

Christmas 1939

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I have written this book to restore my joy of living. I have reconnected the greatest monuments of Western civilization with the smallest creative acts of everyday life, as they are connected in real people. This reconnection is not superfluous. Any essential change in human constitution makes such a reconnection compelling. When a child sheds its first teeth, it should begin to learn and to go to school; the awareness of the first great change asks for recognition by conscious effort. When boys and girls reach the age of puberty, a new understanding is needed to survive the sudden revolution. When the adolescent leaves father and mother, he must gain a philosophy of his own, lest he remain immature through life. The mental process is vital to the organism. In our days, cancer and arteriosclerosis are the Scylla and Charybdis of aging people who abstain from a new mental stage, formerly called wisdom and the power to teach, the power to convey their faith to future generations. Without this power, cancer, luxurious growth of the particular cells, or arteriosclerosis, an ossification, set in. Cancer and arteriosclerosis are eschewed by the power to recognize and to simplify, and the normal wisdom of our body and soul usually takes care of that.

7/17/64 -

Ensen received this from Ford Battles with text of Magna Carta Lathin.

However, it is a new introduction to Out of Revolution, apparently never published. It is worth publishing - takes into account World War II. It helps to clarify the meaning of Out. CCG

However, cancer and arteriosclerosis are not only the Scylla and Charybdis of our individual bodies. The ossification of modern totalitarianism, and the disintegration of individualism represent the same degeneration, in the realm of politics. Any aging life is faced by identical dangers. Our common ways of life - and these common ways we call politics - our common ways of life are imperiled by the Scylla of central government, and by the Charybdis of anarchy.

Taking a deep breath, I have tried to recognize the unity of our scientific, political, economic, and artistic ways of life, through the ages, and thus, at a perilous moment of my scholarship, my social and political and biographical experience, I have regained my joy of living. When the decadence of the fin de siècle, before 1914, ruined my health, when the defeat of 1918 refuted my political and historical sciences, when economic anarchy wrecked my fortune, and my education work, when the diabolical lie of 1933 wrecked my fatherland, the spirit of recognition saved me in mind and soul and body, again and again.

My publisher seems to think that it may show its power in readers during a new war and anarchy and revolution as we have them now, once more, because the spirit of recognition which the whole war generation did possess, must become virulent once more.

The human mind participates in the processes of evolution on our planet by no other means but by recognizing identities and differences within the phases of his own experience and of the common experience. Often, it is true, the intellect is taken to be a contemplative mirror or a skeptical observer of facts, a rationalizer, or a clever lawyer of our own interests. The intellect, to be sure, may serve in all these capacities. However, these are all denaturalizing processes. ~~Before~~ we can delegate the intellect to these minor roles, we all use him to judge over past and future, over that what is ours and what is yours. We must have lived through more than one stage, we must have loved more than one way of life, we must have become able to compare, before we can think. The child is unable to learn before shedding its teeth. Boy and girl are unable to understand before transforming puberty. Men and women are unable to know really and fully, before having taken over responsibilities. Our mind depends on our surviving changes, on comparing notes; when a change depends on our recognizing this change, then we may recognize the meaning behind the transient, the unanimity behind the contradictions.

As nations, men have a history of ages behind them. They must acquire a new power of recognition or go childish by dumping the previous ages on the dungheap. The latter way, my own country is trying in this Seven Year War that

started in 1933 when the Nazis marched through the Brandenburger Tor in Berlin, putting the car before the horse, celebrating the victory at the beginning. Proclaiming youth, adolescence, omnipotent, they castrated the potency of human creativity. However, since the Seven Year War of Frederick of Prussia was initiated by the so-called Diplomatic Revolution of 1756, we may expect this time, perhaps, a diplomatic revolution to end this time the war fought by the Germans against all the good spirits of their ancestors. Already, the war that, by Hitler, was destined to tear up the Treaty of Versailles, strangely has turned into a war to tear up the Treaty of Brest-Litowsk. The Nazis have lied that Germany never lost the war; now, instead of undoing the Western Peace, they undo the Eastern peace that sealed the German victory of the World War. Lying is always costly, more costly than the truth, and always visited upon us in the most unexpected manner. The Nazis are losing themselves that what the cursed weaklings of 1918 and 1919 never did lose: Eastern Europe. This war against Brest-Litowsk, like the Reichstag fire and the Munich explosion, is fought by the Nazis themselves, in their histrionic capacity of staging pro and con, devil and angel, themselves, in a kind of magic square.

When I was a child, ^{of} one/our favorite pranks was "wrestling with yourself". One of us would get up and mark the two wrestlers; it was not shadow boxing; but the

bold attempt to impersonate both fighters alternatively by his gestures. Finally, he even was brought down to earth, by himself, with a triumphant howl, and both his shoulder blades touched the ground while he seemed to kneel also over himself. Something of this spectacle, we are witnessing; it is a consummate study of the consequences of systematic lying. We ourselves execute the punishment for our blunders; as Strindberg truthfully said: Our sin is our only punishment. It is so much nicer not to sin. Sin has no other punishment in store but itself. And that is terrible enough; it is real hell, the hell of the vicious circle. Having to fight, to be victorious against the Jews against the West, the Nazis lose in the East three times as much; because here, they lose themselves.

However, this may be, to any man to whom illiteracy is not a solution, the burden of past contradictions, past complexities may become a real nightmare, in our days.

Unwilling to part with the past, yet does he genuinely long for a great simplification. Where does this simplification come from? The dangers for the future of man offer the challenge for this simplification. And to the normal reader who feels reverence for the past and impatience for the future, I am trying to hand over the power by which he may recognize his needs for the future in the revolutions of the past, and may recognize, also, from his present war-revolution, the visions, laws and poems of the past, in their true creative power.

Man has done something during the last two thousand years which he must continue to do when he wishes to survive as a man. He has loved his enemies in politics. And by admitting his rational counterpart to the circle of his own life, has eschewed self-adoration and sterility. Man has insisted on interpreting every phase of his life-cycle, to its full capacity; he has articulated his experience on every step, consummatedly. The term Man is not a metaphor for French and English, and Italians and Germans. Man has tried to speak, through nations who felt responsible for man's destiny. The events in which this articulating of one vital element in life's eternal alphabet burst forward *de profundis*, from the bottomless pit of fear and despair, as a new faith and a new courage, these events are called revolutions in this book. Their imitations or duplications, however, in other countries, are not given the same rank, here. Those great events in which a new phase of our life cycle was illuminated have created all the great powers of our political worlds, and only they, in their inspiration, have kept these powers alive to our present day. We all live on volcanoes, Goethe has said. All nations are further developments and consciously institutionalized revolutions.

Events in history that have the same meaning at different times must bear different names. For this reason, the French Revolution is not paralleled by the Russian Revolution but by the World War. The World War is the World

Revolution. The World War is that materialistic, matter-of-fact Reformation of the World of Today by which the idealistic French Revolution and her century is ended, or if you prefer the term, continued. The Second outburst of this World War, in 1939, is, after the incubation, the germ made virulent again.

In 1931, I advocated a Total Mobilization of all the nations of Europe, to make a war avoidable, and to produce that virile and realistic mentality which could solve their problem of union. The new war is anything "short of peace", that is to say, it is not simply a war; it is a revolutionizing process involving all the neutrals as well as the belligerents. It may not seem inept, after three months of "all quiet on the Western Front", to speak of this war as a total mobilization. In this sense, then, "Out of Revolution" has anticipated the new situation. And when the reader finds me speaking of Europe's Second Peace, he will apply this to the peace or truce that must come some day after this war of nerves. To the heirs of a millennium of national statehood, and to the ancestors of an intertwined Great Society, I have tried to speak. I am not talking to the uprooted individual but to the soldier who defends an old and creates a new order, who is a successor and a founder. I am furnishing him with the power to compare and to look through the political and cultural vocabularies or languages which must enter into a higher form of unity, in him and others, if we shall find peace.

Therefore, I have blended two languages on every page. One is the language of the particular national heritage just under consideration, the other the language created by our social future and its needs. Both must be blended, both must be translated into each other before we may make peace. Or more rightly, by translating them, we are on the road to peace already.

As the Faltboot represents the inspiration of the whole Navy to him who has the spirit of recognition, so this book is meant as a Faltboot model for him who longs for the spirit that teaches nations how to love their enemies lest they wither.

"Space may produce new Worlds," Milton exclaimed. And how could there be peace if chaotic confusion could not give way to new worlds?

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Eugen Rosenstock-Huussy