



Prof. Dr. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker and the editor of this volume, Prof. Dr. Konrad Raiser (1998). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

Chapter 2

Self-Portrait

This self-portrait, instead of presenting the author's philosophic positions *in abstracto*, attempts to throw light on the path that has led him to these philosophic positions.¹ Do we learn and find our philosophy, or have we recognized it as that which somehow we have always known?

2.1 Preparation

For my twelfth birthday, in June 1924, I wished for and got a rotating celestial chart that could be adjusted to the day and hour. Shortly after that, we left Basel, where my father was German consul, for our summer vacation. We went to a secluded pension, Mont Crosin, in the Jura Mountains near Berne. The Swiss Independence Day was celebrated there, as usual, with fireworks on the evening of August 1. There was an outdoor ball for pension guests that began with a long polonaise. At one point the long line of dancers separated, and I managed to lose the young lady I was dancing with. I escaped from the crowd into the magical, warm, starry night with my celestial chart. The experience of such a night cannot be described in words; I can only give the residual thoughts after the memory has faded. God was present, somehow, in the indescribable magnificence of that starry night. Concurrently, I was aware that stars are balls of gas consisting of atoms and

¹ This text was first published in English in: C.F. von Weizsäcker: *The Ambivalence of Progress* (New York: Paragon House, 1988): 1–30; the German original is part of C.F. von Weizsäcker: *Der Garten des Menschlichen* (München: Hanser Verlag 1977): 553–597. All rights of the Weizsäcker Bequest were transferred to the Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker Society, a nonprofit society whose executive chairman, Dr. Bruno Redeker, granted permission in March 2014 to use selected texts of Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker. See also the website on this book on Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker, at: <http://www.afes-press-books.de/html/SpringerBriefs_PSP_C.F.v._Weizsaecker.htm>.

obeying the laws of physics. The tension between these two truths must not be irresolvable. But how could they be reconciled? Is it possible to find the reflection of the glory of God also in the laws of physics?

I had begun, perhaps a year earlier, to read the New Testament. The truth of the Sermon on the Mount had deeply affected and disturbed me. If it was true, my life was false; perhaps all our lives were false. During a long talk with my mother I defended to the verge of tears the duty to refuse military service because of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." During a night of intense religious experience, I had vowed to devote my life to the service of God. I cautiously added "If He should call me." I could only imagine becoming a minister in service to God, and yet I wanted to become an astronomer. My situation could perhaps best be described as "the moral law above me and the starry heaven within me." I still had to learn that, once we begin to listen, God is always calling; and later, that God is neither above nor within but that I am in God.

My family comes from Württemberg. My father became a naval officer in 1900, and switched to the diplomatic corps in 1920, two professions that serve the state beyond its borders. My mother, as a young girl, had rather imagined herself doing social work, not being a diplomat's wife; she fulfilled the requirements of his career *sans peur et sans reproche* with a humanity that is not always customary in that profession. Afterwards, during the 23 years of widowhood to the present, she cared for the old and sick in the family and stayed young by making excessive demands upon herself. There are ministers, scholars, civil servants, and military officers among my ancestors. The Weizsäckers were millers in Hohenlohe and, later, theologians. My grandfather Carl Weizsäcker, a jurist, was the last prime-minister of the Kingdom of Württemberg. On August 1, 1914, he said to his family, "This war will end with a revolution." He supposedly also said, "My fortune is lost." The fortune had been accumulated through decades of saving from modest civil-servant salaries to provide security for children and grandchildren. His prophecies proved accurate. After World War I, the corpulent, and rather short-tempered, old man took me, a little boy, for walks in the forests around Stuttgart. We gathered mushrooms for the family table, and he would occasionally stop to make some wise and witty remark on the occasion of finding "a parliament of mushrooms."



Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker (1914) with his mother. © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

My father also liked to go on walks with me and talk about history and politics. In school, I was absorbed in history and indoctrinated my younger brothers and sisters. I thought about the best form of government and decided it would be a constitutional monarchy. In my fantasy land my friends and family were given roles, and there was foreign policy and wars; the leading statesman resembled, although contrary to my father's taste, Mussolini (of whom I knew hardly more than that he existed).



Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker (1916). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

As I grew older, two of my uncles played very important roles. My father's brother Viktor, the philosophical doctor, whose anthropological medicine is still not understood today, opened for me essentially important horizons. For decades, I worried about certain remarks by him, such as, "I believe the law of causality is a neurosis." My mother's brother, Fritz von Graevenitz, followed the family tradition, first as an officer, but after the war as a sculptor in accordance with his nature. He was a man who was newly enraptured each day by the magic and deep laws of beauty.



Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker with his mother, his sister Elisabeth and his two brothers Heinrich and Richard (1926). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

Then, my father was transferred to Copenhagen. At 14 years of age, while cycling in the Danish woods, I believed I could perceive the secret of life in nature around me, virtually down to spinning atoms. I began to think about the relationship between truth and beauty. For a while, the phrase, “beauty is subjective truth and truth objective beauty,” seemed helpful to me. Afterwards, while having to make long, tiresome walks through the city during the damp, dark, and cold autumn, I thought that since truth was every-where, I should be able, with the right subjective attitude, to also find beauty everywhere. Thus, I discovered beauty in a spot of sunlight on a green copper roof and in the smell of fish in a basement grocery store. On an excursion to Lund on a magnificently bright, clear, sunny December day, I concluded that the natural laws that are valid for atoms are not those that are valid for visible bodies, but that the latter ones must be the consequence of the former.



Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker with his father and his brother Richard (1926). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

A few days later, my mother invited to our house the 25 year-old Werner Heisenberg. She had met him during a music evening where he played piano and amicably argued with her about the youth movement. This visit determined my direction in life. I was not only fascinated by the almost mad brilliance of the recent fundamental discoveries, which the rather shy, unassuming, blond young man radiated; his superiority in every field, including skiing and chess, was healthy and sobering for my enormous ambition and arrogance. He advised me and tested

my mathematical ability, finding it barely adequate. I was soon convinced that theoretical physics was the science where I could find the answers to my questions about astronomy. When I discovered, in my final *gymnasium* year, that the field that actually attracted me most was called philosophy, I was tempted to study that. He was of the opinion that to practice philosophy relevant to the twentieth century one had to know physics; that one would learn physics only by practicing it and that one could succeed best in physics before the age of thirty and best in philosophy after 50 years of age. I followed his advice, studied theoretical physics, and have never regretted it.

A few months after Heisenberg's first visit to our house, my father was assigned to Berlin. I was waiting there for the beginning of the school year when, in April 1927, Heisenberg sent me a postcard saying that he was traveling through Berlin to Munich in a few days and that I could meet him at the Stettiner railway station in Berlin and accompany him in a taxi to the Anhalter station. In that taxi he told me of his yet-to-be-published uncertainty principle. Then he boarded the train and was gone. The following days were spent walking around Berlin reflecting about what he had told me. I had a continual dispute with my mother who upheld that freedom of will was a moral postulate to be defended against my physically defined determinism. I could never seriously consider the possibility of separating nature and the person. But now I saw that they could perhaps be united in a manner still mysterious to me. However, to achieve this, I first had to understand physics. I thought, "If I would now run into Einstein on the street, I would recognize him and, overcoming my shyness, address him and ask him what he thought about Heisenberg's theories." But he must have walked other streets, and I never met him.

Sometime later I suddenly realized with a brief, but profound shock that I was no longer tied to the religious faith of my childhood. I was less troubled by the well known conflict between church and science. To take the example of the debate about miracles: on the one hand one could apply the psychology of eye-witness accounts to reports of miracles; on the other hand, empirically verifiable natural laws are discovered under certain experimental conditions. In the presence of someone divinely inspired, still other laws could prevail. Finally, the tendency of confirming religious truth through breaches in the divine order of nature appeared rather impious to me. Historical criticism went much deeper. To have been raised a Lutheran cannot be considered an argument for the correctness of Lutheranism; to have been baptized a Christian is not proof of the falsity of Oriental religions; to have come from a religious tradition is not proof of the truth of religion. It still amazes me that there are educated, religious people who have not completed this simple thought process and are therefore helpless when confronted with the convenient arguments of antireligious rationalism. I was now in the difficult situation of having to regain and redefine the religious experience for myself.

This sketch of my development, of what I attribute to the circumstances of birth and upbringing, ends here. I will now pursue general problems, leaving aside much of my private life....²

2.2 Philosophy

.....When I was 16 years old, I was inwardly no longer connected to the Christian Church, but I came early to the conclusion that there is no sense in leaving the place where one has found oneself already; I have always been, and not unwillingly, a member of the Lutheran Church. But as much as the New Testament meant to me, the church meant little, or so it seemed to me to my disappointment. In the fields of my search, in ethics and mysticism, it did not challenge me; it made no demands on me, neither with regard to the Sermon on the Mount nor the Gospel according to St. John. At the university, I heard Johannes Wach's lecture on Asian religions. I read the Chinese classics in Wilhelm's translations, especially the short, gemlike texts of *Tshuang Tsis*, and the discourses of Buddha in K.E. Neumann's translation. One must read this so slowly that one breathes along with these teachings, "whose beginning soothes, whose middle soothes, and whose end soothes." Since then, I have felt more at home spiritually in Asia than in Europe, though fully aware of the deep cultural differences. I knew there are individuals there who see and who are.

The decisive religious influence by a living person came, for a long time, from Alastair, a highly gifted artist, a lover and mystic, a relentless self-examiner, and a man who always was in need of help. Today, 60 years after his brief fame, his drawings are again found on the art market. The way he played piano, sang, and danced, though, is lost to us. The countless translations, from which he tried for decades to make a living in pension rooms under flowers and silk, are scattered like his own verse. I never met the challenge that this relationship with a man two decades older than me meant to me, and I have painfully learned from it what I could hardly have learned otherwise. Like many who were close to him, I could never translate what was to be learned in his presence into thoughts or deeds, and thus I refer here to influences that were of less importance but easier to translate than his own.

² The original text of this self-portrait continues with sections dealing with "philosophical physics", 'politics' and 'philosophy' which have been left out in this selection that concentrates on religion. The text here continues with the final pages of the section on 'philosophy'. The full text of the self-portrait is included in the first volume of this series. (s. Ulrich Bartosch (Ed.): *Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker: Pioneer of Physics, Philosophy, Religion, Politics and Peace Research*. Springer Briefs on Pioneers in Science and Practice No. 21).



Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker with his future wife (1936). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

In 1938 I was a guest at a retreat of the Lutheran St. Michael's Brotherhood in Marburg. I saw that I could not belong to this community, but I am grateful for the week of experiencing their liturgical order of the day. Liturgy and regularity impart something to the deep layers, not penetrated by willful reasoning, which, at least for me, is as necessary as food and drink. I have not been involved in any permanent liturgical community, because I have never found them to be connected to the modern consciousness that I needed. However, I have adopted the regular habit of daily morning meditation. I have never studied meditation formally, because I never met a teacher who challenged my intelligence enough, and perhaps because of my urge for independence. This is against the rules, dangerous and not recommended to others. I have never attempted to go to extremes in meditation, but rather have let come whatever came. Yet, I could not live without this regular retreat into quietness. The often held opinion that meditation is narcissism and exists in opposition to involvement with other people is an error whose existence is difficult to understand. To be sure, there are also, though rarely, contemplative ways of living that do more good to others through inaction or even without human contact than through any activities. The distortions of this rare gift and the many dangers related to the opening up of unconscious sources may have led to this error.



Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker with colleagues (1937). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

My relationship to the church normalized itself only after the war, when I learned how to appreciate everyday life. I am grateful for that decisive step to the American Christians, who were immediately prepared to help our country. The scientific colleagues abroad, the old friends (with the exception of Teller), initially investigated whether our relationship to the Nazis made us worthy of a new partnership; and who could blame them for this? But the Christians knew that “we are all sinners,” and were there without questioning. Love creates love, exactly because it is undeserved. But I owe my relationship to theology almost exclusively to one man, who was not an academically trained theologian: the mathematician Günther Howe, whom I had met in Marburg in 1938. He talked to me about the relationship between the thoughts of Bohr and Barth and organized, for 10 years after the war, conversations between physicists and theologians. Here I learned the language of theology. Howe expected more from the church than I and thus suffered more from it; I learned from his suffering what it was all about. Now the scholarship of the Old Testament, the most believable aspect of learned theological

work that I know, opened to me a 1000-year-long history that, especially in the calls to repentance of the prophets, still concerns us directly. It helped me to understand the historical situation of Christianity. I needed this when I sat with Howe in two church commissions, an ecumenical and a German one, about the ethics and politics of nuclear weapons. I learned to understand the judgments and attitudes of the church through the situation of its representatives. I learned to make reasonable political use of the good will of the church which maintained a distance from the general corruption and conflicts of interest. And it became easier for me to let quotations from the teachings of Jesus, always so vivid in my mind, slip into a conversation in such a way that they suited the concrete situation.



Portrait photo of the 27 year old Dr. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker (1939). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

I could now also interpret the Sermon on the Mount to a certain degree, in the sense that I could connect it with my modern consciousness. It contains at least three layers of reality. The outermost is the universal ethic of the golden rule. This has certainly never been thought out more precisely than in the practical

philosophy of Kant. It does not impose this or that commandment, but the form of the universality of commandments: "Let your behavior be guided by principles that you would want to be the guiding principles of all humankind." The Sermon on the Mount can be understood everywhere because it appeals to what makes people human. The *second* layer is the revelation of convictions as the place of ethical decisions. To fulfill the commandment does not mean that I do not actually murder my brother, but that I love him. This "but I say unto you" reveals our reality and its contrast even to the commandments consciously accepted by us. We humans have again and again avoided this unbearable tension. The specific danger of the church is the zeal of good works, also the good work of having the correct faith. Luther recognized the escapist aspect of this zeal. The works also cover deviations from literalism, from the strictness of the universal commandment. The scientific view of humans finally tends to side with his causally understandable psychic reality over against the commandment. But the commandment is the condition for the existence of human society; it is the truth, whose embodiment is peace. History is a chain of deserved suffering for disobeying the commandment. And the experience that the church calls penance could teach us, just as does the experience of psychoanalysis, that healing is not possible if we consider our psychological compulsions as our nature, if we do not distinguish ourselves from them and do not acknowledge the guilt as our own. Healing *is* possible; and with this we come to the *third* and intrinsic layer which in the composition of the Sermon on the Mount with good reason has been placed in the beginning as a prologue: the indicative of the Beatitudes. Without the imperative of behavior no society is possible, without the imperative of convictions no maturity of the person. But the world of the imperative is merciless; it drives the sensitive to desperation. The imperative is permitted only because there is the other reality: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God. Blessed are those who long for the spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

This I learned to say and to appropriate to a certain extent. But until my fortieth year, there was "the moral law above me." I knew what was demanded of me but did not do it. I knew that humankind was moving towards catastrophe, and that only those who followed this way could help. With depression I realized that I became a "pillar of society." A personal crisis, where I became guilty toward people, liberated me. All of a sudden I saw the personal ambition in the self-imposed demand of perfection, in the postulate of helping the world. I experienced that there is an inner voice that teaches unmistakably and directly, if we only ask it with complete renunciation of our own will; it demands where it hurts the most, and it consoles where we would not have expected it. I limited my attention to the narrowest circle of duties and sacrificed my ambitions of knowledge and of politics. And then happened the first breakthrough to philosophical physics and political influence.

I put this report about the church and Christianity near the end of this essay because it contains experiences that provide answers to previous questions. The last question was whether Plato's philosophy of the Good can still be meaningful for us. The indicative of the Beatitudes can be interpreted to mean that being and duty

come together and that the bad is the absence of being. The church tradition had accordingly incorporated Platonism and has presumably seen deeper than modern Protestant theology. But the consideration of Plato itself originated from the search for a doctrine of the subject in historical nature, which simultaneously understands that the nature we know is nature for subjects. One could call the empirical side of this science anthropology. However, an anthropology that does not know the experiences about which I have just tried to report, is certainly not a science. It can only be a registering of the more superficial contents of the consciousness of our era, inevitably connected with the wrong causal theories. Therefore, the anthropological relevance of art in modern times is so much greater than science, especially if the art is not 'committed,' that is, not inundated with well-intended contents of consciousness.



Prof. Dr. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker at the Institute of Physics at the University of Göttingen (1949). © Archiv der Max-Planck-Gesellschaft, Berlin Dahlem who granted permission to use this photo

This report about experiences must therefore be taken one step further. Twenty years ago, somebody visiting me in Göttingen said, I should seek contact with certain Indian sages, for the sake of the essential connection between Eastern wisdom and Western science. I spontaneously replied that I was not yet ready for that and I that the simple act of wanting to make contact would not be useful here. I was convinced that the Indians taught truth, and that, if their teachings were truth, the deeper self would make the move when the time was right. I held to this attitude for a long time. Martin Steinke, or Tao Chun, a German who became a Buddhist monk in China, personified to me the brilliant wisdom of Zen.

He became an older friend. I owe my meeting with Professor Mahadevan from Madras to Queen Friederike of Greece. He explained to me the Advaita teachings of the Vedanta. I immediately saw its closeness to, if not identity with, Plato's theory of the One. This world of things, of multiplicity, exists only for finite subjects; they, as parts of the world of multiplicity, exist only for each other and for themselves; in a truth that is being experienced only through meditative enlightenment, there is only one self. "This is you, O Svetaketu," as Hilmer addressed me in Copenhagen. At the beginning of 1968, the pandit Gopi Krishna from Cashmere visited me in Hamburg. In a split second I realized this was one to whom I could listen. I do not want to repeat what I wrote a few years later in the introduction to his book *Biological Basis of Religious Experience*. He was self-taught in yoga and certainly in Western thought, but in particular he was an eyewitness. His Kundalini experience concerns especially the physical realm, and it is painful that Western medicine has not yet taken notice of this. I assume that for today's science to be able to recognize what is experienced here it has to take the detour of physics.



Prof. Dr. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker at the Institute of Physics at the University of Göttingen (1952). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

In 1969 I took a position in the German Development Service and used the opportunity for a fact-finding trip of several weeks to India. I could report much on the misery and the developmental work, and also about the fact that these poor have a much greater capacity for happiness than we rich. Actually, I was there for the sake of one particular experience. I met Gopi Krishna again, spent 24 h in the ashram of the highly venerated saint Anandamayi Ma in Vrindaban and one day at the *Aurobindo* ashram in Pondicherry. Mahadevan took me, with the kind support of the German General Consul Dr. Pfauter, to Kanchipuram to meet the head of the second largest Hindu community, the Shaivas (worshippers of Shiva). How might a high dignitary of the Indian church look? In a simple bamboo hut on a suburban street a little man with white hair sat on the floor and silently looked at us for a few minutes with powerful eyes; that was the audience with him. The utter cultural strangeness and the unquestioning human proximity were seldom as evident to me as in that moment.

Mahadevan's master had been Sri Ramana Maharshi. The latter, when he was 16 years old—the son of a Brahman, and a student at an American missionary school—had an experience of death. It became clear to him that “whatever is dying now is not I.” A few months later, he fled to the old temple city of Tiruvannamalai, got rid of all possessions, lived only on what compassionate passersby and, later, venerated gave him, and remained in complete silence alone with the self whose presence he was. Eventually, he returned to an external routine, to regular eating and talking, and an ashram evolved around him at the foot of a holy mountain. He transmitted his inner blissful being silently, smilingly, and by asking questions. To those who questioned him because they saw God's presence in him he taught to ask: “Who is it then who asks ‘Who am I?’” in order to lead them to recognize in themselves this same presence. He died in 1950, 20 years before my visit. I knew all this when I drove to Tiruvannamalai with Mahadevan.

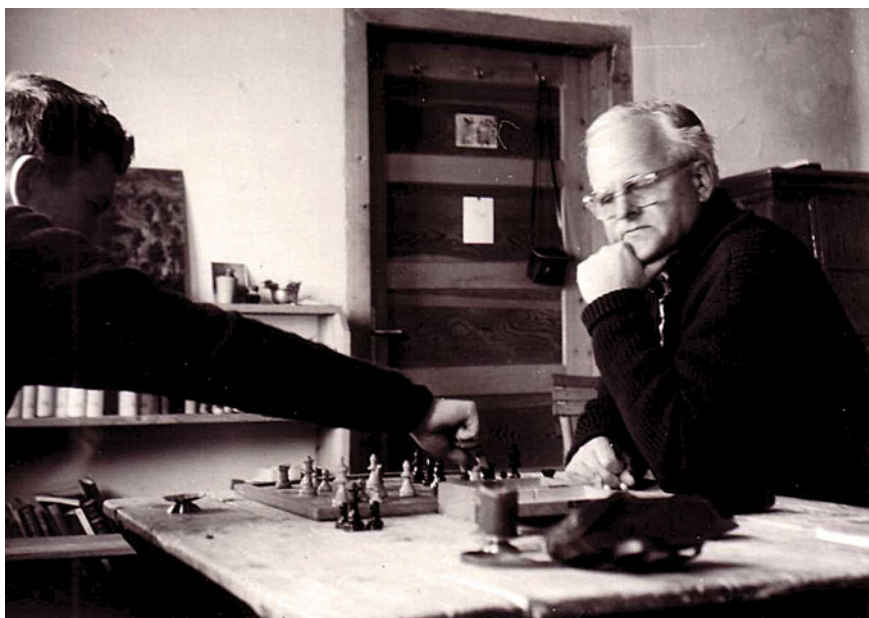


Prof. Dr. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker with his daughter Elisabeth and his son Heinrich in Göttingen (1952). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

The reader must excuse the fact that I do not actually describe what is indescribable, and yet speak about it; if I did not at least try, I could not have begun this autobiographical report. When I had taken off my shoes and stood before the grave

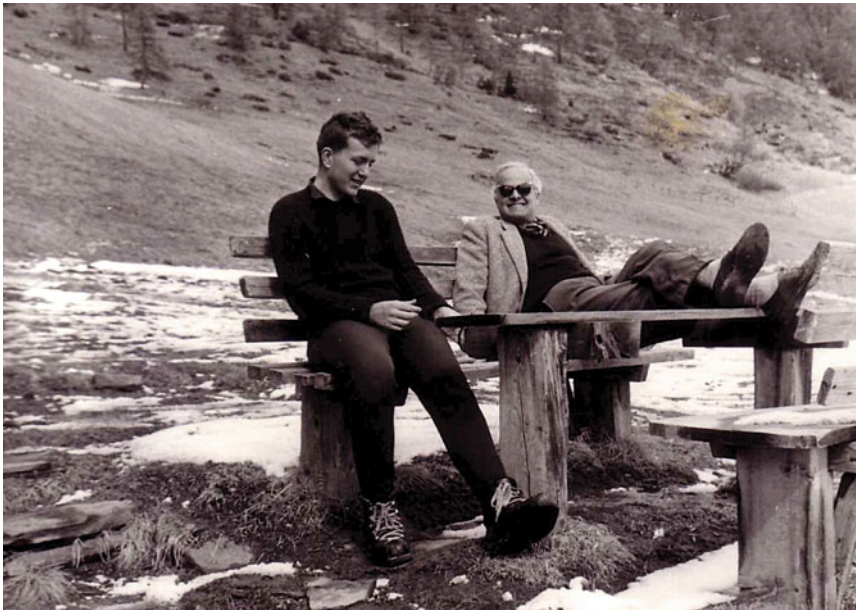
of Maharshi, I knew with the immediacy of a flash: “Yes, this is it.” Actually all questions were already answered. We sat in an amiable circle as a delicious meal was served on large green leaves. Afterwards I sat on the stone floor next to the grave. The knowledge was there, and within half an hour everything had happened. I still perceived my surroundings, my hard seat, the buzzing mosquitoes, the light upon the stones. But the layers had already been swiftly penetrated, the layers of which words can only give a hint: ‘You’—‘I’—‘Yes.’ Tears of bliss. Bliss without tears.

The experience brought me back to earth very gently. I now knew which love held the meaning of earthly love. I knew all dangers, all terrors, but they were not terrors in this experience. Should I now stay here forever? I saw myself like a metal ball that falls onto a polished metal surface and, after a moment’s touch, bounces back to where it came from. But I now had become somebody completely different: the one I always had been. A younger German member of the ashram led me into a room where three older Indians sat. We greeted each other with a glance and sat together silently for an hour. My German friend made coffee for me in his room. Mahadevan came, we walked through the great temple section of the city. I slept in the very simple guest house at the ashram, and in the morning my friend accompanied me to a cave in the mountain, under large trees, where the Maharshi had lived for years, and where sometimes he settled the wars of the monkey kings in the trees above him. Then we traveled on. The experience left me with incredible gentleness during the next days and weeks. Its substance remained within me. Without it, I might not have survived the suffocating experiences of those years.



Prof. Dr. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker playing chess with his son Heinrich at his cottage in the Alps (1962). © The Weizsäcker Family represented by Dr. Elisabeth Raiser who granted permission to use this photo

My account comes to an end here. Obviously not, because the theoretical questions are answered, even though the reader will realize that their formulation has already aimed at the last experience just described. My account comes to an end because it is an interim report from a way station. Where does the bouncing ball go now? I may perhaps be allowed to say what I would still like to work on in the field of theory.



Prof. Dr. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker with his son Heinrich at his cottage in the Alps (1962).
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I have promised a presentation of my thoughts on physics, and I still hope to do it with collaborators. Here, I still hope to get as far as elementary particle physics is concerned. If my approach is not wrong, this is the line where logic, epistemology, and ontology converge, and therefore the basis for an encounter with traditional religious metaphysics. The belief that one philosopher develops one philosophical system, and the other another, is representative of a past plateau of the history of philosophy, or perhaps rather an inclined plane. There is only one philosophy, and this is inseparable from concrete science, and many people work on its history. How far one's own contribution extends is difficult to foresee.

From a rather different side comes the pragmatic demand: to state, as far as possible, which course politics should take in the coming years in our country and around the world. The difficulty here is that a penetrating insight must be critical toward all existing practices and programs. It would be possible to focus only on

expressing this criticism and exemplify it through one's own way of life, a difficult role if one takes it seriously. I have instead tried to propose practical policies, while aware of criticism, and I should give even more concrete and extensive advice in the future, from what my institute has taught me and continues to teach me. But in addition I still have a strong desire to develop at least the outline of a critical and therefore constructive theory.

This critical theory needs as its foundation the project of a historical anthropology. It approaches from the pragmatic side the same field that theoretical work is striving for. I will not be able to accomplish more than to indicate that field and to encourage those who want to work in it without shying away from scientific biology, leftist social theory, and religious experience. A few interpretations of Kant could be included here, and I would enjoy giving another lecture-course on Plato.

All this is the consequence of the theory, and should be done. We are only hiding if we do not think the thinkable. But we will all still pass through other doors. This theory, too, is probably only one of the great historical plateaus. One cannot think what one does not do. The external actions exist under the uncertainty of the political future. The inner work is to become receptive to new perception. Doing here means to let it happen.

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