

de Cole  
 on fuit  
 Carapada  
 fuit  
 Kuvikim  
 fuit  
 fuit on to  
 to Kivimell.  
 fuit you fuit a copy of fuit...  
 fuit

Québec, 26 mai 1950

Domine Dominorum meorum

Je viens d'avoir un long et cordial entretien avec Mgr Ibrányi, qui demeure à l'Archêvêché.

Le prélat hongrois est désireux de vous présenter ses devoirs. Si <sup>cela</sup> vous ~~est~~ agréable, je vous prie en son nom de lui faire téléphoner quand il pourrait se rendre au Palais. Étant donné qu'il devra passer le temps du 1<sup>er</sup> au 10 juin à Lévis, il préférerait que ce fût après le 10 juin, ou encore, au cas où vous seriez absent pendant tout l'été, avant le 1<sup>er</sup> juin.

## CHANT D'ADIEUX

Après ce grand discours du Recteur de Laval,  
Qui me condamne à fond, je n'ai qu'à faire mes malles.  
Peu importe si sa peau est blanche, noire ou ecre:  
Est interdit au professeur d'être médiocre.  
Nous savons désormais que l'Université  
Dont l'illustre Chef je viens de citer  
— Et à plus forte raison, ~~l'~~ l'Universitaire Cité—  
Ne tolérera point la médiocrité.

+  
Celui qui en a <sup>à revendry</sup> ~~assez~~, exige le génie  
Et par là même, le droit de vivre me dénie.  
On renonce, il est vrai, au génie absolu;  
Mais même le limité n'a été mon dévolu.  
Vous ne serez pas étonnés à ce que je vous apprends:  
Je ne suis même pas un génie un peu moins grand.  
Mais il y a pis. En enseignant, je corromps la nation,  
Puisque je ne comprends goutte à la natation.  
Si j'étais un génie, je serais mort à trente ans;  
Or, ma trentième année, ce sont les neiges d'antan.  
Mon caractère sinistre ici se dessine:  
Je ne saurais, ma foi! quoi faire d'une piscine.  
Ma science est anémique, étriquée et truquée:  
Ignorant même du squash, saurais-je éduquer?!

+  
Non! Il ~~me~~ ne sert à rien de m'idéaliser:  
Mon problème léthal, je l'ai réalisé;  
Peut-être le soumettrai-je à l'abbé Dienne,  
Pour qu'avec sa logique, il le solutionne.  
Mais je doute qu'aucun thomiste de notre Faculté  
Puisse disposer de cette difficulté.  
Je crains qu'un racket d'aussi géantes dimensions  
Doive me ~~me~~ refuser même une modeste pension.  
Il n'y a plus à Québec, je le vois, pour moi  
Ni emploi, — ni endroit  
Autre que la gare:  
Je pars.

+  
Où irai-je? Aux États-Unis? En Suisse? En Autriche?  
À Montréal, Toronto ou Antigonish?  
Peut-être à Moscou, Rome ou Alexandrie,  
Pour servir sous un Chef un peu moins grand que Vandry!

Québec, décembre 1950

Prof. Dr. Banatz Graf von und zu Molinard  
S.P.

Québec, 16 mai 1951

Pour «Questions», Laval Th. & Ph.

M. le Doyen  
C. De Koninck  
Québec

### QUESTION

L'ouvrage *Die Perfektion der Technik* par Friedrich Georg JÜNGER [frère d'Ernst J.], 2. ed., Klostermann, Frankfurt a. M. 1949, contient le passage suivant, sur page 33.  
(C'est moi qui souligne.)

Die Erfindung des Automaten gehört, wie die  
laube des Archytas und der Androïd des Pto-  
lemäos Philadelphos zeigen, der Antike an.  
Diese viel bewunderten Werke waren, wie die  
Automaten des Albertus Magnus, Bacons  
und Regiomontans, geistvolle Spielereien, die  
ohne Folgen blieben. Sie erweckten nicht nur  
Bewunderung, sondern auch Furcht. Der An-  
droïd des Albertus Magnus, der die Kire  
öffnete und den Eintretenden begrüßte,  
wurde von dem erschrocken Thomas von  
Aquino durch einen Stockhieb zerstört.

- 1 -

Landendale Arms  
356 Mackenzie St.  
Ottawa, Ont.  
20 August 1951

Gracious and Mighty Beulah,  
Pray, do not lord it over your  
sublime self with fond illusions:  
I shall be called a Meiswistlist  
by all means, but first & foremost  
I shall be called a particularly helpful  
and obnoxious scion of the DeKo-  
nink-Dienne School.  
Crinoline is the most important  
thing at I have known, a suit  
ably. In a postscripted postcard  
your obedient servant A.K.

POST CARD  
POSTAGE  
STAMP  
ONTARIO  
P AUG 20 1951  
CANADA  
103

M. le Doyen  
Charles De Koninck,  
M. S. R.  
25 avenue Ste. Geneviève  
Québec, P.Q.

Montreal/Happy New Year

A Decree went out from Golden, Frankenson & Murray:  
That everyone should to his Christmas shopping early.

(Note the devilishly stress-enhancing effect of the [limping rhyme!] Integrity, New York.)

I wrote to Carol Jackson (not a Roumanian Charles but a shortened Caroline):

I bought the goods early, in joyous and free  
Conformance to the unknown high Decree  
Of Messrs Frankenson, Murray & Golden;  
But already I've sold 'em, so you cannot behold 'em.

— In Speed & Ward's portrait gallery, apart from C. Dawson Mary Perkins (Mrs Ryan) has by the far the best face; she rather resembles Mme Simard. I respectfully disagree in regard to Gilson. He reminds me, not at all of a butcher, but of a clever Israelite lawyer in the 6th district of Budapest, about 1910, who

CANADA

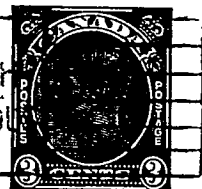
POST CARD (MONTREAL) POSTALE

DEC 30 11 PM 1950

is on the point of standing for  
constituency with strong chances of  
success. Maritain, on the other hand,  
looks like an incompetent shop-assistant  
in the hosiery branch who has sud-  
denly unfolded into a highly efficient  
water-lily. (To do him justice, the por-  
trait worsens him.)

A. K.  
prof. agr.

EAT RIGHT  
FOR HEALTH  
ALIMENTE VOUS  
SAINEMENT



M. Le Doyen  
Charles De Koninck  
25 ave. Ste-Genevieve  
Quebec, P.Q.

Science and Nutrition

By  
A.L. Bacharach  
M.A. (Cantab), F.R.J.C.

London: Watts & Co., 5 & 6 Johnson's Court,  
Fleet Street, E.C.4.

First published 1938  
Second edition (revised) 1945

ADIUTORI  
PER NECESSARIO FERTILISSIMO PER QUAM  
VERSATILI  
RATTO ALBINO NORVEGICO  
HUNC LIBRUM  
AUCTOR ALIQUE EIUDEM DISCIPLINAE  
DANT DONANT DEDICANT

Apt 19, 570 Milton Ave.

Montreal, P.Q.

9 June 1951

General,

Having won through, in some way,  
to page 94, I am now taken with despair  
and find my patient exhausted, at least  
for the time being. (Anyhow, the Marital  
ordeal is expecting me, — with his silly  
face grinning at me from a flap-jacket  
design of such brotherliness and idolized  
meaninglessness as I have never yet seen  
eyes upon.) As for Brief's correction in-  
structions, part of them in shorthand (which  
I am happy to say, I cannot read at all)  
they are unintelligible to me except that  
their general sense seems to be, "Some-  
body ought to write my articles for me,  
seeing that I can only smear them." This

is a most difficult thing to do, especially in the author's absence. The trouble with Briefs is, of course, not only that he certainly does not know English, but that he is as much of a writer as I am of a pianist, and that he is constitutionally deprived of the slightest trace of the sense of logical structure. No doubt, he knows a great deal (materially) about his subject, and has sound opinions. Why you should publish this article in Laval & Co. is more than I can at all understand, for philosophy is a thing utterly and hopelessly remote from Briefs' ken, and in particular, none of your Thomistic readers will ever read a sentence or understand a word of his stuff. But then, see for yourself. If you insist, well then, return the remaining fifteen pages to me; and I will try to groan my way through them, too<sup>x</sup>. See also my

No  
"nice",  
and no  
neatness  
of thought.  
And a great  
deal of  
irrelevant  
"should"s,  
rather ill  
fitting "Lured  
& c."

\* OBEY AND DIE .

question-marks, pp 80, 93, 94. This fellow is one of those who write with their <sup>hind</sup> paws — nothing doing, if you ask me. Moreover, he not only thinks in German while black-ing in English but is afflicted with the tire-some German habit — from which I ~~confess~~ <sup>confess</sup> to not being free myself — of presupposing such expert knowledge and such intellectual proficiency in his readers' minds as cannot in common decency be presupposed. Many allusions and condensed & quasi-arguments would need expansion — which, naturally, the author alone can furnish. At best, this is a sketch, not a printable article. But in any case, its natural place — if any at all — would be some review more expressly devoted to social policy as such.

We have just had the delightful, if short, visit of Mlle Bertha. And we enjoy life here, especially in its more animal and vegetative aspects.

in presentation

Ches-Jeanant Kohner

# FREEDOM FROM UTOPIA

## Political thought in the face of Subversion and Tyranny

### Synopsis

#### I. The presence of Utopia

#### II. The danger and the necessity of Politics

#### III. Subversion and Tyranny

#### IV. The Utopian Mind

#### V. Remarks on the Conservative position

##### I. The presence of Utopia

1. The "Totalitarian" peril and the promise of Utopia
2. The cleavage in "Progressive" Society: the dialectical advantage of Communism
3. The guilt and the task of Philosophy
4. The judgement of Subversion and the lure of Utopia

(The high "motives" of the  
Revolutionist.)

##### II. The danger and the necessity of Politics

5. The ordeal of the State
6. Political controversy and its standard themes
7. The depreciation of politics and the "primacy of the political"
8. The meaning and the primâ facie legitimacy of "Right" and "Left"
9. The bias and the scope of "objective" political thought

meaning wholly vague,  
but such a nice title

it is self-evident for  
a decent man to be a  
Leftist, and so it is to be a Rightist

##### III. Subversion and Tyranny

10. "Leftism" as a conception of Society: the primal ambiguity: the Utopian core of Subversion
11. Equality and Progress: the ethics of "claims"
12. History and Ideology: Progress and Progressionism
13. Idealism and Materialism; Emancipation and Tyranny: the dialectics of self-debasement and self-enslavement
14. Quantity, Fatality and Frustration in Democracy
15. The Marxist expropriation of Utopia: Proletariat and Totality

I see that certain quite fundamental motifs, such as the distinction between political régime (the structure of government) and social régime (classes) do not appear at all in this draft; this is not say that I have been completely unaware of them. (I may have been affected already by Aristotle's strange non-formalism, though.)

#### IV. The Utopian Mind

- The one important point — 16. Utopian perfectionism as distinct from the pursuit of the good
17. "Ens bonum per se" and "ens bonum secundum quid"
18. The "General Will" and the "Common Good"
- reference to Husserl, Erfahrung und Urteil — 19. The Utopian negation of the order of being
20. Utopia in the context of Reality
21. The inherent contradiction of Utopia and the inconsistencies of "common sense"

#### V. Remarks on the Conservative position

22. Types of ~~conservative~~ "Rightism": problems and pitfalls
23. The "crisis of Progress" and the Conservative aspects of Democracy
24. "Modern conditions" and "human nature": the historical function of detached thought
- Provisional. — 25. The principle of Social Pluralism: its presuppositions and implications
- Provisional. — 26. The order of political emphasis and the Conservative concept of Reform
27. The apparent utopia of a "life without Utopia": the meaning of "Religio"

in the framework of a paramount  
Conservation, Progress becomes  
meaningful, though remaining always  
subordinate and supplementary;  
viewed from one side, Utopia (i.e.  
Revolution or Subversion, i.e. the  
work of Anti-Christ) can be described  
as Progress made into the supreme  
and comprehensive principle of  
life — a suicidal contre-sens.

The unjust steward is apparently  
only to be found in Luke, XVI, 8—.  
(9: Make unto you friends of the mammon  
of iniquity: than when you shall fail,  
they may receive you into everlasting  
dwellings. [According to Bellar, this  
is meant ironically: Do as the astute  
steward, in order to ensure yourselves  
a nice snug corner in hell. ??]  
B. has a noted hatred for greed & capitalism.

Let 13: No servant can serve two  
masters.... for cannot serve God  
and mammon. — We should, then,  
imitate the technique of the steward,  
keeping strictly aloof from his  
Governing [moral] and therefore not  
exactly be deceitful and unscrupulous,  
but merely prudently aware of the  
world and its ways, making use of  
them occasionally for pious aims —  
perhaps. I would add that  
"Abundance for All" [the "Wellfare  
State"] is more "Mammon" than  
is, say, "my banking-account."

Utopia. (Also, to understand La-  
marmain & Mainlain.) Lamartine,  
(L'avenir politique, questions in  
answer to) verse form, by his friend  
Dr. Bouchard at Mâcon. V. Utopie  
[abridged] pp 31 seqq. Lamartine, Re-  
cueils et dernières poésies,  
Clamiques Larousse.

T. S. V. P.

The probable source of this  
painful howler is misconception  
arising from mere "association":  
perhaps my mentioning the  
"horrible" Mrs L., whom we  
sometimes had to ~~see~~ see in  
Cambridge, Mass.

All the rest is roughly correct,  
and in parts very well put, al-  
though the first alinéa is not from  
my lecture but from my booklet  
Pons being well aware of this) and  
the long alinéa in the last column,  
preceding asterisks, is a rendering  
of Hans Freyer's idea rather than  
mine. I like the brutal frankness  
with which Pons refers to my  
"leftist," i.e. Clemencist and Christian  
Democratic past (not forgetting, though,  
to draw the proper limits concerning both).  
11. B. The "national rising" or "our Cru-

A very good anti-utopian motto is the following, by Tennyson I believe (but I am not certain of it, and my Eryman's Encyclopedia of Quotations does not have it):

God gave all men all earth to love,  
 But since our hearts are small,  
 Ordained for each one spot should prove  
 Beloved over all.

(17. self-love and piety in Moral Theology. Utopia would override this order, and make every man actually incarnate the universal consciousness of mankind. So-called "personalism" is nothing else.)

I maintain that Russell's doctrine of the pre-logical experience of the world as a "perceptive" implicit in our first object-experience is not, as he and some of his admirers & critics seem to have thought, a "re-assertion of Descartes' work" but the most

Non praeteribit generatio haec  
 Matth. xxiv, 34. P. 324, cf. i.

St. Thomas' interpretation is substantially the same as the one I ventured to suggest: quod omnes fideles sunt una generatio.... non cessabit fides usque ad finem mundi.

Indeed, unless I have been taught otherwise, the Sacrifice of the Mass is in some fashion identical with the Eucharist, and in the Holy Eucharist the Last Supper is "re-enacted" continuing. In a sense, we rise from that Meal <sup>(and)</sup> longer: Christianity is a fixed "moment" enduring until the end of times.

Admitting that Progress in a very significant sense is brought into the world by Christianity only, I maintain that X<sup>ty</sup> also sets the stage for an enforced sense of Conservation.

Référence :		No. de L. C.	
Recommandé par :		Prix	
Prix approximatif		Reçu le	
Edition ou série		Titre	
Lieu d'édition		Commandé le	
Éditeur		A	
Vol.		Commandé le	
Nombre d'exemplaires		A	

code = a victory of one group over the other, a victory of the Spanish people over the Spanish invaders, the Spanish workers, the had "freed" the Spanish workers.

Madrid, 30 June 1952.

55

I have done it at last. The dream of my life has come true. I had attempted a similar trick some ~~twenty~~ <sup>twenty-five</sup> years ago, but failed. This time they didn't notice: I have pulled it off. You saw me happy once—in the summer of 1945, when your gratuitous generosity called me from Death unto life (if you can speak of "life" in the Arctic zone, that is). You would see me happier now.

Nous nous réunissons  
 beaucoup  
 PARIS EN FLANANT à travers  
 Saint-Germain des Pres  
 Mais fumes à Compiègne et à  
 des Jumeaux. Dominique, Jeanne et des garçons  
 sont avec comme les deux sœurs et Clémentine  
 sont avec et comme sous une. Par contre, les  
 de M. Jacques est représentée, Dominique  
 tout de suite comme des sœurs et a-  
 fait préparé un gâteau d'ortie le jour même, se s'ég-  
 leindra point. — Marguerite fait bien ici et ab-  
 portant le journal anglais, je pénétrai dans  
 pour quand au départ. En route, comme les garçons  
 sont les garçons des jumeaux reçoit tout ce qu'il y a  
 les garçons sont les garçons des jumeaux et les garçons  
 les garçons sont les garçons des jumeaux et les garçons  
 les garçons sont les garçons des jumeaux et les garçons

Editions d'Art  
Paris, 6 août 1952

15, Rue Martel,  
Editions d'Art  
Fabrication Française - Reproduction interdite

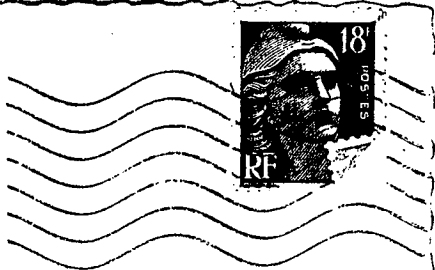
Monsieur le Doyen

Charles De Koninck

25 avenue St-Geneviève

Québec, P.Q.

CANADA



Nothing can any more erase my name from the annals of British literary curiosities and of Anglo-Danubian Rumours.

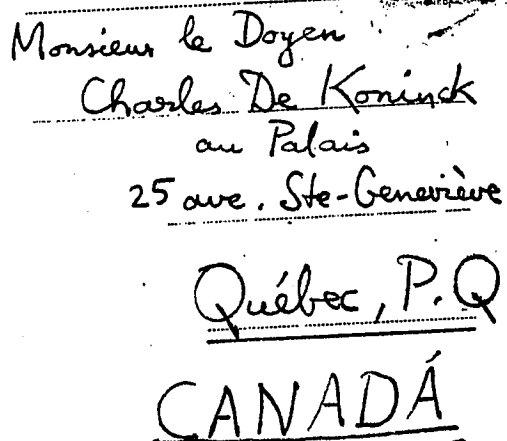
I look at the May 17th issue of The Tablet, page 397, where you will find my page aside, designated by some misprints of which I am innocent on Kuchel's book. In the middle of the 2nd column, a sentence begins thus: Quoting an obscure writer in support of his claim, .....

The obscure writer (author of Le culte de l'homme commun etc.) is none other but the writer, i.e.

your affectionate son

Caecil Kohnen

himself.



**Helioptila Artística Española.—Madrid**

Salamanca, 6 jun. Oct 1952

Ilustre Chef et Supérieur,

Vous avez raison : Salamougue est une mauvaise vieille toute pasticheuse. Mais pourquoi me faites-vous le fait, voyez sous quelle importance, qu'elle est au même temps le point culminant en ce qui concerne les plaisirs du palais? La cuisine d'Irakoum Holey comme un aspect de mille et d'écarter entre l'ambassade Russe, et la capitale gosse d'Akier Sincere  
Sont m'aurez prouté un souvenir qui va devenir le roble de ma vie, j'ai-il long. Ce matin nous vîmes un vrai Boursel, relevant d'un moment ludoque.  
C'est-à-dire journalisme. Au lieu d'être impressionné de sa qualité, elle est plus même l'honneur, n'est-ce pas?

CANADA

Quaker, P.O.

25 Ave. Ste-Genovieve

Monseigneur le Duc  
Charles de Rohan, F.R.S.C.



Amica, 28 June '52  
TARJETA POST  
IMPRESO EN ESPAÑA

Monrovia & Doyon,

De retour de Burgos, nous avons  
 tenues à Añor. A Burgos, la publi-  
 cation de beaucoup plus nombreux qu'à  
 Madrid et à Burgos, on m'y a  
 encore beaucoup moins compris et  
 par conséquent plus d'indifférence  
 nous accusant. Don Leopoldo  
 de publier son petit opus "De  
 Bogomas a Burgos", qu'on ne nous  
 parvenne tout de suite. Dedicare a Bogomas  
 a notre sein. Seuflexion. Curieux  
 quel genre il est devenu. Il paraît  
 généralement. Casa de los Doctores  
 de la Hous. Maison des Docteurs.

25. AVILA:

The foreman of the girls says with almost best of the  
 expression really of the male comrades saying the worst of the  
 TARJETA POSTAL to Q.  
 Madrid, 3 June 52  
 SUPREME CHIEF,  
 [3 months soon to day]  
 Quickly, Charles your aeroplane and proceed to the  
 noble City, so as to inspect the buildings of the Research  
 Council (in the Residence adjoining to which we shall live,  
 by the way, from tomorrow to 30th June), where magnificent  
 and grandiose splendour impresses one as if it had ex-  
 pressed been made for you. I don't find it a thing  
 grand and high style (not Rockefeller style), though nothing  
 out of tune with my sensually petty mode of experiencing  
 the world and its pleasures. — You'll say that we have  
 not room, not so narrow that it is the same of the  
 best REAL in the world (especially at the restaurant of the  
 Café Uruguay, corner Puerta del Sol / Alcala, of course not  
 coffee).  
 Your most affectionate friend, Amalio K.

Staline est la rosée qui mouille les déserts...

A bas le marxisme!

Mais

Vivent les Mœurs Intellectuelles!

CDK, au front bombé, aux blondes crinières,  
 N'est autre que le pouvoir qui fait marcher nos lumières;  
 DeM est le son de nos accordéons;  
 L'abbé MD, de toute démonstration capable,  
 Est le suc sucré de nos érables;  
 EB, au regard d'aiglon fier,  
 Est le coca-cola qui coule dans nos verres.

A St) est la brillance des pourpres crépuscules,  
 AC, le tourbillonnement même des corpuscules.

Ce que peut Marie Matuchova,  
 Je le peux aussi bien!

A.K.

### St. Thomas Aquinas

St. Thomas Aquinas in language terse  
Wrote great books on the Universe,  
To his students he sought to show  
The truths their Maker would have them know;  
"For some He shows us, without a doubt,  
And some He expects us to reason out."

St. Thomas Aquinas, before he died,  
Saw a vision of God, and cried—  
"Such great things I have seen revealed:  
I cannot tell them, my lips are sealed,  
But all I have written and spoken is  
Nothing at all compared with this!"

### Desiderius Erasmus

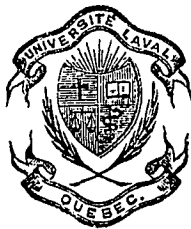
Erasmus was a Dutchman,  
Erasmus was a wit,  
There never was a foolish thing  
But he made fun of it:  
He laughed at stupid lazy monks,  
At pompous shams and lies,  
And gave reforming men who thought  
None but themselves were wise.

Erasmus was a scholar,  
He sought out what was true  
In all the learning that was old,  
In all thoughts that were new;  
Time cannot take away his fame  
Nor yet his memory dim;  
Erasmus was a scholar, and  
We all remember him.

A Rhyme Book of Christian Men  
By Vera E. Walker  
illustrated by  
Claire Oldham

D. C. M. Press  
56 Bloomsbury Street, London, W. C. 1.

AU



Uctor, transposui tuum opusculum:  
Nonne merui quoddam jusculum  
(Guttam vini Lisbonensis—vini usti—aut whisculum)?

UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL

FACULTÉ DE PHILOSOPHIE

Aere perennius fecisti monumentum;  
Mox tibi reddetur emolumentum:  
Sestertiorum summula pinguis—

F a v e t e l i n g u i s !

Ecce Ecclesiæ Magisterium,  
Voce tonitruans ut megatherium:

DEUS SALVAM FAC REGINAM DOMUMQUE WINDSOR —

Deputatus autem sic loquitur Censor:

AUctor, Sancti Thomæ eximius sectator,  
Nec est Manichæus nec turpis potator;  
Per demonstrationes idoneas  
Repulsit propositiones erroneas;  
Modo quem admirabunt probi ac sapientes,  
Confutavit theses hæresim sapientes;  
Necnon infixit aures vigilantes  
In phrases suspectas et male sonantes;  
Hæreseos in faciem tamquam a tergo  
Confregit aciem. Itaque, vel ergo,

N i h i l o b s t a t .

(Imo, Censor ei triumphum exoptat.)

Solemni ter declarat nunc Generalis  
Ordinis Prædicatorum ut talis:

AUctor de virtute optime dissertat;  
Contra errores feliciter certat.

Melliflue dissertat de Sobrietate

Magnâ cum prudentiâ,

Necnon eloquentiâ,

Doctrinâ, scientiâ ac pietate;

Vero, Angelici modo disserit —

(Utinam copiam operum scripserit!)

Nocet nemini:

Potest imprimi.

Nonnullis prodest:

Imprimi potest.

Cantant Angeli: Ecce CAROLUS,  
Divi fidelissimus Thomæ famulus,  
Quo majus in sæculo nequaquam datur —

Humilis transpositor ~~labore~~ <sup>jam</sup> satur —

Jubilat Christi grex;

Fulminat Pontifex:

I m p r i m a t u r !

ACCEDITE ROMAM  
TE AD THOMAM



CARD

Monseigneur & Doyen  
Charles De Koninck

25 avenue Ste-Jeanne  
Québec, P.Q.

Canada



London, 17-8-52

Canary

Discounting exceptions, provisions  
and qualifications, here is a resume  
of my travel impressions:

To see Men, — go to England.  
To see Women, — to Spain.  
To see Cats, — to France.

Pais is pleasant, agreeable, likeable.  
Neither Spain nor England are. But how can  
I choose between my dove splendours, the  
imperial, redundant wit, sweet laughter, which

is Spain, and my delicate, elegant, elegant  
and more delicate which is my England?

GRAPHIC STUDIOS - TUNBRIDGE WELLS - KENT.

## Dr Noltitz's Sanatorium

### A simple Tale

Nothing short of a wizard, was the Chef at the Liberal Noblemen's Club! Let no man despise the bourgeois self-complacency of the prosperous Socialist trade-union caciques; the coarse, if hearty, opulence of the National Radicals, those Calvinist lovers of the earth; the odd epicurean asceticism of the Personalists with their filtered soups and their solitary glasses of dainty Malaga; the sober and measured elaboration of those formal banquets the Conservatives are so fond of. But give me the Liberal Noblemen's Club, once for all! Such repasts—for that's what they are; "meals" are good enough for the family, or for artists and suchlike gentry—such repasts, I say, restore your body to the state of angelic innocence and make you forget you have a soul (of all nasty things); again, in the aftermath, your soul would grow wings and the hampering presence of a body fade out of memory: which is another way of being like unto the angels. Anyhow, the "outsiders" Csatóry and Feleki are gone now, mindful of their parliamentary duties; and while the rest of us, four men all in all (for Agoraszto, too, is on the point of leaving, though he pretexts no political engagement) are "lingering over our port"—and whenever Lord Something is in a mind to have some port that is port, he has to take the train and join us—I might as well acquaint you briefly with our names.

Stephen Ráth is our host, once for a brief spell Secretary of State for Transport, now uninterested in any kind of transport other than procured by food and wine, spring and autumn, love and letters. He is, incidentally, by no means what you would call a wealthy man; which is all to the good: it being the secret of happiness, if you'll excuse a truism, to possess little as though one possessed a great deal. Professor Szladek, on the other hand, the "European capacity" in the way of Dermatology—could you imagine a Hungarian story without a "European capacity" entering the scene? I, for one, cannot—is nothing if not wealthy: he is worth fifteen thousand ulászlós per annum if he is worth a penny. You can see it from the shape of his chin-beard: not that his barber is more expensive than yours or mine; but under the hidden laws of social nature no such chin-beards, so tufty, silky and just a trifle disorderly and over-luxuriant I mean, will ever spring up unless nurtured by the arrogance of great wealth. I next mention myself, the least well-to-do and by far the most insignificant member of our party: Béla Worm—~~Worm~~, "son to" the great financier and not-so-conspicuous Liberal statesman Jonas Worm; but be sure I am no more than a young insurance clerk of middling abilities and moderate prospects, with a taste for "culture" and quite pleasant as a piece of "cotton-wool" in the company of my betters. (As it is, I am fairly satisfied with being what I am.)

Lastly, the hero of the evening, the great man—John Enyedi, the man who has returned, only a few months ago, from a fourteen years' stay abroad: the man of mystery, the magnet of attraction; and yet one "round whom the void forms," as the French say. He is about to retire to his estate in Bihar County, engrossed in some sort of historical work, it seems, or is it an entirely new approach in Experimental Philosophy? There have been wild rumours about "syphilitic dementia" or what-not. About syphilis I know as little as I do about rheumatism or

ague; as for dementia... The fools would do well to look for folly closer to their own premises, I daresay. Dementia, indeed! Never have I met a saner, hardly ever a wiser man. His speech is clipped and measured, with just a suspicion of foreign accent (which strikes me as Swedish or perhaps "archaic" rather than properly German); his wit, occasionally pungent and blade-like, concealed habitually, mercilessly not to say shamelessly displayed if the object so demands; his sympathies, as natural and conventional as any one's, yet ready to peep beyond nature and to put aside convention with marvellous ease. His close-shaved face has at once the hardness of marble and the haphazard manifoldness of terracotta; slightly sallow, and yet not without the suggestion of bullish bulk; his eyes are exactly as you imagine them to be: brown-grey, gem-like, deep-set, alive with a glow modulated by discretion and tempered by the ever-present and, by Jove, playful control of reason. From whatever borderlands this man may have come home, it is certainly not from the swamps of insanity.

"Gentlemen," Stephen Ráth rose from his chair, "I think we'd better go the my place now. You've promised me, Enyedi... well, not promised in so many words... still, hinted..."

"Don't make a speech about it," laughed Enyedi, "and don't labour to coax me into what I am anyhow most ~~eager~~ eager to do. Assuredly, to your palatial home we will repair" (Ráth lives in a comfortable little flat out in Óbuda, Upper Szvenderszky Street) "and you shall hear everything... gracious, not everything, but the gist of it. If it is going to bore you, Charles" (Charles is Professor Szladek's Christian name), "so much the worse for you; besides, you may check any small incorrections in my account. Young Worm" (turning to me), "your presence, pleasant as it has been up to now, will be not only welcome but indispensable for the rest of the evening. Ráth is merely the host, he provides the framework—Szladek is no more than a shadow" (Szladek grunted), "well, shall we say a witness—you, young Worm, shall be the audience, the public, the plain man, the recorder for generations to come, quoi!"

Meanwhile, we had donned our greatcoats, tipped the Club servants, run down the stairs and tasted the raw air of the chill night. Ráth, lighting a fresh cigar, hailed a cab. We were rattling northward at a leisurely pace... Szladek holding forth on the cleverness and the incredible gruffness of Professor Ortolányi, that able, grasping and whimsically charitable scientist who is known to take Holy Communion every morning when on the way to his clinic. Of course, his field is internal medicine... so his glory would not interfere with Szladek's.

"Make yourselves at home, gentlemen," Ráth performed the needless ritual—for we were already doing so, with a vengeance. I, in particular, busied myself with the creature's comforts which were to stimulate our strange guest's narrative and enhance our enjoyment of it. The roar of the fire-place was soon subsiding into a damped murmur, mingled with the womanly hissing of the tea-kettle; chairs were drawn up and softened by the beats of expert hands; liqueur-bottles made their appearance like so many masked, inquisitive dwarfs; the landscape of the smoking-room was presently in fighting trim. Ráth told us the latest joke about fast young Countess Gyulai—she had spent a long night with the English Duke of Fourfold in the erroneous belief that it was his handsome, muscular groom. But the anecdote fell flat. We were all impatient to hear Enyedi's story and see the veil lifted from his many-years absence.

"Place that Benedictine out of my reach, young man!" he bawled at me, with a merry twinkle of his eyes. I am like most people: 'I can

resist everything but temptation'; yet I am an invalid of sorts, you know!" Then, clearing his throat: "Hi, young rascal! Who told you to remove the Egyptians?!" (In fact, even in the interval between two smokes, he would at least lovingly finger a bunch of Gianacis cigarettes.)

"Well, then—he began, very seriously, and stopped.

"Another thimbleful of Benedictine, after all."

And then he set about it at last, talking for an hour or so, with scarcely any interruption. Time and again, Professor Szladek would nod in assent, or make some other sign of confirmation—or slight qualification (as the case might be), always received by Enyedi with a courteous bow and smile. Now, as for the story, it turned out to be odd enough, to be sure, but a bit meagre. Its more important backgrounds I cannot reveal to you for the excellent reason that I could hardly guess at them myself.

"Don't interrupt me every now and then!" he exclaimed, irritably.

"Why, you old Bolshevik, you haven't even begun your recital! Who's interrupting you?" Rath remonstrated with him. I was struck by the curious fitness of that hearty epithet, "you old Bolshevik": it somehow seemed to express an essential trait in Enyedi's personality! The man was of living, nervous granite; and so had been the old Bolsheviks of yore, bless their heroic memories—ugly devils though; I shouldn't have fancied living in their age.

"Forgive me, Stephen, excuse my temper, gentlemen! I am hampered by some slight 'inhibitions,' truth to tell, and so I'm borrowing the impetus of sheer violence to swing me into play. How shameful of me. But then I was worse as a young man—when your age, my friend Béla—and that's precisely I was going to tell you about. ~~Not~~ Not to put too fine a point on it, I was violent, selfish, uncontrolled, sensual, and in a way, anxious too—afraid of myself, I suppose, and doggedly trying to persuade myself of my integral courage..."

(An abridgment of John Enyedi's tale)

As a young man, I suffered from a curious disease, mental to be sure, but most certainly this side insanity. Its clumsy medical name is "syphilidophobia."

My father had died of some obscure spinal trouble when I was still a boy. Whether it had been locomotor ataxia, whether he had ever been a victim of syphilis at all, I could never make out. So much is certain—and I knew it early—that no hereditary taint (tare, as the French call it) could ever be detected in me. Still, an unreasonable fear of syphilis, along with the gloomy foreboding that sooner or later I was doomed to contract it, had fixed itself in my adolescent mind, and no effort of my wiser friends (or, for that matter, of my own) succeeded in dislodging it.

Well, it is not easy to catch syphilis if one is careful. Of this I was clearly aware. Unfortunately, I was also acquainted with the fact that "innocent" means of contagion could not be theoretically excluded. I developed a morbid attitude to glasses and tea-cups of uncertain cleanness, let alone barber-shops (which I came to dread as though they were Moroccan brothels); I objected to the juicy kisses an old aunt of mine, who lived in the provinces (bless her soul!) was grimly determined to inflict upon me on the rare occasions we met; any passing little disturbance of the skin, any slightly persistent headache or coil in the head would send me running to the doctor, who would unwillingly submit to the ordeal of a routine examination for syphilis, and spit up

dark threats of "certifying" me for forcible seclusion in a "mental home."

More unfortunately, again, could I be always careful? For, in my young days, the devil of the flash spurred me as hard as any one. To make matters worse, I knew from the outset I was not cut out for marriage. The disgusting phantoms and torturing spasms of ungratified sensuality, nay, syphilis itself, were still better than being sewed to a woman's skirts, always the same—indeed, even were it not always the same: for solitude and virile friendship alone would befit my dignity and my sense of comfort... "Love" was rather like periodical fits of dipsomania... yes, Quartalsäufertum, as the Germans put it. To erect it into a constitutive basis of my life struck me as a sort of intolerable self-enslavement. As for having children, the idea seemed to be too scurrilous, too monstrous, even to outrage me: it was simply an impossibility. Yet the Roman Catholics are not so wrong when they insist that marriage really exists for the sake of progeny. That monkey business, then, was clearly out of the question.

My connexions with girls were few and far between, and utterly transitory. I preferred a certain discreetly venal, prudent type not only to the common street-walker but also to the so-called "poule de luxe" who is not only dear but wilful into the bargain, and even more to the licentious "society woman" who has the effrontery to expect you to "love" her, who more often than not costs you dearer in the end than even the fashionable courtesan, and who is sometimes less easy to be disposed of than even the legitimate scourge called "spouse." Well, whenever I did indulge I exercised, of course, the utmost technical care—and to good purpose. Regular examinations, in due course after every "suspicious contact," would show me each time as free from any venereal contamination as, according to tradition, a new-born lamb may be from sin.

Now, some sixteen years ago—I was well over thirty by then—something exceptional befell, which was to give turn to my course of life. It was, as you rightly surmise, a slightly different and more lasting kind of female adventure. I would not say I fell in love; nor was it exactly a trance of lust; much less would I speak of a "decent" friendship. Here are the rough outlines. She was a Roumanian dancer, raven-haired, ivory-skinned, with a thin, sharp-contoured face and a plump, firm body—the type that attracted me—of course in some sense also a professional harlot but fairly selective and not very mercenary, and with a certain terse, bitter, cynical matter-of-factness about her which in my impression bordered on genius. I will admit that this latter quality—contempt of romanticism and of roseate illusions in a person passionate and fond of pleasure—literally fascinated me. I used not only to "take her out" regularly, to attend night by night the theatres where she performed, to buy her flowers and presents more expensive, but even to sit with her and listen to her talk, to take her on long walks through the suburbs of my preference, and to travel with her a bit. She was to stay a month in Budapest, but ultimately made it no less than four months, for my sake. Needless to say, she drew a regular allowance from me, which however was not excessive. For about six weeks, our relations remained entirely platonic. Seeing her origins and circumstances, I did not feel at all certain as to her health; nor did it tax my strength too much to exercise self-control, as I greatly enjoyed the novel charm of her personality even without using her at the same time as an apparatus for "relief."

But one day she suddenly and peremptorily told me our relations were to cease altogether unless I went to bed with her. "Why on ~~any~~ earth?" I asked, astonished. She briefly explained that on the one

hand, she suffered in her conscience by giving me less than the equivalent of my gifts to her, and that, on the other, she wanted "a more durable source of income" which, in her experience, could not be made out of a man unless he were bound to her by carnal ties; adding, as an afterthought, that moreover she desired me. To bed we went, then, and a success it was, too. Even so, however, our mutual interest continued being centred in the personal rather than in the sensual sphere. To put it in a word, it was her oddness and originality—impossible to describe—in which I delighted chiefly; and a woman, much as she may love money and coition as such, will mostly delight in the delight she inspires in a man rather than in anything else.

Finally, she could no longer postpone her trip to Paris, and had then to go back to her native Braila. She soon ceased to write. I had enquiries made a few years later, and learned that she had committed suicide within less than a year from the time of our acquaintance-ship, being "out of means." I let it rest at that. I had other dogs to whip, as the saying goes.

No sooner had the dancer seduced me than my apprehension of syphilis revived and started eating out my peace of mind. Yet weeks and more weeks passed without my noticing any local symptom, until the lady (whom I had told nothing about my preoccupations) smilingly remarked one night that I had apparently become a less reserved, a more passionate, lover. Lover or not, passionate or not, when she was gone I heaved a sigh, melancholy enough, yet of relief. Forthwith I dropped in at the excellent dermatologist's who was also one of my best friends—why make a secret of it? it was none other than Dr Szladak, sitting here amongst us—and made a full confession to him. Once again we went through the ritual... once again to the same purpose. Personal anamnesis could reveal nothing suspicious; and all objective tests turned out to be eloquently "negative."

Some six weeks later, I still haunted by occasional fears, I again called at Szladak's office, and this time he grew seriously angry, did good Charles. He threw me out without so much as looking at me, devolving me on another great specialist, an older man who is now dead—Professor Funták his name was. Well, Funták cost me about as much as a fortnight spent with my Roumanian dancer, though it was less amusing. When dismissing me, he suggested that I might do worse than see Professor Trendelmann, the famous psychotherapist. This piece of advice, however, I disregarded.

Several more weeks had elapsed when, having felt vaguely seedy for days, to my intense and painful surprise I discovered certain skin irregularities on parts of my body—nothing much to boast of—and at once felt certain that, this time, I'd "got it." Of course, like any illiterate nincompoop, I had overlooked the local primary signs—but, hang it all, didn't she once bite my lips rather savagely during amorous intercourse? and didn't I have a sore throat some time later?... fool that I was, I put it down to the flu', the treacherous springtide weather!—and here was the generalized secondary outcrop in its full glory...now was the time for mercury, salvarsan, bismuth, potassium iodide, and all the rest of 'em, general mobilization—perhaps, for all I knew, malarial cure at once?!

Trembling with fear and excitement, but not without a certain triumphal air, I appeared at Dr Szladak's. After a few murderous glances and ungracious remarks, he at last condescended to "have a look at it." Almost directly he did so he exclaimed in profound disdain: "As I thought!—No, my precious, this isn't syphilis, or I'm a Dutchman. Yes, my pet, I am sure. I can tell syphilis from my grandmother, 'when I sees it.' Eh? What it is? Well, nothing to be bothered about—perhaps a sort of Impetigo such-and-such-alis and hocus-pocus-ilis, don't be

too interested." He prescribed an ointment and urged me to take aspirin should I feel fluey.

It took me a couple of more weeks, with my skin spots slightly progressing, to prevail upon Szladek to apply the requisite tests again. This time he did it thoroughly, though convinced of their superfluity. And in fact, his verdict was—No trace of syphilitic infection in my body.

"Still, wait a moment"—he added. "Er... you might run up once more to Colleague Funtak. You see, it's as well to have a second opinion."

"Ah-ha!" I exulted. "A somewhat irregular type of syphilis, doubtless—tropical, or something."

"Tropical my foot," he said crossly. "No, I suspect nothing of the kind. Still, as you're no beggar, do see Funtak. I'll ring him in the meantime."

To make a long story short, Professor Funtak in the end dismissed me with the succinct declaration: "Even though I didn't trust Colleague Szladek's judgment as I do my own—no trace of syphilis in your system: I pledge my reputation on it."

"Yes, yes, I've heard so," Szladek received me. "Now don't worry, but go home and have a good night's rest—then come back here, let me see... the day after tomorrow, say, at half-past four. By the way, er... is Dr Mráz still your general practitioner?"

"Well, in a way he is" I said. "He is a friend of mine; a very nice chap, too."

"Excellent man," Szladek nodded. "Well, bye-bye, and do try to get rid of your phobia," he added with an arch wink.

In spite of his asking about Mráz, I was surprised to find that worthy physician at Szladek's office when I called there at the appointed hour. The two doctors examined me clinically once more; they asked me lots of questions, some of them bearing on the Roumanian girl. Finally, Mráz cleared his throat. They "strongly advised" me to go and consult a great capacity, Professor Noltitz, near Riga in the Baltic Dukedom. What was more, they would take this happy opportunity to have a professional chat with Baron Noltitz themselves, and so would accompany me both of them in person. They had already booked seats in the North-East night express for the following evening, and requested me to pack my luggage at once... in prevision of a sojourn of some length, by the way.

"What does this mean?!" I cried impatiently. "So, after all, I have syphilis!"

"Oh no" they both protested at once. "Nothing of the kind. But you have some skin condition, not so common in this country, which—or the like of which—Dr Noltitz has been a great expert on... and to cure which is all the more imperative as it is necessary ~~to~~ in order to cure you also—he, he!—of your syphilidophobia: for as long as anything is wrong with your esteemed skin, you will persist in suspecting you've got lues..."

"Look, Szladek," I said now, firmly, "and you, Mráz. Will you swear I am not a sufferer from lues?"

"I solemnly do swear that you are not," said Mráz very earnestly. "So do I," Szladek hastened to subjoin, "and I daresay I may just as well swear on Professor Funtak's behalf, too."

I reflected a moment or ~~two~~ two. Pale, I rose to my feet. "Then I tell you what"—I said, hoarsely—"for I do not believe in the patient's playing up to the doctor's tactics of deception. You both think I am mad, and intend to take me to a lunatic asylum."

This time, Szladek was the first to answer. "I am quite certain that you are entirely sane, though a bit highly strung and neurotic, and the place where we want you to go—"

7  
"—is not a lunatic asylum, not even a resting-home for neurotics, but Noltitz's experimental clinic for the more aristocratic kinds of dermic affections... the excellent climate of the Baltic Sea being reputed for its soothing effects, // incidentally, on both Vitiligo purpuriformis and Prurigo paradoxica, &c. &c., and so, you see..."

Swaying between belief and disbelief—both seeming equally impossible—in the end I grudgingly submitted. My curiosity was aroused and the fact of two myrmidons attending to my "esteemed skin," preparing to a third, a Baltic nobleman at that, could not fail to flatter me a wee bit. I hissed, viciously but at the moment actually in higher spirits:

"Very well—have it your own way, artful leeches!"

.....  
These two days—having my trunks packed, dismissing my valet, shutting my flat up, and the mournful night journey through Moravia and Silesia... then the dreary plains of Western Poland—passed like a dream. It is true that the two doctors had administered me some rather pleasant drug.

Finally—it was nightfall already—we arrived, by motor, at an estate harbouring many ~~XXXX~~ large, flat building along with some smaller ones. Human figures hushed to and fro, in great silence. It looked ominously like a closed establishment.

We were admitted through a heavy, huge gate (which boomed rather than creaked when opened), and ushered to a consulting-room, friendly enough but uncannily large.

Five minutes had barely passed when a tall figure, dry rather than thin, commanding and at the same time kindly in a way, appeared at the threshold and quickly advanced well into the middle of the room, greeting us with a measured bow and a ~~XXX~~ faint, almost imperceptible, yet somehow hearty smile. Was it his noble bearing, his domed forehead, his long—all but white—moustaches, or the deep life of his immobile, absorbing steel-grey eyes that at once evoked my trust and affection?

He seemed to click his heels in the Prussian manner; but I remember that it was inaudible.

Then came the ~~XXXX~~ quaint, broad melody of his Baltic voice.

"Doktor Friedrich Freiherr von Noltitz"—he introduced himself.

Bowing on my part, I spoke directly, in a sharp voice which rang quite alien in my own ears.

"Herr Doktor" I said—"Baron," I interpolated—"these two medical gentlemen affirm that I am not a venereal patient and that this place is not a lunatic asylum either. Do they speak the truth?"

"Of course they do," von Noltitz answered with some liveliness—indeed, the faintest touch of indignation—in his voice. "This is a leprosy, and you, sir, are a leprosy patient."

That, then, was the solution of the riddle. A few moments of deadly silence followed.

"I welcome you heartily in our midst," von Noltitz added now almost ingratiatingly, "and do hope we shall cure you completely—six cases out of ten are so cured nowadays— but, of course, you must cooperate firmly and intelligently (which no doubt you will), and use great patience. Hum... is your digestion good? So much the better! Not that panchaulmoogra oil is our last resort these days, well no!" he assured me with a lightning-brief confidential smile. And I felt determined to "cooperate firmly and intelligently" until the enemy lay shattered, if only for his sake.

"And on the next morning," Dr Szladek finished Enyedi's narrative. "Mráz and I departed... The cure took more than ten years. Poor Mráz died of septic pneumonia six years ago; Punták was killed only last year, as you know; and Baron Noltitz, hoary with age, is still the active head of the Clinic at Pallekallen, or what's the place' name..."

"So leprosy still exists—" said I, young Béla Worm, stupidly. "So it does," murmured Stephen Ráth, urging us to drink and to smoke. "But you, my dear Enyedi, have done with it for good and all, —eh?"

"I have not," said John Enyedi, in a voice like thunder.

"But then—" cried Ráth and I, terrified.

"He is ~~completely~~ completely cured," interposed Szladek, with a grin.

"Are you going, then"—pursued Ráth—"to cure or to nurse lepers yourself, during the rest of your life?"

"Not so," said Enyedi, smiling in his turn. "But my years spent in Dr Noltitz's Sanatorium, and a few more devoted to my 'after-treatment' in Switzerland and elsewhere, which I really studied away at the various great libraries of Europe, provided me with valuable insights into that other and worse leprosy, too, which is still glowing under the ashes, in the Eurasian plains... and I am going to dedicate the rest of my life to fighting leprosy... so that, when again it lifts its head, as it surely will some day, we should be ready, this time, to meet it..."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried I.

"Why, the leprosy of human society—Bolshevism! Do you really imagine (for there are some who think so: fools, utter fools!) mankind has definitely done with that?! No more, much less indeed, than it has with physical leprosy! And believe me, that other leprosy has also certain physical roots, with their concrete habitats in certain parts of the earth! I am preparing un bouquin on these things, but that's only a beginning; my Russian friends have asked me to pry into the matter more closely and ~~the~~ discuss with them various details of social medicine... Let me emphasize that the fundamental idea really originates not with me, but with Baron Noltitz himself... Anyhow, may our good friends, the Conservative political philosophers, turn their attention to Syphilis as it were: Western Progressive Democracy, I mean; that's my cup of tea no longer... I have taken a fancy to the sham corpse, Bolshevism—yes, my young friend, Leprosy for me!"

"And may God assist you, sir!" I cried.—We drank.

ooo\$\$\$\$\$ooo

# CRITIQUE OF UTOPIA

## Political thought in the face of Subversion and Tyranny

.....

### I. The presence of Utopia

1. The Totalitarian peril and the promise of Utopia
2. The cleavage in "Progress": the dialectical advantage of Communism
3. The primâ facie meaning of Utopia
4. "Right" and "Left"
5. "Leftism" as a conception of Society: the Utopian core of Subversion
6. Progress and Equality; Emancipation and Tyranny
7. The Marxist expropriation of Utopia: Proletariat and Totality

### II. The Utopian Mind

8. Utopian Perfectionism as distinct from the pursuit of the Good
9. The all-goodness of Man: the vanishing of Good and Evil
10. The "General Will" as distinct from the "Common Good"
11. Omnipotent Reason and plastic Imbecillity
12. The Utopian negation of the order of Being
13. Utopia in the context of Reality
14. The inherent contradiction of Utopia and the inconsistencies of "Common Sense"

### III. "Freedom from Utopia"

15. The apparent utopia of a return to Sanity
16. Types of "Rightism": problems and pitfalls
17. The "crisis of Progress" and the conservative aspects of Democracy
18. "Modern conditions" and "Human Nature"
19. Some basic principles of Restoration
20. The right order of political emphasis
21. Veritas liberabit vos: the meaning of Religio

S y n o p s i s :

The THOMIST article, as it will appear in 1949, probably in July  
=====

----- G R E E N marking -----

THE MEANING OF THE "COMMON MAN"  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

	pages
1.The "sovereignty of the Common Man"	1---7
2.A privative concept	8---13
3.The dialectics of Equality	13---23
4.Equality and Similarity	23---28
5.The fallacy of the "middle level"	28---30
6.An analysis of "odious" inequality	30---35
7.The equivocation about the "Plain Man" and the "Common Man"	36---43
8.How the "Common Man" differs from the "Plain Man"	43---48
9.The postulate of "Identity": Anarchism the soul of Totalitarianism	49---55
10.The postulate of "Identity": The individualist and the collectivist aspect of the "Common Man"	55---64
11.Conclusion: The subversion of human nature and the self-enslavement of Man	64---70

-----  
: : : : :  
-----  
N o t to appear in the THOMIST:

NO PAGES 17-72

----- M A G E N T A marking -----

pp. i-14, 1-16 What was originally the Introductory Section of the article:  
The problem. This might form the basis of an article on "Types<sup>x</sup> of"  
or "Inadequate forms<sup>xx</sup> of Anti-Communism". The Mottees might precede  
the Pamphlet as a whole.

pp. 73-84 What was originally the last Chapter of Section ii, which forms  
(without the exclusion of that Chapter) the main body of the Thom-  
ist article (Green marking)--- "Identity" versus "Participation". p. 73

The rest is what was originally the iiiird Section of the article  
written for The Thomist. THE SELF-ENSLAVEMENT OF MAN: The Totalita-  
p. 85 rian conception of "Liberty"---Totalitarian aspects of Liberal-Democracy  
p. 104 ---The true meaning of "Liberty"---"Privilege"<sup>x</sup> and<sup>x</sup> Liberty---The mean-  
p. 120 -ing of "self-enslavement"---The Common Man's rulership by "Total Rep-  
resentation"---The "virtual" or "progressive" sovereignty of the Com-  
p. 140 -mon Man---An aspect of the Common Man's progress: "Thematic Uniformity"  
p. 159 ---The concept of "Conditioning"---The danger of a spiritual surrender  
to Totalitarianism. p. 166

(This might form the basis of several shorter articles, such as---  
"The Totalitarian concept of 'Liberty'", "The Totalitarian concept  
of Representation", "Identity and Participation", "Culture and the  
Plain Man", and above all, Privilege and Liberty, for I think that  
what I have to say on this subject is, though still not of a nature  
to satisfy me, most remarkable.)

Québec 3rd December 1948

A. Kolnai, to DEAN DE KONINCK

Sir,

My article, The meaning of the "Common Man", in its newly-submitted and abbreviated form, and shorn of the Mettees, will appear in THE THOMIST without further cuttings (about 65 Thomist pages), probably in July.

Now I see the situation thus,—I do not think this could be reprinted in LAVAL Th&Ph, for publishing something already published in another periodical would hardly redound to the glory of yours, while on the other hand, THOMIST has the right of priority concerning this article as such. As regards the rest, THOMIST has of course no claim at all.

What could be done, however, is a) publishing some articles, from one to three or even four, in LAVAL &C., to be made out of the large text that is not going to appear in THOMIST; b) publishing these, together with a reprint of the THOMIST article, as a separate long Pamphlet or short Book, from 100 to 160 pages according to the views you will take of the stuff on perusing it.

I should like to bring out a booklet, of course,—and should like to confine myself entirely ~~in~~ English, as far as this complex of material goes.

Besides, I contemplate writing next an article on The primacy of Politics (within the limits of the Social Plane, of course), which might well fit into this booklet, but which again I might offer THE THOMIST if you are disinterested in it ab ovo.

I should suggest that you first parcouriez the text of the THOMIST article itself, and then, if you are not too disgusted ~~by it~~, look through the rest, which is essentially more or less consecutive to it.

---

The THOMIST article constitutes a Green-marked whole; the rest, a Magenta-marked ensemble, technically entirely distinct therefrom.

With my submission and best wishes,  
I remain, Sir,

your  
Ansel K.

Enclosed: Synopsis  
Green-marked Text  
Magenta-marked Text



..... "I love you more intensely than I could properly give an account of", declared Derek, albeit he was in fact betrothed to Rosalind, to Millicent.\*

Not otherwise act could Millicent than to blush thereat. For Derek had long ceased to be a subject of indifference for her, yet she was immaculately pure from odorous top to Grecian-shaped bottom.

Said she at last, heaving a sigh: "Some vague intuition warns me, Derek, to mistrust that statement, lest I be deceived."

A cry of passion emitted from the young man, his sentiments underlain by the first violent upsurge of the precreative urge.

"This is a propoundment unworthy of you, Millicent", scarcely audibly roared he at last. "Can it be that your mind have been too unladylike to understand the true nature of the

threes wherein I commenced writhing shortly before the end of last term, and which undoubtedly related to your comely person?"

Rebuted Millicent: "But are not nuptial ties looming large between you and a certain eminent member of the sererity, who I am not?"

"Ties?!"—exclaimed Derek, with a twitch of the right corner of his mouth indicating a mounting pitch of passion. "Ties?! Your dainty but muscular little feet have wrought havoc thereof. Say, babe! you don't mean to say the unfoldment of my feelings for you has escaped // your so acute powers of observation?!"

In spite of herself, Millicent looked pleased. For, in her Texan soul, arousating uprightness thrived from the fostering-soil of exquisite femininity.

She remained silent, her little, round, firm abdomen quivering for a fraction of a moment.

.....

Dimanche soir

Sublime Maître,

J'ai lu les premières 60 et les dernières 40 pages environ de Mangana, que ~~je~~ revais. En vaquant à cette occupation pendant la nuit dernière, jusqu'à 3h am, je me tordais la côte et me vautrais en convulsions, rappelant certain nuit à Lisbonne où nous n'avions qu'un lit "nuptial"—lorsque je me délectais de Las obligaciones del hombre par un chancine de Saragosse, y compris celle de ne pas contempler le produit après s'être mouché et de changer les chaussettes plus souvent en été, petit ouvrage ~~en~~ plein de sagesse drue et rédigé en un espagnol simple mais lucide et senore; jusqu'à ce que, vers l'aube, ma campagne désespérée se fût mise à m'asséner des coups de poings secs et violents.

Si, au lieu de diriger l'ennuyeux LTPH, vous étiez Witzblatttherausgeber, —directeur de feuille comique—, cet amas d'humeur involontaire mais d'autant plus succulent serait pour vous un régal sans égal. En tout cas, je vous recommande vivement la lecture des premières 30 pages. (Voir aussi la petite imitation ci-jointe.)

L'ouvrage n'a aucune valeur litté-

raire, moins encore de spirituelle, et très probablement pas la moindre valeur commerciale. Cependant j'hésite de dire que l'auteur ne peut posséder nul talent intellectuel ou littéraire. C'est un homme habitué à réfléchir parfois, et il ne manque pas absolument de tempérament. Si son instruction est primitive et son anglais défectueux, d'ailleurs mâtiné en partie d'américain, il est toujours un grand écrivain anglais en comparaison avec les insectes américains que nous faisons Docteurs en Philosophie après nous être baignés dans leurs immenses sécrétions.

Hier, dans un magasin d'antiquités en Basseville, je me suis procuré ma première ampoule belge, Royaume de Belgique (ampoule d'éclairage ordinaire, base à visse, pointe vieux genre, filament métallique en zigzag, 120V, 60W).

Prescriptions.

*Amèle Koluar*

Québec, 8 mai 1950.

Monsieur le Doyen

(Les notions de Matière, de Forme et de Privation.) Je trouve que c'est une très bonne introduction, — claire, réfléchie, "vivante" (sans la note d'une plate "vulgarisation"), bien écrite, "eminently readable".

De mon point de vue d'apprenti, je ne puis donc que confirmer le jugement du maître que vous êtes. J'ai l'impression, pour autant qu'elle vaut, que le français est bon et que les exigences de "style élémentaire" sont remplies, c'est à dire, que le texte est un texte écrit et non une rature-bouille comme ce qui émane des licenciés et docteurs américains. J'ai osé signaler un ou deux petits points douteux, marqués par des signes o.

Il me semble que c'est chose heureuse que ce livre paraisse.

Hommages de sujet.

A. Kolnai

## Brief Statement ad aures SUPERIORIS

- (I) This is a vague provisional draft, thought three months' strenuous and concentrated, if fitful and discontinuous, mental effort has been packed into it.
- (2) What I really mean is striking at the root of the Enemy Cause by laying bare the evil folly of its essence at its "highest" and "best" — which nobody, including myself, has done so far (to my knowledge) at the present epoch. "Selfishness," "greed," "envy," "individualism" and on the other hand, "mechanicism" and "contempt for the Person" are but secondary and trivial aspects. The nerve of the matter lies in IV.16., False Perfectionism. This bears some further elucidation, for "self-worship in the place of the worship of God," "mistaking ~~ends for means~~ means for ends" and "endeavouring to secure happiness through our own reason instead of through God's help" are all inadequate and peripheral (though, as far as they go, legitimate formulas. — In other words, a critical analysis of the eroico fuore (admirably expressed, for my purposes, by Lamartine even more than by Pico M. and G. Bruno!) — — — "Back to Religion"? To be sure; but how? (in the perspective of Civilization and political action, that is); and above all, what intrinsic contents does this imply? The Christian-democratic temptation: to work for the "Progressionist" ends "THROUGH" prayer rather than violence.
- (3) Incidental purposes: ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> application of phenomenological analysis to some basic subjects in politics; and an attempt of giving one or two conceptual directives — philosophical points of view — for the Conservative position in concrete political and social matters, the elaboration of which would of course be entirely outside the Laval &c.'s scope (and mine).
- (4) I expect, from the SUPERIOR'S part, helpful remarks such as
- (a) The whole thing is an irrelevant muddle; turn to something totally different, e.g. "Rousseau and Marx," or "Value and the good," or "What Merleau-Ponty may teach us," or . . . . .
  - (b) This point might prove to be of interest; leave that severely alone.
  - (c) You may treat this or that if you like; but take good care to or not to . . . . .
  - (d) We must have you certified first thing.



UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL  
FACULTÉ DE PHILOSOPHIE

A. K.  
B, rue Ferland, Apt 4.  
Québec, le 12 mai 1952

M. le Doyen  
C. De Koninck  
au Palais

Note de Service I

sujet: Existentialisme, Béla von Brandenstein

Monsieur le Doyen,

votre remarque de l'autre jour, concernant la probabilité de ce que la Revue (Laval Th. et Ph.) payerait désormais pour les articles, en conjonction avec ma lecture d'un article de B.B. sur l'existentialisme (voir plus bas) m'a donné l'idée que vous pourriez peut-être trouver de l'avantage à demander à ce philosophe central-européen un article semblable à celui-là, sous forme élargie et en français si possible.

La "Revue Catholique" (Katolikus Szemle)

— adresse: ACTIO CATHOLICA HUNGARORUM IN EXTERIS  
Via della Conciliazione 44, Roma, Italia —

paraît, paraît-il, 4 fois par an. Le cahier numéro 2-3 de 1951 contient (pp 9-19) l'article assez remarquable, Les valeurs et les défauts de la philosophie existentielle, par Béla (von) Brandenstein. Cet homme, Hongrois évidemment de souche "souabe" (= catholique allemand, indigène de Hongrie), avait, à mon souvenir,

un nom très estimé dans les milieux thomistes d'Europe Centrale, ~~et~~ à l'époque précédant la 2<sup>me</sup> guerre mondiale. Je crois qu'il était professeur soit à Budapest, soit à une université allemande (pas en Autriche), soit les deux. J'ignore s'il habite Rome aujourd'hui. Il ne peut guère être beaucoup plus jeune ni beaucoup plus âgé que moi. Je ne l'ai jamais vu ni jamais lu un de ses livres.

Vu l'énorme complexité du sujet, la terminologie comprise ~~je~~ je trouve que l'article de B. offre, sous une forme serrée et un peu trop serrée, une assez bonne vue d'ensemble de l'e'isme (Heidegger, Jaspers, Sartre, Wust, Marcel), dans la perspective, appliquée avec intelligence et une certaine souplesse, de la Ph'ia Perennis. Évidemment, mieux vaudrait si vous en jugiez vous-même, mais la connaissance du hongrois vous manque notablement et excusablement. Au besoin, avec grande difficulté et sûrement d'une façon très médiocre, je pourrais le traduire en anglais (d'aucune façon en français) au cours de l'automne. Mais Laval etc. a plus d'espace, et avec sa connaissance apparemment très étendue de la matière ainsi que de son "Horizon" historique, l'auteur pourrait sans doute fournir pour vous un essai bien meilleur, plus explicite et quant à la présentation, et quant à la critique. Je crois que ce serait très désirable; à vous d'en décider. — Il y <sup>aurait</sup> ~~peut-être~~ peu de sens à ce que je lui écrive moi-même; en toute probabilité, il ne connaît même pas mon nom. Sûrement il serait accessible sous l'adresse sus-mentionnée de la "Revue Catholique" à Rome.

Veuillez me croire,

vos respectueusement dévoué,

Gérard Kohler



UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL  
FACULTÉ DE PHILOSOPHIE

M. le Doyen  
C. De Koninck  
au Palais

Note de Service II

Sujet: système des examens de l'année

Monsieur le Doyen,

Comme j'ai essayé de l'exposer, il y a une année et sans fruit, à M. le Directeur des Études E. Trépanier, le système actuellement en vigueur est illogique et inutile, puisqu'il implique un nouvel examen (oral) de sujets qu'on a déjà décidé de déclarer reçus (par les notes 10 à 12), sans permettre d'autre part une considération plus rigoureuse des sujets auxquels on est tenté de donner une note très élevée.

Je me permets d'en proposer une modification dans le sens suivant.

Principes

1. L'oral a la fonction (a) de décider du sort des étudiants dont l'écrit donne lieu à un doute réel quant à l'admissibilité de les laisser passer, (b) de permettre une considération plus consciencieuse des notes très élevées.

2. La note de l'oral s'ajoute simplement à celle de l'écrit; l'oral ne peut donc en aucun cas diminuer le résultat obtenu par l'écrit, mais ne pourra pas non plus l'améliorer outre mesure.

## Règles

1. La note d'examen totale comprend l'échelle de 0 à 20.
2. Est reçu celui dont la note totale atteint ou dépasse 10.
3. La note d'examen écrit comprend l'échelle de 0 à 15.
4. L'étudiant dont la note, à l'écrit, est inférieure à 6, est refusé sans être admis à un oral supplémentaire.
5. L'étudiant dont la note, à l'écrit, atteint ou dépasse 10, est reçu.
6. L'étudiant dont la note, à l'écrit, équivaut à 6, 7, 8 ou 9, sera appelé à un oral supplémentaire.
7. Les notes supplémentaires, décernées pour l'oral, comprennent l'échelle de 0 à 5.
8. Les étudiants auxquels le professeur, à l'intention de décerner (en jugeant sur l'écrit) une note supérieure à 15, obtiennent (pour l'écrit) la note 15+ et seront appelés à un oral supplémentaire.
9. Pour cet oral supplémentaire, le point 7. demeure en vigueur.

## Corollaires

1. Tout étudiant dont la note, à l'écrit, a atteint 6, pourra passer. Le maximum du total, sera, chez les étudiants dont la note pour l'écrit était de 6 à 9, respectivement, de 11 à 14. Mais chacun de cette catégorie pourra aussi échouer <sup>(finalement)</sup>.
2. Les étudiants dont la note, à l'écrit, a été 15+, pourront <sup>(finalement)</sup> passer selon le résultat de l'oral, fixée à 15, soit élevée à 16, ..... jusqu'au maximum, 20.

## Remarque additionnelle

L'absurdité du "contrôleur" aux oraux est particulièrement saillante. Je ~~peux~~ "bloquer" sans condition (note inférieure à 8) tout seul, ainsi que donner 20 tout seul, mais pas fixer 9 ou 12 en définitive sans la présence d'un second professeur! Si ces examens comportaient un jury, ce serait tout autre chose; mais la disposition actuellement en vigueur n'a pas le moindre sens.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Docteur, l'assurance de mon

Rapport soumis à  
M. le Doyen C. De Koninck  
Québec

A. Kolnai, 62 Ste-Ursule, Québec  
29 juin 1949

Quelques traits du Rehmkeïsme-Borchardtisme  
=====

1. Remarque générale sur notre attitude envers la Pensée Moderne.  
Je suis, à la fois, anti-moderniste et pro-moderniste radical.  
(a) Je répudie, avec une rigueur extrême, toute attitude de "composition", "synthèse", "recherche de points communs", "contact avec ce qui est pensée vivante" etc. comme telle; en d'autres termes, tout fléchissement devant et toute ~~en~~ entente avec ce qui caractérise l'esprit moderne en tant que moderne. Donc, tout désir de "catholiser" le naturalisme, l'idéalisme, le pragmatisme, le marxisme, le vitalisme, le relativisme, le volontarisme, l'existentialisme etc. Plus le mauvais est "vivant", plus acharnement devons-nous le combattre. Ce n'est pas dire qu'il convient de l'ignorer, bien entendu. (b) Je suis pour la plus grande largesse d'esprit envers, et la recherche de toutes sortes d'alliance avec, ce qui porte un accent principalement ou essentiellement anti-moderne dans le tissu de la pensée moderne au sens chronologique ou référé à la tradition, c'est-à-dire, non-scolastique. Exemples: l'Ecole Ecossaise de Reid; la lignée aristotélicienne Trendelenburg-Stumpf-Brentano, la Gegenstandstheorie de Meinong, (avec réserves) la phénoménologie du Husserl des Logische Untersuchungen (Pfänder-Geiger-Reinach-V.Hildebrand); l'aristotélisme de Hans Driesch (1867-1935~~8~~/) et Rehmke, dont (selon H.B.) Driesch aurait dû qu'il fût le seul philosophe moderne duquel il eût appris qc. Car, à mon avis, dès que nous nous plaçons dans le cadre du Bien au lieu de celui du Mal, la qualité d'être "vivant" devient important avec un signe favorable. (c) Je combats donc l'alternative même que toute la philosophie catholique—à peu d'exceptions près, tel le R.P. Bocheński o.p.—semble accepter comme inéluctable: ou "comprendre" et caresser Satan, le "baptiser", et l'"interpréter" comme collaborateur génial du Christ, ou s'enfermer dans la "géographie des textes" et "disposer" de toute pensée ~~thomiste~~ ressortissant d'une autre tradition en constatant qu'elle manifeste telle contradiction avec le thomisme et en "solutionnant la difficulté" au moyen de telle "preuve" ou "réfutation" formelle.—Il y a ici un rapport analogique avec mon anticléricalisme politique, que je crois être très orthodoxement thomiste. Sapiienti sat.
2. Johannes Rehmke. (Traduit <sup>(en partie)</sup> de Heinrich Schmidt, Philosophisches Wörterbuch.) Né en 1848, mort après 1930, professeur à Greifswald (petite université prussienne, Poméranie). Philosophie als Grundwissenschaft (1910) se propose la tâche d'une analyse conceptuelle des états de faits fondamentaux de la conscience (de l'être en tant que su), sous-jacents à tout travail scientifique. Toute "Weltdichtung" (philosophie comme "poésie", "art",

fonction vitale ou existentielle.....) ainsi que tous "besoins philosophiques" sont à rejeter. Objet de la philosophie: le donné en général, impliqué dans tous les objets des sciences particulières. Le donné se divise en "singulier" (un corps, un atome /vrai une âme: "substance", change et est dans le temps) et en "universel" (tout "accident", qualité etc.: ne change jamais mais est remplacé par un autre). Le singulier n'est pas "partie" du, ou "contenu" dans l'universel; celui-ci est impliqué dans celui-là. Réalité causale (Wirklichkeit) définie par ce qui agit et subit des actions (wirken). Le Wirken (cause efficiente) est certain; sa manière d'être nous est totalement inconnue. Tout état d'âme intentionnel (gegenständlich) est pur savoir=avoir, il n'est ni "agir" ni "recevoir". La sensation est un savoir avec retentissement conditionnaire (zuständlich), la volonté un savoir causal où l'âme se pose en cause efficiente. L'âme est totalement immatérielle, elle n'est nulle part, ni dans ni autour du corps, soit le cerveau. Ce qui sait (voit, sent...) n'est ni l'homme (composé de l'être simple "âme" et du corps, composé d'atomes), ni le corps, ni le cerveau, ni l'œil etc., mais l'âme (=pur esprit, considéré dans son rapport causal intrinsèque avec le corps). Tout "parallélisme psychophysique" est à rejeter; âme et corps, dans l'existence terrestre, indissolublement liés l'un à l'autre dans le sens de causation mutuelle. L'âme en tant que sachante (ayante, voyante...) est condition absolument passive du rapport causal: elle ne "contribue" en aucune manière au contenu du savoir, au dans le sens d'une échelle de degrés quantitatifs d'attention. ((Ceci est du très bon thomisme, surtout rappelant J. de Monléon)) ~~Ved~~, selon Borchardt (et moi), la racine immuable de la "certitude" et de l'"objectivité": le point archimédien pour la destruction de tout relativisme essentiel. — Il paraît que J.R. asseoit l'immortalité de l'âme sur la "simplicité" pur et simple, non, comme vous, sur sa possession de l'universel; puisque selon lui comme selon vous, il n'y a pas de "vie" sans âme, il semble attribuer l'immortalité à toute âme de brute et de plante aussi (?). — Selon J.R., la doctrine (surtout de Locke) des qualités primaires et secondaires ("jeunes") est radicalement vraie, mais les conclusions subjectivistes qui en ont été tirées sont pleinement fausses. La réalité matérielle comme telle, avant que n'intervienne l'âme (la vie), est purement spatiale, mécanique, quantifiable: nombre, extension, figure... ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ La causation matérielle, sans intervention du vital, se réduit au mécanisme (mais dont le pourquoi nous est totalement caché). Les qualités secondaires, — "la beauté, la richesse, ~~xx~~ le bariolé du monde" —, ~~xx~~ n'est là que pour l'être voyant, percevant, sachant, sentant: ils n'ont du sens que par référence à celui-ci. Mais la couleur, l'odeur, la chaleur.....se tiennent néanmoins absolument "du côté de l'objet": elles ne sont nullement des "sensations" ni des "données psychiques"; elles ne sont sues que parce qu'elles sont là comme qualités de l'objet — sans cependant "agir causalement", // ce qui demeure le privilège des réalités mécaniques comme telles.

IX Depuis 1918, Johannes Rehnke-Gesellschaft, siège à Greifswald.  
Disciples: J. E. Hayde (Grundwissenschaftliche Philosophie 1924),  
H. B.

3. Hermann Borchardt, né en 1888 à Berlin (ou Czernowitz?). The Conspiracy of the Carpenters, New York 1943. Je ne vois pas (jusqu'ici) où B. apporte une modification à J.R.; mais il me paraît que son intérêt ~~est~~ éthique (sens objectiviste et chrétien), politique et culturel philosophique (sens réactionnaire et antimoderniste) proviennent aussi d'"affects" très personnels. Dans le manuscrit qu'il m'a soumis, B. semble d'être surtout préoccupé de maintenir les distinctions, divisions, dichotomies fondamentales de l'être, en combattant les "unificateurs" ou "brouilleurs", y compris au général tous les charlatans et sophistes modernes. Ses bêtes noires particulières sont les relativistes et pragmatistes, ainsi que Russell (qu'il croit être "Sir" B.R.), Jeans, Einstein (le temps comme "dimension additionnelle de l'espace").

Mon impression globale, après avoir lu (avec grand plaisir)

170pp de <sup>500</sup>~~400~~: c'est en tout cas un ouvrage de haute valeur, renfermant beaucoup de vérité et de sagesse, excellent dans ses intentions, très original dans le sens essentiel et désirable, puisant ~~dans~~ dans l'analyse et l'argumentation, écrit en très bon allemand malgré quelques howlers étonnants. Défauts: cela sent pourtant l'autodidacte et le lettré; rédundances inutiles; manque d'articulation assez pénible; très peu de connaissance de la Scolastique.

4. Conclusion provisoire. Vous me direz: Alors, pourquoi ne s'est-il pas plongé dans St. Thomas? Qu'il aille le faire, avant de philosopher! Et vous (Kolnai) de même!— Vous n'avez nullement tort per se, mais apparemment il y a des difficultés (psychologiques, historiques, techniques.....) de notre côté; d'ailleurs, ceux chez qui ces difficultés sont les moindres (Maritain, Mortimer Adler) ne sont pas nécessairement les meilleurs parmi nous. Je ne peux pas avoir un Basset; cependant, j'apprécie le Chat et je rends grâce au Ciel que tout petit animal domestique ne soit pas, p.ex., Pékinois ou ~~SAK~~ Scottish Terrier. Il vaut mieux être penseur scolastique intégral qu'autre chose; mais, à mon avis, il vaut mieux être penseur "vivant" en lutte contre l'ennemi essentiel de ce que représente St-Thomas (ennemi "vivant" ou périmé) que ~~SAK~~ n'être que Scolastique sans être penseur ("Philosophie" orientation dans les chapitres et subdivisions des textes, avec appareillage acquis pour "éliminer une difficulté"); qu'abandonner le terrain, automatiquement, aux modernes "vivants", i.e. virulents; ou, ce qui me semble être le pis, que servir l'esprit p. exc. moderne sous un déguisement thomiste.

A. Kolnai

X Ici, le rôle de la fourniture  
cristalline comme solvant  
de l'ordre social est déjà très relevé.



Puis-je, à la fois, rechercher la vérité (philosophique) comme telle et être formellement "thomiste" dans le sens imposé?

Sinon, quelle conséquence dois-je en tirer?

Remarques préalables.

1. Je crois que Dieu existe, que nous avons besoin d'une religion dogmatique et que la vraie religion ne saurait être autre que celle de l'Eglise catholique, dépositaire de la vérité révélée par Dieu et communio sanctorum. Je ne peux pas m'imaginer autrement que catholique, et je voudrais éviter l'hérésie, l'apostasie ou l'excommunication.
2. Ma raison ne reste toujours premier principe de la vérité en ce sens que, en la posant comme invalide, je ne pourrais plus voir aucune "raison" non plus pour être catholique plutôt que bouddhiste, quaker ou matérialiste. Selon la doctrine traditionnelle même, la foi, quoique nullement "démontrée" par la raison, s'appuie sur elle; c'est pourquoi l'on s'efforce, par exemple, de démontrer l'existence et au moins un ou deux attributs de Dieu par la raison seule. La raison étant nullifiée intégralement, ~~je~~ je ne pourrais plus "avoir la foi" au sens d'un actus humanus, mais seulement comme "donnée" ou "qualité" ou "prédilection irrationnelle". Or, la validité de ma raison est annulée dès que je "décide" de croire à quelque chose qui me paraît clairement contraire à la raison (par distinction de "dépassant ma [la] raison").
3. Je crois être légitime et nécessaire que l'autorité ecclésiastique condamne et proscrive des erreurs, même d'ordre purement philosophique.
4. Je crois être acceptable et ~~très~~ utile, de même, que l'Eglise désigne un maître principal pour l'instruction philosophique, et que ce soit Saint Thomas (avec sa base aristotélicienne et son fruit élaboré par certains commentateurs).

5. Ma difficulté réside, non pas dans l'obligation de croire à une affirmation thomiste qui me paraît fautive (car je n'en connais que peu, et que je pourrais toujours me retirer, <sup>(position de)</sup> sur ce qui concerne un point déterminé, dans une réserve et une suspension de jugement), mais dans l'obligation d'identifier formellement, sous l'empire de la foi, "doctrine thomiste" et "vérité".

---

## VII Propositions.

I. Si la Foi m'impose un ordre de pensée philosophique comme tel, je maintiens que je ne saurai plus être en possession de vérités philosophiques ou scientifiques. Car des "vérités", en ce sens, doivent être des affirmations sur des objets en quelque sorte vus, — des vérités portées à une intuition évidente. ("Intuition" prise entièrement dans le sens de Husserl et non de Bergson, ~~ni~~ ni de quelque mystique irresponsable et fermée à l'argument rationnel.) Par la Foi, je ne puis aucunement acquiescer une vérité intuitive portant, par exemple, sur la nature du rapport de l'âme et le corps ou sur le rapport entre la cité et la famille, pas plus que, par exemple, sur la Sainte Trinité.

II. ~~En~~ En identifiant formellement ~~la~~ "vérité" et "doctrine de Saint Thomas, docteur de l'Eglise que je suis obligé de suivre" je ne pourrai plus soutenir aucune doctrine ou position en discussion avec les infidèles, sinon de mauvaise foi; c'est à dire en leur représentant comme finding autonome de ma pensée proprement philosophique ou scientifique ce que, en réalité, je maintiens exclusivement ou principalement par ~~la~~ la Foi. Ce qui est contraire à la nature propre de la connaissance phil' que (sci' que) et finira par briser ce que nous (les catholiques) avons de puissance argumentative ~~en~~ envers les infidèles croyant à diverses erreurs (ou encore, certaines vérités) philosophiques.



III. Bien qu'il soit vrai que j'ai besoin de (bons) maîtres pour apprendre à voir "l'Objet", il est non moins vrai que pour voir "l'Objet" en un sens plein et définitif, je dois en quelque sorte surmonter le maître, ou plutôt me détacher de lui formellement, quand même il serait excellent, beaucoup plus savant (génial, original etc.) que moi, et quand même ma "conclusion" coïnciderait entièrement avec la sienne. Sinon, ce n'est pas "l'Objet" que j'ai en vue, mais le maître; l'apprentissage devient sa propre fin. En d'autres termes, tout examen d'un "Objet" limité formellement et rigoureusement à son examen à travers la doctrine d'un maître (et en termes de)

donné, préconçue comme "vraie", manquera nécessairement d'atteindre [will fatally fall short of] la vérité au sens philosophique ou scientifique. (Quand même ma croyance serait matériellement "vraie".)

IV. Ce n'est pas ma position mais celle du thomisme obligatoire qui est subjectiviste. Je dois employer toute ma "subjectivité" (mais dans l'ordre propre, ordonné à l'Objet) pour atteindre l'Objet autant que possible: le résidu de mes expériences, mes lectures, mes états affectifs même, les impulsions de mon milieu donné dans le temps donné.. La nécessité d'avoir des maîtres, celui-ci plutôt que celui-là, et aussi parce que l'Eglise le dit, etc.... n'en est pas touchée. Par contre, en adoptant d'emblée la vérité de telle position parce que représentée par tel maître (choisi par l'Eglise, mais que je choisis comme maître suprême), je prends une position

4  
arbitraire envers l'Objet; je barre mon accès à lui et coupe ma communication avec lui. Ce n'est pas ma doctrine qui se conforme à l'Objet, mais l'Objet qui est plié ~~à~~ selon un postulat prédéterminé, qui est forcé à se conformer à une doctrine que je crois pour des motifs extrinsèques à l'Objet.

Comment cette attitude est psychologiquement possible pour tant de personnes, je ne le vois pas du tout; pour moi, elle est aussi impossible que de me gratter la nuque avec les ongles.

V. La difficulté n'a absolument rien à faire avec mon évaluation de ma propre intelligence, ou celle d'Aristote, de Saint Thomas, de Cajetan, de M. De Koninck, de M. de Mouléon, de M. Babin, etc. En pensant autrement (c'est-à-dire, surtout, en d'autres termes [en partie], avec d'autres thèmes ou accents...) que Saint Thomas, par exemple, je n'assume ni que mon intelligence est comparable à la sienne, ni que je sais ce qu'il sait et quelque chose en excès, ni que mon temps est plus "avancé" en sagesse que le sien, ni que ma pensée doit s'adapter aux doctrines dominant mon temps. Il s'agit de quelque chose de beaucoup plus simple, ~~plus~~ plus proprement "logique" et plus "modeste"—ou mieux, tout à fait en dehors des catégories de la vanité, de l'orgueil, de l'ambition, de la modestie ou de l'humilité intellectuels. L'"Objet" doit me dominer, seul, en définitive, et à ce point que ma légitimité intellectuelle ~~soit~~ soit écartée comme thème tout autant que mon "excellence" intellectuelle.



VI. En ce qui concerne le rapport de ma pensée avec les courants et les sujets de mon temps, je crois que je dois surtout résister aux tentations d'erreurs qui y résident, réagir à ces erreurs (guidé par les vérités pérennes) et m'adapter à mon temps dans le sens de m'efforcer de le convertir; ~~de~~ <sup>de</sup> détruire les folies pernicieuses qui il renferme. Ma pensée (phil'que, sci'que) ne doit nullement être l'expression du zeitgeist qui m'entoure; elle doit être inspirée, épurée, orientée par les doctrines plus vraies remontant à des époques antérieures (mais qui n'étaient pas, non plus, l'expression ou le "reflet" de l'esprit de ces époques-là). Cependant, afin que ma pensée soit objective, elle doit <sup>aussi</sup> être enracinée profondément dans les thèmes du milieu qui m'entoure, puisque sans cela elle ne pourrait être enracinée dans la totalité de mon expérience ni être confrontée avec elle. Dans chacun de nous, les thomistes les plus orthodoxes compris, vit aussi, "malheureusement", l'homme de cette époque, de cette société etc. La question n'est pas si nous admettons cela, car c'est inchangeable; la question, c'est si notre pensée philosophique (et religieuse, morale, etc.; notre pensée formulée et responsable) doit atteindre ou non cette autre homme en nous aussi; si la réponse est non, nous vivons dans un état de dualité inconsciente, sans confrontation ni jugement des deux mondes en nous — vie fantomatique, comme la

mènent en général les catholiques américains, non moins amputés de cerveau ~~et~~ pour combiner <sup>ou</sup> les deux positivismes de l'orthodoxie thomiste et celui de leur Démocratie Nationale.

VII. Pour conclure: Sans être ma pensée, se nourrissant aussi de toutes les ressources de ma "subjectivité" (impulsions, pressions, thèmes, dangers, traditions ....), ma pensée ne sera pas pensée, et n'aboutira donc pas à une présentation de l'objet — quand même la "vérité" per modum obscurum fidei, offerte par l'orthodoxie thomiste, sera toujours infiniment préférable aux substituts de pensée conformistes, modernistes, fantaisistes etc. Quant à la vulnérabilité (de fait) de cette orthodoxie per modum fidei, devant les pressions de l'entourage antichrétien ..... je ne <sup>peux</sup> ~~peux~~ pas juger la question, mais j'ai de sombres pressentiments.

### Conséquences pratiques

? (Une suggestion tentative:) Détention perpétuelle dans les cachots de l'Inquisition. Que l'Eglise ~~me~~ pourvoie à ma sustentation — je serai prêt à me taire et à faire des ~~traductions~~ ou certains labours manuels.

Aurèle T. Kolmas

## Supplément.

1. Ayant lu attentivement le texte (Tablet) de la nouvelle Encyclique, je trouve qu'il n'est pas dirigé tout contre moi, mais contre les erreurs que je suis le premier à abominer. Par contre, il contient plusieurs passages particulièrement conformes à ma position.

2. Je suis incapable de voir un sens dans le concept de "certitude du côté de l'objet". L'homme n'est pas plus "certain" que la mouche, une vérité concernant Dieu ou les anges pas plus "certaine" que la proposition qu'"il a neigé le 10 janvier 1920". Cette confusion (ontologiste) de "certitude" avec "dignité" ou "perfection", ainsi qu'avec "objectivité", n'est qu'une tare grecque, en particulier, éléatique et platonicienne.

3. Quand je dis que toute ma subjectivité doit être employée pour atteindre l'objet, j'entends que toute ma subjectivité doit être mobilisée

mènent en gèner  
amputés de cerce  
taciones de l'ort  
nolatrie National

VII. Pour conc  
aussi de toutes f  
pulsions, pressions  
pensée ne sera  
à une présentati  
rité" per modum  
thomide, sera tou  
tuto de pensée.  
Quant à la vu  
doxie per modum  
l'entourage anti  
la question, mai

dans les propres proportions, dictée  
par l'objet, et cela afin que ma  
subjectivité soit toute noyée dan  
l'objet. Si je tiens plus compte  
des aspect "irrationnels" (quoique  
non sans élément cognositif) que  
les thomistes en général, ce n'est  
que pour arriver à une rationalité  
plus complète, en opposition dia  
métrale aux irrationalistes (ou i  
ntuitionnistes proprement dits).  
Par contre, les rationalisations  
"prématurées", trait assez caracté  
ristique du thomisme usuel, sont  
essentiellement subjectivistes et  
anti-contemplatives, provenant  
d'un besoin pratique de "sécari  
(mentale) à tout prix".

Kolnai

Conséquences po

? (Une suggest  
dans les cach

pourvoit à ma sustentation — je suis prêt à me  
taire et à faire des ~~traductions~~ ou certains labours  
manuels.

Aurèle T. Kolnai