

Not a natural Theology is The demand  
of the hour but a Theology by induction.  
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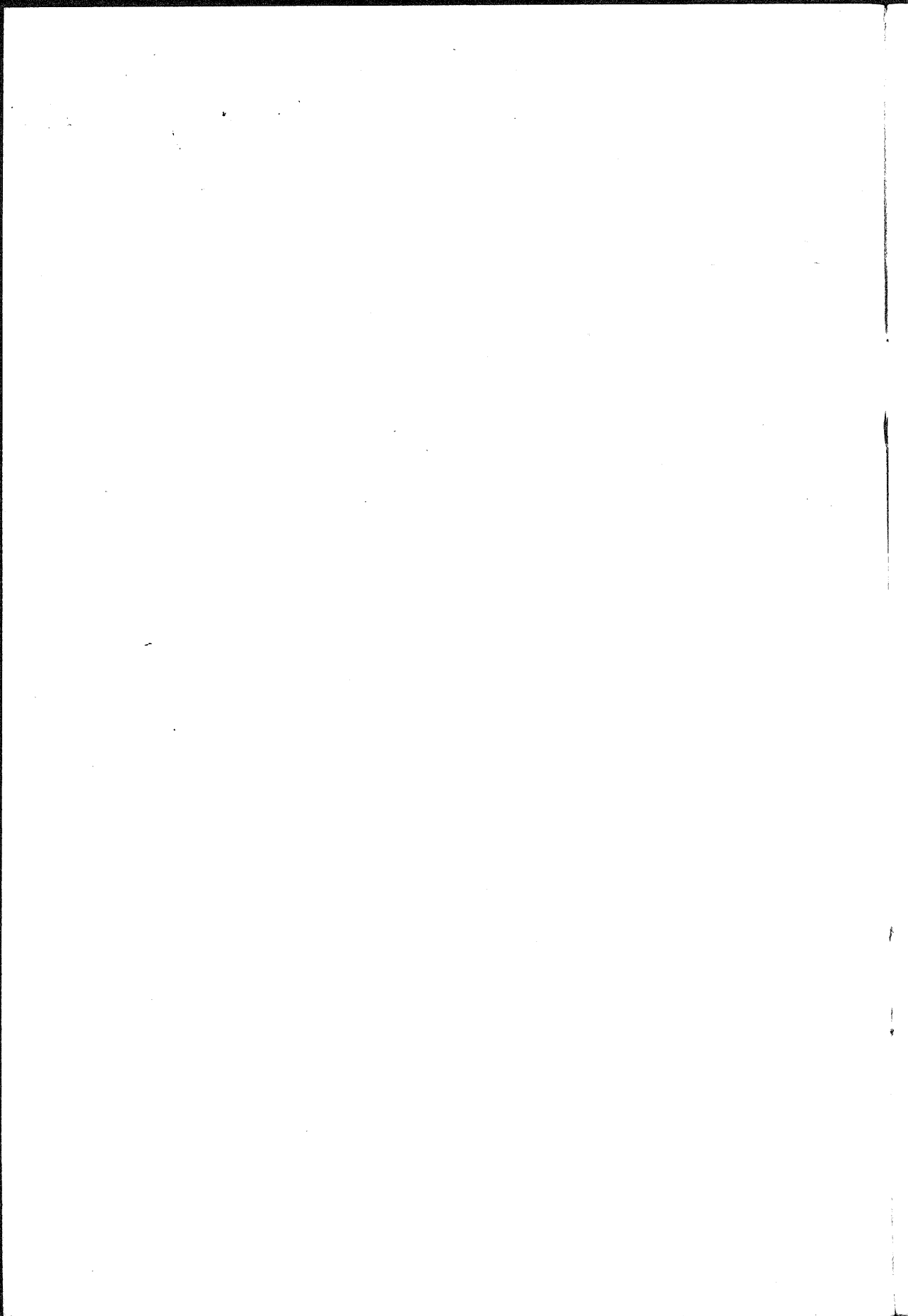
# PLANETARY MAN

In Memoriam  
Oswald Spengler

by

*Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy*

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# Planetary Man

By Eugen Rosenstock-Huussy.

IN MEMORIAM OSWALD SPENGLER.

Fulfill your genius: that vocation  
Shall be your sole denomination.\*

By the year of grace 1890, God had died in Europe. In America, where the spirit of the people had been liberated in the great movement Westward, an impassable frontier was reached; and the spirit languished with the loss of its accustomed expression, for there was no more space to conquer. When a way of life comes to an end because its function has been fulfilled, the next generation does not often turn forthwith to new ways of embodying its faith in life. Oftener, it throws the handle after the hatchet and denies the spirit together with the thing that was its temporary expression, like a disappointed lover railing against love itself. So it was with the Western peoples when they had come to the end of a mighty work; so it is with many peoples in such a predicament. They will mudrake and rationalise and de-bunk everything: such is the mood we call *fin-de-siècle*.

Since 1890 we have had all the philosophies of the ash-can. Because the inspiration of the immediate past had fulfilled its secular function, the discredit into which it fell was extended to man's abiding inspiration, to all belief in divine guidance.

Thinkers small and great conspired to-abuse the time, to abuse themselves and even to abuse God, for proving that now, at last and finally, we could live without inspiration, enthusiasm, exuberance, without awe, fear and trembling.

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\* 'Erfuellst Du Deine genius Pflicht, frag ich nach Deinem Glauben nicht.'—written of Spengler in my "The Suicide of Europe" (1919).—E. R.-H.

When I wrote to a young friend about the fear of the Lord, she replied "Why not replace 'fear' by love?" Yes, why not? When an ambassador of good will returned from Paris even after the Second World War, people condemned, or thought to condemn his report by saying that he did not paint a cheerful picture. *Pleasantness is the only standard for a dying world.*

But the greater men of this period between two worlds—of this pause between two inhalations of the spirit—did something else. They looked back over that aspect (which we ourselves had created) of the Western world; they saw what Georges Bernanos has called 'Les Cimetières de la Lune;' and they withdrew the joy of living into the life of the mind, into the activity of the brain. They enjoyed the cleverness of the intellect, its power to know that the dead are dead. One of these was Spengler.

"We shall die with full consciousness, and we shall watch every step of the approaching death with the intense interest of the physician."

This quotation from Spengler gives the clue to the Luciferian pride of the separate mind which must always surge up when the unifying spirit is taken from it. And what is most significant in that quotation? It is the word 'physician.' The physician is properly a healer; but in Spengler's case he no longer heals, he only observes. That he has been formerly a healer still connects the name 'physician' with something venerable. But here, we find him resigned to mere anatomy and diagnosis—and to receiving his fee: yes, for even a Spengler must make a living! His Nazi friend Loepelmann exclaimed, "The existing order must pay us; it owes us a living, to enable us to destroy it!" Spengler thought, more elegantly, since his function lay in the intellectual sphere—Society owes me a living, for I am the 'physician' who diagnoses its death.

But man is not the physician of society: no one is anything but a member of it. The Gospel says very clearly that Jesus declined to be the physician of someone else's body: yet all modern social science seems to presuppose

that we could be doctors of the social body, which we cannot.

We are the children of the future and thereby the parents of history. Even Spengler testifies to this; for he, like all of us, takes his clue from the 'inevitable' future; and in that light—of the predicted end of the West—he re-writes the past. In this he is a true genius. Most historians are unaware of the eternal truth that history is the re-writing of the past as fruits from the tree of the future. The gospel of Matthew, for instance, begins by re-writing, in its first chapter, the whole of Jewish history in the light of the new aeon. Why not, then, let Spengler re-write history in the paradigm of the fall of Europe? There is no objection. I myself have written a history of the last thousand years in the light of their end in these world wars. Furthermore, my 'Christianity and Europe,' whose publication in 1918 synchronised precisely with that of Spengler's *magnum opus*, was a series of essays assuming the end of Europe and the beginning of a Slav millenium.

In respect of the history of Europe and the Western world I am Spengler's rival, and I am aware that I cannot be his impartial critic. But my quarrel with him is not—as it so easily might be—concerned with the last millennium. There I feel too sure of my ground to get excited; I simply know my Europe well enough to profit by his suggestions. I quarrel with Spengler about the five other 'Boxes' of civilization. He has no right to pretend to any understanding of them, for according to his own main and central thesis, he is himself the product of the Mother Landscape of the West. Then what can he understand of the humanity produced by other landscapes? There is his anti-Christian bias: for we can only understand all climes and ages if there is one spirit in and by which they can be known. We owe what power we have to be anything more than the products of time, space and environment to this—that although we ourselves are forms of the expression of time, space and environment, we also live from beyond the grave backward into this world: we are sent into

it not just to see but to see *through* it. Every word that Spengler knows about Egypt, Greece, etc., and about all the Renaissances of our era, rests upon the recognition of people long dead whose spirit is resurrected in his work. Spengler speaks out of the spirit that he denies.

His greatness was also the death of him. He, who had said that 'the end' would come in 2,200 or 2,300, cried out in 1933, when the Reichstag was burnt, that 'Germany was safe;' but he soon saw that 'the end' was upon him. He had projected the finish of 'The Decline of the West' some centuries into the future, whilst it was already happening. He was a truer prophet than he had known; indeed, he had not been predicting so much as accompanying events which he felt without knowing them. Now the Decline of the West is completed in its downfall. Europe is in ruins; and America certainly cannot rebuild it. But the calamity is more than European and more than Western, for the West imposed its industry and its nationalism upon the whole globe. James Watt was a Westerner, so were Gladstone, Treitschke and Marx: the ideas and values of the West gave to the entire world a common, intelligible pattern which disintegrates with their decline. Disintegrates not into separate parts (which might be a kind of re-integration) but into one soup of confusion. Therefore, for all souls that would save themselves, whether from the East, West or centre, there is but one salvation—they must become Planetary Men. They must exercise once again the eternal privilege of the soul, which is to resurrect into new times and new spaces, beyond the grave of its hopes and the wreck of its ruined mansions.

Western Man—bow to Spengler! But Planetary Man—shake yourself free from the spells of the harlot mind which is reducing you to the rôle of an 'observer,' a 'physician!' The one certainty we have is that we are not physicians of our society but its members; we are both its ends and its beginnings, its seeds and its fruits, as fruit and seed are one; or, more accurately, we are first its fruits and later its seeds if—aye, if!—we have faith enough to strike root in the unexhausted

soil of a genuine future. And what is that? The future, simply because it has not yet been and is as yet unknown, can only be described negatively, as what it is not: and that which is not, and never will be a 'future' for Planetary Man, is a time in which his being would be wholly contained in any one culture of the West, East, North or South. The separation between these spacial cultures has been annihilated in that millenium to which Spengler has given the apt and significant name of "Faustian." No part of the planet is any longer remote from us; we are no longer living in the same world as were the Adam and Eve of Milton's poem. The very grandeur which formerly was suggested by the adjective 'world,' in such terms as world-war, world-trade, world-conquest and so forth is derived from man's previous existence in spaces of earth, sea and sky untravelled and uncharted, between horizons vanishing into the unknown and the infinite. By 'the world' we still mean, as often as not, the total environment, illimitable, unknown and awe-inspiring. But 'the planet' signifies the Earth separated off from the cosmos by our astronomy, mapped by our geography, laced by our systems of communication—Man's own conquest and possession: and—which is politically most important—this is the aspect of our habitation which has now become common and familiar to the minds of men.

The world, the universe and the planet are three names for the environment of Man which are related to him as are also the future, the present and the past. By 'the world' we are still presented with and challenged by an unknown and awe-inspiring future: and 'the universe' confronts us with its immediate problems. But 'the planet' is that which we have found out, as part of a system, and in discovering it we have incurred the obligation to square ourselves with it, to find our own function towards it, and its function in our life. As soon as a man recognises this, and knows that he cannot be an Eastern or a Western Man only—alas, to cease to be one is not so easy!—something is changed in his spirit, for he can no longer regard himself as merely a

part of the world; an exclusively 'immanentist' philosophy has become impossible. He must begin to take seriously the eternal distinctions between God, Man and the World.

If we think of 'the world' as Man's task and responsibility, we are all too likely to merge ourselves into it, and, seeing ourselves as part and parcel of its unknown and infinite forces, we may conceive our own problems only as problems of the natural world. But 'the Planet' is a different proposition. No one who uses that word can be thinking of the mind as merely a factor and function in and of the planet: for the 'planet' appears as an object which Man, through his societies, may have to organise: he cannot be simply an outgrowth of it. Man can no more be an epiphenomenon of Nature than mind can be an epiphenomenon of Man. These are things that are abidingly *different*, and when once that is realised we can no longer sacrifice our lives to dale and grove, nor to the idol of Western Civilization, nor to upholding the schism between Western and Eastern Christendom, nor to European hegemony; nor can we look down upon 'Asiatics' or label the Jews, who are at the heart of our tradition, as only 'Orientals': to label any human being with the name of a territory or of a point of the compass begins to sound false in the dawn of this Planetary era. From such personifications of the accidental predicates of Man, came the major fallacies of the great geographical age; for Man can never be merely what he is in any particular time, climate and territory; if he were no more than that he could not have survived.

True these climates and territories are mightily important, mightily decisive for our ways of life. But we are also altering them, our ancestors did much to make them what they are. The landscape, which was the object of their labours, bears their paternal likeness and is their child—it is not only, as Spengler thought, the mother of us all. In their capacity of founding fathers our forbears made the land what it is: and, of course, since all love is sacrificial, that which is loved by us ultimately consumes us: that is true even of God, who became Man because he loved Man; and because Man loves the Earth



he becomes the land. But we cannot deduce from the fact of the absorption and consumption of Man's life in the land's service, that he is its slave, still less its product or merely a portion of it. If the Zionists recreate in a new mode the fertility and fruitfulness of Palestine, now wasted as it is by the Arabs, Palestine will become again what it was to Abraham and to Moses, and has never wholly ceased to be—the land of promise. Through them it became so, but in no way did the land make *them*.

The service of the land is an inexorable duty laid upon Man, and it is surprising that it was not included in the Ten Commandments. The reason must be that it was prior to the Commandments, since it was already decreed in Genesis that Adam was put into Eden to dress it and to keep it, and that Man was given dominion over the Earth and all its creatures for that purpose. In attaining planetary consciousness we come back again to this primordial commandment; we have now to dress and to keep the planet, the whole planet.

And nothing but the Planet? At this point we may pass beyond criticism of Spengler's chronological scheme, and consider his work as one of the stages in a progress towards planetary consciousness.

Spengler has a brilliant parallel in history, and that is Marcion, the Christian heretic of the second century. Marcion, like Spengler, rejected the unity of history: he divided the time of Man upon this Earth into two watertight compartments, just as Spengler does with his six 'boxes' of cultures, which are 'history-tight' against one another. Marcion said that the God of the Old Testament, the one who had created Heaven and Earth, and the God of the New Testament were two different Gods. Spengler is similarly, and by so much the more, polytheistic, although he spares his decadent readers any painful talk about God. Instead he speaks of the 'spirits' of the various landscapes, which remain mutually exclusive and impenetrable.

The ruling passion in the two men is the same: both are driven by the same inordinate desire to deny the full measure of gratitude which Man owes to his Maker.

In both there is a burning hatred against the revelation which came through the Jews, that all history is one, must be treated as one and has to become one. By Marcion and by Spengler, world-history was re-written from the postulate that the discovery of Israel must be eliminated—obliterated in its double meaning, both the original revelation and the fact that, through Christ, that revelation was gradually communicated to the Gentiles. I have talked with Spengler, and I know much of the circle of minds in which he moved and with whom he shared his opinions. It was the very same circle in which Klages, Stefan George for some part of his life, and finally Hitler himself came under the influence of Schuler, who was the Grey Eminence of this group. And one of the things they accepted as axiomatic was that Israel and the whole Hebraic background of the Christian Church had to be denied, buried, abolished at all costs. The Gothic Cathedrals were to become the fruits exclusively of the European soul; the saints had to be re-sanctified as heroes like Achilles or Pericles; the hymns to be re-written as Greek choral chants. Luther's feeling that he was a re-incarnation of St. Paul was illusion—but everything was an illusion which made men of the second millennium of our Era want to read the Bible or sing mass. Achilles, Christ and Siegfried (or Faust)—these were the three myths of the three 'boxes' or mother-born cultures. There was to be no One God any more; and since there would be no One-and-the-same God, Israel had never really existed. The Jews were a nightmare—parasites and usurers—and Spengler's work punished them, as Marcion's did, with the most comprehensive of anathemas, that of omission. As for the Church Universal, it was to be divided at the roots—the Eastern Byzantine Church regarded as a mere balcony or bay-window of an Oriental Civilization; and St. Francis became a poor relation of Faust, assisting in the incarnation of 'the West.'

*The History of Frontiers.*

At the very moment when Europe was dying from

pride, Spengler found reasons for her to die in that same pride. 'Die' he said to the West, 'you can't do anything else. Die consciously, then, die proudly. Your soul is a creation in Time, it is without existence outside of this frame of the centuries, from 1,000 to 2,200 A.D. Do not attempt to jump out of this magic circle which my powerful disbelief draws around you. Die you must. There is no place for your soul except here, within the mother-landscape of the West. Go back to your mother: she will take you back into her womb. Man is his mother's son [How true!] and he is nothing else [Obviously untrue!].'

Such was the gist of Spengler's 'sermon of death'; and it was acceptable doctrine to the circle in which he moved. It would be frightful, unbearable, to others—to the bridegroom, for instance, who leaves his father and mother to cleave to the woman of his choice and become, through her, the ancestor of a new nation. But Klages, Schuler, Spengler, Hitler and Stefan George were all unmarried, all either homosexual, under-sexed or otherwise abnormal. The idea that Man's soul is limited to its relations to the ancestral spirits, backward in time, did not have the same terror for these men.

Their ghastly heresy was not however of merely personal origin. There does exist, in the soul of the West, a tendency to regression, a drag back towards the spirit of 'matriarchy.' It is the undertow beneath the tide of 'progress,' and perhaps the further West, the stronger it is. Are there not millions of mothers who hold their sons in a sort of bondage? 80 per cent. of American property is held by women! What illumination by charity, by hope and faith will be needed in the United States of America before it can attain to planetary consciousness! Yet there is one saving grace in the experience of the American people which was not given to Spengler, the man from the old Roman Rhineland, something that was quite unknown in Bavarian Munich. Americans have lived under the dynamic of the American frontier.

In America the whole history of human settlement has

been repeated at lightning speed in a century and a half. That which took the Italians four thousand years—to climb down from Arezzo and Monte Cassino into the Florentine plain and finally to drain and colonize the Pontine swamps—all this was run through by the settlers of Vermont in sixty years. From hill-top to terrace and then to the railway in the at-first-avoided valley of the river—the settlers experienced all these stages of settlement. The speed of conquest was such that the experience of change is predominant in Americans of all generations, they all have less sentiment for any definite place and form of settlement than for the life of movement toward new horizons. In this respect, no American is able to read in Spengler exactly what Spengler wrote—the landscape has never been a mother to any American in the sense in which a European thinks of his motherland. An American may, perhaps, try to worship the mother-spirit of the landscape after the Spenglerian manner, but only by a sentimental effort: for every American is a pluralist who lives and has lived in a number of landscapes: and although Spengler's brilliant descriptions may hold his intellect spell bound, his imagination will still be roving restlessly over more than one continent.

In this dynamic of the American frontier the history of all frontiers is recapitulated. And concluded? When the monks of the Christian era went into the desert they started a movement which could only end in the abolition of frontiers. For before Christianity prevailed, every settlement was surrounded by a formidable waste land or desert: such were the mutually-defensive 'frontiers'—they were *areas*, mostly of forest. Here in America, too, the whole of Vermont was once frontier-land between the French and British colonists of New England. The whole of Silesia was a 'march' between the Germans and the Poles until, in 1157, it became a German dukedom. To be changed from a frontier area, unsettled for military reasons, into a duchy was a transformation into peaceful, settled territory. Vermont was similarly transformed when the French were expelled

after 1763 and it became a State. It was only after 1789 that nations thought of frontiers as mathematical lines without breadth, and by the beginning of the 19th century, all European frontiers had become mathematical conceptions.

But mathematical lines exist only in the imagination. In this case, their inconsistency with the realities they were supposed to segregate soon entered into the consciousness of the peoples. The first sign was an economic revolt against frontiers, in the demand for "Free Trade." We all know that Free Trade, even so far as it extended, did not abolish frontiers, and it did not extend very far: the nations raised hell rather than admit that those one-dimensional lines on the map were merely imaginary. Still, imaginary they were; and now the realities have broken through them—for all wars have this in common, that they ignore everything that is merely imaginary. The nations have broken out of their frontiers in a violent act of *interpenetration*. And I do not mean merely in Europe, where the old maze of imaginary lines is being solemnly 'rectified' by conclaves of statesmen. The dividing lines between the Eastern and Western worlds have collapsed, and those two human hemispheres intersect. This intersection and overlapping of all frontiers is the one great and decisive step beyond the conceptions of 1789.

The frontiers of Russia and the United States, as they now both imagine them, overlap prodigiously, and they will never again recede, disentangle and leave a recognised 'march' or tissue-paper line between them. To say nothing of Asia, the whole of Europe is now one over-lapping, confused frontier between America and Russia.

It is inconceivable that Europe could be destroyed, turned into a sub-civilised 'march'; into such a frontier as ancient Egypt and Peru had in their surrounding deserts. That would be the pagan and reactionary solution. The *glacis* between warring states is an area of devastation; and Europe could, in theory, be held to that function of being a *glacis*. But in practice it can-

not, because we do not intend to keep two million American soldiers armed and ready to maintain such a desert-frontier; although in default of our doing so the Russians would one day occupy Hamburg and Cologne, and neither we nor the British could prevent them.

But the logic of history tends to neither solution. This is a stage in the progressive abandonment of frontier-lines between the spaces of God's Earth — a spiritual process which began when the monks left the fertile valley of the Nile and chose to live in the desert as God's country (and that mission of abandonment is a permanent one). We are now at the penultimate crisis of this history of human frontiers, when the most formidable Powers of the earth overlap in the centre of Europe. Is not such an interpenetration providential as well as predestined? Does it not call upon us to make sense of the march of history, by organising this huge frontier-region as a common interest and a common ground? Do this, and the Spenglerian nightmare will be dissipated. The horror of the West, of dying petrified under the basilisk stare of an insurgent East, will pass away only when we find the planetary solution for the German problem. And in that same moment, the history of frontiers will be crowned and concluded.

## THE NEW ENGLISH WEEKLY

was founded and edited by A. R. Orage in 1932, and later incorporated "The New Age" which he had previously edited from 1907 to 1922.

In its editorial policy it stands for an organic and co-operative social order founded upon respect for Natural Law and the liberties of the individual. This involves the preservation and development of those traditions of civil liberty, political forbearance and local initiative which have been England's pre-eminent contribution to the art of government.

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World War II, people condemned or thought to condemn his report by saying: you do not draw a gay picture. Pleasantness is the only standard for a dying world.

The greater men of this "in-between" two inspiration, two inhalations of the spirit, did something else. They looked back over the "Cimetière<sup>1</sup>s sous la lune" as George Barnanos has called the aspect created by ourselves with regard to the Western World. And they threw the joy of living into the Mind's, the brain's life. They enjoyed the brain's cleverness, its power to know that these dead were dead. "We shall die with full consciousness and every step of the approaching death, we shall watch with the intense interest of the physician." This quotation from Spengler gives the clue to the Luciferian pride of the mind which always must surge when the common spirit has vanished.

What is so specific in this quotation? The one term: "physician". The physician usually is a healer. In Spengler's case, he is no longer a healer but a mere observer. That he has been a healer in former cases, still connects him <sup>name of physician</sup> with medicine. Otherwise, he is resigned to mere anatomy and diagnosis, and to receive his fee. Because even a Spengler must make a living! His Nazi friend Loepelmann exclaimed: "The existing order must pay us; it owes us a living so that we might be able to destroy it." Spengler thought, more elegantly, in the sphere of the mind: "Society owes me a living since I am the man who diagnoses its death."

Man is not the physician of society. Nobody is anything but a member. The gospel says very clearly that Jesus declined to be the physician of somebody else's body. But all modern social science gives the impression as though we could be doctors of the social body. We cannot.

We are the children of the future, and therefore the parents of history. Even Spengler testifies to this. For, he like we ourselves, receives his clue from the "inevitable" future, and rewrites the past, in the light of the predicted end of the West. In this he is a true genius. Most historians are not aware of the eternal fact that history is the rewriting of the past as fruits from the tree of the future. The gospel of Matthews for instance rewrote, in its first chapter, the whole of Jewish history, in the light of the new eon.

Why then, not let Spengler write from the end of Europe? No objection. I have written the history of the last thousand years, in the light of their end in these world wars. Furthermore, in precise synchronisation with Spengler, I have published Christianity and Europe from <sup>2.</sup>1918 to <sup>1.</sup>1919, a series of essays in which I declared the end of Europe and the beginning of a Slav millennium.

I am a rival of Spengler with regard to the history of Europe and the Western World. And I am sure that for this reason, I cannot be impartial to him. But my quarrel is not with

him as it so easily might be, on this last millennium. Here I feel on too sure a ground as to get excited. I simply know my Europe well enough to profit by Spengler's ~~hasty~~ suggestions. I am quarrelling with him on behalf of the five other "Boxes" of civilisation. He has no right to them and to understanding them. According to his own main and central thesis, he is the product of the Mother Landscape of the West. This is his anti-  
*How could he tell of the inside of the other "boxes", unless they shared in the spirit?*  
 Christian bias. *^* We owe our power to be more than products of time and space and environment, to the fact that though we ourselves are time's and Space's and environment's forms of expression, we also live from beyond the grave backward into the  
*into*  
 world *(which we have sent and which we may)* ~~have sent and look~~ through. Every word Spengler knows about Egypt, Greece, etc., and all the Renaissances of our era, rest on our recognition of people dead ~~whose~~ *whose spirit is to*  
be resurrected. The greatness of Spengler was in his early death. He who exclaimed in 1933 when the Reichstag burned, "Germany is safe," saw soon that his year of the end, 2200 or 2000, was upon him. He had projected the "Decline of the West" several hundred years forward while it was right upon him. He was so more right than he knew: he was not predicting but accompanying the events which he felt in his bones. Europe is in ruins. America certainly cannot revive it. The Decline of the West is an accomplished fact. *therefore* *^* the living souls from East, West, Center, must save themselves by becoming "planetary men".

*This West was the womb for the whole globe, during the last century. With the West's decline, this notion for all souls is lost. For this reason,*

This, of course, is only a new version of the eternal privilege of the soul to create new times and new spaces, from beyond the grave of her old hopes and mansions.

Western Man: Bow to Spengler. Planetary Man: Shake yourself free from the prostitution of the harlot mind who seduces you by building you up into a physician or observer. The only certainty we have is that we are not physicians of our society, but members, beginners, enders, seeds and fruits. Or more correctly: fruits first, seeds later if, aye if, we have the faith to be transplanted into the unexhausted soil of a real future. The future, by its first principle of not yet having been nor yet being known, is to be stated negatively. And that which should not be considered "future", for planetary man, is his being contained with all his features in a "West" or East or South or North. Space has been annihilated by the "Faustian" millennium. And this adjective which Spengler has coined is quite congenial to the task achieved: The earth is nowhere any longer remote. The world is not before us as to Adam and Eve, in Milton's poem. The grandeur which the words, world war, world trade, world strategy, world conquest, seem to carry with them, was based on the fact that "world" is a term of infinite and unpredictable expanse. By "world" we mean the universe as yet awe-inspiring. By "planet", we signify the world as having become our own conquest, our own

possession, and which is probably politically more important, as having become mentally familiar to us. The World the universe, the planet, are three expressions for our mother earth which relate to it like past, present and future. As world, it still challenges us into an unknown but awe inspiring future, as universe, we are faced with it and its problems. But as planet, we have found it out as part of a system, and we acknowledge our obligation to find our own function on this planet. When a man recognized that he is not a Western man only - alas it is not so simple to cease to be it - but planetary too and planetary to an increasing measure, one great step is taken: man has ceased to be a mere part of the world. Now, he begins to take serious the distinctions eternally attached to God, Man, World. In speaking of the world as our task, we may feel tempted to merge into this world, become part and parcel of it, and treat our own problems as problems of our environment, of the natural world. With "Planet", it is a different matter. Nobody who says planetary man, can seriously believe that his own mind is submersed by the nature of this planet. Man, and man's Society, may have to organize this planet. He cannot be simply part and parcel of it as though the planet could swallow us up like atoms of the universe. We may handle uranium and produce neptunium and contain oxygen. But the old confusion of the term "is" in the sentences, "man is nature", "man is matter", "man is

this or that", must cease to paralyze us. As Western Man we could sacrifice our lives to dale and grove, European hegemony, schisms of Western and Eastern Christendom, look down on *Asiatics*, ~~Asiatics~~, label the Jews, the heart of our traditions, Easterners or Orientals even, but mere labels of territories and directions of the compass begin to sound false when being used of M A N. Man may be too much of a Mexican, a stone-age Amazonas native, a Papuan skull hunter. The worse for him and for us. Geography must not fetter a man. His distinctions must be discovered in other features. Man as planetary man listens to a truer nature, a fuller vocation. "They are", or "he is", are no words of praise for a human as he ~~is~~ <sup>at any moment may be</sup> called to do new deeds, <sup>may</sup> (listen to the call of duty, of novelty, of honor, of sympathy, <sup>or</sup> ~~act~~ <sup>may</sup> according to standards of the future, and ~~suffers~~ from the prejudices of all those who boast of "being" a "Western" man, or a blue blooded Spaniard, etc., etc. "Being" is suspect, when said of a man. Nobody is good, let alone "is". The fallacies of our geographical era were all in these personifications of our accidental climates or predicates. Man never "is." Not that these climates and territories are not mightily important, mightily decisive in our lives. But we burrow into them. Our ancestors formed and moulded them. The landscape was not our mothers only, it also was their child, the object of their labors. And in this capacity of founding fathers did they form

the land. Of course, all love is mutual. That which is loved by us, ultimately consumes us. God became man because he loved man. Man becomes land because man loves the earth. But when he dies and is buried, his life and love are spent. And from the absorption and consumption of his life in the service of the land, we cannot deduce his slavery, his serfdom, his being merely a part of the earth.

The Zionists may well bring back Palestine, defiled by the Arabs as it is, to a new fecundity. But for this reason, Palestine will remain that which it was to Abraham and Moses, the land of promise; and in no way was either Moses or Abraham made by this land.

The service of our globe is a serious command and one wonders why it was not made a part of the ten commandments. The answer must be that it is read in Genesis already that man should govern the earth and make her obedient to his commands. We are back to this command. Man shall command the planet, the whole planet, and nothing but the planet.

Nothing but the planet? It is at this point that we may ascent beyond Spengler's chronological scheme and assess the place which Spengler holds in the mental steps towards planetary living. Spengler has a brilliant parallel in history. This parallel is Marcion, the Christian heretic of the second century of our era. Marcion like Spengler denied the unity of history.

He divided the time of man on this earth in two watertight compartments just as Spengler does with his six "boxes" which are "history-tight" against each other. Marcion said that the God of the Old Testament, the one who created heaven and earth, and the God of the new covenant, were two different Gods. This is what Spengler says although he spares the ears of his decadent readers the painful talk about God. He speaks of the spirits of the various landscapes which remain impenetrable to each other.

The dominant passion in both men is the same. Both were driven by an infinite passion. The passion of hatred against the full measure of gratitude which man owes his maker. In both men, there is a burning flame of hatred against the Jewish discovery that all history is one, must be treated as one and has to become one. In Marcion and in Spengler, the history of the world rests on the conviction that the discovery of Israel must be eliminated. And we mean, the discovery of Israel in its double meaning; The discovery made by Israel, and the fact that through Christ, this truth of Israel was discovered gradually by all the Gentiles. I have talked to Spengler and I know of the circle in which he moved and with whom he shared his convictions. It was the very same circle in which Klages, Stefan George for some period of his life, and finally Hitler were influenced by Schuler, the Grey Eminence of this group. And the axiom of this group was



that Israel and the Israelitic background of the Christian Church had to be denied, to be buried, to be eliminated at all costs. The Gothic cathedrals had to become fruits of the European soul. The saints had to become heroes like Achilles or Pericles. The hymns had to become Greek chorus chants. The monks had to be classified with the Buddhist ascetes, the popes had to be treated as monarchs or Dalai Lamas. Everywhere, the unity created by the faith of Israel in one God at all times, for the creation as well as the salvation and the understanding of the world, was broken up by this group and their brilliant comparisons of Christian and non-Christian phenomena.

The obsession of this group had very personal causes to which the reader of this short essay cannot possibly be introduced. The last great theologian of Germany, Harnack, devoted many years of his life to the reconstruction of Marcion's work. And it cannot be called an accident that Harnack's book on Marcion was coincident with Spengler. Harnack wrote on the great model of his own contemporary. And Harnack showed the way out beyond Marcion; after Marcion had made his deep impression, about 150 A. D., the Church was compelled to take stock of her real beliefs to an extent to which she never had been forced before. It was in 160 or about that time, that the New Testament was definitely formed and that the Church of Rome saved the gospels of Matthew, Marc and John from Marcion's anti-Judaism. It was

at that time that the whole created world and its essential goodness was re-instated against the extreme tendencies of the Gnostics and Purists; the Marcionites had to hate the flesh and marriage and the creatures of this earth because these had existed before christ and had been created by a power alien to the New God. The Roman Church shuddered when she saw the consequences of this anti-Judaic bias. She preferred to lose a genius like Tertullian *to the Montanist sect*; creation was good and had been good, from the beginning. The fall of man though occurring time and again, had not prevented God from becoming manifest at all times. The same faith had sustained the just from the beginning of time. Their faith, their God, their goal was the same from the beginning of time to the end. When Tertullian forsook married life as "pre-Christian" in true Shakers style, when Origenes took his own manhood in a kind of race suicide, the main Church had already recovered her identical faith for all times and all climates and lands. The Church universal insisted on the full measure of gratitude men owed to their maker from the beginning of time to the end, in one unbroken stream of history, across Egypt, across Israel, across Hellas and Rome. Marriage, and culture, and art, and republics and philosophy, not one of them were meaningless. They did not have to be worshipped as idols. But they were not devoid of perpetual meaning for those who received the whole created world from the hands of the creator.

With Spengler, we are back to Marcion. According to Spengler, five-sixths of the created history of mankind are not ours. The desired result is that the one connecting link, the revelation of the One God in all history laid down in the Bible, can be eliminated. Jesus is a mere "Oriental", Luther is merely a Faustian Westerner. Luther's feeling that he was St. Paul reborn was an illusion. Illusion was everything which made men of the second millennium of our era read the Bible or sing mass. Achilles and Christ and Siegfried, or Faust, were three myths of three "boxes" of mother-born spirits or cultures. God ceased to be the father of all spirits. Hence there was no one God any more. And if there was no one and the same God, Israel had never really existed. The Jews were a nightmare, parasites, usurers. And therefore, Spengler punishes them, as Marcion had done, with his most terrible thunderbolt, with omission. Also, the Church universal was divorced. The Eastern Byzantine Church, became a mere balcony or baywindow of Arab civilization. And St. Francis became a poor second of Faust.

In the very moment in which Europe came to die from pride, Spengler found reasons for her to die in this same pride. He told the West: you can't do anything but die. Die consciously, die, proudly. Your soul is in this frame of the centuries from 1000 A. D. to 2200. Do not try to jump out of this magic square which my unfaith here weaves around you. Die you must. Because,

from a frontier area, unsettled for military reasons, a peacefully settled inland territory. Just as Vermont became a "State" after 1763, that is after the French were driven out. The hermits populated the frontier first. Later, the woodlands were colonized. But it was not before 1789, that any nation conceived of frontiers as a mathematical line without dimension in width. By 1800, frontiers in Europe had become imaginary lines.

Imaginary lines are lines of the imagination. They are inconsistent with reality. Free Trade was the slogan by which the imaginary character of frontiers first entered the conscience of the nations. For, Free Trade was a revolt against frontiers as real. We all know that Free Trade did not abolish frontiers. Nations raised hell before admitting the imaginary character of the new mathematical one-dimensional lines on the map.

But imaginary these lines were, unreal. So in the next upsurge of realism, - and all wars have this in common that they leave no loophole for unreal dreams, - the nations in a violent interpenetration have broken across their mutual frontiers. At this moment, the frontiers of the West and the frontiers of the East have collapsed and intersect. This intersection and overlapping of all frontiers is the one step beyond the ideas of 1789.

The frontiers of the United States and the frontiers of Russia as imagined by both, overlap. And they can never be made

to recede to a clear-cut "march" or tissue-paper-line again. The whole of Europe is an overlapping frontier, between America and Russia.

It is possible to destroy these countries and to create a new desert as it was around Egypt or Peru, in antiquity. This would be the pagan or reactionary solution. It is preached by Spengler and all the Westerners who hate Russia.

The glacis of warfare has no trees or fields. It is barren. Europe in theory could be treated as a glacis. But in practice it cannot because we do not intend to arm two million American soldiers for the constant defense of this "glacis" or frontier-desert. Therefore, the Russians would simply occupy one day Hamburg and Cologne, and neither the British nor we could stop them.

The logic of history is quite different. The Let-go of frontiers between territories of God's earth has begun when the monks left the fruitful Nile valley and entered the desert as God's country. This is one permanent mission. It has now led to a final step: the mutual embrace of great powers overlapping in the center of Europe. Is not this overlapping providential as well as predestined? Organize this frontier as common ground, as the outcome of history, and the nightmare of a petrified, doomed West, against a storming, barbarous East, collapses. In Germany, a planetary solution must be found. The planetary

function of Germany is the last lesson of man's fight for and against frontiers. Germany clearly has a planetary function, the function of a buffer economy between capitalist Russia and individualistic America. The planetary function of Germany was clearly marked out when at Potsdam, all private investments by foreigners in Germany were forbidden. This singled Germany out as no longer one of the markets for products from abroad. It made Germany an organized part of the planet, not a market to be conquered by free trade. The madness of Morgenthau was in the idea of destroying the Ruhr. For, this was the pre-Christian concept of a march, of a no-man's land. The error is understandable, however, as the oldest monsters will re-appear as soon as history is not progressing. Regress, then, becomes inevitable.

The tissue paper-frontier of 1899 must be spelled by the over-lapping frontier of 1950. The new character of this new common ground is the community of the neighboring powers of this land. In Germany, Russia and the United States and Great Britain, must wage peace. It is their wager for the slow beginnings of a common life on one planet.

Planetary Man? This is not arrogance but decision. And decision is our power to cut us off from the dead elements of our own soul. Decision does not consist in travel or haste or hurry or any evasion of immediate duties.

Planetary Man, however, will have his eyes opened to the

real future beyond "the cimiteries under the Moon", now represented by Europe and the cultural institutions of America in as far as they have been mere copies or customers of Europe. In America, these institutions are as dead as a limb to which the heart no longer pumps its blood. Of course, most of them will not admit this. They will reconstruct Heidelberg, and they will reopen the Salzburg festivals, and they will reprint and repaint and repaper their European-rooted environments.

This is a reconstruction of that very Western Man which Spengler depicted. The resurrection of the human soul does not come from such acts of despair, violence, and unfaith. The reconstructors deny that the death has occurred. Against them, Oswald Spengler is a wonderful ally. By quoting him, we may prevent the worst reconstructions.

Western Man as merely Western Man can be mechanically reconstructed but he cannot be reborn. All Renaissances of the human kind occur after the type to be reborn, has been out of existence for a while. Rebirth never happens of the immediately preceding type, but of some much older whose rebirth now enables us to implement the dearth and deficiencies of our soul. Planetary Man will not "re-construct", but he will expose himself to the much more painful process of being made over. The first letter I got from an undecadent German in the Russian zone of occupation said: "A new type of man is our first need. The old

type though still is shaken in his foundations and his faith. But it will take America's participation to create this new man. Europe and especially Germany are too weak for this birth of a fuller man."

This was the first message after nine years of silence.

It was in the defeated, beaten, looted, raped, hungry Germany, the first act of faith beyond Spengler to exclaim: "a new man no longer poisoned by nationalism and geopolitics, must be born". And the writer added: "Only this new type of man will be able to ascertain the peace which has come after thirty years of terrible events." Planetary man is not an arbitrary idea of an idle mind; it is the only response to the depth and might of the catastrophe. Spengler who wrote as a contemporary to the downfall of Europe, could enjoy it. But if you who still have life left after the event, go on enjoying it, we certainly are the maggots and mads of a corpse, and we should be dealt with likewise.

For the mind just awakening, the Spenglerian genius has the wonderful attraction of the mastermind. Here, at long last, the mind seems to be at its sovereign peak. He who knows that his free mind is a moment between the child's faith and the man's responsibilities, must want the mind transformed into a spirit. The mind defies embodiment. And this is Spengler's pride: to look at us from the superior mountain top of the



eagle. The spirit craves embodiment. He serves the future of the race by ensouling it. And the spirit of the next incarnation will either be frustrated by the Spenglers and their henchmen or it will be the spirit of planetary man. In "Planetary", great dangers are overcome and new equally great dangers are created.

Planetary, as a slogan, is just as bad and corruptible as any slogan. But it has one merit. It does lie beyond the geographical imprisonment of our soul to which we have been led ever since the European nations sanctified the languages into skins and racial traces by creating sacred national bodies of literature and school-teaching and history-writing. Spengler's "motherly landscape" of the West was composed of national boundaries and it itself was simply a summary of geographical determinates. Man does settle and does fill the lands with the works of his hands. But though man goes and enters the earth, he does not hail from it. This somersault which makes man's soul the product of the earth instead of the divine inspirer of the country and the land and the woods and the landscape, is the central perversion of Spengler. At the end of any history, when it is ashes, this perversion is permissible, because when the soul has died, what difference does it make whether the land came first or the souls of the settlers?

But for a new start, the perversion is fatal. Planetary

Man at least admits that his local roots are conditioned by world-wide conditions. He will have home and land and tastes of an indigenous character, but he will recognize them as planetary functions and as subject to forestry, pruning, grafting, cutting back of branches.

Planetary Man, thereby is assured by his title to rise beyond geography. If he does not achieve that much, the massacre must continue, on frontiers, lands, races, etc. Planetary Man is that minimum concept below which we cannot even physically survive.

The dangers of the planetary man concept probably lie farther ahead than its virtues. It is a negative statement. And it frees man from the Western World and its futility. But it has not enough of an affirmative faith. The highly probable attempts to deduce too much from such a concept, may be mediocre and uninspiring. Yet to ask from ourselves the simple question daily whether anything is prepared, envisaged, hoped for, believed in by our daily schedule in which we behave as citizens of this planet and as immigrants into a planetary function, is a real prayer. "Our" daily bread, for instance, must be bread for all men. And as the heavens rotate and revolve as one great firmament, His will certainly is not done on earth as on heaven as long as the earth is not one for us. And as the trespassers are the nations we certainly have not concentrated sufficiently

on our own sins as long as we see those of other nations. The old abbot moyses said: "Sons, you do not know how to pray the Lord's prayer." "Why, father, what is wrong.?" they asked. "If you prayed it rightly you would neither have time nor eyes to see any sin of any of your neighbors." (Vitae Patrum, 6. book) There are so many neighbors on this planet, that it becomes a practical policy to pray the Lord's paryer correctly and fully. If his will is not done on earth as it is in heaven, the neighborhood has become uninhabitable. Planetary Man is the negation of geo-politics. In the affirmative it only means more than a new slogan if it regenerates our old faith on a planetary scale.

The frontier has entered our own souls. And in our hearts, the frontiers overlap. We are not freed from their existence. But no l nger do we have these frontiers outside of us. Once, every one of us, has been on some other side of some frontier. And the catering to the few who have not, this political isolationism which was the nationalistic lie of the last century, brings disaster. The normal person, citizen, voter, in every country was the hundred-percenter Roumanian, Yankee, Spaniard. To this imaginative person all the stump speakers addressed themselves.

Planetary man can not survive if the frontier is not now

and nation, faith and faith, than his lofty predecessors. But the dependency is not on the one class or the one nation or the one faith which he holds. He feels dependent on the clash between them of which he himself is the battlefield. Although most of the time at home in one of these allegiances, he knows that any minute he may be challenged to recognize the planetary fact that a frontier has to be crossed, closed, abolished. In this attitude of waiting for crossing his own frontiers, his turning point consists.

The Russians and Americans in Berlin and Vienna are the outposts of this new attitude, of the mutual overlapping of all our frontiers, of the fact that we have read Dostojevski, and that the Russians see our movies. Both influences are too moving to let us unmoved. And whenever men are moved, the external world they administer, cannot help being changed, too.

"Planetary" man is not cosmopolitan because the world is far from having moved beyond frontiers. And planetary man is not international because "international" is powerless between national passions. As its own formation, from inter and national, goes to show, international is an afterthought, after the nations ripped the seam of the One Sacred Empire to pieces. "International" tried to patch up a unity which was more and more depleted of content. Planetary has a dignity lacking in international, for two reasons: First it gives direction. Without the restraint

of planetary man, our atomic bombs will destroy us all together. The term 'international' implied the eternal survival of nations despite all "international" quarrels. Second, "planetary", accepts the chaotic and eccentric character of our divisions. Neither does it assert as "inter-national"<sup>does</sup> that nations precede internationalism. Nor does it assert as "cosmopolitan"<sup>does</sup> that the cosmos is already the polis, the city of God. Planets are in movement. And they achieve their destiny by keeping moving and the movement is eccentric to their own center. Planets swing around the sun. But "inter-national" makes the nations self-centered and tries to build bridges over the consecutive dividedness. The planetary movements are the only manner by which the masses of matter balled up in our planets are kept together. Planetary man cannot help conceiving of himself as in movement and of his natural conflicts and rifts and crevices as the corollary of movement slowed up or hampered.

The optimistic anticipation of an accomplished static order plays "international" and "cosmopolitan" with sterility. The "man of the world" is sterile, too. Planetary man does not anticipate results which, to the contrary, will form the perpetual motive and incentive of his acts and sufferings. He knows that to be included in one unmoving entity like class or race nation, is death and must create a desert. He sees this desert created by nationalism growing up around him. The soil of Central Europe

for the first time, is threatened by soil erosion. The desert grows in all human hearts who mistake the neighbor of the gospel as being the co-national neighbor of his lobby. The desert grows wherever the spark does not cross a frontier.

The old frontiers were crossed when the Christians tried to pursue the good life of the first days of the faith when all were one heart and one soul. We read that when Constantine became a Christian, the real Christians crossed into the desert to fight the human frontier. They said to the desert: you are as much God's earth as the fertile riverlands. And the deserts around Egypt made the monasteries of the whole Occident, from Egypt to California, the cultivators of the soil!

The modern desert, again, is first of all in the hearts of man. He who admits it, can overcome it. He who can see the crevices which we observe through our telescopes on Mars, to be a prominent feature of our own planet, will become a political monk. He will resettle the deserts behind our national frontiers, as planetary man.

Among the actions of the last thirty years, the "international" ones have all brought disaster. The "Four-Power Pact" of Mussolini will always hold an outstanding place in this period. For, in the attempt of Mussolini to arrange a peace between France, Germany, England, Italy, the despair of the Old World was reflected over the absence of the United States and Russia.

The Four Power Pact was the ineffectual "Internationalism" of the European remnant in a planetary world in which the biggest functionaries could not be held down to their participation.

Vice versa, Russia's insistence that the Big Three are the truly responsible is so much more progressive than the American Liberalism which wishes to include China and France. The latter is "international", Russia has a global conception. Liberals count heads.

Justice Jackson's insistence that war must be outlawed is planetary, and, in this case, the United States are progressive and Russia seems to be reactionary, and merely international.

The decision that no private capital shall be allowed to invest in Germany, is planetary. Mr. Morgenthau's plan of destroying the Ruhr, is typically international, and not planetary. In this case, it is especially clear how irresponsible and how destructive "international" considerations have become today. Morgenthau's reasoning is so unhistorical and so hopeless because he wants to protect one country against "another" country, typically inter-national. This leads him to moral judgments which are absolutely silly between whole nations. Give a part of the globe its proper function and it can't help to function. Deny it to him; it must go mad. The whole European mess is the result of America's and Russia's absence. Madness

is the result of applying our mind to a fraction of the whole area of meaning. If I try to find the reasons for my difficulties in my community of Norwich, I must end with a persecution mania against my neighbors. The reasons for my difficulties are world wide and planetary. Europe tried to cure her ills in a European frame of reference which, with twenty billion dollars of American loans on the Western side, and with the threat of communistic parties from the Eastern, was utter folly. It drove the Europeans into the coma which made Hitler inevitable. To think on a fraction of the whole is the root of all evil.

"International" were Mr. Hull's bilateral trade agreements. The Postal Union, it would seem, is something bigger than it claimed to be when it was concluded. It has worked itself into our conscience as something more than purely international. Perhaps, it not yet is planetary. But it is more than international because the nations cannot go back on it and retain their humanity. Therefore the postal union is based on a faith of the peoples of the various nations more than on the reasoning of their governments. The fact that the mails had to be reopened to German civilians very much against the interests of the American Military Government, simply because twelve million Americans have close relatives in Germany, is proof that something bigger than "inter-national" arrangements was imposing itself on the United States Government. A part of the life and