

## THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF THE BROKEN SPIRIT

*Johann W. Mohr*

*You ask me why I have split the mind from the body. This is what I found; it has been done to us and whether we see it or not, it is now in us like a genetic defect, a bum gene or a freak mutation which we must trace before it deigns to destroy us. (The it is still us)*

### I. BEING ON TIME

*To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven.  
(Ecclesiastes 3,1)*

*They came upon me as a wide breaking in of waters; in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me.  
(Job 30,14)*

17.1 The accident is time. We must be getting old. The day of the enlightenment has darkened and we attach to most of its signs the prefix post — (or neo - which is the same). But the milktrain does not stop here any more; we are waiting for Godot.

17.2 Being and Time splits being and time. The concepts capture no thing and even care (Sorge) is visible only in engraved faces, the rumour of runes, lineage of lines. Duration is visible in what has and has been — endured. Age, the sedimentation of time in body and thing; time as body time, as matter time, as time that matters, as embodiment.

17.3 Time is in the mind, age in the body. Time is part, particle and separation (\*di-). Time is measure which divides and like the ruler does not change. Time does not change; change is in time, through time and over time. Time has to be estranged from lifetime to let life emerge. The question Brown poses to Vico and Joyce is: Time, gentlemen, please? And Eliot urges: Hurry up please it's time — for the fire sermon.

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17.4 Lifetime is age (Skt. ayus-life, Lat. aevum) era, epoch and generation (Gr. aion) as well as eternity (aevum). Age is in the world, (wer-eld, man-age). The closest time comes to the world is in the tide which is ageless.

17.5 The vision that is not subject to history is the vision that does not change (itself or the world). The vision that does not carry its past has no future. The absolute is absolved from the world, from age and decay. All ideas are absolute; only their embodiment can be tarnished in time and it is in the tarnish that things show their mettle (their search).

17.6 Marx received his vision from the world he was in and as it was not. He insisted that the absolute was absolved from the world, that the idea had no praxis. But his strength was in the idea, his praxis fed on resentment and the will to power. There was desire, but desire was perverted into the necessity of time which is history, the high story which is made. And the idea becomes the praxis it cannot be — with a vengeance.

17.7 The point is not to interpret the world nor to change it but to realize it. The point is being on time, where time is the age which calls us. To assume that the spirit expresses itself in history is to transform the romance into the novel which takes us in and hides us. To assume that the spirit fulfills itself in the state is to offer us up to the Leviathan which consumes us.

17.8 Marx saw what Hegel was not. Marxism (like any-ism) cannot see what Marx was not and the state will not wither away as long as it is our hiding place. The contract to sell our will (which curiously is called social) voids the testament — old and new. Ulysses, having been everywhere and nowhere finds his home in a sorry state. All that is left are the yearnings of Molly Bloom.

17.9 Suspension of time is in the written word. The world as will and idea projected into the future negates its own negation. Being and Nothingness splits being and nothingness. L'être est tiré du néant. Naked I came from the womb, naked I shall return whence I came. What is left? The word vanity identifies the self-satisfied preacher who is empty. Job consults three therapists in the know and a lawyer who has made it. They could have profitted from the preacher. Job cannot profit from them. The preacher is right. Job is real.

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18.1 The preacher's vanity (emptiness) is the will to power. The period ends in the point. Caught in the world like on the eve of a journey in childhood when the night would not pass turns into the fear of passing into the night. We (and the preacher) have learned to prepare ourselves and no longer know what for.

18.2 The moment must fulfill itself in the moment to free the momentum. Saving the moment as capital, mortgages the future with emptiness. In the long run we are all dead; the wages of power are death. The naked result is the corpse which left the momentum behind. (Hegel).

18.3 We have no time — time has us when we mind it. There is a mean-ness in Marx and pleasure in Freud is little more than a principle (and a name). Mean-ness blotches the plastic, the pure idea in which matter does not matter, the pliable form, the pride of our time, the enemy of age. Time can be stretched into eternity, age foreshadows ending.

18.4 What is left is the tarnish of time, the mettle of things. People and things which like plastic cannot show age, only use-age are a sad sight. Stone and wood retain their dignity and gain dignity through marks in time. Envisage plastic columns years hence. Compare the scratch in the arborite table with the age marks in pine.

18.5 Leisure (*scholse*) has long been converted into school; it had to be reinvented as leisure time (*otium*) which industry changed into otiose idleness, which is use-less. Time as negotiable (*neg-otium*) instrument has to hide its origin in the absolute. The amateur (the lover) and the dilettante (the enjoyer) had to be degraded; they were wasting their time.

18.6 The ultimate punishment in law is the deprivation of life, now mostly reduced to life-time. Sentences are expressed in time and even where money is demanded, time is an option. Prison language is full of time words. There one can *do* time, rough time or easy time, one can *be* a long timer or a short timer; there is time for good behaviour, statutorily earned or remitted.

18.7 The real absolute is the taken for granted, the unstated premise. The tremors which open the ground show the absurd in existence. Being thrown into the world (*Geworfenheit*) is the Fall into Time, the Temptation to Exist. The absolute is endless. Every dissolution of the taken for granted is an absolution, a *te absolvo*, which asks to be rebound. (*re-ligio*).

18.8 Time is absolute and taken for granted most of the time. Only in

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conversion (the illegal act) of time into money, of time into property to have or to be given, of buying on time (time the great collateral) does time lose its inexorable threat and becomes a negotiable instrument.

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19.1 The minute you count the hours, the days slow down and months and years disappear into ungraspable distance. A time which measures time in fractions of seconds can never grasp its age. But only with seconds (and preferably fractions) can you build sequences of willed direction.

19.2 The minute gives itself away in the minute. The small part which is no longer a particle, the plebs which nevertheless form the multitudes; The minutes are less (minus) yet form the instance (this minute). The hour is already the season of the preacher, the prime of time, the quarters of heaven; the book of hours, time for devotion.

19.3 The difference between chronos and kairos is overdone. The lingering delay in the origin of chronos becomes period and portion. The chronicle still orders events in time until chronometry makes the measure succinct, girds up the garment of time. Kairos always had its eye on the right time and place, the propitious proportion, advantage and profit (paid for by crisis).

19.4 The year speaks of passing (Skt. yatus) but over time merged with the hour. It all came to pass. The day never spoke of time but of burning, the other side of night, the daughter of chaos which had to be reckoned and reckoned with (fortnight). The week has always been weak as a changling (the seventh day, the bride notwithstanding).

19.5 Remains the month, mene, menses and moon, like the night a measure of time, tide and body as the day and the sun never was.

In all the words, time was of the world, was of matter and space, inseparable from space as Einstein rediscovered; but not of the empty space and matter of modern science. Time now disappears in squared acceleration and matter as mass in pure energy. The life and history of substance, the matter of mass is left as the fallout unaccounted for in the equation.

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20.1 Generalizations are static states. Regularity, which is rule and dominance (regere) is perverted order which was the beginning (ordior) and the beginning of speech (oro) raised into visibility (orior), birth and body as origin, species and kin.

20.2 Energy is bound in relation. The freeing of energy is a destruction of relation in fission and a perversion of relations in fusion, a fearsome task. Free floating energy uncathected is anxiety seeking control and regulation or a new bond and order (re-ligio) to escape its own destruction in implosion.

20.3 Probability calculations are full of holes (and so are projections). But the holes are not empty; they show up in time as pollution, slag heap and radio active waste. Fission, the most simple generation of new life, becomes the ominous division of the bombarded nucleus. The cleaner perversion of fusion is hard to control.

Violence was present in the language of nuclear physics long before the explosion.

20.4 World War I (even wars can be played by numbers) was still biodegradable, and so was much of No. II. They were only motions speeded up in slaughter and destruction which time accomplishes itself in time if not resisted by care and relation. The splitting of energy from matter in which matter itself changes is a reversal of time. Dementia praecox becomes schizophrenia, the return to primary ideation.

20.5 The space-time continuum is the extended coordinate system. Where is Being located? Relativity decrees: anywhere. But only the mind can be anywhere, the body must be somewhere. Anywhere cannot be experienced or cared for. Relativity destroys the texture of relation even though it posits the point and the changing vistas. Relativity could also remind us of our singularity and its limits and lead us to memory and context, humility and awe.

20.6 The awe of Einstein repressed becomes the awful in Oppenheimer and the last remnants of humility disappear in Teller who includes in his calculus the relative merits of millions of bodies. Hahn still hoped that God would not allow it but Deus est was a thing of the past and corporae sunt had become only a matter of bookkeeping and of parts to be used for experiment and lampshades, fission and fusion. Man deprived of being in time became the refuse, the uncritical mass of which there has always been enough (the rumour had been around for a century that there were too many).

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20.7 How do light years relate to body time and heat death to death? Metaphors like the birth and death of the sun give a semblance of relation to what we cannot relate and relieve us from the relations we are in. The metaphor is conceivable but cannot be experienced; the other, the real, remains inconceivable even in the experience.

### II. GOING TO CLASS

*The thing which has been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.*  
(Ecclesiastes 1,8)

*Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I demand of thee, and answer thou me.*  
(Job 38, 2-3)

21.1 Between the specific and the general arises the class. The marketplace (agora) has to be down-graded to the category. To convert age into time, the story into history, space into point and direction, matter which matters into materialism we have to go to class (as Marx told us).

21.2 The sign and signal (classicum), the broken image restructured into department, squadron, fleet and rank (classis). Classifying as activity comes late in time (1799) and in the life world class emerges after species, genera and order are broken down.

21.3 Servius Tullius (so it is said) divided the Romans into six classes for the purpose of taxation. But the word in this sense only re-emerges in 1772 and in the sense of rank, order and caste in 1845. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire appears in 1776 (Vol. I) and the Communist Manifesto in 1848. The appearance of the word precedes the treatise and word and treatise foreshadow the world to be, the struggle for abolition and retention of empire and class. The taken-for-granted turns problematic in the appearance of the word, the sign and signal.

21.4 Classicus non proletarius est. Let them have schools. Bemoan the triumph of barbarity and religion (Gibbons), send them to class to be formed and re-formed. Let the class struggle be a struggle to be classed. The public

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schools were for those destined to dominate. When domination became a matter for institutions rather than persons, the public school went public to keep submission intact. The classici went private.

21.5 The proletarius served the state by providing children only; the proletarian as a means of production in history and for history. Children — no longer a scarcity in the age of the growing machine, the new means of production of surplus values. It takes discipline to live up to the machine, to become its disciple; it takes the breaking of time into periods of minutes to break the spirit; it takes the division of subject matter into partialized objects, into disciplines, to create the great scientific fetish. The new disciple has to be taken apart (\*dis-cipio) in dispute (disceptatio) before he can find a new identity in the concept.

21.6 Only Latin vulgarized could allow Romance. The knight comes from the servant (Knecht) and leaves the knave behind. The split produces Don Quixote and Sancho Panza which are equally funny (and equally sad). The story retold a thousand times not only in the novel, the new romance, but in play and replay from the decline and fall of the Roman empire to the Untergang des Abendlandes.

21.7 Class struggle is a romantic notion. The ground for the French Revolution was laid by aristocrats to retain standing in the bourgeois empire. Marx-Engels, the proto-typical bourgeois connection, saved their class from extinction, whether the revolution did or did not take place. Revolutions, as the word tells us, must be their own betrayal straining to return to the status quo. The motion is on the circumference, not the centre.

21.8 The real shift is at the centre, the spirit. Ideologies are super structures setting the wheel of time in motion by friction from the top. When the revolution is grounded it grinds a new age, grinding into the ground indiscriminately all those coming under the wheel. The strong who can reverse their position in time stay on top.

21.9 Even continuous revolution carries the romantic notion, the imaginary, towards classical structures. New images, born of the imagination of the past which is the imagination of what has not been, are the spectre not only of Europe, but wherever age has been marking time.

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22.1 The Bastille was almost empty when it was stormed. It was to be full in years to come. The destruction of the symbol of repression made room for the reign of terror. The age of the law had arrived with Danton and Robespierre, the lawyers and sons of lawyers. Freedom was to be no longer an aspiration but a decree, which remained a decree nisi ever since. The constitution became an institution, the body a corporation. But the republic (as always) was not to be a *res publica* but a possibility for new power.

22.2 The sons of the people came later. The man of steel who waited for the death of his lawyer friend Lenin (the son of the schoolmaster) to oust the other bourgeois left over from the French Revolution, the man with another false name, Trotsky. But the paranoia persisted in power unassuaged by expulsion and show trials. Death had to go as far as Mexico to cool the resentment which had become history.

22.3 Altruism cannot be sustained by the ego. Otherness cannot be allowed if time is to be made over into change. The point was not to interpret the world and its ways but to make it over into one's own image. Science has shown that singularity of purpose can be successful and success is, if one succeeds one's self. *L'état c'est moi* because I am the law and thou shalt have no other Gods beside me.

22.4 When Napoleon became Consul, Danton, Robespierre and Marat, the professionals, were already dead. The 18th Brumaire was a farce the first time around (Louis Philippe was only a late echo). The first time was not the first time. It took the Roman Republic centuries to become an empire and both bread and circus were missing in the late imitations, if one discounts the spectacle based on the second proposition of Dr. Guillotin: in all cases of capital punishment it shall be of the same kind — that is decapitation — and it shall be executed by means of a machine.

22.5 Democracy has arrived swiftly in sameness (*idem/identity*), the separation of capital (the head) from its living encumbrance and by the grace of the machine. Descartes' and Hobbes' dismembered body becomes a reality (and so does the state). In true scientific spirit the machine was tested and perfected on dead bodies in the hospital of Bicêtre and re-tested on a highwayman before it was ready for the assemblyline as a re-public health measure. Dr. Guillotin was, after all, a physician.

22.6 The coin read on one side: Napoléon Empereur, and on the other: République Française. You can eat your cake and have it but you have to produce ever new cakes with a sleight of hand which is terror, which is fear (L.



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terror) and trembling (Gr. treein) which precedes the Sickness unto Death. Terror is terrific.

22.7 Terror is externalized and objectified in law and war. The Code Napoléon captured even those who resisted the general, and the generals learned that war was a craft which could involve all against all; the preoccupation of nobles had popular possibilities.

22.8 They all learned. The ex-seminarian, the ex-schoolteacher and the artist manqué discovered that only the head can decide and that there is room only for one head. The lesson of the preacher on vanity cannot be heeded, it remains enticing to be king, scholar, builder and planner, to fashion the fate of others, to hide one's own. (To hide Job).

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23.1 To be one in many remains intolerable. The Revolt of the Masses is in the revulsion of the one. We must go to class to break the unbearable tension between the one and the many. But even the most intricate classification can never arrive at the one. Science stops there and so do statistics and even government figures have to be withheld when the referent becomes identifiable.

23.2 Innocently we learn to count: one, two, three — infinity. And we are taught regularity and precision of mind to make everything equal and same so that we can add and subtract, multiply and divide apart from every context, custom and law (nomos) apart of the things themselves. The name (nomos) already a pretext, has to give way to the number; the name only glosses the particular, which has to be further stripped of rhythm, metre and verse (numerus) to become the pure number. If we learn well, we too can tend the machine and finally be replaced by it.

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24.1 Only the number emptied of rhyme and rhythm can be multiplied and divided at will. Only the invented word stripped of experience and expression can be used for objective description to which we no longer object. Things transformed are deprived of meeting, counsel and pleading (thing). With these components we can build — the tower of Babel.

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24.2 What are we to make of speech which hides the speaker leaving the puppet whose strings disappear behind the curtain? Assertions without witness are assumptions and hearsay. Even doubt, the great (if not only) quality of the mind, must emerge from some body's mind; questions must be born and not posed. The posed question allows only the preposterous answer, which goes into the nowhere from which there is no return.

24.3 The question is real when it arises. It seeks for the mind to discover itself. (Remember the mind is what we mind). The mind filled with inventions covers the question. The answer loses its over against (ante) and its voice (Skt. swara) which can only come from the wilderness. The question answered by the mind is not disclosed but closed, its fate not resolution (Aufhebung) but dissolution.

24.4 The mind must query the question in pure doubt. So far Descartes is right. Like the judge in a court of criminal jurisdiction (questio) must preserve his doubt until swayed by the facts before him, the mind must remain in doubt. The mind that establishes Being through cogitation has lost its essence, which is doubt. Cogito, ergo sum can only mean: I am in doubt. To demand more from the mind is to invoke the inquisition which tortures the body to uphold the doxa, the teaching which has come into question. The question denied leads to the loss of spirit.

24.5 The mind must remain in doubt and be continuously emptied of certainties to make room for the spirit, the breath (spiritus) which carries the unformed speech. Whereof one cannot speak thereof one must do silencing (Wittgenstein). Doubt is not formless — neither is silence. Silence and certainty suspended are the womb into which the spirit, the beginning of the word is received; culture medium in Petri dish. Soul as anima, as animal in animosity, which is silence and uncertainty resented, passion (animus) denied before the last crowing of the cock.

24.6 Being here (Dasein) is all we ever know; it is not all. The voice that hovers over the waters, the passion which infuses the emptiness after the last vestiges of hope have gone is not from here and not of us. Teach us to care and not to care, teach us to sit still; teach the teacher not to fill the silence.

24.7 To teach is to show the token (\*taik-), the sign; to learn is to trace out (\*leisan) what has been scratched into the surfaces so that one may read the riddle, interpret the dream, peruse the signs with or without uttering speech (the spark and the sparkle which comes from the crackling fire).

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24.8 To teach in class and teach of class is to teach of time and history. The runes in the furrowed faces, the accoustics (hearing) which give the timbre to time, the taste of wine speak of age and story, the telling tale, the harmony of numbers and the fate of the word. In all the hurry, we have gained time; can we let it age? Can we bring classes out into the open to get a reading and a hearing, to discern the dream and achieve justice? Liberty and equality exist only in fraternity. Am I my brother's keeper avoids the fact that I have slain him.

### III. PUT IN PLACE

*And further, by these, my son be admonished; of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.*  
(Ecclesiastes 12,12)

*Here, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear. But now mine eye seeth thee.*  
(Job 42, 4-5)

25.1 Every group stratifies; but to talk of pecking order is to talk of chickens. To speak of territory is to speak of land possessed and not of breathing space. Ethos is the place where animals are, ethics is human.

25.2 There is order in life (Bios). The life world chooses itself to be as it is and sparkles with wonders (of origins unknown). In the parable of beauty and beast, of paradise lost and regained, the divine comedy begins. To be or not to be like an animal is out of the question. The song of innocence is broken by experience, the marriage of heaven and hell hides the neutrality of nature behind our contrary natures, behind the sick rose and the burning tyger. For beauty is nothing but the beginning of terror which disdains to destroy us.

25.3 Evolution and revolution are images of necessity and desire. Necessity constitutes itself through probability and chance in innumerable throws of the dice, the regularity which leads to law. Random beginnings repeated, shape up absolute order, absolute power, ending in dinosaur and heat death — the whimper. Tests of significance disappear when the degrees of freedom are limited to one. But the dice are loaded by the desire to know and knowledge opens itself in the discards of nature and culture.

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25.4 Knowledge of class, knowledge in class, knowledge classified by repeated throws of the mind, builds the normal distribution curve which takes itself for granted, transforms meaning into the mean; the rest becomes deviation — the meaning which is de-meaning even when standardized. Only one sperm makes the final entry.

25.5 The dice are loaded. Them that have shall be given. The sperm that arrives will grow, the others will perish. Care given becomes care taken and even money makes money. The gift turns easily into an attribute and leads the gifted to make claims in ego and class. Gifts carried to the wedding (A.S. *gifta*, Germ. *Mitgift*) turn to poison (Germ. *Gift*), yield turns into guilt if not returned manifold over. The gift is a promise to be fulfilled, a consideration to be made value-able; a contract unspecified. The gift as claim (*sui generis*) hides the debt which can never be forgiven.

25.6 Status is the state we are in. *L'état c'est moi* is the king fallen from grace who cannot survive because he cannot survive. The claim made on class is a claim to survival. The social shows itself in what follows (*sequor*), what is on the way. The moral shows itself in the will (*mos*) to divest oneself of power, to be of a kind, neither: kind nor unkind. The Genealogy of Morals is derived from the Human, All Too Human and goes Beyond Good and Evil which is a matter of class and rank, of context and excess.

25.7 What we want to forget by all means is that the lowest number of any ranking carries the heaviest burden of proof. Morality shows itself only in the absence of power. This came to the man when he clung crying onto a beaten horse, repeating over and over again, *io sono*, Nietzsche, *dionysus* — the magic formula which could no longer hide the *ecce homo*.

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26.1 To stand for or before fate calls for professions. The prophecy and the oracle (*fatum*) swing between God's will (*fatum*) and bad luck (*fatum*). To admit to fatality is to show (*fateor*) our weakness, to betray (*fateor*) our impotence which makes us feel silly (*fatuus*). There is profit in magic.

26.2 Knowledge for sale is the trademark of the oldest profession. Adam and Eve should not have eaten the apple but sold it for gain and lived off the avails. Every act of knowing contains the knowledge of being denied everlasting life. The holy orgasm ends in the *petit mort*.

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26.3 Between the oldest profession, prostituting the body and the next instituting the spirit, all others can be put into place. Care and companionship (hetaireia) freely given by the other (heteros) is at best still contained in the art of hetaera and geisha, Minnesinger and troubadour. Art can still embody the spirit and heal and make whole and bind back (religio) what is continuously broken in the known body and by the knowing mind.

26.4 To enquire into the logic of God (theology) is blasphemy, the blame-fame of emptiness and destruction which calls for apologia after apologia, the off-speech which hides the stand-off, the apostasy. The middle man stands in between; the medium in the end controls the message, the magi become magicians.

26.5 To be a priest was to be old (presbys); to demonstrate dignity in decay, to show that the body moves inexorably to poverty, chastity and obedience after the surplus value of sex and will are expended; to show that after nature's task is done, the remains are still holy and whole because they have been and have known; and that having been, even if only once, is grounds for praise.

26.6 The problem is power. Ecce homo, see here, a man. Who can muster the strength to wrestle again and again with the angel until the final defeat? Who has the trust to open himself up again and again to the judgment which commands the defeasance of the will to power? The old (presbys) who have willed the giving up of the will without touching the bi-sexed angel cannot escape from the resentment of "it has been" (the revulsion of the will) and force their resentment on the young to submit to poverty, chastity and obedience before their time.

26.7 The spirit which hates the body is sterilized in doxa and dogma, law and control. Being here is saved for being hereafter, the great postponement of gratification, the illusion of the future, the opiate of the oppressed. The message of joy ends in a grandiose whimper.

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27.1 The law seems to lay open the logos. Crime was to be the discernment (krynein) of the crisis between equals not subject to simple submission, but subject to the trial which culls out the sentence, a way of knowing (senti-entia) from the senses. A crime is not a wrong (tort) where the measure is known. An eye for an eye is simple compensation.

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27.2 What concerns us in crime is not the act but the will. When there was only one will, there was only one crime — killing the king. The rest were wrongs. And wrongs can be righted by remedies. Punishment meant the money exchanged for harm done (puné). Mens rea was the mind we have to make a thing of, we cannot let pass by, we have to concern ourselves with together. The fine was to be the final arrangement for the broken peace.

27.3 Vengeance was the Lord's and even he limited himself in the covenant not to proceed to total destruction. From Lord to king and king to Lord the will was passed on and the yield was guilt. The king made a killing in crime which grew with the king's greed. The king has long been limited but not the greed and its wages are endorsed by the law.

27.4 Every command and commandment flows from authority which is the author of yester year. The commendation, the trust, the mandate we have together ossifies in the fiction of the social contract, which is the anti-social contract which delivers the will of the One to the few. What is one's own, peculiar and suitable, what is proper, is converted into property, in patrocinium and precarium, vassalage and benefice; finally the personal and the real is for sale; the fee (lordship) as fee (payment). Simple, if you have it, curtailed, if you don't.

27.5 The promise means nothing in law without a consideration, a matter which makes it matter. Moses, the law giver was not allowed into the promised land. When Joshua died, the Lord set judges over them and there was no end to killing and oppression. Judge Samson slew a thousand men with a jaw bone but was safe as long as he slept with prostitutes. Only love deceived him and deprived him of his might which was right.

27.6 Is it the war of all against all which necessitates the law or does the law uphold the war of the few against the many? Or is it all not very important, is it the high-story which hides the authorship of acts to which we all must answer? Let not the state declare human rights; the state giveth and the state taketh away even that which the state never possessed. We are choked in the ever increasing constriction of history and law.

27.7 We do need those who remind us, who call on us (ad vocare) to answer. We do not need those who speak for us, who profess and show us (and collect) the profit from middling. This is not to deny vocation in the face of adversity but pro-vocation which makes adversity into a system and converts law into the continuation of moral discourse by other means.

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28.1 The cloud of knowing precipitates into planning to put us in place. Take any field which professes to know our ways in the world and feel how the image settles into a norm. The expert speaks *ex-parte* and rarely means himself or us. Rich economists are rare, physicians do not live longer than others, psychologists and psychiatrists are not noted for the ease of their breathing; sociologists and social workers are not even each others' friends.

28.2 But they all tell us how to live and their noise is digested for the reader, be he esquire or playboy or parent and penetrates home and garden, nature and penthouse. Dear Abby, the sermons are endless on sound waves and sight waves and thinly disguised. When we are frightened enough we oblige and call for the law (there ought to be one) which spawns administrative directives and directors who see to it that resources become indeed scarce for those who do not blow their tune.

28.3 It is not a matter of ideology. Life has lost out to time and in all the business there is not enough time to enquire into the logic of ideas. Planning, according to Joe Stalin or Lord Keynes are both speculations in futures, on human capital and social debt. No market is free, least of all the marketplace of ideas. The game of glass beads is gone; the beads are now official currency.

28.4 How else to you rule a world, a country, perhaps a city; smaller units don't count. The trouble with the global village is that nobody is at home. Have there ever been so many concerned with so much and cared so little? Newton's law should now read: The level of concern increases by distance squared. The caretaker looks after the garbage of which there is plenty. For the rest there is liberty in librium and values are absorbed by valium. Experience is the problem — it hurts and humiliates us.

28.5 But even that tune is a tune of the time and misses the age we are in. The apocalypse is always behind us. The plaint is the eveningsong when Aurora is uncertain. The plaintiff who is unsure of the remedy cannot argue his case. The spirit of utopia is nowhere/erewhon in positivity as well as its negation. It is time to take the Sermon on the Mount seriously.

## THE BROKEN SPIRIT

### IV. SPACED OUT

*Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*  
(Mathew 6, 34)

29.1 Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one - being on time (exactly) having gone to class, into the cloud of knowing and having been put in place so we may fit the capsule, we can now go into space and forget that we have already been there for a long time.

29.2 Copernicus was well aware of the horrendous possibilities of his idea and he consigned the book to the pope beginning anew the games of hide and go seek and Blind Meñ's Buff. There was still room in the universe for ideas even after the Summa and before the sum, the "I am", became an idea.

29.3 Kepler: My brain gets tired when I try to understand what I wrote and I find it hard to re-discover the connection between the figures and the text, that I established myself. (Frisch III, 146).

29.4 Galileo forced the issue. The catholic Descartes preferred to live in a protestant country and the protestant Kepler in a catholic one. Galileo was caught and finally pushed for the show trial, the showdown trial which reverberated through the centuries. He had a gift for propaganda and his name is still known unlike Bellarmine's (ever heard it?) the latter day saint beatified in 1923 and cannonized in 1930 by an exhausted Church whose trial was yet to come.

29.5 The truce between Athens and Jerusalem, between the great world systems, so carefully wrought by the schoolmen was breaking apart; breaking apart uni-verse and uni-versity. It was no easy matter. As always, everybody was right but could not admit the other one's reasons and hardly their own. It was not just to save Aristotle and the literal truth of Revelations but to save comfort and commonsense. Even this morning the sun still rose and it will set tonight in the world of experience which revolves around us and in us.

29.6 There are, after all, no limits to possibilities as Urban VIII put it to Galileo; but this clearly came from the mind and it is no wonder that he felt betrayed when he had to take a position in a world that was rapidly disintegrating into possibilities which did not fit with each other. Catholicism (Kata holos, on the whole) the universe (turning to one) — and the university



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— may well be inventions, but not so much inventions of the mind as of coming into the world. The world is our centre even though geocentrism is an impossible claim; we are our own centre, even though egocentricity is an impossible position.

29.7 To put us in space is out of this world; the infinite possibilities of infinity destroy (to say it again) the affinities which have to be realized. Between explosion and implosion, the capsule which puts us in space and the capsule which spaces us out, stands the rigid control of law, order, class, state, dogma, rule and institution which have nothing to do with anything but the threat of extinction, the wish for extinction in and of a world which is no longer liveable.

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30.1 The new gospel of science yearns for outer space and infinity and fission and fusion; the new heresy yearns for inner space and deliverance from the prefabricated universe. The rocket and the needle, the explosion and the rush, the frantic hysteria to escape the despair, to avoid the void of not being conscious of having a self, of being delivered to willing or not willing to be oneself.

30.2 Why do you take drugs? To feel myself. (This is the heresy; the official prescription is to not feel oneself without even noticing). We call violence senseless when it has become the only means of sensing the self that no longer is otherwise. And we stand puzzled in the best of all worlds that we have created. How is it possible that we do not fit into this world of our own making? Let us remake ourselves; making love is not enough, it still pushes us back into the snares of nature. Nothing less than genetic reconstruction will do to fit us with greater perfection to the new image in which we can finally create ourselves to make the chinese puzzle complete.

30.3 Meanwhile let the truth be securely locked up in the files of psychiatrists and other helpers (helping to maintain the system) and let it be hidden behind the law (where motivation, what moves us, is irrelevant). And let us not talk with each other to discover the pain and the panic. There is, after all, another large industry to give us the expurgated version of purgatory. Hell fire and damnation have different forms now and appear in unprecedented daily dosage to remind us of: *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate*. Take this morning's news as a sample, followed by the daily paper and hours and hours of screened productions which screen out the bit of world left around us. Give us today our daily circus.

## *THE BROKEN SPIRIT*

30.4 Faster and faster we find that the universe is flawed, that we are the flaw. The story of creation and original sin makes sense in unfulfilled science, in planning which would be perfect except for the human flaw, the flaw of humans, the perversity of body and spirit which object to objectivity and create the disease of the mind, the negation of conclusion and linear prediction.

30.5 We have long been spaced out by knowledge. Even disease of the mind (which is dis-ease of the body and spirit) can be produced and controlled with a formula, the reduced form, at will. But the paradox appears with the doxa: the greater the control, the greater the breakage. Drugs, like ideas, escape the control of professions, the agents of the state, the agents of the state of mind whose will must be done.

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31.1 What is there to be done? Nothing. But doing nothing is impossible (see 4.1) Let us *be* nothing, let us go to the east to be out of our mind in a consoling Om and the lotus position. It is the great weekend trade to be reached via the super highway or the roaring jet.

31.2 There is always the cosmic laughter which amazes the child who we abuse in us and around us because innocence is no longer a possibility.

31.3 Let us play the game of glass beads by any means, but let us be careful that we do not realize our games. Let us see that the patterns which emerge from the beads spell out the name that must not be named. Let us whisper to each other and forego the shout which reverberates empty in the all.

31.4 There is always a beginning. Every check mate can lead to a new game if we are not concerned with winning but the great illusion, the great allusions which do emerge from game after game.

31.5 There is this to be said: the general is not the universal, the particular not the particle. The more we turn to the One (uni-versus) the more we partake and the rumor runs swiftly that the child has been born. Generations are only one way in the world; even the lines of the Hollow Men sing, even Ash Wednesday resounds, the magi wander forever in the wasteland between birth and death.

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31.6 Life is short, art is long. What measure is this? Like all discreet measures it confounds that art is in life and life in art. Generations come and generations go but the spirit abideth forever. Why is this so hard to remember?

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