth to their claim that the fourth is the most moderate of the remaining regions. But if, as most of them admit, they refer only to the intense heat of the equator, the notion is an error the contrary of which is easily proved.

For it is a demonstrated principle of physical science that heat is generated only by motion, contact with hot bodies, or radiation of light. The same sciences teach us that the sun itself is not hot and is not to be characterized by any such mixed qualities. Likewise they teach that it is the highly reflective bodies, not the transparent ones, that take up light best; next are opaque, non-reflecting bodies; but transparent bodies with no trace of opacity do not take on light at all. The foregoing point was proved by Avicenna, using an argument which was his original work; his predecessors do not have it. If these premisses are sound, they imply that the sun does not warm earth the way bodies warm [*22*] each other, by conduction, because in itself the sun is not hot. Nor is the earth warmed by motion since it is stationary and in the same position at sunrise as at

sunset, although warming and cooling are apparent at these times. Nor does the sun first warm the air and then the earth by convection. How could it, since we find that when it's hot the air close to the earth is much hotter than that higher up? The only alternative is that the sun warms the earth by radiation of light.

Heat invariably follows light. If focused in a burning-mirror light will even set things on fire. It has been proved with scientific certainty that the sun is spherical, as is the earth, and that the sun is much bigger than the earth. Thus somewhat more than half the earth's surface is perpetually lit by the sun, and of the sector of the earth illuminated at any given moment, the most brilliantly lit portion [*23*] is the center, since it is furthest from the darkness and faces most directly into the sun. Toward the edges the illumination is progressively less, shading into darkness at the periphery. A place is at the center of the circle of light only when those who live there can see the sun, at its zenith, directly overhead. At this time the heat is as intense as it will get. A place where the sun stays far from the zenith will be very cold; places where it tends to linger at the zenith will be very hot. But astronomy proves that in equatorial regions the sun stands directly overhead only twice a year, when it enters the Ram at the vernal equinox and when it enters the Balances at the autumnal equinox. The rest of the year it declines six months to the north and six [*24*] to the south. These regions, then, enjoy a uniform climate, neither excessively hot nor excessively cold.

I recognize that this statement demands a fuller explanation than I have provided,[66] but this would not further our purpose. I bring it to your attention solely by way of corroborating the alleged possibility of a man's being engendered in this place without father or mother, since many insist with assurance and conviction that Hayy Ibn Yaqzān was one such person who came into being on that island by spontaneous generation.

Others, however, deny it and relate a different version of his origin, which I shall tell you. They say that opposite this island there is a large island, rich and spacious, and inhabited by people over whom one, a proud and possessive man, was king. Now this king had a sister whom he forbade to marry until he himself should find a fitting match.[67] But she had a kinsman named Aware,[68] and he married her secretly, but lawfully, according to their rite.[69] She soon conceived and bore him a son, but fearing exposure of her secret she took the infant after nursing him,[70] put him in a tightly sealed ark; and, attended by a few trustworthy friends [*25*] and servants, brought him at nightfall down to the sea, her heart aching with love and

fear for her child. She then wished the child farewell and cried "Almighty God, you formed my baby 'when it was nothing, a thing without a name.'[71] You fed him in the darkness of my womb and saw that he was smooth and even[72] and perfectly formed. In fear of that wicked tyrant I entrust[73] him to your care. I beg you shed your bounty upon him. Be with him. Never leave him, most merciful God!" She cast him into the sea.[74]

A powerful current caught the box and brought it that very night to the coast of the other island of which I spoke. At that very moment the tide reached a height to which it would not return for another year. It lodged the little ark in a pleasant thicket, thick with shady cover,

floored by rich loam, sheltered from wind and rain and veiled from the sun, which "gently slanted off it when it rose and set."[75] The tide then began to ebb, leaving the ark high and dry. Sand [*26*] drifted up with gusts of the breeze, damming the watercourse into the thicket so the water could not reach it. The nails of the box had been loosened and the boards knocked akilter by the pounding of the surf against them in the thicket. When the baby had gotten very hungry, he began to cry and struggle. The sound of his voice reached a doe; and taking it for the call of her lost fawn,[76] she followed the sound until she came to the ark. She prodded with her hoof and the baby fought from inside until one of the top boards came loose. The doe felt sorry for the infant and nuzzled him tenderly. She gave him her udder and let him drink her own delicious milk. She became his constant nurse, caring for him, raising him and protecting him from harm.

This, according to those who deny spontaneous generation, is the story of his origin.[77] In a moment I shall tell you how he grew up and progressed from one phase to the next until he reached his remarkable goal. But first I should say that those who claim Hayy came into being spontaneously [*27*] say that in a pocket of earth on that island, over the years, a mass of clay worked until hot and cold, damp and dry were blended in just the proper way, their strengths perfectly balanced. This fermented mass of clay was quite large, and parts of it were in better equilibrium than others, more suited than the rest for becoming human gametes. The midmost part was the best proportioned and bore the most perfect equivalence to the makeup of a man. The clay labored and churned, and in the viscous mass there formed what looked like bubbles in boiling water.

In [*28*] the very middle formed a tiny bubble divided in half by a delicate membrane and filled by a fine gaseous body, optimally proportioned for what it was to be.[78] With it at that moment joined "the spirit which is God's,"[79] in a bond virtually indissoluble, not only in the purview of the senses, but also in that of the mind. For it should be clear that this spirit emanates continuously from God—glory be to Him. It is analogous to the sunlight that constantly floods the earth. Some objects, like transparent air, are not lit by it at all. Others, opaque but not shiny, are lit partially, differing in color according to their different receptivities. Still others, polished bodies such as mirrors, take up light maximally; and if these mirrors have a certain concave form, fires start in them from the concentrated rays of light. The same holds for the spirit which flows eternally from God's word to all that is. Some beings, lacking any aptitude to receive it, show no trace of it. These, corresponding to the air of the analogy, are the lifeless, inanimate objects. Others, that is plant species, show its influence to varying degrees in proportion to their capacities; they are analogous to [*29*] opaque objects. Still others show its impact greatly; these are animal species, and they correspond to the shiny objects of the analogy. The most reflective body, far outshining all others, is the one that mirrors in itself the image and pattern of the sun. In the same way with animals, the one that best takes on the spirit in himself and is formed and modelled in its pattern is man. There is reference to this in the words of the Prophet—God bless him and grant him peace—"God created Adam in His own image".[80]

If this image grows so strong in a man that its reality eclipses all other forms, the splendor of its light setting afire all it apprehends so that it alone remains, then it is like the mirror reflecting on itself, burning everything else. This happens only to prophets, the blessings of God upon

them.[81] But all this will be made clear in due course. Let us return to the story they tell of his creation.

They say, "When this spirit was linked with that chamber all the powers of the latter submitted totally to it, bowing to its sway according to God's command.[82] Then opposite this [*30*] chamber a second bubble formed, divided into three chambers, separated by thin membranes and joined by tiny ducts. This also was filled by gaseous material, like that which filled the first, only not as fine. In these three sacs, partitioned within one, lodged some of the powers that had subordinated themselves to the spirit, entrusted with its preservation and care and with relaying to this first spirit, linked with the first chamber, all their experiences, from the subtlest to the most magnificent. Next to the first, opposite the second, a third bubble formed, filled with its own gaseous matter, denser than either of the others, and with its own set of subordinate faculties, devoted to the protection and sustenance of the spirit.[83]

"These [*31*] chambers, first, second, and third, in the order I have given, were the first to be created in that working mass of clay. Although they all depend on each other, the dependence of the first on the other two is its need for service, but their dependence on the first is the reliance of the led on their leader or the controlled on what controls them. Still the second and third in their own right are masters, not servants, of all the organs formed after them; and the second has a fuller share of rule than the third. The first has the conical shape of a flame, since it is linked to the spirit and burns with the spirit's heat. The dense matter by which it was enclosed took on the same shape; it developed into solid flesh and was in turn covered by a tough protective envelope of skin. The whole organ is what we call the heart.

"To [*32*] survive the heart needed to be fed and maintained to replenish the juices which constantly broke down in the terrific heat. It needed also a sense of what was good and bad for it so it would be drawn to the one and reject the other. The first need was delegated to one organ with powers designed to serve that need, and its second to another. Sensation was in charge of the brain and nutrition of the liver. Each depends on the heart not only because its heat keeps them alive, but also because their specialized powers originate there. Meanwhile ducts and passages were woven between them and the heart, some wider than others, depending on the need. These were the veins and arteries." So, neglecting nothing, they go on to describe the whole anatomy and all the organs, as physiologists describe the formation of a foetus in the womb, up to the termination of the development process when all the parts were fully formed and the embryo was ready to be born.[84]

In accounting for the success of this metamorphosis they rely heavily on their mass of fermenting clay and on its suitability to be formed into all the protective membranes and the like which would be needed in the forming of a man.[85]

When [*33*] the embryo was ready these coverings were sloughed off as if in labor; and the clay, which had already begun to dry, cracked open. His food supply thus vanishing, the newborn infant got hungrier and hungrier and began to cry, whereupon the doe with the lost fawn responded. From this point on both factions[86] give interchangeable versions of his upbringing.

They agree that the doe that cared for him was richly pastured, so she was fat and had plenty of milk, to give the baby the best possible nourishment. She stayed with him, leaving

only when necessary to graze. The baby grew so fond of her he would cry if she were late, and then she would come rushing back. There were no beasts of prey on the island.

So the child grew, nourished by its mother-doe's milk, until he was two years old. By then he'd learned to walk; and, having his teeth, he took to following the doe on her foraging expeditions. She treated him gently and tenderly, taking him where fruit trees grew and feeding him the sweet, ripe fruits that fell from them. The hard-shelled ones she cracked between her teeth, or if he wanted to go back [*34*] for a while to milk she let him.[87] She brought him to water when he was thirsty; and when the sun beat down she shaded him. When he was cold she warmed him, and at nightfall she would bring him back to the spot where she had found him, nestling him to herself among the feathers with which the little ark had been cushioned.

When they went out to forage and came back to rest they were accompanied by a troop of deer that went along to graze and stayed the night near where they slept. Thus the child lived among the deer, imitating their calls so well that eventually his voice and theirs could hardly be distinguished. In the same way he imitated all the bird calls and animal cries he heard with amazing accuracy,[88] but most often he would mimic the calls of the deer for alarm, courtship, summons or defense—for animals have different cries for these different contingencies.[89] The animals were used to him and he was used to them, so they were not afraid of each other.

Hayy discovered in himself an aversion toward some things and an attraction to others even after the things themselves [*35*] were no longer objects of his immediate experience, for their images were fixed in his mind.[90] He observed the animals from this perspective and saw how they were clothed in fur, hair or feathers, how swiftly they could run, how fiercely they could fight, and what apt weapons they had for defense against any attacker—horns, tusks, hooves, spurs and claws. Then he looked back at himself and realized how naked and defenseless he was. He was a weak runner and not a good fighter. When the animals grappled with him for a piece of fruit they usually wrested it from him and got away with it. He could not defend himself or even run away.

Hayy saw the fawns his age sprout horns from nowhere and grow strong and swift. But in himself he could discover no such change. He wondered about this but could not fathom the cause. No maimed or deformed animal he could find was at all like himself. All other animals, he observed, had covered outlets for their bodily wastes— the solid by a tail, [*36*] the liquid by fur or the like. And the fact that the private parts of an animal were better concealed than his own disturbed him greatly and made him very unhappy.[91]

When he was nearly seven[92] and had finally lost hope of making up the deficiencies which so disturbed him he took some broad leaves from a tree and put them on, front and back. Then out of plaits of palms and grass he made something like a belt about his middle and fastened his leaves to it. But he had hardly worn it at all when the leaves withered and dried and, one by one, fell out.[93] So he had constantly to get new ones and work them in with the old in bundles. This might make it hold up a while longer, but still it lasted only a very short time.

He got some good sticks from a tree, balanced the shafts and sharpened the points. These he would brandish at the animals that menaced him. He could now attack the weaker ones and hold his own against the stronger. His self-esteem [*37*] rose a bit as he observed how superior his hands were to those of an animal. They enabled him to cover his nakedness and to make sticks for self-defense, so he no longer needed natural weapons or the tail he had longed for.

All the while, he was growing, and soon he was seven. The chore of getting new leaves to cover himself was taking too long, and he had an urge to get the tail of some dead animal and fasten that on instead. But he had noticed that the living wildlife shunned the bodies of the dead and fled from them. So he could not go ahead with his plan, until one day he came upon a dead eagle. Seeing that the animals had no aversion to it, he snatched the opportunity to put his idea into effect. Boldly taking hold of the eagle, Hayy cut off the wings and tail just as they were, all in one piece. He stretched out the wings and smoothed down the feathers, stripped off the remaining skin and split it in half, tying it about his middle, hanging down, half in front and half behind. The tail, he threw across his back; and he fastened the wings to his arms. Thus he got a fine covering that not only kept him warm but also so terrified the animals [*38*] that not one of them would fight with him or get in his way.[94] In fact, none would come near him except the doe that had nursed and raised him.

She was inseparable from him and he from her. When she grew old and weak he would lead her to rich pastures and gather sweet fruits to feed her. Even so, weakness and emaciation gradually tightened their hold, and finally death overtook her. All her movements and bodily functions came to a standstill. When the boy saw her in such a state, he was beside himself with grief. His soul seemed to overflow with sorrow. He tried to call her with the call she always answered, shouted as loud as he could, but saw not the faintest flicker of life.[95] He peered into her eyes and ears, but no damage was apparent. In the same way he examined all her parts but could find nothing wrong with any of them.[96] He hoped to discover the place where she was hurt so he could take away the hurt and allow her to recover—but he could not even make a start; he was powerless.

What made him think there was something he could "take away" was his own past experience. He knew that when he shut his eyes or covered them, he saw nothing until the [*39*] obstruction was removed; if he stopped his ears with his fingers he could not hear until the obstacle was gone; and if he held his nose he would smell nothing until the passageway was clear again.

These observations led him to believe that not only his senses, but every one of his other bodily functions was liable to obstructions that might block its work. When the block was removed it would return to its normal functioning.[97] But when he had examined all her external organs and found no visible wound or damage, considering meanwhile that her inactivity was not confined to one part but spread throughout the body, it dawned on him that the hurt must be in some organ unseen within the body, without which none of the external parts could function. When that organ had been hurt, the harm was general. No part of the body could carry on its work. Hayy hoped that if he could find that organ and remove whatever had lodged in it, it would revert to normal, its benefits would once more flow to the rest of the body and all the bodily functions would resume.

He had observed in the past that the parts of animals' dead [*40*] bodies were solid, having no hollows except those of the head, chest and abdomen. He felt certain that the vital organ he was looking for must occupy one of these three cavities, and it seemed to him most likely by far that it be in the central of the three.[98] Surely it had to be centrally located, since all the other organs were equally dependent on it. Besides, in his own case, he could feel what must be such an organ in his breast.[99] He could restrict the action of his other organs—hands, feet, eyes, nose, and ears; he could lose these parts and conceivably get along without them. Conceivably he could get along without his head.[100] But when he thought of whatever it was he could feel in his breast he could not conceive of living for an instant without it. For this reason, in fact, when fighting with animals, he had always been especially careful to protect his breast from their [*41*] horns—because he could feel that there was something there.

Certain that the organ where the hurt had settled must be in her breast, he decided to search for and examine it. Perhaps he would be able to get hold of the hurt and remove it. Still he was afraid this very operation might be worse than the original damage. His efforts might do more harm than good. He tried to think whether he had ever seen any animal recover from such a state; and, unable to do so, he lost hope of her getting better unless he did something. But there remained some hope of her recovery if he could find the critical organ and take away the hurt. So he decided to cut open her breast and find out what was inside.

He took chips of stone and dry splinters of wood, sharp as knives, and split her open between the ribs.[101] Cutting through the flesh, he reached the diaphragm. When he saw how tough it was he was certain that this covering must belong to some such organ as he was searching for. If he looked [*42*] beneath he was sure to find it. Hayy tried to cut through it, but this was difficult, since he had no tools but only stones and sticks.

He made fresh instruments and sharpened them. Then, cutting very carefully, he pierced the diaphragm and reached a lung. He supposed at first that this was what he was looking for and turned it round and round to see where it was impaired. What he found at first was only one lung, and when he saw that it was to one side (while the organ he was looking for, he was convinced, must be centered in the body's girth as well as in its length) he went on exploring the mid-chest cavity until he found the heart, wrapped in an extremely tough envelope and bound by the strongest ligaments, cushioned in the lung on the side where he had entered. He said to himself, "If this organ has the same structures on the other side as it does here, then it really is directly in the center and it must be the organ I'm looking for—especially since its position is so good, and it is so beautifully formed, so sturdy and compact, and better protected than any other organ I have seen."

He [*43*] probed on the other side and there too found the diaphragm and the other lung, just as before. Now he was sure this was the central organ he wanted. He tried to split or cut its protective pericardial cover; and finally with a tremendous effort he was able to lay the heart bare.

On all sides it seemed firm and sound. He looked for any visible damage and found none. Squeezing it in his hand, he discovered it was hollow and thought, perhaps what I actually want

is inside this organ and I have not yet reached it. He cut open the heart and inside found two chambers, a left and a right. The right ventricle was clogged with a thick clot of blood, but the left was empty and clear.

"What I'm looking for," he said to himself, "must live in one of these two chambers. In this one on the right I see nothing but clotted blood—which cannot have congealed until the whole body got the way it is—" for he had observed how blood thickens and clots when it flows out of the [*44*] body, and this was simply ordinary blood, "I see that blood is found in all the organs, not confined to one as opposed to others. But what I've been looking for all along is something uniquely related to this special position and something I know I could not live without for the batting of an eye. Blood I have often lost in quantity fighting with the animals, but it never hurt me; I never lost any of my faculties. What I'm looking for is not in this chamber. But the left one has nothing in it; I can see that it is empty. I cannot believe it serves no purpose, since I have seen that every organ exists to carry out some specific function. How could this chamber, with its commanding position, have none? I can only believe that what I was searching for was here but left, leaving the chamber empty and the body without sensation or motion, completely unable to function."

Realizing that whatever had lived in that chamber had left while its house was intact, before it had been ruined, Hayy saw that it was hardly likely to return after all the cutting [*45*] and destruction. The body now seemed something low and worthless compared to the being he was convinced had lived in it for a time and then departed.

Hayy turned the focus of his thoughts on that being.[102] What was it? What was its manner of existence? What had bound it to this body? Where had it gone, and how had it gotten out? What drove it away if it was forced to leave; or, if it left of its own free choice, what made it so loathe the body? His mind was filled with these questions. He soon dropped the body and thought no more of it, knowing that the mother who had nursed him and showed him so much kindness could only be that being which had departed. From that—and not from this lifeless body—all those actions had issued. The whole body was simply a tool of this being, like the stick with which he fought the animals.[103] His affection was transferred now from the body to the being that was its master and mover. All his love was directed toward that.

Meanwhile [*46*] the body began to decay and give off dreadful odors, increasing his revulsion for it. He longed not to have to look at it. Not long afterwards he noticed two ravens fighting. They fought until one struck the other dead, whereupon it scratched a hole in the earth and buried the dead one. Hayy said to himself, "It surely was good of this bird to bury the other, although it was wrong to kill him. I ought to do the same for my mother."[104] So he dug a hole, threw in his mother's body, heaped earth upon it, and went back to thinking of what controls the body.

He had no idea what it was; but he observed that each individual deer had the same form and figure as his mother. In all probability each of them was moved and governed by something like what had once given motion and direction to his mother. He was friendly to the deer, treating them more kindly for their likeness to his mother.

He [*47*] lived thus for a time, studying animals and plants and roaming along the island shore in search of some being like himself, since he saw that every animal and plant had many others like it. But he found none.[105] Seeing that the sea completely surrounded the island, Hayy believed that his island was the only land there was.[106]

A fire broke out one day by friction in a bed of reeds. When Hayy first saw it the sight terrified him. He had never seen anything like it.[107] For some time he stood staring at it, gradually moving nearer and nearer, awestruck by its piercing light and the way it attacked, overwhelmed, and turned to flame everything it touched. Carried away by his amazement, and by the courage, not to say audacity, God had compounded with his nature, Hayy reached out and tried to grasp a piece of it. But when he touched it it burnt his hand, and he could not hold on to it. Then he got the idea [*48*] of taking a brand that was not wholly on fire. He picked it up by the end that wasn't burning, leaving the fire at the other end. This he could manage with ease, sohe took it home—for he had moved into a cave, which seemed to him a fine place to live.

He kept the fire up with dry grass and a good supply of firewood, tending it day and night because it seemed such a wonderful thing. He liked it best at night when it took the place of the sun, giving warmth and fight. It meant so much to him he fell in love with it and was convinced that of all the things he had, this was the best. Seeing how it always moved upwards, as though trying to rise, he supposed it must be one of those jewel-substances he saw shining in the sky.

Hayy tested the power of fire on everything by throwing things in and watching how quickly or slowly it overwhelmed them, depending on the combustibility of the material.[108] One thing he threw in, purely to experiment with its [*49*] propensity to burn, was a fish that had been cast up on the beach by the sea. As it began to roast and the savory odors spread, his appetite was aroused. He nibbled it and liked it. In this way he learned to eat meat and practiced hunting and fishing until he became quite skilled in both. He liked fire even more now that it brought him good things to eat he had never had before.

His new infatuation with fire, based on its power and all its beneficial effects, gave him the notion that what had abandoned his doe-mother's heart was of the same or similar substance. This supposition was reinforced by his observation that body heat in animals was constant as long as they were alive, but that they grew cold after death. Besides he felt quite a bit of heat in his own breast, just at the spot where he had cut into the doe. It occurred to him that if he took a live animal, cut open the heart and inspected the same chamber he had found empty in the doe, he would find the ventricle of a living animal still occupied by whatever had lived in it, and so determine whether it was of the same [*50*] substance as fire, whether it had any heat or light or not.[109]

He got hold of a beast, tied it down and cut it open, as he had the doe, and reached the heart. This time he started on the left. Cutting into the heart, he saw the chamber, filled with a steamy gas, like white mist. He poked in his finger—it was so hot it nearly burnt him, and the animal died instantly. This satisfied him that the hot vapor was what imparted animation to the animal and that every animal has something corresponding: When this departs, the animal dies.

A desire was aroused in him to study all the other animal organs, their organization, placement, number, and interdependence, how the heat of that steam reaches them, giving life to them all, how it lasts as long as it does, where it comes from, and why its heat does not dissipate.

He followed this up by dissecting and vivisecting many animals, [*51*] constantly learning and improving the quality of his mind until he had reached the level of the finest natural scientists.

By this time it was plain to him that each animal, although many in respect of its parts, its various senses and types of motion, was nonetheless one in terms of that spirit which stems from a single fixed place and diffuses from there to all the organs.[110] All parts of the body are simply its servants or agents. The spirit employed the body much as he himself employed the tools with which he fought, hunted, or dissected. His weapons could be classified as offensive and defensive. His hunting gear could be divided into those implements appropriate to land animals and those for fish. Similarly his dissecting tools could be classified as those suitable for cutting, breaking, or boring. The same body handled all these tools, using each appropriately for its own purpose.[111]

In [*52*] the same way the one vital spirit uses the eye as a tool for seeing, the ear for hearing, the nose for smelling, the tongue for tasting, the skin and flesh for feeling, the limbs for moving, the liver for feeding and digestion. Every one of these organs is at the service of the spirit and would be deprived of its functions were it not directed by this spirit through what we call the nerves: for when nerve pathways are cut or blocked, the functions lapse in the organ to which they lead.[112] These nerves do no more than transmit the animal spirit emanating from the brain, which in turn derives it from the heart. The brain has in it a great many spirits, since it is highly compartmentalized.[113] If for some reason any organ does not receive this spirit, like a useless, discarded tool, it can work no longer. And should the vital spirit leave the body altogether or in one way or another disintegrate or become extinct, the whole body is stilled and dies.[114]

This type of thinking had brought him to this point when he [*53*] had completed three sets of seven, that is when he was twenty-one. By this time he had grown quite ingenious. He dressed in skins from his dissected animals. From these he also made shoes. He got thread from animal hair, hemp, and the pith of reeds and cattail stalks and other fibrous plants. The original idea of making thread came from his initial use of the tall grass. He made awls of tough thorns or splinters of reed sharpened on a stone. By watching swallows he got the idea of building himself a storehouse for surplus food, secured by a door of cane sticks tied together, against the intrusion of animals while he was away. He [*54*] trained some birds of prey to help with his hunting and kept poultry from which he got eggs and chicken. He made some semblance of spearpoints from the horns of wild cows and mounted them on sturdy lengths of cane or beechwood shafts. After hardening in fire and sharpening with chips of rock, they were as good as real spears. He also made a shield out of several plies of hide. This was due to his realization that despite his lack of natural weapons, he could manufacture everything he wanted to make up the lack.[115]

Seeing that no animal would stand and fight with him, but all ran away and wore him out with running, he tried to think of some ingenious method of catching them, and came to the conclusion that the plan most likely to succeed was to gain the confidence of one of the swifter beasts and feed it well so as to be able to ride it in pursuit of other animals. There were wild

horses on the island as well as wild asses. Hayy found some that were suitable and trained them as he had planned. Then out of thongs and rawhide he [*55*] contrived saddles and bridles. So, as he had hoped, he was able to chase animals he had found difficult to catch.

He accomplished all these things during the time when he was still engrossed with dissection and his one great passion was to understand the differentiation and the characteristic functions of all animal organs, that is within the period I have sketched, ending with his twenty-first year. At this point he took up another tack.

Hayy considered all objects in the world of generation and decay—the various species of plants and animals, minerals, and every sort of rock and soil, water, water-vapor, and ice, snow, sleet, smoke, flame and burning embers. He saw that these had among them many different attributes with conflicting effects. They moved, some in the same direction, some in opposite directions from each other. Hayy saw that while physical things differed in some respects [*56*] they were alike in others and after some study and thought, he concluded that inasmuch as things differ they are many, but inasmuch as they correspond they are one.[116]

At times he would concentrate on the peculiarities which differentiate things from each other, and then things seemed to be manifold and beyond number. Being seemed to proliferate into an unmarshallable array. Even his own identity seemed complex and multiform, because he was viewing it in the perspective of the diversity of his organs and the specialization of each by its own specific capacity to perform its own specific task. Each organ, moreover, was itself divisible into a great many parts. So he judged that he himself was many and so was everything else.

But looking at it from the opposite point of view, he realized that, no matter how many parts he had, all were connected and contiguous. Thus they could be said to be one. They differed only in having different functions, and this was due solely to the disposition each received from the animal spirit, to the discovery of which his earlier thoughts had led him. This spirit itself was one, and it was this which was his real self, all other organs serving as its tools. He thus established for himself that he himself was one.

Shifting his attention to animals in general, Hayy found that [*57*] each individual was one in this respect. He then considered whole species at a time—deer, horses, asses, the different species of birds. He observed the likeness among individual members of each species in internal and external organs, modes of perception, motion and appetite. What differences he could find were negligible,[117] compared to all the points of congruity. Hayy reasoned that the spirit present throughout the species must be a single entity, undifferentiated except through its division among numerous hearts. If somehow what was divided among all those hearts could be collected in one great vessel, then it would be one thing, like one quantity of water or juice divided into different bowls and then collected again.[118] Together or separate, the identity is the same. Plurality is predictable of it only from a certain point of view. Hayy thus saw whole species as one in this respect, likening the plurality of individuals to the plurality of each individual's parts, which are not really many.

Next [*58*] Hayy mentally combined all animal species for consideration together. He saw that they were alike in having sensation, nutrition, and voluntary motion in whichever direction they pleased. These activities, he had learned already, were characteristic of the animal spirit; whereas the respects in which they differed, were not particularly essential to the animal spirit. These

reflections made it apparent to him that the vital spirit in all animal genera is in reality one being, despite the slight differences that differentiate one species from another. Just as water from a single source may be divided into different bowls, and may be cooler in some than in others, so the animal spirit is one; its specific differentia are like the different temperatures of the water, while the animal itself is like the water, which remains one even though it happens to be divided. By thinking in this way Hayy was able to see the whole animal kingdom as one being.[119]

He [*59*] turned his mind to the various plant species, observing the likeness of all their members in leaf, branch, flower, and fruit, and all the plant functions. By analogy with animals he saw that, parallel to the animal spirit, plants too must have a single substance in which all partake, and which makes them all one being. Likewise, considering the plant kingdom at large, he judged it must be one because of the universality of growth and nutrition. At this he joined plants and animals together in his mind, since they were alike in nutrition and growth, although the animals are higher than the plants in that they possess sense perception, locomotion, and sensation as well. Still plants seemed to have something roughly similar, as, for example, when flowers turn toward the sun, or roots towards food.[120] These considerations showed him that plants and animals are united by a single common entity, more perfectly represented in one and somehow impeded in the other. It was as if water were divided, part running freely and part frozen over. Thus he saw how animals and plants are one being.

Next [*60*] he investigated bodies that do not sense or feed or grow such as stones, earth, water, air, and flame. He saw that these bodies are bounded in length, breadth, and depth, the sole differences among them being in terms of such contrarieties as that some were colored and others colorless; some hot, others cold. He perceived that warm bodies grow cold and cold ones hot; he watched water turn to steam, steam to water; burning things to embers, ashes, flame and smoke. When rising smoke was trapped in a hollow, it precipitated and in its place appeared bits of solid, rather like earth. This line of thinking, similar to the reasoning he had done on animals and plants, made evident to him that all physical things, despite the involvement of diversity in some respects, are one in reality.[121]

He then turned to that entity which in his belief united plants and animals. It had to be a body with length, breadth and depth and, like any ordinary body that does not feed or perceive, either hot or cold. The only differences between this archetypal living being and any inanimate objects, in fact, were the life functions it manifested through the use of "tools" in animals and plants. But perhaps these functions were not properly theirs, but came in from [*61*] some other being. And if they came to other objects, perhaps these too would come to life! Hayy wondered what he himself might be, stripped of all the functions which seemed at first glance to emanate from himself, and realized that he was no more than another body. These thoughts, then, brought him to the conclusion that all bodies—whether they are animate or inanimate—are one thing, although some exhibit certain special functions, which they implement by organs. But he did not know whether these activities were strictly speaking their own or had come from something else—for at this stage the only beings he knew were physical.[122]

In this way Hayy saw all being as one, although it had appeared at first glance boundless and without number. For some time he rested content at this stage.

But then he began to wonder about all these physical things, both living and non-living, which seemed sometimes to be one, sometimes to be infinite in number and diversity. He observed that all must either rise like smoke, flame, and air under water, or fall like water, particles of earth, and parts [*62*] of plants and animals.[123] All such bodies must move in either one direction or the other and not come to rest unless stopped by something, as when a falling rock hits hard ground and cannot break through—for if it could, it would obviously have gone on falling: Thus you can feel it tugging downward against you if you try to lift it. In the same way Hayy found that smoke would not stop rising unless trapped; and even then it would curl around, left and right, and if there were an air passage, escape and continue rising, since air could not contain it. Hayy observed that if he filled a skin with air, tied it shut and pushed it under water it would try to wriggle free and rise until taken out and restored to air. Then it would stop wriggling upwards and lie quite still.

Hayy tried to find some body that neither rose nor fell or [*63*] exerted no pull in either direction, but among the objects with which he was familiar he could find nothing of the kind.[124] He sought such an object purely in the hope of finding out what it was to be a body as such, free of all the qualities that give rise to plurality. After he had worn himself out looking, studying all the objects that bore the fewest predicates without finding one that could not be said to be either 'heavy' or light' as we express it, he began to investigate heaviness and lightness themselves. Did they belong to bodies *qua* body, or did both arise from something distinct from the physical?

It seemed plain to him that both must stem from somes eparate principle, for if they belonged to body in virtue of its being body, then every material object would have both.[125] In fact, however, we know that heavy objects have no buoyancy, and light ones no gravity; yet they remain bodies all the same. Thus over and above physicality each has its own differentiating factor. If not for this added factor, [*64*] the two would be identical. Clearly the substantiality of objects both heavy and light was compounded of two factors, the physicality they have in common, and linked with it either gravity or buoyancy—that is what moves them either upwards or downwards and makes them different.

Regarding all bodies, living and non-living in the same light, Hayy saw that the being of each of them was made up in the same way of corporeality plus some factor or factors.

Before him loomed the forms of physical things in all their diversity. This was his first glimpse of the spiritual world. For these forms cannot be apprehended by the senses, but only by reasoning.[126] And as he was awakening to these things, it dawned on him that the animal spirit, which lives in the heart and at which he had first probed with his dissections, must itself have a principle over and above its corporeality which would enable it to carry out all its wonderful tasks, as true subject of the various modes of sensing, apprehending and moving.[127] This is the form which differentiates it from all other bodies. Philosophers term [*65*] it the animal soul.

The same holds for plants: whatever they have to fill the role of body-heat in animals would have its own special form, called by philosophers the vegetative soul. And even inanimate objects—that is all things in the world of generation and decay besides plants and animals—must have some special thing to make them behave in their own peculiar way, and give them their

particular qualities to the senses and their ways of moving. This is the form, or as philosophers call it, the nature of the thing.

When Hayy understood, through this line of reasoning, that the substance of the animal spirit, toward which all his love had been directed, was compounded out of the corporeal factor and another, non-physical factor, and that it had the former in common with every other body, while the latter, linked with it, belonged exclusively to this spirit, he felt contempt for physicality. He dropped the physical and his mind fastened on the other factor, which is called simply [*66*] the soul.

He was now anxious to learn all he could about the soul. Turning his thought in this direction, he started off by going over in his mind all physical objects, considered not as bodies but as having forms from which emerge their distinguishing characteristics. Following this up in many specific cases, he was able to see how a great number of bodies participate in a certain form, from which emanates a given mode or given modes of behavior. Within this group a subclass, besides sharing the form of the rest, has an additional form from which further functions emerge. A still smaller class displays both of these plus a third form, generating still more special behavior.

For example, everything earthen, such as soil, rocks, minerals, plants, animals, and all other heavy objects, makes up a single totality which participates in a single form from which [*67*] issues the tendency to fall when unimpeded or when lifted and let go. Plants and animals are a subclass of this group, but besides sharing this form with all the rest, they have an added form from which emanate the activities of nutrition and growth. Nutrition is an interchange by which the being nourished replaces matter that breaks down by ingesting material similar to itself and assimilating this to its own substance. Growth is movement in all three dimensions at once, according to a set proportion. These two functions are universal among plants and animals and must therefore issue from a form shared by both plants and animals. This form is what is called the vegetative soul. A still [*68*] smaller subdivision, namely the animals, while sharing the first form with the whole group and the second with the subclass, surpasses both by the exclusive possession of a third form which gives rise to sensation and locomotion.

Further, Hayy knew that every animal species had its own distinguishing characteristics. He now understood that this differentiating principle stemmed from the species' own distinctive form, superadded to the form it held in common with all other animals. Each plant species had something similar.

Plainly some of the objects of sense perception in the world of generation and decay were made up of many factors over and above physicality, while others had only a few. He recognized that it would be easier to grasp the simpler than the more complex, so he decided, to start with, to try to understand whatever had the fewest components to its make-up. Seeing that plants and animals must be composed of numerous factors because of the complexity of [*69*] the tasks of life, he put off consideration of their forms for the present. By the same token he observed that some pieces of earth were simpler than others, so he directed his attention to the simplest of these he could obtain. Likewise he recognized that water must be very simple since so few activities issue from its form. The same was true of fire and air.

At first he had supposed not only that these four, fire, water, earth, and air, were interchangeable but also that all partook of one common entity, that is materiality, which was itself necessarily devoid of the factors which differentiate the four.[128] This must neither rise nor fall; it must be neither hot nor cold, moist nor dry. For all these predicates are inapplicable to body *qua* body, since none is applicable to all bodies. Therefore if an object could exist which had no form beyond physicality, not one of these predicates would be true of it, and no predicate at all could apply to it which did not apply to all physical things, regardless of their form.

He searched for some one characteristic common to all objects, [*70*] animate and inanimate, but the only thing he could find in all physical objects was extension in three dimensions. This he recognized belonged to physical things purely by virtue of the fact that they were physical. But his senses did not so readily reveal any object with just this attribute of extension and no other.

He then examined this notion of extension, asking himself whether it was just this that belonged to material things or whether there was not perhaps, some further principle; and he realized that behind extension there must be another factor in which extension itself was grounded. For bare extension could no more subsist by itself than the extended object could exist without extension. Hayy tried out this idea on several form-bearing objects such as clay for [*71*] example. He found that if he molded clay into some shape, for example into a ball, it had length, width and depth in a certain ratio; if he then took this ball and worked it into a cube or egg shape, its length, width and depth took on different proportions. But it was still the same clay; and, no matter what the ratio, it could not be divested of length, breadth, and depth. The fact that one proportion could replace another made it apparent to him that the dimensions were a factor in their own right, distinct from the clay itself. But the fact that the clay was never totally devoid of dimensions made it plain to him that they were part of its being.

His experiment suggested to him that bodies, *qua* body, are really composed of two factors, one analogous to the clay of the example, the other to the length, width, and depth of the ball or block or other figure the clay might have. The truth was, he could not comprehend physical things at all unless he conceived of them as compounded of these two factors, neither of which can subsist without the [*72*] other.

The variable factor, which can present a succession of many different faces, that is extension, corresponds to the form of all other bodies. The other factor, which remains constant like the clay of the example,[129] corresponds to materiality in all other bodies. In philosophy the factor analogous to the clay is called *hyle*, or matter. It is entirely devoid of forms.

When his thinking had risen to this level and the sensory world had been left behind to some extent, just as he was mounting to a height from which he could gaze out toward the approaches of the world of mind, Hayy felt alien and alone. He longed for the familiar world of the senses, balked at the notion of unqualified body, a thing he could neither perceive nor possess, and fell back on the simplest objects he could see, the four he had already singled out.[130]

He examined water first and found that if left to itself, determined only by its own form, it was perceptibly cold and downward-seeking; but if warmed by fire or the heat of the sun, first its coldness would pass, leaving only its proclivity [*73*] to fall; then, if it were heated strongly, this too would vanish, and it would seek to rise, leaving it without either of the characteristics which had sprung from its form. Yet all he knew of that form was that these functions issued from it. When they were gone the rule of that form must have ended. The form of water must have left this body, since it now exhibited behavior characteristic of some other form. A new form not previously present must have come into being here, giving rise to behavior unlike that it had shown under its original form.

Now Hayy knew by necessity that all that comes into being must have a cause. From this consideration he gained a vague and general notion of the cause of this form. One by one he went over the forms he had known before and saw that all of them had come to be and all must have a cause. He then considered that in which the forms in here and found it to be no more than a body's propensity for such and such an action to arise from it. Water, for example, has a propensity to rise when strongly heated. This propensity [*74*] is due to the form, for there is nothing there but body and certain perceptible things—qualities and ways of moving, for example—which come into being, and the cause who creates them. Thus the proneness of a body to certain kinds of motion as opposed to others must be due to its disposition or form.[131]

Hayy realized that the same would be true of all forms. Clearly the acts emerging from forms did not really arise in them, but all the actions attributed to them were brought about through them by another Being. This idea to which he had now awakened is the meaning of the Prophet's words: "I am the ears He hears by and the sight He sees by."[132] As it is written in the unshakable Revelation "It was not you but God who killed them; and when you shot, it was not you who shot, but God."[133]

Possessing now a broad if indistinct notion of this great Subject, Hayy found in himself a burning desire to know Him more fully. But, having as yet not left the sensory world, he tried first to find this Cause among the objects of his senses. Besides, he did not yet know whether He was one or many. Accordingly he scrutinized all the physical things he knew and to which his thinking had always been confined.

All of them, he perceived, develop and decay. Those which are not destroyed completely are destroyed at least in part. Water and earth, for example, are at least in part destroyed by fire. Air too, he saw, can be destroyed by a severe [*75*] chill and turn to snow or water. None of the physical things around him was exempt from change, thus none could exist without there being a cause of all this change.[134] Seeing that this was the case Hayy left behind all these things and turned his mind to the heavenly bodies. He reached this level at twenty-eight, having completed four seven-year phases in his development.

He knew that the heavens and all the stars in the skies were bodies because without exception they were extended in three dimensions, and whatever is always extended in three dimensions is a body, therefore they were all bodies.[135] He wondered whether they extended infinitely in all directions or were finite, bounded at some point beyond which no extension was possible. The problem perplexed him more than a little, but ultimately his inborn talent and brilliance led him

to realize that an infinite body is something spurious which can neither be nor be conceived. This conclusion was bolstered in his mind by a number of arguments that [*76*] he reached quite independently in the course of his reflections.

"This heavenly body," he said to himself, "is bounded on the near side, without doubt, since I can see it with my own eyes. Only the far side admits of doubt. Nonetheless I know it is impossible for it to extend forever. For if I imagine two lines beginning on this finite side, passing up through the body to infinity, as far as the body itself supposedly extends, and imagine a large segment cut from the finite end of one and the two placed side by side with the cut end of one opposite the uncut end of the other, and my mind travels along the two lines toward the so called infinite end, then I must discover either that the pair of lines really [*77*] do extend to infinity, the one no shorter than the other, in which case the cut line equals the intact one, which is absurd - or else that the one does not run the full length of the other, but stops short of the full course, in which case it is finite. But if the finite segment that was subtracted is restored, the whole is finite. Now it is neither shorter nor longer than the uncut line. They must be equal then. But one is finite, so the other must be finite as well—and so must the body in which these lines were assumed to be drawn. Such lines can be assumed in any physical thing. Thus to postulate an infinitely extended physical body is fallacious and absurd."

Once the exceptional mind which had made him aware of such a remarkable argument[136] had demonstrated to him the finitude of the heavens, Hayy wished to know what shape they had and how they were divided by their limiting surfaces.[137] To [*78*] start with he watched the sun, moon and other stars, observing how all rose in the east and set in the west. Those which passed directly overhead inscribed a great arc; those inclining north or south from his zenith inscribed a smaller arc. The further they lay from the zenith and the closer to the poles, the smaller the arc they described, the smallest orbits in which stars moved being those of Ursa Minor and Canopus, two little circles about the North and South Poles respectively.

Since Hayy's home, as I mentioned at the outset, was on the equator, the orbital planes of all the stars were perpendicular to his horizon and their orbits equally large at a given deflection north and south. What is more, both polar axes [*79*] were visible to him. He observed that when a star with a large orbit and one with a small one rose together, they also set together; and seeing this repeated constantly with all stars, he realized that the firmament must be spherical. The conviction was strengthened by his seeing the sun, moon and stars return to the east after disappearing in the west, and by the fact that their apparent sizes at rising, peak, and setting were constant. For if their motion followed any path other than along a sphere, they would have to be closer to view at some times than at others, and if so their magnitudes or apparent sizes would vary. They would seem bigger when closer than when farther off. But since there was no such variation to be seen, he was certain that their motion was in a spherical course.

He continued to study the motion of the moon, observing that this was from west to east, and he even observed the retrograde motion of the planets.[138] Thus he eventually learned a great deal of astronomy. He now knew that the courses [*80*] of the stars could be set only in a number of spheres, all enclosed in one great sphere above them all, which moves the whole from east to west in a day and a night. But to explain each step in his progress in astronomy would be a

protracted task. And this, after all, is treated at length in books. For our purpose no more is needed than what I have already set down.

Having reached this point, Hayy understood that the heavens and all that is in them are, as it were, one being whose parts are all interconnected. All the bodies he had known before such as earth, water, air, plants and animals were enclosed within this being and never left it. The whole was like an animal.[139] The light-giving stars were its senses. The spheres, articulated one to the next, were its limbs. And the world of generation and decay within was like the juices and wastes in the beast's belly, where smaller animals often breed, as in the macrocosm.

Seeing the whole universe as in reality one great being, and [*81*] uniting all its many parts in his mind by the same sort of reasoning which had led him to see the oneness of all bodies in the world of generation and decay, Hayy wondered whether all this had come to be from nothing, or in no respect emerged from nothingness but always existed. On this question he had many misgivings. Neither position seemed to prevail.[140] For whenever he assumed the eternity of the universe, numerous difficulties arose due to the fact that any actual infinity could be shown to be impossible by the same sort of reasoning which had shown him the impossibility of an infinite physical body. Besides he knew that the world could not exist without temporal events, thus it could not precede them. But what cannot precede temporal events must itself come to be in time.[141]

When, on the other hand, he assumed that the universe arose in time, other objections assailed him. Thus he realized that the notion of the universe coming to be from nothing could be made sense of only in terms of a time before there was a universe—but time itself is an inseparable part of the universe. Therefore it is inconceivable that the origin [*82*] of the universe came before the origin of time.[142] "Furthermore," he said to himself, "if the universe came to be in time, there must have been some cause to bring it into being.[143] Why did this Cause bring about a world now rather than before? Had some outside force disturbed Him? Nothing existed but He. Had some change, then, occurred within Him? But what brought about *that* change?"[144]

For some years Hayy pondered over this problem, but the arguments always seemed to cancel each other. Neither position could outweigh the other. Baffled and exhausted by this dilemma, he began to wonder what each of the beliefs entailed. Perhaps the implications were the same![145] For he saw that if he assumed that the universe had come to be in time, *ex nihilo*, then the necessary consequence would be that it could not have come into existence by itself, but must have had a Maker to give it being. This Maker could not be perceptible to the senses; for if it could be apprehended by sense perception, then it would be a material body, and thus part of the world, itself in [*83*] time and in need of a cause. If this second cause were physical, it would need a third; the third, a fourth, and so *ad infinitum*—which is absurd.

Thus the world must have a non-corporeal Cause. Since He is not a physical being there is no way of perceiving Him through the senses, as the five senses can grasp only physical objects and their attributes. But if He cannot be perceived, He cannot be imagined either, since imagining is no more than the mind's projection of images belonging to sense objects no longer present.[146] Furthermore, if He is not a material body, then it is impossible to apply to him any of the predicates of physical things. Chief of these is extension in length, width, and depth. He transcends these and all the physical characteristics that follow from them. Finally as Maker of

the universe He must know it and have sway over it: "Can it be that the Creator does not know? He is Kindly and Aware."[147]

Alternatively, Hayy saw that if he assumed the eternity of the world, that is that it had always been as it is now[148] and not emerged from non-being, this would imply that its motion [*84*] too was eternal and had never begun, never started up from rest. Now every motion requires a mover.[149] This mover can be *either* a force distributed through some body—self-moving or externally moved—or a force which is not distributable or diffusible in physical bodies. But the type of force which is diffused and distributed through material things is divided when they divide and augmented proportionately as they increase. Weight, for example, in a stone is what causes its downward motion. If the stone is split in half, so is its weight; and if another is added, equal to the first, the weight increases by an equal amount. If it were possible to keep adding stones forever, then the weight would mount to infinity; but if the stones reached a certain number and stopped, then the weight would reach a corresponding point and stop. Yet it has already been proved that every material body must be finite. So every force in a material body must be finite. Should we discover a force engaged in an infinite task, that force cannot belong to a physical thing. But we have found the motion of the heavens [*85*] to be ceaseless and eternal, for *ex hypothesi* it has gone on forever and had no beginning. *Ergo* the force that moves them must be neither in their own physical structure nor in any external physical being. It can only belong to some Being independent of all material things and indescribable by any predicate applicable to them.

When first reflecting on the world of generation and decay, Hayy had become aware that the substantiality of any material thing rests in its form, that is its propensity for certain types of motion. Its being, on the material side, is defective at best, and in itself scarcely conceivable. If so, the being of the whole universe is ultimately no more than its capacity to be moved by this great Mover, who is free of matter and all its attributes and transcends all that sense can perceive or imagination approach. If He brings about the sidereal motions, each in its kind and all without discontinuity, never halting, never tiring, then He must know them all and hold absolute power over them.

So this train of thought brought him exactly where the other [*86*] had. He was no longer troubled by the dilemmas of creation versus eternity, for either way the existence of a non-corporeal Author of the universe remained unscathed, a Being neither in contact with matter nor cut off from it, neither within nor outside it—for all these terms, 'contact' and 'discontinuity', inside' and 'outside' are merely predicates of the very physical things which He transcends.[150]

Since matter in every body demands a form, as it exists through its form and can have no reality apart from it, and since forms can be brought into being only by this Creator, all being, Hayy saw, is plainly dependent on Him for existence itself. Nothing can subsist except through Him. Thus He is the Cause of all things, and all are His effects, whether they came to be out of nothing or had no beginning in time and were in no way successors to non-being. In either case they are His effects, dependent on Him for their existence, since He is their Cause and Maker. If He did not endure, they would not endure. If He did not exist, they would not exist. If He were not eternal, they could not have been eternal.[151]

But He, in Himself, has no need of them and is utterly independent of them. How could this not be so, when it has been proved that His force and power are infinite, while all [*87*] physical things and everything connected with them or in the least related to them are truncated and finite? The whole Universe, then, and all that is in it —heaven and earth and [*88*] all that lies above, beneath and between—is His work and creation, ontologically, if not temporally, posterior to Him.

Suppose you held something in your hand while moving your arm. The object you held

would undoubtedly move with your hand, subsequently not in time, but in fact— for in time the two motions are simultaneous.[152] It is in this way, out of time, that the universe is caused and created by its Maker "Whose command, when He desires a thing is simply to tell it 'Be!' and it is."[153]

The moment Hayy realized that all that exists is His work, he saw things in a new and different light. It was as an expression of its Maker's power that he saw each thing now, marvelling at His wonderful craftsmanship, the elegance of His plan and ingenuity of His work.[154] In the least of things—not to speak of the greatest—Hayy found marks of wisdom and divine creativity that exhausted his powers of admiration and confirmed his belief that all this could issue only from a Cause of consummate perfection—beyond perfection! "Not an atom's weight escapes Him in heaven or on earth nor anything at all, greater or less."[155]

Hayy considered how the Creator had given each sort of animal [*89*] its makeup and showed how these were to be used—for if He did not teach animals to use their parts for their intended purposes, they would do the animals no more good than if they did not have them.[156] From this Hayy learned that He is most good and merciful. From then on, whenever he saw a being that was good, or beautiful, or strong, or perfect in any way, he would recognize, on considering, that this must be its Maker's work and stem from His overflowing abundance and liberality.[157] Thus he knew that what He Himself possesses must be greater and more perfect, fuller, better, and more lasting out of all proportion, than what He gives. And so, continuing the sequence of perfections, Hayy saw that all belong to Him, proceed from Him, and are more truly predicated of Him than of any other being.

He surveyed the privations and saw that He is clear of them and transcends them all. How could He not transcend privation when the very concept means no more than absolute or relative non-being—and how could non-being be associated or confused with Him Who is pure being, Whose essence is necessary existence, Who gives being to all that [*90*] is? There is no existence but Him. He is being, perfection, and wholeness. He is goodness, beauty, power, and knowledge. He is He. "All things perish except His face."[158]

By the end of his fifth seven-year span, his awareness had brought him to this point. He was thirty-five. By now thought of this Subject was so deeply rooted[159] in his heart that he could think of nothing else. He was distracted from his prior investigation of created being. For now his eye fell on nothing without immediately detecting in it signs of His workmanship—then instantly his thoughts would shift from craft to Craftsman, deepening his love of Him, totally detaching his heart from the sensory world, and binding it to the world of mind.

Having gained an awareness of this eternally existing Being, Whose existence is uncaused, but Who is the cause of all existence, Hayy wished to know how this knowledge had come to him. By what power had he apprehended such a being? He counted off his senses—hearing, sight, smell, taste, and touch. None of these could grasp anything but the physical or the attributes subsisting in it. Hearing catches [*91*] only sounds which are generated by the vibrating waves of air when bodies strike together.[160] Sight knows only colors; smell, odors; taste, flavors; touch, textures—hard or soft, rough or smooth. Imagination too can apprehend only things with length, breadth, and depth. All these are qualities predicable only of physical things. Only these can be objects of the senses because the senses themselves are powers diffused in material things, and thus divisible with their substrates. The senses, for this reason, can apprehend only divisible objects, that is physical things. For these faculties are

spread thoughout a divisible thing and their object must be capable of a corresponding division. Thus any faculty in a physical body can apprehend only physical bodies and their attributes.[161]

But it was already quite clear to Hayy that this necessarily existent Being transcends physical attributes in every respect. The only way to apprehend Him, then, must be by [*92*] some non-physical means, something which is neither a bodily faculty nor in any way bound up with body—neither inside nor outside, neither in contact with it nor disjoined from it. Hayy had also realized that what had brought him his awareness of this Being would be his true self, and now that his understanding of Him was better, he recognized that this self too, by which he had come to know Him, was non-corporeal and not qualifiable by any physical predicate. The whole outward self, the objective, corporeal being he could perceive, was not his true self; his true identity was that by which he had apprehended the Necessarily Existent.

Knowing now that this embodiment, apprehended by the senses and enveloped in the skin was not himself, he thoroughly despised his body and set eagerly to thinking of that higher self by which he had reached an awareness of the sublime Being, Whose existence is necessary.[162]

Was it possible that this other, nobler being, which was himself, could perish—or was it everlasting? Disintegration and decay are, he knew, predicates of physical things indicating simply that they have taken off one form and put on another, as when water turns to air, or air to water, or when plants [*93*] become soil or ashes, or soil becomes a plant. This is the meaning of breakdown. But the destruction of a non-physical being which does not depend for its existence on any body, and which completely transcends the physical, is utterly inconceivable.

Satisfied that his true self could not perish, he desired to know what its fate would be once it had freed itself of the body and left it behind. Clearly this being would not abandon the body until no further use could be derived from it as a tool.[163]

Hayy surveyed all his powers of perception and saw that each works actually at one time, potentially at another.[164] The eye, for example, when closed or averted from its object still sees potentially. The meaning of ‘seeing potentially’ is that while it is not seeing now, it will in the future. When open and turned toward its object, it actually sees. ‘Seeing actually’ means seeing now.[165] The same holds for all these faculties, [*94*] they all work either actually or potentially.

Any faculty of apprehension which at no time actually perceives but remains "forever potential", never desiring to grasp its appropriate object because that object has never been encountered by it, is like a man born blind. If such a faculty actually does perceive for a time and then relapses into potentiality, but even in the potential state still yearns for actual perception, since it has known its proper object and grown fond of it, then it is like a sighted man gone blind who still longs for what he used to see. The more beautiful, whole, or good the objects he once knew, the greater his longing for them and grief at their loss. For this reason the sorrow of a man who has lost his sight is greater than that of one who has lost his sense of smell, for the objects of sight are higher and better than those of smell.

If there is a Being Whose perfection is infinite, Whose splendor [*95*] and goodness know no bounds, Who is beyond perfection, goodness, and beauty, a Being such that no perfection, no goodness, no beauty, no splendor does not flow from Him, then to lose hold of such a

Being, and having known Him to be unable to find Him must mean infinite torture as long as He is not found. Likewise to preserve constant awareness of Him is to know joy without lapse, unending bliss, infinite rapture and delight.

Hayy had already realized that while He transcends all privations, every attribute of perfection can be applied to the Necessarily Existent. He also knew that what in him had allowed him to apprehend this Being was unlike bodies and would not decay as they did. From this he saw that, leaving the body at death, anyone with an identity like his own, capable of awareness such as he possessed, must undergo one of these three fates: If, while in command of the body, he has not known the Necessarily Existent, never confronted Him or heard of Him, then on leaving the body he will neither long for this Being nor mourn His loss. His bodily powers will go to ruin with the body, and thus make no more demands or miss the objects of their cravings now that they are gone. This is the fate of all dumb animals—even those of human form. If, while in charge of the body, he has encountered this Being and learned of His goodness but turned away to follow his own passions, until death overtook [*96*] him in the midst of such a life, depriving him of the experience he has learned to long for, he will endure prolonged agony and infinite pain, either escaping the torture at last, after an immense struggle, to witness once again what he yearned for, or remaining forever in torment, depending on which direction he tended toward in his bodily life. If he knows the Necessarily Existent before departing the body, and turns to Him with his whole being, fastens his thoughts on His goodness, beauty, and majesty, never turning away until death overtakes him, turned toward Him in the midst of actual experience, then on leaving the body, he will live on in infinite joy, bliss, and delight, happiness unbroken because his experience of the Necessarily Existent will be unbroken and no longer marred by the demands of the bodily powers for sensory things—which alongside this ecstasy are encumbrances, irritants and evils.

Seeing that self-realization and happiness meant constant actual [*97*] experience of the Necessarily Existent, turning away not for an instant so that when death came it would find him rapt in ecstasy and the continuity of his delight would remain unbroken by pain, Hayy considered how he might maintain continuous, actual awareness without distraction. He would

concentrate on that Being[166] for a time, but as soon as he did some sensory thing would present itself to view, some animal cry would split his ears, some image would dart across his mind, he would feel a pain somewhere, or get hungry or thirsty or hot or cold,[167] or have to get up to relieve himself. His thoughts would be disrupted, and he would lose what he had begun to reach. It was impossible for him to recapture the experience without tremendous effort; and he feared death might surprise him in a moment of distraction, leaving him to sink into the everlasting misery and torment of deprivation.[168] The malady was grave, and he did not know the cure.

Hayy went back over all the animal species, checking all their [*98*] doings and strivings to see whether he might not find one that was aware of this Being and made Him its goal, to learn from it how to save himself. But all animals, he saw, struggled day and night simply getting enough to eat, satisfying their appetites for food, water, mates, shade, and shelter, until their span of time was up and they died.[169] Not one could be seen to diverge from the pattern or ever strive toward anything else. Apparently, then, none of them was aware of this Being, desired Him, or had any notion of Him. All of them would turn to nothing, or next to nothing.

Having judged this to be true of animals, Hayy recognized that it would be all the more so with plants, which have only a fraction of the avenues of perception open to animals. If

animals whose apprehension is the better and more complete, are incapable of reaching this level of consciousness, then beings whose perception is stunted are all the further removed from such an attainment. After all, the whole of plant functioning goes no further than nutrition and reproduction.

He looked to the stars and spheres then, seeing how all circled in an ordered array of rhythmic motion. They were diaphanous [*99*] and luminous, far above all change and decay, and he made a strong surmise that they too had identities apart from their bodies, identities which knew this necessarily existent being and were neither physical nor imprints on anything physical. How could they not have such identities, free of all that is bodily, when, with all his weakness, his desperate dependence on sensory things, and despite the fact that he lived among decaying bodies, even he had such a self? His inadequacy did not prevent his true being from standing independent of all physical things and incorruptible. Clearly the heavenly bodies must be all the more so. Thus Hayy knew that they would know the Necessarily Existent and that their awareness of Him would be continuously actual since they are not subject to such hindrances as the sensory distractions that interrupted his own contemplation.[170]

He asked himself then why he of all living beings should be singled out to possess an identity that made him very like the stars. He had seen how the elements changed into one another. Nothing on the face of the earth kept the same [*100*] form. All was in a constant alternation of build-up and breakdown. Most bodies were mixtures, compounded of conflicting things, and so all the more prone to degeneration. No physical thing was pure, although those which came closest to untainted purity, such as gold and sapphire,[171] lasted longest. The heavenly bodies *were* pure and uncompounded, and for this reason not subject to a succession of forms, and virtually beyond destruction.

Hayy had learned, moreover, that of bodies in the world of generation and decay some, namely the four elements, were made up of just one form besides physicality, while others, such as plants and animals, comprised more than one additional form. Those with the fewest forms to compose their reality showed the least activity and were at the furthest remove from life. If form were absent completely, [*101*] life was totally impossible; the result was something very like non-being.[172] Beings composed of a greater number of forms showed more activity and a closer approach to life. When form became inseparable from matter, then life was present at its strongest, stablest, and most unmistakable.

What has no form at all is *hyle*, matter. It is not in the least alive, but next to non-existent. Composed with just one form are the four elements, occupying the lowest ontic rungs in the world of generation and decay. From these are compounded things with more than one form. The elements have a very weak claim on life, not only because each has only one mode of motion, but also because each has an opposite working directly against it, tending to cancel its effects and eradicate its form. For this reason its existence is unstable and its "life" tenuous. The purchase of plants on life is stronger, however; and animals are plainly more alive [*102*] than they. The reason is that in ordinary compounds the nature of one element predominates. Its strength in the composite overwhelms the other elements and destroys their capacities to function. Such a compound passes under the sway of the prevailing element and thus becomes unsuited for life to any but a trivial degree—just as that element alone makes a negligible bid for life.

In those compounds, however, which are not dominated by the nature of one element, where the elements are mutually tempered and counterbalanced (and for this reason one

element does not wipe out the effective force of its opposite to any greater degree than its own power of action is checked by the other), each element's potential will do its work on the other to just the right extent, allowing the activity of one to show up no plainer than that of any other. No one element will take over the whole, so the whole will bear little resemblance to any of them. Its form, then, will have virtually no direct opposite—thus it will be ideally suited for life.

The [*103*] stronger and stabler the equilibrium, the harder it is to find any opposite to work against it and the fuller its share in life. Since the vital spirit situated in the heart is securely balanced in such an equilibrium, being finer than earth or water, but denser than fire or air, it is a middle so to speak, and no one element is indirect conflict with it. This fits it well for life.

The implication Hayy drew from this was that the vital spirit with the stablest equilibrium would be fit for the highest form of life to be found in the world of generation and decay. The form of such a spirit could virtually be said to have no opposite. In this it would resemble the heavenly bodies, the forms of which have none at all. The spirit of such an animal, being truly at a mean among the elements, would [*104*] have absolutely no tendency up or down. In fact, if it could be set in space, between the center and the outermost limit of fire, without being destroyed, it would stabilize there, neither rising nor falling. If it moved in place, it would orbit like the stars, and if it moved in position it would spin on its axis. Its shape could only be spherical. Thus it would bear a strong resemblance to the heavenly bodies.[173]

Hayy had considered all phases of animal life and found none that gave him reason to suspect it was aware of the Necessarily Existent. But his own consciousness informed him that it was aware of Him. He was sure, for this reason, that he himself was the ideally balanced animal, kindred spirit of the celestial bodies. Apparently, he was a species set apart from all other animal species, created for a different end than all the rest, dedicated to a great task which no animal could undertake.

Sufficient [*105*] to establish his superiority was the fact that even his lower, bodily half bore the closest resemblance to those heavenly starsubstances that lived beyond the world of generation and decay, far beyond all change and want.[174] As for his nobler part, it was by this that he knew the Necessarily Existent Being. This conscious part was something sovereign, divine, unchanging and untouched by decay, indescribable in physical terms, invisible to both sense and imagination, unknowable through any instrument but itself, yet self-discovered, at once the knower, the known and knowing, the subject and object of consciousness, and consciousness itself.[175] There is no distinction among the three, for distinction and disjunction apply to bodies. But here there is no body and physical predicates and relations do not apply.[176]

Seeing that what made him different from all other animals made him like the heavenly bodies, Hayy judged that this implied an obligation on his part to take them as his pattern, imitate their action and do all he could to be like them.

By the same token, Hayy saw that his nobler part, by which [*106*] he knew the Necessarily Existent, bore some resemblance to Him as well. For like Him it transcended the physical. Thus another obligation was to endeavor, in whatever way possible, to attain His attributes, to imitate His ways, and remold his character to His, diligently execute His will, surrender all to Him, accept in his heart His every judgement outwardly and inwardly. Even when He caused harm or pain to his body, even if He destroyed it completely, he must rejoice in His rule.[177]

He recognized, however, that he was like the lesser animals in his lower half, the body, for it belonged to the world of generation and decay. It was dull and dark and

demanded sensory things of him - food, drink, intercourse.[178] Still he knew that this body had not been created for him idly. It had not been linked with him for nothing.[179] He must care for and preserve it, even though in so doing he would do no more than any animal.

His duties, then, seemed to fall under three heads, those in [*107*] which he would resemble an inarticulate animal, those in which he would resemble a celestial body, and those in which he would resemble the Necessarily Existent Being. He had to act like an animal to the extent that he had a dull, sublunary body with differentiated parts and conflicting powers and drives. He had an obligation to imitate the stars in virtue of the vital spirit in his heart, which was command point for the rest of the body and all its powers. It was his obligation to become like the Necessarily Existent because [*108*] he was (and to the extent that he was) himself,[180] that is to the extent of his identity with that self which brought him his awareness of the Necessarily Existent Being.

Hayy had learned that his ultimate happiness and triumph over misery would be won only if he could make his awareness of the Necessarily Existent so continuous that nothing could

distract him from it for an instant. He had wondered how this might be achieved and now came to the conclusion that the means would be to practice these three forms of mimesis.

The first would by no means give him this ecstasy. On the contrary, it would hinder the experience and distract him from it, since it meant handling sensory things, and all sense objects are veils blocking out such experience. This type of imitating was needed only to preserve the vital spirit, by which he might accomplish the second sort of assimilation, that by which he would become like the heavenly bodies. Thus the first type was a necessity despite its inherent drawbacks. His second type of imitation, however, did bring a large measure of continuity to his contemplation. Still the experience was not altogether untainted, for at this level of experience, one remains self-conscious and self-regarding, as will be made clear shortly.

The third sort of imitation is attainment of the pure beatific experience, submersion, concentration on Him alone Whose existence is necessary. In this experience the self vanishes; it is extinguished, obliterated - and so are all other subjectivities. All that remains is the One, True identity, the Necessarily Existent - glory, exaltation, and honor to Him.[181]

Hayy knew that his supreme goal was this third form of mimesis; [*109*] but this would not be his without a long stint of training and self-discipline through the second, and this itself would not hold up for long if he neglected the first. He knew also that serving his first likeness, although necessary and *per accidens* helpful, would hamper his true self. So he made himself a rule to impose on himself no more of this first form of imitation than was necessary to keep the vital spirit on the brink of survival. Necessity called for two things to preserve this spirit: one to sustain it from within and replace what broke down, that is food; and the other to protect if from without and keep off various sorts of harm such as heat and cold, rain, too much sun, and harmful animals.

If he heedlessly allowed himself these necessities when and where he found them, he might well go too far and take more than he needed. Without his realizing it, his efforts might work against him. The prudent thing, Hayy saw, would [*110*] be to set himself a limit he would not overstep. There would be certain fixed quantities he would not surpass. He must make rules about what to eat, how much, and how often.

He first considered what to eat. There seemed to be three sorts of food: plants that had not yet reached peak maturity, that is various edible green vegetables; fruits of plants that had

completed their life cycles and were ready to produce a new generation, comprising fresh and dried fruit; and animals, terrestrial and marine.

All these he was certain were the work of that Necessarily Existent Being, whom he must endeavor to be like, as he now [*111*] saw clearly, if he were to attain happiness. Feeding on them would unavoidably cut them off from their own fulfillment and prevent them all from achieving their intended purpose. This would mean opposition to the work of the Creator and defeat the whole aim of drawing near Him and becoming like Him.

The answer, apparently, was, if possible, to give up eating completely. Unfortunately he could not do so because not eating tended to make his own body waste away, which was even more

glaring a contradiction to the work of his Creator, since he was superior to those other beings whose destruction meant his survival. So Hayy chose the lesser of evils. He was forced to condone in himself the slighter form of opposition to His work.

He decided that if some varieties of food were unavailable, he would take whatever came most readily to hand in a quantity he would set. But if all were available, then he would have to decide carefully what to eat so as to bring about the least opposition to the work of the Creator. Thus he could eat such things as the meat of fully ripened fruits, with [*112*] seeds ready to reproduce, provided he was certain not to eat or harm the seeds or throw them in places unfit for vegetation—among rocks or in salt flats or the like. If it was hard to find fruit with nourishing meat, such as apples, plums, and pears, then he would have to eat either fruits in which only the seed had food-value, such as nuts and chestnuts, or else green vegetables—on condition that he pick only the most abundant and prolific and be sure not to uproot them or destroy the seeds. If none of these were available, then he must eat meat or eggs, again being careful to take only from the most abundant and not root out a whole species. So much for his notion of what he should eat.[182]

As for the amount, he felt it should be enough to stave off hunger, but no more. For the time to be allowed between [*113*] meals, he considered he should eat what he needed and then look for no more until he began to feel too weak to carry out some of the tasks imposed on him by his second mode of imitation, which will be spoken of in a moment.

In terms of protection, the requirements for keeping alive the vital spirit were easily taken care of. He wore skins and had a house to guard against any incursion of the environment. This was enough for him.[183] He did not consider it worth his while to spend a great deal of time on it. He did keep the dietary rules he'd made for himself, which I have described.

Having secured the needs of his body, inside and out, Hayy took up his second duty, to become like the celestial bodies, to do as they did, and model himself on their attributes. Their properties, in his judgement, fell into three classes: First, their attributes in relation to the world of generation and decay below, giving warmth essentially, and *per [114] accidens* cooling, radiation of light, thickening and thinning and all the other things they do to prepare the world for the outpouring of spirit-forms upon it from the Necessarily Existent Creator.[184] Second, the properties they had in and of themselves, transparency, luminescence, purity from all taint, and transcendence of all tarnish, their circular motion, whether on their own axis or around some other center. Third, their attributes in relation to the Necessarily Existent, their continuous, undistracted awareness of Him, their longing for Him,[185] their total submission to His rule and devoted execution of His will, moving only at His pleasure and always in the clasp of His hand.[186]

Hayy exerted every effort to be like them in these three ways. For the first, he imitated their action by never allowing himself to see any plant or animal hurt, sick, encumbered, or in

need without helping it if he could. If he noticed a plant cut off from the sun, he would, if possible, remove [*115*] what was screening it. If he saw one plant tangled in another that might harm it, he would separate the two so carefully that not even the weed was damaged. If he saw a

plant dying for lack of water, he would water it as often as he could. When he saw an animal attacked by a predator,[187] caught in a tangle, or stuck by a thorn, or with anything harmful in its eye or ear, or under pressure of hunger or thirst, Hayy did all he could to alleviate the situation and gave it food and water. Chancing to see an animal or plant's water-supply cut off by a fallen rock or a fragment swept away from the overhanging riverbank, he would always clear away the obstacle. He kept up his practice at this particular variety of imitation until he reached peak proficiency.[188]

To be like the heavenly bodies in the second respect, Hayy made sure always to be clean, washing frequently with water, getting all the dirt and grime off his body, cleaning [*116*] his teeth, nails, and every nook and cranny of his body—even scenting it as best as he could with plant fragrances and various pleasant smelling oils. He took great care to see that his clothes were always clean and fragrant, and soon he did begin to sparkle with vitality, cleanliness, and beauty.[189]

In addition, Hayy prescribed himself circular motion of various kinds. Sometimes he would circle the island, skirting along the beach and roving in the inlets. Sometimes he would march around his house or certain large rocks a set number of times, either walking or at a trot.[190] Or at times he would spin around in circles until he got dizzy.[191]

His method of becoming like the heavenly bodies in the third respect was to fix his mind on the Necessarily Existent Being, cut away the bonds of all objects of the senses —shut his eyes, stop his ears, use all the force at his command to restrain the play of imagination[192]—and try with all his might to think only of Him, without idolatrously mixing any other thought with the thought of Him.[193] Often he would aid himself by spinning around faster and faster.

If he spun fast enough, all sensory things would vanish; imagination [*117*] itself, and every other faculty dependent on bodily organs would fade, and the action of his true self, which transcended the body, would grow more powerful. In this way sometimes his mind would be cleansed, and through it he would see the Necessarily Existent— until the bodily powers rushed back, disrupting his ecstasy, and reducing him once more to the lowest of the low.[194] Then he would start over again.

When he became so weak that he could no longer work toward his goal, he would take a little nourishment, always following his rules, and return to his three ways of imitating the celestial bodies. Tirelessly he battled against the drives of his body—and they fought back. But when for a moment he had the upper hand and rid his mind of tarnish, he would see with a flash what it was like to reach this third type of likeness to the stars.[195]

He then began to explore in the endeavor to achieve the third type of imitation. He considered the attributes of the Necessarily [*118*] Existent. Already at the purely intellectual stage, before taking up active practice,[196] Hayy had learned that these attributes are of one of two kinds: either positive, like knowledge, power, and wisdom, or negative, like transcendence of the physical and all that even remotely pertains to it. This transcendence implies that the list of positive attributes can include no attribute proper to physical things—as is plurality. Thus His positive attributes do not render His identity plural, but all must reduce to one principle, which is His real self.[197]

Hayy then took up the task of becoming like Him in both these ways. For the positive attributes, knowing they all reduced to His identity (since plurality, belonging to physical

things, was totally out of place here) and thus realizing that His self-awareness was not distinct from Himself, but His identity was Self-consciouness and His Self-knowledge was Himself, Hayy understood that if he himself could learn to know Him, then his knowledge of Him too would not be distinct from His essence, but would be identical with Him.[198] Thus Hayy learned that to become like Him in His positive attributes is simply to know Him, without sacrilegiously [*119*] associating anything physical with Him. This he set out to do.

The negative qualities all reduced to transcendence of physicality. So Hayy set about eliminating the physical in himself. The exercises by which he approached some likeness to the heavenly bodies had already brought him quite a way in this direction. Still, many vestiges remained: For example, his circular motion, since 'motion' was a predicate appropriate only to physical objects.[199] His compassion and solicitude for animals and plants and his eagerness to remove anything that hampered them were themselves characteristic of the physical, since he would not have seen the objects of his concern in the first place without using a corporeal faculty; and to help them too required use of his bodily powers.

So Hayy undertook to expel all this from himself, for none of these things was conducive to the ecstasy he now sought. He would stay in his cave,[200] sitting on the stone floor, head bent, eyes shut, oblivious to all objects of the senses and urges of the body, his thoughts and all his devotion focused on the Being Whose Existence is Necessity, alone and without [*120*] rival. When any alien thought sprang to his imagination, Hayy would resist it with all his might and drive it out of his mind.

He disciplined himself and practiced endurance until sometimes days could pass without his moving or eating. And sometimes, in the midst of his struggles, all thoughts and memories would vanish—except self-consciousness. Even when immersed in the beatific experience of the Necessarily Existent Truth, his own subjecthood would not disappear. This tormented Hayy, for he knew it was a blot on the purity of the experience, division of his attention as if with some other God. Hayy made a concerted effort to purge his awareness-of-the-Truth, die to himself. At last it came. From memory and mind all disappeared, "heaven and earth and all that is between them,"[201] all forms of the spirit and powers of the body, even the disembodied powers that know the Truly Existent. And with the rest vanished the identity that was himself. Everything melted away, dissolved, "scattered into fine dust."[202] All that remained was the One, the True Being, Whose existence is eternal, Who uttered words identical with himself: "Whose is the Kingdom on this day? God's alone, One and Triumphant!"[203]

Hayy [*121*] understood His words and "heard" the summons they made. Not knowing how to speak did not prevent him from understanding.[204] Drowned in ecstasy, he witnessed "what no eye has seen or ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive."[205]

Now do not set your heart on a description of what has never been represented in a human heart. For many things that are articulate in the heart cannot be described. How then can I

formularize something that cannot possibly be projected in the heart, belonging to a different world, a different order of being?

Nor by 'heart' do I mean only the physical heart or the spirit it encloses. I mean also the form of that spirit which spreads its powers throughout the human body. All three of these might be termed 'heart', but there is no way of articulating this experience in any of them, and only what is [*122*] articulate can be expressed. The ambition to put this into words is reaching for the impossible—like wanting to taste colors, expecting black as such to taste either sweet or sour.[206]

Still I shall not leave you without some hint as to the wonders Hayy saw from this height, not by pounding on the gates of truth, but by coining symbols,[207] for there is no way of finding out what truly occurs at this plateau of experience besides reaching it. So listen now with the ears of your heart and look sharp with the eyes of your mind, for what I shall try to convey to you. Perhaps in what I say you will find guideposts to set you on the main road. My only condition is that you now demand of me no further explanation of this experience than I set down in these pages. For it is dangerous to make pronouncements on the ineffable, and the margins in which I work are narrow.

To continue, Hayy had "died" to himself, and to every other self. He had witnessed his vision and seen nothing in all existence but the everliving ONE. Recovered now from [*123*] his seemingly intoxicated ecstasy, he saw other things once more, and the notion came into his head that his identity was none other than that of the Truth. His true self was the Truth. What he had once supposed to be himself, as distinct from the Truth, was really nothing in itself, but was in reality in no way discrete from the Truth.[208] When sunlight falls on opaque bodies and becomes visible, it may bear some relation to the object it lights up, but it is never really anything other than sunlight. When the body is gone, so is its light, but the sun's light remains the same, not increased by the object's absence or diminished by its presence. If an object comes along capable of taking on this type of light, then it receives it; if no such object is present there is no reflecting and no occasion for it.

Hayy was confirmed in the notion by his awareness that the Truth, glorified and exalted be He, was not in any sense plural and that His Self-knowledge was Himself. It seemed to him to follow that whoever gains consciousness of His essence [*124*] wins that essence itself. Hayy had attained His identity. This identity could be reached only by Himself; indeed this very Self-awareness was His identity. If so, then Hayy must be identical with Him, and so must every disembodied being that knows Him. These he had once seen as many; but now, in the light of this presumption, they seemed to merge into one entity.

This specious thinking might well have taken root in his soul, had not God in His mercy caught hold of him and guided him back to the truth.[209] He then realized that he would never have fallen prey to such a delusion unless some shadows of the physical or taint of sensory things still lurked within him. For 'many', 'few', and 'one'; 'singularity' and 'plurality'; 'union' and 'discreteness', are all predicates applicable only to physical things.[210] But those non-material beings who know the Truth, glorified and exalted be He, precisely because they are free of matter, need not be said to be either one or many. The reason is that there is multiplicity only

when there is otherness and unity only where there is contact. Both of these make sense only for things that are compounded—and confounded—in matter.

Expression on this subject, however, is extremely difficult. If you speak of the non-material beings in the plural, as I have, [*125*] it suggests that they are many. But they are entirely free of plurality. If, on the other hand, you use the singular, it suggests absolute unity, which is equally impossible for them.

What is this? It seems to be a bat that interrupts me, its eyes blinded by the sun,[211] baffled in the meshes of its own mad confusion, crying "This time your hair-splitting has gone too far. You have shed what the intelligent know by instinct and abandoned the rule of reason. It is an axiom of reason that a thing must be either one or many!"

Now if he could just calm himself and curb the rashness of his tongue—if he could only suspect himself and consider the vile, sensory world in which he lives, consider it as Hayy

Ibn Yaqzān did, when from one point of view it seemed plural beyond number or term; and from another, a monolith. Hayy could not decide one way or the other, but [*126*] remained oscillating between the two descriptions. Such a quandary over the sense world, the birthplace and proper home of whatever legitimate understanding is conveyed by 'singular' and 'plural', 'discrete' and 'continuous', 'separate' and 'conjoined', 'identical' and 'other', 'same' and 'different'. What then was Hayy to think of the divine world, where 'whole' and 'part' are inapplicable, a world indescribable without misrepresentation, which no one can know or fully understand without actually reaching it and seeing for himself.

He says I have "left what every sound mind is born with and abandoned the rule of reason."[212] I shall grant him that. I have left him and his reason and his "sound minds." What he means by reason—he and his ilk—is no more than the power to articulate, to abstract a general concept from a number of sensory particulars, and his "men of sound reason" are simply those whose minds work the same way. But the kind of understanding I am speaking of transcends all this.[213] The man who knows only sense particulars and universals drawn from them had better stop up his ears and go [*127*] back to his friends, who "know only the surface of this life and are heedless of the next."[214]

Still, if in your case a hint and a glimpse will be enough to give you some idea of the divine world, and if you can avoid construing my words in their ordinary senses,[215] then I can tell you a bit more of what Hayy Ibn Yaqzān saw in his ecstasy. Passing through a deep trance to the complete death-of-self and real contact with the divine,[216] he saw a being corresponding to the highest sphere, beyond which there is no body, a subject free of matter, and neither identical with the Truth and the One nor with the sphere itself, nor distinct from either[217]—as the form of the sun appearing in a polished mirror is neither sun nor mirror, and yet distinct from neither. The splendor, perfection, and beauty he saw in the essence of that sphere were too magnificent to be described and too delicate to be clothed in written or spoken words. But he saw it to be at the pinnacle of joy, delight, [*128*] and rapture, in blissful vision of the being of the Truth, glorious be His Majesty.[218]

Just below this, at the sphere of the fixed stars, Hayy saw another non-material being. This again was neither identical with the Truth and the One, nor with the highest sphere, nor even with itself, yet distinct from none of these. It was like the form of the sun appearing in one mirror, reflected from a second which faced the sun. Here too were glory, beauty, and joy as in the highest. Lying just below he saw the identity of the sphere of Saturn, again divorced from matter and neither the same as nor different from the beings he had seen—as it were, the reflection of the reflection of the reflection of the sun; and here too he saw splendor and rapture as before.

Thus [*129*] for each sphere he witnessed a transcendent immaterial subject, neither identical with nor distinct from those above, like the form of the sun reflected from mirror to mirror with the descending order of spheres.[219] In each one Hayy sensed goodness, beauty, joy, and bliss that "no eye has seen, or ear heard, nor has it entered the heart of man to conceive," until finally he reached the world of generation and decay, the bowels of the sphere of the moon.[220]

Here too was an essence free of matter, not one with those he had seen—but none other. Only this being had seventy thousand faces. In every face were seventy thousand mouths; in every mouth, seventy thousand tongues, with which it ceaselessly praised, glorified, and sanctified[221] the being of the One who is the Truth.

In this being, which he took to be many although it is not, Hayy saw joy and perfection as before. It was as though [*130*] the form of the sun were shining in rippling water from the last mirror in the sequence, reflected down the series from the first, which faced directly into the sun. Suddenly he caught sight of himself as an unembodied subject. If it were permissible to single out individuals from the identity of the seventy thousand faces, I would say that he was one of them.[222] Were it not that his being was created originally, I would say that they were he. And had this self of his not been individuated by a body on its creation I would have said that it had not come to be.[223]

From this height he saw other selves like his own, that had belonged to bodies which had come to be and perished, or to bodies with which they still coëxisted. There were so many (if one may speak of them as many) that they reached infinity. Or, if one may call them one, then all were one. In himself and in the other beings of his rank, Hayy saw goodness, beauty, joy without end, the like of which eyes cannot see, ears hear, or human hearts conceive, ineffable, known [*131*] only by the aware, who arrive.[224]

He saw also many disembodied identities, more like tarnished mirrors, covered with rust, their faces averted and their backs to the brilliant mirrors in which shone the image of the sun. They were ugly, defective, and deformed beyond his imagining. In unending throes of torture and ineradicable agony, imprisoned in a pavilion of torment, scorched by the flaming partition,[225] they were tossed about like chaff by pitchforks, now frantically scattered, now huddled together in fear.

Besides these tortured beings he saw others which had once been tightly knit and shone brightly, but had now dimmed and grown loose and ravelled. Hayy scrutinized these, studied them well. He saw a terrible sight, vast ruination, skittering creatures and a grave sentence, the fashioning of man and the raising up of creation, the outflow of the breath of life and its eradication.[226] Little by little he pulled himself together. His senses came back. He regained consciousness from what seemed to have been a faint and lost his foothold on that plane of experience. As the world of the senses loomed back into view, the divine world vanished, [*132*] for the two cannot be joined in one state of being—like two wives: if you make one happy, you make the other miserable.[227]

You may object, "Your treatment of his experience shows that if these non-material identities belong to eternal, indestructible bodies like the spheres, they too will endure forever. But what if they belong to bodies subject to decay, such as that of the rational animal? Then they too ought to perish. By your own analogy of the reflecting mirrors, the image has permanence only so long as there is a mirror. If the mirror is ruined, then the image is obliterated."

I can only reply, it certainly did not take you long to forget our bargain and break my conditions! Did I not just tell you how narrow my scope for expression is here and warn you that my words would make a false impression in any case. Your misapprehension is due solely to your confusing my symbol with what it represents. You expect a one-for-one correspondence. Such literalism is not tolerable with ordinary figures of speech, and it is all the less tolerable [*133*] in this special context. The sun, its light, its form and image, the mirrors and the forms reflected in them are all inseparable from physical bodies, unable to subsist without them, thus dependent on them for existence itself, and of course destroyed when they are destroyed.

But these divine, sovereign spirits all utterly transcend the physical and everything dependent on it. There is no tie of any kind between the two. To these beings, whether

soul or even a footprint - which made him all the happier, since his intention had been to be alone. But once, when Hayy had come out to look for food, Absāl happened to be nearby and they saw each other. Absāl had no doubt that this was another anchorite who had come to the island, as he had, in search of solitude. He was anxious not to disturb the other by introducing himself, for fear of disrupting his frame of mind and preventing his attaining the goal he would be hoping to reach.

Hayy, for his part, had not the least idea what Absāl was, since [*140*] he had the form of no animal he had ever laid eyes on. Besides, he was wearing a long, black cloak of wool and goat hair, which Hayy took to be his natural coat.[243] Hayy simply stood gazing at him in

amazement; but Absāl, still hoping not to distract him, took to his heels and ran. Always naturally eager to find out about things, Hayy set out after him. But, seeing Absāl run still faster, he fell back and dropped out of sight, letting Absāl suppose he had lost the trail and gone elsewhere. Absāl then took up his devotions and was soon completely absorbed in invocations, recitations, weeping, and lamentations. Little by little Hayy crept up without Absāl's noticing, until he was in earshot of his praises and recitations and could make out how he was humbling himself and weeping. The voice he heard was pleasant and the sounds somehow clearly

patterned, quite unlike the call of any animal he had ever heard before. On closer inspection of the other's features and the lines of his body, Hayy recognized the form as his own and realized that [*141*] the long coat was not a natural skin, but simply a garment intended for use like his own.

Seeing how abject Absāl made himself, Hayy had no doubt that he was one of those beings who know the Truth.[244] He felt drawn to him, and wafited to know what was wrong, what was it that made him cry. He approached closer and closer, but Absāl caught sight of him and fled. Hayy ran after him, and with the power and vigor God had given him, not just mentally, but physically as well, he caught up with him and seized him in a grip from which he could not escape.

When he got a good look at his captor, clothed in hides still bristling with fur, his hair so overgrown that it hung down over a good part of his body, when he saw how fast he could run and how fiercely he could grapple, Absāl was terrified and began to beg for mercy. Hayy could not understand a word he said. But he could make out the signs of fright and did his best to put the other at ease with a variety of animal cries he knew. Hayy also patted his head, rubbed his sides, and spoke soothingly to him, trying to show how delighted he was with him. Eventually Absāl's trepidation died down and he realized that Hayy did not mean him any harm.

Years [*142*] before, in his passion for the study of the more sophisticated level of interpretation, Absāl had studied and gained fluency in many languages,[245] so he tried to speak to Hayy, asking him about himself in every language he knew. But Absāl was completely unable to make himself understood. Hayy was astounded by this performance, but had no idea what it might mean—unless it was a sign of friendliness and high spirits. Neither of them knew what to make of the other.

Absāl had a little food left over from the provisions he had brought from the civilized island. He offered it to Hayy, but Hayy did not know what it was. He had never seen anything like it. Absāl ate a bit and made signs to Hayy that he should eat some too. But Hayy was thinking of his dietary rules. Not knowing what the proffered food might be or what it was made from, he had no idea whether he was allowed to eat it or not, so he would not take any. Absāl, however, kept trying to interest him in it, in an effort to win him over. And Hayy, liking him and afraid to hurt his feelings by persistently refusing, took the food and ate some. The [*143*] moment he tasted how good it was, Hayy knew he had done wrong to violate his pledged dietary restrictions. He regretted what he had done and wanted to get away from Absāl and devote himself to his true purpose, a return to sublimity.[246]

But this time ecstasy would not come so readily. It seemed best to remain in the sense-world with Absāl until he had found out so much about him that he no longer felt any interest in him. Then he would be able to go back to his station without further distraction.[247] So he sought out Absāl's company. When Absāl, for his part, saw that Hayy did not know how to talk, the fears he had felt of harm to his faith were eased, and he became eager to teach him to speak, hoping to impart knowledge and religion to him, and by so doing earn God's favor and a greater reward.[248]

So Absāl began teaching him to talk, at first by pointing at some basic objects and pronouncing their names over and over, making him pronounce them too and pronounce them

while pointing, until he had taught him nouns. Then he progressed with him, little by little and step by step, until in no time Hayy could speak.

Absāl [*144*] then plied him with questions about himself and how he had come to the island. Hayy informed him that he had no idea of his origins. He knew of no father or any mother besides the doe that had raised him. He told all about his life and the growth of his awareness, culminating in contact with the divine. Hearing Hayy's description of the beings which are divorced from the sense-world and conscious of the Truth—glory be to Him—his description of the Truth Himself, by all His lovely attributes,[249] and his description, as best he could, of the joys of those who reach Him and the agonies of those veiled from Him, Absāl had no doubt that all the traditions of his religion about God, His angels, bibles and prophets, Judgement Day, Heaven and Hell were symbolic representations of these things that Hayy Ibn Yaqzān had seen for himself. The eyes of his heart were unclosed.[250] His mind caught fire.[251] Reason and tradition were at one within him. All the paths of exegesis lay open before him. All his old religious puzzlings were solved; all the obscurities, clear. Now he had "a heart to understand."[252]

Absāl [*145*] looked on Hayy Ibn Yaqzān with newfound reverence. Here, surely, was a man of God, one of those who "know neither fear nor sorrow."[253] He wanted to serve as his disciple, follow his example and accept his direction in those things which in Absāl's own view corresponded to the religious practices he had learned in his society.[254]

Hayy then asked him about himself and his life; and Absāl, accordingly, set out to tell him about his island and the people who lived there. He described how they had lived before the advent of their present religion and how they acted now.[255] He related all the religious traditions describing the divine world, Heaven and Hell, rebirth and resurrection, the gathering and reckoning, the scales of justice and the strait way.[256] Hayy understood all this and found none of it in contradiction with what he had seen for himself from his supernal vantage point. He recognized that whoever had offered this description had given a faithful picture and spoken truly. This man must have been a "messenger sent by his Lord." Hayy believed in this messenger and the truth of what he said. He bore witness to his mission as apostle of God.[257]

What [*146*] obligations and acts of worship had he prescribed, Hayy asked.[258] Absāl described prayer, poor tax, fasting, and pilgrimage, and other such outward practices.[259] Hayy accepted these and undertook to observe them. He held himself responsible to practice these things in obedience to the command of one whose truthfulness he could not doubt.

Still there were two things that surprised him and the wisdom of which he could not see. First, why did this prophet rely for the most part on symbols to portray the divine world, allowing mankind to fall into the grave error of conceiving the Truth corporeally and ascribing to Him things which He transcends and is totally free of (and similarly with reward and punishment) instead of simply revealing the truth? Second, why did he confine himself to these particular rituals and duties and allow the amassing of wealth and overindulgence in eating, leaving men idle to busy themselves with inane pastimes and neglect the Truth.[260] Hayy's own idea was that no one should eat the least bit more than would keep him on the brink of survival. Property [*147*] meant nothing to him, and when he saw all the provisions of the Law to do with money, such as the regulations regarding the collection and distribution of welfare or those regulating sales and interest,[261] with all their statutory and discretionary penalties, he was dumbfounded. All this

seemed superfluous. If people understood things as they really are, Hayy said, they would forget these inanities and seek the Truth. They would

not need all these laws. No one would have any property of his own to be demanded as charity or for which human beings might struggle and risk amputation. What made him think so was his naive belief that all men had outstanding character, brilliant minds and resolute spirits. He had no idea how stupid, inadequate, thoughtless, and weak willed they are, "like sheep gone astray, only worse."[262]

Hayy deeply pitied mankind and hoped that it might be through [*148*] him that they would be saved. He was eager to go to these men to reveal and explain the Truth. He spoke about it with his friend Absāl, asking if he knew any way of reaching them. Absāl warned him how defective they are in character and how heedless of God's Word, but this was not easy for Hayy to understand. His heart was set on what he hoped to accomplish. Absāl himself had hopes that through Hayy God might give guidance to a body of aspiring acquaintances of his, who were somewhat closer to salvation than the rest.[263] He agreed to help with the idea.

The two men decided to stay by the shore day and night, in hopes that God might give them some ready means of crossing over. And so they stayed, humbly praying God to fortify them with sound judgment. By God's command it happened [*149*] that a ship lost its course and was driven by the winds and the beating of the waves to their shore. When it came close to land the men on board saw two men on the beach, so they rode in closer and Absāl hailed them and asked if they would take them along. The men answered yes and brought them on board. No sooner had they done so than God sent a favorable wind that brought the ship with all possible speed to the island where the two had hoped to go. They debarked and went up to the city. Absāl's friends gathered, and he told them all about Hayy Ibn Yaqzān. They all marvelled at the story. They crowded around him, making much of him, and in fact deeply in awe of him. Absāl informed Hayy that of all men this group approached nearest to intelligence and understanding. If Hayy were unable to teach them, it would be all the more impossible [*150*] for him to teach the masses. The ruler of the island and its most eminent man at this time was Salāmān, Absāl's friend who believed in living within society and held it unlawful to withdraw.

Hayy Ibn Yaqzān began to teach this group and explain some of his profound wisdom to them. But the moment he rose the slightest bit above the literal or began to portray things against which they were prejudiced, they recoiled in horror from his ideas and closed their minds. Out of courtesy to the stranger and in deference to their friend Absāl, they made a show of being pleased with Hayy, but in their hearts they resented him. Hayy found them delightful and continued his exposition of the truth, exoteric and esoteric, night and day. But the more he taught, the more repugnance they felt, despite the fact that these were men who loved the good and sincerely yearned for the Truth. Their inborn infirmity simply would not allow them to seek Him as Hayy did, to grasp the true essence of His being and see Him [*151*] in His own terms. They wanted to know Him in some human way. In the end Hayy despaired of helping them and gave up his hopes that they would accept his teaching. Then, class by class, he studied mankind. He saw "every faction delighted with its own."[264] They had made their passions their god,[265] and

desire the object of their worship. They destroyed each other to collect the trash of this world, "distracted by greed 'til they went down to their graves."[266] Preaching is no help, fine words have no effect on them. Arguing only makes them more pig-headed. Wisdom, they have no means of reaching; they were allotted no share of it.[267] They are engulfed in ignorance. Their hearts are corroded by their possessions.[268] God has sealed their hearts and shrouded their eyes and ears. Theirs will be an awesome punishment.[269]

When he saw that the torture pavilion already encircled them and the shadows of the veil already enshrouded them,[270] when he saw that all but a very few of them adhered [*152*] to their religion only for the sake of this world[271] and "flung away works, no matter how light and easy, sold them for a bad price",[272] distracted from the thought of God by business, heedless of the Day when hearts and eyes will be turned inwards,[273] Hayy saw clearly and definitely that to appeal to them publicly and openly was impossible. Any attempt to impose a higher task on them was bound to fail. The sole benefit most people could derive from religion was for this world, in that it helped them lead decent lives without others encroaching on what belonged to them. Hayy now knew that only a very few win the true happiness of the man who "desires the world to come, strives for it and is faithful."[274] But "for the insolent who prefer this life—Hell will be their refuge!"[275]

What weariness is heavier, what misery more overburdening than recounting all you do from the time you get up to the time you go to bed without finding a single action that did not amount to seeking one of these vile, sensory aims: money [*153*] making, pleasure seeking, satisfying some lust, venting rage, saving face, performing religious rites for the sake of honor, or just to save your neck![276] All these are only "cloud upon cloud over a deep sea."[277] "Not one among you will not descend there—this from your Lord, decreed and sealed."[278]

Hayy now understood the human condition. He saw that most men are no better than unreasoning animals, and realized that all wisdom and guidance, all that could possibly help them was contained already in the words of the prophets and the

religious traditions. None of this could be different. There was nothing to be added.[279] There is a man for every task[280] and everyone belongs to the life for which he was created. "This was God's way with those who came before, and never will you find a change in the ways of God."[281]

So Hayy went to Salāmān and his friends and apologized, dissociating himself from what he had said.[282] He told them that he had seen the light and realized that they were right. He urged them to hold fast to their observance of all the statutes regulating outward behavior and not delve into things that did not concern them, submissively to accept all the [*154*] most problematical elements of the tradition[283] and shun originality and innovation,[284] follow in the footsteps of their righteous forbears and leave behind everything modern. He cautioned them most emphatically not to neglect religion or pursue the world as the vast majority of people do.

Hayy Ibn Yaqzān and his friend Absāl now knew that even this aspiring group fell short and could be saved only in their own way. If ever they were to venture beyond their present level to the vantage point of insight, what they had would be shattered,[285] and even so they would be unable to reach the level of the blessed. They would waver and slip and their end would be all the worse. But if they went along as they were until overtaken by death, they would win

salvation and come to sit on the right. *But* "those who run in the forefront, those who run in the forefront, *they* will be brought near."[286]

So, saying goodbye to them, the two left their company and discreetly sought passage back to their own island.[287] Soon God—exalted be He—gave them an easy crossing. Hayy searched for his ecstasy as he had before, until once again it came. Absāl imitated him until he approached the same [*155*] heights, or nearly so. Thus they served God on the island until man's certain fate overtook them.

And this—may God give you spirit to strengthen you—is the story of Hayy Ibn Yaqzān, Absāl and Salāmān. It takes up a line of discourse not found in books or heard in the usual sort of speeches. It belongs to a hidden branch of study received only by those who are aware of God and unknown to those who know Him not. In treating of this openly I have broken the precedent of our righteous ancestors, who were sparing to the point of tightfistedness in speaking of it. What made it easy for me to strip off the veil of secrecy and divulge this mystery was the great number of corrupt ideas that have sprouted up and are being openly spread by the self-styled philosophers of today, so widely that they have covered the land and caused universal damage. Fearing that the weak-minded, who throw over the authority of prophets to ape the ways of fools, might mistake these notions for the esoteric doctrines which must [*156*] be kept secret from those unfit to know them, and thus be all the more enticed to embrace them, I decided to afford them a fleeting glimpse of the mystery of mysteries to draw them to true understanding and turn them away from this other, false way.[288]

Nonetheless I have not left the secrets set down in these few pages entirely without a veil—a sheer one, easily pierced by those fit to do so, but capable of growing so thick to those unworthy of passing beyond that they will never breach it.

Of my brothers who read these words[289] I ask indulgence for my loose exposition and lack of rigor in demonstration. My only excuse is that I had risen to pinnacles higher than the eye can see, and I wanted to try, at least, to approach them in words so as to excite desire and inspire a passion to start out along this road.

Of God I ask forgiveness, and pray Him to purify our knowledge of Him, for He is bountiful and it is He Who bestows all blessings. Farewell my brother, whom it was my duty to help. The blessings and the mercy of God upon you!

The Portable Jung

Carl Jung

Translation by R. F. C. Hull

The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche: The Stages of Life

To discuss the problems connected with the stages of human development is an exacting task, for it means nothing less than unfolding a picture of psychic life in its entirety from the cradle to the grave. Within the framework of a lecture such a task can be carried out only on the broadest lines, and it must be well understood that no attempt will be made to describe the normal psychic occurrences within the various stages. We shall restrict ourselves, rather, to certain "problems," that is, to things that are difficult, questionable, or ambiguous; in a word, to questions which allow of more than one answer — and, moreover, answers that are always open to doubt. For this reason there will be much to which we must add a question-mark in our thoughts. Worse still, there will be some things we must accept on faith, while now and then we must even indulge in speculations.

If psychic life consisted only of self-evident matters of fact — which on a primitive level is still the case — we could content ourselves with a sturdy empiricism. The psychic life of civilized man, however, is full of problems; we cannot even think of it except in terms of problems. Our psychic processes are made up to a large extent of reflections, doubts, experiments, all of which are almost completely foreign to the unconscious, instinctive mind of primitive man. It is the growth of consciousness which we must thank for the existence of problems; they are the Danaan gift of civilization. It is just mans turning away from instinct — his opposing himself to instinct — that creates consciousness. Instinct is nature and seeks to perpetuate nature, whereas consciousness can only seek culture or its denial. Even when we turn back to nature, inspired by a Rousseauesque longing, we "cultivate" nature. As long as we are still submerged in nature we are unconscious, and we live in the security of instinct which knows no problems.

Everything in us that still belongs to nature shrinks away from a problem, for its name is doubt, and wherever doubt holds sway there, is uncertainty and the possibility of divergent ways. And where several ways seem possible, there we have turned away from the certain guidance of instinct and are handed over to fear. For consciousness is now called upon to do that which nature has always done for her children — namely, to give a certain, unquestionable, and unequivocal decision. And here we are beset by an all-too-human fear that consciousness —our Promethean conquest — may in the end not be able to serve us as well as nature.

Problems thus draw us into an orphaned and isolated state where we are abandoned by nature and are driven to consciousness. There is no other way open to us; we are forced to resort to conscious decisions and solutions where formerly we trusted ourselves to natural happenings. Every problem, therefore, brings the possibility of a widening of consciousness, but also the necessity of saying goodbye to childlike unconsciousness and trust in nature. This necessity is a psychic fact of such importance that it constitutes one of the most essential symbolic teachings of the Christian religion. It is the sacrifice of the merely natural man, of the unconscious, ingenuous

being whose tragic career beg; n with the eating of the apple in Paradise. The biblical fall of man presents the dawn of consciousness as a curse.

And as a matter of fact it is in this light that we first look upon every problem that forces us to greater consciousness and separates us even further from the paradise of unconscious childhood. Every one of us gladly turns away from his problems; if possible, they must not be mentioned, or, better still, their existence is denied. We wish to make our lives simple, certain, and smooth, and for that reason problems are taboo. We want to have certainties and no doubts — results and no experiments — without even seeing that certainties can arise only through doubt and results only through experiment. The artful denial of a problem will not produce conviction; on the contrary, a wider and higher consciousness is required to give us the certainty and clarity we need.

This introduction, long as it is, seemed to me necessary in order to make clear the nature of our subject. When we must deal with problems, we instinctively resist trying the way that leads through obscurity and darkness. We wish to hear only of unequivocal results, and completely forget that these results can only be brought about when we have ventured into and emerged again from the darkness. But to penetrate the darkness we must summon all the powers of enlightenment that consciousness can offer; as I have already said, we must even indulge in speculations. For in treating the problems of psychic life we perpetually stumble upon questions of principle belonging to the private domains of the most heterogeneous branches of knowledge. We disturb and anger the theologian no less than the philosopher, the physician no less than the educator; we even grope about in the field of the biologist and of the historian. This extravagant behaviour is due not to arrogance but to the circumstance that man's psyche is a unique combination of factors which are at the same time the special subjects of far-reaching lines of research. For it is out of himself and out of his peculiar constitution that man has produced his sciences. They are symptoms of his psyche.

If, therefore, we ask ourselves the unavoidable question, "Why does man, in obvious contrast to the animal world, have problems at all?" we run into that inextricable tangle of thoughts which many thousands of incisive minds have woven in the course of the centuries. I shall not perform the labours of a Sisyphus upon this masterpiece of confusion, but will try to present quite simply my contribution toward man's attempt to answer this basic question.

There are no problems without consciousness. We must therefore put the question in another way and ask, "How does consciousness arise in the first place?" Nobody can say with certainty; but we can observe small children in the process of becoming conscious. Every parent can see it if he pays attention. And what we see is this: when the child recognizes someone or something — when he "knows" a person or a thing — then we feel that the child has consciousness, That, no doubt, is also why in Paradise it was the tree of knowledge which bore such fateful fruit.

But what is recognition or "knowledge" in this sense? We speak of "knowing" something when we succeed in linking a new perception to an already existing context, in such a way that we hold in consciousness not only the perception but parts of this context as well. "Knowing" is based, therefore, upon the perceived connection between psychic contents. We can have no knowledge of a content that is not connected with anything, and we cannot even be conscious of it should our consciousness still be on this low initial level. Accordingly the first stage of consciousness which we can observe consists in the mere connection between two or more psychic contents. At

this level, consciousness is merely sporadic, being limited to the perception of a few connections, and the content is not remembered later on. It is a fact that in the early years of life there is no continuous memory; at most there are islands of consciousness which are like single lamps or lighted objects in the far-flung darkness. But these islands of memory are not the same as those earliest connections which are merely perceived; they contain a new, very important series of contents belonging to the perceiving subject himself, the so-called ego. This series, like the initial series of contents, is at first merely perceived, and for this reason the child logically begins by speaking of itself objectively, in the third person. Only later, when the ego-contents — the so-called ego-complex — have acquired an energy of their own (very likely as a result of training and practice) does the feeling of subjectivity or 'T-ness" arise. This may well be the moment when the child begins to speak of it- self in the first person. The continuity of memory probably begins at this stage. Essentially, therefore, it would be a continuity of ego-memories.

In the childish stage of consciousness there are as yet no problems; nothing depends upon the subject, for the child itself is still wholly dependent on its parents. It is as though it were not yet completely born, but were still enclosed in the psychic atmosphere of its parents. Psychic birth, and with it the conscious differentiation from the parents, normally takes place only at puberty, with the eruption of sexuality. The physiological change is attended by a psychic revolution. For the various bodily manifestations give such an emphasis to the ego that it often asserts itself without stint or moderation. This is sometimes called "the unbearable age."

Until this period is reached the psychic life of the individual is governed largely by instinct, and few or no problems arise. Even when external limitations oppose his subjective impulses, these restraints do not put the individual at variance with himself. He submits to them or circumvents them, remaining quite at one with himself. He does not yet know the state of inner tension induced by a problem. This state only arises when what was an external limitation becomes an inner one; when one impulse is opposed by another. In psychological language we would say: the problematical state, the inner division with oneself, arises when, side by side with the series of ego-contents, a second series of equal intensity comes into being. This second series, because of its energy value, has a functional significance equal to that of the ego-complex; we might call it another, second ego which can on occasion even wrest the leadership from the first. This produces the division with oneself, the state that betokens a problem.

To recapitulate what we have said: the first stage of consciousness, consisting in merely recognizing or "know- ing" is an anarchic or chaotic state. The second, that of the developed ego-complex, is monarchic or monistic. The third brings another step forward in consciousness, and consists in an awareness of the divided, or dualistic, state.

And here we come to our real theme — the problem of the stages of life. First of all we must deal with the period of youth. It extends roughly from the years just after puberty to middle life, which itself begins between the thirty-fifth and fortieth year.

I might well be asked why I begin with the second stage, as though there were no problems connected with childhood. The complex psychic life of the child is, of course, a problem of the first magnitude to parents, educators, and doctors, but when normal the child has no real problems of its own. It is only the adult human being who can have doubts about himself and be at variance with himself.

We are all familiar with the sources of the problems that arise in the period of youth. For most people it is the demands of life which harshly put an end to the dream of childhood. If the individual is sufficiently well prepared, the transition to a profession or career can take place smoothly. But if he clings to illusions that are contrary to reality, then problems will surely arise. No one can take the step into life without making certain assumptions, and occasionally these assumptions are false — that is, they do not fit the conditions into which one is thrown. Often it is a question of exaggerated expectations, underestimation of difficulties, unjustified optimism,

or a negative attitude. One could compile quite a list of the false assumptions that give rise to the first conscious problems.

But it is not always the contradiction between subjective assumptions and external facts that gives rise to problems; it may just as often be inner, psychic difficulties. They may exist even when things run smoothly in the outside world. Very often it is the disturbance of psychic equilibrium caused by the sexual instinct; equally often it is the feeling of inferiority which springs from an unbearable sensitivity. These inner conflicts may exist even when adaptation to the outer world has been achieved without apparent effort. It even seems as if young people who have had a hard struggle for existence are spared inner problems, while those who for some reason or other have no difficulty with adaptation run into problems of sex or conflicts arising from a sense of inferiority.

People whose own temperaments offer problems are often neurotic, but it would be a serious misunderstanding to confuse the existence of problems with neurosis. There is a marked difference between the two in that the neurotic is ill because he is unconscious of his problems, while the person with a difficult temperament suffers from his conscious problems without being ill.

If we try to extract the common and essential factors from the almost inexhaustible variety of individual problems found in the period of youth, we meet in all cases with one particular feature: a more or less patent clinging to the childhood level of consciousness, a resistance to the fateful forces in and around us which would involve us in the world. Something in us wishes to remain a child, to be unconscious or, at most, conscious only of the ego; to reject everything strange, or else subject it to our will; to do nothing, or else indulge our own craving for pleasure or power. In all this there is something of the inertia of matter; it is a persistence in the previous state whose range of consciousness is smaller, narrower, and more egoistic than that of the dualistic phase. For here the individual is faced with the necessity of recognizing and accepting what is different and strange as a part of his own life, as a kind of "also-I."

The essential feature of the dualistic phase is the widening of the horizon of life, and it is this that is so vigorously resisted. To be sure, this expansion — or diastole, as Goethe called it — had started long before this. It begins at birth, when the child abandons the narrow confinement of the mother's body; and from then on it steadily increases until it reaches a climax in the problematical state, when the individual begins to struggle against it.

What would happen to him if he simply changed himself into that foreign-seeming "also-I" and allowed the earlier ego to vanish into the past? We might suppose this to be a quite practical course. The very aim of religious education, from the exhortation to put off the old Adam right back to the rebirth rituals of primitive races, is to transform the human being into the new, future man, and to allow the old to die away.

Psychology teaches us that, in a certain sense, there is nothing in the psyche that is old; nothing that can really, finally die away. Even Paul was left with a thorn in the flesh. Whoever protects himself against what is new and strange and regresses to the past falls into the same neurotic condition as the man who identifies himself with the new and runs away from the past. The only difference is that the one has estranged himself from the past and the other from the future. In principle both are doing the same thing; they are reinforcing their narrow range of consciousness instead of shattering it in the tension of opposites and building up a state of wider and higher consciousness.

This outcome would be ideal if it could be brought about in the second stage of life — but there's the rub. For one thing, nature cares nothing whatsoever about a higher level of consciousness; quite the contrary. And then society does not value these feats of the psyche very highly; its prizes are always given for achievement and not for personality, the latter being rewarded for the most part post-humously. These facts compel us towards a particular solution: we are forced to limit ourselves to the attainable, and to differentiate particular aptitudes in which the socially effective individual discovers his true self.

Achievement, usefulness and so forth are the ideals that seem to point the way out of the confusions of the problematical state. They are the lodestars that guide us in the adventure of broadening and consolidating our physical existence; they help us to strike our roots in the world, but they cannot guide us in the development of that wider consciousness to which we give the name of culture. In the period of youth, however, this course is the normal one and in all circumstances preferable to merely tossing about in a welter of problems.

The dilemma is often solved, therefore, in this way: whatever is given to us by the past is adapted to the possibilities and demands of the future. We limit ourselves to the attainable, and this means renouncing all our other psychic potentialities. One man loses a valuable piece of his past, another a valuable piece of his future. Everyone can call to mind friends or schoolmates who were promising and idealistic youngsters, but who, when we meet them again years later, seem to have grown dry and cramped in a narrow mould. These are examples of the solution mentioned above.

The serious problems in life, however, are never fully solved. If ever they should appear to be so it is a sure sign that something has been lost. The meaning and purpose of a problem seem to lie not in its solution but in our working at it incessantly. This alone preserves us from stultification and petrifaction. So also the solution 'of the problems of youth by restricting ourselves to the attainable is only temporarily valid and not lasting in a deeper sense. Of course, to win for oneself a place in society and to transform one's nature so that it is more or less fitted to this kind of existence is in all cases a considerable achievement. It is a fight waged within oneself as well as outside, comparable to the struggle of the child for an ego. That struggle is for the most part unobserved because it happens in the dark; but when we see how stubbornly childish illusions and assumptions and egoistic habits are still clung to in later years we can gain some idea of the energies that were needed to form them. And so it is with the ideals, convictions, guiding ideas and attitudes which in the period of youth lead us out into life, for which we struggle, suffer, and win victories: they grow together with our own being, we apparently change into them, we seek to perpetuate them indefinitely and as a matter of course, just as the young person asserts his ego in spite of the world and often in spite of himself.

The nearer we approach to the middle of life, and the better we have succeeded in entrenching ourselves in our personal attitudes and social positions, the more it appears as if we had discovered the right course and the right ideals and principles of behaviour. For this reason we suppose them to be eternally valid, and make a virtue of unchangeably clinging to them. We overlook the essential fact that the social goal is attained only at the cost of a diminution of personality. Many — far too many — aspects of life which should also have been experienced lie in the lumber-room among dusty memories; but sometimes, too, they are glowing coals under grey ashes.

Statistics show a rise in the frequency of mental depressions in men about forty. In women the neurotic difficulties generally begin somewhat earlier. We see that in this phase of life — between thirty-five and forty — an important change in the human psyche is in preparation. At first it is not a conscious and striking change; it is rather a matter of indirect signs of a change which seems to take its rise in the unconscious. Often it is something like a slow change in a person's character; in another case certain traits may come to light which had disappeared since childhood; or again, one's previous inclinations and interests begin to weaken and others take their place. Conversely — and this happens very frequently — one's cherished convictions and principles, especially the moral ones, begin to harden and to grow increasingly rigid until, somewhere around the age of fifty, a period of intolerance and fanaticism is reached. It is as if the existence of these principles were endangered and it were therefore necessary to emphasize them all the more.

The wine of youth does not always clear with advancing years; sometimes it grows turbid. All the phenomena mentioned above can best be seen in rather one-sided people, turning up sometimes sooner and sometimes later. Their appearance, it seems to me, is often delayed by the fact that the parents of the person in question are still alive. It is then as if the period of youth were being unduly drawn out. I have seen this especially in the case of men whose fathers were long-lived. The death of the father then has the effect of a precipitate and almost catastrophic ripening.

I know of a pious man who was a churchwarden and who, from the age of forty onward, showed a growing and finally unbearable intolerance in matters of morality and religion. At the same time his moods grew visibly worse. At last he was nothing more than a darkly lowering pillar of the Church. In this way he got along until the age of fifty-five, when suddenly, sitting up in bed in the middle of the night, he said to his wife: “Now at last I've got it! I'm just a plain rascal." Nor did this realization remain without results. He spent his declining years in riotous living and squandered a goodly part of his fortune. Obviously quite a likable fellow, capable of both extremes!

The very frequent neurotic disturbances of adult years all have one thing in common: they want to carry the psychology of the youthful phase over the threshold of the so-called years of discretion. Who does not know those touching old gentlemen who must always warm up the dish of their student days, who can fan the flame of life only by reminiscences of their heroic youth, but who, for the rest, are stuck in a hopelessly wooden Philistinism? As a rule, to be sure, they have this one merit which it would be wrong to undervalue: they are not neurotic, but only boring and stereotyped. The neurotic is rather a person who can never have things as he would like them in the present, and who can therefore never enjoy the past either.

As formerly the neurotic could not escape from childhood, so now he cannot part with his youth. He shrinks from the grey thoughts of approaching age, and, feeling the prospect before him unbearable, is always straining to look behind him. Just as the childish person shrinks back from the unknown in the world and in human existence, so the grown man shrinks back from the second half of life. It is as if unknown and dangerous tasks awaited him, or as if he were threatened with sacrifices and losses which he does not wish to accept, or as if his life up to now seemed to him so fair and precious that he could not relinquish it.

Is it perhaps at bottom the fear of death? That does not seem to me very probable, because as a rule death is still far in the distance and therefore somewhat abstract. Experience shows us, rather, that the basic cause of all the difficulties of this transition is to be found in a deep-seated and peculiar change within the psyche. In order to characterize it I must take for comparison the daily course of the sun— but a sun that is endowed with human feeling and man's limited consciousness. In the morning it rises from the nocturnal sea of unconsciousness and looks upon the wide, bright world which lies before it in an expanse that steadily widens the higher it climbs in the firmament. In this extension of its field of action caused by its own rising, the sun will discover its significance; it will see the attainment of the greatest possible height, and the widest possible dissemination of its blessings, as its goal. In this conviction the sun pursues its course to the unforeseen zenith — unforeseen, because its career is unique and individual, and the culminating point could not be calculated in advance. At the stroke of noon the descent begins. And the descent means the reversal of all the ideals and values that were cherished in the morning. The sun falls into contradiction with itself. It is as though it should draw in its rays instead of emitting them. Light and warmth decline and are at last extinguished.

All comparisons are lame, but this simile is at least not lamer than others. A French aphorism sums it up with cynical resignation: *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*. Fortunately we are not rising and setting suns, for then it would fare badly with our cultural values. But there is something sunlike within us, and to speak of the morning and spring, of the evening and autumn of life is not mere sentimental jargon. We thus give expression to psychological truths and, even more, to physiological facts, for the reversal of the sun at noon changes even bodily characteristics. Especially among southern races one can observe that older women develop deep, rough voices, incipient moustaches, rather hard features and other masculine traits. On the other hand the masculine physique is toned down by feminine features, such as adiposity and softer facial expressions.

There is an interesting report in the ethnological literature about an Indian warrior chief to whom in middle life the Great Spirit appeared in a dream. The spirit announced to him that from then on he must sit among the women and children, wear women's clothes, and eat the food of women. He obeyed the dream without suffering a loss of prestige. This vision is a true expression of the psychic revolution of life's noon, of the beginning of life's decline. Man's values, and even his body, do tend to change into their opposites.

We might compare masculinity and femininity and their psychic components to a definite store of substances of which, in the first half of life, unequal use is made. A man consumes his large supply of masculine substance and has left over only the smaller amount of feminine substance, which must now be put to use. Conversely, the woman allows her hitherto unused supply of masculinity to become active.

This change is even more noticeable in the psychic realm than in the physical. How often it happens that a man of forty-five or fifty winds up his business, and the wife then dons the trousers and opens a little shop where he perhaps performs the duties of a handyman. There are many women who only awaken to social responsibility and to social consciousness after their fortieth year. In modern business life, especially in America, nervous breakdowns in the forties are a very common occurrence. If one examines the victims one finds that what has broken down is the masculine style of life which held the field up to now, and that what is left over is an effeminate man. Contrariwise, one can observe women in these selfsame business spheres who have developed in the second half of life an uncommonly masculine tough-mindedness which thrusts the feelings and the heart aside. Very often these changes are accompanied by all sorts of catastrophes in marriage, for it is not hard to imagine what will happen when the husband discovers his tender feelings and the wife her sharpness of mind.

The worst of it all is that intelligent and cultivated people live their lives without even knowing of the possibility of such transformations. Wholly unprepared, they embark upon the second half of life. Or are there perhaps colleges for forty-year-olds which prepare them for their coming life and its demands as the ordinary colleges introduce our young people to a knowledge of the world? No, thoroughly unprepared we take the step into the afternoon of life; worse still, we take this step with the false assumption that our truths and ideals will serve us as hitherto. But we cannot live the afternoon of life according to the programme of life's morning; for what was great in the morning will be little at evening, and what in the morning was true will at evening have become a lie. I have given psychological treatment to too many people of advancing years, and have looked too often into the secret chambers of their souls, not to be moved by this fundamental truth.

Ageing people should know that their lives are not mounting and expanding, but that an inexorable inner process enforces the contraction of life. For a young person it is almost a sin, or at least a danger, to be too preoccupied with himself; but for the ageing person it is a duty and a necessity to devote serious attention to himself. After having lavished its light upon the world, the sun withdraws its rays in order to illuminate its? lf. Instead of doing likewise, many old people prefer to be hypochondriacs, niggards, pedants, applauders of the past or else eternal adolescents — all lamentable substitutes for the illumination of the self, but inevitable consequences of the delusion that the second half of life must be governed by the principles of the first.

I said just now that we have no schools for forty-year-olds. That is not quite true. Our religions were always such schools in the past, but how many people regard them as such today? How many of us older ones have been brought up in such a school and really prepared for the second half of life, for old age, death and eternity?

A human being would certainly not grow to be seventy or eighty years old if this longevity had no meaning for the species. The afternoon of human life must also have a significance of its own and cannot be merely a pitiful appendage to life's morning. The significance of the morning undoubtedly lies in the development of the individual, our entrenchment in the outer world, the propagation of our kind, and the care of our children. This is the obvious purpose of nature. But when this purpose has been attained — and more than attained — shall the earning of money, the extension of conquests, and the expansion of life go steadily on beyond the bounds of all reason and sense? Whoever carries over into the afternoon the law of the morning, or the natural aim,

must pay for it with damage to his soul, just as surely as a growing youth who tries to carry over his childish egoism into adult life must pay for this mistake with social failure. Money-making, social achievement, family and posterity are nothing but plain nature, not culture. Culture lies outside the purpose of nature. Could by any chance culture be the meaning and purpose of the second half of life?

In primitive tribes we observe that the old people are almost always the guardians of the mysteries and the laws, and it is in these that the cultural heritage of the tribe is expressed. How does the matter stand with us? Where is the wisdom of our old people, where are their precious secrets and their visions? For the most part our old people try to compete with the young. In the United States it is almost an ideal for a father to be the brother of his sons, and for the mother to be if possible the younger sister of her daughter.

I do not know how much of this confusion is a reaction against an earlier exaggeration of the dignity of age, and how much is to be charged to false ideals. These undoubtedly exist, and the goal of those who hold them lies behind, and not ahead. Therefore they are always striving to turn back. We have to grant these people that it is hard to see what other goal the second half of life can offer than the well-known aims of the first. Expansion of life, usefulness, efficiency, the cutting of a figure in society, the shrewd steering of offspring into suitable marriages and good positions—are not these purposes enough? Unfortunately not enough meaning and purpose for those who see in the approach of old age a mere diminution of life and can feel their earlier ideals only as something faded and worn out. Of course, if these persons had filled up the beaker of life earlier and emptied it to the lees, they would feel quite differently about everything now; they would have kept nothing back, everything that wanted to catch fire would have been consumed, and the quiet of old age would be very welcome to them. But we must not forget that only a very few people are artists in life; that the art of life is the most distinguished and rarest of all the arts. Whoever succeeded in draining the whole cup with grace? So for many people all too much unlived life remains over — sometimes potentialities which they could never have lived with the best of wills, so that they approach the threshold of old age with unsatisfied demands which inevitably turn their glances backwards.

It is particularly fatal for such people to look back. For them a prospect and a goal in the future are absolutely necessary. That is why all great religions hold out the promise of a life beyond, of a supramundane goal which makes it possible for mortal man to live the second half of life with as much purpose and aim as the first. For the man of today the expansion of life and its culmination are plausible goals, but the idea of life after death seems to him questionable or beyond belief. Life's cessation, that is, death, can only be accepted as a reasonable goal cither when existence is so wretched that we are only too glad for it to end, or when we are convinced that the sun strives to its setting "to illuminate distant races" with the same logical consistency it showed in rising to the zenith. But to believe has become such a difficult art today that it is beyond the capacity of most people, particularly the educated part of humanity. They have become too accustomed to the thought that, with regard to immortality and such questions, there are innumerable contradictory opinions and no convincing proofs. And since "science" is the catchword that seems to carry the weight of absolute conviction in the contemporary world, we ask for "scientific" proofs. But educated people who can think know very well that proof of this kind is a philosophical impossibility. We simply cannot know anything whatever about such things.

May I remark that for the same reasons we cannot know, either, whether something does happen to a person after death? No answer of any kind is permissible, either for or against. We simply have no definite scientific knowledge about it one way or the other, and are therefore in the same position as when we ask whether the planet Mars is inhabited or not. And the inhabitants of Mars, if there are any, are certainly not concerned whether we affirm or deny their existence. They may exist or they may not. And that is how it stands with so-called immortality — with which we may shelve the problem.

But here my medical conscience awakens and urges me to say a word which has an important bearing on this question. I have observed that a life directed to an aim is in general better, richer, and healthier than an aimless one, and that it is better to go forwards with the stream of time than backwards against it. To the psychotherapist an old man who cannot bid farewell to life appears as feeble and sickly as a young man who is unable to embrace it. And as a matter of fact, it is in many cases a question of the selfsame childish greediness, the same fear, the same defiance and wilfulness, in the one as in the other. As a doctor I am convinced that it is hygienic — if I may use the word— to discover in death a goal towards which one can strive, and that shrinking away from it is something unhealthy and abnormal which robs the second half of life of its purpose I therefore consider that all religions with a supramundane goal are eminently reasonable from the point of view of psychic hygiene. When I live in a house winch I know will fall about my head within, the next two weeks, all my vital functions will be impaired by this thought; but on the contrary I feel myself to be safe, I can dwell there in a normal and comfortable way. From the standpoint of psychotherapy it would therefore be desirable to think of death as only a transition, as part of a life process whose extent and duration arc beyond our knowledge.

In spite of the fact that the majority of people do not know why the body needs salt, everyone demands it nonetheless because of an instinctive need. It is the same with the things of the psyche. By far the greater portion of mankind have from time immemorial felt the need of believing in a continuance of life. The demands of therapy, therefore, do not lead us into any bypaths but down the middle of the highway trodden by humanity. For this reason we are thinking correctly, and in harmony with life, even though we do not understand what we think.

Do we ever understand what we think? We only understand that kind of thinking which is a mere equation, from which nothing comes out but what we have put in. That is the working of the intellect. But besides that there is a thinking in primordial images, in symbols which are older than the historical man, which are inborn in him from the earliest times, and, eternally living, outlasting all generations, still make up the groundwork of the human psyche. It is only possible to live the fullest life when we are in harmony with these symbols; wisdom is a return to them. It is a question neither of belief nor of knowledge, but of the agreement of our thinking with the primordial images of the unconscious. They are the unthinkable matrices of all our thoughts, no matter what our conscious mind may cogitate. One of these primordial thoughts is the idea of life after death. Science and these primordial images are incommensurables. They are irrational data, a priori conditions of the imagination which are simply there, and whose purpose and justification science can only investigate *a posteriori*, much as it investigates a function like that of the thyroid gland. Before the nineteenth century the thyroid was regarded as a meaningless organ merely because it was not understood.

It would be equally shortsighted of us today to call the primordial images senseless. For me these images are something like psychic organs, and I treat them with the very greatest respect. It

happens sometimes that I must say to an older patient: "Your picture of God or your idea of immortality is atrophied, consequently your psychic metabolism is out of gear." The ancient athanasias pharmakon, the medicine of immortality, is more profound and meaningful than we supposed.

In conclusion I would like to come back for a moment to the comparison with the sun. The one hundred and eighty degrees of the arc of life are divisible into four parts. The first quarter, lying to the east, is childhood, that state in which we are a problem for others but are not yet conscious of any problems of our own. Conscious problems fill out the second and third quarters; while in the last, in extreme old age, we descend again into that condition where, regardless of our state of consciousness, we once more become something of a problem for others. Childhood and extreme old age are, of course, utterly different, and yet they have one thing in common: submersion in unconscious psychic happenings. Since the mind of a child grows out of the unconscious its psychic processes, though not easily accessible, are not as difficult to discern as those of a very old person who is sinking again into the unconscious, and who progressively vanishes within it. Childhood and old age are the stages of life without any conscious problems, for which reason I have not taken them into consideration here.

The Death of Ivan Ilyich

Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy

Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude

Chapter I

During an interval in the Melvinski trial in the large building of the Law Courts the members and public prosecutor met in Ivan Egorovich Shebek's private room, where the conversation turned on the celebrated Krasovski case. Fedor Vasilievich warmly maintained that it was not subject to their jurisdiction, Ivan Egorovich maintained the contrary, while Peter Ivanovich, not having entered into the discussion at the start, took no part in it but looked through the Gazette, which had just been handed in.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Ivan Ilyich has died!"

"You don't say so!"

"Here, read it yourself," replied Peter Ivanovich, handing Fedor Vasilievich the paper still damp from the press. Surrounded by a black border were the words: "Praskovya Fedorovna Golovina, with profound sorrow, informs relatives and friends of the demise of her beloved husband Ivan Ilyich Golovin, Member of the Court of Justice, which occurred on February the 4th of this year 1882. The funeral will take place on Friday at one o'clock in the afternoon."

Ivan Ilyich had been a colleague of the gentlemen present and was liked by them all. He had been ill for some weeks with an illness said to be incurable. His post had been kept open for him, but there had been conjectures that in case of his death Alexeev might receive his appointment, and that either Vinnikov or Shtabel would succeed Alexeev. So on receiving the news of Ivan Ilych's death the first thought of each of the gentlemen in that private room was of the changes and promotions it might occasion among themselves or their acquaintances.

"I shall be sure to get Shtabel's place or Vinnikov's," thought Fedor Vasilievich. "I was promised that long ago, and the promotion means an extra eight hundred rubles a year for me besides the allowance."

"Now I must apply for my brother-in-law's transfer from Kaluga," thought Peter Ivanovich. "My wife will be very glad, and then she won't be able to say that I never do anything for her relations."

"I thought he would never leave his bed again," said Peter Ivanovich aloud. "It's very sad."

"But what really was the matter with him?"

"The doctors couldn't say -- at least they could, but each of them said something different. When last I saw him I though he was getting better."

"And I haven't been to see him since the holidays. I always meant to go."

"Had he any property?"

"I think his wife had a little -- but something quite trifling."

"We shall have to go to see her, but they live so terribly far away."

"Far away from you, you mean. Everything's far away from your place."

"You see, he never can forgive my living on the other side of the river," said Peter Ivanovich, smiling at Shebek. Then, still talking of the distances between different parts of the city, they returned to the Court.

Besides considerations as to the possible transfers and promotions likely to result from Ivan Ilyich's death, the mere fact of the death of a near acquaintance aroused, as usual, in all who heard of it the complacent feeling that, "it is he who is dead and not I."

Each one thought or felt, "Well, he's dead but I'm alive!" But the more intimate of Ivan Ilyich's acquaintances, his so-called friends, could not help thinking also that they would now have to fulfill the very tiresome demands of propriety by attending the funeral service and paying a visit of condolence to the widow.

Fedor Vasilievich and Peter Ivanovich had been his nearest acquaintances. Peter Ivanovich had studied law with Ivan Ilyich and had considered himself to be under obligations to him.

Having told his wife at dinnertime of Ivan Ilyich's death, and of his conjecture that it might be possible to get her brother transferred to their circuit, Peter Ivanovich sacrificed his usual nap, put on his evening clothes and drove to Ivan Ilych's house.

At the entrance stood a carriage and two cabs. Leaning against the wall in the hall downstairs near the cloak stand was a coffin-lid covered with cloth of gold, ornamented with gold cord and tassels, which had been polished up with metal powder. Two ladies in black were taking off their fur cloaks. Peter Ivanovich recognized one of them as Ivan Ilych's sister, but the other was a stranger to him. His colleague Schwartz was just coming downstairs, but on seeing Peter Ivanovich enter he stopped and winked at him, as if to say: "Ivan Ilyich has made a mess of things -- not like you and me."

Schwartz's face with his Piccadilly whiskers, and his slim figure in evening dress, had as usual an air of elegant solemnity which contrasted with the playfulness of his character and had a special piquancy here, or so it seemed to Peter Ivanovich.

Peter Ivanovich allowed the ladies to precede him and slowly followed them upstairs. Schwartz did not come down but remained where he was, and Peter Ivanovich understood that he wanted to arrange where they should play bridge that evening. The ladies went upstairs to the widow's room, and Schwartz with seriously compressed lips but a playful looking his eyes, indicated by a twist of his eyebrows the room to the right where the body lay.

Peter Ivanovich, like everyone else on such occasions, entered feeling uncertain what he would have to do. All he knew was that at such times it is always safe to cross oneself. But he was not

quite sure whether one should make obeisance while doing so. He therefore adopted a middle course. On entering the room he began crossing himself and made a slight movement resembling a bow. At the same time, as far as the motion of his head and arm allowed, he surveyed the room. Two young men -- apparently nephews, one of whom was a high-school pupil -- were leaving the room, crossing themselves as they did so. An old woman was standing motionless, and a lady with strangely arched eyebrows was saying something to her in a whisper. A vigorous, resolute Church Reader, in a frock- coat, was reading something in a loud voice with an expression that precluded any contradiction. The butler's assistant, Gerasim, stepping lightly in front of Peter Ivanovich, was strewing something on the floor. Noticing this, Peter Ivanovich was immediately aware of a faint odor of a decomposing body.

The last time he had called on Ivan Ilyich, Peter Ivanovich had seen Gerasim in the study. Ivan Ilyich had been particularly fond of him and he was performing the duty of a sick nurse.

Peter Ivanovich continued to make the sign of the cross slightly inclining his head in an intermediate direction between the coffin, the Reader, and the icons on the table in a corner of the room. Afterwards, when it seemed to him that this movement of his arm in crossing himself had gone on too long, he stopped and began to look at the corpse.

The dead man lay, as dead men always lie, in a specially heavy way, his rigid limbs sunk in the soft cushions of the coffin, with the head forever bowed on the pillow. His yellow waxen brow with bald patches over his sunken temples was thrust up in the way peculiar to the dead, the protruding nose seeming to press on the upper lip. He was much changed and grown even thinner since Peter Ivanovich had last seen him, but, as is always the case with the dead, his face was handsomer and above all more dignified than when he was alive. The expression on the face said that what was necessary had been accomplished, and accomplished rightly. Besides this there was in that expression a reproach and a warning to the living. This warning seemed to Peter Ivanovich out of place, or at least not applicable to him. He felt a certain discomfort and so he hurriedly crossed himself once more and turned and went out of the door -- too hurriedly and too regardless of propriety, as he himself was aware.

Schwartz was waiting for him in the adjoining room with legs spread wide apart and both hands toying with his top hat behind his back. The mere sight of that playful, well-groomed, and elegant figure refreshed Peter Ivanovich. He felt that Schwartz was above all these happenings and would not surrender to any depressing influences. His very look said that this incident of a church service for Ivan Ilyich could not be a sufficient reason for infringing the order of the session - - in other words, that it would certainly not prevent his unwrapping a new pack of cards and shuffling them that evening while a footman placed fresh candles on the table: in fact, that there was no reason for supposing that this incident would hinder their spending the evening agreeably. Indeed he said this in a whisper as Peter Ivanovich passed him, proposing that they should meet for a game at Fedor Vasilievich's. But apparently Peter Ivanovich was not destined to play bridge that evening. Praskovya Fedorovna (a short, fat woman who despite all efforts to the contrary had continued to broaden steadily from her shoulders downwards and who had the

same extraordinarily arched eyebrows as the lady who had been standing by the coffin), dressed all in black, her head covered with lace, came out of her own room with some other ladies, conducted them to the room where the dead body lay, and said: "The service will begin immediately. Please go in."

Schwartz, making an indefinite bow, stood still, evidently neither accepting nor declining this invitation. Praskovya Fedorovna recognizing Peter Ivanovich, sighed, went close up to him, took his hand, and said: "I know you were a true friend to Ivan Ilyich..." and looked at him awaiting some suitable response. And Peter Ivanovich knew that, just as it had been the right thing to cross himself in that room, so what he had to do here was to press her hand, sigh, and say, "Believe me..." So he did all this and as he did it felt that the desired result had been achieved: that both he and she were touched.

"Come with me. I want to speak to you before it begins," said the widow. "Give me your arm."

Peter Ivanovich gave her his arm and they went to the inner rooms, passing Schwartz who winked at Peter Ivanovich compassionately.

"That does for our bridge! Don's object if we find another player. Perhaps you can cut in when you do escape," said his playful look.

Peter Ivanovich sighed still more deeply and despondently, and Praskovya Fedorovna pressed his arm gratefully. When they reached the drawing room, upholstered in pink cretonne and lighted by a dim lamp, they sat down at the table -- she on a sofa and Peter Ivanovich on a low pouf, the springs of which yielded spasmodically under his weight. Praskovya Fedorovna had been on the point of warning him to take another seat, but felt that such a warning was out of keeping with her present condition and so changed her mind. As he sat down on the pouf Peter Ivanovich recalled how Ivan Ilyich had arranged this room and had consulted him regarding this pink cretonne with green leaves. The whole room was full of furniture and knick-knacks, and on her way to the sofa the lace of the widow's black shawl caught on the edge of the table. Peter Ivanovich rose to detach it, and the springs of the pouf, relieved of his weight, rose also and gave him a push. The widow began detaching her shawl herself, and Peter Ivanovich again sat down, suppressing the rebellious springs of the pouf under him. But the widow had not quite freed herself and Peter Ivanovich got up again, and again the pouf rebelled and even creaked. When this was all over she took out a clean cambric handkerchief and began to weep. The episode with the shawl and the struggle with the pouf had cooled Peter Ivanovich's emotions and he sat there with a sullen look on his face. This awkward situation was interrupted by Sokolov, Ivan Ilych's butler, who came to report that the plot in the cemetery that Praskovya Fedorovna had chosen would cost two hundred rubles. She stopped weeping and, looking at Peter Ivanovich with the air of a victim, remarked in French that it was very hard for her. Peter Ivanovich made a silent gesture signifying his full conviction that it must indeed be so.

"Please smoke," she said in a magnanimous yet crushed voice, and turned to discuss with Sokolov the price of the plot for the grave.

Peter Ivanovich while lighting his cigarette heard her inquiring very circumstantially into the prices of different plots in the cemetery and finally decide which she would take. When that was done she gave instructions about engaging the choir. Sokolov then left the room.

"I look after everything myself," she told Peter Ivanovich, shifting the albums that lay on the table; and noticing that the table was endangered by his cigarette-ash, she immediately passed him an ash-tray, saying as she did so: "I consider it an affectation to say that my grief prevents my attending to practical affairs. On the contrary, if anything can -- I won't say console me, but -
- distract me, it is seeing to everything concerning him." She again took out her handkerchief as if preparing to cry, but suddenly, as if mastering her feeling, she shook herself and began to speak calmly. "But there is something I want to talk to you about."

Peter Ivanovich bowed, keeping control of the springs of the pouf, which immediately began quivering under him.

"He suffered terribly the last few days."

"Did he?" said Peter Ivanovich.

"Oh, terribly! He screamed unceasingly, not for minutes but for hours. For the last three days he screamed incessantly. It was unendurable. I cannot understand how I bore it; you could hear him three rooms off. Oh, what I have suffered!"

"Is it possible that he was conscious all that time?" asked Peter Ivanovich.

"Yes," she whispered. "To the last moment. He took leave of us a quarter of an hour before he died, and asked us to take Volodya away."

The thought of the suffering of this man he had known so intimately, first as a merry little boy, then as a schoolmate, and later as a grown-up colleague, suddenly struck Peter Ivanovich with horror, despite an unpleasant consciousness of his own and this woman's dissimulation. He again saw that brow, and that nose pressing down on the lip, and felt afraid for himself.

"Three days of frightful suffering and the death! Why, that might suddenly, at any time, happen to me," he thought, and for a moment felt terrified. But -- he did not himself know how -- the customary reflection at once occurred to him that this had happened to Ivan Ilyich and not to him, and that it should not and could not happen to him, and that to think that it could would be yielding to depressing which he ought not to do, as Schwartz's expression plainly showed. After which reflection Peter Ivanovich felt reassured, and began to ask with interest about the details of Ivan Ilych's death, as though death was an accident natural to Ivan Ilyich but certainly not to himself.

After many details of the really dreadful physical sufferings Ivan Ilyich had endured (which details he learnt only from the effect those sufferings had produced on Praskovya Fedorovna's nerves) the widow apparently found it necessary to get to business.

"Oh, Peter Ivanovich, how hard it is! How terribly, terribly hard!" and she again began to weep.

Peter Ivanovich sighed and waited for her to finish blowing her nose. When she had don so he said, "Believe me..." and she again began talking and brought out what was evidently her chief concern with him -- namely, to question him as to how she could obtain a grant of money from the government on the occasion of her husband's death. She made it appear that she was asking Peter Ivanovich's advice about her pension, but he soon saw that she already knew about that to the minutest detail, more even than he did himself. She knew how much could be got out of the government in consequence of her husband's death, but wanted to find out whether she could not possibly extract something more. Peter Ivanovich tried to think of some means of doing so, but after reflecting for a while and, out of propriety, condemning the government for its niggardliness, he said he thought that nothing more could be got. Then she sighed and evidently began to devise means of getting rid of her visitor. Noticing this, he put out his cigarette, rose, pressed her hand, and went out into the anteroom.

In the dining room where the clock stood that Ivan Ilyich had liked so much and had bought at an antique shop, Peter Ivanovich met a priest and a few acquaintances who had come to attend the service, and he recognized Ivan Ilych's daughter, a handsome young woman. She was in black and her slim figure appeared slimmer than ever. She had a gloomy, determined, almost angry expression, and bowed to Peter Ivanovich as though he were in some way to blame. Behind her, with the same offended look, stood a wealthy young man, and examining magistrate, whom Peter Ivanovich also knew and who was her fiancé, as he had heard. He bowed mournfully to them and was about to pass into the death-chamber, when from under the stairs appeared the figure of Ivan Ilych's schoolboy son, who was extremely like his father. He seemed a little Ivan Ilyich, such as Peter Ivanovich remembered when they studied law together. His tear-stained eyes had in them the look that is seen in the eyes of boys of thirteen or fourteen who are not pure-minded.

When he saw Peter Ivanovich he scowled morosely and shamefacedly. Peter Ivanovich nodded to him and entered the death-chamber. The service began: candles, groans, incense, tears, and sobs. Peter Ivanovich stood looking gloomily down at his feet. He did not look once at the dead man, did not yield to any depressing influence, and was one of the first to leave the room. There was no one in the anteroom, but Gerasim darted out of the dead man's room, rummaged with his strong hands among the fur coats to find Peter Ivanovich's and helped him on with it.

"Well, friend Gerasim," said Peter Ivanovich, so as to say something. "It's a sad affair, isn't it?"

"It's God will. We shall all come to it some day," said Gerasim, displaying his teeth -- the even white teeth of a healthy peasant -- and, like a man in the thick of urgent work, he briskly opened the front door, called the coachman, helped Peter Ivanovich into the sledge, and sprang back to the porch as if in readiness for what he had to do next.

Peter Ivanovich found the fresh air particularly pleasant after the smell of incense, the dead body, and carbolic acid.
"Where to sir?" asked the coachman.

"It's not too late even now.... I'll call round on Fedor Vasilievich."

He accordingly drove there and found them just finishing the first rubber, so that it was quite convenient for him to cut in.

Chapter II

Ivan Ilyich's life had been most simple and most ordinary and therefore most terrible.

He had been a member of the Court of Justice, and died at the age of forty-five. His father had been an official who after serving in various ministries and departments in Petersburg had made the sort of career which brings men to positions from which by reason of their long service they cannot be dismissed, though they are obviously unfit to hold any responsible position, and for whom therefore posts are specially created, which though fictitious carry salaries of from six to ten thousand rubles that are not fictitious, and in receipt of which they live on to a great age.

Such was the Privy Councilor and superfluous member of various superfluous institutions, Ilya Epimovich Golovin.

He had three sons, of whom Ivan Ilyich was the second. The eldest son was following in his father's footsteps only in another department, and was already approaching that stage in the service at which a similar sinecure would be reached. The third son was a failure. He had ruined his prospects in a number of positions and was not serving in the railway department. His father and brothers, and still more their wives, not merely disliked meeting him, but avoided remembering his existence unless compelled to do so. His sister had married Baron Greff, a Petersburg official of her father's type. Ivan Ilyich was *le phenix de la famille* as people said. He was neither as cold and formal as his elder brother nor as wild as the younger, but was a happy mean between them -- an intelligent polished, lively and agreeable man. He had studied with his younger brother at the School of Law, but the latter had failed to complete the course and was expelled when he was in the fifth class. Ivan Ilyich finished the course well. Even when he was at the School of Law he was just what he remained for the rest of his life: a capable, cheerful, good-natured, and sociable man, though strict in the fulfillment of what he considered to be his duty: and he considered his duty to be what was so considered by those in authority. Neither as a boy nor as a man was he a toady, but from early youth was by nature attracted to people of high station as a fly is drawn to the light, assimilating their ways and views of life and establishing friendly relations with them. All the enthusiasms of childhood and youth passed without leaving much trace on him; he succumbed to sensuality, to vanity, and latterly among the highest classes to liberalism, but always within limits which his instinct unfailingly indicated to him as correct.

At school he had done things which had formerly seemed to him very horrid and made him feel disgusted with himself when he did them; but when later on he saw that such actions were done by people of good position and that they did not regard them as wrong, he was able not exactly to regard them as right, but to forget about them entirely or not be at all troubled at remembering them.

Having graduated from the School of Law and qualified for the tenth rank of the civil service, and having received money from his father for his equipment, Ivan Ilyich ordered himself

clothes at Scharmer's, the fashionable tailor, hung a medallion inscribed *respice finem* on his watch-chain, took leave of his professor and the prince who was patron of the school, had a farewell dinner with his comrades at Donon's first-class restaurant, and with his new and fashionable portmanteau, linen, clothes, shaving and other toilet appliances, and a traveling rug, all purchased at the best shops, he set off for one of the provinces where through his father's influence, he had been attached to the governor as an official for special service.

In the province Ivan Ilyich soon arranged as easy and agreeable a position for himself as he had had at the School of Law. He performed his official task, made his career, and at the same time amused himself pleasantly and decorously. Occasionally he paid official visits to country districts where he behaved with dignity both to his superiors and inferiors, and performed the duties entrusted to him, which related chiefly to the sectarians, with an exactness and incorruptible honesty of which he could not but feel proud.

In official matters, despite his youth and taste for frivolous gaiety, he was exceedingly reserved, punctilious, and even severe; but in society e was often amusing and witty, and always good-natured, correct in his manner, and bon enfant, as the governor and his wife -- with whom he was like one of the family -- used to say of him.

In the province he had an affair with a lady who made advances to the elegant young lawyer, and there was also a milliner; and there were carousals with aides- de-camp who visited the district, and after-supper visits to a certain outlying street of doubtful reputation; and there was too some obsequiousness to his chief and even to his chief's wife, but all this was done with such a tone of good breeding that no hard names could be applied to it. It all came under the heading of the French saying: "*Il faut que jeunesse se passe*." It was all done with clean hands, in clean linen, with French phrases, and above all among people of the best society and consequently with the approval of people of rank.

So Ivan Ilyich served for five years and then came a change in his official life. The new and reformed judicial institutions were introduced, and new men were needed. Ivan Ilyich became such a new man. He was offered the post of examining magistrate, and he accepted it though the post was in another province and obliged him to give up the connections he had formed and to make new ones. His friends met to give him a send-off; they had a group photograph taken and presented him with a silver cigarette case, and he set off to his new post.

As examining magistrate Ivan Ilyich was just as *comme il faut* and decorous a man, inspiring general respect and capable of separating his official duties from his private life, as he had been when acting as an official on special service. His duties now as examining magistrate were fare more interesting and attractive than before. In his former position it had been pleasant to wear an undress uniform made by Scharmer, and to pass through the crowd of petitioners and officials who were timorously awaiting an audience with the governor, and who envied him as with free and easy gait he went straight into his chief's private room to have a cup of tea and a cigarette with him. But not many people had then been directly dependent on him -- only police officials and the sectarians when he went on special missions -- and he liked to treat them politely, almost as comrades, as if he were letting them feel that he who had the power to crush them was

treating them in this simple, friendly way. There were then but few such people. But now, as an examining magistrate, Ivan Ilyich felt that everyone without exception, even the most important and self-satisfied, was in his power, and that he need only write a few words on a sheet of paper with a certain heading, and this or that important, self- satisfied person would be brought before him in the role of an accused person or a witness, and if he did not choose to allow him to sit down, would have to stand before him and answer his questions. Ivan Ilyich never abused his power; he tried on the contrary to soften its expression, but the consciousness of it and the possibility of softening its effect, supplied the chief interest and attraction of his office. In his work itself, especially in his examinations, he very soon acquired a method of eliminating all considerations irrelevant to the legal aspect of the case, and reducing even the most complicated case to a form in which it would be presented on paper only in its externals, completely excluding his personal opinion of the matter, while above all observing every prescribed formality. The work was new and Ivan Ilyich was one of the first men to apply the new Code of 1864.

On taking up the post of examining magistrate in a new town, he made new acquaintances and connections, placed himself on a new footing and assumed a somewhat different tone. He took up an attitude of rather dignified aloofness towards the provincial authorities, but picked out the best circle of legal gentlemen and wealthy gentry living in the town and assumed a tone of slight dissatisfaction with the government, of moderate liberalism, and of enlightened citizenship. At the same time, without at all altering the elegance of his toilet, he ceased shaving his chin and allowed his beard to grow as it pleased.

Ivan Ilyich settled down very pleasantly in this new town. The society there, which inclined towards opposition to the governor was friendly, his salary was larger, and he began to play *vint* [a form of bridge], which he found added not a little to the pleasure of life, for he had a capacity for cards, played good-humouredly, and calculated rapidly and astutely, so that he usually won.

After living there for two years he met his future wife, Praskovya Fedorovna Mikhel, who was the most attractive, clever, and brilliant girl of the set in which he moved, and among other amusements and relaxations from his labors as examining magistrate, Ivan Ilyich established light and playful relations with her.

While he had been an official on special service he had been accustomed to dance, but now as an examining magistrate it was exceptional for him to do so. If he danced now, he did it as if to show that though he served under the reformed order of things, and had reached the fifth official rank, yet when it came to dancing he could do it better than most people. So at the end of an evening he sometimes danced with Praskovya Fedorovna, and it was chiefly during these dances that he captivated her. She fell in love with him. Ivan Ilyich had at first no definite intention of marrying, but when the girl fell in love with him he said to himself: "Really, why shouldn't I marry?

"Praskovya Fedorovna came of a good family, was not bad looking, and had some little property. Ivan Ilyich might have aspired to a more brilliant match, but even this was good. He had his salary, and she, he hoped, would have an equal income. She was well connected, and was a

sweet, pretty, and thoroughly correct young woman. To say that Ivan Ilyich married because he fell in love with Praskovya Fedorovna and found that she sympathized with his views of life would be as incorrect as to say that he married because his social circle approved of the match. He was swayed by both these considerations: the marriage gave him personal satisfaction, and at the same time it was considered the right thing by the most highly placed of his associates.

So Ivan Ilyich got married.

The preparations for marriage and the beginning of married life, with its conjugal caresses, the new furniture, new crockery, and new linen, were very pleasant until his wife became pregnant -- so that Ivan Ilyich had begun to think that marriage would not impair the easy, agreeable, gay and always decorous character of his life, approved of by society and regarded by himself as natural, but would even improve it. But from the first months of his wife's pregnancy, something new, unpleasant, depressing, and unseemly, and from which there was no way of escape, unexpectedly showed itself.

His wife, without any reason -- *de gaiete de coeur* as Ivan Ilyich expressed it to himself -- began to disturb the pleasure and propriety of their life. She began to be jealous without any cause, expected him to devote his whole attention to her, found fault with everything, and made coarse and ill-mannered scenes.

At first Ivan Ilyich hoped to escape from the unpleasantness of this state of affairs by the same easy and decorous relation to life that had served him heretofore: he tried to ignore his wife's disagreeable moods, continued to live in his usual easy and pleasant way, invited friends to his house for a game of cards, and also tried going out to his club or spending his evenings with friends. But one day his wife began upbraiding him so vigorously, using such coarse words, and continued to abuse him every time he did not fulfill her demands, so resolutely and with such evident determination not to give way till he submitted -- that is, till he stayed at home and was bored just as she was -- that he became alarmed. He now realized that matrimony -- at any rate with Praskovya Fedorovna -- was not always conducive to the pleasures and amenities of life, but on the contrary often infringed both comfort and propriety, and that he must therefore entrench himself against such infringement. And Ivan Ilyich began to seek for means of doing so. His official duties were the one thing that imposed upon Praskovya Fedorovna, and by means of his official work and the duties attached to it he began struggling with his wife to secure his own independence.

With the birth of their child, the attempts to feed it and the various failures in doing so, and with the real and imaginary illnesses of mother and child, in which Ivan Ilyich's sympathy was demanded but about which he understood nothing, the need of securing for himself an existence outside his family life became still more imperative.

As his wife grew more irritable and exacting and Ivan Ilyich transferred the center of gravity of his life more and more to his official work, so did he grow to like his work better and became more ambitious than before.

Very soon, within a year of his wedding, Ivan Ilyich had realized that marriage, though it may add some comforts to life, is in fact a very intricate and difficult affair towards which in order to perform one's duty, that is, to lead a decorous life approved of by society, one must adopt a definite attitude just as towards one's official duties.

And Ivan Ilyich evolved such an attitude towards married life. He only required of it those conveniences -- dinner at home, housewife, and bed -- which it could give him, and above all that propriety of external forms required by public opinion. For the rest he looked for lighthearted pleasure and propriety, and was very thankful when he found them, but if he met with antagonism and querulous ness he at once retired into his separate fenced-off world of official duties, where he found satisfaction.

Ivan Ilyich was esteemed a good official, and after three years was made Assistant Public Prosecutor. His new duties, their importance, the possibility of indicting and imprisoning anyone he chose, the publicity his speeches received, and the success he had in all these things, made his work still more attractive.

More children came. His wife became more and more querulous and ill tempered, but the attitude Ivan Ilyich had adopted towards his home life rendered him almost impervious to her grumbling.

After seven years' service in that town he was transferred to another province as Public Prosecutor. They moved, but were short of money and his wife did not like the place they moved to. Though the salary was higher the cost of living was greater, besides which two of their children died and family life became still more unpleasant for him.

Praskovya Fedorovna blamed her husband for every inconvenience they encountered in their new home. Most of the conversations between husband and wife, especially as to the children's education, led to topics that recalled former disputes, and these disputes were apt to flare up again at any moment. There remained only those rare periods of amorousness, which still came
to them at times but did not last long. These were islets at which they anchored for a while and then again set out upon that ocean of veiled hostility which showed itself in their aloofness from one another. This aloofness might have grieved Ivan Ilyich had he considered that it ought not to exist, but he now regarded the position as normal, and even made it the goal at which he aimed in family life. His aim was to free himself more and more from those unpleasantnesses and to give them a semblance of harmlessness and propriety. He attained this by spending less and less time with his family, and when obliged to be at home he tried to safeguard his position by the presence of outsiders. The chief thing however was that he had his official duties. The whole interest of his life now centered in the official world and that interest absorbed him. The consciousness of his power, being able to ruin anybody he wished to ruin, the importance, even the external dignity of his entry into court, or meetings with his subordinates, his success with superiors and inferiors, and above all his masterly handling of cases, of which he was conscious -
- all this gave him pleasure and filled his life, together with chats with his colleagues, dinners, and bridge. So that on the whole Ivan Ilyich's life continued to flow as he considered it should do -- pleasantly and properly.

So things continued for another seven years. His eldest daughter was already sixteen, another child had died, and only one son was left, a schoolboy and a subject of dissension. Ivan Ilyich wanted to put him in the School of Law, but to spite him Praskovya Fedorovna entered him at the High School. The daughter had been educated at home and had turned out well: the boy did not learn badly either.

Chapter lll

So Ivan Ilyich lived for seventeen years after his marriage. He was already a Public Prosecutor of long standing, and had declined several proposed transfers while awaiting a more desirable post, when an unanticipated and unpleasant occurrence quite upset the peaceful course of his life. He was expecting to be offered the post of presiding judge in a University town, but Happe somehow came to the front and obtained the appointment instead. Ivan Ilyich became irritable, reproached Happe, and quarreled both him and with his immediate superiors -- who became colder to him and again passed him over when other appointments were made.

This was in 1880, the hardest year of Ivan Ilyich's life. It was then that it became evident on the one hand that his salary was insufficient for them to live on, and on the other that he had been forgotten, and not only this, but that what was for him the greatest and most cruel injustice appeared to others a quite ordinary occurrence. Even his father did not consider it his duty to help him. Ivan Ilyich felt himself abandoned by everyone, and that they regarded his position with a salary of 3,500 rubles as quite normal and even fortunate. He alone knew that with the consciousness of the injustices done him, with his wife's incessant nagging, and with the debts he had contracted by living beyond his means, his position was far from normal.
In order to save money that summer he obtained leave of absence and went with his wife to live in the country at her brother's place.

In the country, without his work, he experienced *ennui* for the first time in his life, and not only *ennui* but intolerable depression, and he decided that it was impossible to go on living like that, and that it was necessary to take energetic measures.

Having passed a sleepless night pacing up and down the veranda, he decided to go to Petersburg and bestir himself, in order to punish those who had failed to appreciate him and to get transferred to another ministry.

Next day, despite many protests from his wife and her brother, he started for Petersburg with the sole object of obtaining a post with a salary of five thousand rubles a year. He was no longer bent on any particular department, or tendency, or kind of activity. All he now wanted was an appointment to another post with a salary of five thousand rubles, either in the administration, in the banks, with the railways in one of the Empress Marya's Institutions, or even in the customs -- but it had to carry with it a salary of five thousand rubles and be in a ministry other than that in which they had failed to appreciate him.

And this quest of Ivan Ilyich's was crowned with remarkable and unexpected success. At Kursk an acquaintance of his, F. I. Ilyin, got into the first-class carriage, sat down beside Ivan Ilyich, and told him of a telegram just received by the governor of Kursk announcing that a change was about to take place in the ministry: Peter Ivanovich was to be superseded by Ivan Semonovich.

The proposed change, apart from its significance for Russia, had a special significance for Ivan Ilyich, because by bringing forward a new man, Peter Petrovich, and consequently his friend Zachar Ivanovich, it was highly favorable for Ivan Ilyich, since Sachar Ivanovich was a friend and colleague of his.

In Moscow this news was confirmed, and on reaching Petersburg Ivan Ilyich found Zachar Ivanovich and received a definite promise of an appointment in his former Department of Justice.

A week later he telegraphed to his wife: "Zachar in Miller's place. I shall receive appointment on presentation of report."

Thanks to this change of personnel, Ivan Ilyich had unexpectedly obtained an appointment in his former ministry which placed him two states above his former colleagues besides giving him five thousand rubles salary and three thousand five hundred rubles for expenses connected with his removal. All his ill humor towards his former enemies and the whole department vanished, and Ivan Ilyich was completely happy.

He returned to the country more cheerful and contented than he had been for a long time. Praskovya Fedorovna also cheered up and a truce was arranged between them. Ivan Ilyich told of how he had been feted by everybody in Petersburg, how all those who had been his enemies were put to shame and now fawned on him, how envious they were of his appointment, and how much everybody in Petersburg had liked him.

Praskovya Fedorovna listened to all this and appeared to believe it. She did not contradict anything, but only made plans for their life in the town to which they were going. Ivan Ilyich saw with delight that these plans were his plans, that he and his wife agreed, and that, after a stumble, his life was regaining its due and natural character of pleasant lightheartedness and decorum.

Ivan Ilyich had come back for a short time only, for he had to take up his new duties on the 10th of September. Moreover, he needed time to settle into the new place, to move all his belongings from the province, and to buy and order many additional things: in a word, to make such arrangements as he had resolved on, which were almost exactly what Praskovya Fedorovna too had decided on.

Now that everything had happened so fortunately, and that he and his wife were at one in their aims and moreover saw so little of one another, they got on together better than they had done since the first years of marriage. Ivan Ilyich had thought of taking his family away with him at once, but the insistence of his wife's brother and her sister-in-law, who had suddenly become particularly amiable and friendly to him and his family, induced him to depart alone.

So he departed, and the cheerful state of mind induced by his success and by the harmony between his wife and himself, the one intensifying the other, did not leave him. He found a delightful house, just the thing both he and his wife had dreamt of. Spacious, lofty reception rooms in the old style, a convenient and dignified study, rooms for his wife and daughter, a study for his son -- it might have been specially built for them. Ivan Ilyich himself superintended the arrangements, chose the wallpapers, supplemented the furniture (preferably with antiques which he considered particularly *comme il faut*), and supervised the upholstering. Everything progressed and progressed and approached the ideal he had set himself: even when things were only half completed they exceeded his expectations. He saw what a refined and elegant character, free from vulgarity, it would all have when it was ready. On falling asleep he pictured to himself how the reception room would look. Looking at the yet unfinished drawing room he could see the fireplace, the screen, the what-not, the little chairs dotted here and there, the dishes and plates on the walls, and the bronzes, as they would be when everything was in place. He was pleased by the thought of how his wife and daughter, who shared his taste n this matter, would be impressed by it. They were certainly not expecting as much. He had been particularly successful in finding, and buying cheaply, antiques which gave a particularly aristocratic character to the whole place. But in his letters he intentionally understated everything in order to be able to surprise them. All this so absorbed him that his new duties -- though he liked his official work -- interested him less than he had expected. Sometimes he even had moments of absent-mindedness during the court sessions and would consider whether he should have straight or curved cornices for his curtains. He was so interested in it all that he often did things himself, rearranging the furniture, or rehanging the curtains. Once when mounting a step ladder to show the upholsterer, who did not understand, how he wanted the hangings draped, he made a false step and slipped, but being a strong and agile man he clung on and only knocked his side against the knob of the window frame. The bruised place was painful but the pain soon passed, and he felt particularly bright and well just then. He wrote: "I feel fifteen years younger." He thought he would have everything ready by September, but it dragged on till mid-October. But the result was charming not only in his eyes but to everyone who saw it.

In reality it was just what is usually seen in the houses of people of moderate means who want to appear rich, and therefore succeed only in resembling others like themselves: there are damasks, dark wood, plants, rugs, and dull and polished bronzes -- all the things people of a certain class have in order to resemble other people of that class. His house was so like the others that it would never have been noticed, but to him it all seemed to be quite exceptional. He was very happy when he met his family at the station and brought them to the newly furnished house all lit up, where a footman in a white tie opened the door into the hall decorated with plants, and when they went on into the drawing-room and the study uttering exclamations of delight. He conducted them everywhere, drank in their praises eagerly, and beamed with pleasure. At tea that evening, when Praskovya Fedorovna among others things asked him about his fall, he laughed, and showed them how he had gone flying and had frightened the upholsterer.

"It's a good thing I'm a bit of an athlete. Another man might have been killed, but I merely knocked myself, just here; it hurts when it's touched, but it's passing off already -- it's only a bruise."

So they began living in their new home -- in which, as always happens, when they got thoroughly settled in they found they were just one room short -- and with the increased income, which as always was just a little (some five hundred rubles) too little, but it was all very nice.

Things went particularly well at first, before everything was finally arranged and while something had still to be done: this thing bought, that thing ordered, another thing moved, and something else adjusted. Though there were some disputes between husband and wife, they were both so well satisfied and had so much to do that it all passed off without any serious quarrels. When nothing was left to arrange it became rather dull and something seemed to be lacking, but they were then making acquaintances, forming habits, and life was growing fuller.

Ivan Ilyich spent his mornings at the law court and came home to diner, and at first he was generally in a good humor, though he occasionally became irritable just on account of his house. (Every spot on the tablecloth or the upholstery, and every broken window- blind string, irritated him. He had devoted so much trouble to arranging it all that every disturbance of it distressed him.) But on the whole his life ran its course as he believed life should do: easily, pleasantly, and decorously.

He got up at nine, drank his coffee, read the paper, and then put on his undress uniform and went to the law courts. There the harness in which he worked had already been stretched to fit him and he donned it without a hitch: petitioners, inquiries at the chancery, the chancery itself, and the sittings public and administrative. In all this the thing was to exclude everything fresh and vital, which always disturbs the regular course of official business, and to admit only official relations with people, and then only on official grounds. A man would come, for instance, wanting some information. Ivan Ilyich, as one in whose sphere the matter did not lie, would have nothing to do with him: but if the man had some business with him in his official capacity, something that could be expressed on officially stamped paper, he would do everything, positively everything he could within the limits of such relations, and in doing so would maintain the semblance of friendly human relations, that is, would observe the courtesies of life. As soon as the official relations ended, so did everything else. Ivan Ilyich possessed this capacity to separate his real life from the official side of affairs and not mix the two, in the highest degree, and by long practice and natural aptitude had brought it to such a pitch that sometimes, in the manner of a virtuoso, he would even allow himself to let the human and official relations mingle. He let himself do this just because he felt that he could at any time he chose resume the strictly official attitude again and drop the human relation. And he did it all easily, pleasantly, correctly, and even artistically. In the intervals between the sessions he smoked, drank tea, chatted a little about politics, a little about general topics, a little about cards, but most of all about official appointments. Tired, but with the feelings of a virtuoso -- one of the first violins who has played his part in an orchestra with precision -- he would return home to find that his wife and daughter had been out paying calls, or had a visitor, and that his son had been to school, had done his homework with his tutor, and was surely learning what is taught at High Schools. Everything was as it should be. After dinner, if they had no visitors, Ivan Ilyich sometimes read a book that was being much discussed at the time, and in the evening settled down to work, that is, read official papers, compared the depositions of witnesses, and noted paragraphs of the Code

applying to them. This was neither dull nor amusing. It was dull when he might have been playing bridge, but if no bridge was available it was at any rate better than doing nothing or sitting with his wife. Ivan Ilyich's chief pleasure was giving little dinners to which he invited men and women of good social position, and just as his drawing room resembled all other drawing rooms so did his enjoyable little parties resemble all other such parties.

Once they even gave a dance. Ivan Ilyich enjoyed it and everything went off well, except that it led to a violent quarrel with his wife about the cakes and sweets. Praskovya Fedorovna had made her own plans, but Ivan Ilyich insisted on getting everything from an expensive confectioner and ordered too many cakes, and the quarrel occurred because some of those cakes were left over and the confectioner's bill came to forty-five rubles. It was a great and disagreeable quarrel. Praskovya Fedorovna called him "a fool and an imbecile," and he clutched at his head and made angry allusions to divorce.

But the dance itself had been enjoyable. The best people were there, and Ivan Ilyich had danced with Princess Trufonova, a sister of the distinguished founder of the Society "Bear My Burden."

The pleasures connected with his work were pleasures of ambition; his social pleasures were those of vanity; but Ivan Ilyich's greatest pleasure was playing bridge. He acknowledged that whatever disagreeable incident happened in his life, the pleasure that beamed like a ray of light above everything else was to sit down to bridge with good players, not noisy partners, and of course to fourhanded bridge (with five players it was annoying to have to stand out, though one pretended not to mind), to play a clever and serious game (when the cards allowed it) and then to have supper and drink a glass of wine. After a game of bridge, especially if he had won a little (to win a large sum was unpleasant), Ivan Ilyich went to bed in an especially good humor.

So they lived. They formed a circle of acquaintances among the best people and were visited by people of importance and by young folk. In their views as to their acquaintances, husband, wife and daughter were entirely agreed, and tacitly and unanimously kept at arm's length and shook off the various shabby friends and relations who, with much show of affection, gushed into the drawing-room with its Japanese plates on the walls. Soon these shabby friends ceased to obtrude themselves and only the best people remained in the Golovins' set.

Young men made up to Lisa, and Petrishchev, an examining magistrate and Dmitri Ivanovich Petrishchev's son and sole heir, began to be so attentive to her that Ivan Ilyich had already spoken to Praskovya Fedorovna about it, and considered whether they should not arrange a party for them, or get up some private theatricals.

So they lived, and all went well, without change, and life flowed pleasantly.

Chapter IV

They were all in good health. It could not be called ill health if Ivan Ilyich sometimes said that he had a queer taste in his mouth and felt some discomfort in his left side.

But this discomfort increased and, though not exactly painful, grew into a sense of pressure in his side accompanied by ill humor. And his irritability became worse and worse and began to mar the agreeable, easy, and correct life that had established itself in the Golovin family. Quarrels between husband and wife became more and more frequent, and soon the ease and amenity disappeared and even the decorum was barely maintained. Scenes again became frequent, and very few of those islets remained on which husband and wife could meet without an explosion. Praskovya Fedorovna now had good reason to say that her husband's temper was trying. With characteristic exaggeration she said he had always had a dreadful temper, and that it had needed all her good nature to put up with it for twenty years. It was true that now the quarrels were started by him. His bursts of temper always came just before dinner, often just as he began to eat his soup. Sometimes he noticed that a plate or dish was chipped, or the food was not right, or his son put his elbow on the table, or his daughter's hair was not done as he liked it, and for all this he blamed Praskovya Fedorovna. At first she retorted and said disagreeable things to him, but once or twice he fell into such a rage at the beginning of dinner that she realized it was due to some physical derangement brought on by taking food, and so she restrained herself and did not answer, but only hurried to get the dinner over. She regarded this selfrestraint as highly praiseworthy. Having come to the conclusion that her husband had a dreadful temper and made her life miserable, she began to feel sorry for herself, and the more she pitied herself the more she hated her husband. She began to wish he would die; yet she did not want him to die because then his salary would cease. And this irritated her against him still more. She considered herself dreadfully unhappy just because not even his death could save her, and though she concealed her exasperation, that hidden exasperation of hers increased his irritation also.

After one scene in which Ivan Ilyich had been particularly unfair and after which he had said in explanation that he certainly was irritable but that it was due to his not being well, she said that he was ill it should be attended to, and insisted on his going to see a celebrated doctor.

He went. Everything took place as he had expected and as it always does. There was the usual waiting and the important air assumed by the doctor, with which he was so familiar (resembling that which he himself assumed in court), and the sounding and listening, and the questions which called for answers that were foregone conclusions and were evidently unnecessary, and the look of importance which implied that "if only you put yourself in our hands we will arrange everything -- we know indubitably how it has to be done, always in the same way for everybody alike." It was all just as it was in the law courts. The doctor put on just the same air towards him as he himself put on towards an accused person.

The doctor said that so-and-so indicated that there was so- and-so inside the patient, but if the investigation of so-and-so did not confirm this, then he must assume that and that. If he assumed that and that, then...and so on. To Ivan Ilyich only one question was important: was his case serious or not? But the doctor ignored that inappropriate question. From his point of view it was not the one under consideration, the real question was to decide between a floating kidney, chronic catarrh, or appendicitis. It was not a question the doctor solved brilliantly, as it seemed to Ivan Ilyich, in favor of the appendix, with the reservation that should an examination of the urine give fresh indications the matter would be reconsidered. All this was just what Ivan Ilyich

had himself brilliantly accomplished a thousand times in dealing with men on trial. The doctor summed up just as brilliantly, looking over his spectacles triumphantly and even gaily at the accused. From the doctor's summing up Ivan Ilyich concluded that things were bad, but that for the doctor, and perhaps for everybody else, it was a matter of indifference, though for him it was bad. And this conclusion struck him painfully, arousing in him a great feeling of pity for himself and of bitterness towards the doctor's indifference to a matter of such importance.

He said nothing of this, but rose, placed the doctor's fee on the table, and remarked with a sigh: "We sick people probably often put inappropriate questions. But tell me, in general, is this complaint dangerous, or not?"

The doctor looked at him sternly over his spectacles with one eye, as if to say: "Prisoner, if you will not keep to the questions put to you, I shall be obliged to have you removed from the court."

"I have already told you what I consider necessary and proper. The analysis may show something more." And the doctor bowed.

Ivan Ilyich went out slowly, seated himself disconsolately in his sledge, and drove home. All the way home he was going over what the doctor had said, trying to translate those complicated, obscure, scientific phrases into plain language and find in them an answer to the question: "Is my condition bad? Is it very bad? Or is there as yet nothing much wrong?" And it seemed to him that the meaning of what the doctor had said was that it was very bad. Everything in the streets seemed depressing. The cabmen, the houses, the passers-by, and the shops, were dismal. His ache, this dull gnawing ache that never ceased for a moment, seemed to have acquired a new and more serious significance from the doctor's dubious remarks. Ivan Ilyich now watched it with a new and oppressive feeling.

He reached home and began to tell his wife about it. She listened, but in the middle of his account his daughter came in with her hat on, ready to go out with her mother. She sat down reluctantly to listen to this tedious story, but could not stand it long, and her mother too did not hear him to the end.

"Well, I am very glad," she said. "Mind now to take your medicine regularly. Give me the prescription and I'll send Gerasim to the chemist's." And she went to get ready to go out.

While she was in the room Ivan Ilyich had hardly taken time to breathe, but he sighed deeply when she left it.

"Well," he thought, "perhaps it isn't so bad after all."

He began taking his medicine and following the doctor's directions, which had been altered after the examination of the urine. But then it happened that there was a contradiction between the indications drawn from the examination of the urine and the symptoms that showed themselves. It turned out that what was happening differed from what the doctor had told him, and that he had either forgotten or blundered, or hidden something from him. He could not, however, be blamed for that, and Ivan Ilyich still obeyed his orders implicitly and at first derived some comfort from doing so.

From the time of his visit to the doctor, Ivan Ilyich's chief occupation was the exact fulfillment of the doctor's instructions regarding hygiene and the taking of medicine, and the observation of his pain and his excretions. His chief interest came to be people's ailments and people's health. When sickness, deaths, or recoveries were mentioned in his presence, especially when the illness resembled his own, he listened with agitation that he tried to hide, asked questions, and applied what he heard to his own case.

The pain did not grow less, but Ivan Ilyich made efforts to force himself to think that he was better. And he could do this so long as nothing agitated him. But as soon as he had any unpleasantness with his wife, any lack of success in his official work, or held bad cards at bridge, he was at once acutely sensible of his disease. He had formerly borne such mischances, hoping soon to adjust what was wrong, to master it and attain success, or make a grand slam. But now every mischance upset him and plunged him into despair. He would say to himself: "There now, just as I was beginning to get better and the medicine had begun to take effect, comes this accursed misfortune, or unpleasantness...." And he was furious with the mishap, or with the
people who were causing the unpleasantness and killing him, for he felt that this fury was killing him but he could not restrain it. One would have thought that it should have been clear to him that this exasperation with circumstances and people aggravated his illness, and that he ought therefore to ignore unpleasant occurrences. But he drew the very opposite conclusion: he said that he needed peace, and he watched for everything that might disturb it and became irritable at the slightest infringement of it. His condition was rendered worse by the fact that he read medical books and consulted doctors. The progress of his disease was so gradual that he could deceive himself when comparing one day with another -- the difference was so slight. But when he consulted the doctors it seemed to him that he was getting worse, and even very rapidly. Yet despite this he was continually consulting them.

That month he went to see another celebrity, who told him almost the same as the first had done but put his questions rather differently, and the interview with this celebrity only increased Ivan Ilyich's doubts and fears. A friend of a friend of his, a very good doctor, diagnosed his illness again quite differently from the others, and though he predicted recovery, his questions and suppositions bewildered Ivan Ilyich still more and increased his doubts. A homoeopathist diagnosed the disease in yet another way, and prescribed medicine that Ivan Ilyich took secretly for a week. But after a week, not feeling any improvement and having lost confidence both in the former doctor's treatment and in this one's, he became still more despondent. One day a lady acquaintance mentioned a cure affected by a wonder-working icon. Ivan Ilyich caught himself listening attentively and beginning to believe that it had occurred. This incident alarmed him. "Has my mind really weakened to such an extent?" he asked himself. "Nonsense! It's all rubbish. I mustn't give way to nervous fears but having chosen a doctor must keep strictly to his treatment. That is what I will do. Now it's all settled. I won't think about it, but will follow the treatment seriously till summer, and then we shall see. From now there must be no more of this wavering!" this was easy to say but impossible to carry out. The pain in his side oppressed him and seemed to grow worse and more incessant, while the taste in his mouth grew stranger and stranger. It seemed to him that his breath had a disgusting smell, and he was conscious of a loss

of appetite and strength. There was no deceiving himself: something terrible, new, and more important than anything before in his life, was taking place within him of which he alone was aware. Those about him did not understand or would not understand it, but thought everything in the world was going on as usual. That tormented Ivan Ilyich more than anything. He saw that his household, especially his wife and daughter who were in a perfect whirl of visiting, did not understand anything of it and were annoyed that he was so depressed and so exacting, as if he were to blame for it. Though they tried to disguise it he saw that he was an obstacle in their path, and that his wife had adopted a definite line in regard to his illness and kept to it regardless of anything he said or did. Her attitude was this: "You know," she would say to her friends, "Ivan Ilyich can't do as other people do, and keep to the treatment prescribed for him. One day he'll take his drops and keep strictly to his diet and go to bed in good time, but the next day unless I watch him he'll suddenly forget his medicine, eat sturgeon -- which is forbidden -- and sit up playing cards till one o'clock in the morning."

"Oh, come, when was that?" Ivan Ilyich would ask in vexation. "Only once at Peter Ivanovich's."

"And yesterday with Shebek."

"Well, even if I hadn't stayed up, this pain would have kept me awake."

"Be that as it may you'll never get well like that, but will always make us wretched."

Praskovya Fedorovna's attitude to Ivan Ilyich's illness, as she expressed it both to others and to him, was that it was his own fault and was another of the annoyances he caused her. Ivan Ilyich felt that this opinion escaped her involuntarily -- but that did not make it easier for him.

At the law courts too, Ivan Ilyich noticed, or thought he noticed, a strange attitude towards himself. It sometimes seemed to him that people were watching him inquisitively as a man whose place might soon be vacant. Then again, his friends would suddenly begin to chaff him in a friendly way about his low spirits, as if the awful, horrible, and unheard-of thing that was going on within him, incessantly gnawing at him and irresistibly drawing him away, was a very agreeable subject for jests. Schwartz in particular irritated him by his jocularity, vivacity, and savoirfaire, which reminded him of what he himself had been ten years ago.

Friends came to make up a set and they sat down to cards. They dealt, bending the new cards to soften them, and he sorted the diamonds in his hand and found he had seven. His partner said "No trumps" and supported him with two diamonds. What more could be wished for? It ought to be jolly and lively. They would make a grand slam. But suddenly Ivan Ilyich was conscious of that gnawing pain, that taste in his mouth, and it seemed ridiculous that in such circumstances he should be pleased to make a grand slam.

He looked at his partner Mikhail Mikhaylovich, who rapped the table with his strong hand and instead of snatching up the tricks pushed the cards courteously and indulgently towards Ivan Ilyich that he might have the pleasure of gathering them up without the trouble of stretching out his hand for them. "Does he think I am too weak to stretch out my arm?" thought Ivan Ilyich, and forgetting what he was doing he over-trumped his partner, missing the grand slam by three

tricks. And what was most awful of all was that he saw how upset Mikhail Mikhaylovich was about it but did not himself care. And it was dreadful to realize why he did not care.

They all saw that he was suffering, and said: "We can stop if you are tired. Take a rest." Lie down? No, he was not at all tired, and he finished the rubber. All were gloomy and silent. Ivan Ilyich felt that he had diffused this gloom over them and could not dispel it. They had supper and went away, and Ivan Ilyich was left alone with the consciousness that his life was poisoned and was poisoning the lives of others, and that this poison did not weaken but penetrated more and more deeply into his whole being.

With this consciousness, and with physical pain besides the terror, he must go to bed, often to lie awake the greater part of the night. Next morning he had to get up again, dress, go to the law courts, speak, and write; or if he did not go out, spend at home those twenty-four hours a day each of which was a torture. And he had to live thus all alone on the brink of an abyss, with no one who understood or pitied him.

Chapter V

So one month passed and then another. Just before the New Year his brother-inlaw came to town and stayed at their house. Ivan Ilyich was at the law courts and Praskovya Fedorovna had gone shopping. When Ivan Ilyich came home and entered his study he found his brother-in-law there - - a healthy, florid man -- unpacking his portmanteau himself. He raised his head on hearing Ivan Ilyich's footsteps and looked up at him for a moment without a word. That stare told Ivan Ilyich everything. His brother-in-law opened his mouth to utter an exclamation of surprise but checked himself, and that action confirmed it all.

"I have changed, eh?"

"Yes, there is a change."

And after that, try as he would to get his brother-in-law to return to the subject of his looks, the latter would say nothing about it. Praskovya Fedorovna came home and her brother went out to her. Ivan Ilyich locked to door and began to examine himself in the glass, first full face, then in profile. He took up a portrait of himself taken with his wife, and compared it with what he saw in the glass. The change in him was immense. Then he bared his arms to the elbow, looked at them, drew the sleeves down again, sat down on an ottoman, and grew blacker than night.

"No, no, this won't do!" he said to himself, and jumped up, went to the table, took up some law papers and began to read them, but could not continue. He unlocked the door and went into the reception-room. The door leading to the drawing room was shut. He approached it on tiptoe and listened.

"No, you are exaggerating!" Praskovya Fedorovna was saying.

"Exaggerating! Don't you see it? Why, he's a dead man! Look at his eyes -- there's no life in them. But what is it that is wrong with him?"

"No one knows. Nikolaevich [that was another doctor] said something, but I don't know what. And Seshchetitsky [this was the celebrated specialist] said quite the contrary..."

Ivan Ilyich walked away, went to his own room, lay down, and began musing; "The kidney, a floating kidney." He recalled all the doctors had told him of how it detached itself and swayed about. And by an effort of imagination he tried to catch that kidney and arrest it and support it. So little was needed for this, it seemed to him. "No, I'll go to see Peter Ivanovich again." [That was the friend whose friend was a doctor.] He rang, ordered the carriage, and got ready to go.

"Where are you going, Jean?" asked his wife with an especially sad and exceptionally kind look. This exceptionally kind look irritated him. He looked morosely at her. "I must go to see Peter Ivanovich."

He went to see Peter Ivanovich, and together they went to see his friend, the doctor. He was in, and Ivan Ilyich had a long talk with him.

Reviewing the anatomical and physiological details of what in the doctor's opinion was going on inside him, he understood it all.

There was something, a small thing, in the vermiform appendix. It might all come right. Only stimulate the energy of one organ and check the activity of another, then absorption would take place and everything would come right. He got home rather late for dinner, ate his dinner, and conversed cheerfully, but could not for a long time bring himself to go back to work in his room. At last, however, he went to his study and did what was necessary, but the consciousness that he had put something aside -- an important, intimate matter which he would revert to when his work was done -- never left him. When he had finished his work he remembered that this intimate matter was the thought of his vermiform appendix. But he did not give himself up to it, and went to the drawing room for tea. There were callers there, including the examining magistrate who was a desirable match for his daughter, and they were conversing, playing the piano, and singing. Ivan Ilyich, as Praskovya Fedorovna remarked, spent that evening more cheerfully than usual, but he never for a moment forgot that he had postponed the important matter of the appendix. At eleven o'clock he said goodnight and went to his bedroom. Since his illness he had slept alone in a small room next to his study. He undressed and took up a novel by Zola, but instead of reading it he fell into thought, and in his imagination that desired improvement in the vermiform appendix occurred. There was the absorption and evacuation and the re-establishment of normal activity. "Yes, that's it!" he said to himself. "One need only assist nature, that's all." He remembered his medicine, rose, took it, and lay down on his back watching for the beneficent action of the medicine and for it to lessen the pain. "I need only take it regularly and avoid all injurious influences. I am already feeling better, much better." He began touching his side: it was not painful to the touch. "There, I really don't feel it. It's much better already." He put out the light and turned on his side ... "The appendix is getting better, absorption is occurring." Suddenly he felt the old, familiar, dull, gnawing pain, stubborn and serious. There was the same familiar loathsome taste in his mouth. His heart sand and he felt dazed. "My God! My God!" he

muttered. "Again, again! And it will never cease." And suddenly the matter presented itself in a quite different aspect. "Vermiform appendix! Kidney!" he said to himself. "It's not a question of appendix or kidney, but of life and...death. Yes, life was there and now it is going, going and I cannot stop it. Yes. Why deceive myself? Isn't it obvious to everyone but me that I'm dying, and that it's only a question of weeks, days...it may happen this moment. There was light and now there is darkness. I was here and now I'm going there! Where?" A chill came over him, his breathing ceased, and he felt only the throbbing of his heart.

"When I am not, what will there be? There will be nothing. Then where shall I be when I am no more? Can this be dying? No, I don't want to!" He jumped up and tried to light the candle, felt for it with trembling hands, dropped candle and candlestick on the floor, and fell back on his pillow.

"What's the use? It makes no difference," he said to himself, staring with wideopen eyes into the darkness. "Death. Yes, death. And none of them knows or wishes to know it, and they have no pity for me. Now they are playing." (He heard through the door the distant sound of a song and its accompaniment.) "It's all the same to them, but they will die too! Fools! I first, and they later, but it will be the same for them. And now they are merry...the beasts!"

Anger choked him and he was agonizingly, unbearably miserable. "It is impossible that all men have been doomed to suffer this awful horror!" He raised himself.

"Something must be wrong. I must calm myself -- must think it all over from the beginning." And he again began thinking. "Yes, the beginning of my illness: I knocked my side, but I was still quite well that day and the next. It hurt a little, then rather more. I saw the doctors, and then followed despondency and anguish, more doctors, and I drew nearer to the abyss. My strength grew less and I kept coming nearer and nearer, and now I have wasted away and there is no light in my eyes. I think of the appendix -- but this is death! I think of mending the appendix, and all the while here is death! Can it really be death?" Again terror seized him and he gasped for breath. He leant down and began feeling for the matches, pressing with his elbow on the stand beside the bed. It was in his way and hurt him, he grew furious with it, pressed on it still harder, and upset it. Breathless and in despair he fell on his back, expecting death to come immediately.

Meanwhile the visitors were leaving. Praskovya Fedorovna was seeing them off. She heard something fall and came in.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing. I knocked it over accidentally."

She went out and returned with a candle. He lay there panting heavily, like a man who has run a thousand yards, and stared upwards at her with a fixed look.

"What is it, Jean?"

"No...o...thing. I upset it." ("Why speak of it? She won't understand," he thought.)

And in truth she did not understand. She picked up the stand, lit his candle, and hurried away to see another visitor off. When she came back he still lay on his back, looking upwards.

"What is it? Do you feel worse?"

"Yes."

She shook her head and sat down.

"Do you know, Jean, I think we must ask Leshchetitsky to come and see you here."

This meant calling in the famous specialist, regardless of expense. He smiled malignantly and said "No." She remained a little longer and then went up to him and kissed his forehead.

While she was kissing him he hated her from the bottom of his soul and with difficulty refrained from pushing her away.

"Good night. Please God you'll sleep."

"Yes."

Chapter VI

Ivan Ilyich saw that he was dying, and he was in continual despair.

In the depth of his heart he knew he was dying, but not only was he not accustomed to the thought, he simply did not and could not grasp it.

The syllogism he had learnt from Kiesewetter's Logic: "Caius is a man, men are mortal, therefore Caius is mortal," had always seemed to him correct as applied to Caius, but certainly not as applied to himself. That Caius -- man in the abstract -- was mortal, was perfectly correct, but he was not Caius, not an abstract man, but a creature quite, quite separate from all others. He had been little Vanya, with a mamma and a papa, with Mitya and Volodya, with the toys, a coachman and a nurse, afterwards with Katenka and will all the joys, griefs, and delights of childhood, boyhood, and youth. What did Caius know of the smell of that striped leather ball Vanya had been so fond of? Had Caius kissed his mother's hand like that, and did the silk of her dress rustle so for Caius? Had he rioted like that at school when the pastry was bad? Had Caius been in love like that? Could Caius preside at a session as he did? "Caius really was mortal, and it was right for him to die; but for me, little Vanya, Ivan Ilyich, with all my thoughts and emotions, it's altogether a different matter. It cannot be that I ought to die. That would be too terrible."

Such was his feeling.

"If I had to die like Caius I would have known it was so. An inner voice would have told me so, but there was nothing of the sort in me and I and all my friends felt that our case was quite

different from that of Caius. And now here it is!" he said to himself. "It can't be. It's impossible! But here it is. How is this? How is one to understand it?"

He could not understand it, and tried to drive this false, incorrect, morbid thought away and to replace it by other proper and healthy thoughts. But that thought, and not the thought only but the reality itself, seemed to come and confront him.

And to replace that thought he called up a succession of others, hoping to find in them some support. He tried to get back into the former current of thoughts that had once screened the thought of death from him. But strange to say, all that had formerly shut off, hidden, and destroyed his consciousness of death, no longer had that effect. Ivan Ilyich now spent most of his time in attempting to reestablish that old current. He would say to himself: "I will take up my duties again -- after all I used to live by them." And banishing all doubts he would go to the law courts, enter into conversation with his colleagues, and sit carelessly as was his wont, scanning the crowd with a thoughtful look and leaning both his emaciated arms on the arms of his oak chair; bending over as usual to a colleague and drawing his papers nearer he would interchange whispers with him, and then suddenly raising his eyes and sitting erect would pronounce certain words and open the proceedings. But suddenly in the midst of those proceedings the pain in his side, regardless of the stage the proceedings had reached, would begin its own gnawing work. Ivan Ilyich would turn his attention to it and try to drive the thought of it away, but without success. *It* would come and stand before him and look at him, and he would be petrified and the light would die out of his eyes, and he would again begin asking himself whether *It* alone was true. And his colleagues and subordinates would see with surprise and distress that he, the brilliant and subtle judge, was becoming confused and making mistakes. He would shake himself, try to pull himself together, manage somehow to bring the sitting to a close, and return home with the sorrowful consciousness that his judicial labors could not as formerly hide from him what he wanted them to hide, and could not deliver him from *It*. And what was worst of all was that *It* drew his attention to itself not in order to make him take some action but only that he should look at *It*, look it straight in the face: look at it and without doing anything, suffer inexpressibly.

And to save himself from this condition Ivan Ilyich looked for consolations -- new screens -- and new screens were found and for a while seemed to save him, but then they immediately fell to pieces or rather became transparent, as if *It* penetrated them and nothing could veil *It*.

In these latter days he would go into the drawing room he had arranged -- that drawing room where he had fallen and for the sake of which (how bitterly ridiculous it seemed) he had sacrificed his life -- for he knew that his illness originated with that knock. He would enter and see that something had scratched the polished table. He would look for the cause of this and find that it was the bronze ornamentation of an album, which had got bent. He would take up the expensive album which he had lovingly arranged, and feel vexed with his daughter and her friends for their untidiness -- for the album was torn here and there and some of the photographs turned upside down. He would put it carefully in order and bend the ornamentation back into position. Then it would occur to him to place all those things in another corner of the room, near the plants. He would call the footman, but his daughter or wife would come to help

him. They would not agree, and his wife would contradict him, and he would dispute and grow angry. But that was all right, for then he did not think about *It*. *It* was invisible.

But then, when he was moving something himself, his wife would say: "Let the servants do it. You will hurt yourself again." And suddenly *It* would flash through the screen and he would see it. It was just a flash, and he hoped it would disappear, but he would involuntarily pay attention to his side. "It sits there as before, gnawing just the same!" And he could no longer forget *It*, but could distinctly see it looking at him from behind the flowers. "What is it all for?"

"It really is so! I lost my life over that curtain as I might have done when storming a fort. Is that possible? How terrible and how stupid. It can't be true! It can't, but it is."

He would go to his study, lie down, and again be alone with It: face to face with It. And nothing could be done with It except to look at it and shudder.

Chapter VII

How it happened it is impossible to say because it came about step by step, unnoticed, but in the third month of Ivan Ilyich's illness, his wife, his daughter, his son, his acquaintances, the doctors, the servants, and above all he himself, were aware that the whole interest he had for other people was whether he would soon vacate his place, and at last release the living from the discomfort caused by his presence and be himself released from his sufferings.

He slept less and less. He was given opium and hypodermic injections of morphine, but this did not relieve him. The dull depression he experienced in a somnolent condition at first gave him a little relief, but only as something new, afterwards it became as distressing as the pain itself or even more so.

Special foods were prepared for him by the doctors' orders, but all those foods became increasingly distasteful and disgusting to him.

For his excretions also special arrangements had to be made, and this was a torment to him every time -- a torment from the uncleanliness, the unseemliness, and the smell, and from knowing that another person had to take part in it.

But just through his most unpleasant matter, Ivan Ilyich obtained comfort. Gerasim, the butler's young assistant, always came in to carry the things out. Gerasim was a clean, fresh peasant lad, grown stout on town food and always cheerful and bright. At first the sight of him, in his clean Russian peasant costume, engaged on that disgusting task embarrassed Ivan Ilyich.

Once when he got up from the commode to weak to draw up his trousers, he dropped into a soft armchair and looked with horror at his bare, enfeebled thighs with the muscles so sharply marked on them.

Gerasim with a firm light tread, his heavy boots emitting a pleasant smell of tar and fresh winter air, came in wearing a clean Hessian apron, the sleeves of his print shirt tucked up over his

strong bare young arms; and refraining from looking at his sick master out of consideration for his feelings, and restraining the joy of life that beamed from his face, he went up to the commode.

"Gerasim!" said Ivan Ilyich in a weak voice.

Gerasim started, evidently afraid he might have committed some blunder, and with a rapid movement turned his fresh, kind, simple young face which just showed the first downy signs of a beard.

"Yes, sir?"

"That must be very unpleasant for you. You must forgive me. I am helpless."

"Oh, why, sir," and Gerasim's eyes beamed and he showed his glistening white teeth, "what's a little trouble? It's a case of illness with you, sir."

And his deft strong hands did their accustomed task, and he went out of the room stepping lightly. Five minutes later he as lightly returned.

Ivan Ilyich was still sitting in the same position in the armchair.

"Gerasim," he said when the latter had replaced the freshly- washed utensil. "Please come here and help me." Gerasim went up to him. "Lift me up. It is hard for me to get up, and I have sent Dmitri away."

Gerasim went up to him, grasped his master with his strong arms deftly but gently, in the same way that he stepped -- lifted him, supported him with one hand, and with the other drew up his trousers and would have set him down again, but Ivan Ilyich asked to be led to the sofa. Gerasim, without an effort and without apparent pressure, led him, almost lifting him, to the sofa and placed him on it.

"That you. How easily and well you do it all!"

Gerasim smiled again and turned to leave the room. But Ivan Ilyich felt his presence such a comfort that he did not want to let him go.

"One thing more, please move up that chair. No, the other one -- under my feet. It is easier for me when my feet are raised."

Gerasim brought the chair, set it down gently in place, and raised Ivan Ilyich's legs on it. It seemed to Ivan Ilyich that he felt better while Gerasim was holding up his legs.

"It's better when my legs are higher," he said. "Place that cushion under them."

Gerasim did so. He again lifted the legs and placed them, and again Ivan Ilyich felt better while Gerasim held his legs. When he set them down Ivan Ilyich fancied he felt worse.

"Gerasim," he said. "Are you busy now?"

"Not at all, sir," said Gerasim, who had learnt from the townsfolk how to speak to gentlefolk.

"What have you still to do?"

"What have I to do? I've done everything except chopping the logs for tomorrow."

"Then hold my legs up a bit higher, can you?"

"Of course I can. Why not?" and Gerasim raised his master's legs higher and Ivan Ilyich thought that in that position he did not feel any pain at all.

"And how about the logs?"

"Don't trouble about that, sir. There's plenty of time." Ivan Ilyich told Gerasim to sit down and hold his legs, and began to talk to him. And strange to say it seemed to him that he felt better while Gerasim held his legs up.

After that Ivan Ilyich would sometimes call Gerasim and get him to hold his legs on his shoulders, and he liked talking to him. Gerasim did it all easily, willingly, simply, and with a good nature that touched Ivan Ilyich. Health, strength, and vitality in other people were offensive to him, but Gerasim's strength and vitality did not mortify but soothed him.

What tormented Ivan Ilyich most was the deception, the lie, which for some reason they all accepted, that he was not dying but was simply ill, and the only need keep quiet and undergo a treatment and then something very good would result. He however knew that do what they would nothing would come of it, only still more agonizing suffering and death. This deception tortured him -- their not wishing to admit what they all knew and what he knew, but wanting to lie to him concerning his terrible condition, and wishing and forcing him to participate in that lie. Those lies -- lies enacted over him on the eve of his death and destined to degrade this awful, solemn act to the level of their visiting, their curtains, their sturgeon for dinner -- were a terrible agony for Ivan Ilyich. And strangely enough, many times when they were going through their antics over him he had been within a hairbreadth of calling out to them: "Stop lying! You know and I know that I am dying. Then at least stop lying about it!" But he had never had the spirit to do it. The awful, terrible act of his dying was, he could see, reduced by those about him to the level of a casual, unpleasant, and almost indecorous incident (as if someone entered a drawing room defusing an unpleasant odor) and this was done by that very decorum which he had served all his life long. He saw that no one felt for him, because no one even wished to grasp his position. Only Gerasim recognized it and pitied him. And so Ivan Ilyich felt at ease only with him. He felt comforted when Gerasim supported his legs (sometimes all night long) and refused to go to bed, saying: "Don't you worry, Ivan Ilyich. I'll get sleep enough later on," or when he suddenly became familiar and exclaimed: "If you weren't sick it would be another matter, but as it is, why should I grudge a little trouble?" Gerasim alone did not lie; everything showed that he alone understood the facts of the case and did not consider it necessary to disguise them, but simply felt sorry for his emaciated and enfeebled master. Once when Ivan Ilyich was sending him away he even said straight out: "We shall all of us die, so why should I grudge a little trouble?" -- expressing the fact that he did not think his work burdensome, because he was doing it for a dying man and hoped someone would do the same for him when his time came.

Apart from this lying, or because of it, what most tormented Ivan Ilyich was that no one pitied him as he wished to be pitied. At certain moments after prolonged suffering he wished most of all (though he would have been ashamed to confess it) for someone to pity him as a sick child is pitied. He longed to be petted and comforted. He knew he was an important functionary, that he had a beard turning gray, and that therefore what he long for was impossible, but still he longed for it. And in Gerasim's attitude towards him there was something akin to what he wished for, and so that attitude comforted him. Ivan Ilyich wanted to weep, wanted to be petted and cried over, and then his colleague Shebek would come, and instead of weeping and being petted, Ivan Ilyich would assume a serious, severe, and profound air, and by force of habit would express his opinion on a decision of the Court of Cassation and would stubbornly insist on that view. This falsity around him and within him did more than anything else to poison his last days.

Chapter VIII

It was morning. He knew it was morning because Gerasim had gone, and Peter the footman had come and put out the candles, drawn back one of the curtains, and begun quietly to tidy up. Whether it was morning or evening, Friday or Sunday, made no difference, it was all just the same: the gnawing, unmitigated, agonizing pain, never ceasing for an instant, the consciousness of life inexorably waning but not yet extinguished, the approach of that ever dreaded and hateful Death which was the only reality, and always the same falsity. What were days, weeks, hours, in such a case?

"Will you have some tea, sir?"

"He wants things to be regular, and wishes the gentlefolk to drink tea in the morning," thought Ivan Ilyich, and only said "No."

"Wouldn't you like to move onto the sofa, sir?"
"He wants to tidy up the room, and I'm in the way. I am uncleanliness and disorder," he thought, and said only:

"No, leave me alone."

The man went on bustling about. Ivan Ilyich stretched out his hand. Peter came up, ready to help.

"What is it, sir?"

"My watch."

Peter took the watch which was close at hand and gave it to his master.

"Half-past eight. Are they up?"

"No sir, except Vladimir Ivanovich" (the son) "who has gone to school. Praskovya Fedorovna ordered me to wake her if you asked for her. Shall I do so?"

"No, there's no need to." "Perhaps I'd better have some tea," he thought, and added aloud: "Yes, bring me some tea."

Peter went to the door, but Ivan Ilyich dreaded being left alone. "How can I keep him here? Oh yes, my medicine." "Peter, give me my medicine." "Why not? Perhaps it may still do some good." He took a spoonful and swallowed it. "No, it won't help. It's all tomfoolery, all deception," he decided as soon as he became aware of the familiar, sickly, hopeless taste. "No, I can't believe in it any longer. But the pain, why this pain? If it would only cease just for a moment!" And he moaned. Peter turned towards him. "It's all right. Go and fetch me some tea."

Peter went out. Left alone Ivan Ilyich groaned not so much with pain, terrible thought that was, as from mental anguish. Always and forever the same, always these endless days and nights. If only it would come quicker! If only *what* would come quicker? Death, darkness?...No, no! Anything rather than death!

When Peter returned with the tea on a tray, Ivan Ilyich stared at him for a time in perplexity, not realizing who and what he was. Peter was disconcerted by that look and his embarrassment brought Ivan Ilyich to himself.

"Oh, tea! All right, put it down. Only help me to wash and put on a clean shirt."

And Ivan Ilyich began to wash. With pauses for rest, he washed his hands and then his face, cleaned his teeth, brushed his hair, and looked in the glass. He was terrified by what he saw, especially by the limp way in which his hair clung to his pallid forehead.

While his shirt was being changed he knew that he would be still more frightened at the sight of his body, so he avoided looking at it. Finally he was ready. He drew on a dressing gown, wrapped himself in a plaid, and sat down in the armchair to take his tea. For a moment he felt refreshed, but as soon as he began to drink the tea he was again aware of the same taste, and the pain also returned. He finished it with an effort, and then lay down stretching out his legs, and dismissed Peter.

Always the same. Now a spark of hope flashes up, then a sea of despair rages, and always pain; always pain, always despair, and always the same. When alone he had a dreadful and distressing desire to call someone, but he knew beforehand that with others present it would be still worse. "Another dose of morphine--to lose consciousness. I will tell him, the doctor, that he must think of something else. It's impossible, impossible, to go on like this."

An hour and another pass like that. But now there is a ring at the doorbell. Perhaps it's the doctor? It is. He comes in fresh, hearty, plump, and cheerful, with that look on his face that seems to say: "There now, you're in a panic about something, but we'll arrange it all for you directly!" The doctor knows this expression is out of place here, but he has put it on once for all and can't take it off -- like a man who has put on a frock coat in the morning to pay a round of calls.

The doctor rubs his hands vigorously and reassuringly.

"Brr! How cold it is! There's such a sharp frost; just let me warm myself!" he says, as if it were only a matter of waiting till he was warm, and then he would put everything right.

"Well now, how are you?"

Ivan Ilyich feels that the doctor would like to say: "Well, how are our affairs?" but that even he feels that this would not do, and says instead: "What sort of a night have you had?"

Ivan Ilyich looks at him as much as to say: "Are you really never ashamed of lying?" But the doctor does not wish to understand this question, and Ivan Ilyich says: "Just as terrible as ever. The pain never leaves me and never subsides. If only something ... "

"Yes, you sick people are always like that.... There, now I think I am warm enough. Even Praskovya Fedorovna, who is so particular, could find no fault with my temperature. Well, now I can say good-morning," and the doctor presses his patient's hand.

Then dropping his former playfulness, he begins with a most serious face to examine the patient, feeling his pulse and taking his temperature, and then begins the sounding and auscultation.

Ivan Ilyich knows quite well and definitely that all this is nonsense and pure deception, but when the doctor, getting down on his knee, leans over him, putting his ear first higher then lower, and performs various gymnastic movements over him with a significant expression on his face, Ivan Ilyich submits to it all as he used to submit to the speeches of the lawyers, though he knew very well that they were all lying and why they were lying.

The doctor, kneeling on the sofa, is still sounding him when Praskovya Fedorovna's silk dress rustles at the door and she is heard scolding Peter for not having let her know of the doctor's arrival.

She comes in, kisses her husband, and at once proceeds to prove that she has been up a long time already, and only owing to a misunderstanding failed to be there when the doctor arrived.

Ivan Ilyich looks at her, scans her all over, sets against her the whiteness and plumpness and cleanness of her hands and neck, the gloss of her hair, and the sparkle of her vivacious eyes. He hates her with his whole soul. And the thrill of hatred he feels for her makes him suffer from her touch.

Her attitude towards him and his diseases is still the same. Just as the doctor had adopted a certain relation to his patient which he could not abandon, so had she formed one towards him -- that he was not doing something he ought to do and was himself to blame, and that she reproached him lovingly for this -- and she could not now change that attitude.

"You see he doesn't listen to me and doesn't take his medicine at the proper time. And above all he lies in a position that is no doubt bad for him -- with his legs up."

She described how he made Gerasim hold his legs up.

The doctor smiled with a contemptuous affability that said: "What's to be done? These sick people do have foolish fancies of that kind, but we must forgive them."

When the examination was over the doctor looked at his watch, and then Praskovya Fedorovna announced to Ivan Ilyich that it was of course as he pleased, but she had sent today for a

celebrated specialist who would examine him and have a consultation with Michael Danilovich (their regular doctor).

"Please don't raise any objections. I am doing this for my own sake," she said ironically, letting it be felt that she was doing it all for his sake and only said this to leave him no right to refuse. He remained silent, knitting his brows. He felt that he was surrounded and involved in a mesh of falsity that it was hard to unravel anything.

Everything she did for him was entirely for her own sake, and she told him she was doing for herself what she actually was doing for herself, as if that was so incredible that he must understand the opposite.

At half-past eleven the celebrated specialist arrived. Again the sounding began and the significant conversations in his presence and in another room, about the kidneys and the appendix, and the questions and answers, with such an air of importance that again, instead of the real question of life and death which now alone confronted him, the question arose of the kidney and appendix which were not behaving as they ought to and would now be attached by Michael Danilovich and the specialist and forced to amend their ways.

The celebrated specialist took leave of him with a serious though not hopeless look, and in reply to the timid question Ivan Ilyich, with eyes glistening with fear and hope, put to him as to whether there was a chance of recovery, said that he could not vouch for it but there was a possibility. The look of hope with which Ivan Ilyich watched the doctor out was so pathetic that Praskovya Fedorovna, seeing it, even wept as she left the room to hand the doctor his fee.

The gleam of hope kindled by the doctor's encouragement did not last long. The same room, the same pictures, curtains, wall- paper, medicine bottles, were all there, and the same aching suffering body, and Ivan Ilyich began to moan. They gave him a subcutaneous injection and he sank into oblivion.

It was twilight when he came to. They brought him his dinner and he swallowed some beef tea with difficulty, and then everything was the same again and night was coming on.

After dinner, at seven o'clock, Praskovya Fedorovna came into the room in evening dress, her full bosom pushed up by her corset, and with traces of powder on her face. She had reminded him in the morning that they were going to the theatre. Sarah Bernhardt was visiting the town and they had a box, which he had insisted on their taking. Now he had forgotten about it and her toilet offended him, but he concealed his vexation when he remembered that he had himself insisted on their securing a box and going because it would be an instructive and aesthetic pleasure for the children.

Praskovya Fedorovna came in, self-satisfied but yet with a rather guilty air. She sat down and asked how he was, but, as he saw, only for the sake of asking and not in order to learn about it, knowing that there was nothing to learn -- and then went on to what she really wanted to say: that she would not on any account have gone but that the box had been taken and Helen and their daughter were going, as well as Petrishchev (the examining magistrate, their daughter's fiancé) and that it was out

of the question to let them go alone; but that she would have much preferred to sit with him for a while; and he must be sure to follow the doctor's orders while she was away.

"Oh, and Fedor Petrovich" (the fiancé) "would like to come in. May he? And Lisa?"

"All right."

Their daughter came in in full evening dress, her fresh young flesh exposed (making a show of that very flesh which in his own case caused so much suffering), strong, healthy, evidently in love, and impatient with illness, suffering, and death, because they interfered with her happiness.

Fedor Petrovich came in too, in evening dress, his hair curled *a la Capoul*, a tight stiff collar round his long sinewy neck, an enormous white shirt-front and narrow black trousers tightly stretched over his strong thighs. He had one white glove tightly drawn on, and was holding his opera hat in his hand.

Following him the schoolboy crept in unnoticed, in a new uniform, poor little fellow, and wearing gloves. Terribly dark shadows showed under his eyes, the meaning of which Ivan Ilyich knew well.
His son had always seemed pathetic to him, and now it was dreadful to see the boy's frightened look of pity. It seemed to Ivan Ilyich that Vasya was the only one besides Gerasim who understood and pitied him.

They all sat down and again asked how he was. A silence followed. Lisa asked her mother about the opera glasses, and there was an altercation between mother and daughter as to who had taken them and where they had been put. This occasioned some unpleasantness.

Fedor Petrovich inquired of Ivan Ilyich whether he had ever seen Sarah Bernhardt. Ivan Ilyich did not at first catch the question, but then replied: "No, have you seen her before?"

"Yes, in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*."

Praskovya Fedorovna mentioned some roles in which Sarah Bernhardt was particularly good. Her daughter disagreed. Conversation sprang up as to the elegance and realism of her acting -- the sort of conversation that is always repeated and is always the same.

In the midst of the conversation Fedor Petrovich glanced at Ivan Ilyich and became silent. The others also looked at him and grew silent. Ivan Ilyich was staring with glittering eyes straight before him, evidently indignant with them. This had to be rectified, but it was impossible to do so. The silence had to be broken, but for a time no one dared to break it and they all became afraid that the conventional deception would suddenly become obvious and the truth become plain to all. Lisa was the first to pluck up courage and break that silence, but by trying to hide what everybody was feeling, she betrayed it.

"Well, if we are going it's time to start," she said, looking at her watch, a present from her father, and with a faint and significant smile at Fedor Petrovich relating to something known only to them. She got up with a rustle of her dress.

They all rose, said goodnight, and went away.

When they had gone it seemed to Ivan Ilyich that he felt better; the falsity had gone with them. But the pain remained -- that same pain and that same fear that made everything monotonously alike, nothing harder and nothing easier. Everything was worse.

Again minute followed minute and hour followed hour. Everything remained the same and there was no cessation. And the inevitable end of it all became more and more terrible.

"Yes, send Gerasim here," he replied to a question Peter asked.

Chapter IX

His wife returned late at night. She came in on tiptoe, but he heard her, opened his eyes, and made haste to close them again. She wished to send Gerasim away and to sit with him herself, but he opened his eyes and said: "No, go away."

"Are you in great pain?"

"Always the same."

"Take some opium."

He agreed and took some. She went away.

Till about three in the morning he was in a state of stupefied misery. It seemed to him that he and his pain were being thrust into a narrow, deep black sack, but though they were pushed further and further in they could not be pushed to the bottom. And this, terrible enough in itself, was accompanied by suffering. He was frightened yet wanted to fall through the sack, he struggled but yet co-operated. And suddenly he broke through, fell, and regained consciousness. Gerasim was sitting at the foot of the bed dozing quietly and patiently, while he himself lay with his emaciated stockened legs resting on Gerasim's shoulders; the same shaded candle was there and the same unceasing pain.

"Go away, Gerasim," he whispered.

"It's all right, sir. I'll stay a while."

"No. Go away."

He removed his legs from Gerasim's shoulders, turned sideways onto his arm, and felt sorry for himself. He only waited till Gerasim had gone into the next room and then restrained himself no longer but wept like a child. He wept on account of his helplessness, his terrible loneliness, the cruelty of man, the cruelty of God, and the absence of God.

"Why hast Thou done all this? Why hast Thou brought me here? Why, why dost Thou torment me so terribly?"

He did not expect an answer and yet wept because there was no answer and could be none. The pain again grew more acute, but he did not stir and did not call. He said to himself: "Go on! Strike me! But what is it for? What have I done to Thee? What is it for?"

Then he grew quiet and not only ceased weeping but even held his breath and became all attention. It was as though he were listening not to an audible voice but to the voice of his soul, to the current of thoughts arising within him.

"What is it you want?" was the first clear conception capable of expression in words that he heard.

"What do you want? What do you want?" he repeated to himself.

"What do I want? To live and not to suffer," he answered.

And again he listened with such concentrated attention that even his pain did not distract him.

"To live? How?" asked his inner voice.

"Why, to live as I used to -- well and pleasantly."

"As you lived before, well and pleasantly?" the voice repeated.

And in imagination he began to recall the best moments of his pleasant life. But strange to say none of those best moments of his pleasant life now seemed at all what they had then seemed -- none of them except the first recollections of childhood. There, in childhood, there had been something really pleasant with which it would be possible to live if it could return. But the child who had experienced that happiness existed no longer; it was like a reminiscence of somebody else.

As soon as the period began which had produced the present Ivan Ilyich, all that had then seemed joys now melted before his sight and turned into something trivial and often nasty.

And the further he departed from childhood and the nearer he came to the present the more worthless and doubtful were the joys. This began with the School of Law. A little that was really good was still found there -- there was lightheartedness, friendship, and hope. But in the upper classes there had already been fewer of such good moments. Then during the first years of his official career, when he was in the service of the governor, some pleasant moments again occurred: they were the memories of love for a woman. Then all became confused and there was still less of what was good; later on again there was still less that was good, and the further he went the less there was. His marriage, a mere accident, then the disenchantment that followed it, his wife's bad breath and the sensuality and hypocrisy: then that deadly official life and those preoccupations about money, a year of it, and two, and ten, and twenty, and always the same thing. And the longer it lasted the more deadly it became. "It is as if I had been going downhill while I imagined I was going up. And that is really what it was. I was going up in public opinion, but to the same extent life was ebbing away from me. And now it is all done and there is only death.

"Then what does it mean? Why? It can't be that life is so senseless and horrible. But if it really has been so horrible and senseless, why must I die and die in agony? There is something wrong!

"Maybe I did not live as I ought to have done," it suddenly occurred to him. "But how could that be, when I did everything properly?" he replied, and immediately dismissed from his mind this, the sole solution of all the riddles of life and death, as something quite impossible.

"Then what do you want now? To live? Live how? Live as you lived in the law courts when the usher proclaimed 'The judge is coming!' The judge is coming, the judge!" he repeated to himself. "Here he is, the judge. But I am not guilty!" he exclaimed angrily. "What is it for?" And he ceased crying, but turning his face to the wall continued to ponder on the same question: Why, and for what purpose, is there all this horror? But however much he pondered he found no answer. And whenever the thought occurred to him, as it often did, that it all resulted from his not having lived as he ought to have done, he at once recalled the correctness of his whole life and dismissed so strange an idea.

Chapter X

Another fortnight passed. Ivan Ilyich now no longer left his sofa. He would not lie in bed but lay on the sofa, facing the wall nearly all the time. He suffered ever the same unceasing agonies and in his loneliness pondered always on the same insoluble question: "What is this? Can it be that it is Death?" And the inner voice answered: "Yes, it is Death."

"Why these sufferings?" And the voice answered, "For no reason -- they just are so." Beyond and besides this there was nothing.

From the very beginning of his illness, ever since he had first been to see the doctor, Ivan Ilyich's life had been divided between two contrary and alternating moods: now it was despair and the expectation of this uncomprehended and terrible death, and now hope and an intently interested observation of the functioning of his organs. Now before his eyes there was only a kidney or an intestine that temporarily evaded its duty, and now only that incomprehensible and dreadful death from which it was impossible to escape.

These two states of mind had alternated from the very beginning of his illness, but the further it progressed the more doubtful and fantastic became the conception of the kidney, and the more real the sense of impending death.

He had but to call to mind what he had been three months before and what he was now, to call to mind with what regularity he had been going downhill, for every possibility of hope to be shattered.

Latterly during the loneliness in which he found himself as he lay facing the back of the sofa, a loneliness in the midst of a populous town and surrounded by numerous acquaintances and relations but that yet could not have been more complete anywhere -- either at the bottom of the sea or under

the earth -- during that terrible loneliness Ivan Ilyich had lived only in memories of the past. Pictures of his past rose before him one after another. They always began with what was nearest in time and then went back to what was most remote -- to his childhood - - and rested there. If he thought of the stewed prunes that had been offered him that day, his mind went back to the raw shriveled French plums of his childhood, their peculiar flavor and the flow of saliva when he sucked their stones, and along with the memory of that taste came a whole series of memories of those days: his nurse, his brother, and their toys. "No, I mustn't think of that.... It is too painful," Ivan Ilyich said to himself, and brought himself back to the present -- to the button on the back of the sofa and the creases in its morocco. "Morocco is expensive, but it does not wear well: there had been a quarrel about it. It was a different kind of quarrel and a different kind of morocco that time when we tore father's portfolio and were punished, and mamma brought us some tarts...." And again his thoughts dwelt on his childhood, and again it was painful and he tried to banish them and fix his mind on something else.

Then again together with that chain of memories another series passed through his mind -- of how his illness had progressed and grown worse. There also the further back he looked the more life there had been. There had been more of what was good in life and more of life itself. The two merged together. "Just as the pain went on getting worse and worse, so my life grew worse and worse," he thought. "There is one bright spot there at the back, at the beginning of life, and afterwards all becomes blacker and blacker and proceeds more and more rapidly -- in inverse ratio to the square of the distance from death," thought Ivan Ilyich. And the example of a stone falling downwards with increasing velocity entered his mind. Life, a series of increasing sufferings, flies further and further towards its end -- the most terrible suffering. "I am flying...." He shuddered, shifted himself, and tried to resist, but was already aware that resistance was impossible, and again with eyes weary of gazing but unable to cease seeing what was before them, he stared at the back of the sofa and waited -- awaiting that dreadful fall and shock and destruction.

"Resistance is impossible!" he said to himself. "If I could only understand what it is all for! But that too is impossible. An explanation would be possible if it could be said that I have not lived as I ought to. But it is impossible to say that," and he remembered all the legality, correctitude, and propriety of his life. "That at any rate can certainly not be admitted," he thought, and his lips smiled ironically as if someone could see that smile and be taken in by it. "There is no explanation! Agony, death....What for?"

Chapter XI

Another two weeks went by in this way and during that fortnight an event occurred that Ivan Ilyich and his wife had desired. Petrishchev formally proposed. It happened in the evening. The next day Praskovya Fedorovna came into her husband's room considering how best to inform him of it, but that very night there had been a fresh change for the worse in his condition. She found him still lying on the sofa but in a different position. He lay on his back, groaning and staring fixedly straight in front of him.

She began to remind him of his medicines, but he turned his eyes towards her with such a look that she did not finish what she was saying; so great an animosity, to her in particular, did that look express.

"For Christ's sake let me die in peace!" he said.

She would have gone away, but just then their daughter came in and went up to say good morning. He looked at her as he had done at his wife, and in reply to her inquiry about his health said dryly that he would soon free them all of himself. They were both silent and after sitting with him for a while went away.

"Is it our fault?" Lisa said to her mother. "It's as if we were to blame! I am sorry for papa, but why should we be tortured?"

The doctor came at his usual time. Ivan Ilyich answered "Yes" and "No," never taking his angry eyes from him, and at last said: "You know you can do nothing for me, so leave me alone."

"We can ease your sufferings."

"You can't even do that. Let me be."

The doctor went into the drawing room and told Praskovya Fedorovna that the case was very serious and that the only resource left was opium to allay her husband's sufferings, which must be terrible.

It was true, as the doctor said, that Ivan Ilyich's physical sufferings were terrible, but worse than the physical sufferings were his mental sufferings which were his chief torture.

His mental sufferings were due to the fact that that night, as he looked at Gerasim's sleepy, good-natured face with it prominent cheek-bones, the question suddenly occurred to him: "What if my whole life has been wrong?"

It occurred to him that what had appeared perfectly impossible before, namely that he had not spent his life as he should have done, might after all be true. It occurred to him that his scarcely perceptible attempts to struggle against what was considered good by the most highly placed people, those scarcely noticeable impulses which he had immediately suppressed, might have been the real thing, and all the rest false. And his professional duties and the whole arrangement of his life and of his family, and all his social and official interests, might all have been false. He tried to defend all those things to himself and suddenly felt the weakness of what he was defending. There was nothing to defend.

"But if that is so," he said to himself, "and I am leaving this life with the consciousness that I have lost all that was given me and it is impossible to rectify it -- what then?"

He lay on his back and began to pass his life in review in quite a new way. In the morning when he saw first his footman, then his wife, then his daughter, and then the doctor, their every word and movement confirmed to him the awful truth that had been revealed to him during the night. In them he saw himself -- all that for which he had lived -- and saw clearly that it was not real at

all, but a terrible and huge deception which had hidden both life and death. This consciousness intensified his physical suffering tenfold. He groaned and tossed about, and pulled at his clothing, which choked and stifled him. And he hated them on that account.
He was given a large dose of opium and became unconscious, but at noon his sufferings began again. He drove everybody away and tossed from side to side.

His wife came to him and said:

"Jean, my dear, do this for me. It can't do any harm and often helps. Healthy people often do it."

He opened his eyes wide.

"What? Take communion? Why? It's unnecessary! However..."

She began to cry.

"Yes, do, my dear. I'll send for our priest. He is such a nice man."

"All right. Very well," he muttered.

When the priest came and heard his confession, Ivan Ilyich was softened and seemed to feel a relief from his doubts and consequently from his sufferings, and for a moment there came a ray of hope. He again began to think of the vermiform appendix and the possibility of correcting it. He received the sacrament with tears in his eyes.

When they laid him down again afterwards he felt a moment's ease, and the hope that he might live awoke in him again. He began to think of the operation that had been suggested to him. "To live! I want to live!" he said to himself.

His wife came in to congratulate him after his communion, and when uttering the usual conventional words she added:

"You feel better, don't you?"

Without looking at her he said, "Yes."

Her dress, her figure, the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, all revealed the same thing. "This is wrong, it is not as it should be. All you have lived for and still live for is falsehood and deception, hiding life and death from you." And as soon as he admitted that thought, his hatred and his agonizing physical suffering again sprang up, and with that suffering a consciousness of the unavoidable, approaching end. And to this was added a new sensation of grinding shooting pain and a feeling of suffocation.

The expression of his face when he uttered that "Yes" was dreadful. Having uttered it, he looked her straight in the eyes, turned on his face with a rapidity extraordinary in his weak state and shouted:

"Go away! Go away and leave me alone!"

Chapter XII

From that moment the screaming began that continued for three days, and was so terrible that one could not hear it through two closed doors without horror. At the moment he answered his wife realized that he was lost, that there was no return, that the end had come, the very end, and his doubts were still unsolved and remained doubts.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried in various intonations. He had begun by screaming, "I won't!" and continued screaming on the letter "O."

For three whole days, during which time did not exist for him, he struggled in that black sack into which he was being thrust by an invisible, resistless force. He struggled as a man condemned to death struggles in the hands of the executioner, knowing that he cannot save himself. And every moment he felt that despite all his efforts he was drawing nearer and nearer to what terrified him. He felt that his agony was due to his being thrust into that black hole and still more to his not being able to get right into it. He was hindered from getting into it by his conviction that his life had been a good one. That very justification of his life held him fast and prevented his moving forward, and it caused him most torment of all.

Suddenly some force struck him in the chest and side, making it still harder to breathe, and he fell through the hole and there at the bottom was a light. What had happened to him was like the sensation one sometimes experiences in a railway carriage when one thinks one is going backwards while one is really going forwards and suddenly becomes aware of the real direction.

"Yes, it was not the right thing," he said to himself, "but that's no matter. It can be done. But what *is* the right thing? He asked himself, and suddenly grew quiet.

This occurred at the end of the third day, two hours before his death. Just then his schoolboy son had crept softly in and gone up to the bedside. The dying man was still screaming desperately and waving his arms. His hand fell on the boy's head, and the boy caught it, pressed it to his lips, and began to cry.

At that very moment Ivan Ilyich fell through and caught sight of the light, and it was revealed to him that though his life had not been what it should have been, this could still be rectified. He asked himself, "What is the right thing?" and grew still, listening. Then he felt that someone was kissing his hand. He opened his eyes, looked at his son, and felt sorry for him. His wife camp up to him and he glanced at her. She was gazing at him open-mouthed, with undried tears on her nose and cheek and a despairing look on her face. He felt sorry for her too.

"Yes, I am making them wretched," he thought. "They are sorry, but it will be better for them when I die." He wished to say this but had not the strength to utter it. "Besides, why speak? I must act," he thought. With a look at his wife he indicated his son and said: "Take him away...sorry for him...sorry for you too...." He tried to add, "Forgive me," but said "Forego" and waved his hand, knowing that He whose understanding mattered would understand.

And suddenly it grew clear to him that what had been oppressing him and would not leave him was all dropping away at once from two sides, from ten sides, and from all sides. He was sorry

for them, he must act so as not to hurt them: release them and free himself from these sufferings. "How good and how simple!" he thought. "And the pain?" he asked himself. "What has become of it? Where are you, pain?"

He turned his attention to it.

"Yes, here it is. Well, what of it? Let the pain be."

"And death...where is it?"

He sought his former accustomed fear of death and did not find it. "Where is it? What death?" There was no fear because there was no death.

In place of death there was light.

"So that's what it is!" he suddenly exclaimed aloud. "What joy!"

To him all this happened in a single instant, and the meaning of that instant did not change. For those present his agony continued for another two hours. Something rattled in his throat, his emaciated body twitched, then the gasping and rattle became less and less frequent.

"It is finished!" said someone near him.

He heard these words and repeated them in his soul.

"Death is finished," he said to himself. "It is no more!"

He drew in a breath, stopped in the midst of a sigh, stretched out, and died.

The Social Contract

Jean Jacques Rousseau

Citizen of Geneva

—foederis aequas Dicamus leges.
(Let us make fair terms for the compact.)
—The Aeneid, Bk. X

Book I

Introductory Note

I want to inquire whether, taking men as they are and laws as they can be made to be, it is possible to establish some just and reliable rule of administration in civil affairs. In this investigation I shall always strive to reconcile what right permits with what interest prescribes, so that justice and utility may not be at variance. I enter this inquiry without demonstrating the importance of my subject. I shall be asked whether I am a prince or a legislator that I write on politics. I reply that I am neither; and that it is for this very reason that I write about politics. If I were a prince or a legislator, I would not waste my time saying what ought to be done; I would do it or remain silent. Born a citizen of a free State, and a member of that sovereign body, however feeble an influence my voice may have in public affairs, the right to vote on them is sufficient to impose on me the duty of informing myself about them; and I feel happy, whenever I meditate on governments, always to discover in my research new reasons for loving that of my own country.

Chapter 1: Subject of The First Book

Man was born free, and everywhere he is in chains. Many a one believes himself the master of others, and yet he is a greater slave than they. How has this change come about? I do not know. What can make it legitimate? I believe I can settle this question. If I looked only at force and the results that stem from it, I would say that as long as a people is compelled to obey and does obey, it does well; but that, as soon as it can shake off the yoke and does shake it off, it does even better; for, if men recover their freedom by virtue of the same right by which it was taken away, either they are justified in taking it back, or there was no justification for depriving them of it. But the social order is a sacred right that serves as a foundation for all others. This right, however, does not come from nature. It is therefore based on conventions. The question is to know what these conventions are. Before coming to that, I must establish what I have just stated.

Chapter II: Primitive Societies

The earliest of all societies, and the only natural one, is the family; yet children remain attached to their father only so long as they need him for their own survival. As soon as this need ceases, the natural bond is dissolved. The children being freed from the obedience which they owed to their father, and the father from the concern he owed his children, become equally independent. If they remain united, it is not because of nature but of choice; and the family itself is kept together only by convention. This common liberty is a consequence of man’s nature. His

first law is to attend to his own survival, his first concerns are those he owes to himself; and as soon as he reaches the age of rationality, being sole judge of how to survive, he becomes his own master. The family is, then, if you will, the first model of political societies; the leader is the analogue of the father, while the people are like the children; and all, being born free and equal, give up their freedom only for their own advantage. The whole difference is that, in the family, the father's love for his children repays him for the concern that he bestows upon them; while, in the State, the pleasure of ruling makes up for the leader's lack of love for his people.

Grotius denies that all human authority is established for the benefit of the governed, and he cites slavery as an example. His steady line of reasoning is to establish right by fact.* A more consistent method might be used, but none more favorable to tyrants. It is doubtful, then, according to Grotius, whether the human race belongs to a hundred men, or whether these hundred men belong to the human race; and he appears throughout his book to incline to the former opinion, which is also that of Hobbes. In this way we have mankind divided like herds of cattle, each of which has a master, who looks after it in order to devour it. Just as a herdsman is superior in nature to his herd, so leaders, who are the herdsmen of men, are superior in nature to their people. Such was, according to Philo's account, the reasoning of the Emperor Caligula, inferring truly enough from this analogy that kings are gods, or that men are animals. The reasoning of Caligula is similar to that of Hobbes and Grotius. Aristotle, before them all, had also said that men are not naturally equal, but that some are born to be slaves and others to rule. Aristotle was right, but he mistook the effect for the cause. Every man born in slavery is born for slavery; nothing is more certain. Slaves lose everything in their chains, even the desire to escape from them; they love their servitude as the companions of Ulysses loved their brutishness.† If, then, there are slaves by nature, it is because there have been slaves contrary to nature. The first slaves were made by force; their cowardice kept them in bondage. I have said nothing about King Adam nor about Emperor Noah, the father of three great monarchs who split the universe among them, like the children of Saturn with whom they are likened. I hope that people will give me credit for my moderation; for, as I am a direct descendant of one of these princes, and perhaps of the eldest branch, how do I know whether, by examination of titles, I might not find myself the legitimate king of the human race? Be that as it may, it cannot be denied that Adam was sovereign of the world, as Robinson was of his island, so long as he was its sole inhabitant; and it was a convenient feature of that empire that the monarch, secure on his throne, had nothing to fear from rebellions, or wars, or conspirators.

* ''Learned researches in public law are often nothing but the history of ancient abuses; and to devote much labor to studying them is misplaced pertinacity'' (Treatise on the Interests of France in Relation to Her Neighbours, by the Marquis d'Argenson). That is exactly what Grotius did.

† See a small treatise by Plutarch, entitled That Brutes Employ Reason.

A Vindication of the Rights of Woman

Mary Wollstonecraft

Chapter 1: The Rights and Involved Duties of Mankind Considered

IN the present state of society it appears necessary to go back to first principles in search of the most simple truths, and to dispute with some prevailing prejudice every inch of ground. To clear my way, I must be allowed to ask some plain questions, and the answers will probably appear as unequivocal as the axioms on which reasoning is built; though, when entangled with various motives of action, they are formally contradicted, either by the words or conduct of men.

In what does man's pre-eminence over the brute creation consist? The answer is as clear as that a half is less than the whole; in Reason.

What acquirement exalts one being above another? Virtue; we spontaneously reply.

For what purpose were the passions implanted? That man by struggling with them might attain a degree of knowledge denied to the brutes; whispers Experience.

Consequently the perfection of our nature and capability of happiness, must be estimated by the degree of reason, virtue, and knowledge, that distinguish the individual, and direct the laws which bind society: and that from the exercise of reason, knowledge and virtue naturally flow, is equally undeniable, if mankind be viewed collectively.

The rights and duties of man thus simplified, it seems almost impertinent to attempt to illustrate truths that appear so incontrovertible; yet such deeply rooted prejudices have clouded reason, and such spurious qualities have assumed the name of virtues, that it is necessary to pursue the course of reason as it has been perplexed and involved in error, by various adventitious circumstances, comparing the simple axiom with casual deviations.

Men, in general, seem to employ their reason to justify prejudices, which they have imbibed, they cannot trace how, rather than to root them out. The mind must be strong that resolutely forms its own principles; for a kind of intellectual cowardice prevails which makes many men shrink from the task, or only do it by halves. Yet the imperfect conclusions thus drawn, are frequently very plausible, because they are built on partial experience, on just, though narrow, views.

Going back to first principles, vice skulks, with all its native deformity, from close investigation; but a set of shallow reasoners are always exclaiming that these arguments prove too much, and that a measure rotten at the core may be expedient. Thus expediency is continually contrasted with simple principles, till truth is lost in a mist of words, virtue, in forms, and knowledge rendered a sounding nothing, by the specious prejudices that assume its name.

That the society is formed in the wisest manner, whose constitution is founded on the nature of man, strikes, in the abstract, every thinking being so forcibly, that it looks like presumption to endeavour to bring forward proofs; though proof must be brought, or the strong hold of prescription will never be forced by reason; yet to urge prescription as an argument to justify the depriving men (or women) of their natural rights, is one of the absurd sophisms which daily insult common sense.

The civilization of the bulk of the people of Europe is very partial; nay, it may be made a question, whether they have acquired any virtues in exchange for innocence, equivalent to the misery produced by the vices that have been plastered over unsightly ignorance, and the freedom which has been bartered for splendid slavery. The desire of dazzling by riches, the most certain pre-eminence that man can obtain, the pleasure of commanding flattering sycophants, and many other complicated low calculations of doting self-love, have all contributed to overwhelm the mass of mankind, and make liberty a convenient handle for mock patriotism. For whilst rank and titles are held of the utmost importance, before which Genius "must hide its diminished head," it is, with a few exceptions, very unfortunate for a nation when a man of abilities, without rank or property, pushes himself forward to notice.—Alas! what unheard of misery have thousands suffered to purchase a cardinal's hat for an intriguing obscure adventurer, who longed to be ranked with princes, or lord it over them by seizing the triple crown!

Such, indeed, has been the wretchedness that has flowed from hereditary honours, riches, and monarchy, that men of lively sensibility have almost uttered blasphemy in order to justify the dispensations of providence. Man has been held out as independent of his power who made him, or as a lawless planet darting from its orbit to steal the celestial fire of reason; and the vengeance of heaven, lurking in the subtle flame, sufficiently punished his temerity, by introducing evil into the world.

Impressed by this view of the misery and disorder which pervaded society, and fatigued with jostling against artificial fools, Rousseau became enamoured of solitude, and, being at the same time an optimist, he labours with uncommon eloquence to prove that man was naturally a solitary animal. Misled by his respect for the goodness of God, who certainly—for what man of sense and feeling can doubt it!—gave life only to communicate happiness, he considers evil as positive, and the work of man; not aware that he was exalting one attribute at the expense of another, equally necessary to divine perfection.

Reared on a false hypothesis, his arguments in favour of a state of nature are plausible, but unsound. I say unsound; for to assert that a state of nature is preferable to civilization, in all its possible perfection, is, in other words, to arraign supreme wisdom; and the paradoxical exclamation, that God has made all things right, and that evil has been introduced by the creature, whom he formed, knowing what he formed, is as unphilosophical as impious.

When that wise Being who created us and placed us here, saw the fair idea, he willed, by allowing it to be so, that the passions should unfold our reason, because he could see that present evil would produce future good. Could the helpless creature whom he called from nothing break loose from his providence, and boldly learn to know good by practising evil, without his permission? No.—How could that energetic advocate for immortality argue so inconsistently? Had mankind remained for ever in the brutal state of nature, which even his magic pen cannot paint as a state in which a single virtue took root, it would have been clear, though not to the sensitive unreflecting wanderer, that man was born to run the circle of life and death, and adorn God's garden for some purpose which could not easily be reconciled with his attributes.

But if, to crown the whole, there were to be rational creatures produced, allowed to rise in excellence by the exercise of powers implanted for that purpose; if benignity itself thought fit to call into existence a creature above the brutes,[60] who could think and improve himself, why should that inestimable gift, for a gift it was, if man was so created as to have a capacity to rise above the state in which sensation produced brutal ease, be called, in direct terms, a curse? A curse it might be reckoned, if all our existence was bounded by our continuance in this world; for why should the gracious fountain of life give us passions, and the power of reflecting, only to embitter our days and inspire us with mistaken notions of dignity? Why should he lead us from love of ourselves to the sublime emotions which the discovery of his wisdom and goodness excites, if these feelings were not set in motion to improve our nature, of which they make a part,[61] and render us capable of enjoying a more godlike portion of happiness? Firmly persuaded that no evil exists in the world that God did not design to take place, I build my belief on the perfection of God.

Rousseau exerts himself to prove that all *was* right originally: a crowd of authors that all *is* now right: and I, that all will *be* right.

But, true to his first position, next to a state of nature, Rousseau celebrates barbarism, and, apostrophizing the shade of Fabricius, he forgets that, in conquering the world, the Romans never dreamed of establishing their own liberty on a firm basis, or of extending the reign of virtue. Eager to support his system, he stigmatizes, as vicious, every effort of genius; and, uttering the apotheosis of savage virtues, he exalts those to demi-gods, who were scarcely human—the brutal Spartans, who, in defiance of justice and gratitude, sacrificed, in cold blood, the slaves who had shewn themselves men to rescue their oppressors.

Disgusted with artificial manners and virtues, the citizen of Geneva, instead of properly sifting the subject, threw away the wheat with the chaff, without waiting to inquire whether the evils which his ardent soul turned from indignantly, were the consequence of civilization or the vestiges of barbarism. He saw vice trampling on virtue, and the semblance of goodness taking place of the reality; he saw talents bent by power to sinister purposes, and never thought of tracing the gigantic mischief up to arbitrary power, up to the hereditary distinctions that clash with the mental superiority that naturally raises a man above his fellows. He did not perceive that regal power, in a few generations, introduces idiotism into the noble stem, and holds out baits to render thousands idle and vicious.

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[60] Contrary to the opinion of the anatomists, who argue by analogy from the formation of the teeth, stomach, and intestines, Rousseau will not allow a man to be a carnivorous animal. And, carried away from nature by a love of system, he disputes whether man be a gregarious animal, though the long and helpless state of infancy seems to point him out as particularly impelled to pair.

[61] What would you say to a mechanic whom you had desired to make a watch to point out the hour of the day, if, to show his ingenuity, he added wheels to make it a repeater, &c. that perplexed the simple mechanism; should he urge, to excuse himself—had you not touched a certain spring, you would have known nothing of the matter, and that he should have amused himself by making *an experiment* without doing you any harm: would you not retort fairly upon him, but insisting that if he had not added those needless wheels and springs, the accident could not have happened?

Nothing can set the regal character in a more contemptible point of view, than the various crimes that have elevated men to the supreme dignity.—Vile intrigues, unnatural crimes, and every vice that degrades our nature, have been the steps to this distinguished eminence; yet millions of men have supinely allowed the nerveless limbs of the posterity of such rapacious prowlers to rest quietly on their ensanguined thrones.[62]

What but a pestilential vapour can hover over society when its chief director is only instructed in the invention of crimes, or the stupid routine of childish ceremonies? Will men never be wise?—will they never cease to expect corn from tares, and figs from thistles?

It is impossible for any man, when the most favourable circumstances concur, to acquire sufficient knowledge and strength of mind to discharge the duties of a king, entrusted with uncontrouled power; how then must they be violated when his very elevation is an insuperable bar to the attainment of either wisdom or virtue; when all the feelings of a man are stifled by flattery, and reflection shut out by pleasure! Surely it is madness to make the fate of thousands depend on the caprice of a weak fellow creature, whose very station sinks him necessarily below the meanest of his subjects! But one power should not be thrown down to exalt another - for all power intoxicates weak man; and its abuse proves, that the more equality there is established among men, the more virtue and happiness will reign in society. But this, and any similar maxim deduced from simple reason, raises an outcry—the church or the state is in danger, if faith in the wisdom of antiquity is not implicit; and they who, roused by the sight of human calamity, dare to attack human authority, are reviled as despisers of God, and enemies of man. These are bitter calumnies, yet they reached one of the best of men,[63] whose ashes still preach peace, and whose memory demands a respectful pause, when subjects are discussed that lay so near his heart.

After attacking the sacred majesty of Kings, I shall scarcely excite surprise by adding my firm persuasion that every profession, in which great subordination of rank constitutes its power, is highly injurious to morality.

A standing army, for instance, is incompatible with freedom; because subordination and rigour are the very sinews of military discipline; and despotism is necessary to give vigour to enterprizes that one will directs. A spirit inspired by romantic notions of honour, a kind of morality founded on the fashion of the age, can only be felt by a few officers, whilst the main body must be moved by command, like the waves of the sea; for the strong wind of authority pushes the crowd of subalterns forward, they scarcely know or care why, with headlong fury.

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[62] Could there be a greater insult offered to the rights of man than the beds of justice in France, when an infant was made the organ of the detestable Dubois?

[63] Dr. Price.

Besides, nothing can be so prejudicial to the morals of the inhabitants of country towns as the occasional residence of a set of idle superficial young men, whose only occupation is gallantry, and whose polished manners render vice more dangerous, by concealing its deformity under gay ornamental drapery. An air of fashion, which is but a badge of slavery, and proves that the soul has not a strong individual character, awes simple country people into an imitation of the vices, when they cannot catch the slippery graces, of politeness. Every corps is a chain of despots, who, submitting and tyrannizing without exercising their reason, become dead weights of vice and folly on the community. A man of rank or fortune, sure of rising by interest, has nothing to do but to pursue some extravagant freak; whilst the needy *gentleman,* who is to rise, as the phrase turns, by his merit, becomes a servile parasite or vile pander.

Sailors, the naval gentlemen, come under the same description, only their vices assume a different and a grosser cast. They are more positively indolent, when not discharging the ceremonials of their station; whilst the insignificant fluttering of soldiers may be termed active idleness. More confined to the society of men, the former acquire a fondness for humour and mischievous tricks; whilst the latter, mixing frequently with well -bred women, catch a sentimental cant.—But mind is equally out of the question, whether they indulge the horse-laugh, or polite simper.

May I be allowed to extend the comparison to a profession where more mind is certainly to be found; for the clergy have superior opportunities of improvement, tho' subordination almost equally cramps their faculties? The blind submission imposed at college to forms of belief serves as a novitiate to the curate, who must obsequiously respect the opinion of his rector or patron, if he means to rise in his profession. Perhaps there cannot be a more forcible contrast than between the servile dependent gait of a poor curate and the courtly mien of a bishop. And the respect and contempt they inspire render the discharge of their separate functions equally useless.

It is of great importance to observe that the character of every man is, in some degree, formed by his profession. A man of sense may only have a cast of countenance that wears off as you trace his individuality, whilst the weak, common man has scarcely ever any character, but what belongs to the body; at least, all his opinions have been so steeped in the vat consecrated by authority, that the faint spirit which the grape of his own vine yields cannot be distinguished.

Society, therefore, as it becomes more enlightened, should be very careful not to establish bodies of men who must necessarily be made foolish or vicious by the very constitution of their profession.

In the infancy of society, when men were just emerging out of barbarism, chiefs and priests, touching the most powerful springs of savage conduct, hope and fear, must have had unbounded sway. An aristocracy, of course, is naturally the first form of government. But, clashing interests soon losing their equipoise, a monarchy and hierarchy break out of the confusion of ambitious struggles, and the foundation of both is secured by feudal tenures. This appears to be the origin of monarchical and priestly power, and the dawn of civilization. But such combustible materials cannot long be pent up; and, getting vent in foreign wars and intestine insurrections, the people acquire some power in the tumult, which obliges their rulers to gloss over their oppression with a shew of right. Thus, as wars, agriculture, commerce, and

literature, expand the mind, despots are compelled, to make covert corruption hold fast the power which was formerly snatched by open force.[64] And this baneful lurking gangrene is most quickly spread by luxury and superstition, the sure dregs of ambition. The indolent puppet of a court first becomes a luxurious monster, or fastidious sensualist, and then makes the contagion which his unnatural state spread, the instrument of tyranny.

It is the pestiferous purple which renders the progress of civilization a curse, and warps the understanding, till men of sensibility doubt whether the expansion of intellect produces a greater portion of happiness or misery. But the nature of the poison points out the antidote; and had

Rousseau mounted one step higher in his investigation, or could his eye have pierced through the foggy atmosphere, which he almost disdained to breathe, his active mind would have darted forward to contemplate the perfection of man in the establishment of true civilization, instead of taking his ferocious flight back to the night of sensual ignorance.

Chapter 2: The Prevailing Opinion of a Sexual Character Discussed

TO account for, and excuse the tyranny of man, many ingenious arguments have been brought forward to prove, that the two sexes, in the acquirement of virtue, ought to aim at attaining a very different character: or, to speak explicitly, women are not allowed to have sufficient strength of mind to acquire what really deserves the name of virtue. Yet it should seem, allowing them to have souls, that there is but one way appointed by Providence to lead *mankind* to either virtue or happiness.

If then women are not a swarm of ephemeron triflers, why should they be kept in ignorance under the specious name of innocence? Men complain, and with reason, of the follies and caprices of our sex, when they do not keenly satirize our headstrong passions and grovelling vices. Behold, I should answer, the natural effect of ignorance! The mind will ever be unstable that has only prejudices to rest on, and the current will run with destructive fury when there are no barriers to break its force. Women are told from their infancy, and taught by the example of their mothers, that a little knowledge of human weakness, justly termed cunning, softness of temper, *outward* obedience, and a scrupulous attention to a puerile kind of propriety, will obtain for them the protection of man; and should they be beautiful, every thing else is needless, for, at least, twenty years of their lives.

Thus Milton describes our first frail mother; though when he tells us that women are formed for softness and sweet attractive grace, I cannot comprehend his meaning, unless, in the true Mahometan strain, he meant to deprive us of souls, and insinuate that we were beings only designed by sweet attractive grace, and docile blind obedience, to gratify the senses of man when he can no longer soar on the wing of contemplation.

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[64] Men of abilities scatter seeds that grow up and have a great influence on the forming opinion; and when once the public opinion preponderates, through the exertion of reason, the overthrow of arbitrary power is not very distant.

How grossly do they insult us who thus advise us only to render ourselves gentle, domestic brutes! For instance, the winning softness so warmly, and frequently, recommended, that governs by obeying. What childish expressions, and how insignificant is the being—can it be an immortal one? who will condescend to govern by such sinister methods! 'Certainly, says Lord Bacon, 'man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature!' Men, indeed, appear to me to act in a very unphilosophical manner when they try to secure the good conduct of women by attempting to keep them always in a state of childhood. Rousseau was more consistent when he wished to stop the progress of reason in both sexes, for if men eat of the tree of knowledge, women will come in for a taste; but, from the imperfect cultivation which their understandings now receive, they only attain a knowledge of evil.

Children, I grant, should be innocent; but when the epithet is applied to men, or women, it is but a civil term for weakness. For if it be allowed that women were destined by Providence to acquire human virtues, and by the exercise of their understanding, that stability of character which is the firmest ground to rest our future hopes upon, they must be permitted to turn to the

fountain of light, and not forced to shape their course by the twinkling of a mere satellite. Milton, I grant, was of a very different opinion; for he only bends to the indefeasible right of beauty, though it would be difficult to render two passages which I now mean to contrast, consistent. But into similar inconsistencies are great men often led by their senses.

'To whom thus Eve with *perfect beauty* adorn'd,

My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is *thy law, thou mine:* to know no more
Is Woman's *happiest* knowledge and her *praise.*'

These are exactly the arguments that I have used to children; but I have added, your reason is now gaining strength, and, till it arrives at some degree of maturity, you must look up to me for advice—then you ought to *think,* and only rely on God.

Yet in the following lines Milton seems to coincide with me; when he makes Adam thus expostulate with his Maker.

'Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among *unequals* what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in *disparity*
The one intense, the other still remiss
Tedious alike: of *fellowship* I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight—

In treating, therefore, of the manners of women, let us, disregarding sensual arguments, trace what we should endeavour to make them in order to co-operate, if the expression be not too bold, with the supreme Being.

By individual education, I mean, for the sense of the word is not precisely defined, such an attention to a child as will slowly sharpen the senses, form the temper, regulate the passions, as they begin to ferment, and set the understanding to work before the body arrives at maturity; so that the man may only have to proceed, not to begin, the important task of learning to think and reason.

To prevent any misconstruction, I must add, that I do not believe that a private education can work the wonders which some sanguine writers have attributed to it. Men and women must be educated, in a great degree, by the opinions and manners of the society they live in. In every age there has been a stream of popular opinion that has carried all before it, and given a family character, as it were, to the century. It may then fairly be inferred, that, till society be differently constituted, much cannot be expected from education. It is, however, sufficient for my present purpose to assert, that whatever effect circumstances have on the abilities, every being may become virtuous by the exercise of its own reason; for if but one being was created with vicious inclinations, that is positively bad, what can save us from atheism? or if we worship a God, is not that God a devil?

Consequently, the most perfect education, in my opinion, is such an exercise of the understanding as is best calculated to strengthen the body and form the heart. Or, in other words, to enable the individual to attain such habits of virtue as will render it independent. In fact, it is a farce to call any being virtuous whose virtues do not result from the exercise of its own reason. This was Rousseau's opinion respecting men. I extend it to women, and confidently assert that they have been drawn out of their sphere by false refinement, and not by an endeavour to acquire masculine qualities. Still the regal homage which they receive is so intoxicating, that till the manners of the times are changed, and formed on more reasonable principles, it may be impossible to convince them that the illegitimate power which they obtain, by degrading themselves, is a curse, and that they must return to nature and equality, if they wish to secure the placid satisfaction that unsophisticated affections impart. But for this epoch we must wait—wait, perhaps, till kings and nobles, enlightened by reason, and, preferring the real dignity of man to childish state, throw off their gaudy hereditary trappings: and if then women do not resign the arbitrary power of beauty—they will prove that they have *less* mind than man.

I may be accused of arrogance; still I must declare, what I firmly believe, that all the writers who have written on the subject of female education and manners, from Rousseau to Dr. Gregory, have contributed to render women more artificial, weak characters, than they would otherwise have been; and, consequently, more useless members of society. I might have expressed this conviction in a lower key; but I am afraid it would have been the whine of affectation, and not the faithful expression of my feelings; of the clear result, which experience and reflection have led me to draw. When I come to that division of the subject, I shall advert to the passages that I more particularly disapprove of, in the works of the authors I have just alluded to; but it is first necessary to observe, that my objection extends to the whole purport of those books, which tend, in my opinion, to degrade one half of the human species, and render women pleasing at the expense of every solid virtue.

Though, to reason on Rousseau's ground, if man did attain a degree of perfection of mind when his body arrived at maturity, it might be proper, in order to make a man and his wife *one*, that she should rely entirely on his understanding; and the graceful ivy, clasping the oak that supported it, would form a whole in which strength and beauty would be equally conspicuous. But, alas! husbands, as well as their helpmates, are often only overgrown children; nay, thanks to

early debauchery, scarcely men in their outward form—and if the blind lead the blind, one need not come from heaven to tell us the consequence.

Many are the causes that, in the present corrupt state of society, contribute to enslave women by cramping their understandings and sharpening their senses. One, perhaps, that silently does more mischief than all the rest, is their disregard of order.

To do everything in an orderly manner, is a most important precept, which women, who, generally speaking, receive only a disorderly kind of education, seldom attend to with that degree of exactness, that men, who from their infancy are broken into method, observe. This negligent kind of guess-work, for what other epithet can be used to point out the random exertions of a sort of instinctive common sense, never brought to the test of reason? prevents their generalizing matters of fact—so they do to-day what they did yesterday, merely because they did it yesterday.

This contempt of the understanding in early life has more baneful consequences than is commonly supposed; for the little knowledge which women of strong minds attain, is, from various circumstances, of a more desultory kind than the knowledge of men, and it is acquired more by sheer observations on real life, than from comparing what has been individually observed with the results of experience generalized by speculation. Led by their dependent situation and domestic employments more into society, what they learn is rather by snatches; and as learning is with them, in general, only a secondary thing, they do not pursue any one branch with that persevering ardour necessary to give vigour to the faculties, and clearness to the judgment. In the present state of society, a little learning is required to support the character of a gentleman; and boys are obliged to submit to a few years of discipline. But in the education of women, the cultivation of the understanding is always subordinate to the acquirement of some corporeal accomplishment; even when enervated by confinement and false notions of modesty, the body is prevented from attaining that grace and beauty which relaxed half-formed limbs never exhibit. Besides, in youth their faculties are not brought forward by emulation; and having no serious scientific study, if they have natural sagacity it is turned too soon on life and manners. They dwell on effects, and modifications, without tracing them back to causes; and complicated rules to adjust behaviour, are a weak substitute for simple principles.

As a proof that education gives this appearance of weakness to females, we may instance the example of military men, who are, like them, sent into the world before their minds have been stored with knowledge or fortified by principles. The consequences are similar; soldiers acquire a little superficial knowledge, snatched from the muddy current of conversation, and, from continually mixing with society, they gain, what is termed a knowledge of the world; and this acquaintance with manners and customs has frequently been confounded with a knowledge of the human heart. But can the crude fruit of casual observation, never brought to the test of judgment, formed by comparing speculation and experience, deserve such a distinction? Soldiers, as well as women, practise the minor virtues with punctilious politeness. Where is then the sexual difference, when the education has been the same? All the difference that I can discern, arises from the superior advantage of liberty, which enables the former to see more of life.

It is wandering from my present subject, perhaps, to make a political remark; but, as it was produced naturally by the train of my reflections, I shall not pass it silently over.

Standing armies can never consist of resolute, robust men; they may be well disciplined machines, but they will seldom contain men under the influence of strong passions, or with very vigorous faculties. And as for any depth of understanding, I will venture to affirm, that it is as rarely to be found in the army as amongst women; and the cause, I maintain, is the same. It may be further observed, that officers are also particularly attentive to their persons, fond of dancing, crowded rooms, adventures, and ridicule.[65] Like the *fair* sex, the business of their lives is gallantry—They were taught to please, and they only live to please. Yet they do not lose their rank in the distinction of sexes, for they are still reckoned superior to women, though in what their superiority consists, beyond what I have just mentioned, it is difficult to discover.

The great misfortune is this, that they both acquire manners before morals, and a knowledge of life before they have, from reflection, any acquaintance with the grand ideal outline of human nature. The consequence is natural; satisfied with common nature, they become a prey to prejudices, and taking all their opinions on credit, they blindly submit to authority. So that, if they have any sense, it is a kind of instinctive glance, that catches proportions, and decides with respect to manners; but fails when arguments are to be pursued below the surface, or opinions analyzed.

May not the same remark be applied to women? Nay, the argument may be carried still further, for they are both thrown out of a useful station by the unnatural distinctions established in civilized life. Riches and hereditary honours have made cyphers of women to give consequence to the numerical figure; and idleness has produced a mixture of gallantry and despotism into society, which leads the very men who are the slaves of their mistresses to tyrannize over their sisters, wives, and daughters. This is only keeping them in rank and file, it is true. Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it, and there will be an end to blind obedience; but, as blind obedience is ever sought for by power, tyrants and sensualists are in the right when they endeavour to keep women in the dark, because the former only want slaves, and the latter a play-thing. The sensualist, indeed, has been the most dangerous of tyrants, and women have been duped by their lovers, as princes by their ministers, whilst dreaming that they reigned over them.

I now principally allude to Rousseau, for his character of Sophia is, undoubtedly a captivating one, though it appears to me grossly unnatural; however, it is not the superstructure, but the foundation of her character, the principles on which her education was built, that I mean to attack; nay, warmly as I admire the genius of that able writer, whose opinions I shall often have occasion to cite, indignation always takes place of admiration, and the rigid frown of insulted virtue effaces the smile of complacency, which his eloquent periods are wont to raise, when I read his voluptuous reveries. Is this the man, who, in his ardour for virtue, would banish all the soft arts of peace, and almost carry us back to Spartan discipline? Is this the man who delights to paint the useful struggles of passion, the triumphs of good dispositions, and the heroic flights which carry the glowing soul out of itself?—How are these mighty sentiments lowered when he describes the pretty foot and enticing airs of his little favourite! But, for the present I wave the subject, and, instead of severely reprehending the transient effusions of overweening sensibility, I shall only observe, that whoever has cast a benevolent eye on society, must often have been gratified by the sight of humble mutual love, not dignified by sentiment, nor strengthened by a union in intellectual pursuits.

[65] Why should women be censured with petulant acrimony, because they seem to have a passion for a scarlet coat? Has not education placed them more on a level with soldiers than any other class of men?

The domestic trifles of the day have afforded matter for cheerful converse, and innocent caresses have softened toils which did not require great exercise of mind or stretch of thought: yet, has not the sight of this moderate felicity excited more tenderness than respect? An emotion similar to what we feel when children are playing, or animals sporting,[66] whilst the contemplation of the noble struggles of suffering merit has raised admiration, and carried our thoughts to that world where sensation will give place to reason.

Women are, therefore, to be considered either as moral beings, or so weak that they must be entirely subjected to the superior faculties of men.

Let us examine this question. Rousseau declares that a woman should never, for a moment, feel herself independent, that she should be governed by fear to exercise her *natural* cunning, and made a coquetish slave in order to render her a more alluring object of desire, a *sweeter* companion to man, whenever he chooses to relax himself. He carries the arguments, which he pretends to draw from the indications of nature, still further, and insinuates that truth and fortitude, the corner stones of all human virtue, should be cultivated with certain restrictions, because, with respect to the female character, obedience is the grand lesson which ought to be impressed with unrelenting rigour.

What nonsense! when will a great man arise with sufficient strength of mind to puff away the fumes which pride and sensuality have thus spread over the subject! If women are by nature inferior to men, their virtues must be the same in quality, if not in degree, or virtue is a relative idea; consequently, their conduct should be founded on the same principles, and have the same aim.

Connected with man as daughters, wives, and mothers, their moral character may be estimated by their manner of fulfilling those simple duties; but the end, the grand end of their exertions should be to unfold their own faculties and acquire the dignity of conscious virtue. They may try to render their road pleasant; but ought never to forget, in common with man, that life yields not the felicity which can satisfy an immortal soul. I do not mean to insinuate, that either sex should be so lost in abstract reflections or distant views, as to forget the affections and duties that lie before them, and are, in truth, the means appointed to produce the fruit of life; on the contrary, I would warmly recommend them, even while I assert, that they afford most satisfaction when they are considered in their true subordinate light.

Probably the prevailing opinion, that woman was created for man, may have taken its rise from Moses's poetical story; yet as very few, it is presumed, who have bestowed any serious thought on the subject, ever supposed that Eve was, literally speaking, one of Adam's ribs, the deduction must be allowed to fall to the ground; or, only be so far admitted as it proves that man, from the remotest antiquity, found it convenient to exert his strength to subjugate his companion, and his invention to shew that she ought to have her neck bent under the yoke; because she, as well as the brute creation, was created to do his pleasure.

[66] Similar feelings has Milton's pleasing picture of paradisiacal happiness ever raised in my mind; yet, instead of envying the lovely pair, I have, with conscious dignity, or Satanic pride, turned to hell for sublimer objects. In the same style, when viewing some noble monument of human art, I have traced the emanation of the Deity in the order I admired, till, descending from that giddy height, I have caught myself contemplating the grandest of all human sights;—for fancy quickly placed, in some solitary recess, an outcast of fortune, rising superior to passion and discontent.

Let it not be concluded that I wish to invert the order of things; I have already granted, that, from the constitution of their bodies, men seem to be designed by Providence to attain a greater degree of virtue. I speak collectively of the whole sex; but I see not the shadow of a reason to conclude that their virtues should differ in respect to their nature. In fact, how can they, if virtue has only one eternal standard? I must therefore, if I reason consequentially, as strenuously maintain that they have the same simple direction, as that there is a God.

It follows then that cunning should not be opposed to wisdom, little cares to great exertions, or insipid softness, varnished over with the name of gentleness, to that fortitude which grand views alone can inspire.

I shall be told that woman would then lose many of her peculiar graces, and the opinion of a well known poet might be quoted to refute my unqualified assertion. For Pope has said, in the name of the whole male sex,

> 'Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
> As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.'

In what light this sally places men and women, I shall leave to the judicious to determine; meanwhile I shall content myself with observing, that I cannot discover why, unless they are mortal, females should always be degraded by being made subservient to love or lust.

To speak disrespectfully of love is, I know, high treason against sentiment and fine feelings; but I wish to speak the simple language of truth, and rather to address the head than the heart. To endeavour to reason love out of the world, would be to out Quixote Cervantes, and equally offend against common sense; but an endeavour to restrain this tumultuous passion, and to prove that it should not be allowed to dethrone superior powers, or to usurp the sceptre which the understanding should very coolly wield, appears less wild.

Youth is the season for love in both sexes; but in those days of thoughtless enjoyment provision should be made for the more important years of life, when reflection takes place of sensation. But Rousseau, and most of the male writers who have followed his steps, have warmly inculcated that the whole tendency of female education ought to be directed to one point:—to render them pleasing.

Let me reason with the supporters of this opinion who have any knowledge of human nature, do they imagine that marriage can eradicate the habitude of life? The woman who has only been taught to please will soon find that her charms are oblique sunbeams, and that they cannot have much effect on her husband's heart when they are seen every day, when the summer is passed and gone. Will she then have sufficient native energy to look into herself for comfort, and cultivate her dormant faculties? or, is it not more rational to expect that she will try to please other men; and, in the emotions raised by the expectation of new conquests, endeavour to forget the mortification her love or pride has received? When the husband ceases to be a lover—and the time will inevitably come, her desire of pleasing will then grow languid, or become a spring of bitterness; and love, perhaps, the most evanescent of all passions, gives place to jealousy or vanity.

I now speak of women who are restrained by principle or prejudice; such women, though they would shrink from an intrigue with real abhorrence, yet, nevertheless, wish to be convinced by the homage of gallantry that they are cruelly neglected by their husbands; or, days and weeks are spent in dreaming of the happiness enjoyed by congenial souls, till the health is undermined

and the spirits broken by discontent. How then can the great art of pleasing be such a necessary study; it is only useful to a mistress; the chaste wife, and serious mother, should only consider her power to please as the polish of her virtues, and the affection of her husband as one of the comforts that render her task less difficult and her life happier.—But, whether she be loved or neglected, her first wish should be to make herself respectable, and not to rely for all her happiness on a being subject to like infirmities with herself.

The amiable Dr. Gregory fell into a similar error. I respect his heart; but entirely disapprove of his celebrated Legacy to his Daughters.

He advises them to cultivate a fondness for dress, because a fondness for dress, he asserts, is natural to them. I am unable to comprehend what either he or Rousseau mean, when they frequently use this indefinite term. If they told us that in a pre-existent state the soul was fond of dress, and brought this inclination with it into a new body, I should listen to them with a half smile, as I often do when I hear a rant about innate elegance.—But if he only meant to say that the exercise of the faculties will produce this fondness—I deny it.—It is not natural; but arises, like false ambition in men, from a love of power.

Dr. Gregory goes much further; he actually recommends dissimulation, and advises an innocent girl to give the lie to her feelings, and not dance with spirit, when gaiety of heart would make her feet eloquent without making her gestures immodest. In the name of truth and common sense, why should not one woman acknowledge that she can take more exercise than another? or, in other words, that she has a sound constitution; and why, to damp innocent vivacity, is she darkly to be told that men will draw conclusions which she little thinks of? Let the libertine draw what inference he pleases; but, I hope, that no sensible mother will restrain the natural frankness of youth by instilling such indecent cautions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and a wiser than Solomon hath said, that the heart should be made clean, and not trivial ceremonies observed, which it is not very difficult to fulfil with scrupulous exactness when vice reigns in the heart.

Women ought to endeavour to purify their heart; but can they do so when their uncultivated understandings make them entirely dependent on their senses for employment and amusement, when no noble pursuit sets them above the little vanities of the day, or enables them to curb the wild emotions that agitate a reed over which every passing breeze has power? To gain the affections of a virtuous man is affectation necessary? Nature has given woman a weaker frame than man; but, to ensure her husband's affections, must a wife, who by the exercise of her mind and body whilst she was discharging the duties of a daughter, wife, and mother, has allowed her constitution to retain its natural strength, and her nerves a healthy tone, is she, I say, to condescend to use art and feign a sickly delicacy in order to secure her husband's affection? Weakness may excite tenderness, and gratify the arrogant pride of man; but the lordly caresses of a protector will not gratify a noble mind that pants for, and deserves to be respected. Fondness is a poor substitute for friendship!

In a seraglio, I grant, that all these arts are necessary; the epicure must have his palate tickled, or he will sink into apathy; but have women so little ambition as to be satisfied with such a condition? Can they supinely dream life away in the lap of pleasure, or the languor of weariness, rather than assert their claim to pursue reasonable pleasures and render themselves conspicuous by practising the virtues which dignify mankind? Surely she has not an immortal soul who can loiter life away merely employed to adorn her person, that she may amuse the

languid hours, and soften the cares of a fellow-creature who is willing to be enlivened by her smiles and tricks, when the serious business of life is over.

Besides, the woman who strengthens her body and exercises her mind will, by managing her family and practising various virtues, become the friend, and not the humble dependent of her husband, and if she deserves his regard by possessing such substantial qualities, she will not find it necessary to conceal her affection, nor to pretend to an unnatural coldness of constitution to excite her husband's passions. In fact, if we revert to history, we shall find that the women who have distinguished themselves have neither been the most beautiful nor the most gentle of their sex.

Nature, or, to speak with strict propriety, God, has made all things right; but man has sought him out many inventions to mar the work. I now allude to that part of Dr. Gregory's treatise, where he advises a wife never to let her husband know the extent of her sensibility or affection.

Voluptuous precaution, and as ineffectual as absurd.—Love, from its very nature, must be transitory. To seek for a secret that would render it constant, would be as wild a search as for the philosopher's stone, or the grand panacea; and the discovery would be equally useless, or rather pernicious, to mankind. The most holy band of society is friendship. It has been well said, by a shrewd satirist, "that rare as true love is, true friendship is still rarer."

This is an obvious truth, and the cause not lying deep, will not elude a slight glance of inquiry.

Love, the common passion, in which chance and sensation take place of choice and reason, is, in some degree, felt by the mass of mankind; for it is not necessary to speak, at present, of the emotions that rise above or sink below love. This passion, naturally increased by suspense and difficulties, draws the mind out of its accustomed state, and exalts the affections; but the security of marriage, allowing the fever of love to subside, a healthy temperature is thought insipid, only by those who have not sufficient intellect to substitute the calm tenderness of friendship, the confidence of respect, instead of blind admiration, and the sensual emotions of fondness.

This is, must be, the course of nature:—friendship or indifference inevitably succeeds love.—And this constitution seems perfectly to harmonize with the system of government which prevails in the moral world. Passions are spurs to action, and open the mind; but they sink into mere appetites, become a personal and momentary gratification, when the object is gained, and the satisfied mind rests in enjoyment. The man who had some virtue whilst he was struggling for a crown, often becomes a voluptuous tyrant when it graces his brow; and, when the lover is not lost in the husband, the dotard, a prey to childish caprices, and fond jealousies, neglects the serious duties of life, and the caresses which should excite confidence in his children are lavished on the overgrown child, his wife.

In order to fulfil the duties of life, and to be able to pursue with vigour the various employments which form the moral character, a master and mistress of a family ought not to continue to love each other with passion. I mean to say, that they ought not to indulge those emotions which disturb the order of society, and engross the thoughts that should be otherwise

employed. The mind that has never been engrossed by one object wants vigour—if it can long be so, it is weak.

A mistaken education, a narrow, uncultivated mind, and many sexual prejudices, tend to make women more constant than men; but, for the present, I shall not touch on this branch of the subject. I will go still further, and advance, without dreaming of a paradox, that an unhappy marriage is often very advantageous to a family, and that the neglected wife is, in general, the best mother. And this would almost always be the consequence if the female mind were more enlarged: for, it seems to be the common dispensation of Providence, that what we gain in present enjoyment should be deducted from the treasure of life, experience; and that when we are gathering the flowers of the day and revelling in pleasure, the solid fruit of toil and wisdom should not be caught at the same time. The way lies before us, we must turn to the right or left; and he who will pass life away in bounding from one pleasure to another, must not complain if he neither acquires wisdom nor respectability of character.

Supposing, for a moment, that the soul is not immortal, and that man was only created for the present scene,—I think we should have reason to complain that love, infantine fondness, ever grew insipid and pallid upon the sense. Let us eat, drink, and love, for to -morrow we die, would be, in fact, the language of reason, the morality of life; and who but a fool would part with a reality for a fleeting shadow? But, if awed by observing the improvable powers of the mind, we disdain to confine our wishes or thoughts to such a comparatively mean field of action; that only appears grand and important, as it is connected with a boundless prospect and sublime hopes, what necessity is there for falsehood in conduct, and why must the sacred majesty of truth be violated to detain a deceitful good that saps the very foundation of virtue? Why must the female mind be tainted by coquetish arts to gratify the sensualist, and prevent love from subsiding into friendship, or compassionate tenderness, when there are not qualities on which friendship can be built? Let the honest heart shew itself, and reason teach passion to submit to necessity; or, let the dignified pursuit of virtue and knowledge raise the mind above those emotions which rather imbitter than sweeten the cup of life, when they are not restrained within due bounds.

I do not mean to allude to the romantic passion, which is the concomitant of genius.—Who can clip its wing? But that grand passion not proportioned to the puny enjoyments of life, is only true to the sentiment, and feeds on itself. The passions which have been celebrated for their durability have always been unfortunate. They have acquired strength by absence and constitutional melancholy.—The fancy has hovered round a form of beauty dimly seen—but familiarity might have turned admiration into disgust; or, at least, into indifference, and allowed the imagination leisure to start fresh game. With perfect propriety, according to this view of things, does Rousseau make the mistress of his soul, Eloisa, love St. Preux, when life was fading before her; but this is no proof of the immortality of the passion.

Of the same complexion is Dr. Gregory's advice respecting delicacy of sentiment, which he advises a woman not to acquire, if she has determined to marry. This determination, however, perfectly consistent with his former advice, he calls *indelicate,* and earnestly persuades his daughters to conceal it, though it may govern their conduct: as if it were indelicate to have the common appetites of human nature.

Noble morality! and consistent with the cautious prudence of a little soul that cannot extend its views beyond the present minute division of existence. If all the faculties of woman's mind

are only to be cultivated as they respect her dependence on man; if, when she obtains a husband she has arrived at her goal, and meanly proud is satisfied with such a paltry crown, let her grovel contentedly, scarcely raised by her employments above the animal kingdom; but, if she is struggling for the prize of her high calling, let her cultivate her understanding without stopping to consider what character the husband may have whom she is destined to marry. Let her only determine, without being too anxious about present happiness, to acquire the qualities that ennoble a rational being, and a rough inelegant husband may shock her taste without destroying her peace of mind. She will not model her soul to suit the frailties of her companion, but to bear with them: his character may be a trial, but not an impediment to virtue.

If Dr. Gregory confined his remark to romantic expectations of constant love and congenial feelings, he should have recollected that experience will banish what advice can never make us cease to wish for, when the imagination is kept alive at the expense of reason.

I own it frequently happens that women who have fostered a romantic unnatural delicacy of feeling, waste their[67] lives in *imagining* how happy they should have been with a husband who could love them with a fervid increasing affection every day, and all day. But they might as well pine married as single—and would not be a jot more unhappy with a bad husband than longing for a good one. That a proper education; or, to speak with more precision, a well stored mind, would enable a woman to support a single life with dignity, I grant; but that she should avoid cultivating her taste, lest her husband should occasionally shock it, is quitting a substance for a shadow. To say the truth, I do not know of what use is an improved taste, if the individual is not rendered more independent of the casualties of life; if new sources of enjoyment, only dependent on the solitary operations of the mind, are not opened. People of taste, married or single, without distinction, will ever be disgusted by various things that touch not less observing minds. On this conclusion the argument must not be allowed to hinge; but in the whole sum of enjoyment is taste to be denominated a blessing?

The question is, whether it procures most pain or pleasure? The answer will decide the propriety of Dr. Gregory's advice, and show how absurd and tyrannic it is thus to lay down a system of slavery; or to attempt to educate moral beings by any other rules than those deduced from pure reason, which apply to the whole species.

Gentleness of manners, forbearance and long-suffering, are such amiable Godlike qualities, that in sublime poetic strains the Deity has been invested with them; and, perhaps, no representation of his goodness so strongly fastens on the human affections as those that represent him abundant in mercy and willing to pardon. Gentleness, considered in this point of view, bears on its front all the characteristics of grandeur, combined with the winning graces of condescension; but what a different aspect it assumes when it is the submissive demeanour of dependence, the support of weakness that loves, because it wants protection; and is forbearing, because it must silently endure injuries; smiling under the lash at which it dare not snarl. Abject as this picture appears, it is the portrait of an accomplished woman, according to the received opinion of female excellence, separated by specious reasoners from human excellence. Or, they[68] kindly restore the rib, and make one moral being of a man and woman; not forgetting to

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[67] For example, the herd of novelists.

[68] Vide Rousseau, and Swedenborg.

give her all the 'submissive charms.'

How women are to exist in that state where there is to be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, we are not told.—For though moralists have agreed that the tenor of life seems to prove that *man* is prepared by various circumstances for a future state, they constantly concur in advising *woman* only to provide for the present. Gentleness, docility, and a spaniel-like affection are, on this ground, consistently recommended as the cardinal virtues of the sex; and, disregarding the arbitrary economy of nature, one writer has declared that it is masculine for a woman to be melancholy. She was created to be the toy of man, his rattle, and it must jingle in his ears whenever, dismissing reason, he chooses to be amused.

To recommend gentleness, indeed, on a broad basis is strictly philosophical. A frail being should labour to be gentle. But when forbearance confounds right and wrong, it ceases to be a virtue; and, however convenient it may be found in a companion—that companion will ever be considered as an inferior, and only inspire a vapid tenderness, which easily degenerates into contempt. Still, if advice could really make a being gentle, whose natural disposition admitted not of such a fine polish, something towards the advancement of order would be attained; but if, as might quickly be demonstrated, only affectation be produced by this indiscriminate counsel, which throws a stumbling-block in the way of gradual improvement, and true melioration of temper, the sex is not much benefited by sacrificing solid virtues to the attainment of superficial graces, though for a few years they may procure the individuals regal sway.

As a philosopher, I read with indignation the plausible epithets which men use to soften their insults; and, as a moralist, I ask what is meant by such heterogeneous associations, as fair defects, amiable weaknesses, &c.? If there is but one criterion of morals, but one archetype for man, women appear to be suspended by destiny, according to the vulgar tale of Mahomet's coffin; they have neither the unerring instinct of brutes, nor are allowed to fix the eye of reason on a perfect model. They were made to be loved, and must not aim at respect, lest they should be hunted out of society as masculine.

But to view the subject in another point of view. Do passive indolent women make the best wives? Confining our discussion to the present moment of existence, let us see how such weak creatures perform their part? Do the women, who, by the attainment of a few superficial accomplishments, have strengthened the prevailing prejudice, merely contribute to the happiness of their husbands? Do they display their charms merely to amuse them? And have women, who have early imbibed notions of passive obedience, sufficient character to manage a family or educate children? So far from it, that, after surveying the history of woman, I cannot help agreeing with the severest satirist, considering the sex as the weakest as well as the most oppressed half of the species. What does history disclose but marks of inferiority, and how few women have emancipated themselves from the galling yoke of sovereign man?—So few, that the exceptions remind me of an ingenious conjecture respecting Newton: that he was probably a being of superior order, accidentally caged in a human body. In the same style, I have been led to imagine that the few extraordinary women who have rushed in eccentrical directions out of the orbit prescribed to their sex, were *male* spirited, confined by mistake in a female frame. But if it be not philosophical to think of sex when the soul is mentioned, the inferiority must depend on the organs; or the heavenly fire, which is to ferment the clay, is not given in equal portions.

But avoiding, as I have hitherto done, any direct comparison of the two sexes collectively, or frankly acknowledging the inferiority of woman, according to the present appearance of things, I shall only insist that men have increased that inferiority till women are almost sunk below the standard of rational creatures. Let their faculties have room to unfold, and their virtues to gain strength, and then determine where the whole sex must stand in the intellectual scale. Yet let it be remembered, that for a small number of distinguished women I do not ask a place.

It is difficult for us purblind mortals to say to what height human discoveries and improvements may arrive when the gloom of despotism subsides, which makes us stumble at every step; but, when morality shall be settled on a more solid basis, then, without being gifted with a prophetic spirit, I will venture to predict that woman will be either the friend or slave of man. We shall not, as at present, doubt whether she is a moral agent, or the link which unites man with brutes. But, should it then appear, that like the brutes they were principally created for the use of man, he will let them patiently bite the bridle, and not mock them with empty praise; or, should their rationality be proved, he will not impede their improvement merely to gratify his sensual appetites. He will not, with all the graces of rhetoric, advise them to submit implicitly their understanding to the guidance of man. He will not, when he treats of the education of women, assert that they ought never to have the free use of reason, nor would he recommend cunning and dissimulation to beings who are acquiring, in like manner as himself, the virtues of humanity.

Surely there can be but one rule of right, if morality has an eternal foundation, and whoever sacrifices virtue, strictly so called, to present convenience, or whose *duty* it is to act in such a manner, lives only for the passing day, and cannot be an accountable creature.

The poet then should have dropped his sneer when he
says, "If weak women go astray,"
"The stars are more in fault than they."

For that they are bound by the adamantine chain of destiny is most certain, if it be proved that they are never to exercise their own reason, never to be independent, never to rise above opinion, or to feel the dignity of a rational will that only bows to God, and often forgets that the universe contains any being but itself and the model of perfection to which its ardent gaze is turned, to adore attributes that, softened into virtues, may be imitated in kind, though the degree overwhelms the enraptured mind.

If, I say, for I would not impress by declamation when Reason offers her sober light, if they are really capable of acting like rational creatures, let them not be treated like slaves; or, like the brutes who are dependent on the reason of man, when they associate with him; but cultivate their minds, give them the salutary, sublime curb of principle, and let them attain conscious dignity by feeling themselves only dependent on God. Teach them, in common with man, to submit to necessity, instead of giving, to render them more pleasing, a sex to morals.

Further, should experience prove that they cannot attain the same degree of strength of mind, perseverence, and fortitude, let their virtues be the same in kind, though they may vainly struggle for the same degree; and the superiority of man will be equally clear, if not clearer; and truth, as it is a simple principle, which admits of no modification, would be common to both. Nay, the order of society as it is at present regulated would not be inverted, for woman would then only have the rank that reason assigned her, and arts could not be practised to bring the balance even, much less to turn it.

These may be termed Utopian dreams.—Thanks to that Being who impressed them on my soul, and gave me sufficient strength of mind to dare to exert my own reason, till, becoming dependent only on him for the support of my virtue, I view, with indignation, the mistaken notions that enslave my sex.

I love man as my fellow; but his scepter, real, or usurped, extends not to me, unless the reason of an individual demands my homage; and even then the submission is to reason, and not to man. In fact, the conduct of an accountable being must be regulated by the operations of its own reason; or on what foundation rests the throne of God?

It appears to me necessary to dwell on these obvious truths, because females have been insulated, as it were; and, while they have been stripped of the virtues that should clothe humanity, they have been decked with artificial graces that enable them to exercise a short-lived tyranny. Love, in their bosoms, taking place of every nobler passion, their sole ambition is to be fair, to raise emotion instead of inspiring respect; and this ignoble desire, like the servility in absolute monarchies, destroys all strength of character. Liberty is the mother of virtue, and if women are, by their very constitution, slaves, and not allowed to breathe the sharp invigorating air of freedom, they must ever languish like exotics, and be reckoned beautiful flaws in nature;—let it also be remembered, that they are the only flaw.

As to the argument respecting the subjection in which the sex has ever been held, it retorts on man. The many have always been enthralled by the few; and monsters, who scarcely have shewn any discernment of human excellence, have tyrannized over thousands of their fellow creatures. Why have men of superior endowments submitted to such degradation? For, is it not universally acknowledged that kings, viewed collectively, have ever been inferior, in abilities and virtue, to the same number of men taken from the common mass of mankind—yet, have they not, and are they not still treated with a degree of reverence that is an insult to reason; China is not the only country where a living man has been made a God. *Men* have submitted to superior strength to enjoy with impunity the pleasure of the moment—*women* have only done the same, and therefore till it is proved that the courtier, who servilely resigns the birthright of a man, is not a moral agent, it cannot be demonstrated that woman is essentially inferior to man because she has always been subjugated.

Brutal force has hitherto governed the world, and that the science of politics is in its infancy, is evident from philosophers scrupling to give the knowledge most useful to man that determinate distinction.

I shall not pursue this argument any further than to establish an obvious inference, that as sound politics diffuse liberty, mankind, including woman, will become more wise and virtuous.

The Genealogy of Morals
Freidrich Neitzsche

Preface

1

We are unknown to ourselves, we men of knowledge-and with good reason. We have never sought ourselves-how could it happen that we should ever find ourselves? It has rightly been said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also";[69] our treasure is where the beehives of our knowledge are. We are constantly making for them, being by nature winged creatures and honey gatherers of the spirit; there is one thing alone we really care about from the heart-"bringing something home." Whatever else there is in life, so-called "experiences"-which of us has sufficient earnestness for them? Or sufficient time? Present experience has, l am afraid, always found us "absent-minded": we cannot give our hearts to it—not even our ears! Rather, as one divinely preoccupied and immersed in himself into whose ear the bell has just boomed with all its strength the twelve beats of noon suddenly starts up and asks himself: "what really was that which just struck?" so we sometimes rub our ears afterward and ask, utterly surprised and disconcerted, "what really was that which we have just experienced?" and moreover: "who are we really?" and, afterward as aforesaid, count the twelve trembling bell-strokes of our experience, our life, our being—and alas! miscount them. —So we are necessarily strangers to ourselves, we do not comprehend ourselves, we have to misunderstand ourselves, for us the law "Each is furthest from himself" applies to all eternity— we are not "men of knowledge" with respect to ourselves.

2

My ideas on the origin of our moral prejudices-for this is the subject of this polemic-received their first, brief, and provisional expression in the collection of aphorisms that bears the title *Human, All-Tao-Human. A Book for Free Spirits*. This book was begun in Sorrento during a winter when it was given to me to pause as a wanderer pauses and look back across the broad and dangerous country my spirit had traversed up to that time. This was in the winter of 1876-77; the ideas themselves are older. They were already in essentials the same ideas that I take up again in the present treatises—let us hope the long interval has done them good, that they have become riper, clearer, stronger, more perfect I That I still cleave to them today, however, that they have become in the meantime more and more firmly attached to one another, indeed entwined and interlaced with one another, strengthens my joyful assurance that they might have arisen in me from the first not as isolated, capricious, or sporadic things but from a common root, from a fundamental will of knowledge, pointing imperiously into the depths, speaking more and more precisely, demanding greater and greater precision.

[69] Matthew 6:21.

For this alone is fitting for a philosopher. We have no right to isolated acts of any kind: we may not make isolated errors or hit upon isolated truths. Rather do our ideas, our values, our yeas and nays, our ifs and buts,' grow out of us with the necessity with which a tree bears fruit-related and each with an affinity to

each, and evidence of one will, one health, one soil. one sun.—Whether you like them, these fruits of ours?—But what is that to the trees! What is that to *us,* to us philosophers!

3

Because of a scruple peculiar to me that I am loth to admit to—for it is concerned with *morality*. with all that has hitherto been celebrated on earth as morality-a scruple that entered my life so ear1y, so uninvited, so irresistib1y, so much in conflict with my environment, age, precedents, and descent that I might almost have the right to call it my "a priori" -my curiosity as well as my suspicions were bound to halt quite soon at the question of where our good and evil really originated. In fact, the problem of the origin of evil pursued me even as a boy of thirteen: at an age in which you have "half childish trifles, half God in your heart."[70] I devoted to it my first childish literary trifle, my first philosophical effort-and as for the "solution" of the problem I posed at that time, well, I gave the honor to God, as was only fair, and made him the father of evil. Was that what my *"a priori"* demanded of me? that new immoral, or at least unmoralistic *"a priori"* and the alas! so anti-Kantian, enigmatic "categorical imperative" which spoke through it and to which, l have since listened more and more closely, and not merely listened?

Fortunately I learned early to separate theological prejudice from moral prejudice and ceased to look for the origin of evil behind the world. A certain amount of historical and philological schooling, together with an inborn fastidiousness of taste in respect to psychological questions in general, soon transformed my problem into another one: under what conditions did man devise these value judgments good and evil? *and what value do they themselves possess?* Have they hitherto hindered or furthered human prosperity? Are they a sign of distress, of impoverishment, of the degeneration of life? Or is there revealed in them, on the contrary, the plenitude, force. and will of life, its courage. certainty. future?

Thereupon I discovered and ventured divers answers; I distinguished between ages, peoples, degrees of rank among indi11iduals; I departmentalized my problem; out of my answers there grew new questions, inquiries" conjectures~ probabilities-until at length I had a country of my own, a soil of my own, an entire discrete, thriving, flourishing world, like a secret garden the existence of which no one suspected.—Oh how fortunate we are, we men of knowledge, provided only that we know how to keep silent long enough!

4

The first impulse to publish something of my hypotheses concerning the origin of morality was given me by a clear, tidy, and shrewd—also precocious—little book in which I encountered distinctly for the first time an upside-down and perverse species of genealogical hypothesis, the genuinely English type that attracted me—with that power of attraction which everything contrary, everything antipodal possesses.

[70] Goethe's Faust, lines 378lf.

The title of the little book was *The Origin of the Moral Sensations*; its author Dr. Paul Ree; the year in which it appeared 1877. Perhaps I have never read anything to which I would have said to myself No, proposition by proposition, conclusion by conclusion, to the extent that I did to this book: yet quite without ill-humor or impatience. In the above-mentioned work, on which I was then engaged, I made opportune and inopportune reference to the propositions of that book, not in order to refute them—what have I to do with refutations!—but, as becomes a positive spirit, to replace the improbable with the more probable, possibly one error with another. It was then, as I have said, that I advanced for the first time those genealogical hypotheses to which this treatise is devoted-ineptly, as I should be the last to deny, still constrained, still lacking my own language for my own things and with much backsliding and vacillation. One should compare in ' particular what I say in *Human, All-Too-Human*, section 45, on the twofold prehistory of good and evil (namely, in the sphere of the noble and in that of the slaves); likewise, section 136, on the value and origin of the morality of asceticism; likewise, sections 96 and 99 and volume II, section 89, on the "morality of mores," that much older and more. primitive species of morality which differs *toto caelo*[71] from the altruistic mode of evaluation (in which Dr. Ree, like all English moral genealogists, sees moral evaluation *as such*); likewise, section 92, *The Wanderer*; section 26, and *Dawn*, section 112, on the origin of justice as an agreement between two approximately equal powers (equality as the presupposition of all compacts, consequently of all law); likewise *The Wanderer*, sections 22 and 33, on the origin of punishment, of which the aim of intimidation is neither the essence nor the source (as Dr. Ree thinks—it is rather only introduced, under certain definite circumstances, and always as an incidental, as something added).[72]

5

Even then my real concern was something much more important than hypothesis-mongering, whether my own or other people's, on the origin of morality (or more precisely: the latter concerned me solely for the sake of a goal to which it was only one means among many). What was at stake was the *value* of morality—and over this I had to come to terms almost exclusively with my great teacher Schopenhauer, to whom that book of mine, the passion and the concealed contradiction of that book, addressed itself as if to a contemporary (—for that book, too, was a "polemic"). What was especially at stake was the value of the "unegoistic," the instincts of pity, self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, which Schopenhauer had gilded, deified, and projected into a beyond for so long that at last they became for him "value-in-itself," on the basis of which he *said No* to life and to himself. But it was against precisely *these* instincts that there spoke from me an ever more fundamental mistrust, an ever more corrosive skepticism! It was precisely here that I saw the *great* danger to mankind, its sublimest enticement and seduction but to what? to nothingness?—it was precisely here that I saw the beginning of the end, the dead stop, a retrospective weariness, the will turning against life, the tender and sorrowful signs of the

[71] Diametrically: literally, by the whole heavens

[72] Nietzsche always gives page references to the first editions. I have substituted section numbers, which are the same in all editions and translations; and in an appendix most of the sections cited are offered in my translations.

For Nietzsche's relation to Ree, see Rudolph Binion, *Frau Lou*, Princeton, N.J., Princeton University Press, 1968.

ultimate illness: I understood the ever spreading morality of pity that had seized even on philosophers and made them ill, as the most sinister symptom of a European culture that had itself become sinister, perhaps as its by-pass to a new Buddhism? to a Buddhism for Europeans? To—*nihilism?*

For this overestimation of and predilection for pity on the part of modem philosophers is something new: hitherto philosophers have been at one as to the *worthlessness* of pity. I name only Plato, Spinoza, La Rochefoucauld and Kant—four spirits as different from one another as possible, but united in one thing: in their low estimation of pity.

6

This problem of the *value* of pity and of the morality of pity (—I am opposed to the pernicious modern effeminacy of feeling—) seems at first to be merely something detached, an isolated question mark; but whoever sticks with it and *learns* how to ask questions here will experience what I experienced—a tremendous new prospect opens up for him, a new possibility comes over him like a vertigo, every kind of mistrust, suspicion, fear leaps up, his belief in morality, in all morality, falters -finally a new demand becomes audible. Let us articulate this *new demand*: we need a critique of moral values, *the value of these values themselves must first be called in question*—and for that there is needed a knowledge of the conditions arid circumstances in which they grew, under which they evolved and changed (morality as consequence, as symptom, as mask, as tartufferie, as illness, as misunderstanding; but also morality as cause, as remedy. as stimulant, as restraint, as poison), a knowledge of a kind that has never yet existed or even been desired. One has taken the *value* of these "values" as given, as factual, as beyond all question; one has hitherto never doubted or hesitated in the slightest degree in supposing “the good man” to be of greater value than “the evil man,” of greater value in the sense of furthering the advancement and prosperity of man in general (the future of man included). But what if the reverse were true? What if a symptom of regression were inherent in the "good," likewise a danger, a seduction, a poison, a narcotic, through which the present was possibly living *at the expense of the future?* Perhaps more comfortably, less dangerously, but at the same time in a meaner style, more basely?—So that precisely morality would be to blame if the *highest power and splendor* actually possible to the type man was never in fact attained? So that precisely morality was the danger of dangers?

7

Let it suffice that, after this prospect had opened up before me, I had reasons to look about me for scholarly, bold, and industrious comrades (I am still looking). The project is to traverse with quite novel questions, and as though with new eyes, the enormous, distant, and so well hidden land of morality—of morality that has actually existed, actually been lived; and does this not mean virtually to discover this land for the first time?

If I considered in this connection the above-mentioned Dr. Ree, among others, it was because I had no doubt that the very nature of his inquiries would compel him to adopt a better method for reaching answers. Have I deceived myself in this? My desire, at any rate, was to point out to so sharp and disinterested an eye as his a better direction in which to look, in the direction of an actual *history of morality*, and to warn him in time against gazing around

haphazardly in the blue after the English fashion. For it must be obvious which color is a hundred times more vital for a genealogist of morals than blue: namely *gray*, that is, what is documented, what can actual1y be confirmed and has actually existed, in short the entire long hieroglyphic record, so hard to decipher, of the moral past of mankind!

This was unknown to Dr. Ree; but he had read Darwin—so that in his hypotheses, and after a fashion that is at least entertaining, the Darwinian beast and the ultramodern unassuming moral milksop who "no longer bites" politely link hands, the latter wearing an expression of a certain good-natured and refined indolence, with which is mingled even a grain of pessimism and weariness, as if all these things—the problems of morality—were really not worth taking quite so seriously. But to me, on the contrary. there seems to be nothing more worth taking seriously, among the rewards for it being that some day one will perhaps be allowed to take them *cheerfully*. For cheerfulness—or in my own language *gay science*—is a reward: the reward of a long, brave, industrious, and subterranean seriousness, of which, to be sure, not everyone is capable. But on the day we can say with all our hearts, "Onwards! our old morality too is part *of the comedy!"* we shall have discovered a new complication and possibility for the Dionysian drama of "The Destiny of the Soul" —and one can wager that the grand old eternal comic poet of our existence will be quick to make use of it!

8

If this book is incomprehensible to anyone and jars on his ears, the fault, it seems to me, is not necessarily mine. It is clear enough, assuming, as I do assume, that one has first read my earlier writings and has not spared some trouble in doing so: for they are, indeed, not easy to penetrate.[73] Regarding my *Zarathustra*, for example, I do not allow that anyone knows that book who has not at some time been profoundly wounded and at some time profoundly delighted by every word in it; for only then may he enjoy the privilege of reverentially sharing in the halcyon element out of which that book was born and in its sunlight clarity, remoteness, breadth, and certainty. In other cases, people find difficulty with the aphoristic form: this arises from the fact that today this form is *not taken seriously enough*. An aphorism, properly stamped and molded, has not been "deciphered" when it has simply been read; rather, one has then to begin its

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[73] See also the end of Nietzsche's Preface to the new edition of The Dawn, written in the fall of 1886: ". . . to read well, that means reading slowly, deeply, with consideration and caution . . ." The last four words do not adequately render *ruck-und vorsichtig*. which can also mean, looking backward and forward—i.e., with a regard for the context, including also the writer's earlier and later works. Cf. *Beyond Good and Evil*, my note on section 250.

Yet Arthur Danto voices a very common assumption when he says on the first page of the first chapter of his *Nietzsche as Philosopher* (New York. Macmillan, 1965): "No one of them [i.e., Nietzsche's books] presupposes an acquaintance with any other . . . his writings may be read in pretty much any order, without this greatly impeding the comprehension of his ideas." This is as wrong as Danto's claim on the same page that it would be difficult even for a close reader to tell the difference between those works he [Nietzsche] saw through the press [e.g., the *Genealogy*] and those [sic] pieced together by his editors [i.e., *The Will to Power*]," Indeed. Danto, like most readers, approaches Nietzsche as if "any given aphorism or essay might as easily have been placed in one volume as in another"; he bases his discussions on short snippets, torn from their context, and frequently omits phrases without indicating that he has done so; and he does not bother to consider: all or most of the passages that are relevant to the topics he discusses.

This is one of the few books in English that deal with Nietzsche as a philosopher, and Danto's standing as a philosopher inspires confidence; but his account of Nietzsche's moral and epistemological ideas unfortunately depends on this untenable approach. See also the first footnote to the second essay. Below.

exegesis, for which is required an art of exegesis. I have offered in the third essay of the present book an example of what I regard as "exegesis" in such a case—an aphorism is prefixed to this essay, the essay itself is a commentary on it. To be sure, one thing is necessary above all if one is to practice reading as an *art* in this way, something that has been unlearned most thoroughly nowadays—and therefore it will be some time before my writings are "readable"—something for which one has almost to be a cow and in any case *not* a "modern man": *rumination*.

Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine,
July 1887

Second Essay: "Guilt," "Bad Conscience," and the Like[74]

16

At this point I can no longer avoid giving a first, provisional statement of my own hypothesis concerning the origin of the "bad conscience": it may sound rather strange and needs to be pondered, lived with, and slept on for a long time. I regard the bad conscience as the serious illness that man was bound to contract under the stress of the most fundamental change he ever experienced—that change which occurred when he found himself finally enclosed within the walls of society and of peace. The situation that faced sea animals when they were compelled to become land animals or perish was the same as that which faced these semi-animals, well adapted to the wilderness, to war, to prowling, to adventure: suddenly all their instincts were disvalued and "suspended." From now on they had to walk on their feet and "bear themselves" whereas hitherto they had been borne by the water: a dreadful heaviness lay upon them. They felt unable to cope with the simplest undertakings; in this new world they no longer possessed their former guides, their regulating, unconscious and infallible drives: they were reduced to thinking, inferring, reckoning, co-ordinating cause and effect, these unfortunate creatures; they were reduced to their "consciousness," their weakest and most fallible organ! I believe there has never been such a feeling of misery on earth, such a leaden discomfort—and at the same time the old instincts had not suddenly ceased to make their usual demands! Only it was hardly or rarely possible to humor them: as a rule they had to seek new and, as it were, subterranean gratifications.

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[74] *Schlechtes Gewissen* is no technical term but simply the common German equivalent of "bad conscience." Danto's translation "bad consciousness" (*Nietzsche as Philosopher*. New York. Macmillan, 1965, pp. 164 and 180) is simply wrong: *Gewissen*, like conscience, and unlike the French *conscience*, cannot mean consciousness. There are many mistranslations in Danto's Nietzsche. Another one, though relatively unimportant, is of some interest and relevant to the *Genealogy: Schadenfreude*-a German word for which there is no English equivalent-is not quite "the wicked pleasure in the beholding of suffering" (p. 181) or "in the sheer spectacle of suffering: in fights, executions, . . . bullbaiting. Cockfights, and the like" (p. 174). In such contexts the word is utterly out of place: it signifies the petty, mischievous delight felt in the discomfiture of another human being.

All instincts that do not discharge themselves outwardly *tum inward*—this is what I call the *internalization*[75] of man: thus it was that man first developed what was later called his "soul." The entire inner world, originally as thin as if it were stretched between two membranes, expanded and extended itself, acquired depth, breadth, and height, in the same measure as outward discharge was *inhibited*. Those fearful bulwarks with which the political organization protected itself against the old instincts of freedom—punishments belong among these bulwarks-brought about that all those instincts of wild, free, prowling man turned backward *against man himself.* Hostility, cruelty, joy in persecuting, in attacking, in change, in destruction—all this turned against the possessors of such instincts: *that* is the origin of the "bad conscience."

The man who, from lack of external enemies and resistances and forcibly confined to the oppressive narrowness and punctiliousness of custom, impatiently lacerated, persecuted, gnawed at, assaulted, and maltreated himself; this animal that rubbed itself raw against the bars of its cage as one tried to "tame" it; this deprived creature, racked with homesickness for the wild, who had to turn himself into an adventure, a torture chamber, an uncertain and dangerous wilderness—this fool, this yearning and desperate prisoner became the. inventor of the "bad conscience." But thus began the gravest and uncanniest illness, from which humanity has not yet recovered, man's suffering *of man, of himself*—the result of a forcible sundering from his animal past; as it were a leap and plunge into new surroundings and conditions of existence, a declaration of war against the old instincts upon which his strength, joy. and terribleness had rested hitherto.

Let us add at once that, on the other hand, the existence on earth of an animal soul turned against itself, taking sides against itself, was something so new, profound, unheard of, enigmatic, contradictory, *and pregnant with a future* that the aspect of the earth was essentially altered. Indeed, divine spectators were needed to do justice to the spectacle that thus began and the end of which is not yet in sight—a spectacle too subtle, too marvelous, too paradoxical to be played senselessly unobserved on some ludicrous planet! From now on, man is included among the most unexpected and exciting lucky throws in the dice game of Heraclitus' "great child," be he called Zeus or chance; he gives rise to an interest, a tension, a hope, almost a certainty, as if with him something were announcing and preparing itself, as if man were not a goal but only a way, an episode, a bridge, a great promise.—

17

Among the presuppositions of this hypothesis concerning the origin of the bad conscience is, first, that the change referred to was not a gradual or voluntary one and did not represent an organic adaptation to new conditions but a break, a leap, a compulsion, an ineluctable disaster which precluded all struggle and even all *ressentiment*. Secondly, however, that the welding of a hitherto unchecked and shapeless populace into a firm form was not only instituted by an act of violence but also carried to its conclusion by nothing but acts of violence—that the oldest "state" thus appeared as a fearful tyranny, as an oppressive and remorseless machine, and went on working until this raw material of people and semi-animals was at last not only thoroughly kneaded and pliant but also *formed*.

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[75] *Verinnelichung*. Cf. Freud.

I employed the word "state": it is obvious what is meant— some pack of blond beasts of prey,[76] a conqueror and master race which, organized for war and with the ability to organize, unhesitatingly lays its terrible claws upon a populace perhaps tremendously superior in numbers but still formless and nomad. That is after all how the "state" began on earth: I think that sentimentalism which would have it begin with a "contract" has been disposed of. He who can command, he who is by nature "master," he who is violent in act and bearing—what has he to do with contracts! One does not reckon with such natures; they come like fate, without reason, consideration, or pretext; they appear as lightning appears, too terrible, too sudden, too convincing, too "different" even to be hated. Their work is an instinctive creation and imposition of forms; they are the most involuntary, unconscious artists there are—wherever they appear something new soon arises, a ruling structure that *lives*, in which parts and functions are delimited and coordinated, in which nothing whatever finds a p1ace that has not first been assigned a "meaning" in relation to the whole. They do not know what guilt, responsibility, or consideration are, these born organizers; they exemplify that terrib1e artists' egoism that has the look of bronze and knows itself justified to all eternity in its "work," like a mother in her child. It is not in *them* that the "bad conscience" developed, that goes without saying—but it would not have developed *without them*, this ugly growth, it would be lacking if a tremendous quantity of freedom had not been expelled from the wor1d, or at least from the visible world, and made as it were latent under their hammer blows and artists' violence. This *instinct for freedom* forcibly made latent—we have seen it already—this instinct for freedom pushed back and repressed, incarcerated within and finally able to discharge and vent itself only on itself: that, and that alone, is what the *bad conscience* is in its beginnings.

One should guard against thinking lightly of this phenomenon merely on account of its initial painfulness and ugliness. For fundamentally it is the same active force that is at work on a grander scale in those artists of violence, and organizers who build states, and that here, internally, on a smaller and pettier scale, directed backward, in the "labyrinth of the breast," to use Goethe's expression, creates for itself a bad conscience and builds negative ideals—namely, the *instinct for freedom* (in my language: the will to power); only here the material upon which the form-giving and ravishing nature of this force vents itself is man himself, his whole ancient animal self—and *not*, as in that greater and more obvious phenomenon, some *other* man, *other* men. This secret self-ravishment, this artists' cruelty, this delight in imposing a form upon oneself as a hard, recalcitrant, suffering material and in burning a will, a critique, a contradiction, a contempt, a No into it, this uncanny, dreadfully joyous labor of a soul voluntarily at odds with itself that makes itself suffer out of joy in making suffer-eventually this entire *active* "bad conscience"—you will have guessed it—as the womb of all ideal and imaginative phenomena, also brought to light an abundance of strange new beauty and affirmation, and perhaps beauty itself.—After all, what would be "beautiful" if the contradiction had not first become conscious of itself, if the ugly had not first said to itself: "I am ugly"?

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[76] *Irgendein Rudel blonder Raubtiere, eine Eroberer- und Herren-Rasse:* Francis Golffing. in his translation, spirits away both the blond beasts of prey and the master race by rendering these words "a pack of savages. a race of conquerors." Cf. section 11 of the first essay, above, with its three references to the *blonde Bestie*, and note 3 of section 11. See also Kaufmann's *Nietzsche*, Chapter 10, "The Master-Race,"

This hint will at least make less enigmatic the enigma of how contradictory concepts such as *selflessness*, *self-denial*, *self-sacrifice* can suggest an ideal, a kind of beauty; and one thing we know henceforth—I have no doubt of it—and that is the nature of the *delight* that the selfless man, the self-denier, the self-sacrificer fee1s from the first: this delight is tied to cruelty.

So much for the present about the origin of the moral value of the "unegoistic," about the soil from which this value grew: only the bad conscience, only the will to self-maltreatment provided the conditions for the *value* of the unegoistic.—

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The bad conscience is an illness, there is no doubt about that, but an illness as pregnancy is an illness.[77] Let us seek out the conditions under which this illness has reached its most terrible and most sublime height; we shall see what it really was that thus entered the world. But for that one needs endurance—and first of all we must go back again to an earlier point of view.

The civil-law relationship between the debtor and his creditor, discussed above, has been interpreted in an, historica11y speaking, exceedingly remarkable and dubious manner into a relationship in which to us modern men it seems perhaps least to belong: namely into the relationship between the present generation and its ancestors.

Within the original tribal community-we are speaking of primeval times-the living generation always recognized a juridical duty toward earlier generations, and especially toward the earliest, which founded the tribe (and by no means a merely sentimental obligation: there are actually reasons for denying the existence of the latter for the greater part of human history). The conviction reigns that it is only through the sacrifices and accomplishments of the ancestors that the tribe *exists*—and that one has to *pay them back* with sacrifices and accomplishments: one thus recognizes a *debt* that constantly grows greater, since these forebears never cease, in their continued existence as powerful spirits, to accord the tribe new advantages and new strength. In vain, perhaps? But there is no "in vain" for these rude and "poor-souled" ages. What can one give them in return? Sacrifices (initially as food in the coarsest sense), feasts, music, honors; above all, obedience—for all customs, as works of the ancestors, are also their statutes and commands: can one ever give them enough? This suspicion remains and increases; from time to time it leads to a wholesale sacrifice, something tremendous in the way of repayment to the "creditor" (the notorious sacrifice of the first-born, for example; in any case blood, human blood).

The *fear* of the ancestor and his power, the consciousness of indebtedness to him, increases, according to this kind of logic, in exactly the same measure as the power of the tribe itself increases, as the tribe itself grows ever more victorious, independent, honored, and feared.

By no means the other way round! Every step toward the decline of a tribe, every misfortune, every sign of degeneration, of corning disintegration always *diminishes* fear of the spirit of its founder and produces a meaner impression of his cunning, foresight, and present power. If one imagines this rude kind of logic carried to its end;

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[77] Cf. pp. 10 fl. and S20f.

then the ancestors of the *most powerful* tribes are bound eventually to grow to monstrous dimensions through the imagination of growing fear and to recede into the darkness of the divinely uncanny and unimaginable: in the end the ancestor must necessarily be transfigured into a god. Perhaps this is even the origin of gods, an origin therefore out of *fear!* . . . And whoever should feel obliged to add, "but out of piety also!" would hardly be right for the greater part of the existence of man, his prehistory. To be sure, he would be quite right for the *intermediate* age, in which the noble tribes developed-who indeed paid back their originators, their ancestors (heroes, gods) with interest all the qualities that had become palpable in themselves, the noble qualities. We shall take another look later at the ennoblement of the gods (which should not be confused with their becoming “holy”); let us first of all follow to its end the course of this whole development of the consciousness of guilt

The Second Sex
Simone De Beauvoir

Introduction

I hesitated a long time before writing a book on woman. The subject is irritating, especially for women; and it is not new. Enough ink has flowed over the quarrel about feminism; it is now almost over: let's not talk about it anymore. Yet it is still being talked about. And the volumes of idiocies churned out over this past century do not seem to have clarified the problem. Besides, is there a problem? And what is it? Are there even women? True, the theory of the eternal feminine still has its followers; they whisper, "Even in Russia, *women* are still very much women"; but other well-informed people—and also at times those same ones—lament, "Woman is losing herself, woman is lost." It is hard to know any longer if women still exist, if they will always exist, if there should be women at all, what place they hold in this world, what place they should hold. "Where are the women?" asked a short-lived magazine recently. [1] But first, what is a woman? "*Tota mulier in utero:* she is a womb," some say. Yet speaking of certain women, the experts proclaim, "They are not women," even though they have a uterus like the others. Everyone agrees there are females in the human species; today, as in the past, they make up about half of humanity; and yet we are told that "femininity is in jeopardy"; we are urged, "Be women, stay women, become women." So not every female human being is necessarily a woman; she must take part in this mysterious and endangered reality known as femininity. Is femininity secreted by the ovaries? Is it enshrined in a Platonic heaven? Is a frilly petticoat enough to bring it down to earth? Although some women zealously strive to embody it, the model has never been patented. It is typically described in vague and shimmering terms borrowed from a clairvoyant's vocabulary. In Saint Thomas's time it was an essence defined with as much certainty as the sedative quality of a poppy. But conceptualism has lost ground: biological and social sciences no longer believe there are immutably determined entities that define given characteristics like those of the woman, the Jew, or the black; science considers characteristics as secondary reactions to a *situation*. If there is no such thing today as femininity, it is because there never was. Does the word "woman," then, have no content? It is what advocates of Enlightenment philosophy, rationalism, or nominalism vigorously assert: women are, among human beings, merely those who are arbitrarily designated by the word "woman"; American women in particular are inclined to think that woman as such no longer exists. If some backward individual still takes herself for a woman, her friends advise her to undergo psychoanalysis to get rid of this obsession. Referring to a book—a very irritating one at that—*Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*, Dorothy Parker wrote: "I cannot be fair about books that treat women as women. My idea is that all of us, men as well as women, whoever we are, should be considered as human beings." But nominalism is a doctrine that falls a bit short; and it is easy for antifeminists to show that women *are* not men. Certainly woman like man is a human being; but such an assertion is abstract; the fact is that every concrete human being is always uniquely situated. To reject the notions of the eternal feminine, the black soul, or the Jewish character is not to deny that there are today Jews, blacks, or women: this denial is not a liberation for those concerned but an inauthentic flight. Clearly, no woman can claim without bad faith to be situated beyond her sex. A few years ago, a well-known woman writer refused to have her portrait appear in a series of photographs devoted specifically to women writers. She wanted to be included in

the men's category; but to get this privilege, she used her husband's influence. Women who assert they are men still claim masculine consideration and respect. I also remember a young Trotskyite standing on a platform during a stormy meeting, about to come to blows in spite of her obvious fragility. She was denying her feminine frailty; but it was for the love of a militant man she wanted to be equal to. The defiant position that American women occupy proves they are haunted by the feeling of their own femininity. And the truth is that anyone can clearly see that humanity is split into two categories of individuals with manifestly different clothes, faces, bodies, smiles, movements, interests, and occupations; these differences are perhaps superficial; perhaps they are destined to disappear. What is certain is that for the moment they exist in a strikingly obvious way.

If the female function is not enough to define woman, and if we also reject the explanation of the "eternal feminine," but if we accept, even temporarily, that there are women on the earth, we then have to ask: What is a woman?

Merely stating the problem suggests an immediate answer to me. It is significant that I pose it. It would never occur to a man to write a book on the singular situation of males in humanity. [2] If I want to define myself, I first have to say, "I am a woman"; all other assertions will arise from this basic truth. A man never begins by positing himself as an individual of a certain sex: that he is a man is obvious. The categories masculine and feminine appear as symmetrical in a formal way on town hall records or identification papers. The relation of the two sexes is not that of two electrical poles: the man represents both the positive and the neuter to such an extent that in French *hommes* designates human beings, the particular meaning of the word *vir* being assimilated into the general meaning of the word "homo." Woman is the negative, to such a point that any determination is imputed to her as a limitation, without reciprocity. I used to get annoyed in abstract discussions to hear men tell me: "You think such and such a thing because you're a woman." But I know my only defense is to answer, "I think it because it is true," thereby eliminating my subjectivity; it was out of the question to answer, "And you think the contrary because you are a man," because it is understood that being a man is not a particularity; a man is in his right by virtue of being man; it is the woman who is in the wrong. In fact, just as for the ancients there was an absolute vertical that defined the oblique, there is an absolute human type that is masculine. Woman has ovaries and a uterus; such are the particular conditions that lock her in her subjectivity; some even say she thinks with her hormones. Man vainly forgets that his anatomy also includes hormones and testicles. He grasps his body as a direct and normal link with the world that he believes he apprehends in all objectivity, whereas he considers woman's body an obstacle, a prison, burdened by everything that particularizes it. "The female is female by virtue of a certain *lack* of qualities," Aristotle said. "We should regard women's nature as suffering from natural defectiveness." And Saint Thomas in his turn decreed that woman was an "incomplete man," an "incidental" being. This is what the Genesis story symbolizes, where Eve appears as if drawn from Adam's "supernumerary" bone, in Bossuet's words.

Humanity is male, and man defines woman, not in herself, but in relation to himself; she is not considered an autonomous being. "Woman, the relative being," writes Michelet. Thus Monsieur Benda declares in *Le rapport d'Uriel* (Uriel's Report): "A man's body has meaning by itself, disregarding the body of the woman, whereas the woman's body seems devoid of meaning without reference to the male. Man thinks himself without woman. Woman does not think herself without man." And she is nothing other than what man decides; she is thus called "the sex," meaning that the male sees her essentially as a sexed being; for him she is sex, so she is it

in the absolute. She is determined and differentiated in relation to man, while he is not in relation to her; she is the inessential in front of the essential. He is the Subject; he is the Absolute. She is the Other.[3]

The category of *Other* is as original as consciousness itself. The duality between Self and Other can be found in the most primitive societies, in the most ancient mythologies; this division did not always fall into the category of the division of the sexes, it was not based on any empirical given: this comes out in works like Granet's on Chinese thought, and Dumézil's on India and Rome. In couples such as Varuna—Mitra, Uranus—Zeus, Sun—Moon, Day—Night, no feminine element is involved at the outset; neither in Good—Evil, auspicious and inauspicious, left and right, God and Lucifer; alterity is the fundamental category of human thought. No group ever defines itself as One without immediately setting up the Other opposite itself. It only takes three travelers brought together by chance in the same train compartment for the rest of the travelers to become vaguely hostile "others." Village people view anyone not belonging to the village as suspicious "others." For the native of a country inhabitants of other countries are viewed as "foreigners"; Jews are the "others" for anti-Semites, blacks for racist Americans, indigenous people for colonists, proletarians for the propertied classes. After studying the diverse forms of primitive society in depth, Lévi-Strauss could conclude: "The passage from the state of Nature to the state of Culture is defined by man's ability to think biological relations as systems of oppositions; duality, alternation, opposition, and symmetry, whether occurring in defined or less clear form, are not so much phenomena to explain as fundamental and immediate givens of social reality."[4] These phenomena could not be understood if human reality were solely a *Mitsein*[*] based on solidarity and friendship. On the contrary, they become clear if, following Hegel, a fundamental hostility to any other consciousness is found in consciousness itself; the subject posits itself only in opposition; it asserts itself as the essential and sets up the other as inessential, as the object.

But the other consciousness has an opposing reciprocal claim: traveling, a local is shocked to realize that in neighboring countries locals view him as a foreigner; between villages, clans, nations, and classes there are wars, potlatches, agreements, treaties, and struggles that remove the absolute meaning from the idea of the *Other* and bring out its relativity; whether one likes it or not, individuals and groups have no choice but to recognize the reciprocity of their relation. How is it, then, that between the sexes this reciprocity has not been put forward, that one of the terms has been asserted as the only essential one, denying any relativity in regard to its correlative, defining the latter as pure alterity? Why do women not contest male sovereignty? No subject posits itself spontaneously and at once as the inessential from the outset; it is not the Other who, defining itself as Other, defines the One; the Other is posited as Other by the One positing itself as One. But in order for the Other not to turn into the One, the Other has to submit to this foreign point of view. Where does this submission in woman come from?

There are other cases where, for a shorter or longer time, one category has managed to dominate another absolutely. It is often numerical inequality that confers this privilege: the majority imposes its law on or persecutes the minority. But women are not a minority like American blacks, or like Jews: there are as many women as men on the earth. Often, the two opposing groups concerned were once independent of each other; either they were not aware of each other in the past, or they accepted each other's autonomy; and some historical event subordinated the weaker to the stronger: the Jewish Diaspora, slavery in America, and the colonial conquests are facts with dates. In these cases, for the oppressed there was a *before:* they

share a past, a tradition, sometimes a religion, or a culture. In this sense, the parallel Bebel draws between women and the proletariat would be the best founded: proletarians are not a numerical minority either, and yet they have never formed a separate group. However, not *one* event but a whole historical development explains their existence as a class and accounts for the distribution of *these* individuals in this class. There have not always been proletarians: there have always been women; they are women by their physiological structure; as far back as history can be traced, they have always been subordinate to men; their dependence is not the consequence of an event or a becoming, it did not *happen*. Alterity here appears to be an absolute, partly because it falls outside the accidental nature of historical fact. A situation created over time can come undone at another time—blacks in Haiti for one are a good example; on the contrary, a natural condition seems to defy change. In truth, nature is no more an immutable given than is historical reality. If woman discovers herself as the inessential and never turns into the essential, it is because she does not bring about this transformation herself. Proletarians say "we." So do blacks. Positing themselves as subjects, they thus transform the bourgeois or whites into "others." Women—except in certain abstract gatherings such as conferences—do not use "we"; men say "women," and women adopt this word to refer to themselves; but they do not posit themselves authentically as Subjects. The proletarians made the revolution in Russia, the blacks in Haiti, the Indo-Chinese are fighting in Indochina. Women's actions have never been more than symbolic agitation; they have won only what men have been willing to concede to them; they have taken nothing; they have received.[5] It is that they lack the concrete means to organize themselves into a unit that could posit itself in opposition. They have no past, no history, no religion of their own; and unlike the proletariat, they have no solidarity of labor or interests; they even lack their own space that makes communities of American blacks, the Jews in ghettos, or the workers in Saint-Denis or Renault factories. They live dispersed among men, tied by homes, work, economic interests, and social conditions to certain men— fathers or husbands—more closely than to other women. As bourgeois women, they are in solidarity with bourgeois men and not with women proletarians; as white women, they are in solidarity with white men and not with black women. The proletariat could plan to massacre the whole ruling class; a fanatic Jew or black could dream of seizing the secret of the atomic bomb and turning all of humanity entirely Jewish or entirely black: but a woman could not even dream of exterminating males. The tie that binds her to her oppressors is unlike any other. The division of the sexes is a biological given, not a moment in human history. Their opposition took shape within an original *Mitsein*, and she has not broken it. The couple is a fundamental unit with the two halves riveted to each other: cleavage of society by sex is not possible. This is the fundamental characteristic of woman: she is the Other at the heart of a whole whose two components are necessary to each other.

One might think that this reciprocity would have facilitated her liberation; when Hercules spins wool at Omphale's feet, his desire enchains him. Why was Omphale unable to acquire long-lasting power? Medea, in revenge against Jason, kills her children: this brutal legend suggests that the bond attaching the woman to her child could have given her a formidable upper hand. In *Lysistrata*, Aristophanes lightheartedly imagined a group of women who, uniting together for the social good, tried to take advantage of men's need for them: but it is only a comedy. The legend that claims that the ravished Sabine women resisted their ravishers with obstinate sterility also recounts that by whipping them with leather straps, the men magically won them over into submission. Biological need—sexual desire and desire for posterity—which makes the male dependent on the female, has not liberated women socially. Master and slave are also linked by a reciprocal economic need that does not free the slave. That is, in the master-

slave relation, the master does not *posit* the need he has for the other; he holds the power to satisfy this need and does not mediate it; the slave, on the other hand, out of dependence, hope, or fear, internalizes his need for the master; however equally compelling the need may be to them both, it always plays in favor of the oppressor over the oppressed: this explains the slow pace of working-class liberation, for example. Now, woman has always been, if not man's slave, at least his vassal; the two sexes have never divided the world up equally; and still today, even though her condition is changing, woman is heavily handicapped. In no country is her legal status identical to man's, and often it puts her at a considerable disadvantage. Even when her rights are recognized abstractly, long-standing habit keeps them from being concretely manifested in customs. Economically, men and women almost form two castes; all things being equal, the former have better jobs, higher wages, and greater chances to succeed than their new female competitors; they occupy many more places in industry, in politics, and so forth, and they hold the most important positions. In addition to their concrete power, they are invested with a prestige whose tradition is reinforced by the child's whole education: the present incorporates the past, and in the past all history was made by males. At the moment that women are beginning to share in the making of the world, this world still belongs to men: men have no doubt about this, and women barely doubt it. Refusing to be the Other, refusing complicity with man, would mean renouncing all the advantages an alliance with the superior caste confers on them. Lord-man will materially protect liege-woman and will be in charge of justifying her existence: along with the economic risk, she eludes the metaphysical risk of a freedom that must invent its goals without help. Indeed, beside every individual's claim to assert himself as subject—an ethical claim—lies the temptation to flee freedom and to make himself into a thing: it is a pernicious path because the individual, passive, alienated, and lost, is prey to a foreign will, cut off from his transcendence, robbed of all worth. But it is an easy path: the anguish and stress of authentically assumed existence are thus avoided. The man who sets the woman up as an *Other* will thus find in her a deep complicity. Hence woman makes no claim for herself as subject because she lacks the concrete means, because she senses the necessary link connecting her to man without positing its reciprocity, and because she often derives satisfaction from her role as *Other*.

But a question immediately arises: How did this whole story begin? It is understandable that the duality of the sexes, like all duality, be expressed in conflict. It is understandable that if one of the two succeeded in imposing its superiority, it had to establish itself as absolute. It remains to be explained how it was that man won at the outset. It seems possible that women might have carried off the victory, or that the battle might never be resolved. Why is it that this world has always belonged to men and that only today things are beginning to change? Is this change a good thing? Will it bring about an equal sharing of the world between men and women or not?

These questions are far from new; they have already had many answers; but the very fact that woman is Other challenges all the justifications that men have ever given: these were only too clearly dictated by their own interest. "Everything that men have written about women should be viewed with suspicion, because they are both judge and party," wrote Poulain de la Barre, a little-known seventeenth-century feminist. Males have always and everywhere paraded their satisfaction of feeling they are kings of creation. "Blessed be the Lord our God, and the Lord of all worlds that has not made me a woman," Jews say in their morning prayers; meanwhile, their wives resignedly murmur: "Blessed be the Lord for creating me according to his will." Among the blessings Plato thanked the gods for was, first, being born free and not a slave and, second, a man and not a woman. But males could not have enjoyed this privilege so fully had they not considered it as founded in the absolute and in eternity: they sought to make the fact of their

supremacy a right. “Those who made and compiled the laws, being men, favored their own sex, and the jurisconsults have turned the laws into principles,” Poulain de la Barre continues. Lawmakers, priests, philosophers, writers, and scholars have gone to great lengths to prove that women’s subordinate condition was willed in heaven and profitable on earth. Religions forged by men reflect this will for domination: they found ammunition in the legends of Eve and Pandora. They have put philosophy and theology in their service, as seen in the previously cited words of Aristotle and Saint Thomas. Since ancient times, satirists and moralists have delighted in depicting women’s weaknesses. The violent indictments brought against them all through French literature are well-known: Montherlant, with less verve, picks up the tradition from Jean de Meung. This hostility seems sometimes founded but is often gratuitous; in truth, it covers up a more or less skillfully camouflaged will to self-justification. “It is much easier to accuse one sex than to excuse the other,” says Montaigne. In certain cases, the process is transparent. It is striking, for example, that the Roman code limiting a wife’s rights invokes “the imbecility and fragility of the sex” just when a weakening family structure makes her a threat to male heirs. It is striking that in the sixteenth century, to keep a married woman under wardship, the authority of Saint Augustine affirming “the wife is an animal neither reliable nor stable” is called on, whereas the unmarried woman is recognized as capable of managing her own affairs. Montaigne well understood the arbitrariness and injustice of the lot assigned to women: “Women are not wrong at all when they reject the rules of life that have been introduced into the world, inasmuch as it is the men who have made these without them. There is a natural plotting and scheming between them and us.” But he does not go so far as to champion their cause. It is only in the eighteenth century that deeply democratic men begin to consider the issue objectively. Diderot, for one, tries to prove that, like man, woman is a human being. A bit later, John Stuart Mill ardently defends women. But these philosophers are exceptional in their impartiality. In the nineteenth century the feminist quarrel once again becomes a partisan quarrel; one of the consequences of the Industrial Revolution is that women enter the labor force: at that point, women’s demands leave the realm of the theoretical and find economic grounds; their adversaries become all the more aggressive; even though landed property is partially discredited, the bourgeoisie clings to the old values where family solidity guarantees private property: it insists all the more fiercely that woman’s place be in the home as her emancipation becomes a real threat; even within the working class, men tried to thwart women’s liberation because women were becoming dangerous competitors—especially as women were used to working for low salaries.6 To prove women’s inferiority, antifeminists began to draw not only, as before, on religion, philosophy, and theology but also on science: biology, experimental psychology, and so forth. At most they were willing to grant “separate but equal status” to the other sex.* That winning formula is most significant: it is exactly that formula the Jim Crow laws put into practice with regard to black Americans; this so-called egalitarian segregation served only to introduce the most extreme forms of discrimination. This convergence is in no way pure chance: whether it is race, caste, class, or sex reduced to an inferior condition, the justification process is the same. “The eternal feminine” corresponds to “the black soul” or “the Jewish character.” However, the Jewish problem on the whole is very different from the two others: for the anti-Semite, the Jew is more an enemy than an inferior, and no place on this earth is recognized as his own; it would be preferable to see him annihilated. But there are deep analogies between the situations of women and blacks: both are liberated today from the same paternalism, and the former master caste wants to keep them “in their place,” that is, the place chosen for them; in both cases, they praise, more or less sincerely, the virtues of the “good black,” the carefree, childlike, merry soul of the resigned black, and the woman who is a “true woman”—frivolous, infantile, irresponsible, the

woman subjugated to man. In both cases, the ruling caste bases its argument on the state of affairs it created itself. The familiar line from George Bernard Shaw sums it up: The white American relegates the black to the rank of shoe-shine boy, and then concludes that blacks are only good for shining shoes. The same vicious circle can be found in all analogous circumstances: when an individual or a group of individuals is kept in a situation of inferiority, the fact is that he or they *are* inferior. But the scope of the verb *to be* must be understood; bad faith means giving it a substantive value, when in fact it has the sense of the Hegelian dynamic: *to be* is to have become, to have been made as one manifests oneself. Yes, women in general *are* today inferior to men; that is, their situation provides them with fewer possibilities: the question is whether this state of affairs must be perpetuated.

Many men wish it would be: not all men have yet laid down their arms. The conservative bourgeoisie continues to view women's liberation as a danger threatening their morality and their interests. Some men feel threatened by women's competition. In *Hebdo-Latin* the other day, a student declared: "Every woman student who takes a position as a doctor or lawyer is *stealing* a place from us." That student never questioned his rights over this world. Economic interests are not the only ones in play. One of the benefits that oppression secures for the oppressor is that the humblest among them feels *superior:* in the United States a "poor white" from the South can console himself for not being a "dirty nigger"; and more prosperous whites cleverly exploit this pride. Likewise, the most mediocre of males believes himself a demigod next to women. It was easier for M. de Montherlant to think himself a hero in front of women (handpicked, by the way) than to act the man among men, a role that many women assumed better than he did. Thus, in one of his articles i n *Le Figaro Littéraire* in September 1948, M. Claude Mauriac— whom everyone admires for his powerful originality—could[7] write about women: "*We* listen in a tone [*sic!*] of polite indifference … to the most brilliant one among them, knowing that her intelligence, in a more or less dazzling way, reflects ideas that come from us." Clearly his female interlocutor does not reflect M. Mauriac's own ideas, since he is known not to have any; that she reflects ideas originating with men is possible: among males themselves, more than one of them takes as his own opinions he did not invent; one might wonder if it would not be in M. Claude Mauriac's interest to converse with a good reflection of Descartes, Marx, or Gide rather than with himself; what is remarkable is that with the ambiguous "*we*," he identifies with Saint Paul, Hegel, Lenin, and Nietzsche, and from their heights he looks down on the herd of women who dare to speak to him on an equal footing; frankly, I know of more than one woman who would not put up with M. Mauriac's "tone of polite indifference."

I have stressed this example because of its disarming masculine naïveté. Men profit in many other more subtle ways from woman's alterity. For all those suffering from an inferiority complex, this is a miraculous liniment; no one is more arrogant toward women, more aggressive or more disdainful, than a man anxious about his own virility. Those who are not threatened by their fellow men are far more likely to recognize woman as a counterpart; but even for them the myth of the Woman, of the Other, remains precious for many reasons;[8] they can hardly be blamed for not wanting to lightheartedly sacrifice all the benefits they derive from the myth: they know what they lose by relinquishing the woman of their dreams, but they do not know what the woman of tomorrow will bring them. It takes great abnegation to refuse to posit oneself as unique and absolute Subject. Besides, the vast majority of men do not explicitly make this position their own. They do not *posit* woman as inferior: they are too imbued today with the democratic ideal not to recognize all human beings as equals. Within the family, the male child

and then the young man sees the woman as having the same social dignity as the adult male; afterward, he experiences in desire and love the resistance and independence of the desired and loved woman; married, he respects in his wife the spouse and the mother, and in the concrete experience of married life she affirms herself opposite him as a freedom. He can thus convince himself that there is no longer a social hierarchy between the sexes and that on the whole, in spite of their differences, woman is an equal. As he nevertheless recognizes some points of inferiority—professional incapacity being the predominant one—he attributes them to nature. When he has an attitude of benevolence and partnership toward a woman, he applies the principle of abstract equality; and he does not *posit* the concrete inequality he recognizes.

But as soon as he clashes with her, the situation is reversed. He will apply the concrete inequality theme and will even allow himself to disavow abstract equality. [9] This is how many men affirm, with quasi good faith, that women *are* equal to men and have no demands to make, and *at the same time* that women will never be equal to men and that their demands are in vain. It is difficult for men to measure the enormous extent of social discrimination that seems insignificant from the outside and whose moral and intellectual repercussions are so deep in woman that they appear to spring from an original nature.[10] The man most sympathetic to women never knows her concrete situation fully. So there is no good reason to believe men when they try to defend privileges whose scope they cannot even fathom. We will not let ourselves be intimidated by the number and violence of attacks against women; nor be fooled by the self-serving praise showered on the "real woman"; nor be won over by men's enthusiasm for her destiny, a destiny they would not for the world want to share.

We must not, however, be any less mistrustful of feminists' arguments: very often their attempt to polemicize robs them of all value. If the "question of women" is so trivial, it is because masculine arrogance turned it into a "quarrel"; when people quarrel, they no longer reason well. What people have endlessly sought to prove is that woman is superior, inferior, or equal to man: created after Adam, she is obviously a secondary being, some say; on the contrary, say others, Adam was only a rough draft, and God perfected the human being when he created Eve; her brain is smaller, but relatively bigger; Christ was made man, but perhaps out of humility. Every argument has its opposite, and both are often misleading. To see clearly, one needs to get out of these ruts; these vague notions of superiority, inferiority, and equality that have distorted all discussions must be discarded in order to start anew.

But how, then, will we ask the question? And in the first place, who are we to ask it? Men are judge and party: so are women. Can an angel be found? In fact, an angel would be ill qualified to speak, would not understand all the givens of the problem; as for the hermaphrodite, it is a case of its own: it is not both a man and a woman, but neither man nor woman. I think certain women are still best suited to elucidate the situation of women. It is a sophism to claim that Epimenides should be enclosed within the concept of Cretan and all Cretans within the concept of liar: it is not a mysterious essence that dictates good or bad faith to men and women; it is their situation that disposes them to seek the truth to a greater or lesser extent. Many women today, fortunate to have had all the privileges of the human being restored to them, can afford the luxury of impartiality: we even feel the necessity of it. We are no longer like our militant predecessors; we have more or less won the game; in the latest discussions on women's status, the UN has not ceased to imperiously demand equality of the sexes, and indeed many of us have never felt our femaleness to be a difficulty or an obstacle; many other problems seem more essential than those that concern us uniquely: this very detachment makes it possible to hope our attitude will be

objective. Yet we know the feminine world more intimately than men do because our roots are in it; we grasp more immediately what the fact of being female means for a human being, and we care more about knowing it. I said that there are more essential problems; but this one still has a certain importance from our point of view: How will the fact of being women have affected our lives? What precise opportunities have been given us, and which ones have been denied? What destiny awaits our younger sisters, and in which direction should we point them? It is striking that most feminine literature is driven today by an attempt at lucidity more than by a will to make demands; coming out of an era of muddled controversy, this book is one attempt among others to take stock of the current state.

But it is no doubt impossible to approach any human problem without partiality: even the way of asking the questions, of adopting perspectives, presupposes hierarchies of interests; all characteristics comprise values; every so-called objective description is set against an ethical background. Instead of trying to conceal those principles that are more or less explicitly implied, we would be better off stating them from the start; then it would not be necessary to specify on each page the meaning given to the words "superior," "inferior," "better," "worse," "progress," "regression," and so on. If we examine some of the books on women, we see that one of the most frequently held points of view is that of public good or general interest: in reality, this is taken to mean the interest of society as each one wishes to maintain or establish it. In our opinion, there is no public good other than one that assures the citizens' private good; we judge institutions from the point of view of the concrete opportunities they give to individuals. But neither do we confuse the idea of private interest with happiness: that is another frequently encountered point of view; are women in a harem not happier than a woman voter? Is a housewife not happier than a woman worker? We cannot really know what the word "happiness" means, and still less what authentic values it covers; there is no way to measure the happiness of others, and it is always easy to call a situation that one would like to impose on others happy: in particular, we declare happy those condemned to stagnation, under the pretext that happiness is immobility. This is a notion, then, we will not refer to. The perspective we have adopted is one of existentialist morality. Every subject posits itself as a transcendence concretely, through projects; it accomplishes its freedom only by perpetual surpassing toward other freedoms; there is no other justification for present existence than its expansion toward an indefinitely open future. Every time transcendence lapses into immanence, there is degradation of existence into "in-itself," of freedom into facticity; this fall is a moral fault if the subject consents to it; if this fall is inflicted on the subject, it takes the form of frustration and oppression; in both cases it is an absolute evil. Every individual concerned with justifying his existence experiences his existence as an indefinite need to transcend himself. But what singularly defines the situation of woman is that being, like all humans, an autonomous freedom, she discovers and chooses herself in a world where men force her to assume herself as Other: an attempt is made to freeze her as an object and doom her to immanence, since her transcendence will be forever transcended by another essential and sovereign consciousness. Woman's drama lies in this conflict between the fundamental claim of every subject, which always posits itself as essential, and the demands of a situation that constitutes her as inessential. How, in the feminine condition, can a human being accomplish herself? What paths are open to her? Which ones lead to dead ends? How can she find independence within dependence? What circumstances limit women's freedom and can she overcome them? These are the fundamental questions we would like to elucidate. This means that in focusing on the individual's possibilities, we will define these possibilities not in terms of happiness but in terms of freedom.

Clearly this problem would have no meaning if we thought that a physiological, psychological, or economic destiny weighed on woman. So we will begin by discussing woman from a biological, psychoanalytical, and historical materialist point of view. We will then attempt to positively demonstrate how "feminine reality" has been constituted, why woman has been defined as Other, and what the consequences have been from men's point of view. Then we will describe the world from the woman's point of view such as it is offered to her,[11] and we will see the difficulties women are up against just when, trying to escape the sphere they have been assigned until now, they seek to be part of the human *Mitsein*.

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1 Out of print today, titled *Franchise*.

1 The Kinsey Report, for example, confines itself to defining the sexual characteristics of the American man, which is completely different.

1 This idea has been expressed in its most explicit form by E. Levinas in his essay *Le temps et l'autre (Time and the Other*). He expresses it like this: "Is there not a situation where alterity would be borne by a being in a positive sense, as essence? What is the alterity that does not purely and simply enter into the opposition of two species of the same genus? I think that the absolutely contrary contrary, whose contrariety is in no way affected by the relationship that can be established between it and its correlative, the contrariety that permits its terms to remain absolutely other, is the feminine. Sex is not some specific difference … Neither is the difference between the sexes a contradiction … Neither is the difference between the sexes the duality of two complementary terms, for two complementary terms presuppose a preexisting whole … [A]lterity is accomplished in the feminine. The term is on the same level as, but in meaning opposed to, consciousness." I suppose Mr. Levinas is not forgetting that woman also is consciousness for herself. But it is striking that he deliberately adopts a man's point of view, disregarding the reciprocity of the subject and the object. When he writes that woman is mystery, he assumes that she is mystery for man. So this apparently objective description is in fact an affirmation of masculine privilege.

1 See Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Les structures élémentaires de la parenté (The Elementary Structures of Kinship*). I thank Claude Lévi-Strauss for sharing the proofs of his thesis, which I drew on heavily, particularly in the second part, pp. 76–89.

20: *Mitsein* can be translated as "being with." The French term *réalité humaine* (human reality) has been problematically used to translate Heidegger's *Dasein*.—TRANS.

iv See second part, this page.

v See Part Two, this page to this page

4 *"L'égalité dans la difference"* in the French text. Literal translation: "different but equal." —TRANS.

7. At least he thought he could.

(8)The article by Michel Carrouges on this theme in *Cahiers du Sud*, no. 292, is significant. He writes with indignation: "If only there were no feminine myth but only bands of cooks, matrons, prostitutes, and bluestockings with functions of pleasure or utility!" So, according to him, woman has no existence for herself; he only takes into account her *function* in the male world. Her finality is in man; in fact, it is possible to prefer her poetic "function" to all others. The exact question is why she should be defined in relation to the man.

(9) For example, man declares that he does not find his wife in any way diminished just because she does not have a profession: work in the home is just as noble and so on. Yet at the first argument he remonstrates, "You wouldn't be able to earn a living without me."

(10) Describing this very process will be the object of Volume II of this study.

(11) This will be the subject of a second volume.

Short Fiction and Poetry

The Day Lasts More than a Hundred Years

Chingiz Aitmatov

Mankurt Story excerpted from Chapter 6

The sun was burning hot as it reached its zenith. The greater part of the journey was behind them now and the great Sarozek opened out with every rise crossed, with further new desert lands stretching away to the horizon. The expanse of the desert was vast. Long ago in these places had lived the Zhuan'zhuan of evil memory, who had come and seized almost all the Sarozek region and had held it for a long time. Other nomadic peoples lived here, waging continual wars for pastures and for wells. Now one tribe took the upper land, now another. But conquerors and conquered remained in their territories, some losing, some gaining their hold on the area where they lived. Yelizarov used to say that the living space of the Sarozek was the prize of this struggle.

In those times there were heavy rains in both spring and autumn, and the resultant grasslands supported many herds of large and small livestock. Then, too, traders passed through the region and conducted their business. But suddenly there seemed to have been a change in the climate; the rains ceased, the wells dried up and the supply of fodder withered away. The peoples and the tribes departed in various directions and the Zhuan'zhuan disappeared completely. They moved off towards the Edil', as the Volga was then called, and it was somewhere around there that they disappeared into oblivion. No one found out where they had come from and no one knew where they had disappeared to. It was said that a curse had fallen on them and that when they were crossing the frozen Edil', the ice on the river moved, broke, and all of them, together with their herds, and flocks, disappeared under the ice . . .

The native inhabitants of the Sarozek, the Kazakh nomads, at that time, did not leave their country but remained in those places where they had struck water in newly dug wells.

The Ana-Beiit cemetery had its own history, dating back to the time when the Zhuan'zhuan were in the process of conquering the Sarozek and treated captive warriors with exceptional cruelty. Those who were sold into slavery in neighbouring lands were considered fortunate, because sooner or later they could escape and return to their homeland. But a monstrous fate awaited those whom the Zhuan'zhuan kept as slaves for themselves. They destroyed their slaves' memory by a terrible torture - the putting of the *shirt* on to the head of the victim. This fate was reserved for young men captured in battle. First of all their heads were completely shaved and every single hair was taken out by the root. When this was completed, expert Zhuan'zhuan butchers killed a nearby nursing mother camel and skinned it. First they removed the heavy udder with its matted hair. Then they divided it into several pieces and, in its still warm state, stretched it over the shaven heads of the prisoners. At once it stuck in place like

a sticking plaster, looking rather like a present-day swimming cap. The man who was subjected to the ensuing torture either died because he could not stand it, or he lost his memory of the past for ever. He had become a *mankurt*, or slave, who could not remember his past life.

Each udder skin made five or six *shiri*. After the *shin* had been put on, each condemned man was shackled and fitted with a wooden collar, so that he could not touch the ground with his head. In this state the men were taken far away from inhabited places so that their unavailing, soul-searing cries could not reach other people's ears. Then they were thrown down on to the open ground, with hands and feet bound, under the searing sun, without water or food. The torture lasted several days. Increased patrols were mounted to cut off access to the victims, in case any fellow tribesmen tried to help them while they were still alive. But such attempts at rescue were not often made, because any movement in the open steppe could be seen at once. If afterwards it was heard that someone had been made into a *mankurt* by the Zhuan'zhuan, then not even his nearest and dearest tried to save him or pay a ransom, because all they ever recovered was a living carcase of the former man.

There was only one Naiman mother, named in the legend as Naiman-Ana, who was not prepared to accept such a fate for her son. The Sarozek legend tells of this, and from the story comes the name of the Ana-Beiit cemetery - the Mother's Resting Place.

The men left out there on the ground for the appalling torture mostly perished under the Sarozek sun. Only one or two survived as *mankurts* out of five or six so treated. They had died, not from hunger, nor even from thirst, but from the pressure exerted on their heads by the drying-out of the raw camel skin. Mercilessly contracting under the burning rays of the sun, the *shiri* constricted and pressed on to the shaven head of the slave-to-be, just as if an iron ring was being tightened. By the second day the shaven hairs of the victims were beginning to grow. The hard, unyielding Asiatic hair grew into the raw camel skin and being unable in most cases to break through, bent back and once more penetrated the skin of the man's head, causing even greater agony. This final trial drove the victim to the brink of insanity and beyond.

Only on the fifth day did the Zhuan'zhuan come out to see who had survived out of their prisoners. If even one of those tortured was found to be alive, it was considered that a satisfactory result had been achieved. They gave him water, released him from his bonds and, in due time, restored to him his physical strength. The result was the *mankurt* slave, forcibly deprived of his memory and therefore very valuable, being worth ten healthy, untreated prisoners. There was even a law which ordained that if a *mankurt* slave was accidentally killed in a fight, the damages for loss were set at three times those of a free, untreated man.

The *mankurt* did not know who he had been, whence and from what tribe he had come, did not know his name, could not remember his childhood, father or mother - in short, he could not recognize himself as a human being. Deprived of any understanding of his own ego, the *mankurt* was, from his master's point of view, possessed of a whole range of advantages. He was the equivalent of a dumb animal and therefore absolutely obedient and safe. He never thought of trying to escape. For any slave owner, the most frightening thing was the possibility of a revolt of these slaves, since each slave was a potential rebel. The *mankurt* was the exception: he was

absolutely impervious to any incitement to revolt, quite innocent. He knew of no such passions. As a result, there was no need to keep him confined, to guard him and even less to suspect him of having any sinister intentions. The *mankurt,* like a dog, only recognized his masters. He would have nothing to do with other people. All his thoughts were concerned with satisfying his belly's needs. He had no other worries. He performed the work given to him blindly, willingly and singlemindedly.

Mankurts were given the dirtiest and hardest work or the dullest, hardest tasks which demanded dumb patience. Only a *mankurt* could endure the endless silence and emptiness of the Sarozek, completely cut off with nothing to keep him company but a herd of camels. On his own he could replace a large number of workers. All that was required was to provide him with his food and then he could stay out there without relief, winter and summer. He was unworried by the isolation and had no complaint about what he might have lacked. His master's command and order was the highest thing of all for the *mankurt.* He wanted nothing for himself, save food and such clothing as would prevent him from freezing to death out in the steppe.

It would have been much easier simply to cut off the prisoner's head, or cause him some other harm to terrify him into subjection; instead, the Zhuan'zhuan chose to annihilate his memory, destroy his reason, to draw out by the roots that which otherwise stays with a man to his last breath, remaining uniquely his, and which dies with him and which cannot be reached by other people. This most cruel form of barbarism, resurrected from the dark past of the nomadic Zhuan'zhuan, encroached on the sacred being of a man. For they had discovered the means of removing from slaves their living memory, in this way causing to a human being the most dreadful of all imaginable or unimaginable evils. Lamenting over her son, turned into a *mankurt,* Naiman-Ana said in her frenzy of grief and despair:

'When they tore your memory from you, crushing your head like a nut in tongs, tightening the pressure on your skull with the slow twisting of the drying camel skin; when they fastened that unseen ring on your head so that your eyes stood out of their sockets, filled with the fluid of fear; when the raging thirst of the Sarozek tormented you, and there was not even one drop to fall from the sky to your lips - did not the sun, which gives everyone life, become for you a hateful, blinding body, the blackest of all the heavenly bodies in creation?

'When, tortured with pain, your screaming filled the desert, when you shouted and writhed, calling to God day and night; when you awaited help from heaven in vain; when choking in phlegm thrown out by your tortured flesh, you writhed in the vile excrement flowing from your body as it twisted in its convulsions; when you sank into that stinking mass, losing your reason, plagued and eaten by clouds of flies - did you not with your last breath curse God who has created us all in that world which he has deserted?

'When the dusk of darkness covered for ever your mind, racked by torture; when your memory, forcibly destroyed, lost for ever its links with the past; when in your wild struggles you forgot how your mother looked, the noise of the stream by the mountains where you played as a child; when you lost your own name and that of your father in your desolated consciousness; when the faces of people among whom you had grown up faded away, as did also the name of the girl who had smiled modestly at you - did you not then curse with the most terrible curses, as

you fell into the bottomless pit of forgetfulness, your own mother, because she had dared to conceive you in her womb and given you birth into God's light just to live to this day . . . ?'

This story comes from those times when the Zhuan'zhuan had been driven out of the southern parts of nomadic Asia and were spreading out to the north. Having gained possession of the Sarozek and held it for a long time, they waged endless war with the purpose of increasing the area under their control and of getting more slaves. At first, taking advantage of surprise, they took many prisoners in the lands adjoining the Sarozek, including women and children. However, resistance to the alien invaders grew and fierce battles began to rage. The Zhuan'zhuan had no intention of giving up their Sarozek gains, but on the other hand they were intent on consolidating their hold on these wide open steppes. For their part, the local tribes were not prepared to put up with the loss of their lands and were determined, sooner or later, to exert their right and duty to drive out the invaders.

In small and large battles there were gains and losses on both sides, but even in these exhausting wars there were

periods of calm. In one of these periods of peace some traders, who had come with a caravan of goods into the Naiman lands, told as they sat drinking tea, how they had passed through the Sarozek steppes without encountering any undue interference from the Zhuan'zhuan at the wells. They told, also, that out in the Sarozek, they had met a young herdsman tending a large herd of camels. The traders had engaged him in conversation, and discovered that he was a *mankurt.* He had a strong and healthy appearance and the traders were surprised to learn that he had suffered such a fate. No doubt once upon a time he had been as bright and talkative as anyone else; he was still young, his beard was only just sprouting and his general mien was good. But when you spoke to him it was just as if he had been born yesterday; the poor fellow could not remember his own name, or that of his father or mother. Nor did he know what the Zhuan'zhuan had done to him or from whence he had come. You would ask him a question and he had nothing to say but 'yes' and 'no' and all the while he clutched at his cap, which was firmly pressed down on his head. Although it was a sin, people sometimes laughed at such a misfortune; they laughed also at the fact that there were *mankurts* on whose head in places the camel skin had grown into the skin of the man. For such a *mankurt* the worst punishment of all was to frighten them by saying that you would steam their head. They would fight like a wild horse rather than let you touch their head. They did not remove their cap by day or night and even slept in it.

This *mankurt,* the traders continued, might have lost his reason, but he was nonetheless intent on his work the whole time. His watchful eyes followed them until the caravan had gone right away from the place where the herd of camels was grazing. One outrider decided to play a joke on the *mankurt* before he rode off.

'We've a long ride before us. To whom shall we give your greetings? To some girl perhaps? But where? Tell us! Perhaps we could give her a scarf from you.'

The *mankurt* was silent for a long time as he looked at the outrider, and then he said, 'Every night I look up at the moon and she looks at me. But we don't hear one another. There's someone up there . . .'

While the traders were telling their tale, a woman in the yurta served them with tea. It was Naiman-Ana. It is with this name that she is preserved in the Sarozek legend. While the guests were there, Naiman-Ana did not react. Indeed, nobody noticed how greatly the tale had affected her, nor how her expression had changed. She had longed to ask the traders some questions about this young *mankurt,* but she was afraid to do so, to find out more than had already been said. She knew how to keep quiet and held in check her growing alarm, as she might a shrieking, wounded bird . . .

By now the conversation had passed on to some other subject; no one was any longer concerned about the fate of the *mankurt* - such unfortunate happenings were common in life. But Naiman-Ana was still trying to get over the fear which was filling her and control the shaking of her hands. It was as if she was indeed cradling that wounded bird against her body. But all that she did was to draw down lower over her face the black mourning scarf which she had long ago taken to wearing on her grey-haired head.

The traders and their caravan went on their way. During the sleepless night which followed, Naiman-Ana realized that she would find no peace until she had searched out in the Sarozek that *mankurt* herdsman and had confirmed for herself that he was not her son. The nagging, terrible thought revived again in her heart - that doubt which had long been kept hidden as a dim premonition; that her son had not died on the field of battle, as she had been told. And, of course, it would be better to bury him twice than to be tormented by continual fear, continual pain, continual doubt.

Her son had been killed in one of the battles against the Zhuan'zhuan, out in the Sarozek. Her husband had been killed a year earlier. He had been a famous man among the Naiman. His son had then gone out with the first expedition to avenge the loss of his father. The dead were not expected to be left on the battlefield; it was the duty of their fellow tribesmen to bring home the bodies. But it seemed that this had been impossible. Many veterans of that great battle had reported that when they had engaged with the enemy, her son had fallen over the mane of his horse, and the animal, excited and then terrified by the noise of battle, had bolted. He had then fallen from the saddle, but one foot was trapped in the stirrup and he had hung motionless on one side of the animal. This had frightened the animal yet further, and it had dragged the breathless body at full gallop over the steppe. To make matters worse, the horse had bolted towards enemy-held territory. In spite of the fierce and bloody battle, in which everyone was needed in the fight, two fellow tribesmen had raced off in pursuit in order to catch the runaway horse and recover the body. However, a party of shouting, mounted Zhuan'zhuan lying in ambush in a valley, had cut them off; one Naiman was killed by an arrow and the other was badly wounded and unable to rejoin his companions before he slumped to the ground. This incident helped the Naiman to locate the position of the Zhuan'zhuan ambush before they were able to launch an outflanking move at the most decisive moment. So the Naiman hurriedly retreated to regroup and to advance again into battle. Of course, by now no one was able to concern themselves with the fate of their young comrade, the son of Naiman-Ana . . .

The wounded Naiman, who at last succeeded in riding back, told later that he had tried to pursue the son's horse, but that eventually the animal had disappeared.

Several days running the Naiman warriors went out to search for the body, but they could find no trace of him, his horse, weapons or any other clues. Even if he had only been wounded, at this time of year he would have died out in the steppe from thirst or lack of blood. They mourned him; they grieved that their young comrade lay unburied out there in the uninhabited Sarozek steppe. It was a shameful thing for everyone. The women wailed in Naiman-Ana's yurta and reproached their husbands and brothers thus:

'The vultures have picked the flesh from his bones and the jackals have scattered his bones. How dare you walk around in your men's hats after this!'

And so the empty days on the empty earth dragged by for Naiman-Ana. She was accustomed to the idea that people were killed in war, but the thought that her son was lying abandoned on the battlefield, that his body had not been committed to the earth, gave her no peace. The mother was tormented by unceasing, bitter thoughts. She had no one with whom to share them and so make her grief easier to bear, and there was no one to turn to, except to God himself.

In order to stop thinking about all this, she had to be convinced with her own eyes that her son was dead. Who then would dispute the will of Fate? Most of all, she was puzzled that her son's horse had disappeared leaving no trace. The horse itself had not been hurt, it had merely bolted in fright. Like any other horse from the herd, it would be bound, sooner or later, to return to its familiar haunts, dragging behind it the body of its rider, his foot tangled in the stirrup. No doubt it would be a terrible sight, but at least she could weep and wail over her son's body, tearing her face with her nails and lamenting until God in his heaven finally wearied of her cries. At least then she would no longer be bottling up these doubts in the depths of her soul and would be prepared for death with cold reasoning, awaiting it at any time, not holding on, continuing to live in hope. But her son's body had not been found, and his horse had not returned.

Doubts still tortured the mother, although the other people of the tribe began gradually to forget about the war. All losses, after a while, become less sharp and are gradually forgotten. Yet she, the man's mother, could not become resigned and forget. Her thoughts went round and round in the same circle: what had happened to his horse? Where was the harness, his weapons? You would only have to look at them, just glance, and it would be possible to determine what had happened to her son. Of course, it could have been that the Zhuan'zhuan had caught up with the horse somewhere out in the Sarozek, when it was exhausted and could be caught. A horse, with good harness, was worthwhile booty. But what would they have done with her son, dragged along by the stirrup? Buried him or thrown him out to be torn apart by the wild animals? And what if he were still alive, still living by some miracle? Would they have finished him off with a *coup de grace* or thrown him out to expire on the ground? Supposing . . .

There was no end to her doubts. And when the traders had spoken about the young *mankurt* who had met them out in the Sarozek, they had had no idea that their words had kindled a flame in the aching soul of Naiman-Ana. Now her heart beat with an alarming premonition.

The thought that this might be her lost son more and more certainly and strongly possessed her heart and mind. She knew now that she would not rest until she had found and seen this *mankurt* and had been convinced that he was not her lost son.

Among the hills on the edge of the steppe where the Naiman lived in summer, there flowed small streams with stony bottoms. All night long Naiman-Ana lay there, listening to the gurgle of the flowing water, before she set out into the silence of the Sarozek. She knew how dangerous it was to go out alone into the desert, but she did not wish to confide her plans to anyone. No one would understand. Not even her nearest and dearest would approve of her plan. How could she go out in search of her long-dead son? And if by some chance he was still alive and had been made into a *mankurt*, it was even more unthinkable to search him out, to break her heart in vain; for a *mankurt* was merely the outer covering, the skin of the former man . . .

That night, before she left, she stepped outside her yurta several times and looked around, listening, trying to concentrate and collect her thoughts. The midnight moon was high above her head in a cloudless sky, filling the earth around with an even, milky-pale light. The many white yurtas scattered around at the foot of the hills resembled a flock of large birds, roosting here by the banks of the noisy streams. Beside the aul, where the sheep were kept and further on from the ravines where the herds of horses were grazing, the barking of the dogs and the indistinct voices of people could be heard. But above all, came the sound of girls' voices, cheerfully singing by the sheepfold on the nearest side of the village. The sound touched Naiman-Ana. She had once sung those night songs herself. They had stopped here every summer for as long as she could remember, ever since she had first come here as a bride. All her life had been spent in these places. While the family had been growing up, there had been their four yurtas live in. Now, after the attack by the Zhuan'zhuan, there was only hers left.

And now she was leaving her single yurta. The evening before, she had prepared for her journey. She had collected together food and taken extra water, filling two skins, in case she could not find wells straight away out in the Sarozek. Tethered close to the yurta was her camel, Akmaya, her hope and her companion. She would never have been bold enough to venture out alone into the silent Sarozek if she had not possessed Akmaya, with her strength and speed! That year Akmaya was barren and she was resting after two calvings. She was in excellent condition for riding: lean, with strong legs, and strong soles to her feet, she had not yet been spoilt by heavy loads and age and she had a strong pair of humps and a fine head that sat beautifully on her strong, muscular neck. She had ever-moving, light nostrils that fluttered like the wings of a butterfly, catching the air as she went along. The white she-camel Akmaya was worth more than a whole herd of ordinary beasts. For such a fast-moving beast in her prime, people would have given several tens of head of fattening young animals in order that she might breed. She was the last treasure Naiman-Ana possessed - the last memory of her former wealth. The rest had vanished, like dust washed from the hands. All she had left were her duties - the forty-day and annual memorial prayers for the departed, for her son, whom she was now setting out to find. Naiman-Ana still felt enormous weariness and grief, for not long ago the final memorial service had been held in the presence of many people, all the Naiman from far around.

At dawn she came out of her yurta, prepared to leave without delay. She stopped as she crossed the threshold and leant against the door post, thinking, casting a glance around the sleeping aul, before she left it. Still possessed of a handsome figure and all her former beauty, Naiman-Ana had tied on her belt, as was the custom before going on a long journey. She had on her boots, wide trousers, a little sleeveless coat or kamzol over her dress, and a shawl hanging free from her shoulders. She had tied a white scarf around her head, tucking in the ends at the back of her neck. She had decided on this during the night - after all, if she was hoping to see her son alive, why go off in mourning? And if her hope was not fulfilled, then there was time enough to cover her head with a black scarf.

At that time of day, the dawn light concealed the greyness of her hair and the marks of deep grief on her face - the lines deeply furrowed her sad, mother's countenance. Her eyes were wet at that moment and she sighed deeply. Had she ever thought or guessed that she might have to live through such a trial? But now she summoned up all her strength of character. *'Ashvadan lya ilia khil' alia,"* she said, whispering the first line of the prayer. 'There is no god, but Allah.' And with this in her mind she went purposefully out to the camel and bade her go down on to her knees.

Complaining quietly, Akmaya unhurriedly lowered her chest to the ground. Quickly throwing the various bags across the saddle, Naiman-Ana climbed up to the riding position, urging the camel with her heels. Up got Akmaya, straightening out her legs and lifting her mistress high above the ground. Now Akmaya realized there was a journey ahead of her. No one in the aul knew about Naiman-Ana's departure and except for her drowsy sister-in-law servant, who every now and again yawned widely, no one saw her off. The servant had been told the evening before that Naiman-Ana was going to visit relations and that afterwards, if there were pilgrims about, she would be joining up with them to go to the Kipchak lands to pray at the shrine of the saint, Yassavi. She was leaving as early as possible to avoid questions.

When she had gone some way off from the aul, Naiman-Ana turned in the direction of the Sarozek, which in its emptiness gave no hint of what lay ahead . . .

It was now some time since that the white camel, Akmaya, had begun trotting over the level Sarozek and along the ravines. She was now complaining monotonously as she went, her feet scraping almost noiselessly, while her mistress drove her on, urging her on across the hot desert. They only stopped when night fell and they reached some remote well. Next morning they were off once more in search of the large herd of camels to be found somewhere in the Sarozek. Here in this region, not far from the precipitous, reddy-sandy Malakumdychap area, which stretched for many kilometres, the traders had met up with the *mankurt* herdsman for whom Naiman-Ana was now searching. Already she had been searching around and near Malakumdychap for some two days. She was terrified of meeting up with the Zhuan'zhuan, but wherever she looked, wherever she wandered, she saw only the empty steppe, and deceptive mirages. Once she was taken in by such a mirage and made a great detour towards a town swimming in the air, with minarets and fortress walls. Perhaps she would find her son there in the slave market . . . Then she could set him on Akmaya, to sit there behind her, and *then* let

them try to catch her . . . It was distressing out there in the desert; perhaps that was why the sight appeared to be so real . . .

Of course it was difficult to find just one person in the Sarozek. Out here a man was like a grain of sand. But if he was with a big flock or herd grazing over a wide area, then sooner or later you would see an animal from far off, then you would find others; and with the herd, there would be the herdsman. That was what Naiman-Ana hoped, at any rate.

But so far she had found nothing anywhere. She was already starting to fear that the herd had been driven elsewhere, or that the Zhuan'zhuan had sent all the camels to be sold in Khiva or Bukhara. Would the herdsman then return from such faraway places? When she had set off from the aul, worn out with worry and doubt, she had had but one dream - just to see her son alive, even if he were a *mankurt.* Perhaps he would remember nothing, understand nothing, but let it be her son, living, just alive . . .

It was a lot to ask. But as she went deep into the Sarozek and approached the place where she hoped to find the herdsman whom the traders with their caravan had met as they passed through not long ago, she became more and more disturbed at the thought of finding that her son's mind had been crippled. This fear now bore down on her oppressively and she began to pray to God that it would not be him, her son, but some other unfortunate. She was even ready to accept unconditionally that her son was no more and could no longer be alive. But on she went in order just to look at this *mankurt* and be convinced that her doubts were in vain; perhaps having been convinced, she could return home and stop being tormented and would live out her years as Fate decreed. But then once more she began to be oppressed by a longing to find in the Sarozek, not just anyone, but her son. Whatever the cost.

She was just crossing a sloping ridge, wrestling with these contrary feelings, when she suddenly caught sight of a large herd of camels, grazing freely all over a wide valley. The brown fattening camels wandered between the small bushes and thorn plants, chewing at their tops. Naiman-Ana spurred on her Akmaya to full speed. At first she was breathless with joy because she had at last found the herd; then she became frightened, and a shiver passed through her, because the thought that she would now be seeing her son who had been turned into a *mankurt* was so very terrifying. Then she became glad again and gave up trying to understand what was going on inside her mind.

There was the grazing herd, but where was the herdsman? He must be somewhere nearby. Then she saw a man on the other side of the valley. From a distance she could not make out who he was. The herdsman stood there with a long staff in one hand, while in the other hand he held the halter of his riding camel, which stood just behind him with its loaded panniers. He was watching her approach, calmly, from under the peak of his cap, which was pulled down hard over his eyes. When she came closer and recognized her son, Naiman-Ana could not remember afterwards how she had managed to get down from her camel. She must have just fallen off, but it did not worry her at all.

'My son, my own one! And I've been searching for you all around!' She dashed up to him. 'I'm your mother!'

At once she understood everything and wept, stamping at the ground, bitterly, terribly, her lips moving feverishly as she tried to stop, but she could not control herself. In order to stand still, she seized the shoulder of her indifferent son and wept and wept, overcome with the grief which had been so long pent up and now was pouring out. As she wept, she gazed through her tears, through the strands of wet, grey hair, through her shaking fingers with which she was spreading the dust of the journey all over her face; gazed at the familiar features of her son, all the while trying to catch his glance, hoping against all hope that he would recognize her. Surely it was so simple to do - to recognize his own mother?

But her appearance had not the slightest effect on him; it was just as if she came here often, visiting him out here in the steppe every day. He did not even ask who she was, or why she was crying. Then suddenly the herdsman took her hand from his shoulder and walked away, pulling the inseparable riding camel with its load behind him, and made his way towards the other side of the herd in order to make sure the young animals had not run too far away in their play. Naiman-Ana remained where she was and squatted down, sobbing, pressing her face with her hands and not raising her head. Then she gathered her strength and walked over to her son, trying to keep calm.

Her *mankurt-son* seemed devoid of thoughts or emotion and looked at her from under the peak of his cap. Then a weak sort of smile passed quickly over his thin, roughened face, blackened by the wind. But his eyes, reflecting a complete absence of interest in anything, remained, as before, quite aloof.

'Sit down, let's talk,' said Naiman-Ana with a deep sigh.

They sat down on the ground.

'Do you recognize me?' asked the mother.

The *mankurt* shook his head.

'What do they call you?'

'Mankurt,' he answered.

'That's what you're called now. But do you remember your old name? Try to remember your real name.'

The *mankurt* was silent. His mother could see that he was making a great effort to remember, for beads of sweat were coming out on the bridge of his nose and his eyes were filled with a misty look. But between them there had arisen an invisible barrier which he could not cross.

'What was your father's name? And who are you? Where did you come from? Where were you born - do you know?'

No, there was nothing that he could remember; he knew nothing.

'What have they done to you?' His mother whispered, and once again her lips began to tremble against her will, but also partly from anger, hate and grief. Again she began to sob, at the same time trying to calm herself. The sorrow of his mother in no way touched the *mankurt.*

'They can take your land, your wealth, even your life,' she said aloud, 'but who ever thought, who ever *dared* to attack a man's memory? Oh God, if You do exist, how did You give such power to people? Isn't there evil enough on earth without this?'

And then, as she looked upon her *mankurt*-son, she uttered her famous words of sorrow about the sun, about God, about herself; those words which people recite to this day when Sarozek history is being recalled.

Then she began her lament:

'Men botasy olgen boz maya, tulybyn kelep iskegen . . .'

'I am a she-camel who has lost her young one, come to sniff the smell of a young camel's skin stuffed with straw . . .'

Then there burst from her soul an endless succession of heartbroken cries that echoed long and loud among the silent, endless Sarozek.

But nothing of this meant a thing to her son, the *mankurt.*

Then Naiman-Ana decided to abandon questions, but to use suggestions to try and remind her son know who he had been and was.

'Your name is Zholaman. Can you hear? You are Zholaman.
And your father's name was Donenbai. Surely you remember your father? In your childhood, he taught you to shoot with the bow. I'm your mother and you are my son. You are fromthe Naiman tribe, do you understand? You are a Naiman . . .'

As she said this, he listened with a complete lack of interest,just as if she were saying nothing at all - as if he were listening to the chirping of a cricket in the grass.

And then Naiman-Ana asked her son, the *mankurt,* 'What happened before you came here?'

'Nothing,' he said.

'Was it night or day?'

'Nothing,' he said.

'With whom do you like to talk?'

'With the moon. But we don't hear each other. Someone is sitting up there.'

'What more do you want from life?'

'A pigtail on my head, like the one my master has.'

'Let me see what they've done to your head.' Naiman-Ana stretched out her hand towards him.

The *mankurt* quickly jumped back, took hold of his hat and looked away from his mother, who immediately realized her mistake.

It was at that moment that a man appeared in the distance, riding towards them on a camel.

'Who's that?' asked Naiman- Ana.

'He brings me my food,' answered her son.

Naiman-Ana was worried. She had to hide quickly before the Zhuan'zhuan man saw her. She brought her camel down and got into the saddle.

'Say nothing. I'll be back soon,' she promised.

Her son did not answer; he remained as indifferent as ever.

Naiman-Ana soon realized that she had made a mistake in riding away through the grazing herd. But it was already too late. The Zhuan'zhuan approaching the herd would be sure to see her riding away on the white she-camel. She should have walked away on foot, hiding among the grazing animals. After going some way from the grazing herd, Naiman-Ana entered a deep ravine overgrown with wormwood. Here she dismounted, leaving Akmaya on the floor of the ravine, while she climbed up and observed what was happening. Yes – the man had noticed her. He soon appeared, his camel coming at a trot. The Zhuan'zhuan was armed with a lance and a bow and arrows and was clearly concerned, looking around and obviously wondering where the rider on the white camel – and he had seen her clearly - could have disappeared to. He could not make up his mind which was the best direction to follow. First he rode one way, then another. The final time he came very close to the ravine. It was just as well that Naiman-Ana had tied up Akmaya's muzzle with a scarf. If her camel had uttered a sound, it would have been the end.

Hidden behind the wormwood on the precipice edge Naiman-Ana could see the Zhuan'zhuan quite clearly. He was mounted on a shaggy camel and was looking from side to side as he went along. His face was puffy and intent, and on his head was a boat-shaped hat with the ends turned up; behind, shining black and dry, was a double-plaited pigtail. The Zhuan'zhuan was standing up in his stirrups, his lance at the ready, turning his head as he searched, eyes shining. Here was one of the enemy who had seized the Sarozek and driven no small a number of people into slavery and caused untold misery to her family. But what could she, an unarmed woman, do against a fierce Zhuan'zhuan warrior? She began to wonder what could have brought these people to such a state of cruelty and savagery as to destroy a slave's memory.

Having trotted to and fro, the Zhuan'zhuan soon went back to the herd. It was now evening and the sun had set, but its glow still hung over the steppe for a long while; then, suddenly, darkness fell and the silence of night descended. Naiman-Ana spent that night entirely

alone out in the steppe, not far away from her wretched *mankurt-son.* Yet she was afraid to go back to him, for that Zhuan'zhuan man might have stayed to spend the night with the herd.

She had made a decision not to leave her son in slavery, but to try and take him away from there with her. Even if he was now a *mankurt,* even if he could understand nothing at all, he would be better off at home, among his own people, rather than serving the Zhuan'zhuan as a herdsman out in the empty Sarozek. This is what her soul, a mother's soul, prompted her to do. She could not leave one of her own blood in slavery. In familiar surroundings his mind might return to him and he would remember his childhood.

Next morning, Naiman-Ana again mounted Akmaya. After long diversions and circlings, she finally reached the herd, which during the night had moved some way off. Having found it, she looked around for some time to make certain there was no Zhuan'zhuan around. When she was sure that there was no one, she called to her son by his name.

'Zholaman! Zholaman! Good morning!'

Her son looked around and the mother cried out in joy, but at once realized that he was merely reacting to the sound of a voice.

Again, Naiman-Ana tried to rekindle her son's lost memory.

'Remember your name - please remember your name!' she begged. 'Your father's name was Donenbai, don't you know that? Your name is not *Mankurt,* but Zholaman - it means "God's help on a journey". We called you that because you were born on a journey during a migration of the Naiman tribe. When you were born, everyone stopped for three days of rejoicing and celebration.'

All this made no impression on her *mankurt*-son, but his mother continued, hoping vainly that suddenly there would be some flash of recognition in his subconscious mind. But she was beating against a firmly closed door.

Again and again she repeated, 'Do you know your name? Your father was Donenbai.' Then she fed him and gave him water from her own supplies and began to sing him cradle songs. He liked those songs. He enjoyed hearing them and something living, a fleeting expression of warmth appeared on his tanned face. Then his mother began to attempt to persuade him to leave this place, to leave the Zhuan'zhuan and to go away with her back to his own home. The *mankurt* could not understand how it was possible just to get up and go. What would happen to the herd? No - his master had told him to stay with the herd always - that was what he had said. He could not go away and leave the herd . . .

Again and again Naiman-Ana tried to break down the door to her son's ruined memory.

'Remember whose son you are? What's your name? Your father was Donenbai!'

Naiman-Ana did not notice how much time had passed in these vain attempts; she only remembered when she suddenly noticed the Zhuan'zhuan appear again on the edge of the herd, mounted on his camel. This time he was much closer and travelling fast, clearly intent on

catching her. Naiman-Ana wasted no time and got up on Akmaya. But then from the other direction appeared a second Zhuan'zhuan, also on a camel.

Naiman-Ana, spurring on Akmaya, passed between them, the fleet-footed white Akmaya carrying her forward and ahead with the Zhuan'zhuan in hot pursuit, shouting and waving their lances. They stood no chance of catching up with Akmaya and dropped further and further behind on their shaggy camels, while Akmaya, getting her second wind, sped over the Sarozek, carrying Naiman-Ana away from her pursuers at a remarkable speed.

Naiman-Ana was not to know, however, that when the angered Zhuan'zhuan returned, they beat the *mankurt* cruelly. But all that the *mankurt* said was:

'She said that she's my mother.'

'She's not your mother! You've no mother! You know why she came? Do you know? She wants to tear off your cap and steam your head!'

So they frightened the unhappy *mankurt.*

On hearing their words, the *mankurt* paled and his black face became ashen grey. He hunched his neck down between his shoulders and, taking a firm hold of his cap, began to gaze around like a frightened animal.

'Don't be scared! Come on, take this!' The elder Zhuan'zhuan put a bow and arrows into his hand.

'Now take aim.' And the younger Zhuan'zhuan threw his hat high into the air.

The arrow pierced the hat.

'Look at that!' The owner of the hat was amazed. 'Your hand hasn't lost its memory!'

Like a bird disturbed from her nest, Naiman-Ana circled around that area of the Sarozek, not knowing what to do, or what to expect. Would the Zhuan'zhuan now drive off the whole herd and her son with it? Would they send the *mankurt*, her son, to some place she could not reach, nearer to their own herd? Or would they try to track and capture her? Lost in guesses, she moved about, hiding from view, until finally she was delighted to see that the Zhuan'zhuan had left the herd. Indeed, one rode close by, but not searching. For a long time Naiman-Ana kept them under observation and when they at last disappeared into the distance, she decided to return to her son. Now, whatever happened, she was determined to take him away with her. Whatever he had now become and was to be, it was not his fault that Fate had turned against him, that his enemies mocked and despised him; his mother would not leave him in slavery. Let the Naiman people see how the invaders crippled captured *dzhigits*, how they humiliated them and deprived them of their reason; let the sight enrage them and make them take up arms. It was not just a matter of land - there was enough land for everyone; the Zhuan'zhuan evil was unbearable, even for neighbours who had had no contact with them.

Thinking these thoughts Naiman-Ana returned to her son, all the way thinking how she might persuade him to run away with her that very night.

It was already getting dark over the great Sarozek, and another night in the procession of countless past and future nights was coming down, stealing in invisibly over ravines and hills and bringing the reddish tones of dusk.

The white she-camel Akmaya carried her mistress lightly and easily towards the great herd. The rays of the dying sun picked out her figure, clearly, seated between the humps. Ever watchful and worried beyond all measure, Naiman-Ana looked pale and stern. Her grey hairs, the lines on her face, her passive expression matched the look in her eyes, which were like Sarozek twilights, witnesses to her unending pain.

Now that she had reached the herd, she rode between the grazing animals and began to look around, but there was no sign of her son. His camel, with its load, was for some reason grazing free, dragging its halter over the ground behind it. But he was not there.

What had happened to him?

'Zholaman! My son Zholaman, where are you?' Naiman-Ana began to call. No one appeared. No one answered her call.

As she looked around anxiously, she did not notice that her son, the *mankurt*, was hiding in the shadow cast by the camel, was already on his knee, taking aim with an arrow stretched on the bowstring. The light of the setting sun was hindering his aim and he was waiting for a suitable moment to shoot.

'Zholaman! My son!' Naiman-Ana called, fearing that something had happened to him. Then she turned round in her saddle and saw him. 'Don't shoot!' She had only to spur on her camel and turn her face away; but before she could do so, the arrow whistled and struck her on the left side, under her arm.

That was the fatal shot. Naiman-Ana fell forward and continued to fall, clutching at the camel's neck. But just before her white headscarf fell from her head, it turned into a white bird, which flew away, crying, 'Do you remember whose child you are? What's your name? Your father was Donenbai! Donenbai! Donenbai!'

Ever since that time, so they say, there flew over the Sarozek at night a bird called Donenbai. Whenever it meets a traveller, the Donenbai bird flies close to him, calling, 'Do you remember whose child you are? Who are you? What is your name? Your father was Donenbai, Donenbai, Donenbai, Donenbai, Donenbai . . .'

The place where Naiman-Ana was buried became known in the Sarozek as the cemetery of Ana-Beiit, or the Mother's Resting Place.

The Veldt

(1950)

Published originally as “The World the Children Made”

Ray Bradbury

“George, I wish you’d look at the nursery.

“What’s wrong with it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Well, then.”

“I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a psychologist in to look at it.”

“What would a psychologist want with a nursery?”

“You know very well what he’d want.” His wife was standing in the middle of the kitchen watching the stove busy humming to itself, making supper for four.

“It’s just that it is different now than it was.”

“All right, let’s have a look.”

They walked down the hall of their HappyLife Home, which had cost them thirty thousand dollars with everything included. This house which clothed and fed and rocked them to sleep and played and sang and was good to them. Their approach was sensed by a hidden switch and the nursery light turned on when they came within ten feet of it. Similarly, behind them, in the halls, lights went on and off automatically as they left them behind.

“Well,” said George Hadley. They stood on the grass-like floor of the nursery. It was forty feet across by forty feet long and thirty feet high; it had cost half again as much as the rest of the house.

“But nothing’s too good for our children,” George had said.

The room was silent and empty. The walls were white and two dimensional. Now, as George and Lydia Hadley stood in the center of the room, the walls made a quiet noise and seemed to fall away into the distance. Soon an African veldt appeared, in three dimensions, on all sides, in color. It looked real to the smallest stone and bit of yellow summer grass. The ceiling above them became a deep sky with a hot yellow sun.

George Hadley started to sweat from the heat. “Let’s get out of this sun,” he said. “This is a little too real. But I don’t see anything wrong.”

“Wait a moment, you’ll see,” said his wife.

Now hidden machines were beginning to blow a wind containing prepared smells toward the two people in the middle of the baked veldt. The hot straw smell of lion grass, the cool green smell of the hidden water hole, the strong dried blood smell of the animals, the smell of dust like red pepper in the hot air. And now the sounds: the thump of distant antelope feet on soft grassy ground, the papery rustle of vultures. A shadow passed through the sky. George Hadley looked up, and as he watched the shadow moved across his sweating face. “Horrible creatures,” he heard his wife say.

“The vultures.”
“You see, there are the lions, far over, that way. Now they’re on their way to the water hole.
They’ve just been eating,” said Lydia. “I don’t know what.”
“Some animal.” George Hadley put his hand above his eyes to block off the burning light and looked carefully. “A zebra or a baby giraffe, maybe.” “Are you sure?” His wife sounded strangely nervous.
“No, it’s a little late to be sure,” he said, with a laugh. “Nothing over there I can see but cleaned bone, and the vultures dropping for what’s left.”
“Did you hear that scream?” she asked.
“No.”
“About a minute ago?”
“Sorry, no.”
The lions were coming. And again George Hadley was filled with respect for the brilliant mind that had come up with the idea for this room. A wonder of efficiency selling for an unbelievably low price. Every home should have one. Oh, occasionally they frightened you with their realism, they made you jump, gave you a scare. But most of the time they were fun for everyone. Not only your own son and daughter, but for yourself when you felt like a quick trip to a foreign land, a quick change of scenery. Well, here it was!
And here were the lions now, fifteen feet away. They looked so real, so powerful and shockingly real, that you could feel the hairs stand up on the back of your neck. Your mouth was filled with the dusty smell of their heated fur. The yellow of the lions and the summer grass was in your eyes like a picture in an expensive French wall hanging. And there was the sound of the lions quick, heavy breaths in the silent mid-day sun, and the smell of meat from their dripping mouths.
The lions stood looking at George and Lydia Hadley with terrible green-yellow eyes.
“Watch out!” screamed Lydia.
The lions came running at them. Lydia turned suddenly and ran. Without thinking, George ran after her. Outside in the hall, after they had closed the door quickly and noisily behind them, he was laughing and she was crying. And they both stood shocked at the other’s reaction. “George!”
“Lydia! Oh, my dear poor sweet Lydia!”
“They almost got us!”
“Walls, Lydia, remember; glass walls, that’s all they are. Oh, they look real, I must admit – Africa in your living room. But it’s all created from three dimensional color film behind glass screens. And the machines that deliver the smells and sounds to go with the scenery. Here’s my handkerchief.”
“I’m afraid.” She came to him and put her body against him and cried as he held her. “Did you see?
Did you feel? It’s too real.”
“Now, Lydia…”
“You’ve got to tell Wendy and Peter not to read any more on
Africa.” “Of course – of course.” He patted her. “Promise?”

"Sure."
"And lock the nursery for a few days until I can get over this."
"You know how difficult Peter is about that. When I punished him a month ago by locking it for even a few hours – the way he lost his temper! And Wendy too. They live for the nursery." "It's got to be locked, that's all there is to it."
"All right." Although he wasn't happy about it, he locked the huge door. "You've been working too hard. You need a rest."
"I don't know – I don't know," she said, blowing her nose, sitting down in a chair that immediately began to rock and comfort her. "Maybe I don't have enough to do. Maybe I have time to think too much. Why don't we shut the whole house off for a few days and take a vacation?" "You mean you want to fry my eggs for me?" "Yes." She nodded.

"And mend my socks?"
"Yes." She nodded again excitedly, with tears in her eyes.
"And clean the house?"
"Yes, yes – oh, yes!"
"But I thought that's why we bought this house, so we wouldn't have to do anything?"
"That's just it. I feel like I don't belong here. The house is wife and mother now, and nurse for the children. Can I compete with an African veldt? Can I give a bath and clean the children as efficiently or quickly as the automatic body wash can? I cannot. And it isn't just me. It's you.
You've been awfully nervous lately."
"I suppose I have been smoking too much."
"You look as if you didn't know what to do with yourself in this house, either. You smoke a little more every morning and drink a little more every afternoon, and you are taking more pills to help you sleep at night. You're beginning to feel unnecessary too."
"Am I?" He thought for a moment as he and tried to feel into himself to see what was really there.
"Oh, George!" She looked past him, at the nursery door. "Those lions can't get out of there, can they?"
He looked at the door and saw it shake as if something had jumped against it from the other side.
"Of course not," he said.
At dinner they ate alone, for Wendy and Peter were at a special plastic fair across town. They had called home earlier to say they'd be late. So George Hadley, deep in thought, sat watching the dining-room table produce warm dishes of food from the machines inside.
"We forgot the tomato sauce," he said.
"Sorry," said a small voice within the table, and tomato sauce appeared.
As for the nursery, thought George Hadley, it won't hurt for the children to be locked out of it a while. Too much of anything isn't good for anyone. And it was clearly indicated

that the children had been spending a little too much time on Africa. That sun. He could still feel it on his neck, like a hot paw. And the lions. And the smell of blood.
Remarkable how the nursery read the thoughts in the children's minds and created life to fill their every desire. The children thought lions, and there were lions. The children thought zebras, and there were zebras. Sun – sun. Giraffes – giraffes. Death and death. That last. He ate the meat that the table had cut for him without tasting it. Death thoughts. They were awfully young, Wendy and Peter, for death thoughts. Or, no, you were never too young, really.
Long before you knew what death was you were wishing it on someone else. When you were two years old you were shooting people with toy guns.
But this – the long, hot African veldt. The awful death in the jaws of a lion. And repeated again and again.
"Where are you going?"
George didn't answer Lydia… he was too busy thinking of something else. He let the lights shine softly on ahead of him, turn off behind him as he walked quietly to the nursery door. He listened against it. Far away, a lion roared. He unlocked the door and opened it. Just before he stepped inside, he heard a faraway scream. And then another roar from the lions, which died down quickly.
He stepped into Africa.
How many times in the last year had he opened this door and found Wonderland with Alice and the Mock Turtle, or Aladdin and his Magical Lamp, or Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz, or Dr. Doolittle, or the cow jumping over a very real-looking moon. All the most enjoyable creations of an imaginary world. How often had he seen Pegasus the winged horse flying in the sky ceiling, or seen explosions of red fireworks, or heard beautiful singing.
But now, is yellow hot Africa, this bake oven with murder in the heat. Perhaps Lydia was right.
Perhaps they needed a little vacation from the fantasy which was growing a bit too real for ten-yearold children. It was all right to exercise one's mind with unusual fantasies, but when the lively child mind settled on one pattern..?
It seemed that, at a distance, for the past month, he had heard lions roaring, and noticed their strong smell which carried as far away as his study door. But, being busy, he had paid it no attention.
George Hadley stood on the African veldt alone. The lions looked up from their feeding, watching him. The only thing wrong with the image was the open door. Through it he could see his wife, far down the dark hall, like a framed picture. She was still eating her dinner, but her mind was clearly on other things.
"Go away," he said to the lions.
They did not go. He knew exactly how the room should work. You sent out your thoughts. Whatever you thought would appear. "Let's have Aladdin and his lamp," he said angrily.
The veldt remained; the lions remained.
"Come on, room! I demand Aladdin!" he said.

Nothing happened. The lions made soft low noises in the hot sun.
“Aladdin!”
He went back to dinner. “The fool room’s out of order,” he said. “It won’t change.”
“Or…”
“Or what?”
“Or it can’t change,” said Lydia, “because the children have thought about Africa and lions and killing so many days that the room’s stuck in a pattern it can’t get out of.” “Could be.”
“Or Peter’s set it to remain that way.”
“Set it?”
“He may have got into the machinery and fixed something.” “Peter doesn’t know machinery.”
“He’s a wise one for ten. That I.Q. of his…”
“But…”
“Hello, Mom. Hello, Dad.”
The Hadleys turned. Wendy and Peter were coming happily in the front door, with bright blue eyes and a smell of fresh air on their clothes from their trip in the helicopter.
“You’re just in time for supper,” said both parents.
“We’re full of strawberry ice-cream and hot dogs,” said the children, holding hands. “But we’ll sit and watch.”
“Yes, come tell us about the nursery,” said George Hadley.
The brother and sister looked at him and then at each other. “Nursery?”
“All about Africa and everything,” said the father with a false smile. “I don’t understand,” said Peter.
“Your mother and I were just traveling through Africa.
“There’s no Africa in the nursery,” said Peter simply.
“Oh, come now, Peter. We know better.”
“I don’t remember any Africa,” said Peter to Wendy. “Do you?” “No.”
“Run see and come tell.”
She did as he told her.
“Wendy, come back here!” said George Hadley, but she was gone. The house lights followed her like fireflies. Too late, he realized he had forgotten to lock the nursery door after his last visit.
“Wendy’ll look and come tell us,” said Peter.
“She doesn’t have to tell me. I’ve seen it.”
“I’m sure you’re mistaken, Father.”
“I’m not, Peter. Come along now.”
But Wendy was back. “It’s not Africa,” she said breathlessly.
“We’ll see about this,” said George Hadley, and they all walked down the hall together and Opened the door.
There was a green, lovely forest, a lovely river, a purple mountain, high voices singing. And there was Rima the bird girl, lovely and mysterious. She was hiding in the trees

with colorful butterflies, like flowers coming to life, flying about her long hair. The African veldt was gone. The lions were gone. Only Rima was here now, singing a song so beautiful that it brought tears to your eyes.
George Hadley looked in at the changed scene. “Go to bed,” he said to the children. They opened their mouths.
“You heard me,” he said.
They went off to the air tube, where a wind blew them like brown leaves up to their sleeping rooms.
George Hadley walked through the forest scene and picked up something that lay in the corner near where the lions had been. He walked slowly back to his wife.
“What is that?” she asked.
“An old wallet of mine,” he said. He showed it to her. The smell of hot grass was on it… and the smell of a lion. It was wet from being in the lion’s mouth, there were tooth marks on it, and there was dried blood on both sides. He closed the door and locked it, tight.
They went to up to bed but couldn’t sleep. “Do you think Wendy changed it?” she said at last, in the dark room.
“Of course.”
“Made it from a veldt into a forest and put Rima there instead of lions?”
“Yes.”
“Why?”
“I don’t know. But it’s staying locked until I find out.”
“How did your wallet get there?”
“I don’t know anything,” he said, “except that I’m beginning to be sorry we bought that room for the children. If children are suffering from any kind of emotional problem, a room like that…”
“It’s supposed to help them work off their emotional problems in a healthy way.”
“I’m starting to wonder.” His eyes were wide open, looking up at the ceiling.
“We’ve given the children everything they ever wanted. Is this our reward – secrecy, not doing what we tell them?”
“Who was it said, ‘Children are carpets, they should be stepped on occasionally’? We’ve never lifted a hand. They’re unbearable – let’s admit it. They come and go when they like; they treat us as if we were the children in the family. They’re spoiled and we’re spoiled.”
“They’ve been acting funny ever since you wouldn’t let them go to New York a few months ago.”
“They’re not old enough to do that alone, I explained.”
“I know, but I’ve noticed they’ve been decidedly cool toward us since.”
“I think I’ll have David McClean come tomorrow morning to have a look at Africa.”
“But it’s not Africa now, it’s South America and Rima.” “I have a feeling it’ll be Africa again before then.”
A moment later they heard the screams. Two screams. Two people screaming from downstairs. And then a roar of lions.

“Wendy and Peter aren’t in their rooms,” said his wife.
He lay in his bed with his beating heart. “No,” he said. “They’ve broken into the nursery.”
“Those screams – they sound familiar.”
“Do they?”
“Yes, awfully.”
And although their beds tried very hard, the two adults couldn’t be rocked to sleep for another hour.
A smell of cats was in the night air.
* * *
“Father?” asked Peter the next morning.
“Yes.”
Peter looked at his shoes. He never looked at his father any more, nor at his mother.
“You aren’t going to lock up the nursery for good, are you?”
“That all depends.”
“On what?” said Peter sharply.
“On you and your sister. If you break up this Africa with a little variety – oh, Sweden perhaps, or Denmark or China…”
“I thought we were free to play as we wished.”
“You are, within reasonable limits.”
“What’s wrong with Africa, Father?”
“Oh, so now you admit you have been thinking up Africa, do you?” “I wouldn’t want the nursery locked up,” said Peter coldly. “Ever.”
“Matter of fact, we’re thinking of turning the whole house off for about a month. Live sort of a happy family existence.”
“That sounds terrible! Would I have to tie my own shoes instead of letting the machine do it? And brush my own teeth and comb my hair and give myself a bath?” “It would be fun for a change, don’t you think?”
No, it would be horrible. I didn’t like it when you took out the picture painter last month.”
“That’s because I wanted you to learn to paint all by yourself, son.”
“I don’t want to do anything but look and listen and smell; what else is there to do?” “All right, go play in Africa.”
“Will you shut off the house sometime soon?”
“We’re considering it.”
“I don’t think you’d better consider it any more, Father.”
“I won’t have any threats from my son!”
“Very well.” And Peter walked off to the nursery.
* * *
“Am I on time?” said David McClean.
“Breakfast?” asked George Hadley.
“Thanks, had some. What’s the trouble?”
“David, you’re a psychologist.”
“I should hope so.”

“Well, then, have a look at our nursery. You saw it a year ago when you dropped by; did you notice
anything unusual about it then?”
“Can’t say I did; the usual violences, a tendency toward a slight paranoia here or there. But this is usual in children because they feel their parents are always doing things to make them suffer in one way or another. But, oh, really nothing.”
They walked down the hall. “I locked it up,” explained the father, “and the children broke back into it during the night. I let them stay so they could form the patterns for you to see.” There was a terrible screaming from the nursery.
“There it is,” said George Hadley. “See what you make of it.”
They walked in on the children without knocking. The screams had stopped. The lions were feeding.
“Run outside a moment, children,” said George Hadley. “No, don’t change the mental picture.
Leave the walls as they are. Get!”
With the children gone, the two men stood studying the lions sitting together in the distance, eating with great enjoyment whatever it was they had caught.
“I wish I knew what it was,” said George Hadley. “Sometimes I can almost see. Do you think if I brought high-powered binoculars here and…”
David McClean laughed dryly. “Hardly.” He turned to study all four walls. “How long has this been going on?”
“A little over a month.”
“It certainly doesn’t feel good.”
“I want facts, not feelings.”
“My dear George, a psychologist never saw a fact in his life. He only hears about feelings; things that aren’t always clearly expressed. This doesn’t feel good, I tell you. Trust me. I have a nose for something bad. This is very bad. My advice to you is to have the whole damn room torn down and your children brought to me every day during the next year for treatment.” “Is it that bad?”
“I’m afraid so. One of the original uses of these rooms was so that we could study the patterns left on the walls by the child’s mind. We could study them whenever we wanted to, and help the child.
In this case, however, the room has become a means of creating destructive thoughts, instead of helping to make them go away.”
“Didn’t you sense this before?”
“I sensed only that you had spoiled your children more than most. And now you’re letting them down in some way. What way?”
“I wouldn’t let them go to New York.”
“What else?”
“I’ve taken a few machines from the house and threatened them, a month ago, with closing up the nursery unless they did their homework. I did close it for a few days to show I meant business.”

"Ah, ha!"
"Does that mean anything?"
"Everything. Where before they had a Santa Claus now they have a Scrooge.
Children prefer Santa.
You've let this room and this house replace you and your wife in your children's feelings.
This room is their mother and father, far more important in their lives than their real parents. And now you come along and want to shut it off. No wonder there's hatred here.
You can feel it coming out of the sky. Feel that sun. George, you'll have to change your life. Like too many others, you've built
it around creature comforts. Why, you'd go hungry tomorrow if something went wrong in your kitchen. You wouldn't know how to cook an egg. All the same, turn everything off.
Start new. It'll take time. But we'll make good children out of bad in a year, wait and see."
"But won't the shock be too much for the children, shutting the room up without notice, for good?"
"I don't want them going any deeper into this, that's all."
The lions were finished with their bloody meat. They were standing on the edge of the clearing watching the two men.
"Now I'm feeling worried," said McClean. "Let's get out of here. I never have cared for these damned rooms. Make me nervous."
"The lions look real, don't they?" said George Hadley. I don't suppose there's any way…"
"What?"
"…that they could become real?"
"Not that I know."
"Some problem with the machinery, someone changing something
inside?" "No."
They went to the door.
"I don't imagine the room will like being turned off," said the father.
"Nothing ever likes to die – even a room."
"I wonder if it hates me for wanting to switch it off?"
"Paranoia is thick around here today," said David McClean. "You can see it everywhere.
Hello." He bent and picked up a bloody scarf. "This yours?"
"No." George Hadley's face set like stone. "It belongs to Lydia."
They went to the control box together and threw the switch that killed the nursery.
The two children were so upset that they couldn't control themselves. They screamed and danced around and threw things. They shouted and cried and called them rude names and jumped on the furniture.
"You can't do that to the nursery, you can't!"
"Now, children."
The children threw themselves onto a sofa, crying.
"George," said Lydia Hadley, "turn it on again, just for a few moments. You need to give them some more time."
"No."

"You can't be so cruel…"
"Lydia, it's off, and it stays off. And the whole damn house dies as of here and now. The more I see of the mess we've put ourselves in, the more it sickens me. We've been thinking of our machine assisted selves for too long. My God, how we need a breath of honest air!"
And he marched about the house turning off the voice clocks, the stoves, the heaters, the shoe cleaners, the body washer, the massager, and every other machine he could put his hand to. The house was full of dead bodies, it seemed. It felt like a mechanical cemetery. So silent. None of the humming hidden energy of machines waiting to function at the tap of a button. "Don't let them do it!" cried Peter to the ceiling, as if he was talking to the house, the nursery.
"Don't let Father kill everything." He turned to his father. "Oh, I hate you!"
"Saying things like that won't get you anywhere." "I wish you were dead!"

"We were, for a long while. Now we're going to really start living. Instead of being handled and massaged, we're going to live."
Wendy was still crying and Peter joined her again. "Just a moment, just one moment, just another moment of nursery," they cried.
"Oh, George," said the wife, "it can't hurt."
"All right – all right, if they'll just shut up. One minute, mind you, and then off forever."
"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" sang the children, smiling with wet faces.
"And then we're going on a vacation. David McClean is coming back in half an hour to help us move out and get to the airport. I'm going to dress. You turn the nursery on for a minute, Lydia, just a minute, mind you."
And the three of them went off talking excitedly while he let himself be transported upstairs through the air tube and set about dressing himself. A minute later Lydia appeared.
"I'll be glad when we get away," she said thankfully.
"Did you leave them in the nursery?"
"I wanted to dress too. Oh, that horrible Africa. What can they see in it?"
"Well, in five minutes we'll be on our way to Iowa. Lord, how did we ever get in this house? What made us buy a nightmare?"
"Pride, money, foolishness."
"I think we'd better get downstairs before those kids spend too much time with those damned beasts again."
Just then they heard the children calling, "Daddy, Mommy, come quick – quick!"
They went downstairs in the air tube and ran down the hall. The children were nowhere in sight. "Wendy? Peter!"
They ran into the nursery. The veldt was empty save for the lions waiting, looking at them.
"Peter,
Wendy?"
The door closed loudly.

“Wendy, Peter!”
George Hadley and his wife turned quickly and ran back to the door.
“Open the door!” cried George Hadley, trying the handle. “Why, they’ve locked it from the outside!
Peter!” He beat at the door. “Open up!”
He heard Peter’s voice outside, against the door.
“Don’t let them switch off the nursery and the house,” he was saying.
Mr. and Mrs. George Hadley beat at the door. “Now, don’t be silly, children. It’s time to go. Mr. McClean’ll be here in a minute and…”
And then they heard the sounds.
The lions were on three sides of them in the yellow veldt grass. They walked quietly through the dry grass, making long, deep rolling sounds in their throats. The lions!
Mr. Hadley looked at his wife and they turned and looked back at the beasts edging slowly forward, knees bent, tails in the air.
Mr. and Mrs. Hadley screamed.
And suddenly they realized why those other screams had sounded familiar.
* * *
“Well, here I am,” said David McClean from the nursery door. “Oh, hello.” He looked carefully at the two children seated in the center of the room eating a little picnic lunch. On the far them he could see the water hole and the yellow veldt. Above was the hot sun. He began to sweat. “Where are your father and mother?”
The children looked up and smiled. “Oh, they’ll be here directly.” “Good, we must get going.”
At a distance Mr. McClean saw the lions fighting over something and then quietening down to feed in silence under the shady trees. He put his hand to his eyes to block out the sun and looked at them.
Now the lions were done feeding. They moved to the water hole to drink. A shadow moved over Mr. McClean’s hot face. Many shadows moved. The vultures were dropping down from the burning sky.
“A cup of tea?” asked Wendy in the silence.

Harrison Bergeron

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

THE YEAR WAS 2081, and everybody was finally equal. They weren't only equal before God and the law. They were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else. Nobody was better looking than anybody else. Nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else. All this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of agents of the United States Handicapper General.

Some things about living still weren't quite right, though. April for instance, still drove people crazy by not being springtime. And it was in that clammy month that the H-G men took George and Hazel Bergeron's fourteen-year-old son, Harrison, away.

It was tragic, all right, but George and Hazel couldn't think about it very hard. Hazel had a perfectly average intelligence, which meant she couldn't think about anything except in short bursts. And George, while his intelligence was way above normal, had a little mental handicap radio in his ear. He was required by law to wear it at all times. It was tuned to a government transmitter. Every twenty seconds or so, the transmitter would send out some sharp noise to keep people like George from taking unfair advantage of their brains.

George and Hazel were watching television. There were tears on Hazel's cheeks, but she'd forgotten for the moment what they were about.

On the television screen were ballerinas.

A buzzer sounded in George's head. His thoughts fled in panic, like bandits from a burglar alarm.

"That was a real pretty dance, that dance they just did," said Hazel.

"Huh" said George.

"That dance-it was nice," said Hazel.

"Yup," said George. He tried to think a little about the ballerinas. They weren't really very good-no better than anybody else would have been, anyway. They were burdened with sashweights and bags of birdshot, and their faces were masked, so that no one, seeing a free and graceful gesture or a pretty face, would feel like something the cat drug in. George was toying with the vague notion that maybe dancers shouldn't be handicapped. But he didn't get very far with it before another noise in his ear radio scattered his thoughts.

George winced. So did two out of the eight ballerinas.

Hazel saw him wince. Having no mental handicap herself, she had to ask George what the latest sound had been.

"Sounded like somebody hitting a milk bottle with a ball peen hammer," said George.

"I'd think it would be real interesting, hearing all the different sounds," said Hazel a little envious. "All the things they think up."

"Um," said George.

"Only, if I was Handicapper General, you know what I would do?" said Hazel. Hazel, as a matter of fact, bore a strong resemblance to the Handicapper General, a woman named Diana Moon Glampers. "If I was Diana Moon Glampers," said Hazel, "I'd have chimes on Sunday-just chimes. Kind of in honor of religion."

"I could think, if it was just chimes," said George.

"Well-maybe make 'em real loud," said Hazel. "I think I'd make a good Handicapper General."

"Good as anybody else," said George.
"Who knows better then I do what normal is?" said Hazel.

"Right," said George. He began to think glimmeringly about his abnormal son who was now in jail, about Harrison, but a twenty-one-gun salute in his head stopped that.

"Boy!" said Hazel, "that was a doozy, wasn't it?"

It was such a doozy that George was white and trembling, and tears stood on the rims of his red eyes. Two of of the eight ballerinas had collapsed to the studio floor, were holding their temples.

"All of a sudden you look so tired," said Hazel. "Why don't you stretch out on the sofa, so's you can rest your handicap bag on the pillows, honeybunch." She was referring to the forty-seven pounds of birdshot in a canvas bag, which was padlocked around George's neck. "Go on and rest the bag for a little while," she said. "I don't care if you're not equal to me for a while."

George weighed the bag with his hands. "I don't mind it," he said. "I don't notice it any more. It's just a part of me."

"You been so tired lately-kind of wore out," said Hazel. "If there was just some way we could make a little hole in the bottom of the bag, and just take out a few of them lead balls. Just a few."

"Two years in prison and two thousand dollars fine for every ball I took out," said George. "I don't call that a bargain."

"If you could just take a few out when you came home from work," said Hazel. "I mean-you don't compete with anybody around here. You just set around."

"If I tried to get away with it," said George, "then other people'd get away with it-and pretty soon we'd be right back to the dark ages again, with everybody competing against everybody else. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"I'd hate it," said Hazel.

"There you are," said George. The minute people start cheating on laws, what do you think happens to society?"

If Hazel hadn't been able to come up with an answer to this question, George couldn't have supplied one. A siren was going off in his head.

"Reckon it'd fall all apart," said Hazel.

"What would?" said George blankly.

"Society," said Hazel uncertainly. "Wasn't that what you just said?

"Who knows?" said George.

The television program was suddenly interrupted for a news bulletin. It wasn't clear at first as to what the bulletin was about, since the announcer, like all announcers, had a serious speech impediment. For about half a minute, and in a state of high excitement, the announcer tried to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen."

He finally gave up, handed the bulletin to a ballerina to read.

"That's all right-" Hazel said of the announcer, "he tried. That's the big thing. He tried to do the best he could with what God gave him. He should get a nice raise for trying so hard."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the ballerina, reading the bulletin. She must have been extraordinarily beautiful, because the mask she wore was hideous. And it was easy to see that she was the strongest and most graceful of all the dancers, for her handicap bags were as big as those worn by two-hundred pound men.
And she had to apologize at once for her voice, which was a very unfair voice for a woman to use. Her voice was a warm, luminous, timeless melody. "Excuse me-" she said, and she began again, making her voice absolutely uncompetitive.

"Harrison Bergeron, age fourteen," she said in a grackle squawk, "has just escaped from jail, where he was held on suspicion of plotting to overthrow the government. He is a genius and an athlete, is under-handicapped, and should be regarded as extremely dangerous."

A police photograph of Harrison Bergeron was flashed on the screen-upside down, then sideways, upside down again, then right side up. The picture showed the full length of Harrison against a background calibrated in feet and inches. He was exactly seven feet tall.

The rest of Harrison's appearance was Halloween and hardware. Nobody had ever born heavier handicaps. He had outgrown hindrances faster than the H-G men could think them up. Instead of a little ear radio for a mental handicap, he wore a tremendous pair of earphones, and spectacles with thick wavy lenses. The spectacles were intended to make him not only half blind, but to give him whanging headaches besides.

Scrap metal was hung all over him. Ordinarily, there was a certain symmetry, a military neatness to the handicaps issued to strong people, but Harrison looked like a walking junkyard. In the race of life, Harrison carried three hundred pounds.

And to offset his good looks, the H-G men required that he wear at all times a red rubber ball for a nose, keep his eyebrows shaved off, and cover his even white teeth with black caps at snaggletooth random.

"If you see this boy," said the ballerina, "do not - I repeat, do not - try to reason with him."

There was the shriek of a door being torn from its hinges.

Screams and barking cries of consternation came from the television set. The photograph of Harrison Bergeron on the screen jumped again and again, as though dancing to the tune of an earthquake.

George Bergeron correctly identified the earthquake, and well he might have - for many was the time his own home had danced to the same crashing tune. "My God-" said George, "that must be Harrison!"

The realization was blasted from his mind instantly by the sound of an automobile collision in his head.

When George could open his eyes again, the photograph of Harrison was gone. A living, breathing Harrison filled the screen.

Clanking, clownish, and huge, Harrison stood - in the center of the studio. The knob of the uprooted studio door was still in his hand. Ballerinas, technicians, musicians, and announcers cowered on their knees before him, expecting to die.

"I am the Emperor!" cried Harrison. "Do you hear? I am the Emperor! Everybody must do what I say at once!" He stamped his foot and the studio shook.

"Even as I stand here" he bellowed, "crippled, hobbled, sickened - I am a greater ruler than any man who ever lived! Now watch me become what I can become!"

Harrison tore the straps of his handicap harness like wet tissue paper, tore straps guaranteed to support five thousand pounds.
Harrison's scrap-iron handicaps crashed to the floor.

Harrison thrust his thumbs under the bar of the padlock that secured his head harness. The bar snapped like celery. Harrison smashed his headphones and spectacles against the wall.

He flung away his rubber-ball nose, revealed a man that would have awed Thor, the god of thunder.

"I shall now select my Empress!" he said, looking down on the cowering people. "Let the first woman who dares rise to her feet claim her mate and her throne!"

A moment passed, and then a ballerina arose, swaying like a willow.

Harrison plucked the mental handicap from her ear, snapped off her physical handicaps with marvelous delicacy. Last of all he removed her mask.

She was blindingly beautiful.

"Now-" said Harrison, taking her hand, "shall we show the people the meaning of the word dance?

Music!" he commanded.

The musicians scrambled back into their chairs, and Harrison stripped them of their handicaps, too. "Play your best," he told them, "and I'll make you barons and dukes and earls."

The music began. It was normal at first-cheap, silly, false. But Harrison snatched two musicians from their chairs, waved them like batons as he sang the music as he wanted it played. He slammed them back into their chairs.

The music began again and was much improved.

Harrison and his Empress merely listened to the music for a while-listened gravely, as though synchronizing their heartbeats with it.

They shifted their weights to their toes.

Harrison placed his big hands on the girls tiny waist, letting her sense the weightlessness that would soon be hers.
And then, in an explosion of joy and grace, into the air they sprang!

Not only were the laws of the land abandoned, but the law of gravity and the laws of motion as well.

They reeled, whirled, swiveled, flounced, capered, gamboled, and spun.

They leaped like deer on the moon.

The studio ceiling was thirty feet high, but each leap brought the dancers nearer to it.

It became their obvious intention to kiss the ceiling. They kissed it.

And then, neutraling gravity with love and pure will, they remained suspended in air inches below the ceiling, and they kissed each other for a long, long time.

It was then that Diana Moon Glampers, the Handicapper General, came into the studio with a double-barreled ten-gauge shotgun. She fired twice, and the Emperor and the Empress were dead before they hit the floor.

Diana Moon Glampers loaded the gun again. She aimed it at the musicians and told them they had ten seconds to get their handicaps back on.

It was then that the Bergerons' television tube burned out.

Hazel turned to comment about the blackout to George. But George had gone out into the kitchenfor a can of beer. George came back in with the beer, paused while a handicap signal shook him up. And then he sat down again. "You been crying" he said to Hazel.
"Yup," she said.

"What about?" he said.

"I forget," she said. "Something real sad on television."

"What was it?" he said.

"It's all kind of mixed up in my mind," said Hazel.

"Forget sad things," said George.

"I always do," said Hazel.

"That's my girl," said George. He winced. There was the sound of a rivetting gun in his head.

"Gee - I could tell that one was a doozy," said Hazel.

"You can say that again," said George.

"Gee-" said Hazel, "I could tell that one was a doozy."

Everyday Use

Alice Walker

I will wait for her in the yard that Maggie and I made so clean and wavy yesterday afternoon. A yard like this is more comfortable than most people know. It is not just a yard. It is like an extended living room. When the hard clay is swept clean as a floor and the fine sand around the edges lined with tiny, irregular grooves, anyone can come and sit and look up into the elm tree and wait for the breezes that never come inside the house.

Maggie will be nervous until after her sister goes: she will stand hopelessly in corners, homely and ashamed of the burn scars down her arms and legs, eying her sister with a mixture of envy and awe. She thinks her sister has held life always in the palm of one hand, that "no" is a word the world never learned to say to her.

You've no doubt seen those TV shows where the child who has "made it" is confronted, as a surprise, by her own mother and father, tottering in weakly from backstage. (A pleasant surprise, of course: What would they do if parent and child came on the show only to curse out and insult each other?) On TV mother and child embrace and smile into each other's faces. Sometimes the mother and father weep, the child wraps them in her arms and leans across the table to tell how she would not have made it without their help. I have seen these programs.

Sometimes I dream a dream in which Dee and I are suddenly brought together on a TV program of this sort. Out of a dark and soft-seated limousine I am ushered into a bright room filled with many people. There I meet a smiling, gray, sporty man like Johnny Carson who shakes my hand and tells me what a fine girl I have. Then we are on the stage and Dee is embracing me with tears in her eyes. She pins on my dress a large orchid, even though she has told me once that she thinks orchids are tacky flowers.

In real life I am a large, big-boned woman with rough, man-working hands. In the winter I wear flannel nightgowns to bed and overalls during the day. I can kill and clean a hog as mercilessly as a man. My fat keeps me hot in zero weather. I can work outside all day, breaking ice to get water for washing; I can eat pork liver cooked over the open fire minutes after it comes steaming from the hog. One winter I knocked a bull calf straight in the brain between the eyes with a sledge hammer and had the meat hung up to chill before nightfall. But of course all this does not show on television. I am the way my daughter would want me to be: a hundred pounds lighter, my skin like an uncooked barley pancake. My hair glistens in the hot bright lights. Johnny Carson has much to do to keep up with my quick and witty tongue.

But that is a mistake. I know even before I wake up. Who ever knew a Johnson with a quick tongue? Who can even imagine me looking a strange white man in the eye? It seems to me I have talked to them always with one foot raised in flight, with my head fumed in whichever way is farthest from them. Dee, though. She would always look anyone in the eye. Hesitation was no part of her nature.

"How do I look, Mama?" Maggie says, showing just enough of her thin body enveloped in pink skirt and red blouse for me to know she's there, almost hidden by the door.

"Come out into the yard," I say.

Have you ever seen a lame animal, perhaps a dog run over by some careless person rich enough to own a car, sidle up to someone who is ignorant enough to be kind to him? That is the way my Maggie walks. She has been like this, chin on chest, eyes on ground, feet in shuffle, ever since the fire that burned the other house to the ground.

Dee is lighter than Maggie, with nicer hair and a fuller figure. She's a woman now, though sometimes I forget. How long ago was it that the other house burned? Ten, twelve years? Sometimes I can still hear the flames and feel Maggie's arms sticking to me, her hair smoking and her dress falling off her in little black papery flakes. Her eyes seemed stretched open, blazed open by the flames reflected in them. And Dee. I see her standing off under the sweet gum tree she used to dig gum out of; a look of concentration on her face as she watched the last dingy gray board of the house fall in toward the red-hot brick chimney. Why don't you do a dance around the ashes? I'd wanted to ask her. She had hated the house that much.

I used to think she hated Maggie, too. But that was before we raised money, the church and me, to send her to Augusta to school. She used to read to us without pity; forcing words, lies, other folks' habits, whole lives upon us two, sitting trapped and ignorant underneath her voice. She washed us in a river of make believe, burned us with a lot of knowledge we didn't necessarily need to know. Pressed us to her with the serious way she read, to shove us away at just the moment, like dimwits, we seemed about to understand.

Dee wanted nice things. A yellow organdy dress to wear to her grad.uation from high school; black pumps to match a green suit she'd made from an old suit somebody gave me. She was determined to stare down any disaster in her efforts. Her eyelids would not flicker for minutes at a time. Often I fought off the temptation to shake her. At sixteen she had a style of her own: and knew what style was.

I never had an education myself. After second grade the school was closed down. Don't ask my why: in 1927 colored asked fewer questions than they do now. Sometimes Maggie reads to me. She stumbles along good-naturedly but can't see well.

She knows she is not bright. Like good looks and money, quickness passes her by. She will marry John Thomas (who has mossy teeth in an earnest face) and then I'll be free to sit here and I guess just sing church songs to myself. Although I never was a good singer. Never could carry a tune. I was always better at a man's job. I used to love to milk till I was hooked in the side in '49. Cows are soothing and slow and don't bother you, unless you try to milk them the wrong way.

I have deliberately turned my back on the house. It is three rooms, just like the one that burned, except the roof is tin; they don't make shingle roofs any more. There are no real windows, just some holes cut in the sides, like the portholes in a ship, but not round and not square, with rawhide holding the shutters up on the outside. This house is in a pasture, too, like the other one. No doubt when Dee sees it she will want to tear it down. She wrote me once that

no matter where we "choose" to live, she will manage to come see us. But she will never bring her friends. Maggie and I thought about this and Maggie asked me, "Mama, when did Dee ever *have* any friends?"

She had a few. Furtive boys in pink shirts hanging about on washday after school. Nervous girls who never laughed. Impressed with her they worshiped the well-turned phrase, the cute shape, the scalding humor that erupted like bubbles in lye. She read to them.

When she was courting Jimmy T she didn't have much time to pay to us, but turned all her faultfinding power on him. He *flew* to marry a cheap city girl from a family of ignorant flashy people. She hardly had time to recompose herself.

When she comes I will meet—but there they are!

Maggie attempts to make a dash for the house, in her shuffling way, but I stay her with my hand. "Come back here, " I say. And she stops and tries to dig a well in the sand with her toe.

It is hard to see them clearly through the strong sun. But even the first glimpse of leg out of the car tells me it is Dee. Her feet were always neat-looking, as if God himself had shaped them with a certain style. From the other side of the car comes a short, stocky man. Hair is all over his head a foot long and hanging from his chin like a kinky mule tail. I hear Maggie suck in her breath. "Uhnnnh, " is what it sounds like. Like when you see the wriggling end of a snake just in front of your foot on the road. "Uhnnnh."

Dee next. A dress down to the ground, in this hot weather. A dress so loud it hurts my eyes. There are yellows and oranges enough to throw back the light of the sun. I feel my whole face warming from the heat waves it throws out. Earrings gold, too, and hanging down to her shoulders. Bracelets dangling and making noises when she moves her arm up to shake the folds of the dress out of her armpits. The dress is loose and flows, and as she walks closer, I like it. I hear Maggie go "Uhnnnh" again. It is her sister's hair. It stands straight up like the wool on a sheep. It is black as night

and around the edges are two long pigtails that rope about like small lizards disappearing behind her ears.

"Wa-su-zo-Tean-o!" she says, coming on in that gliding way the dress makes her move. The short stocky fellow with the hair to his navel is all grinning and he follows up with "Asalamalakim, my mother and sister!" He moves to hug Maggie but she falls back, right up against the back of my chair. I feel her trembling there and when I look up I see the perspiration falling off her chin.

"Don't get up," says Dee. Since I am stout it takes something of a push. You can see me trying to move a second or two before I make it. She turns, showing white heels through her sandals, and goes back to the car. Out she peeks next with a Polaroid. She stoops down quickly and lines up picture after picture of me sitting there in front of the house with Maggie cowering behind me. She never takes a shot without making sure the house is included. When a cow comes nibbling around the edge of the yard she snaps it and me and Maggie and the house.

Then she puts the Polaroid in the back seat of the car, and comes up and kisses me on the forehead.

Meanwhile Asalamalakim is going through motions with Maggie's hand. Maggie's hand is as limp as a fish, and probably as cold, despite the sweat, and she keeps trying to pull it back. It looks like Asalamalakim wants to shake hands but wants to do it fancy. Or maybe he don't know how people shake hands. Anyhow, he soon gives up on Maggie.

"Well," I say. "Dee."

"No, Mama," she says. "Not 'Dee,' Wangero Leewanika Kemanjo!"

"What happened to 'Dee'?" I wanted to know.

"She's dead," Wangero said. "I couldn't bear it any longer, being named after the people who oppress me."

"You know as well as me you was named after your aunt Dicie," I said. Dicie is my sister. She named Dee. We called her "Big Dee" after Dee was born.

"But who was *she* named after?" asked Wangero.

"I guess after Grandma Dee," I said.

"And who was she named after?" asked Wangero.

"Her mother," I said, and saw Wangero was getting tired. "That's about as far back as I can trace it," I said. Though, in fact, I probably could have carried it back beyond the Civil War through the branches.

"Well," said Asalamalakim, "there you are."

"Uhnnnh," I heard Maggie say.

"There I was not," I said, "before 'Dicie' cropped up in our family, so why should I try to trace it that far back?"

He just stood there grinning, looking down on me like somebody inspecting a Model A car. Every once in a while he and Wangero sent eye signals over my head.

"How do you pronounce this name?" I asked.

"You don't have to call me by it if you don't want to," said Wangero.

"Why shouldn't 1?" I asked. "If that's what you want us to call you, we'll call you."

"I know it might sound awkward at first," said Wangero.

"I'll get used to it," I said. "Ream it out again."

Well, soon we got the name out of the way. Asalamalakim had a name twice as long and three times as hard. After I tripped over it two or three times he told me to just call him Hakim-a-barber. I wanted to ask him was he a barber, but I didn't really think he was, so I didn't ask.

"You must belong to those beef-cattle peoples down the road," I said. They said "Asalamalakim" when they met you, too, but they didn't shake hands. Always too busy: feeding the cattle, fixing the fences, putting up salt- lick shelters, throwing down hay. When the white folks poisoned some of the herd the men stayed up all night with rifles in their hands. I walked a mile and a half just to see the sight.

Hakim-a -barber said, "I accept some of their doctrines, but farming and raising cattle is not my style." (They didn't tell me, and I didn't ask, whether Wangero (Dee) had really gone and married him.)

We sat down to eat and right away he said he didn't eat collards and pork was unclean. Wangero, though, went on through the chitlins and com bread, the greens and everything else. She talked a blue streak over the sweet potatoes. Everything delighted her. Even the fact that we still used the benches her daddy made for the table when we couldn't effort to buy chairs.

"Oh, Mama!" she cried. Then turned to Hakim-a-barber. "I never knew how lovely these benches are. You can feel the rump prints," she said, running her hands underneath her and along the bench. Then she gave a sigh and her hand closed over Grandma Dee's butter dish. "That's it!" she said. "I knew there was something I wanted to ask you if I could have." She jumped up from the table and went over in the corner where the churn stood, the milk in it crabber by now. She looked at the churn and looked at it.

"This churn top is what I need," she said. "Didn't Uncle Buddy whittle it out of a tree you all used to have?"

"Yes," I said.

"Un huh," she said happily. "And I want the dasher, too."

"Uncle Buddy whittle that, too?" asked the barber.

Dee (Wangero) looked up at me.

"Aunt Dee's first husband whittled the dash," said Maggie so low you almost

couldn't hear her. "His name was Henry, but they called him Stash."

"Maggie's brain is like an elephant's," Wangero said, laughing. "I can use the chute top as a centerpiece for the alcove table," she said, sliding a plate over the chute, "and I'll think of something artistic to do with the dasher."

When she finished wrapping the dasher the handle stuck out. I took it for a moment in my hands. You didn't even have to look close to see where hands pushing the dasher up and down to make butter had left a kind of sink in the wood. In fact, there were a lot of small sinks; you could see where thumbs and fingers had sunk into the wood. It was beautiful light yellow wood, from a tree that grew in the yard where Big Dee and Stash had lived.

After dinner Dee (Wangero) went to the trunk at the foot of my bed and started rifling through it. Maggie hung back in the kitchen over the dishpan. Out came Wangero with two quilts. They had been pieced by Grandma Dee and then Big Dee and me had hung them on the quilt frames on the front porch and quilted them. One was in the Lone Star pattern. The other was Walk Around the Mountain. In both of them were scraps of dresses Grandma Dee had worn fifty and more years ago. Bits and pieces of Grandpa Jarrell's Paisley shirts. And one teeny faded blue piece, about the size of a penny matchbox, that was from Great Grandpa Ezra's uniform that he wore in the Civil War.

"Mama," Wangro said sweet as a bird. "Can I have these old quilts?"

I heard something fall in the kitchen, and a minute later the kitchen door slammed.

"Why don't you take one or two of the others?" I asked. "These old things was just done by me and Big Dee from some tops your grandma pieced before she died."

"No," said Wangero. "I don't want those. They are stitched around the borders by machine."

"That'll make them last better," I said.

"That's not the point," said Wangero. "These are all pieces of dresses Grandma used to wear. She did all this stitching by hand. Imagine!" She held the quilts securely in her arms, stroking them.

"Some of the pieces, like those lavender ones, come from old clothes her mother handed down to her," I said, moving up to touch the quilts. Dee (Wangero) moved back just enough so that I couldn't reach the quilts. They already belonged to her.

"Imagine!" she breathed again, clutching them closely to her bosom.

"The truth is," I said, "I promised to give them quilts to Maggie, for when she marries John Thomas."

She gasped like a bee had stung her.

"Maggie can't appreciate these quilts!" she said. "She'd probably be backward enough to put them to everyday use."

"I reckon she would," I said. "God knows I been saving 'em for long enough with nobody using 'em. I hope she will!" I didn't want to bring up how I had offered Dee (Wangero) a quilt when she went away to college. Then she had told they were old-fashioned, out of style.

"But they're *priceless*!" she was saying now, furiously; for she has a temper. "Maggie would put them on the bed and in five years they'd be in rags. Less than that!"

"She can always make some more," I said. "Maggie knows how to quilt." Dee (Wangero) looked at me with hatred. "You just will not understand. The point is these quilts, *these* quilts!"

"Well," I said, stumped. "What would *you* do with them?"

"Hang them," she said. As if that was the only thing you *could* do with quilts. Maggie by now was standing in the door. I could almost hear the sound her feet made as they scraped over each other.

"She can have them, Mama," she said, like somebody used to never winning anything, or having anything reserved for her. "I can 'member Grandma Dee without the quilts."

I looked at her hard. She had filled her bottom lip with checkerberry snuff and gave her face a kind of dopey, hangdog look. It was Grandma Dee and Big Dee who taught her how to quilt herself. She stood there with her scarred hands hidden in the folds of her skirt. She looked

at her sister with something like fear but she wasn't mad at her. This was Maggie's portion. This was the way she knew God to work.

When I looked at her like that something hit me in the top of my head and ran down to the soles of my feet. Just like when I'm in church and the spirit of God touches me and I get happy and shout. I did something I never done before: hugged Maggie to me, then dragged her on into the room, snatched the quilts out of Miss Wangero's hands and dumped them into Maggie's lap. Maggie just sat there on my bed with her mouth open.

"Take one or two of the others," I said to Dee.
But she turned without a word and went out to Hakim-a-barber.

"You just don't understand," she said, as Maggie and I came out to the car.
"What don't I understand?" I wanted to know.
"Your heritage," she said. And then she turned to Maggie, kissed her, and said, "You ought to try to make something of yourself, too, Maggie. It's really a new day for us. But from the way you and Mama still live you'd never know it."

She put on some sunglasses that hid everything above the tip of her nose and chin.

Maggie smiled; maybe at the sunglasses. But a real smile, not scared. After we watched the car dust settle I asked Maggie to bring me a dip of snuff. And then the two of us sat there just enjoying, until it was time to go in the house and go to bed.

On death

John Keats

I.

Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

II.

How strange it is that man on earth should roam,
And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
His rugged path; nor dare he view alone
His future doom which is but to awake.

Вечернее размышление о божием величестве при случае великаго северного сияния

An Evening Reflection Upon God's Grandeur Prompted by the Great Northern Lights

Mikhailo Vasilevich Lomonosov

1
Лице свое скрывает день; Поля
покрыла мрачна ночь; Взошла на
горы черна тень; Лучи от нас
склонились прочь; Открылась
бездна звезд полна; Звездам числа
нет, бездне дна.

2
Песчинка как в морских волнах, Как
мала искра в вечном льде, Как в
сильном вихре тонкий прах,
В свирепом как перо огне, Так я,
в сей бездне углублен,
Теряюсь, мысльми утомлен!

3
Уста премудрых нам гласят: Там
разных множество светов;
Несчетны солнца там горят,
Народы там и круг веков:
Для общей славы божества Там
равна сила естества.

4
Но где ж, натура, твой закон?
С полночных стран встает заря!
Не солнце ль ставит там свой трон? Не
льдисты ль мещут огнь моря? Се
хладный пламень нас покрыл! Се в ночь
на землю день вступил!

5
О вы, которых быстрый зрак
Пронзает в книгу вечных прав,
Которым малый вещи знак
Является естества устав, Вам путь
Тзвестен всех планет,-Скажите,
Что нас так мятет?

6
Что зыблет ясный ночью луч?
Что тонкий пламень в твердь разит?
Как молния без грозных туч
Стремится от земли в зенит?
Как может быть, чтоб мерзлый пар
Среди зимы рождал пожар?

1
The day conceals its brilliant face,
And dark night covers up the fields,
Black shadows creep upon the hills,
Light's rays recede from us.
Before us gapes a well of stars -
Stars infinite, well fathomless.

2
A grain of sand in ocean swells,
A tiny glint in endless ice,
Fine ash caught in a mighty gale,
A feather in a raging fire,
So I am lost in this abyss,
Oppressed by thoughts profound.

3
The mouths of wise men call to us: "A
multitude of worlds dwell there,
Among them burning suns untold,
And peoples, and the wheel of time:
There, all of nature's strength Exists
God's glory to proclaim"

4
But where, O nature, is your law?
Dawn breaks from out of northern lands!
Is this the home of our sun's throne?
Or are the icy oceans burning?
Behold, cold fire envelops us!
Behold, now day has entered night.

5
O thou, whose lively gaze can see
Into the book of law eternal,
For whom the smallest part of things
Reveals the code in all of nature,
Thou comprehendeth planets' course,
Now tell us what disturbs our souls?

6
Why do these bright rays sparkle in the night?
Why does fine flame assault the land?
Without a thundercloud can lightning
Rise from the earth up toward the heavens?
How can it be that frozen steam
Gives birth to fire from winter's depths?

7

Там спорит жирна мгла с водой; Иль солнечны лучи блестят, Склонясь сквозь воздух к нам густой; Иль тучных гор верхи горят; Иль в море дуть престал зефир, И гладки волны бьют в эфир.

8

Сомнений полон ваш ответ
О том, что окрест ближних мест.
Скажите ж, коль пространен свет? И что малейших дале звезд? Несведом тварей вам конец? Скажите ж, коль велик творец?

7

There, oily darkness battles water,
Or rays of sunlight sparkle bright,
Bend toward us through the thickened air;
Or do the peaks of stout hills glow,
Or have the sea winds ceased their song,
And smooth waves struck the space.

8

Regarding what lies right before us
Thine answer's full of doubts
O, tell us, how enormous is the world?
What lies beyond the smallest stars?
Are thou aware of all creation's end?
Tell us, how great is our Creator?

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